





COLONEL WILLIAM C. OATES, C. S. A., MARCH, 1864.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE UNION AND THE CONFEDERACY

AND ITS LOST OPPORTUNITIES

WITH A

HISTORY OF THE 15TH ALABAMA REGIMENT AND THE FORTY-EIGHT BATTLES IN WHICH IT WAS ENGAGED

Being an account of the author's experiences in the greatest conflict of modern times; a justification of secession, and showing that the Confederacy should have succeeded; a criticism of President Davis, the Confederate Congress and some of the general officers of the Confederate and Union Armies; praise of line officers and soldiers in the ranks for their heroism and patriotism, and including the author's observations and experience as Brigadier-General in

THE WAR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN

BY

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FIFTH THOUSAND

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TO

*Every soldier who did his whole duty to the cause of the South
in her unprecedented war, and to each of the noble women
who aided them, and have since the peace done so much to
preserve the names and heroic deeds of those brave men,
this book is respectfully dedicated by*

The Author.

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PREFACE

To record the reminiscences concerning the secession of the Southern States from the Union, and the great war which followed, seems to me to be a duty that I owe to those who participated, to their children and to the generations who succeed them. It was my lot to be an humble actor therein, as well as a close observer of whatever transpired within my presence, or which was common knowledge at the time.

I had then, young as I was, opinions of my own, many of which, however, by reflection and the mellowing influence of time, have undergone changes. Wherever I state a fact as within my own knowledge, it is literally true, but many of the transactions I relate are on information which I believe to be true, whether it pertains to civil administration or military affairs. No two men can participate in a great battle and see it just alike. It is human to err. Whoever undertakes to record historic events should endeavor to do it truthfully rather than entertainingly at the expense of the truth.

Honestly believing that the States had a right to secede from the Union, I have written from that standpoint, and that independence of the Confederacy could have been established and maintained by a proper administration of its affairs.

I make no pretense to scholarly attainments, nor did I ever have the advantages of a classical education. I have ideas of my own and can recognize the truth when I see it, and usually have the courage to express it in a respectful manner whenever it is pertinent to the question in hand. I have not withheld or refrained from its statement through fear of offending or that it might be unpopular.

I have bestowed much time and research to obtain the true version of the great events which did not come under my own observation, and have stated them in as plain and concise language as I was able to employ. In some of these there may be error, but if so, it resulted from lack of more accurate information. Whoever under-

takes to record historic events should endeavor to give unvarnished facts to inform the reader; and then if it be desired to give the story a tinge of the romantic, to entertain the reader, let it be done as an expression of fiction or opinion rather than as a fact. While arguments may be interesting they are not history. That is found alone in the statements of fact. A writer's deductions from admitted premises are unobjectionable. They are often of much interest to the reader, but are not history. Every reader has the same right to his own conclusions.

Whatever is written herein is without malice or ill-will to any, and in a spirit of charity toward all.

The muster rolls of companies contain errors, and so do official reports of officers, from the highest down to the lowest. It is therefore impossible to record only the facts in any book, or in any history of war. The only way to obtain a fair, correct and complete history of the great Civil War, is for the future historian to cull and compare the statements of the multitude of writers on both sides of the great conflict.

This book is a new venture in historic production, combining regimental with general history.

Appendix A contains the name and record of every member of the Fifteenth Regiment.

In Appendix B will be found an epitome of the other four regiments of Law's Alabama Brigade.

I have also embraced within this book a chapter on the war with Spain in 1898, which closed the military career of the author.

I expect to be criticised severely, but that is the privilege of the public. I ask only fair treatment.

The author returns thanks to Miss S. F. Ammerman, his stenographer, for her assistance in preparing the manuscript of this book for the publisher.

WILLIAM C. OATES.

Montgomery, Ala.,

October 2, 1904.

CHAPTER I

THE CAUSES OF SECESSION AND WAR

Signing of Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union Between the States—Making the New Constitution—The First Eleven Amendments—Two Distinct Types of Early Settlers—John Brown's Raid and the Abolitionists at the North—The Tariff a Thorn—The Charleston Convention—Utterances of Prominent Unionists—The Ordinance of Secession.

The Declaration of Independence was signed and issued July 4, 1776. Articles of Confederation and perpetual Union between the States, naming each of the original thirteen, and styling the Confederacy thus formed, the United States of America, were signed by the delegates from each State July 9, 1778.

Article II. declared :

Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence, and every power, jurisdiction and right which is not by this Confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled.

It was a league of friendship for common defense and mutual benefit; but in less than ten years the Articles of Confederation proved to be defective, mainly in two of the essential powers of government. These were, first, that the Confederation itself had no power to enforce the collection of revenue for the execution of its own functions. The raising of revenue depended on the States, all of which did not act in harmony, and hence tax burdens were unequal, and the States by refusing to contribute their respective assessments could starve the Confederacy into dissolution. The second great defect was as to the regulation of commerce, a power which the Confederation did not have, and the conflict of this interest among and between the States was so great as to impair friendly relations and threaten the dissolution of the Confederacy.

The Congress called a convention of delegates from each State to assemble in Philadelphia for the purpose of *amending* the Articles of Confederation, and not to make a new constitution, yet the latter is what the convention did.

The convention when it assembled with George Washington at its head was composed of earnest, patriotic and capable delegates. To merely amend the Articles of Confederation, in their opinion, would be but a temporary makeshift. They therefore entered on the most complicated, difficult, and delicate task ever undertaken by any body of men, to frame a new constitution of government which would be acceptable to the States and withstand the tests of time.

When it was settled that the convention would frame a new constitution, there was patriotic unanimity in the desire to bring their work to the greatest perfection attainable. But when the delegates entered upon the details, differences of opinion were developed, and dissensions and contentions arose, tinged with a bitterness that for a time threatened the dissolution of the body without result.

It is not our purpose to enter into particulars, but to refer only to general results.

One wing of the convention favored a strong aristocratic republican government, with ample power to sustain itself independently of the States and with the power of the people minimized. The other was in favor of a government of limited and enumerated powers, leaving the States sovereign in all things, save the powers delegated by them, through the Constitution, and in which the people of the States would still retain the supreme power of control.

The first-named theory predominated in the work of the convention, as submitted to the States for ratification, and ratification was utterly impracticable until the adoption of the first eleven amendments to the Constitution was assured. The ninth and tenth of these articles are rules of Constitution to which the people of the Southern States always adhered. They are in these words:

Article IX.—The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Article X.—The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people.

Without these, some of the States never would have ratified the Constitution.

In Washington's Administration, it being the first under the new Constitution, it was quite natural, and in fact unavoidable, that out of the different constructions of the Constitution would

arise two political parties. Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, and Thomas Jefferson, the Secretary of State, both in Washington's Cabinet, became the leaders. The former was an artful latitudinarian constructionist, who invoked implied powers and exploited the general welfare clause. He found authority in this way for all measures he advocated when there was no expressed power. He advocated a high protective tariff for manufactures at the expense of agriculture, and was the originator of this system of concealing from the taxpayer his contribution to the support of the Government which exists in full force today. He advocated a National bank and declared the power to establish and maintain it as a fiscal agency of the Government. He was constitutionally an aristocrat and had no faith in the people, and is quoted as saying, "The people is a great beast." He meant the common herd, and not the rich, the lords of the earth.

Jefferson held the contrary doctrine. He repudiated implied powers and denied that the general welfare was a power at all, holding that the powers not delegated by the Constitution to the United States, nor prohibited by it to the States, were reserved to the States respectively or to the people. He was opposed to indirect methods of taxation, to burdening some industries while by law fostering others. He respected the voice of the people and advocated equality of rights. The Federalists, or followers of the Hamiltonian theory, passed the alien and sedition laws. Jefferson and his followers, whom they called Republicans, opposed them as unconstitutional and tyrannical; they triumphed over Adams and the Federal party and elected Jefferson President. Parties changed names from time to time, but these same principles, with modifications in some instances, but always with the same basic principles, existed. As business interests and wealth increased they became more sectionalized and irritating. But the cause of quarrel, from this source alone, would never have eventuated in secession.

In the early settlement of the colonies two distinct types of civilization were imported from the mother country. A majority of those who made their homes in New England and the Northern States were Puritans, and a majority of those who settled in Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia were Cavaliers or of that stock.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the Stuarts the dissenters from the Church of England who advocated a higher life and

purser doctrine and assumed to possess all the Godliness and virtue, the right to think for others, and in a Pharisaical spirit thanked God that they were not as other men, were Puritans; in other words, they were a class who habitually were running their noses into the business of other people which did not concern them. The *Mayflower* landed a cargo of them on Plymouth Rock.

The adherents of the established church and the Parliament were called Cavaliers. They were noted for conservatism. They were never rigidly righteous, but liberal, generous, brave, and disposed to mind their own business and let that of other people alone.

They fought each other repeatedly in England and were never thoroughly in accord in America. As the country grew and developed the interests in the two sections in which they lived sharpened the dislike of each other.

The New England and Northern States as they settled up found that the institution of negro slavery, which existed in all of them, was not profitable, and as soon as that was ascertained they pretended that it was a great moral wrong, and three-fourths of the slaves were sent into the Southern States and sold; the other fourth was then emancipated by State action, which was the proper legal authority to abolish the institution.

The labor of the slaves in the Southern States, with their warmer climate, in the production of tobacco, rice, cotton, hemp and sugar was very valuable. Southern plantation owners became rich and lived in princely munificence.

This aroused the envy and the fervid Puritanic zeal of certain Northern people to have abolished the ungodly institution; but not as had been done with them, by State action. They preached against it from their pulpits, and denounced it politically from the stump and in the fanatical press as "the sum total of all villainy, slavery and polygamy as twin relics of barbarism;" as "a league with death and a covenant with hell," until their doctrine incited a band of fanatics to believe that they were inspired by Heaven to light the torch of revolution in Southern homes, to invade a Southern State for the purpose of inciting the slaves to insurrection, arson, and indiscriminate murder of the white people; and when the chief of these malefactors, "Old John Brown," was executed by Virginia, church bells were tolled in some of the Northern cities to canonize him as a martyr.

Brown was born in Connecticut in 1800, and descended from a carpenter who was a Puritan and came over in the *Mayflower*. Brown was called "Captain" because he went to the territory of Kansas with a lawless band to keep slave-holders from settling therein. At Ossawatimie his band of ruffians fought a battle with pro-slavery men and Brown's son was killed, which infuriated him. Brown had been educated for the Christian ministry, and he traveled in the Northern States preaching against slavery and the people among whom it existed. Whenever a preacher of Christianity takes to politics and becomes fanatical he is always radical and dangerous to the community. Brown was extremely so.

In October, 1859, he raised a band of seventeen white men and five negroes to invade the South, to incite the slaves to insurrection and bloodshed. He attacked and captured Harper's Ferry, Va., a town of 4,000 people, situated at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers. He captured the United States Arsenal with thousands of guns and ammunition; killed two or three people in doing it, and took many citizens prisoners. The Governor caused 1,500 militia to be assembled the next day, when Brown with his band was captured. They were then tried and executed.

The more moderate Abolitionists said slavery was a national disgrace, and appealed to Congress, which had no legal power in the premises, to abolish it.

Utter lawlessness characterized the radical element of the Abolitionists at the North. As an illustration, I will cite a case which occurred in Linn County, Kansas, in 1860. A slave escaped from his master in Missouri and was arrested by a man named Hinds, under the fugitive-slave law of Congress, and returned to his owner, for which Hinds received a reward for his trouble. Thereupon a fanatic called "Colonel" Jim Montgomery, and a mob of his kind, hanged Hinds for doing what the law authorized him to do. Montgomery published the following boastful account of his lawless act:

Russ Hinds was hung the 12th of November, 1860, for man-stealing. He was a drunken border ruffian, worth a good deal to hang, but good for nothing else. He caught a fugitive slave and carried him back to Missouri for the sake of a reward. He was condemned by a jury of twelve men, the law being found in the 16th verse of Exodus XXI.

Misconstruction and misapplication of the Scripture was made to justify this cold-blooded murder. We might cite other instances, all of which were applauded by the rabid Abolitionists.

The Northern Puritan Abolitionists professed to believe that men owned the flesh, blood and souls of their slaves, treating them and disposing of them with no more regard for their welfare than if they had been lifeless or inanimate chattels; when in truth the owner of the slave had only a right to control and dispose of his labor, and to inflict upon him for cause reasonable corporal punishment as was allowable at the common law, and had a pecuniary interest in his health and welfare. In return for these rights over the person of the slave, the law in every State where the institution existed obliged the master by penal statutes to provide the slave with a sufficiency of healthful food and clothing, medical attention in case of sickness, not to work him on the Sabbath, and that he be allowed to attend Divine worship on that day; and to kill him was murder.

When they were sold the law required that husband and wife, parent and child should not be separated whenever it was practicable to keep them together. Interest and humanity united in making the master careful of the health and life of his slaves.

The Southern people largely descended from the Cavaliers, were naturally conservative, or at least a majority were, and hence, notwithstanding the above enumerated and many other causes of irritation, they were not yet in favor of secession.

The North's successful rivalry of the South in trade and commerce, aided by partial legislation, bounties and discriminations of tariff laws, gave just cause of complaint, but never would have caused a Southern State to attempt secession from the Union.

In 1832 South Carolina, under the lead of Calhoun, attempted nullification by way of protest against the unjust tariff laws, but this was far short of secession. Nullification was to resist the execution of a law of Congress within the Union; secession was to withdraw from it.

A large majority of the people in the Eastern and Northern States of the Union were, and are today, engaged in commercial and manufacturing pursuits, while three-fourths of the Southern people were then engaged in agriculture.

Tariff duties on goods, wares and merchandise imported from abroad are added to the price which the consumer has to pay for them, and this enables the American manufacturer to compete with the foreign manufacturer and if the duties be high to

shut him out and give the American market exclusively to the American manufacturer.

This was all right as between him and the foreigner, if it did not discriminate among our own people, favoring one class at the expense of all others. One entire section of the country being agricultural, not engaged in manufacturing, were consumers and hence had to pay the price of protection to the manufacturers resident in the Northern section, thus enabling them to grow rich on the facilities afforded them by the taxes indirectly paid by the agricultural section. This has always been a source of complaint—a just grievance to the Southern people. It still exists. An overgrown tariff—a tariff for protection, so called, instead of for revenue only—is the parent of trusts of the most mischievous and dangerous character.

The vast emigration which flocked to our shores from 1840 to 1860, by the activity of the people North through emigration societies, filled the Northwestern territories with Germans and Scandinavians by the thousands and hundreds of thousands, and Congress admitted new States, all of anti-slavery and pro-tariff sentiment, until the Northern section controlled the Congress, though the Democrats continued in power and had the President until March, 1861.

Mr. Buchanan was old and unfitted to wield the executive power advantageously in such a perilous time. He was passive; he did nothing.

Richard Taylor, a son of ex-President Taylor, a gentleman of great ability, who subsequently rose to the rank of lieutenant-general in the Confederate army, wrote a book in 1878-79, in which he described the Charleston Convention, to which he was a delegate, in such a concise and graphic manner that we extract from it the following :

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

Under these conditions the National Democratic Convention met at Charleston, South Carolina, in the spring of 1860, to declare the principles on which the ensuing presidential campaign was to be conducted, and select candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President. Appointed a delegate by the Democracy of my State, Louisiana, in company with others I reached Charleston two days in advance of the time. We were at once met by an invitation to join in council delegates from the Gulf States, to agree upon some common ground of action in the convention, but declined for the reason that we were accredited to the National Convention, and had no authority to participate in other deliberations. This invitation and the terms in which it was

conveyed augured badly for the harmony of the convention itself, and for the preservation of the unity of the Democracy, then the only organization supported in all quarters of the country.

It may be interesting to recall the impression created at the time by the tone and temper of different delegations. New England adhered to the old tenets of the Jefferson school. Two leaders from Massachusetts, Messrs. Caleb Cushing and Benjamin F. Butler, of whom the former was chosen President of the convention, warmly supported the candidacy of Mr. Jefferson Davis. New York, under the direction of Mr. Dean Richmond, gave its influence to Douglas. Of a combative temperament, Mr. Richmond was impressed with a belief that "Secession" was but a bugbear to frighten the Northern wing of the party. Thus he failed to appreciate the gravity of the situation, and impaired the value of unusual common sense and unselfish patriotism, qualities he possessed to an eminent degree. The anxieties of Pennsylvania as to candidates were accompanied by a philosophic indifference as to principles. The Northwest was ardent for Douglas, who divided with Guthrie, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee.

Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana held moderate opinions and were ready to adopt any honorable means to preserve the unity of the party and country. The conduct of the South Carolina delegates was admirable. Representing the most advanced constituency in the convention, they were singularly reticent and abstained from adding fuel to the flames. They limited their role to that of dignified, courteous hosts and played it as Carolina gentlemen are wont to do. From Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas came the fiery spirits, led by Mr. William L. Yancey, of Alabama, an able rhetorician. This gentleman had persuaded his State Convention to pass a resolution directing its delegates to withdraw from Charleston if the Democracy there assembled refused to adopt the extreme Southern view as to the rights of citizens in the territories. In this he was opposed by ex-Governor Winston, a man of conservative tendencies and long the rival of Mr. Yancey in State politics. Both gentlemen were sent to Charleston, but the majority of their co-delegates sustained Mr. Yancey.

Several days after its organization the National Convention reached a point which made the withdrawal of Alabama imminent. Filled with anxious forebodings, I sought after nightfall the lodgings of Messrs. Slidell, Bayard, and Bright, United States Senators, who had come to Charleston, not as delegates, but under the impulse of hostility to the principles and candidacy of Mr. Douglas. There, after pointing out the certain consequences of Alabama's impending action, I made an earnest appeal for peace and harmony and with success. Mr. Yancey was sent for, came into our views after some discussion, and undertook to call his people together at that late hour and secure their consent to disregard instructions. We waited until near dawn for Yancey's return, but his efforts failed of success. Governor Winston, originally opposed to instructions as unwise and dangerous, now insisted that they should be obeyed to the letter, and carried a majority of the Alabama delegates with him. Thus the last hope of preserving the unity of the National Democracy was destroyed and by one who was its earnest advocate.

Nothing more forcibly illustrates the lack of wisdom of sending two men who have widely differed on a matter of principle, as delegates by way of personal compliment to the defeated one. Winston was right in opposing the resolution of instruction in the Alabama Convention. It was ill-tempered and radical. But Yancey caused its adoption and should have had a delegation in

complete accord with him. Had that been the case the delegation would have agreed with Yancey to forego instructions and remain in the convention, which would have saved it from dissolution and have continued the Democracy in power for at least four years longer. That would have been in exact accord with Governor Winston's contention in the Alabama Convention. But he desired to punish Yancey and those who agreed with him by holding him and them down to the instructions they had invoked and obtained against his objection. That was unfortunately selfish and reckless of consequences. Ex-Governor Winston, of Alabama, thus drove the entering wedge which cleaved the National Democracy asunder and brought upon his country untold misery. Yancey's fiery eloquence had filled the hearts of many Southerners with a disposition to applaud radical Southern sentiments, which opened wide a great field for Winston's conservatism to have brought to the Democracy a sober second thought and have saved it from disintegration and defeat; but on this great occasion his ill-temper caused him to lose his head and ruin his party. Then the platform adopted by the convention—although it did not endorse squatter-sovereignty, it did not explicitly condemn it, and Yancey made his great factional speech and seceded from the convention, followed by the Alabama delegates and a majority of those of the Southern States. Thus was consummated the first act of secession. Winston and Yancey were the leaders in its consummation. The great Democratic party was divided into factions. One wing ran Douglas and Johnson and the other Breckenridge and Lane. The American party ran Bell and Everett and the Republican Abolition party ran Lincoln and Hamlin for President and Vice-President, and the latter were elected by the electoral college, notwithstanding that ticket received only a minority of the popular vote. The only security to the institution of slavery was the Democratic party, because it was the only party which observed the limitations of the Constitution. With it destroyed, or put out of power, slavery was doomed; yet the most avowed pro-slavery Democrats took the lead in its evisceration. The Southern people, if left to themselves and allowed to do their own thinking, are conservative enough, but are patriotic and easily moved by eloquence and wounded pride. They are Frenchy—excitable and impulsive.

When a great and growing political party, which existed alone in the Northern States, whose slogan was opposition to slavery, an institution confined alone to the South (which had existed

there as a State institution for many generations) and whose orators and newspapers were full of vituperation and denunciation of Southern people, succeeded in electing a President who had proclaimed an irrepressible conflict between the North and the South, that all this country must be slave or free labor, the apprehensions of the people of the South were awakened to a common danger, not about slavery alone, but that their ancient and well-defined right to govern and regulate their own internal and domestic affairs in their own way would be overturned and denied to them. They did not apprehend that these things would be done in a direct and revolutionary manner under Lincoln's administration, but by attrition—gradual approaches—under the guise of law and constitutional authority.

One extreme in public affairs invariably begets another in antagonism. The relentless war which had been made on slavery in the North had caused the people in the South to look up authority in the Bible to justify it. The politicians on the rostrum and the preachers in their pulpits justified it and proclaimed the institution a good thing for the slave as well as the master. It should have been conceded that no man by the laws of Nature had the right to own or control the labor of another, except for a just compensation, but in this case the compensation was not so much to him individually as to his race, which never would have found its way into the sunlight of civilization except through the institution of slavery. That was, and is, with all its hardships and stripes inflicted, an ample compensation to the race as a whole. The light of this theory had never dawned upon the Northern mind and never could enter the cranium of a Puritanical Yankee.

There was a difference of opinion among Southern leaders after Mr. Lincoln's election in November as to whether there should be a conference and co-operation among the Southern States as to the course to be pursued and thus to secure unanimity of action. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was the most prominent man who advocated this "co-operation," as it was called, but he and those who agreed with him were too conservative and cautious to suit the fiery advocates of secession by separate State action. Co-operation was wise. Virginia acted on it, but divided counsels prevailed in the South.

The co-operationists were characterized by many as "Submissionists." They were in the minority and failed to secure co-operation. Under these circumstances conventions were called

at different dates in December, 1860, January and February, 1861, each to decide for itself what the State should do.

Seven of these conventions acted at once, and holding that the Union was a voluntary one, and that it was no longer a safeguard and protection, but a menace to their rights, resolved to withdraw from it and form another Union, in which it was believed there would be peace, harmony and security of rights resulting from homogeneity of interests.

They did not stop to consider collateral questions, nor what might logically follow their action in case of success or failure.

They reasoned syllogistically thus: If the Union was a voluntary one, entered into by the States for their mutual benefit and protection, then when in the opinion of the State such security was no longer guaranteed, but jeopardized or denied, it had the right to withdraw from such a Union; and if a State had the right to withdraw or secede, it followed as a logical sequence that the Union had no right to coerce such State to remain within it, or to return after having withdrawn from it. But the Union, contrary to undisputed facts of history, denied that it was a voluntary one and asserted a paramount and perpetual nationality, and claimed the right to coerce the States to remain within it. However illogical and untrue, this was the doctrine of the Unionists.

Thus was presented a great issue, one which unfortunately our Constitution did not provide an umpire to peaceably adjudicate, and hence the question was necessarily submitted to the arbitrament of arms—the court of last resort among nations.

To show more clearly the views and contentions of the Unionists, we quote from the utterances of the most prominent. President Lincoln's great oration on the field of Gettysburg at the dedication in November, 1863, proceeded entirely on the erroneous hypothesis that the life of the nation was at stake. A proper analysis of his speech was that if the Confederates succeeded that the nation was destroyed—that it would prove not only that American Government was a failure, but would accomplish its destruction as well. He assumed that if the South was divorced from the North it would prove the death of each. How fallacious and deceptive. The secession of a part of the States did not, could not, and never did put the life of the nation in jeopardy. In all of his letters and messages he asserted that the life of the nation was at issue, when no one knew better than he that the seceding States united in a Confederacy sought peaceable separa-

tion and were anxious to treat with the Union still composed of twenty-one States. He considered a slump in a body of one-third of the States of which the Union was composed would kill the Union, or the nation, as he called it, which would still after the secession have been composed of twenty-one of the most wealthy and populous States. The assumption that the Confederates sought the destruction of the Union was preposterous.

Gen. U. S. Grant, the most renowned general of the Union armies, after he had been President eight years, wrote a book, and in Vol. 2, p. 506, said:

The Constitution was not framed with a view to any such rebellion as that of 1861-5. While it did not authorize rebellion, it made no provision against it.

This is quite true, but Article 10 of the amendments to that instrument is in the following language:

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people.

If, therefore, the assertion of General Grant above quoted be true, the right of secession was one of the powers reserved to the States, and the war against the Southern States for exercising that right was unjust.

On the same page General Grant asserted that:

The right to resist or suppress rebellion is as inherent as the right of self-defense, and as natural as the right of an individual to preserve his life when in jeopardy.

This assumption of the great general and ex-President is too absurd to be met by argument. The argument the Unionists employed, and which he attempted to thus justify, was simply force of numbers and appliances of war.

In refutation of the assertion of Lincoln, Grant, and all the Unionists, that the Confederates jeopardized the life of the nation, suppose there had been no war, that the Confederate States had been recognized and allowed a peaceable separate existence. Would the Government of the United States—the Union, the nation—have continued to exist, or would that have killed it?

The cry that the life of the nation was in jeopardy was a false cry to cover the double purpose of abolishing slavery and to make the government practically a consolidated nationality.

General Grant further said :

The Constitution was therefore in abeyance for the time being, so far as it in any way affected the progress of the war.

It was not in abeyance except as it was disregarded or ignored by the Administration and its generals in the field. They treated that great instrument as the Irish member of Congress revered and obeyed it. He applied to the President for a job for his friend and was told that it could not be done, as it would violate the Constitution. The Honorable Tim replied: "Mr. President, all we Democrats have great respect for the Constitution, but I don't intend to let it come between me and my friend."

The Constitution was not allowed to come in the way of the Unionists. It was suspended or disregarded by them.

On the 20th of December South Carolina passed her ordinance of secession withdrawing from the Union; Mississippi followed January 9, 1861; Florida the 10th, Alabama the 11th, Georgia the 18th, Louisiana the 26th, and Texas soon after.

The following is an exact copy of Alabama's ordinance, with the names of all the delegates who signed it, to wit :

AN ORDINANCE

To dissolve the Union between the State of ALABAMA and other States united under the compact styled "The Constitution of the

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

WHEREAS, the election of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin to the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States of America, by a sectional party avowedly hostile to the domestic institutions and to the peace and security of the people of the STATE OF ALABAMA, preceded by many and dangerous infractions of the Constitution of the United States by many of the States and people of the Northern section, is a political wrong of so insulting and menacing character as to justify the *PEOPLE* of the *STATE* of *ALABAMA*, in the adoption of prompt and decided measures for their future peace and security; therefore—BE IT DECLARED AND ORDAINED BY THE *PEOPLE* of the *STATE* of *ALABAMA* in convention assembled, That the *STATE* of *ALABAMA* now withdraws, and is hereby withdrawn from the Union known as "The United States of America," and henceforth ceases to be one of said United States, and is, and of right ought to be a SOVEREIGN and INDEPENDENT STATE.

SEC. 2. Be it further declared and ordained by the *PEOPLE* of the *STATE* of *ALABAMA* in convention assembled, That all the power over the Territory of said State and over the people thereof, heretofore delegated

to the Government of the United States of America, be and they are hereby withdrawn from said Government and are hereby resumed and vested in the PEOPLE of the STATE of ALABAMA—And as it is the desire and purpose of the PEOPLE of ALABAMA to meet the *Slaveholding* States of the SOUTH, who may approve such purpose, in order to frame a Provisional as well as permanent Government upon the principles of the Constitution of the United States—Be it resolved by the PEOPLE of ALABAMA in Convention assembled, That the people of the States of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri, be and are hereby invited to meet the PEOPLE of the STATE of ALABAMA, by their Delegates, in Convention, on the Fourth day of February, A. D., 1861, at the City of MONTGOMERY in the STATE of ALABAMA, for the purpose of consulting with each other as to the most effectual mode of securing concerted and harmonious action in whatever measure may be deemed desirable for our common peace and security.

AND be it further resolved, That the President of the Convention, be and is hereby instructed to transmit forthwith a copy of the foregoing Preamble, Ordinance and Resolution to the Governors of the several States named in said resolutions—Done by the PEOPLE of the STATE of ALABAMA, in Convention assembled, at MONTGOMERY, on the *Eleventh* day of *January*, A. D., 1861.

William M. Brooks, President
of the Convention.

A. I. Curtis,
Alpheus Baker,
W. H. Davis,
John Cochran,
John W. L. Daniel,
Lewis M. Stone,
E. S. Dargan,
John Bragg,
H. G. Humphries,
Geo. A. Ketchum,
O. R. Blue,
James L. Sheffield,
James Ferguson Dowdell,
Franklin K. Beck,
Saml. J. Bolling,
Jno. McPherson,
A. P. Love,
J. A. Henderson,
Geo. D. Shortridge,
Eli W. Starke,
Albert Crumpler,
Jere Clemens,
George Taylor,
John B. Lennard,
James Spollock Williamson,
J. W. McClanahan,
John Tyler Morgan,
Jas. G. Hawkins,
Jno. P. Timberlake of Jackson,
Gappa T. Yelverton,
Thomas Tipton Smith,

James B. Clark,
Lyman Gibbons,
James W. Crawford,
Wm. H. Barnes,
Wm. S. Phillips,
George Rives, Sr.,
Jas. G. Gilchrist,
Archibald Rhea Barclay,
G. C. Whatley,
Danl. L. Ryan,
John M. Crook,
Saml. Henderson of Macon,
O. S. Jewett,
John R. Coffey,
B. M. Baker of Russell,
Thomas Hill Watts,
John W. Inzer,
H. E. Owens,
M. G. Slaughter,
N. D. Johnson,
Joseph Silver,
James F. Bailey,
Julius C. B. Mitchell,
Wm. L. Earnest,
David B. Creech,
De Witt Clinton Davis,
Richard Jackson Wood,
Jef. Buford,
John Green, Sr.,
J. M. Foster,
Nich. Davis,
John P. Ralls, M. D.,
W. E. Clark of Marengo,

James McKine,
W. L. Yancey,
A. A. Coleman,
J. D. Webb,
Thos. H. Herndon,
S. E. Catterlin,
David P. Lewis,

George Forrester,
R. J. Smison, Jr.,
William A. Hood,
Arthur Campbell Beard,
Ralph O. Howard,
Henry M. Gay,

A. G. Horn, Secretary of the Convention.

Frank L. Smith, of Montgomery, Assistant Secretary of the Convention.

A true copy from the original, P. H. Brittan, Sec. of State.

CHAPTER II

CAUSES OF SECESSION AND WAR—CONTINUED

The Most Conclusive Statement as to Secession, That Written by Commodore Maury—The *New York Tribune* on the Situation—As Viewed by the *Albany Argus*—From the *New York Herald*—The *Free Press* Gives Its Views—As Emphatically Stated by the *Union*, of Bangor, Maine—Chancellor Walworth—The Proposed Thirteenth Amendment.

After thorough research and close comparison I assert that the clearest and most conclusive statement of the causes and justification of secession is the last paper ever written for publication by that distinguished scientist of world-wide fame, Commodore M. F. Maury, who was not a speculative politician, but a man of spotless character and unbounded learning. It was written as a vindication of Virginia, but is equally applicable to each of the seceding States. It was published in Vol. I, Southern Historical Society Papers, pp. 49, 61. It was written in May, 1871, at his quiet mountain home long after the storms of war had subsided, and a short time before his death. It is so valuable in historic information, so clear and convincing as the dying testimonial of that great man, that it is reproduced and adopted entire. I hope that it will be carefully read by all who desire to know why the Southern States seceded from the Union.

MAURY'S ARTICLE

One hundred years ago we were thirteen British Colonies, remonstrating and disputing with the mother country in discontent. After some years spent in fruitless complaints against the policy of the British Government toward us, the colonies resolved to sever their connection with Great Britain, that they might be first independent, and then proceed to govern themselves in their own way. At the same time they took counsel together and made common cause. They declared certain truths to be self-evident, and proclaimed the right of every people to alter or amend their forms of government as to them may seem fit. They pronounced this an inalienable right, and declared "that when a long train of abuses and usurpations evinces a design on the part of the government to reduce a people to absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government." In support of these declarations the people of that day, in the persons of their representatives,

pledging themselves, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, went to war, and in support of their cause appealed to Divine Providence for protection. Under these doctrines we and our fathers grew up, and we were taught to regard them with reverence almost holy, and to believe in them with quite a religious belief.

In the war that ensued, the colonies triumphed; and in the treaty of peace, Great Britain acknowledged each one of her revolted colonies to be a nation, endowed with all the attributes of sovereignty, independent of her, of each other and of all other temporal powers whatsoever. These new-born nations were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia—thirteen in all.

At that time all the country west of the Alleghany Mountains was a wilderness. All that part which lies north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi, called the Northwest Territory, and out of which the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and a part of Minnesota have since been carved, belonged to Virginia. She exercised dominion over it, and in her resided the rights of undisputed sovereignty. These thirteen powers, which were then as independent of each other as France is of Spain, or Brazil is of Peru, or as any other nation can be of another, concluded to unite and form a compact, called the Constitution, the main objects of which were to establish justice, secure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, and promote the general welfare. To this end they established a vicarious government, and named it the United States. This instrument had for its cornerstone the afore-mentioned inalienable rights. With the assertion of these precious rights—which are so dear to the hearts of all true Virginians—fresh upon their lips, each one of these thirteen States, signatories to this compact, delegated to this new government so much of her own sovereign powers as were deemed necessary for the accomplishment of its objects, reserving to herself all the powers, prerogatives and attributes not specifically granted or specially enumerated. Nevertheless, Virginia, through abundant caution, when she fixed her seal to this Constitution, did so with the express declaration, in behalf of her people, that the powers granted under it might be resumed by them whenever the same should be perverted to their injury or oppression; that “no right, of any denomination, can be canceled, abridged, restrained or modified by the Congress, by the Senate or House of Representatives, acting in any capacity, by the President, or any department, or officer of the United States, except in those instances in which power is given by the Constitution for those purposes.” With this agreement, with a solemn appeal to the “Searcher of all hearts” for the purity of their intentions, our delegates, in the name and in behalf of the people of Virginia, proceeded to accept and to ratify the Constitution for the Government of the United States. (Proceedings of the Virginia Convention, 1788, p. 28, Code of Virginia, 1860.) Thus the Government at Washington was created.

But it did not go into operation until the other States—parties to the contract—had accepted by their act of signature and tacit agreement the conditions which Virginia required to be understood as the terms on which she accepted the Constitution and agreed to become one of the United States. Thus these conditions became, to all intents and purposes, a part of that instrument itself; for it is a rule of law and a principle of right laid down, well understood and universally acknowledged, that if, in a compact between several parties, any one of them be permitted to enter into it on a condition, that condition enures alike to the benefit of all.

Notwithstanding the purity of motive and singleness of purpose which moved Virginia to become one of the United States, sectional interests were developed, and the seeds of faction, strife, and discord appeared in the very convention which adopted the Constitution. At that time African negroes

were bought and sold and held in slavery in all the States. They had been brought here by the Crown and forced upon Virginia when she was in the colonial state, in spite of her oft-repeated petitions and remonstrances against it; and now since she, with others, were independent and masters of themselves, they desired to put an end forthwith to this traffic. To this the North objected, on the ground that her people were extensively engaged in kidnaping in Africa and transporting slaves thence for sale to Southern planters. They had, it was added, such interest at stake in this business that twenty years would be required to wind it up. At that time the political balance between the sections was equal; and the South, to pacify the North, agreed that the new government should have no power, until after twenty years should have elapsed, to restrict their traffic; and thus the North gained a lease and a right to fetch slaves from Africa into the South till 1808. That year, one of Virginia's own sons being President of the United States, an act was passed forbidding a continuance of the traffic, and declaring the further prosecution of it piracy.

Virginia was the leader in the war of the Revolution, and her sons were the master-spirits of it, both in the field and in the cabinet. For an entire generation after the establishment of the Government under the Constitution, four of her sons—with an interregnum of only four years—were called one after the other, to preside, each for a period of eight years, over the affairs of the young Republic and to shape its policy. In the meantime Virginia gave to the new Government the whole of her Northwest Territory, to be held by it in trust for the benefit of all the States alike. Under the wise rule of her illustrious sons in the Presidential chair, the Republic grew and its citizens flourished and prospered as no people had ever done.

During this time the African slave trade having ceased, the price of negroes rose in the South; then the Northern people discovered that it would be better to sell their slaves to the South than to hold them, whereupon acts of so-called emancipation were passed in the North. They were prospective, and were to come in force after the lapse, generally, of twenty years (slavery did not cease in New York till 1827), which allowed the slave-holders among them ample time to fetch their negroes down and sell them to our people. This many of them did, and the North got rid of their slaves, not so much by emancipation or any sympathy for the blacks as by sale, and in consequence of her greed.

About this time also Missouri—into which the earlier settlers had carried their slaves—applied for admission into the Union as a State. The North opposed it, on the ground that slavery existed there. The South appealed to the Constitution, called for the charter which created the Federal Government, and asked for the clause which gave Congress the power to interfere with the domestic institutions of any State or with any of her affairs, further than to see that her organic law insured a republican form of government to her people. Nay, she appealed to the force of treaty obligations; and reminded the North that in the treaty with France for the acquisition of Louisiana, of which Missouri was a part, the public faith was pledged to protect the French settlers there, and their descendants, in their rights of property, which included slaves. The public mind became excited, sectional feelings ran high, and the Union was in danger of being broken up through Northern aggression and congressional usurpations at that early day. To quiet the storm, a son of Virginia came forward as peace-maker, and carried through Congress a bill that is known as "The Missouri Compromise." So the danger was averted. This bill, however, was a concession, simple and pure, to the North on the part of the South, with no equivalent whatever, except the gratification of a patriotic desire to live in harmony with her sister States and preserve the Union. This compromise was to the effect that the Southern people should thereafter waive their right to go with their slaves into any

part of the common territory north of the parallel of $36^{\circ} 30'$. Thus was surrendered up to the North for settlement, at her own time and in her own way, more than two-thirds of the entire public domain, with equal rights with the South in the remainder.

That posterity may fairly appreciate the extent of this exaction by the North, with the sacrifice made by the South to satisfy it, maintain the public faith, and preserve the Union, it is necessary to refer to a map of the country, and to remember that at that time neither Texas, New Mexico, California, nor Arizona belonged to the United States; that the country west of the Mississippi which fell under that compromise is that which was acquired from France in the purchase of Louisiana, and which includes west Minnesota, the whole of Iowa, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, embracing an area of 1,360,000 square miles. Of this the South had the privilege of settling Arkansas alone, or less than four per cent. of the whole. The sacrifice thus made by the South for the sake of the Union, will be more fully appreciated when we reflect that under the Constitution Southern gentlemen had as much right, and the same right, to go into the territories with their slaves, that the men of the North had to carry with them their apprentices and servants. Though this arrangement was so prejudicial to the South, though the Supreme Court decided it to be unconstitutional, null and void, the Southern people were still willing to stand by it; but the North would not. Backed by majorities in Congress, she only became more and more aggressive. Furthermore, the magnificent country given by Virginia to the Union came to be managed in the political interests of the North. It was used for the encouragement of European emigration, and its settlement on her side of that parallel, while the idea was sought to be impressed abroad by false representations that south of $36^{\circ} 30'$ in this country out-door labor is death to the white man, and that throughout the South generally labor was considered degrading. Such was the rush of settlers from abroad to the polar side of $36^{\circ} 30'$ and for the cheap and rich lands of the Northwest Territory, that the population of the North was rapidly and vastly increased—so vastly that when the war of 1861 commenced, the immigrants and the descendants of immigrants which the two sections had received from the Old World since this grant was made, amounted to not less than 7,000,000 souls more for the North than for the South. This increase destroyed the balance of power between the sections in Congress, placed the South hopelessly in the minority and gave the reins of the Government over into the hands of the Northern faction. Thus the two hundred and seventy millions of acres of the finest land on the continent which Virginia gave to the Government to hold in trust as a common fund, was so managed as greatly to benefit one section and do the other harm. Nor was this all. Large grants of land amounting to many millions of acres, were made from this domain to certain Northern States, for their railways and other works of internal improvement, for their schools and corporations; but not an acre to Virginia.

In consequence of the Berlin and Milan decrees, the orders in council, the embargo and the war which followed in 1812, the people of the whole country suffered greatly for the want of manufactured articles, many of which had become necessities of life. Moreover, it was at that time against the laws of England for any artisan or piece of machinery used in her workshops to be sent to this country. Under these circumstances it was thought wise to encourage manufacturing in New England, until American labor could be educated for it, and the requisite skill acquired, and Southern statesmen took the lead in the passage of a tariff to encourage and protect our manufacturing industries. But in course of time these restrictive laws in England were repealed, and it then became easier to import than to educate labor and skill. Nevertheless, the protection continued, and was so effectual that the manufacturers of New

England began to compete in foreign markets with the manufacturers of Old England. Whereupon the South said, "Enough: the North has free trade with us; the Atlantic Ocean rolls between this country and Europe; the expense of freight and transportation across it, with moderate duties for revenue alone, ought to be protection enough for these Northern industries. Therefore, let us do away with tariffs for protection. They have not, by reason of geographical law, turned a wheel in the South; moreover, they have proved a grievous burden to our people." Northern statesmen did not see the case in that light; but fairness, right, and the Constitution were on the side of the South. She pointed to the unfair distribution of the public lands, the unequal dispensation among the States of the Government favor and patronage, and to the fact that the New England manufacturers had gained a firm footing and were flourishing. Moreover, peace, progress, and development had, since the end of the French Wars, dictated free trade as the true policy of all nations. Our Senators proceeded to demonstrate by example the hardships of submitting any longer to tariffs for protection. The example was to this effect: The Northern farmer clips his hundred bales of wool, and the Southern planter picks his hundred bales of cotton. So far they are equal, for the Government affords to each equal protection in person and property. That's fair, and there is no complaint. But the Government would not stop here. It went further—protected the industry of one section and taxed that of the other; for though it suited the farmer's interest and convenience to send his wool to a New England mill to have it made into cloth, it also suited in like degree the Southern planter to send his cotton to Old England to have it made into calico. And now came the injustice and the grievance. They both preferred the Charleston market, and they both, the illustration assumed, arrived by sea the same day and proceeded together, each with his invoice of one hundred bales, to the custom-house. There the Northern man is told that he may land his one hundred bales duty free; but the Southern man is required to leave forty of his in the custom-house for the privilege of landing the remaining sixty. (The tariff at that time was forty per cent.) It was in vain for the Southerner to protest or to urge, "You make us pay bounties to Northern fishermen under the plea that it is a nursery for seamen. Is not the fetching and carrying of Southern cotton across the sea in Southern ships as much a nursery for seamen as the catching of codfish in Yankee smacks? But instead of allowing us a bounty for this, you exact taxes and require protection for our Northern fellow-citizens at the expense of Southern industry and enterprise." The complaints against the tariff were at the end of ten or twelve years followed by another compromise in the shape of a modified tariff, by which the South again gained nothing and the North everything. The effect was simply to lessen, not to abolish, the tribute money exacted for the benefit of Northern industries.

Fifteen years before the war it was stated officially from the Treasury Department in Washington, that under the tariff then in force the self-sustaining industries of the country were taxed in this indirect way in the sum of \$80,000,000 annually, none of which went into the coffers of the Government, but all into the pockets of the protected manufacturer. The South, moreover, complained of the unequal distribution of the public expenditures; of unfairness in protecting, buoying, lighting, and surveying the coasts, and laid her complaints on grounds like these: for every mile of sea front in the North there are four in the South, yet there were four well-equipped dockyards in the North to one in the South; large sums of money had been expended for Northern, small for Southern defenses; navigation of the Southern coast was far more difficult and dangerous than that of the Northern, yet the latter was better lighted; and the Southern coast was not surveyed by the Government until it had first furnished Northern ship-

owners with good charts for navigating their waters and entering their harbors.

Thus dealt by, there was cumulative dissatisfaction in the Southern mind toward the Federal Government, and Southern men began to ask each other, "*Should we not be better off out of the Union than we are in it?*" Nay, the public discontent rose to such a pitch in consequence of the tariff, that nullification was threatened, and the existence of the Union was again seriously imperilled, and dissolution might have ensued had not Virginia stepped in with her wise counsels. She poured oil upon the festering sores in the Southern mind, and did what she could in the interests of peace; but the wound could not be entirely healed; Northern archers had hit too deep.

The Washington Government was fast drifting toward centralization, and the result of all this Federal partiality, of this unequal protection and encouragement, was that New England and the North flourished and prospered as no people have ever done in modern times. Scenes enacted in the Old World, twenty-eight hundred years ago, seemed now on the eve of repetition in the New. About the year 915 B. C., the twelve tribes conceived the idea of making themselves a great nation by centralization. They established a government which, in three generations, by reason of similar burdens upon the people, ended in permanent separation. Solomon taxed heavily to build the temple and dazzle the nation with the splendor of his capital; his expenditures were profuse, and he made his name and kingdom fill the world with their renown. He died one hundred years after Saul was anointed, and then Jerusalem and the temple being finished, the ten tribes—supposing the necessity of further taxation had ceased—petitioned Rehoboam for a reduction of taxes, a repeal of the tariff. Their petition was scorned, and the world knows the result. The ten tribes seceded in a body, and there was war; so thus there remained to the house of David only the tribes of Benjamin and Judah. They, like the North, had received the benefit of this taxation. The chief part of the enormous expenditures was made within their borders, and they, like New England, flourished and prospered at the expense of their brethren.

By the Constitution, a citizen of the South had a right to pursue his fugitive slave into any of the States, apprehend and bring him back; but so unfriendly had the North become toward the South, and so regardless of her duties under the Constitution, that Southern citizens, in pursuing and attempting to apprehend runaway negroes in the North, were thrown into jail, maltreated, and insulted, despite of their rights. Northern people loaded the mails for the South with inflammatory publications inciting the negroes to revolt, and encouraging them to rise up, in servile insurrection, and murder their owners. Like tampering with the negroes was one among the causes which led Virginia into her original proposition to the other colonists, that they should all, for the common good and common safety, separate themselves from Great Britain and strike for independent existence. In a resolution unanimously adopted in convention for a declaration of such independence, it is urged that the King's representative in Virginia was "tempting our slaves by every artifice to resort to him, and training and employing them against their masters." (Resolutions of Virginia for a Declaration of Independence, unanimously adopted 15th May, 1776, page 1, Code of Virginia, 1860.) To counteract this attempt by the New England people to do the like, the legislatures of Virginia and other Southern States felt themselves constrained to curtail the privileges of the slave, to increase the patrols, and for the public safety to enact severe laws against the black man. This grated upon the generous feelings of our people the more, because they were thus compelled in self-defense to spread hateful laws upon the statute-book of their State, and subject her fair fame to invidious criticisms by posterity, and this in consequence of the repeated attempt of the Northern people to tamper with the negroes and interfere with our domestic affairs. It was a shaft that sank

deep and rankled long; it brought to mind colonial times, and put into Southern heads the idea of another separation. But this was not all. Societies were formed in the North to encourage our negroes to escape and to harbor the runaways; emissaries came down to inveigle them away; and while they were engaged at this, the Northern States aided and abetted by passing acts prohibiting their officers to assist the Southern citizen in the capture of runaways, and hindering him from doing it himself. At length things came to such a pass that a Southern gentleman, notwithstanding his right, dared not when he went to the North, either on business or pleasure, to carry with him, as he formerly did, a body-servant. More harsh still—delicate mothers and emaciated invalids with their nurses, though driven from their Southern homes, as they often are, by pestilence or plague, dared not seek refuge in the more bracing climates of the North; they were liable to be mobbed and to see their servants taken away by force, and when that was done, they found that Northern laws afforded no protection. In short, our people had no longer equal rights in a common country.

Finally, the aggressive and fanatical spirit of the North ran to such a pitch against us, that just before the Southern people began to feel that patience and forbearance were both exhausted, a band of raiders, fitted out and equipped in the North, came down upon Virginia with sword and spear in hand. They commenced in the dead of night to murder our citizens, to arm the slaves, encouraging them to rise up, burn and rob, kill and slay throughout the South. The ringleader was caught, tried, and hung. Northern people regarded him as a martyr in a righteous cause. His body was carried to the North; they paid homage to his remains, sang pœans to his memory, and amidst jeers and taunts for Virginia, which to this day are reverberated through the halls of Congress, enrolled his name as one who had deserved well of his country.

These acts were highly calculated to keep the Southern mind in a feverish state and in an unfriendly mood; and there were other influences at work to excite sectional feelings and beget just indignation among the Southern people. The North was commercial, the South agricultural. Through their fast-sailing packets and steamers, Northern people were in constant communication with foreign nations; the South rarely except through the North. Northern men and Northern society took advantage of this circumstance to our prejudice. They defamed the South and abused the European mind with libels and slanders and evil reports against us of a heinous character. They represented Southern people as a lawless and violent set, where men and women were without shame. They asserted, with all the effrontery of impudent falsehood, that the chief occupation of the gentlemen of Virginia was the breeding of slaves like cattle for the more Southern markets. To this day the whole South is suffering under this defamation of character; for it is well-known that emigrants from Europe now refuse to come and settle in Virginia and the South on account of their belief in the stories against us with which their minds have been poisoned.

This long list of grievances does not end here. The population of the North had, by reason of the vast numbers of foreigners that had been induced to settle there, become so great that the balance of power in Congress was completely destroyed. The Northern people became more tyrannical in their disposition, Congress more aggressive in *their* policy. In every branch of the Government the South was in a hopeless minority, and completely at the mercy of an unscrupulous majority for their rights in the Union. Emboldened by their popular majorities on the hustings, the master spirits of the North now proclaimed the approach of an "irrepressible conflict" with the South, and their representative men in Congress preached the doctrine of a "higher law," confessing that the policy about to be pursued in relation to Southern affairs was dictated by a rule of conduct unknown to the Constitu-

tion, not contained in the Bible, but sanctioned, as they said, by some higher law than the Bible itself. Thus finding ourselves at the mercy of faction and fanaticism, the Presidential election for 1860 drew nigh. The time for putting candidates in the field was at hand. The North brought out their candidate, and by their platform pledged him to acts of unfriendly legislation against us. The South warned the North and protested, the political leaders in some of the Southern States publicly declaring that if Mr. Lincoln, their nominee, were elected, the States would not remain in the Union. He was truly a sectional candidate. He received no vote in the South, but was, under the provisions of the Constitution, duly elected nevertheless; for now the poll of the North was large enough to elect whom she pleased.

When the result of this election was announced, South Carolina and the Gulf States each proceeded to call a convention of her people; and they, in the exercise of their inalienable right to alter and abolish the form of government and to institute a new one, resolved to withdraw from the Union peaceably, if they could. They felt themselves clear as to their right, and thrice armed; for they remembered that they were sovereign people, and called to mind those precious rights that had been solemnly proclaimed, and in which and for which we and our fathers before us had the most abiding faith, reverence and belief. Prominent among these was, as we have seen, the right of each one of these States to consult her own welfare and withdraw or remain in the Union in obedience to its dictates and the judgment of her own people. So they sent commissioners to Washington to propose a settlement, the Confederate States offering to assume their quota of the debt of the United States, and asking for their share of the common property. This was refused.

In the meantime Virginia assembled her people in grand council, too; but she refused to come near the Confederate States in their councils. She had laid the corner-stone of the Union, her sons were its chief architects; and though she felt that she and her sister States had been wronged without cause, and had reason, good and sufficient, for withdrawing from a political association which no longer afforded domestic tranquillity, or promoted the general welfare, or answered its purposes, yet her love for the Union and the Constitution was strong, and the idea of pulling down, without having first exhausted all her persuasives, and tried all means to save what cost her so much, was intolerable. She thought the time for separation had not come, and waited first to try her own "mode and measure of redress"; she considered that it should not be such as the Confederate States had adopted. Moreover, by standing firm she hoped to heal the breach, as she had done on several occasions before. She asked all the States to meet her in a peace congress. They did so, and the North being largely in the majority, threw out Southern propositions and rejected all the efforts of Virginia at conciliation. North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas all remained in the Union, awaiting the action of our State, which urged the Washington Government not to attempt to coerce the seceded States, or force them with sword and bayonet back into the Union—a thing, she held, which the charter that created the Government gave it no authority to do.

Regardless of these wise counsels and of all her rightful powers, the North mustered an army to come against the South; whereupon, seeing the time had come, and claiming the right which she had especially reserved not only for herself, but for all the States, to withdraw from the Union, the grand old Commonwealth did not hesitate to use it. She prepared to meet the emergency. Her people had already been assembled in convention, and they, in the persons of their representatives, passed the Ordinance of Secession, which separated her from the North and South, and left her alone, again, a free, sovereign and independent State. This done, she sounded the notes of warlike preparation. She called upon her sons who were in the service of the Washington Government to confess their allegiance to her,

resign their places, and rally around her standard. The true men among them came. In a few days she had an army of 60,000 men in the field; but her policy was still peace, armed peace, not war. Assuming the attitude of defense, she said to the powers of the North, "Let no hostile foot cross my borders." Nevertheless, they came with fire and sword; battle was joined; victory crowned her banners on many a well-fought field; but she and her sister States cut off from the outside world by the navy which they had helped to establish for the common defense, battled together against fearful odds at home for four long years, but were at last overpowered by mere numbers, and then came disaster. Her sons who fell died in defense of their country, their homes, their rights, and all that makes native land dear to the hearts of men. * * *

As to the right of secession, I give below some extracts from Northern newspapers and eminent speakers in that section after Mr. Lincoln had been elected President, showing that a large number of the people of the North were, at that time, opposed to coercion and war under any circumstances.

The *New York Tribune*, Republican in politics and supporter of Mr. Lincoln, of November 9, 1860, said:

We hold, with Jefferson, to the inalienable right of communities to alter or abolish forms of government that have become oppressive or injurious; and if the Cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary right, *but it exists nevertheless*; and we do not see how one party can have a *right to do what another party had a right to prevent*. We must ever resist the asserted right of any State to remain in the Union and nullify or deny the laws thereof: *to withdraw from the Union is quite another matter*. And, whenever a considerable section of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out, *we shall resist all coercive measures designed to keep her in. We hope never to live in a republic whereof one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets*.

A great truth, concisely stated, but the *Tribune* went back on it.

The *Albany Argus*, about the same time, said:

We sympathize with and justify the South as far as this: their rights have been invaded to the extreme limit possible within the forms of the Constitution; and, beyond this limit, their feelings have been insulted and their interests and honor assailed by almost every possible form of denunciation and invective; and if we deemed it certain that the real *animus* of the Republican party could be carried into the administration of the Federal Government, and become the permanent policy of the nation, we should think that all the instincts of self-preservation and of manhood rightfully impelled them to a resort to revolution and a separation from the Union, and we would applaud them and wish them God-speed in the adoption of such remedy.

In a subsequent issue the same paper said:

If South Carolina, or any other State, through a convention of her people, shall formally separate herself from the Union, probably both the present and

the next Executive will simply let her alone and *quietly allow all the functions of the Federal Government within her limits to be suspended. Any other course would be madness*; as it would at once enlist all the Southern States in the controversy and plunge the whole country into a civil war. * * * As a matter of policy and wisdom, therefore, independent of the question of right, we should deem resort to force most disastrous.

The *New York Herald*, a journal which claimed to be independent in politics, early in December, 1860, said :

Each State is organized as a complete government, holding the purse and wielding the sword, possessing the right to break the tie, if the confederation as a nation might break a treaty, and to repel coercion as a nation might repel invasion. * * * Coercion, if it were possible, is out of the question.

The Detroit, Michigan, *Free Press*, a leading paper, had the following :

If there shall not be a change in the present seeming purpose to yield to no accommodation of the national difficulties, and if troops shall be raised in the North to march against the people of the South, *a fire in the rear will be opened upon such troops* which will either stop their march altogether or wonderfully accelerate it.

The *Union*, Bangor, Maine, spoke no less decidedly to the same effect :

The difficulties between the North and the South must be compromised, or the separation of the States *shall be peaceable*. If the Republican party refuse to go to the full length of the Crittenden amendment—*which is the very least the South can or ought to take*—then, here in Maine, not a Democrat will be found who will raise his arm against his brethren of the South. From one end of the State to the other let the cry of the Democracy be, *Compromise or Peaceable Separation*.

At a public meeting largely attended in New York on the last day of January, 1861, after six States had seceded, Hons. James S. Thayer and Horatio Seymour spoke against the coercion of the seceding States and were loudly applauded by the multitude.

Chancellor Walworth, a man of great learning, a distinguished judge, and at that time a man of large experience, in speaking to that meeting uttered the following language :

It would be brutal, in my opinion, to send men to butcher our own brothers of the Southern States, as it would be to massacre them in the Northern States. We are told, however, that it is our duty to, and we must, enforce the laws. But why—and what laws are to be enforced? There were laws that were to be enforced in the time of the American Revolution. * * * Did Lord Chatham go for enforcing those laws? No; he gloried in defense of the liberties of America. He made that memorable declaration in the British Parliament, "If I were an American citizen, instead of being, as I am, an Englishman, I never would submit to such laws—never, never, never!"

And subsequently New York City and Brooklyn furnished one hundred and forty-four regiments to aid coercion: And two of her most distinguished generals, Sickles and Slocum, were Democrats in politics.

A majority of the people in the Northern States were opposed to any attempt to coerce the seceding States to return to the Union. They knew that it would be resisted and would provoke a bloody war, and if successful would change the fundamental principles of the government on which the Constitution was founded, from a great Federation based upon mutual concessions and equality of rights, as States, and convert it into a centralized nationality with power to govern the States by force. This was involved in the destruction of State sovereignty by their offspring—the United States Government. It was created by the States, but for which it would never have existed. While there were independent irritations, the bed-rock of the struggle between the old Union and the Southern Confederacy was the Hamiltonian *versus* the Jeffersonian theory of government.

The Congress which met in December, 1860, had the terrible responsibility upon it of trying to avert the impending storm and in its stead to restore peace to the country. Some efforts were made, but none of them met with even a temporary success, save one which was the passage by each house, by the requisite two-thirds vote, of a thirteenth amendment to the Constitution, which was in these words, to wit: "No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish, or interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State."

This passed the house by a vote of 133 to 65, but only seven of these were Republicans. The sixty-five negative votes were all Republicans, with Thaddeus Stevens, Owen Lovejoy, Anson Burlingame, Conklin, Bingham, and Grow as the leaders.

The Senate adopted it by a vote of 24 to 12, precisely the requisite two-thirds. Four Southern Senators who voted for it some time after withdrew to go with the seceding States. Eight Republican Senators voted for it. Seward, Fessenden, and Cal-lermer did not vote. The amendment, had it been ratified, would have fixed slavery for all time as a State institution, which it was, and entrenched it securely in the Federal Constitution, so that no power but that of the State where it existed could ever have abol-

ished it, or interfered with it. But the amendment did not apply to the territories, and in that it was not satisfactory to the South. The amendment was submitted to the States for ratification, but was ratified by only two—Maryland and Ohio. The Southern States seemed so bent on secession at that date that it embarrassed the action of the other States in considering this amendment, and rendered the effort almost hopeless to thus reconcile the differences and heal the breach; and when Fort Sumter was fired on, Friday morning, April 12, 1861, all the hopes of reconciliation, or compromise, were blotted out in the North, and that thirteenth amendment was dead. The next one which came to stay was in 1865, and provided that “Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.” The propositions of the House Committee of thirty-three members to admit New Mexico, as a slave State, and to amend the fugitive-slave law, so that the United States authorities should surrender escaped fugitives to the authorities of the State in which the service was alleged to be due, and the question to be tried before a jury, etc., passed the House, but were never acted on by the Senate, for the same reasons that the amendment failed to secure further consideration by the States.

CHAPTER III

PROPOSED CO-OPERATION

A General Conference and What Was Proposed to Be Done—Possibilities of Co-operation—Cause of the Loss of Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland—Firing on Sumter the Beginning of the War—The Proposition to Fight Under the Old Flag—How Foreign Recognition Might Have Been Promoted.

There was a general conference of delegates from all the States North and South, held at the instance of Virginia, but no substantial results were reached.

In the first chapter it is mentioned that there were among prominent Southern men those who advocated *co-operation of all the Southern States*; that is, that each State should, by appointing delegates to a general convention, confer together and agree upon a common ground of action for the maintenance of their common rights as States within the Union; and if that should be found impracticable, to act together in withdrawing from it, or whatever might be determined as best. But this was vigorously opposed by hot-headed Southerners, who wanted hasty action and no delay. They wanted to secede before breakfast. While this class urged decision and speedy action, they were good and true men, and not wholly without reason for their course. It was the dilatory conservatism of the Border States which gave them over into the hands of the coercionists. The sympathizers with the South, all who were opposed to using the United States Army to drive the seceding States back into the Union, by dilatory action, were manacled by the agents of the Union in all the Border States. Hence the apprehension of such results flowing from the delay of a convention on co-operation, caused the ultra Southerners, who keenly felt the wrongs which the South for years had endured, to bitterly oppose that policy. Their slogan was: "He who hesitates is a dastard and he who doubts is damned."

Had such a convention been held, attended by representative delegations, such an able body of men would have been brought together as would at once have awakened the gravest apprehen-

sions among the people of the North and aroused to determined action the conservative and thoughtful men of the entire country. Men like Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky, could no longer have played a waiting game hoping for peace to turn up and avert a war; every man in the South would have been compelled to take sides at once. This was the only possibility of avoiding war. The great States of Kentucky and Missouri were by large majorities opposed to coercion and a resolution against it would have passed almost unanimously. The State of Maryland would have been in such a convention and the united voice of the whole South would have been so deterrent and serious as in all probability to have settled the controversy without war. Virginia took this course and assumed the attitude of armed neutrality, and prepared to maintain it. She appealed to all for peace and Union, but when the Lincoln administration called for 75,000 volunteers and proclaimed the purpose to coerce the seceding States back into the Union, she called a convention of her people, passed an ordinance of secession and cast her lot with her Southern sisters. All honor to the Grand Old Commonwealth.

Kentucky's Governor, Magoffin, to Lincoln's demand for troops responded in the same spirit as Governor Letcher, of Virginia, utterly refusing to comply. He called the Legislature of Kentucky together and that body passed a strong resolution against coercion and declared in favor of armed neutrality, which it was utterly unable to maintain, as subsequent events abundantly proved. Governor Jackson, of Missouri, refused to furnish troops for coercion purposes and the legislature approved his action.

Henry Clay for a long period was a compromise leader, a Whig and Union man, but toward the latter days of his career he lost his prestige and power to control and saw the State, under the leadership of John C. Breckenridge, pass over to the control of the State's rights Democracy. Breckenridge had carried the State for the Presidency in 1860, and was the one man who could have kept that State in line with Virginia. But he, as Vice-President, presided over the United States Senate until Lincoln was inaugurated, and then was sworn in as a Senator from Kentucky, and took his seat vainly indulging the hope of a compromise of the impending trouble, and there he remained until, through the machinations of secret Federal agents and the Union men, Kentucky was committed to the Union cause and began the work of coercion. There was no capable leader for the States' rights Democrats to follow. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner made some

attempt at it, but backed down, as he supposed, in obedience to the popular will. They each subsequently saw their error and fought manfully for the Confederacy, but it was too late. Had that State been properly directed it would have joined the Confederacy and brought to it more than one hundred thousand soldiers. From Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland would have joined the Southern army not less than a quarter of a million of the finest volunteer soldiers, with a vast amount of supplies.

It is doubtful, however, whether such a convention could have accomplished a peaceable adjustment. The majority of the people North and South were utterly opposed to any war. But the Republican minority, in consequence of the split in the Democratic party, had won the Presidency, was coming into power, and wanted above everything else a blood-letting to strengthen their party and solidify the people of the North in its support. The Confederate Government was very anxious to have a peaceable separation from the Union, and sent commissioners to Washington to negotiate for it. The administration would not receive them officially, but Seward, the Secretary of State, personally gave assurances to the commissioners through Justice John A. Campbell, of the Supreme Court, that the status of Fort Sumter should not be changed without due notice; and then in the face of this assurance the attempt was made to provision and re-enforce Sumter without notice. They thus provoked the Confederates to fire on it, and succeeded to their heart's content. The trap was skilfully set and judiciously baited, and President Davis walked right into it and was caught. The cry went through the North with lightning speed that the war had commenced, that a transport had attempted to carry supplies to a few starving soldiers who were shut up in Fort Sumter in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., and that the rebels opened fire on the fort and had forced it to surrender. Suppose that Mr. Davis had refrained and instructed Beauregard not to fire on Sumter, as a matter of policy it would have disappointed the Administration. It would have been but a short time before Mr. Lincoln's policy would have forced upon him the initiative. The United States would soon have fired the first gun and then there would have been no room for dodging or evading the issue. The entire country would then have seen that the Administration of Lincoln had begun the war of coercion. As it was, the shallow-pated and unreliable Democrats and a large majority of the good people

North, who had held public meetings and resolved against coercing the seceding States to return to the Union, went over, with a few honorable exceptions, to the Lincoln Administration, and made haste to volunteer and aid in the subjugation of the Southern States. All of the fanatics and demagogue politicians up there desired war for the purpose of jobbery and to gratify their hatred of Southern people.

In consequence of the natural inclination of mankind to adhere to old institutions, the dissenters from a church who undertake to establish a new denomination, and the seceders from an old government who undertake to establish a new one, always have the laboring oar, or in legal phrase hold the affirmative. They are the initiators of the movement and should they cease exertion the cause collapses. The inactive or waiting policy rarely accomplishes anything, and in a revolution never. There were many good conservative Southern men who went with the majority of their Southern brethren, but protested against secession and claimed that the Southern States should fight for their rights in the Union and under the old flag. It always seemed to the writer that this declaration was a cloak for a man's Unionism or that such men were lamentably ignorant of the character of the United States Government and the inevitable consequences of such a fight as that. In the first place it was impracticable for the Southern States to have fought under the old flag. Armies cannot be raised and maintained without some kind of government behind them. Money, arms, munitions, quartermasters' and commissary stores, must be had in abundance to carry on war. Transportation facilities for troops and supplies must be had. How could the railroads have been paid for such service without a government? Nothing but an organized government could have done these things. To have fought under the old flag and in the Union against the policy of Lincoln and his party who were in possession of the Government in all its departments would have been supreme folly—a miserable fiasco.

The Southern people have always denied that they were "rebels." They have always claimed that secession was not rebellion, but a peaceable means of withdrawing from the Union under the reserved powers of each State.

To have fought in the Union under the old flag would have been rebellion, according to every code of law, and every one who participated, merely on the ground that its internal policy was

contrary to the right of the rebels, would have been a rebel against the Government of the United States, a regular constitutional government. Every one who participated would according to law have subjected himself to the death penalty for treason. Such a fight would from the start have been a miserable failure and would have soon collapsed with the conviction and execution of a few hundreds of the leaders.

An organized government was an absolute necessity and the Confederates were wise in that. But the adoption of a permanent constitution and government was a mistake. It was not adapted to a revolutionary condition, often hampered and embarrassed the Confederate authorities, and led to conflicts between them and the States. The States of Georgia and North Carolina, through their Governors, Brown and Vance, became conspicuous illustrations.

It was contended by Mr. Davis and other prominent men that the adoption of a permanent constitution and government of the Confederacy would go far toward securing foreign recognition. This proved to be a delusion—an idle dream.

The fact is, that the Confederates attached too much importance and were too confident of foreign recognition. The incident of the capture of Commissioners Mason and Slidell from a British mail steamer and the action of the British Government in demanding their restoration was used as an argument that the said government would soon recognize the Confederacy. But that government was never made to see its interest in so doing.

The Government of Great Britain has risen to the highest importance and greatest power of any nation in the world by the uniform and selfish policy of pursuing that course which is most certain to put money in the purse. John Bull makes loud professions of religion, the dispensation of charity and intelligence, but he always sees these good things only where his commercial interests lie. Practically, free trade for a number of years, open ports to his ships with the vast cotton products for their carrying trade, and vast undeveloped resources of the Southern States assured by treaty as accessible, would have secured the recognition of the Confederate Government by Great Britain. Then France would surely have followed.

CHAPTER IV

THE PROVISIONAL CONGRESS

Meeting of the Provisional Congress—Adoption of a Confederate Constitution—Inauguration of President Davis—Cradle of the Confederacy—Transfer to Richmond—Names of All Delegates.

On the 4th day of February, 1861, the Provisional Congress, composed of delegates from the seceded States, assembled in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol Building on the hill which overlooks the town in the valley below, the Alabama River, and the big bend beyond. This meeting of those delegates, generally men of note and several of great distinction in different departments of life, made it one of the most notable events in American history. It was called a Provisional Congress, but in fact was at first only a great conference. It was organized by electing Howell Cobb, of Georgia, to preside, as he had been Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States and was known to be a very capable presiding officer as well as a man of learning and ability. The writer was a spectator and saw the organization. There were no forensic displays; the general aspect was that of earnestness, gravity and solemnity. Conferring together, all were of the opinion that interest, common sympathy, homogeneity and security admonished the States they represented to unite as speedily as was practicable. They put their heads together and the fourth day thereafter adopted a provisional constitution for the Confederate States of America. This action would seem too hasty for the work to have received due deliberation, but it contained a provision that within one year a permanent constitution should be adopted, whereupon the provisional should cease. Therein there was haste and inconsiderateness. Inside of twelve months a permanent constitution was adopted. It was hastened because it was believed that it would accelerate recognition of the Confederacy by foreign governments, which proved to be a mistake. It was found that in the turbid waters of administration, through which it had to pass, it proved an obstruction and in

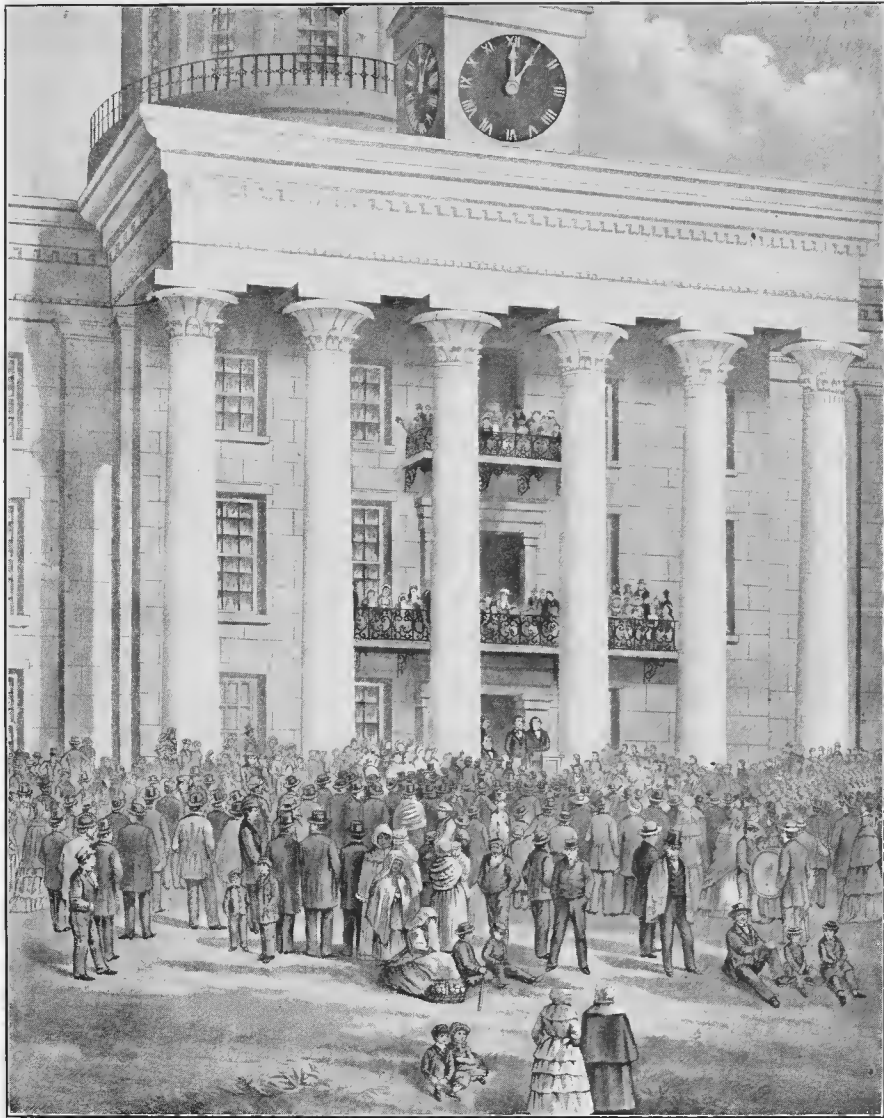
many instances was violated. The provisional government was better adapted to the exigencies which subsequently confronted the Confederate Government. The next step taken by the Provisional Congress was to select skilful engineers to guide and direct the great machine they had constructed when the motive power was applied to it. We give in a subsequent chapter on Jefferson Davis how and why it was that he was elected President, and note the election of Alexander H. Stephens as Vice-President. We give herein a picture of Mr. Davis delivering his inaugural address standing upon the marble steps of the west front of the Capitol in Montgomery, Ala., forty-three years before the publication of this book. From that day, February 18, 1861, that old Capitol Building has been called "The cradle of the Confederacy." It is visited annually by numerous sightseers.

The next thing done by the Provisional Congress was to provide the motive power to drive the machinery of the government which it had formed, and this it did by the enactment of various revenue measures, but neglected the most important, which was to establish a credit with Europe, which might have been done with cotton as the basis.

The provisional constitution was modeled after the Constitution of the United States, and the powers conferred by it were ample for all practical purposes of government during the storms then impending.

On the 21st day of May, the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas, having seceded and joined the Confederacy, the Congress then in session at Montgomery resolved to move the Capital to Richmond, Va., with all the records, archives, etc. This was believed to be good policy, as Virginia was so near to Washington, and so revered by the Southern people as "the mother of States and statesmen," and was the first State which the Lincoln administration intended to overrun and subjugate; it was therefore wise to transfer the Confederate Government to Richmond, concentrate her forces, and with the brave sons of the Old Dominion meet the invaders at her borders.

The following are the names of the delegates from each State to the Provisional Congress, without regard to the date at which any of them entered or from any cause ceased to be members, up to the ratification of the permanent constitution :



Stephens Yancey Davis Cobb

THE INAUGURATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(This picture is a facsimile of a photograph taken on the spot, in front of the State Capitol, at Montgomery, Alabama, February 18th, 1861, while the audience were at prayer, and a few seconds after Mr. Davis had taken the oath of office as President of the Confederate States, which was administered to him by Howell Cobb. The time of the taking of the photograph was at one o'clock P. M., as the Capitol clock at the top of the picture will show.)

MEMBERS OF THE PROVISIONAL CONGRESS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES FROM
FEBRUARY 4, 1861, TO FEBRUARY 17, 1862.

ALABAMA.

Richard W. Walker.
Robert H. Smith.
Jabez L. M. Curry.
William P. Chilton.
Stephen F. Hale.
Colin J. McRae.
John Gill Shorter.
Thomas Fearn.
David P. Lewis.
Nicholas Davis.
H. C. Jones.
Cornelius Robinson.

ARKANSAS.

Robert W. Johnson.
Albert Rust.
Hugh F. Thomason.
W. W. Watkins.
Augustus H. Garland.

KENTUCKY.

Thomas B. Monroe.
Henry C. Burnett.
Thomas Johnson.
John J. Thomas.
Theodore L. Burnett.
Daniel P. White.
L. H. Ford.
George B. Hodge.
John M. Elliott.
George W. Ewing.

LOUISIANA.

John Perkins, Jr.
Alexander De Clouet.
Duncan F. Kenner.
Edward Sparrow.
Henry Marshall.
Charles M. Conrad.

MISSISSIPPI.

Wiley P. Harris.
Walker Brooke.
William S. Wilson.
William S. Barry.
James T. Harrison.
Alexander M. Clayton.
J. A. P. Campbell.
Jehu A. Orr.
Alexander B. Bradford.

MISSOURI.

George G. Vest.
Casper W. Bell.
Aaron H. Conrow.
Thomas A. Harris.
John B. Clark.
Robert L. Y. Peyton.

FLORIDA.

J. Patton Anderson.
James B. Owens.
Jackson Morton.
George T. Ward.
John P. Sanderson.

GEORGIA.

Robert Toombs.
Howell Cobb.
Francis S. Bartow.
Martin J. Crawford.
Eugenius A. Nisbet.
Benjamin H. Hill.
Augustus R. Wright.
Thomas R. R. Cobb.
Augustus H. Kenan.
Alexander H. Stephens.
Thomas M. Foreman.
Nathan Bass.

NORTH CAROLINA.

George Davis.
W. W. Avery.
W. N. H. Smith.
Thomas D. McDowell.
A. W. Venable.
John M. Morehead.
R. C. Puryear.
A. T. Davidson.
Burton Craige.
Thomas Ruffin.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

R. Barnwell Rhett, Sr.
Robert W. Barnwell.
Lawrence M. Keitt.
James Chesnut, Jr.
Christopher G. Memminger.
W. Porcher Miles.
Thomas J. Withers.
William W. Boyce.
James L. Orr.

TENNESSEE.

Robert L. Caruthers.
Thomas M. Jones.
J. H. Thomas.
John F. House.
John D. C. Atkins.
David M. Currin.
W. H. DeWitt.

TEXAS.

John Gregg.
Thomas N. Waul.
William B. Ochiltree.
John H. Reagan.
Williamson S. Oldham.
John Hemphill.
Louis T. Wigfall.

CHAPTER V

MILITARY STATUS IN VIRGINIA

The Military Situation—McDowell Advances Upon Beauregard—First Battle of Manassas—The Cause of the Adoption of the Confederate Battle-Flag—Beauregard's Mistake—President Davis on the Field—Battle of Ball's Bluff—Affair at Dranesville—Winter Quarters on Bull Run.

The military situation in Virginia about this time was as follows :

The State had raised a volunteer army of fifty thousand men, and Robert E. Lee having resigned from the old army to go with his State, had been made a major-general and put in command of the State troops, which as soon as his State joined its fortune with the Confederacy were transferred to that government. Confederate troops from other States were at once ordered to Virginia to meet the invasion then being organized at Washington and other points. One Confederate army, under Brigadier-General Joseph E. Johnston, was at Harper's Ferry confronting Patterson's Federal army. Another Confederate army, under Brigadier-General Peter Gustavus Toutant Beauregard, was at Manassas Junction and along Bull Run to confront and resist a Federal army under Gen. Irwin McDowell. A third army of Confederates was assembled at Norfolk and on the Peninsula between the James and York rivers, under Brigadier-Generals Huger and John B. Magruder, to resist an advance of the Federals from that direction under Gen. B. F. Butler.

It soon became apparent to the Confederate authorities that McDowell's corps would advance on Beauregard at once. It was the Federal programme for Patterson to advance upon Johnston in the Valley, not to engage him seriously, but to hold him there and keep him from reenforcing Beauregard, who was sixty miles away by the nearest march, through one of the gaps in the Blue Ridge Mountains. In the early part of July it was known to the Confederate authorities that McDowell was to move on Beauregard's position. The latter arranged his troops along Bull Run

and at the different fords and bridges. Ewell's brigade was on the right at Union Mills, and Holmes's brigade and six guns in the rear as a reserve, and his other five brigades strung out northward up that stream. Johnston was advised by the Secretary of War of the probable move to be made on Beauregard and to hold his troops in readiness to deceive and run away from Patterson and reenforce Beauregard at the proper time. About the middle of July McDowell moved with Brigadier-General Tyler's division in the advance. That division arrived at Blackburn's Ford on the 18th and had a lively skirmish with the Confederates on the opposite side of the Run. Tyler withdrew and reconnoitered the stream northward. The War Department telegraphed Johnston that Beauregard was attacked and to hurry to his support. He eluded Patterson and on the night of the 20th he arrived at Manassas with the brigades of Bee, Jackson and Bartow. Though Johnston ranked Beauregard, he allowed the latter's plan of battle to stand. But owing to the movements of the enemy and blundering of staff officers the next day the plan was rendered nugatory. Johnston merely aided and counseled Beauregard, and allowed him to conduct the Confederate side of the battle.

On the morning of July 21 McDowell crossed Bull Run at Sudley's Ford and proceeded to turn the Confederate left, but was met by Wheat's Louisiana Tiger battalion and Evans's brigade. They made a stubborn resistance, but were beaten back until reinforced by Bee's and Bartow's brigades, which checked the progress of the Federals until they were reinforced, when the Confederates were again driven until reinforced by Jackson near the Henry House. It was at this point that General Bee, endeavoring to rally his men, said: "There stands Jackson like a stone wall; let us determine to die where we are and we will conquer." A few minutes later Bee was killed. Jackson, though wounded, remained in the fight to its close, and was ever after known as "Stonewall" Jackson.

Bonham, Longstreet and D. R. Jones's brigades had been ordered to attack the flank of McDowell's reserves at Centerville and were proceeding to execute the order. At this critical moment all the Federal artillery which could be spared from other parts of the field was concentrated on the Confederate left and was making some inroads into their ranks; this was late in the evening, when a body of troops were seen approaching from a westerly direction. Beauregard and his staff officers turned their field glasses on

them and decided that they were Union troops who had turned their flank, and thereupon Beauregard sent one of his staff as fast as his horse could carry him to cancel the order and have Bonham's division recross to the western side of Bull Run, so as to aid in repelling these new troops or to aid in a retreat. When they approached nearer they were discovered to be the brigades of E. Kirby Smith and Elzy from the Valley, whose officers, making haste to the battle, halted the trains, disembarked and marched across the plain. Like the arrival of Desaix at Marengo, they were just in time to turn the tide of battle and save the day. The Federal troops were soon in retreat. The mistake as to the character of the troops, it was said, was the strong resemblance between the then Confederate flag and that of the United States. This caused a change and finally the adoption of the Confederate battle-flag. When McDowell advanced he had 45,000 men in his command. At the battle Beauregard had, including the troops which arrived from Johnston's army, 31,860 men. McDowell, with men who actually fought, crossed Bull Run with 18,500. The Confederates actually engaged numbered 18,053. McDowell's army was accompanied by some members of Congress and fine ladies, who had along wine and delicacies for a feast on the capture of Richmond. They came on to see the cowardly rebels run and to make a holiday of it. Notwithstanding that among the troops were several regiments and batteries of regulars, when the tide turned against them, neither McDowell nor any of his under officers could halt them or maintain order. Sykes's brigade of regulars alone excepted, they soon became a fleeing mob. They were thrown into a panic and utterly demoralized. They cut the horses loose from the ladies' carriages and rode them away. One Irishman inquired of his colonel, "Is it a fact that the bloody rebels are retreating after us?" The colonel told him that it was true, and he broke ranks and took to the woods.

The total losses in the Confederate army aggregated 1,982, and the Federal losses 3,333 officers and men and 25 cannon. Longstreet says that when the order was renewed for an attack near Centerville, and his brigade advanced, they found utensils on the fire cooking and vast supplies of provisions which had been abandoned; and that when his and Bonham's brigades formed in line of battle, in full view of the disorderly retreating column, that he ordered the captain of his battery to open fire. He made ready to do so. He says in his book, page 52:

As the guns were about to open, there came a message that the enemy, instead of being in precipitate retreat, was marching around to attack the Confederate right. With this report came orders, or reports of orders, for the brigades to return to their positions behind the Run. I denounced the report as absurd, claimed to know a retreat, such as was before me and ordered that the batteries open fire, when Major Whiting, of General Johnston's staff, rising in his stirrups, said: "In the name of General Johnston, I order that the batteries shall not open." I inquired, "Did General Johnston send you to communicate that order?" Whiting replied, "No; but I take the responsibility to give it." I claimed the privilege of responsibility under the circumstances, and when in the act of renewing the order to fire, General Bonham rode to my side and asked that the batteries should not be opened. As the ranking officer present this settled the question. By that time, too, it was near night. * * * Soon there came an order for the brigades to return to their positions behind the Run. * * * But thinking that there was a mistake somewhere, I remained in position until the order was renewed about ten o'clock. My brigade crossed and recrossed the Run six times during the day and night.

It was afterwards found that some excitable person, seeing Jones's brigade recrossing the Run, from its advance, under previous orders, took them for Federal troops crossing at McLean's Ford, and, rushing to headquarters at the Junction, reported that the Federals were crossing below and preparing for attack against our right. And upon this report one of the staff officers sent orders, in the names of the Confederate chiefs, revoking the orders for pursuit.

That staff officer should have been court-martialed and shot.

Beauregard's mistake was that he did not follow up his 5 o'clock order and go along with the troops ordered to make the flank and rear attack at and near Centerville. He would on arrival have seen the situation and have taken McDowell's reserve and depot of supplies, have cut his communication with the rear, and have gained an overwhelming victory. This mistake lost a great opportunity.

Had McDowell concentrated his three divisions on the night of the 20th—Tyler's in front of the stone bridge, Hunter's and Heintzelman's up the Run northward to Sudley's Ford—and on the morning of the 21st, soon after daylight, all have crossed and have dislodged and driven Evans, McDowell's whole force would have reached the Henry House by half-past seven or eight o'clock. Beauregard's fragmentary and scattered commands could not have been concentrated in time to have saved him. McDowell's victory would have been complete many hours before the brigades of Smith and Elzy arrived on the scene. McDowell thus lost a great opportunity, which stamped him as but a mediocre general.

President Davis was on the field during the greater part of the battle. As soon as it was over he had a conference with Generals Johnston and Beauregard as to a pursuit of the Federals. They

all three then knew that they were demoralized and in a disorderly retreat toward Washington. They were all three graduates of West Point, and had seen service and had experience in the war with Mexico. They should have known that the Confederate troops ought then to have been in pursuit. While the cavalry was small in numbers, yet the Federals were likewise deficient. While infantry cannot run down and catch infantry, the fright would have been so terrible that McDowell could not have halted a sufficient number of his men to have manned the works at the suburbs of Washington and to have kept the Confederates out. Had the pursuit begun the next morning, the news of it would soon have reached the fugitives and have increased the demoralization and disorder. But President Davis says in his book that Johnston and Beauregard were both of the opinion that their army was in no condition to pursue, and that he concurred in it. They maintained that they were too deficient in transportation, and did not have sufficient supplies. Longstreet says that when he and Bonham went to Centerville they passed between their crossing of the Run and that place enough abandoned supplies to have fed the Confederates in a march to Washington. There was an abundance of supplies for weeks, had they been utilized, and for their transportation only wagons enough were needed to haul them and the ammunition. There were Bonham's, Ewell's, Holmes's, D. R. Jones's, St. George Cock's and Longstreet's brigades which had not fired a gun. Six fine brigades in good fighting trim and four others which were not too badly crippled to have been fine supports. Bee's, Evans's and Bartow's brigades were the only ones too badly crippled to have made a vigorous pursuit. Yet it was not made. A thoroughly enterprising, active and vigorous general at the head of that army would have gathered rich fruits and have made the first battle of Manassas a most memorable victory; whereas it was but a sentimental victory, without results except to awaken the Government and people North to new energies, and doubling their efforts to put down the so-called rebellion. It was a great opportunity lost by the mistaken inactivity of President Davis and Generals Johnston and Beauregard.

The French Generals Houchard and Beauharnais lost their heads for winning fruitless victories. The Confederate Congress could not follow the example of the Revolutionary Convention of France without including President Davis. The sluggish

action of Johnston and Beauregard so far met his approval that he promoted each of them to the rank of full general. To have made them major-generals would have been all, and in fact more, than their conduct as generals entitled them. It is a bad policy in military affairs to promote an officer until he has won it by meritorious conduct. That was the rule with Napoleon Bonaparte, who was the greatest general of the age in which he lived.

As soon as McDowell had safely returned to Washington after the battle of Bull Run, or first Manassas, Longstreet, with his brigade, one battery of artillery, and Colonel Stuart's regiment of cavalry, was advanced, first to Centerville, then to Falls Church and finally to Munson's and Mason's Hills, in sight of Alexandria, Va., and of the Capitol at Washington.

On the 11th of September Stuart, with his cavalry and a section of Rosser's battery, had a lively little affair with a detachment of Federals near Lewinsville, who hastily retreated before his onset. Occasionally a few shots were exchanged, but nothing like an engagement occurred. On the 19th of October General J. E. Johnston ordered Longstreet to fall back to Fairfax Court House, and soon after to Union Mills on Bull Run, which was the right of the Confederate line along that stream. Colonel Stuart was left in observation along the front. On the morning of October 21, Union General Stone, with four regiments, crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, and at the same time a brigade of five regiments, under Colonel Baker, a United States Senator from Oregon, crossed the Potomac at Ball's Bluff, a point above Edward's Ferry. Brigadier-General N. G. Evans was at Leesburg with the Eighth Virginia, Thirteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth Mississippi regiments, and two batteries of artillery. General Evans left Colonel Barksdale with his Thirteenth Mississippi and six pieces of artillery as a reserve to hold in check Stone's force, which had crossed at Ball's Bluff, while Evans, with the remainder of his force, proceeded to attack Baker's brigade, and after hard fighting drove them down the bluff to the river, where they overcrowded and sank the boats which had brought them over, many of them drowning, and their commander, Colonel Baker, was killed. This is known as Evans's victory at Ball's Bluff. General Evans had a military education, and started into the war brilliantly, but on account of his intemperate habits never won any promotion, and several years after

the war died at Midway, Ala., in Bullock County, in utter poverty. He had been teaching school there.

On the 20th of December a considerable affair occurred at Dranesville. Colonel Stuart, with 150 of his cavalry, Cutt's battery of artillery and the Eleventh Virginia Regiment; Colonel Garland, Tenth Alabama; Colonel Farney, Sixth South Carolina, Colonel Secrest, First Kentucky; Colonel Tom Taylor, and the cavalry companies of Ransom and Bradford, went on a foraging expedition in the neighborhood of that town. At that time there was an abundance of supplies to be obtained. Soon after Stuart arrived he found that Brigadier-General Ord, with five regiments and Easton's battery of heavy field guns, was moving upon him and taking advantage of the scattered condition of his command. He sent couriers to hurry the retreat of the empty wagons back to Centerville to save them from capture, and began an attack on Ord's force to prevent their capture and let the wagons escape, which he succeeded in doing, but got worsted in the engagement with Ord, and lost many more men than that officer. This was the first success which the Union troops had gained over the Confederates anywhere. McClellan had but recently been assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and this little affair caused the bestowal upon him of much praise, and the newspapers and people about Washington at once characterized him as the "Young Napoleon."

After the affair at Dranesville General Johnston put his army in winter quarters at Centerville and along Bull Run, and between there and Manassas Junction.

CHAPTER VI

THE FIFTEENTH ALABAMA INFANTRY REGIMENT

The "Canty Rifles"—Its Inception—Electioneering by Candidates for Field Officers—My First Company Disbanded—Composition of Second Company—Arrival at Fort Mitchell—All Commissions Dated July 3, 1861—Organization of Companies—Composition of Regiment.

In the spring of 1861 military companies were organizing all over the country. In May, James Canty, a wealthy planter residing at Fort Mitchell, in Russell County, some ten or twelve miles from Columbus, Ga., on the Mobile and Girard Railroad, raised a company called the "Canty Rifles," of which he was elected captain. He was a native of South Carolina, a gentleman of high culture and courtly bearing; had seen service in the war with Mexico, had been brevetted for gallantry in one of the engagements, in which he was severely wounded while serving as adjutant of the "Palmetto" regiment, all of which gave him a high military reputation among the people, where attainments and experience of this character at that time were very rare and much in demand. He proposed to raise a regiment of infantry in southeast Alabama. Companies were then being formed in nearly every county in that section, and during the months of June and July several of these, as they got in readiness, moved forward to Fort Mitchell, where Canty had formed a camp and proposed to organize a regiment. The intensity of desire and haste to get into service were such that before all the companies had left home, or elected officers, an election was held for field officers at Fort Mitchell as soon as a decided majority of the companies necessary to compose the regiment had arrived. Canty was elected colonel without opposition, and Capt. John W. L. Daniel, of the "Midway Guards," then from Barbour, but now Bullock County, was in like manner elected major. Capt. Ben Gardner, of the "Quitman Guards," from Troy and Orion in Pike County, and Capt. John F. Treutlen, of the "Glenville Guards," from Barbour and Dale Counties, were rival candidates for the office of lieutenant-colonel. The vote of the companies

in camp did not determine the contest, consequently they visited the companies which had not reached the rendezvous, delivered addresses, and electioneered with the men. My company was one and perhaps the last of these. Gardner was a big, burly, coarse, rough-looking man in his uniform, with a heavy brow, bushy hair, slightly gray, and a remarkably heavy voice; and when he addressed my company with great emphasis and violent gesture, he actually intimidated the men, especially when he declared that, "If you elect me to command, I will command, and you shall obey" Treutlen was game-looking, but very modest and affable, and the men, having a free ballot, both the candidates being strangers to them, and judging for themselves by appearances, elected him by a large majority. This occurred some time subsequent to the partial organization, which had been effected by the election of the colonel and major on the third day of July, in which my company did not participate.

I first raised a company to serve for twelve months. I visited the Governor of the State to get it into service for that period, and failing to do so, on my return it disbanded. I had been chosen a lieutenant in that company, being deemed too young for captain, and the day it disbanded I began the work of raising a company to serve three years or during the war, and had barely succeeded when the election for lieutenant-colonel was held. My company was raised in the north end of Henry County, about Abbeville, and the eastern part of Dale County, and was composed mainly of young men and boys from sixteen to thirty years of age, the sons of farmers. There were but thirteen married men in it, and but five who were forty years old, in a membership of one hundred and twenty-one, that being the number (including myself) with which I left Abbeville on Saturday, the 27th of July. A large number of relatives and friends accompanied us to Franklin, on the Chattahoochee River, where that night we embarked on the steamboat *Jackson*. The next day (Sunday) I held an election on the boat for company officers as we were ascending the river. Having raised the company, I had been for some time, by common consent, proclaimed captain, and hence was not elected. Early Monday morning the boat landed at Eufaula for a short time, and I went up to the Eastern Bank and got a check cashed which had been drawn by prominent citizens of Henry to be used for the common benefit of the company. My recollection is that it was about two thousand dollars, all of which I expended

for the benefit of my men, and which, in the light of subsequent experience, was wholly unnecessary. We were entitled to commutation for clothing, and this, with the monthly pay of the men, was as much as any soldier need to have had expended for his comfort; but this sum, together with the large contributions of clothing, tents, mess-chests and other camp equipage, enough to have supplied a regiment in the last year of the war, abundantly proved the generous and patriotic spirit of the people we left at home. Resuming our voyage, in the afternoon the boat landed at Fort Mitchell, where we disembarked about one mile from the encampment. Captain Lewis with his company received us at the landing and escorted us to the camp. My company was the last of the ten to arrive. Colonel Canty sent to the Governor the names of all the captains to be commissioned, and the Governor, A. B. Moore, issued all the commissions of the same date, to wit: July 3, 1861, although in fact Captains Lowther, Richardson and Feagin were junior to the others, they having been elected after the organization to fill the vacancies caused by the election of their predecessors as field officers of the regiment. The Colonel summoned the captains to his quarters for the purpose of fixing their respective positions in the line and designating the companies by letter, as required by tactics and army regulations. He understood quite well, but was not careful to explain to us the value of rank, his motive doubtless being to avoid contention and to give Lowther, his personal friend, the advantage in position and rank; but few of us had military knowledge enough to appreciate it. There was then great difficulty in procuring arms. The Colonel had obtained enough Mississippi rifles to arm two companies, and they were given to his old company and that of Major Daniel; or whether he obtained all of these arms or not, these two companies had them. For the other eight, old altered smooth-bore George Law muskets were all the arms to be had. The Colonel's first proposition submitted for our consideration was to give the two companies that were armed with the rifles the right and left of the regiment, and consequently to designate them as A and B. After a brief discussion he put it to a vote, and all of the captains, excepting myself and Lieutenant Strickland (representing Captain Gardner, who was absent) voted for it. Captains Lowther and Feagin then at once agreed that the former should have the right and be Company A, and the latter the left as Company B. The Colonel's next proposition was that the other eight captains should

cast lots for the positions of their respective companies in line. With some little hesitancy and looks of dissatisfaction, but without any open expression thereof, as all felt that we had gone too far to recede, it was agreed to. Some of us had an idea that this was not exactly the proper way to settle these matters, but we were all so anxious to go to the front, so utterly ignorant of military law and army regulations as well as tactics, that we were as clay in the potter's hands and ready to submit to almost any kind of organization. Nothing was said about the rank of captains, which a subsequent part of the history of the regiment shows it was so important to have been then settled and fully understood. It was assumed by the Colonel, and no one protested or objected further than has been mentioned, that the captains ranked according to the letter of their respective companies. Had the question been raised or any contest been made it would have been, according to military law, otherwise determined, for where the commissions of officers of the same grade are of even date that one who has held a similar command, or been longest in service, takes precedence over and ranks the other; therefore, although the commissions of the captains were of the same date, Lowther, Feagin and Richardson, having been elected subsequent to the organization, were junior in rank to the others. But no blame could attach to either of these captains for assuming the rank over others, because we all acquiesced in it and thereby waived the right to subsequently object. In the drawing, I drew the letter G, which made me seventh captain in rank, though I had the largest company in the regiment.

The regiment was mustered into service by Major Calhoun, to serve for three years or during the war should it sooner terminate.

The following were the field and staff officers:

James Canty, of Russell County, Colonel;
John F. Treutlen, of Barbour County, Lieutenant-Colonel;
John W. L. Daniel, of Barbour County, Major;
James Vernoy, of Columbus, Ga., Assistant Commissary;
T. J. Woolfork, of Russell County, Assistant Quartermaster;
Dr. Frank A. Stanford, of Columbus, Ga., Surgeon;
Dr. W. G. Drake, of Barbour County, Assistant Surgeon;
Lock Weems, of Macon County, Adjutant.

The non-commissioned staff were as follows :

Van Marcus, of Columbus, Ga., Sergeant-Major ;
Joseph R. Breare, of Dale County, Commissary-Sergeant ;
H. D. Doney, of Columbus, Ga., Quartermaster-Sergeant ;
Charles Smith, of Columbus, Ga., Color-Sergeant ;
T J. Bass, of Barbour County, Ordnance-Sergeant.

The following are the companies, with the commissioned officers, as they were mustered into service

Company A, from Russell County—

A. A. Lowther, Captain ;
William F. Berry, First Lieutenant ;
William Nuckolls, Second Lieutenant ;
Thomas J. Nuckolls, Third Lieutenant.

The last two named lieutenants were, in Confederate regulations, denominated senior second and junior second, but were commonly called for convenience second and third lieutenants, which I adopt.

Company B, from Barbour County—

Isaac B. Feagin, Captain ;
Watt P. Jones, First Lieutenant ;
Ben F. Coleman, Second Lieutenant ;
R. E. Wright, Third Lieutenant.

Company C, from Macon County—

Peter V. Guerry, Captain ;
N. D. Guerry, First Lieutenant ;
J. M. Ellison, Second Lieutenant ;
B. F. Loyd, Third Lieutenant.

Company D, from Barbour County—

Moses Worthington, Captain ;
Blant A. Hill, First Lieutenant ;
J. S. Wilson, Second Lieutenant ;
J. J. Head, Third Lieutenant.

Company E, from Dale County—

Esaw Brooks, Captain;
William A. Edwards, First Lieutenant;
Daniel F. Bryan, Second Lieutenant;
John E. Jones, Third Lieutenant.

Company F, from Pike County—

Ben F. Lewis, Captain;
George Y. Malone, First Lieutenant;
DeKalb Williams, Second Lieutenant;
Thomas J. Pryor, Third Lieutenant.

Company G, from Henry County—

William C. Oates, Captain;
Isaac T. Culver, First Lieutenant;
C. V. Morris, Second Lieutenant;
H. C. Brainard, Third Lieutenant.

Company H, from Barbour and Dale Counties—

William N. Richardson, Captain;
William D. Wood, First Lieutenant,
J. H. Metcalf, Second Lieutenant;
T. D. Staunton, Third Lieutenant.

Company I, from Pike County—

Benjamin Gardner, Captain;
Frank Parke, First Lieutenant;
W. H. Strickland, Second Lieutenant;
A. W. Starke, Third Lieutenant.

Company K, from Barbour County—

Henry C. Hart, Captain;
G. A. Roberts, First Lieutenant;
A. R. Baugh, Second Lieutenant;
William J. Bethune, Third Lieutenant.

Company L, from vicinity of Perote, then Pike, now Bullock Co.

Robert H. Hill, Captain;
Lee E. Bryan, First Lieutenant;
Daniel Hooks, Second Lieutenant;
Robert Paul, Third Lieutenant.

The following is approximately the numbers of each company when ordered to Virginia :

Company A	100
“ B	100
“ C	85
“ D	95
“ E	110
“ F	110
“ G	120
“ H	105
“ I	118
“ K	90
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Total.	1,033

Company L, which was afterwards added to the regiment, numbered at least 100 men, making, officers and men, a total of 1,133.

CHAPTER VII

EARLY EXPERIENCES IN SOLDIERING

Learning Tactics and Drilling—Ordered to Richmond—The First Camp on the James—The Move to Pageland—The First Manassas Battle-field—Sickness Among the Soldiers—The Measles Worse Than the Enemy's Bullets.

The regiment being thus fully organized, company drilling was the regular order. The awkwardness of the men was to have been expected. Volunteers, who scarcely knew right face from left face and had never seen a company drilled through a single evolution, could not have been otherwise; but when the officers were found to be nearly, if not quite, as ignorant as the men they were attempting to instruct—not even familiar with Hardee's School of the Soldier—the whole thing presented a ludicrous scene. Books of tactics were in demand. All studied diligently, and consequently all the officers who had any capacity for learning tactics improved very rapidly. It is a noteworthy fact that some men, and frequently those who are otherwise of great talent, have no capacity for learning and applying military tactics or parliamentary law.

During the first week in August the Colonel received orders to take his regiment to Richmond, Va., and we began to move in divisions of two companies. My company and that of Captain Lewis moved off together, and with their immense baggage they were all that one train of cars could transport. My company had ten large tents, ten large mess-chests—each one supplied with enough crockery, cutlery and tinware to furnish ten family dining-rooms—a large quantity of cooking utensils, a dozen trunks filled with clothing, and a large quantity of blankets. Lewis's company was not quite so largely, but abundantly supplied. The baggage of my company was all that could be packed on a large four-horse army wagon. It was a change of scene for the boys, and as the train moved off they cheered lustily, which was repeated at various points along the route.

The first battle of Manassas had but recently been won by the Confederates, and the whole Southern country was in a state of enthusiasm. Scarcely a house was passed by our train in daytime but that handkerchiefs were waved by fair hands from doors and windows. At Augusta, Ga., the patriotic ladies of that beautiful city had in waiting for us a most excellent breakfast, spread upon long board tables extemporized for the purpose, with barrels of ice water and lemonade distributed at convenient intervals; and while the rough-looking soldier boys swarmed about the tables and enjoyed the luxuries prepared for them, the ladies were all among them, like so many good angels, ministering to the wants of all, and she who did most seemed happiest in the apparent consciousness of having contributed most to the cause of her country. They made a good impression upon all of us. I have felt a partiality for Augusta ever since, especially its ladies, and I never heard a soldier speak otherwise than in the kindest terms of them and their city. Nothing wins men's hearts like kindness and attention, especially a good square meal when they are hungry.

When we arrived at Richmond, which had been the Confederate Capital for about two months, we were marched to a camp about one mile below the "Rockets," on the north side of the James River, and within sight of the grave, on the right bank, of old Powhatan, the great Indian prince, the father of Pocahontas, and near which stands the house in which Brigadier-General St. George Cocke, in 1863, so mysteriously committed suicide. A small creek flowed past our camp on the north side, and some ravines and parts of the river on the other made our camp on a sort of island, with an abundance of running water close at hand. The Polish Legion from Louisiana, commanded by Colonel Sooli Koski, a Polish officer of distinction, arrived one or two days later and was encamped near us upon the same island. The only drill ground was an old field, a sort of plateau above and north of the camp. Here we passed beyond the school of the soldier, the squad and the company, and had daily exercises in battalion drill and dress parade every evening.

Each afternoon, as soon as we vacated, the Polish Legion, with its numerous drum corps, would occupy the ground. The foreign accent of Sooli Koski and the alacrity and precision with which his men obeyed his commands, not a word of which could we

understand, presented a good entertainment for the edification of our officers and men.

About the 18th of August the regiment was ordered to the front, and went by railroad, crowded into box cars like cattle, to Manassas Junction. Just before boarding the cars in Richmond the regiment was reviewed and briefly addressed by that most excellent man and distinguished citizen of Alabama, John Gill Shorter, who had just been elected Governor of the State and was then serving out his term as a member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States. The regiment was then about 1,000 strong, and larger than many brigades were in 1864. From Manassas Junction we made our first march of about five miles north of that place, and went into camp at a place, or rather where there was no place but an old field, called Pageland, a short distance north of the Gainesville and Warrenton Turnpike, and about one mile west of the field where the battle of the 21st of July—first Manassas—was fought.

Upon this first march several ludicrous scenes occurred, one of which was Captain Gardner marching at the head of his company with a great umbrella stretched over him. It had a most unmilitary appearance, but the captain was large and corpulent, a lawyer by profession, unused to the sun, fifty-two years old, and therefore excusable.

On the 21st day of August, just one month after the action, I visited the battle-field. A white post had been set up to mark each of the places where fell General Bee, of South Carolina; Colonels Bartow, of Georgia; Fisher, of North Carolina, and Jones, of Alabama. A battle-field was a new thing then and it elicited the minutest attention from every visitor, and I am quite certain that every officer and man in the regiment availed himself of the opportunity of inspecting this first battle-field of the war. Some of the mounds where the slain were buried were washed down by the rains until here and there could be discovered a putrifying human hand or foot protruding. Such places when approached were offensive. The field, to a great extent, was covered with tall fennel and pennyroyal at the time of the battle, and the mashed and bruised weeds still gave forth a peculiar odor, which some of the men who visited the field superstitiously mistook for the scent of "dead Yankees," supposing that they had a different smell from other dead men. At this camp occurred the first death in the regiment—A. J. Folmar, of Company I. Near us was encamped

the Twenty-first North Carolina, the Twenty-first Georgia, and the Sixteenth Mississippi regiments, with which we were afterwards brigaded, and passed through many bloody struggles together. Drilling and performing the routine of camp duty was the regular order. All the original Fifteenth Alabama men will, when reading this, be carried back to those days, and can in imagination still hear the fife of old Hildebrand, and Jimmie Newberry's and Pat Brannon's drums, as they were heard at reveille and tattoo, nor can they forget Colonel Canty's old teamster, whom he facetiously called "Beauregard," and who was the only man connected with the regiment who could surpass the Colonel in profanity. The Colonel never cursed him but once. "Beauregard" replied with such an overwhelming and incessant torrent of oaths that Canty never attempted it again, but kept the old teamster as a curiosity and to have fun out of until the following winter, when he lay out drunk one cold night and froze to death. I never knew where he was from or what his real name was.

While at Pageland that worst enemy of our army—the measles—appeared in the ranks, and the great folly and suicidal policy of keeping the sick in camp was adopted. I do not know who was responsible for it, but it was a great mistake. There was not that care taken of the men of any regiment, so far as my observation extended, which foresight, prudence and economy of war material—leaving humanity out of the question—imperatively demanded. The inability of the young Confederacy may be pleaded in extenuation, but not in justification, of the course pursued. The people everywhere were patriotic and ready to lend a helping hand in caring for the sick soldiers. Had the Confederate authorities made more persistent efforts than they did, hospitals could have been established in sufficient numbers to have saved the lives of hundreds and thousands of good men, which were for the want of them unnecessarily sacrificed. But the idea that the men must be kept at the front and in camp near by, inured to camp life and discipline, too largely prevailed, and many sacrifices paid the penalty of this folly. Of all the regiments encamped near us the Twenty-first Georgia suffered most. The mortality was also greater in the Twenty-first North Carolina than in our regiment, but less in the Sixteenth Mississippi. Of course I have reference to the condition at this camp and subsequently for several weeks.

What was true in the camps of these regiments was, as I was informed, substantially the case in others—differing only in degree. Every colonel was an aspirant for a brigadier-general's commission and hence desired his regiment to be as large as possible to make a fine display, consequently favored improvised hospitals, or rather sick camps, from which he hoped that his men would soon return restored to health. The surgeons were criminally negligent for not earnestly protesting against such sacrifices of human life. This folly lost to the service more men than were put out of it by the enemy's bullets. Neither the President of the Confederacy nor the commander of that army seemed to notice it, and certainly failed to take steps to remedy it. The private soldiers and company officers were the men upon whom the success of the Confederacy depended, and everything else should have been subordinated to their comfort and preservation; but on the contrary they were neglected and a large percentage lost by disease when fifty per cent. of them might have been saved by proper attention.

CHAPTER VIII

INCIDENTS OF THE FALL OF '61

Second March of the Regiment—Wheat's "Tiger" Battalion—Regiment's Advance to Accotink Creek—Camp at Centerville—Winter Quarters Near Manassas Junction.

About the middle of September the regiment broke camp and marched along the Alexandria Pike through and about five miles east of Centerville, and established Camp Toombs near the residence of an old gentleman named Robey. This was our second march. The day was intensely hot and Captain Gardner had his umbrella spread as on the first march, but the perspiration flowed freely. When the head of the column reached one of those beautiful flowing springs of pure cold water for which Virginia is noted, the Colonel halted and ordered Captain Lowther to allow his company—A—to get over the fence and quench their thirst. The spring was not a very bold one and the drain upon it soon caused it to muddy. Some one came along and told the Colonel that a few hundred yards further on there was a very bold spring at which his men could be much better and more rapidly supplied. Thereupon the Colonel ordered Company A back into line, and then gave the order aloud and with great military exactitude, "Attention, battalion; shoulder arms; forward, march!" The regiment promptly moved forward a company's length, which brought Company F opposite the spring which Company A had just abandoned. At that early date all the jealousies incident to a green citizen soldiery were present. No doubt the men generally in every company felt that the Colonel was guilty, in this instance, of gross favoritism toward his old company. Captain Lewis, as brave as Cæsar, but slow to perceive the propriety of strict obedience to military orders, never could comprehend the mysteries of tactics, and battalion drill completely bewildered him. He too fully shared the jealousies of his company; therefore, when it came opposite the spring, the Captain, utterly regardless of the Colonel's order, cried: "Company, halt! Now, boys, jump over

the fence and get water." The men obeyed with alacrity; and thus the regiment was cut in two, and the main body halted in consequence of Company F's performance. The Colonel had a staff as large as that of any brigadier-general, put on a great deal of style, and believed in the most punctilious observance of military etiquette. The reader can well imagine how ridiculous he looked while riding slowly forward in great state followed by only one company. When he discovered it he halted that and rode back in a white heat with rage! His eyes flashed fire. Said he, "Captain Lewis, by God, sir, I ordered this regiment forward!" Lewis, with the most innocent expression on his face, responded, "Yes, Colonel; certainly." "Well, by God, sir, I gave the order to be obeyed!" "Exactly, Colonel; exactly so." "Why in damnation did you disobey it, then?" "Yes, yes, I see; but, Colonel, can't you give the boys time to get a little water?" The Colonel was outdone. He reined his horse around slowly, and in a subdued tone ejaculated, "Well, I be damned!" When the boys got a little water we moved on to the other spring, where all were supplied with an abundance of good, pure, ice-cold water. This little experience was an addition to that stock of knowledge which we finally acquired of allowing the Colonel to do the thinking for the regiment when on the march. Confidence in the commander and prompt obedience to orders are essential to efficiency and the highest soldierly qualities. We got there after a while.

All the sick were, about the 1st of October, ordered to the rear to a country church near Haymarket, west of Pageland and near the Manassas Gap Railroad, with only the convalescents for nurses. At this improvised hospital there were neither accommodations nor comfort; no bedding but the soldier's blanket, with his knapsack for a pillow, and no nourishment but army rations; a scant supply of medicine and with no medical attention worth having, except such as old Dr. Shepherd, of Eufaula, could give, and he almost seventy-five years old. The nights in October were cold, and early in the month there was frost, and the suffering of the sick men was intolerable. At least a dozen men from my company were sent back there, after Nobles, Holmes, and perhaps one or two other good men had died in camp. I took the responsibility to disobey the order to send only convalescents for nurses, and sent Elijah W Lingo, one of the truest and best men in the regiment, to nurse the sick men from my company; and the consequence was that, although I had the largest com-

pany in the regiment, I lost fewer men than any other. It was no uncommon sight at that hospital to see six or seven corpses of Fifteenth Alabama men laid out at once. Not less than 150 men of the regiment died that fall at the hospital from the effects of measles and the want of proper treatment and attention. I think, indeed, that is too low an estimate for the months of September and October. The adjutant's consolidated return for the month of November alone, when the sickness had largely abated, shows the following losses: "14, discharged for disability; 2, by order; 1, deserted, and 60, died of disease."

When at this camp we had our first view of Wheat's notorious "Tiger" battalion. General William H. T. Walker, the little man through whose body a grape-shot passed in one of the battles in the Mexican War, was in command of the famous Louisiana brigade, subsequently commanded by Dick Taylor, to which Wheat's battalion was attached. Walker had orders to make a demonstration against the enemy on the Potomac above Washington, and on his march halted a few moments at Camp Toombs to pay respects to his old friend Canty. While halted the "Tigers" were the center of attraction. General Beauregard had said of them in his official report, "All honor to the brave little band who fought the first hour in the battle of Manassas." This, together with their half-savage uniform, made them the observed of all observers. They were composed mainly of adventurers, wharf-rats, cut-throats, and bad characters generally; and although they fought with reckless bravery so long as their organization continued, they were actuated more by a spirit of adventure and love of plunder than by love of country. They had neither respect nor fear of any man but one, and he was Major Wheat, their commander. After his death no one could command or control them, and the battalion was disbanded and the men allowed to join other commands. They had no moral principle whatever, but fought like devils while Wheat lived. He himself killed some of them for insubordination. He had fought in the war with Mexico, in the Crimean War, was in the Lopez expedition against Cuba, and took a hand with Walker in Nicaragua. He had a presentiment of his death, and told Lieutenant-Colonel Peck, of the Ninth Louisiana, and others, on the morning of the 27th of June, 1862, that he would be killed that day; and at Cold Harbor that afternoon, in the hottest of the fight, he was shot through the head, and as he fell from his horse, it is said by those

near him, he spoke aloud and distinctly the following sentence: "Bury me upon the field of battle, my boys."

As the autumn days rolled by, life at Camp Toombs, named in honor of Georgia's most erratic and greatest talker, grew rather monotonous. Company and battalion drilling was our daily occupation. Occasionally we were aroused by a rumor, incident to such a life, concerning the advance or other movements of the enemy; but, having no foundation, the excitement soon subsided. Later in the war the soldiers denominated such rumors as "grapevine telegrams" and paid no attention to them. November came, but the Yankees did not. Homesickness came to many instead, and some men actually died of it. I, with my company, was detached temporarily and ordered to Fairfax Station to guard ordnance stores, which had been accumulated there in considerable quantity, for convenience in case of a battle in that vicinity. After remaining at Fairfax about one week, General Joseph E. Johnston, then commanding our Virginia army, ordered it to fall back to Centerville and Bull Run. When the stores were all removed I marched to rejoin the regiment at Camp Toombs, a distance of about five or six miles, but when I reached there I found no one except a few convalescent sick men, guarding a portion of the camp equipage, which was being moved to Centerville. The regiment had gone to the front, along the pike in the direction of Washington, as was supposed to fight the enemy and skirmish with his vanguard. Great consternation prevailed among the convalescents of our and other neighboring camps, and the stragglers, who had no ambition to enjoy the first fire of the Yankees. It was late in the afternoon, but after a brief rest I headed my company down the Alexandria Pike, and after a hard march about an hour after dark I found Colonel Canty with his regiment in line of battle at right angles with the pike, and Colonel George T. Anderson, with the Eleventh Georgia, extending the line upon the opposite side, with a few videttes in advance on the pike near the crossing of the Accotink Creek, awaiting the approach of McClellan's grand army, but not at all anxious to see it that night. I judge others by myself. Colonel Canty seemed greatly delighted at the arrival of my company, and seemed disposed to make me believe that I could, with my 70 men present, whip and turn back a whole brigade of the enemy. The skies were overcast with darkness and a heavy cloud was approaching when I got my company to their place in line. We were all

thoroughly tired, having marched a dozen miles or more that day, which was harder on us than a march of twenty miles after we became accustomed to it. The apprehensions of all were fully aroused and but few spoke above a whisper, and those who did, in a very subdued tone. The rain fell in torrents. Without shelter and in darkness, we began to realize some faint glimmering of real soldiering as the future revealed it to us. No enemy came. The truth is that none were nearer than three or four miles of us, and they had no idea of advancing upon us that night; but we did not know it.

General McClellan, without any serious intention of bringing on a general engagement, had made a forward movement merely to develop General Johnston's plan and purpose, and he found at once that the latter would receive and fight him on the line of Bull Run. McClellan did not care to engage him on that line and at that time. The next morning we welcomed the rising sun, and as no enemy came, we fell back in good order to Centerville, where we found our tents and baggage had been removed. Here we remained encamped for two or three weeks in an open field upon the high hills west of Centerville, where the northwestern winds of November had fair play at us, and taught the whole command how to cry and endure the almost intolerable smoke that the oak wood of Virginia, strongly impregnated with alkali, makes at a camp fire. Old soldiers all know what amount of solid comfort (?) there was in warming at such a fire. You could neither read, write nor converse—you could do nothing but cry and curse or pray, and I am of the opinion that very little of the latter was done. While at this camp my old friend Captain Ben Gardner, who when he started out at the head of the Quitman Guards (as fine a company as ever went to the front) declared in a speech at Farriorville that, while he had always been a Union man, he was then going to fight for secession and separate national existence, and, like the renowned Carthaginian, Hamilcar, who fought the Romans through life and swore his son Hannibal forever to be their enemy, he would not only fight, but would swear his children forever to be the enemies of the Union, now became disgusted with war and soldiering and resigned. Eloquence on the stump after a good square meal, in which it is so easy for a fellow to talk up his patriotism to wading in blood and dying for his country, is quite a different thing from acting it out on the field; and Captain Ben was not the only man who found it out. Many

others were like Doyles, who told the lawyer that he heard the defendant admit that the plaintiff's debt was a just one. The next court the lawyer called him as a witness and he swore he knew nothing about the matter in controversy. Said the lawyer: "Mr. Doyles, did you not tell me just after last court that you heard the defendant admit that this debt was a just one?" "Yes, squire," said Doyles. "Well, did you hear him make the admission?" "No, Squire, I can't say that I ever did." "Well, how do you account for your inconsistency, Mr. Doyles? You told me something which you now admit that you did not know." "Well, you see, Squire, circumstances alters cases; I were a talking then and I'm swearing now; it's quite different, you know," he replied, drawing his bandanna and wiping the sweat from his brow and breathing a sigh of relief at having owned up like a little man when he was caught and with no room for dodging. But the Captain had a plausible excuse in domestic affliction for retiring from the army, and I would never have quoted his speech on him but for his political course after the war

We were now and had been for upwards of a month in Crittenden's brigade, composed of the Fifteenth Alabama, Sixteenth Mississippi, Twenty-first North Carolina, and Twenty-first Georgia regiments, the colonels of which were Canty, Posey, Kirkland and Mercer. This brigade constituted a part of Major-General G. W. Smith's division. About this time a partial reorganization occurred. Crittenden was promoted and sent west, and Brigadier-General Isaac R. Trimble, of Maryland, was assigned to the command of our brigade, and it was transferred to Major-General Richard S. Ewell's division, composed of Trimble's, Early's, and Taylor's brigades. In consequence of the transfer, we had to break up our camp, where we had just about made ourselves comfortable, and move less than a half mile to our new place in the line. This move was made in the rain and consequently exposed all the convalescents from measles, which doubtless caused the death of some of them. Here the regiment remained until the cold weather set in, and then it was marched across Bull Run to an oak grove between that stream and Manassas Junction, about one mile east of the latter place. Here each company constructed huts and went into winter quarters. Chimneys were built to the huts and they were rendered in every way comfortable.

CHAPTER IX

FROM MANASSAS TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK

The Resignation of Major Daniel—The Regiment Denied the Right to Elect His Successor—Evacuation of Manassas and Centerville—Unnecessary Sacrifice of Stores—Halted at Rappahannock—Heintzleman's Advance—Recruits to the Regiment—Scarcity of Rations—Bad Weather—Sickness Among the Men—Starvation Times.

During that long and disagreeable winter the men had no cause to complain. They had plenty of rations, plenty of clothing, and even luxuries, which their relatives and friends at home sent them. Fine dinners, at which roast turkey and good Virginia beef were served in abundance, were of frequent occurrence. About once in two weeks the regiment had to go on picket for two days and this was about all the service required during the winter.

In addition to Captains Gardner and Lewis, Captain Brooks, Lieutenants Starke, Metcalf, Culver and Roberts resigned during the winter, and a good many non-commissioned officers and privates were discharged for disabilities which camp life had developed. Among them was A. M. Hughes, a private in Company H, a lawyer from Newton in Dale County, known to everybody in Dale as "Colonel" Hughes. One day I passed the old man on guard in the rain with his blanket around him. He saluted me as I passed. I discovered from his appearance that he was sick and rapidly wearing out. I knew him well. As I returned I stopped and inquired about his health. He told me that he was very unwell, but that he refused to go on the sick list. I advised him to get a discharge and go home, that he was too old and feeble to withstand the hardships of soldiering. He indignantly rejected the advice. He said that his heart was brim-full of the cause of his country and that he had volunteered to fight the enemies of it, and he intended to do it, if God spared his life long enough to get into a battle. I expostulated with him and told him that he would die if he remained there, which I firmly believed, and that he would be worth more to his country at home

with his family. His lips quivered, the tears stood in his eyes, and he replied that it was a conflict of duty; that his wife and daughters could take care of themselves, and his country claimed his services. No furloughs could then be obtained, but I got his consent to apply for one. I wrote it out, although he did not belong to my company, and went to Dr. Stanford for his endorsement. He examined "Colonel" Hughes and unhesitatingly recommended his discharge. I took the paper to headquarters and obtained the discharge. The next morning when I went to give it to the old man, notwithstanding he had camp fever, he accepted the discharge rather reluctantly. But he finally reached home in a very feeble state and lived until about the year 1882. He was his worst enemy. He was addicted to excessive drinking at times, but never under any circumstances lost his pride or sense of honor. He always spoke of lawyers as "the profession," as though the law was the only profession. Once, when he had gotten down on his way home and some gentleman who was not a lawyer raised him and offered to assist him home, he replied, "No, sir; I scorn your assistance. No one but a member of the profession shall do that."

Among those who resigned while the regiment was at Manassas was John W. L. Daniel, the major. He was a man of fine social position and of great personal popularity in his county. In 1860 he was, with John Cochran, Jefferson Buford and Alpheus Baker, elected from Barbour County a delegate to the Secession Convention, which assembled in Montgomery on the 7th day of January, 1861. He voted for the ordinance of secession and then, in order to prove his faith by his works, he, with others, raised a fine company at his home—Midway, then Barbour, now Bullock County—and was chosen captain of it. At the organization of the regiment, as has already been stated, he was elected major without opposition. He was a man of fine size and splendid appearance, in fact one of the finest looking men in uniform in the Confederate Army, and the regiment was proud of him and expected much of him. Unfortunately, Colonel Canty did not take a liking to him, and he and the Major, in the fall and early winter of 1861, grew cold toward each other. Major Daniel's feelings were as delicate and sensitive as those of a woman, and he chafed under the irritation instead of trying to modify or allay it. This, of course, impaired his usefulness, and, together with camp life, soon impaired his health, and he resigned, greatly to

the disappointment and regret of his friends, who were quite numerous. He returned home, but soon after re-entered the service as a captain, and was on detached service in the conscript department during the greater part of the war. Much of that time he was stationed in Abbeville, Ala., where, by his gentlemanly deportment, he made many friends. He was not at all constituted for military life. He lacked the heroic; he was amiable and gentle. But he has paid the debt which is inevitable; he died at his home in Midway many years ago.

After his resignation the question was much discussed as to who should be his successor. The regiment was raised, organized and officered under laws, both State and Confederate, which gave the men the right of electing their officers. The statutes of the Confederacy only reserved to the President the right to appoint all officers above the grade of colonel. Colonel Canty owed his own position to the men of the regiment. They elected him their colonel, yet he declined to order or allow them to hold an election for major, and claimed that Captain Lowther was entitled to be major by seniority, and published an order that Lowther would be respected and obeyed as major. This was all wrong, and caused much murmuring. It produced a prejudice against Major Lowther, from which he never fully recovered. The Confederate Congress did not pass what was known as the "Conscript Act," which, among other provisions, established promotions by seniority in volunteer regiments like in the regular army, until more than two months after Captain Lowther had been declared to be major. We knew that Lowther was not legally made major, yet we were all full of patriotism and submitted without formal protest. Colonel Canty always treated me personally with kindness and respect, and nothing could induce me to criticise anything he did, but for the fact that the truth of this history requires it. I have stated it mildly and forbearingly. This act of his created much unfavorable comment, and a strong petition was presented to him, which he refused to grant, and then to General Trimble, praying him to interfere and order an election; but he was an old army officer, and therefore averse to the republicanism of volunteer organizations, and hence an intimation that if an election was ordered an incompetent person would be elected was enough to make him dilatory. He was told by Colonel Canty that "an election would play hell with the regiment." He pocketed the petition; no decision came, and Lowther continued to act

as major. He was the Colonel's warm personal friend, they had served in Mexico together, and it was but natural for the latter to try to secure his promotion; but he should have done it by fair means. Had an election been held the writer would have been elected major by more than two-thirds. Making Lowther's Company "A" did not make him the ranking captain, but all of us, in ignorance of our rights at the organization, conceded it. Our remedy lay in an appeal to the Governor of the State in both cases, but we waived it by our silence. The Colonel was not guilty of anything dishonorable. He was arbitrary, and resorted to such means as would put in his favorite, that was all; and I was somewhat that way myself sometimes when I commanded the regiment, and fancied, as he doubtless did, that the good of the service required it. The difference was that he was mistaken in his man, while I was not.

At length General Johnston's order to evacuate Manassas was promulgated—as I now remember about the 1st of March, 1862—and as soon as we could cook rations and get ready, we were marched by the Junction in the splashing mud, where we saw huge piles of baggage and stores of various kinds ready for the consuming flames. Vast supplies which our army soon sorely needed were destroyed. This was the first thing that ever gave me a doubt about General Johnston's generalship. Of course, none of us knew what necessity there was for a hasty retreat; but since reading Jefferson Davis's book, which says that there was none at all, and that Johnston's express orders were not to evacuate Manassas until all of the stores and baggage were removed to a place of safety, the high estimate I had placed upon him as a general has been rather modified.

General McClellan had no idea of moving against Johnston at Centerville and Manassas, as the latter supposed he was about to do. The following is General McClellan's report of the condition of things at Centerville and Manassas after they were evacuated:

I have just returned from a ride of more than forty miles. Have examined Centerville, Union Mills, Blackburn's Ford, etc. The rebels have left all their positions, and, from the information obtained during our ride today, I am satisfied that they have fallen behind the Rapidan, holding Fredericksburg and Gordonsville. This movement from here was very sudden. They left many wagons, some caissons, clothing, ammunition, personal baggage, etc. Their winter quarters were admirably constructed, many not yet quite finished. The works at Centerville are formidable; more so than at Manassas. Except the turnpike, the roads are horrible. The country entirely stripped of forage and provisions. Having fully consulted with General McDowell, I

propose occupying Manassas with a portion of Banks's command, and then at once throwing all forces I can concentrate upon the line agreed upon last week. The *Monitor* justifies this course. I telegraphed this morning to have the transports brought to Washington, to start from there. I presume you will approve this course. Circumstances may keep me out here some little time longer.

In addition to McClellan's report, the writings of General Early, then a brigade commander, and the statement of Mr. Davis, all confirm the fact that Johnston's retreat from Centerville and Manassas was precipitate and with unnecessary haste, which sacrificed vast stores and supplies of all kinds. Among them vast quantities of clothing which the people at home had sent to the soldiers in trunks and boxes were unnecessarily given to the flames, when there was no prospect of an advance of the Union army.

We continued our march, stopping at intervals to tear up the railroad and to burn bridges, until, footsore and weary, we reached the vicinity of the Rappahannock River. There Ewell's division was left, and General Johnston proceeded with the balance of the army, via Gordonsville, to Richmond, and thence down the James River by detachments at different dates to meet McClellan, who was concentrating the Union army at Yorktown. Ewell encamped his division along the west bank of the river and sent the Fifteenth Alabama about two miles on the east side to tear up the railroad, and while thus engaged Heintzelman's Federal division approached; and then we heard the whistle of the shell for the first time from a Yankee battery. We dropped our work of destruction and hastily retreated across the bridge to the west bank, pursued by Heintzelman's shells. We found Ewell's troops forming line of battle on the plain just back of the high bluff of the river. Some thirty days previously, perhaps longer, an officer and two or three men from each company had been furloughed, or, more properly speaking, detailed, to go home on recruiting service, and nearly all of these had just arrived with a large number of recruits, aggregating not less than three hundred men, and also the eleventh company, lettered "L," with about one hundred men. These raw recruits were placed in line of battle along with the companies to which they desired to attach themselves, and when Heintzelman's shot and shell came screaming through the air over their heads there were wild looks and low dodging all along the line. Ewell ordered the bridge burnt, and, after some skirmishing and long-range firing, Heintzelman re-

treated toward Manassas, and Ewell's men returned to camp. Heintzelman did not have more than 10,000, if so many, men. Ewell had over 8,000, and had he been an enterprising general with capacity for independent command, he would, instead of burning the bridge, have allowed his enemy to cross, and, while he was thus engaged, turned upon and defeated him. Heintzelman was so far from his base and reenforcements that his defeat would have proved his destruction. Ewell was a first-class lieutenant, but he did not have enough confidence in himself to make him successful with an independent command.

Then followed the mustering in and drilling of recruits for several days. As well as I remember, it was now about the middle of March or the first of April—perhaps the last days of March. A spell of cold, rainy, and sleeting weather came. The mud everywhere was shoe-mouth deep. Much sickness ensued, especially among the recruits who had just come from comfortable homes in a warm climate, and very many valuable men were lost to their families and country. During this spell of weather the meat rations were exhausted. The surrounding country for miles had been foraged out completely, and the salt rations gave out. The men killed a fat hog wherever he could be found, but pork without salt was rather poor eating, though better than no meat. "Uncle Jimmie Morris," as the boys called him, of my company, was as true a Christian as ever entered the army. While he was not professionally a minister of the Gospel, yet he occasionally exercised in public. He protested and remonstrated with all the earnestness of true Christian piety against the practice of "hog stealing," as he called it, when it first commenced. He came to me, deeply concerned, and said: "Captain, this thing is downright stealing, and you ought to stop it, at least in our company. God will never prosper our cause in the face of such wickedness." No rations came, and hunger drove my men every day or two to hunt another hog. "Uncle Jimmie" would not touch the meat. He said he would never eat stolen meat. He began to look pale, feeble, and sad. He sat about and ate his biscuit alone. His mess followed his example, except that now and then they would beg a little piece of "stolen meat" from some of their neighbors. At length one rainy day "Uncle Jimmie" and one of his mess-mates, Calvin Whatley, were absent from the camp two or three hours, and when they reappeared they had a porker hanging to a pole which they carried on their shoulders. As they laid

down their load the men of the company gathered around, and a mischievous fellow, now a respected and useful citizen of Abbeville, Alabama, Mr. A. A. Kirkland, began to sing in a loud voice an extemporized song :

“Good God, boys, was the like ever seen before,
Uncle Jimmie Morris has stole an old boar—
Uncle Jimmie Morris has stole an old boar.”

The old man's eyes darted glances of fire at the singer, and he said, “I don't care, I don't care; call it stealing if you please, but I will be hanged if I volunteered to starve—I will be hanged if I did!” There were shouts of laughter at “Uncle Jimmie's” conversion. While on the Rappahannock and during our starving period occurred what Gen. Dick Taylor, in his inimitable book, relates of General Ewell. He said he met Ewell one day driving up the oldest bull in Virginia, and on inquiring what he was going to do with the animal, Ewell replied that he was going to ration his command. General Taylor then reminded him that if the animal could be eaten at all he would not make rations for 8,000 men. It then for the first time occurred to Ewell, and he declared that he had commanded 80 dragoons on the Western plains so long that he had learned to do that to perfection, but had forgotten everything else he ever knew.

CHAPTER X

ACROSS THE BLUE RIDGE.

Ewell's Division a Part of "Stonewall" Jackson's Army—March to Gordonsville—To Stanardsville—Cross the Blue Ridge to Hawksbill Valley Near the Shenandoah River—The Country and the Pretty Girls.

About the middle of April the weather improved, and there being no enemy in the Rappahannock country, Ewell marched westward across the Rapidan River to Gordonsville, and encamped near some mills a few miles north of that place, where we had some days of beautiful spring weather. Ewell's division now belonged to Stonewall Jackson's command, and when we broke camp again it was to march to the foot of the Blue Ridge, where we encamped for a few days near Stanardsville. The weather was now cold and disagreeable again, and some sleet fell. It was about the first of May. Many of the men contracted pneumonia, especially those who had but two or three months before recovered from the measles. Some had camp fever, and many died at an improvised field hospital at the foot of the mountains, at or near Stanardsville. Soon the order came to cross the Blue Ridge; never will I forget that beautiful spring morning. It had rained a little and sleeted a little during the night. The long lines of infantry, four abreast, filled the winding road through Stanards' Gap. On the top of the mountain you could look over the country that lay behind us to the Potomac, and before us lay the beautiful valley of Shenandoah, which in after years the brutal Sheridan boasted that he would make so bare of sustenance that if a crow were to fly across it he would have to take his rations with him to keep from starving; and he came near making his word good in 1864, by the indiscriminate application of the torch to private property. In the midst of that valley the Massanutten Mountain rears his crest into the clouds, and miles and miles beyond the beautiful valley extends to the foot of the Alleghanies. This was the valley in which Stonewall Jackson performed those feats of war which confounded his enemies and astounded the

world, and which have been so often justly compared to the achievements of Bonaparte in Italy. As the frozen raindrops in icicles hung upon the trees, glistening in the sunbeams as brightly as stalactites, Taylor's Louisiana brigade in the advance, followed by Trimble's, Kirkland in his gay uniform at the head of the Twenty-first North Carolina, Cauty following with the Fifteenth Alabama, then Posey and his Mississippians, Mercer and his Georgians, with all the bands playing "Listen to the Mocking-Bird," while Early's brigade brought up the rear, made a scene of unsurpassed grandeur. Ewell encamped in Hawksbill Valley between the Blue Ridge and the river, near its bank. Banks's army was on Massanutten and about Harrisonburg at its western base. Jackson left Ewell to hold him in check, and with his own division ran away at night and met Milroy's army in the Alleghanies, at McDowell, a day's march to the west, and after an engagement of four hours, won a glorious victory and forced the enemy, broken and disorganized, to retreat to Romney. Hawksbill was one of the largest valleys between the mountain range and the river. The people were poor and possessed but small farms, which, however, were quite fertile, like those in the valleys of the Alps of Switzerland, and resembling them in many respects. The people were not well informed, nor were they grossly ignorant; they were Virginia's peasantry, and a good, honest class. They did not own any slaves, but were intensely Southern in sentiment. John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, at the other end of the great valley, the previous year, had contributed largely to the development thereof. The young men of Hawksbill had gone into the army; the girls were numerous and very pretty. There never had been any soldiers in this valley, and our presence was welcomed as the signal for joyous and gay times. Their hospitality was unbounded. No Confederate soldier was ever turned away hungry from one of those rude and humble homes so long as they had subsistence for themselves within; and therein they were true Virginians. Many of the young Alabama soldiers found sweethearts here, and some of the married men almost wished that they were not, and were half-way inclined to turn Mormon and marry again, at least for during the war. The girls were so pretty and friendly, these rascals were almost excusable for becoming infatuated. There were but few, however, who exhibited much of this amiable weakness, or perhaps the more correct expression, "weakness to amiability." One notable instance was a man who ever

since he ceased fighting as a Confederate soldier has been a soldier of the cross, and has devoted his life to piety. The people of this valley were perfect pictures of health. They might well say of their country, as did the poet Pope's vain man of Nature's bounteous gifts to him:

“For me, kind nature wakes her genial power;
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annul for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectarious, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs.”

The boys were just a little too happy in Hawksbill. Orders came to get ready to march: “And there were sudden partings, such as press the life from out young hearts, and choking sighs which ne'er might be repeated.”

Ewell marched across the Shenandoah and to Massanutten Mountain to demonstrate against Banks, and the latter, hearing of the discomfiture of Milroy, fell back down the valley, and the next day Ewell returned to Hawksbill. The boys and their sweethearts rejoiced at this unexpected fortune of war; but it was of short duration, as our stay was brief. Good-by, pretty girls! This time we left, never to return. As soon as Jackson returned from McDowell, he moved against Banks, by Harrisonburg and along the turnpike leading from Staunton to Winchester; while Ewell moved through the Luray Valley along the east bank of the Shenandoah, thus keeping on the flank of Banks, who was rapidly falling back on Strasburg. Day by day the race continued. When we marched through the villages of Luray and Honeytown the ladies were out in full force to witness our passage, and they generally were the most perfect beauties my eyes ever beheld. The river runs along the western base of the Blue Ridge, which rises in places so perpendicularly that there is barely room for a wagon road between the river and the mountain; but at other points the latter is indented with extensive and fertile valleys. These beautiful women were reared in these coves, shut out from the morning sun until 8 or 9 o'clock each day, and drinking the pure, sparkling waters, which gush from the mountain side as clear as crystal and cold as ice, they were the pictures of health. Like the poet Burns's beauty, “Their cheeks looked like lilies dip't in wine, their teeth like ivory.” They were brim-full of patriotism, and enthusiastic for our cause. I felt that I was

marching to a carnival of death, through the portals of Heaven, and that the angels were singing and cheering me on, when a group of these beauties in Luray sang with the sweetest voices I ever heard :

“Virginia! Virginia! the home of the free,
The birthplace of Washington, the land of liberty.”

CHAPTER XI

FRONT ROYAL AND WINCHESTER.

The Affair at Front Royal—Ashby's Cavalry Charge a Regiment—Saving a Burning Bridge—The Battle of Winchester—Pursuit of Banks—The Fifteenth on a Two-mile Run Before Breakfast—An Incident During a Halt.

As we were approaching Front Royal on the morning of the 23d of May the men were ordered to pile up knapsacks and let the wagons take them, so as to be in good fighting trim. The artillery moved forward rapidly. Soon it was heard—Boom, boom, boom! Then came the order down the line, "Close up, men," and the head of the column struck off at the double-quick. Soon we were halted and formed into line of battle on the hill overlooking the little town of Front Royal. A few shot and shell from a Yankee battery screeched through the air, tore up some trees and the ground in a few places, and frightened some of us considerably. We were moved forward rapidly in line, expecting every moment to become engaged, as the small arms kept up a lively popping in the town; but I soon discovered that we were only in support of Taylor's brigade, and it was a great relief to me to know that that brigade was between us and the Yankees and was driving them handsomely and needed no help. There were but one or two regiments and a battery of Union troops in the place, and Wheat's Tiger battalion and Bradley T. Johnson's Maryland regiment alone routed and drove them from the town. The First Maryland Federal regiment confronted the First Maryland Confederate regiment, but the Confederates were too hard for their fellow-citizens. North of the north fork of the Shenandoah, in a beautiful plain some mile and a half distant, I witnessed at a distance, from a high hill south of the town, a charge of a part of Ashby's cavalry upon that Federal Maryland regiment, formed in square. It was a beautiful sight. Eight companies of cavalry in line of battle, with drawn sabres glistening in the evening sun, were led in a charge in the open field by Captain Sheets, who was killed. Many of the horses were bayoneted in

the breast. The fight continued along the pike for near two miles before the regiment was finally broken. After their colonel was killed, some surrendered and others fled to the woods.

When that regiment crossed the north fork, which was not fordable, they set the north end of the bridge on fire. Colonel Kelley, with the Eighth Louisiana Regiment, was in close pursuit and ordered the leading company to swim the river and extinguish the fire, which they did; but two of the men, who could not swim, were drowned while their comrades were executing the order. They carried water from the river in their hats and canteens, extinguished the fire, and saved the bridge. We crossed, and as the sun was then getting low, we encamped on the plain.

On the 24th we marched along the pike to Winchester, and took several prisoners, who voluntarily came in from the woods to which they had fled from Ashby's men the previous evening. During our march we could hear the artillery firing at Strasburg to the west of us, where Jackson was engaging Banks. About midday the heavy columns of black smoke which rose in that direction told us very plainly that Banks had set fire to his depot of stores and was on the retreat to Winchester. Taylor's brigade about this time turned to the left and took the road to Middletown, midway between Strasburg and Winchester, to intercept Banks in his retreat, which it did with fine effect. Ewell continued on the direct road with Trimble's and Early's brigades. The fighting had continued at intervals along the other pike, approaching nearer and nearer until late in the evening, when it ceased and all was quiet. It was the calm which precedes the storm.

On the night of the 24th of May an attack on Banks in the town of Winchester was intended, but General Ewell ascertained that there was a strong force posted behind the stone fence on either side of the broad pike for half a mile out from the town, and deemed it too hazardous for a night attack. We stood in the road all night and suffered intensely from cold. We were not permitted to sit down, but were kept standing all night. It was a precaution wholly unnecessary and a cruel punishment. Two or three men and a trusty officer from each company would have been enough to have kept standing and on the alert. Not a word was spoken above a whisper. The men shivered and their teeth chattered with the cold, and they would stack up and brace against each other fifteen or twenty in a group to keep from freezing. Just as day dawned Colonel Kirkland moved forward with the

Twenty-first North Carolina down the pike, supported by the Sixteenth Mississippi and Twenty-first Georgia, and began the attack. The Fifteenth Alabama was held in reserve until the battle was fairly over. Kirkland, Posey and Mercer drove the enemy handsomely for a short distance; the firing then became heavy and their advance was temporarily checked. Kirkland's fine bay mare, richly caparisoned, went dashing through the field, riderless and frantic. A few moments later four men bore him past us on a litter, shot through both thighs. Now the firing opened heavily on the Strasburg Pike and in the southern suburbs of the town. Jackson's old division was there. Early closed the gap in our lines between Trimble's left and Jackson's right. A battery in the town was firing vigorously on Trimble's three regiments engaged, and a movement was made by a body of Federals to flank him on the right. This led the Fifteenth through a field of tall wheat, which wet us to the waist with cold dew, and in double-quick time we outflanked the flankers and formed line squarely in front of the battery, which was now paying its respects to us with both spherical case shells and solid shot. After a rectification of alignment a forward movement caused the battery to withdraw to a safer position. Our comrades were now in plain view, driving the Yankees through the streets, and the citizens, whom they had so long oppressed and insulted, shouted to our men from their doors and windows and cheered them on. Even ladies came into the streets and risked their lives, cheering our men, giving them water, and helping the wounded. About this moment Taylor's brigade opened a furious fire on the Yankees from the western side of the town. One of the Irishmen in Captain Hart's company shouted aloud, "Ah, me boys, that's Taylor; that's the jenewine Irish yell." Assailed upon the east, south, and west, and driven at all points, the only avenue of escape for Banks was north along the railroad to Harper's Ferry. This road starts out from Winchester nearly north, but soon curves around to east northeast. As Banks began to give way, Canty was ordered to take the shorter route through the woods and intercept the retreating column. He put his horse in a trot and the regiment on the run for two miles through the woods and fields, and ran us nearly to death. Just think of it at this late day—marched all day, stood up in the road freezing all night, ran through a wheat field and wet to the waist with dew, shot at by a Yankee battery about fifty times, and then to keep up with a horse

on a run of two miles before breakfast! Who would voluntarily undertake such a task now? Well, after all, we reached the railroad just in time to see the Yankees go out of sight, running pell-mell, the road strewn with guns, cartridge-boxes, hats, cloaks, coats, canteens, and knapsacks, and just behind and now passing us came Gen. George H. Stewart and Colonel Mumford, with a regiment of cavalry, in hot pursuit. We lay down and panted like dogs tired out in the chase, and all felt like we wanted to have a good time and "jine the cavalry, jine the cavalry;" but we were in the foot service, and there was no getting out of it. We went into camp, cooked rations, ate ravenously, and rested two days. Then we were off again, this time for Harper's Ferry in pursuit of Banks. One hard day's march, and just after night-fall we passed through the village of Charlestown, where nearly two years before old John Brown and his associates in crime were hanged. His raid upon and capture of Harper's Ferry was the real beginning of the war.

While halted in the road just beyond the town and soon after dark two of the sixteen-year-old boys in my company quarreled. Lieutenant Brainard took their muskets and told them to step out of ranks and settle it. They did so, and had a lively fist-cuff, and made a draw fight. Honors were easy. I only mention this because one of those boys, after a most checkered and novel experience, attained a standing of high respectability, and for many years held the highest office in his county. I refer to Judge B. M. Stevens, of Coffee County, whose real name in the war was Charles W. Raleigh.

We went into camp beyond the village about two miles down the Ferry Road, and in the neighborhood of Halltown. The next morning Jackson moved all his forces against Banks, who retreated, after a few rounds from Jackson's batteries, from Harper's Ferry across the Potomac. We barely got in sight of the place. About 10 o'clock A. M. we were put on a forced march back to Winchester, and reached our old camp at that place about one hour after dark, a distance of thirty miles. Jackson had information that Fremont's army from Romney and Shields's army from Washington, via the Manassas Gap Railroad, would make a junction at Strasburg and thus pen him up in the lower valley, and with communications cut off, compel him to surrender. The order was to cook two days' rations and be ready to march again at daylight the next morning. Thus began the long race up the Valley for a hundred miles of fighting and maneuvering.

CHAPTER XII

WINCHESTER TO PORT REPUBLIC.

Jackson in the Valley Confronted by Three Armies—March From Winchester to Strasburg—Up the Valley to Harrisonburg—The Killing of General Ashby—Capture of Sir Percy Wyndham—The Battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic—What Jackson Accomplished in His Valley Campaign.

At daylight on the morning of the 30th we were marching through the streets of Winchester along the macadamized road that led to Strasburg and beyond. The army now consisted of less than 15,000 men, whose march was burdened and encumbered by the immense captures made at Winchester—some 4,000 prisoners, about 500 wagons and teams, enough to fill the road for four or five miles, besides a large drove of beef cattle and a flock of sheep. We did not camp that night; but at a late hour—midnight or after—we filed out into the woods, the length of a regiment, stacked arms, and went to sleep. At daylight we were on the march again, and by 9 o'clock A. M. were in Strasburg. To our utter amazement the head of the column was wheeled to the right and took the Romney Road. No one could conjecture where we were going. But just before we reached the five-mile post, about 11 o'clock, two batteries went to the front in double-quick time, unlimbered and opened fire. The Fifteenth soon found a place in the line of battle, formed upon an eminence overlooking a long valley for one or two miles, in which we discovered Fremont's army—20,000 strong—on its way to Strasburg. The enemy was evidently thrown into confusion by the fire of our batteries, under which Jackson advanced Taliaferro's brigade, which attacked Fremont's advance and caused it to retire. We remained in position about one hour, and then counter-marched on Strasburg. Trimble's brigade occupied a beautiful eminence southwest of the burg, and less than an hour after we arrived I saw the flags of Shields's army—15,000 strong—coming up the Shenandoah from Front Royal, intending to form a junction with Fremont; but Shields discovered that he was too late by at least

three hours. Had Jackson been that much later 35,000 men would have confronted him, when Banks, reenforced, would have closed in on his rear and thus would the fame of the immortal Stonewall and his "foot cavalry" have ingloriously terminated, and Richmond would have fallen in 1862 instead of 1865. So much in generalship depends upon celerity of movement.

That evening the rain poured in torrents. We remained on the hill until about one hour after dark. The hillside was muddy and almost as slick as glass. The files had to lock arms to steady each other, and many fell in the mud. One little fellow named Woodham, belonging to my company, fell several times; at last he sat down in a small pool of muddy water. The splash attracted attention, and he looked around without attempting to rise, and exclaimed, "Well, damn me if I don't wish that the world would come to an end before daylight!" That young man, later in the war, deserted. Trimble's brigade was the rear-guard of the infantry that night and the next day. Fremont's cavalry was commanded by Sir Percy Wyndham, an Englishman, supported by the "Buck-Tail Rifles," a Pennsylvania regiment which carried no baggage and kept up with the cavalry. Wyndham was an enterprising officer, and made attacks upon our rear day and night. We would march a mile or two and form line of battle across the road, facing to the rear, when they would halt and open on us with artillery. We would then move on again. At night some other brigade would take the rear. It rained every day and night. The road was shoe-mouth deep in mud. My feet were blistered all over, on top as well as the bottom. I never was so tired and sleepy. Several times I went to sleep as I marched at the head of my company, and my orderly-sergeant, Joe Balkum, who was an iron man, would catch me by the arm, shake and call me, "Captain, Captain!" to arouse me. This march commenced on the 30th of May, and on the 6th of June we reached Harrisonburg, where Jackson quit the pike. The bridge across the west branch of the Shenandoah on the turnpike leading to Staunton having been burnt by him some time before when he went in pursuit of Milroy, he now took a country road to the left leading to Port Republic. It was getting about time for him to strike another blow anyway. General Shields had marched through the Luray Valley on the east side of the Shenandoah, vainly seeking to cross and unite with Fremont. But Jackson had Colonel Mumford with his cavalry regiment keep ahead of Shields and burn all the

bridges so that he could not cross. On Friday evening, the 6th of June, near Harrisonburg, Sir Percy undertook to "bag" General Ashby, as he expressed it, and was himself bagged, or captured. But the "Buck-Tails," coming up, joined in the fight, and most unfortunately for our cause, Ashby, while leading the Fifty-eighth Virginia and First Maryland regiments against them, was killed. Colonel Kane, of the "Buck-Tails," was also killed or mortally wounded, and his regiment decimated. That night we camped at Union Church, where the Fifteenth Alabama was left on picket and all the balance of the army was scattered along the road to Port Republic, some six or seven miles distant. All of Saturday we were not molested. On Sunday morning, the 8th of June, Lieutenant-Colonel Treutlin was to the front with two companies deployed as skirmishers, when firing commenced. It got pretty lively, when Colonel Treutlin brought in his men, according to previous instructions. Colonel Canty had formed the regiment in line of battle along the crest of a little hill with a gradual slope and open field in our front about one hundred yards to the woods. A skirmish line of the enemy appeared at the edge of the woods; the men were anxious to fire, and I could hear the click, click, click of locks along the line; but just at that moment Colonel Canty gave the command, "By the right of companies to the rear into column, double-quick, march!" and away we went for about a mile through wheat fields, crossing two or three rail fences, not firing a shot, and nothing that I could see but a line of skirmishers in hot pursuit, firing upon us and doing some execution, until Courtney's battery opened on them from a hill in our front and put a stop to their pursuit. Lieutenant Mills, of Company E, from Dale County, was killed, and William Toney, of Company K, from Barbour County, one of the brightest and best boys in the regiment, was mortally wounded, and perhaps one or two others, whose names I do not now remember. Colonel Canty gave his reason for ordering the retreat, that there was a regiment over in the field flanking us on the right. I did not see that regiment; but the colonel was mounted, and no doubt saw it. I think, however, that he made a mistake in retreating, and should have fought both regiments, the one on the flank as well as the one in front, and could have whipped both of them. The Fifteenth did on other fields afterwards do even better fighting than that would have been. But it was a new business with us then. The Colonel may have had other reasons for ordering the retreat, which I

knew not of. It is but just to him, however, to add in this connection that General Trimble, in his official report, complimented him for his "skilful and timely retreat." We were united with our brigade and placed behind a fence, with a field of buckwheat 150 yards wide in our front between us and a body of woods. Blencker's division of Dutch people, of whose depredations and brutality there had been great complaint by the citizens of Virginia, now advanced upon us. Our men could not be restrained, and fired too soon—as soon as the enemy emerged from the woods. But the firing of the Fifteenth was immediately checked. A few moments elapsed and a column of the enemy, marching by the flank on the opposite side of a fence running at right angles from that behind which we lay and intending to flank us on the left, walked right up to the Twenty-first Georgia, which just mowed them down in piles at a single volley.

After receiving the destructive fire of the Georgians the enemy retired into the woods and began to extend his line so as to envelop the Confederate right. General Trimble moved the Fifteenth by the right flank around the fence and down a hollow some two hundred yards, and then divided it and sent the left battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel Treutlin against a regiment of the Dutch on the top of the hill in the woods and took the right battalion under Colonel Canty farther around to the right to capture a battery which was playing upon us. When he arrived at the foot of the hill on which the battery was, he halted the battalion and rode up the hill, where he found that it was supported by a brigade, which was too much even for that recklessly brave old man, and he withdrew. While the right was thus engaged, Colonel Treutlin, with the left battalion, attacked and made a gallant fight for about twenty minutes. Capt. Robert Hill, of Company L, and six others were killed on the field, and twenty-eight were wounded. The enemy had the advantage of position and were two to one. They were reenforced by another regiment. Colonel Treutlin undertook to withdraw, when a panic seized his command, and it retreated in confusion; but the men were, with few exceptions, halted and reformed when they reached the valley from which the advance had been made. Treutlin ordered them to advance again. The Yankees at the same time advanced, and doubtless we would have been utterly routed, but Colonels Mercer and Posey, perceiving the situation, crossed the fence behind which we left them, came across the buckwheat field and through

the woods, and attacked the enemy in flank and drove them from their position in confusion. The right battalion now rejoined us and the regiment took its place in the line. Ewell's whole division now advanced, and for a few minutes the engagement became general. At dark the Confederates had driven the Federals back to Union Church, a distance of about one mile. Trimble's brigade lost twenty-five killed, twenty-five wounded, and four missing, which was much heavier than any other brigade sustained. General Ewell estimated the loss of the enemy in killed and wounded at two thousand, which was probably an over-estimate. Brigadier-Generals Elzy and George H. Stewart, of Ewell's division, were wounded. The total loss of the regiment in the action was six killed, thirteen wounded, and two missing, supposed to have been captured on picket in the forenoon. All night we lay in line of battle and could see the Yankees around their camp-fires and hear them talking. Trimble wanted to attack them, but Ewell would not permit him to do so, because Jackson was preparing to fight Shields the next morning at Port Republic, and to this end withdrew very secretly during the night from Fremont's front all of the troops except Trimble's brigade, which followed in quick time at early dawn. No brigade ever marched five miles in a shorter space of time. About sunrise, when we were within three miles, we heard the battle open at Port Republic. When we reached the high hill which overlooks the town the battle was raging in the plain or valley between the mountain and the river below the town. Winder's division was being slowly beaten back; the celebrated Ringgold battery of six guns, said to have been used in Mexico, was placed on an elevation at the foot of the mountain, and swept the plain like the hot lava from an erupting volcano. Taylor's brigade was forming to charge it. Jackson rode up to Taylor and said, "General Taylor, can you take that battery?" Taylor turned to his men and cried aloud, "Louisianians, can you take that battery?" They responded with a shout. "Then charge and take it!" They did so after a terrible struggle with a brigade of Irishmen who were supporting it. The battery was captured and lost three times before they held it. After the battle Jackson presented the guns to Taylor's brigade, and named it the "Louisiana Battery."

Port Republic was a small village and situated in the fork of the two Shenandoahs. The larger one we crossed on a covered bridge. A pile of straw lay on either side of it ready for burning,

and as soon as the brigade crossed fire was set to it. We then had to cross the south Shenandoah to get to the battle-field. Jackson had made a bridge of wagons across it, over which we marched without halting. Some supposed that this invention was originated by him, and it may have been; but LaCourb, a Frenchman, accounted the best general of light troops in mountain warfare in Europe, did the same thing in 1797. He constructed a bridge of wagons across a more difficult stream and crossed his entire corps on it in the face of the enemy.

Trimble formed his brigade and advanced to strike the enemy on Taylor's left; but before becoming engaged, which the enemy anticipated, as our advance was through the open field in full view, Taylor had silenced the battery, Shields's lines were broken and retreated, and the battle of Port Republic was won.

At daylight Fremont discovered, to his surprise, that the "naughty rebels" had run away during the night and left him to eat his breakfast undisturbed; but the sound of the guns soon told him that they were paying their respects, in an early morning salutation, to his friend Shields. Fremont hurried forward, but arrived just in time to see Shields in full retreat, the bridge in flames and the river unfordable. His cavalry galloped up and down the river bank; he fired his artillery at us, but we were out of its range. His impotent rage was so great that his artillery was turned upon our ambulances and parties engaged in the humane labors of attending to the dead and wounded of both sides. That evening Jackson hid his whole army in the woods, in crevices and behind the rocks on the mountain side, where we had to stand up to sleep or incur the risk of being killed by a slide down the mountain. He sent his cavalry across the river at a ford higher up, which created the impression that he was advancing, and so frightened Fremont that he beat a hasty retreat down the Valley, leaving a large number of his wounded, who fell into our hands and were paroled. Jackson went into camp, to rest and recruit his army, at Weir's Cave, on the 12th. He published orders for thanksgiving and prayer and a general court martial. I was appointed judge advocate of that court, and had, for the first time, an interview with him.

The following statement of the material results of the campaign I adopt as true: In three months Jackson had marched six hundred miles; fought four pitched battles, seven minor engagements, and daily skirmishes; had defeated four armies; captured

seven pieces of artillery, ten thousand stands of arms, four thousand prisoners, five hundred wagons and teams, three hundred head of beef cattle, and a very great amount of stores, inflicting upon his adversaries a known loss of ten thousand men, with a loss upon his own part comparatively small. It was a most remarkable campaign, especially when it is known that his whole force did not exceed fifteen thousand men at the beginning.

CHAPTER XIII

EVENTS ON THE PENINSULA.

Jackson Reenforced for a Double Purpose—McClellan as a General—Mistake of Lincoln and Stanton—The Situation at Norfolk and Yorktown—The *Merrimac*, or *Virginia*—Battle in Hampton Roads—Destruction of the *Virginia*—General Magruder's Engineering Skill—Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in Command on Peninsula Confronting McClellan's Army—Johnston's Retreat to Chickahominy—Battle of Seven Pines—Wounding of General Johnston—Colonel Lomax Killed—General Lee Assigned to the Command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

At Wier's Cave, Jackson remained five days, giving his weary, footsore men a much-needed rest. During this time he was reenforced by Whiting's division, which had been sent from Richmond via Lynchburg by General Lee, for the alleged purpose of driving the enemy out of the Valley, but was intended to deceive them. It consisted of two brigades—Hood's Texas and Whiting's—then commanded by Colonel Law, of the Fourth Alabama Regiment. Lawton's brigade, consisting of six Georgia regiments, came from Savannah, and also joined Jackson.

On the 17th day of June, Jackson, leaving Brigadier-General Robertson with all of the cavalry (excepting Mumford's Second Virginia) and Chew's battery in the Valley, marched with his whole force, now consisting of the two brigades of Whiting's division, the four brigades of Jackson's division, the three brigades and the Maryland line of Ewell's division, to which was added Lawton's brigade, and the batteries of Riley, Balthis, Brockinbrough, Carrington, Courtney, Peague, Carpenter, and Wooding, aggregating thirty-four guns and 25,000 men, in the direction of Richmond via Charlottesville. On the 25th the column reached Ashland, a station on the Fredericksburg Railroad twelve miles from Richmond, having marched about one hundred and thirty or forty miles. General Lee had been since June 1st, when General Johnston was wounded, in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and knew the plans of the enemy. He sent Whiting to

reenforce Jackson, notwithstanding McClellan's army was over 100,000 strong, and had at one point approached to within seven miles of Richmond. McDowell was at Fredericksburg with a corps of 20,000 men. Lee's object was to create the impression in Washington that the reenforcement of Jackson meant the capture of that city and to swap capitals with them in the event that McClellan captured Richmond. It had the desired effect. President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton ordered McDowell to proceed to the Valley via the Manassas Gap Railroad to head off Jackson in the lower Shenandoah and keep him out of Maryland. McClellan protested against it and insisted that the President and Secretary had promised him McDowell's assistance, which would enable him to capture the "rebel capital" at once. McDowell advised against being sent to the Valley, but Lincoln and Stanton had heard too much of Jackson's methods; they feared him, and the Confederate authorities had caused a very exaggerated report to reach them as to the number of reenforcements sent to Jackson. The protest and remonstrances of McClellan and McDowell were disregarded. Consequently, while Jackson was marching to Ashland, McDowell was hurrying his corps to Front Royal in the opposite direction. When he arrived he failed to find Jackson, of course, and then marched back again, like the French King who

"With ten thousand men
Marched up the hill,
And then marched down again."

What a terrible mistake this was upon the part of Mr. Lincoln and his War Secretary. Had they not interfered it was strongly probable, almost certain, that Richmond would have fallen. General McClellan, who was at that time a great favorite with the army and people north, might have won the Presidency of the United States instead of Grant; more than two years of hard fighting, the loss of many thousands of valuable lives, and hundreds of millions of dollars might have been saved; but this interference lost the opportunity.

Gen. George B. McClellan was a graduate of West Point and stood high in the old army. He was a good general, a splendid organizer and disciplinarian, rather slow and cautious in his movements, but when engaged a hard fighter. McClellan was a high-toned gentleman and observed strictly the rules of civilized and

honorable warfare, and advised against the policy of the Administration of practicing emancipation of slaves wherever they came within the lines of the Union army. Being a Democrat, he was not a favorite with the Lincoln Administration. He was relieved from command November 1, 1862. In 1864 he ran against Lincoln for the Presidency, but the latter was elected by an overwhelming majority. McClellan wrote a book on the war and lived several years after its close.

In order that the reader may have a clearer idea of what General Jackson's campaign in the Valley accomplished in substantial benefits to the Confederates, and General Lee's grand strategy, it is necessary to make a brief statement of the military situation in Virginia at that time and immediately theretofore.

In the South on March 1, 1862, the Union gunboats entered the Savannah River, invested Fort Pulaski, and landed General Gilmore with a large force and a considerable number of heavy guns. The siege culminated after a time in the surrender of the fort. This detained a considerable number of troops down there which otherwise could have been sent to the aid of Virginia.

In Hampton Roads the great naval battle had been fought and won by the Confederates. The *Merrimac*, which the Confederates had previously captured, was coated with railroad iron, and thus protected she steamed down to where three United States ships of war were, and attacked and destroyed two of them—the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*—and crippled the third, but she escaped. The *Merrimac* thus coated was called the *Virginia*, and this success made her the mistress of the water in the Roads and bay. The United States soon brought around the *Monitor* ironclad to attack the *Virginia*, which it did only at a long range, and remained near the Rip Raps between Sewell's Point and the fort, apparently afraid to advance on the *Virginia*. This Confederate machine, called the *Virginia*, and its success, wrought a great revolution in the navies of the world. Up to that time the idea of ironclad naval vessels had never occurred to the builders of war ships anywhere. No navy had ironclad ships until after this Confederate invention. Now every navy in the world of any respectability has ironclad vessels. This was, to say the least, one great benefit to mankind resulting from the Confederate war. The dread of the *Virginia* and the Confederate batteries on the Potomac caused General McClellan to transport his troops to Fortress Monroe and the Peninsula via Annapolis, where they embarked and went by

transport from that point. It had been determined by the Government at Washington, on the advice of General McClellan, to make the advance on Richmond via the Peninsula, between the James and York rivers, and in order to accomplish that it was necessary to neutralize the *Virginia's* operations, hence the *Monitor* kept the position at Fortress Monroe and between there and Norfolk. At that time, and in fact for months previously, Gen. John B. Magruder, with about 8,000 troops, occupied the Peninsula from the York to the James River. The Warwick River was a small stream skirted by marshes across the Peninsula from near Yorktown to the James River, and he made dams, forming pools that were impassable except along the line between them, which could be inundated and which enabled his small command to hold this position. This line, with the fortifications and batteries in Norfolk, the navy-yard at Sewell's Point and Craney Island, gave the Confederates a strong position, but the Union troops proceeding to the Peninsula avoided all the latter fortifications.

About the first of April McClellan had concentrated his army of nearly 100,000 men on the Peninsula. He made several assaults which Magruder was enabled to resist in consequence of his fortifications and the reinforcements which he had received from General Johnston's army. Johnston was then ordered to the command of the Peninsula and the surroundings, and after he spent a day or two in the examination of the situation he returned to Richmond and reported that the positions were indefensible and in favor of evacuating the same and falling back nearer to Richmond. A council of war was held, composed of Generals J. E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Longstreet and G. W. Smith. The latter two agreed with Johnston; Lee did not and believed that the Peninsula was a good one to defend. President Davis decided with him, and Johnston returned to his army, then but little more than 50,000 strong. He assumed command and held his ground for a time, then had to fall back to a second defensive line, and again urged the President in favor of his policy of falling back and making the defense nearer Richmond. The latter partially yielded and sent the Secretaries of War and Navy down to see about the removal of everything valuable from the navy-yard, Norfolk and the headquarters at Yorktown before the evacuation began. Soon after they arrived at Norfolk they found that General Huger, who commanded there, had just received an order

from General Johnston for an immediate evacuation, but the secretaries interposed and delayed the movement for a week and had removed the greater part of the valuables. Then General Johnston's order was carried out and the army fell back to the Chickahominy River without any engagement except a small fight near Williamsburg between Hancock's brigade and General Early's, in which the latter was severely wounded, but otherwise it seems to have been pretty nearly a drawn battle. Early's troops held the field that night, but abandoned it the next morning to join the retreating army.

When the Peninsula was abandoned General Johnston retreated. Norfolk and the navy-yard had been abandoned, and the *Merrimac* or *Virginia* ascended the James River as far as her heavy draught would allow, and was then blown up and sunk by Commodore Tatnall, her commander, to avoid her capture. The story afloat in books and Northern newspapers that she was sunk by the *Monitor* is an absolute falsehood. The battle between the two vessels occurred several weeks before Johnston's retreat. It was fought at long range, and the *Monitor* dropped back under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and though dared by the *Virginia* every day to come out away from the fort and fight the *Virginia* single-handed, she would not do it. The destruction of that vessel was a great loss to the Confederates and opened up the James River to the Union gunboats all the way to Drury's Bluff, eleven miles below Richmond. They ascended to that point, had a battle with the batteries and were repulsed. The batteries were immediately thereafter increased and strengthened, and obstructions sunk in the river at the Bluff, so that no gunboats ascended the river above that point during the war, or until Richmond was evacuated in April, 1865. Johnston ultimately formed his line of defense behind or on the Richmond side of the Chickahominy River, extending it on the right to the Bluff. McClellan formed his line on the other or southeast side of the stream. His left wing did not reach the James, where he could have had the aid of the Union navy in the river, but was miles north of the stream, so as to keep between the point of distribution of his supplies on the York River, which was selected high enough up that stream so that his interposition between that and the Confederates would also keep his army between them and Washington, thus protecting his base of supplies and the Capital at one and the same time. His line conformed somewhat to the shape of the Chickahominy, nearly

the shape of a half moon. As soon as he fortified his position he threw two corps across the river on his right and on the Richmond side and went to fortifying and entrenching. On the 31st of May General Johnston attacked them and fought the battle of Seven Pines, which was pretty nearly a drawn battle. There were many casualties on each side. General Johnston late in the afternoon was severely wounded and borne from the field. General G. W. Smith was the next general in rank, and he continued the battle the next day under the direction of President Davis and General Lee, who were on the field. The two corps of Union troops were reinforced by a third, but at the close of the fighting on the second day the Confederates had the advantage and held a large part of the field on their right. About this time McClellan's entire force was more than double that of the Confederates, which was less than 50,000. In this battle they captured ten pieces of artillery, four flags, a large amount of camp equipage and took 1,000 prisoners, but sustained a greater loss than the Federals by charging their entrenched lines to the right. The aggregate Confederate loss was, in killed, wounded and captured, 6,784. Among the killed was Colonel Tenant Lomax, of the Third Alabama, an excellent officer, a man loved and honored by all the people of his State, and by those of Montgomery, where he lived, was almost idolized. Had he survived that battle he would have been made a brigadier-general and doubtless would have won great distinction.

Lieutenant-Colonel Willingham and Major NeSmith, of the Sixth Alabama, and many other brave Alabamians were killed. Tom Bell and his company of the Sixth Regiment were two-thirds killed. The loss of the Federal army aggregated 5,739. General Smith was ill and unable to command the army another day.

On June 2, 1862, Gen. Robert E. Lee, under an order issued on the preceding night, took command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and never relinquished it for a single day until he surrendered at Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9, 1865.

The day he assumed command he withdrew the troops from the trenches they had captured to their former line of defense. This two-days' battle so rebuked McClellan's aggressiveness that he was quiet for several days, and then advanced his right again beyond Mechanicsville and to Meadow Bridge within six or seven miles of Richmond. In the meantime Lee had the temerity to send Generals Whiting and Lawton, with three brigades, by rail

to reenforce Jackson in the Valley. It was audacious, and a terrible risk to take in the face of an aggressive foe more than double his numbers. Lee's purpose was two-fold—to clear the Valley of Union troops and to threaten Washington, and as soon as this could be done for Jackson with his whole corps to join him for the relief of Richmond. When these reenforcements reached Jackson the Union troops, under Shields, Fremont and Banks, were hastening toward Washington and McDowell's corps of 20,000 was moving from Manassas toward the Valley to aid the frightened troops there in keeping Jackson out of Washington. Jackson did not lose the opportunity by delay, but marched his corps rapidly via Charlottesville in the direction of Richmond, and his column reached Ashland on the 25th of June.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND

Jackson Receives the Order of Battle From Lee—The Fifteenth Alabama One of the First Under Fire—Some Casualties—A Private's Graphic Description of Cold Harbor—The Last Engagement of Colonel Canty and Lieutenant-Colonel Treutlin With the Regiment—McClellan Retreats Toward Harrison's Landing—Lee's Strategy—General Long on the Delay of "Stonewall" Jackson—Longstreet's Severe Strictures on Frazier's Farm and Malvern Hill—Opinion of Mr. Davis.

At Ashland Jackson received from General Lee the order of battle. On the morning of the 26th of June he took up the line of march for Cold Harbor, by way of the Ashcake Road, Whiting's division in the advance. At Tottopotomy Creek the column was delayed by the Federal pickets for some time. At Hundley's Corner some of the advance regiments had lively skirmishing, and the corps bivouacked for the night at this place.

About 3 o'clock that afternoon A. P. Hill crossed his division to the north side of Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge and attacked the right flank of the Federal army at Mechanicsville under Fitz John Porter, where it was very strongly fortified, and after a very sanguinary conflict, drove the Federals from their entrenchments and to Beaver Dam, something over a mile. D. H. Hill and Longstreet crossed their divisions at Mechanicsville as soon as the bridge could be repaired, and took position in support of A. P. Hill.

At dawn the next morning A. P. Hill tried to cross Beaver Dam, but the enemy was so strongly posted on the left bank that he only partially succeeded, until Jackson crossed it higher up, which caused them to abandon the crossing in Hill's front. Lee's order directed the four commands to sweep down the north side of the Chickahominy toward the York River Railroad—threatening McClellan's communication with his base of supplies at the head of York River, hoping thereby to force him to come out of his fortifications and fight on equal terms—Jackson on the left and in the advance, Longstreet nearest the river and in the rear.

Stuart was ordered to keep on Jackson's left and give notice of the enemy's movement. Huger, Magruder and McLaws, with their divisions, were directed to remain on the southwest side of the river and to hold their positions against any assault the enemy might make on them, and General Pendleton to employ his corps of reserve artillery in support of these divisions so as to resist any advance on Richmond.

On the morning of the 27th Jackson moved on with Ewell in the lead. Gen. D. H. Hill moved by Bethesda Church and got ahead of Jackson, but kept united with his corps. About noon Longstreet and A. P. Hill encountered some resistance in the neighborhood of New Bridge and Powhite Creek, but brushed it away and pressed on until nearly 2 o'clock P. M., when Hill engaged the enemy near McGee's house and Gaines's farm. Jackson halted and awaited results for a while, but as the firing grew heavier every moment, at about 3 o'clock he directed D. H. Hill on his left and near old Cold Harbor to attack, and followed it up with Ewell next on Hill's right, and all the remainder of the corps to the right, so as to connect with and support A. P. Hill. This great line of five divisions—twenty-one brigades, about eighty-five regiments, and numerous batteries—was moving westward and almost directly toward Richmond. Longstreet was still facing southward, moving slowly down the river and not yet fully engaged, but soon became so and made a grand charge and swept the Federals from his front. Jackson's corps and the divisions of the two Hills were heavily engaged all that afternoon.

McClellan's best troops were posted here upon ground affording great natural advantages, strengthened by earthworks and abattis of the most formidable character. The fighting was terrific and bloody, but about sunset the Federals gave way before the fiery onsets of the Southerners and fled, leaving the field they had held so stubbornly, with many of their dead and wounded, in the hands of the Confederates.

The Fifteenth Alabama was one of the first regiments in Ewell's division to receive the enemy's fire. It fought the entire evening, and portions of it went with the Fifth Texas Regiment in the final charge which won the field just at nightfall. It made a glorious record, but at a frightful cost. The evening was very warm and some of the guns after having been fired fifty or one hundred times would become so heated the men could no longer handle them—they would throw them down and pick up others and go on firing.

Some of our men were overheated and drank great draughts of cold water at a spring just at the close of the engagement and died from it that night. Two very stout, healthy young men in Company G—Box and Murphy—died in this way. Capt. Peter V. Guerry, of Company C, a brave man and a Christian gentleman, was killed at the head of his company. Capt. Lock Weems, formerly adjutant, but whom Colonel Canty in April or May had appointed captain of Company A, was mortally wounded and died a few days after. His death was universally deplored; all regarded him as a model officer, a courteous gentleman and sterling patriot. Capt. George Y. Malone, of Company F, another of the best officers in the regiment, was shot down while in advance of his company discharging his pistol in the very faces of the foe, who were but a few paces from him. He was wounded severely in the thigh and in one hand and arm, which disabled him from rendering further service during the war. The Confederacy never lost the services of a truer or braver man. I rejoice that he was still living when this was published. Capt. Lee E. Bryan, who had succeeded Captain Hill of Company L (killed at Cross Keys), was severely wounded in the thigh, which disabled him from further service during the war. He resided in the Empire of Brazil the last the writer knew of him. Many other good men were either killed or wounded. The report shows total losses of the regiment in this engagement to have been 34 killed and 110 wounded. The company records published herewith will give their names, and to which I refer the reader.

The following description of the battle of Cold Harbor, or Gaines' Mill, was written by William A. McClendon, of Henry County, who was at the time a private in Company G, Fifteenth Alabama. He is known as "Gus" McClendon. He was promoted by the writer, who was the captain of the company, through all the grades from fourth corporal to first lieutenant, and was in command of the company at the surrender.

His description, as a private in the ranks, is so real and natural that we think the old soldiers who went through just such scenes will read it with great interest:

Jackson's arrival from the Valley to reenforce General Lee was anxiously looked for. Gen. A. P. Hill began the attack at Meadow Bridge on the evening of June 26, 1862. In anticipation of our arrival Hill renewed the attack at early dawn on the 27th. As the sun rose over the tree tops the rattle of musketry, the booming of cannon, and the shouts and yells of the Confed-

erates were evidence that hot work was going on and we were steadily advancing to decide it. A. P. Hill with his strong division, assisted by Longstreet and D. H. Hill, with their strong divisions, had attacked so furiously, that the discovery of Jackson by the Federal commander steadily bearing down on his extreme right caused him to hastily abandon his breastworks, leaving his tents and a great deal of his camp equipage and commissary stores, only to seek and assume a position still stronger. This battle is known in history as that of Mechanicsville and Beaver Dam, and was the beginning of the seven days' battles around Richmond. Jackson's corps had not yet been engaged, but had passed over and through a part of the battle-field two hours after the battle had been fought, and there I formed my first impressions of the horrors of a battle-field; but I would not let my mind dwell on these things, and went on as gay as a lark, rejoicing at our success and fearing the engagement for the day was over and I would not get a chance to shoot. After the retreat of the enemy from this place there was a calm, not much firing going on except by the advance pickets and an occasional boom of a cannon. This new position of the enemy is known in history as Gaines' Mill, or Cold Harbor, and was wisely selected as being one of great strength. A brave body of troops could not have been driven from it by direct assault unless by overwhelming numbers. About 11 o'clock, when the brilliant rays of the sun were illuminating the field as far to the right as the eye could see, long lines of the boys in gray, with the beautiful Southern cross fluttering in the breeze and their bright muskets and bayonets glittering in the sun, with the gorgeously-dressed field officers mounted on their brilliant chargers, could be seen. Upon inquiry by some of the officers they were found to be troops of Longstreet and the two Hills making preparations to assault the enemy in his last strong position.

We had been marching slowly all day, bearing steadily to the left in order that when we did attack it would be on the extreme left of McClellan's army. General Lee had made his headquarters at Hogan's house, and there remained awaiting the arrival of Jackson. Our line of march led by this house, and it was about 1 o'clock that Jackson came along and reined in his horse. The generals saluted each other, shook hands, and then engaged in a few minutes' private conversation, when General Lee mounted his horse and with his staff rode off to the right. This was our first sight of General Lee. It was then known that a terrible ordeal awaited us in front, which we were soon to meet. We moved on, crossed a branch, marched up a hill, and halted; here our division formed line of battle, Lawton's brigade of Georgians on our right and Taylor's brigade of Louisianians on our left. The front of each regiment was covered by a company of skirmishers. Ours was covered by Company A, commanded by that gallant and soldierly gentleman, Capt. Lock Weems, of Union Springs, Alabama. At the command "forward!" they moved in gallant style in search of the enemy. That was the last time I saw Captain Weems—he was killed that day. At this particular time of which I write the troops of Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and D. H. Hill had encountered the enemy in his strong position, and the battle on the right was raging with great fury. Our company officers seemed to be at their best, repeating the orders of gallant Lieut.-Col. John F. Treutlin, who commanded the left wing of our regiment on that occasion. "Steady, Fifteenth Alabama!" was often shouted by Colonel Canty. Thus we moved steadily forward through shot and shell, preceded by our skirmishers, who had not yet found the enemy. The firing on the right became nearer and nearer, which indicated that it would soon be our time to join in the issue. We marched through a large field that had been occupied that morning by the enemy as a camp, which they had hastily abandoned, leaving their tents standing and a great many other valuables that we could have appropriated to our use, but we had no time to stop. The word was "onward!" on every tongue.

When we arrived at the top of the hill we discovered a house down near a branch that we had to cross. The house was directly in front of Company K (the company that was on our right). The Colonel, perceiving that we were going to become tangled and confused if we tried to break ranks and run around it, gave the command: "The three left companies, obstacle by the right flank, double quick, march!" The commander of Company K repeated, then our captain followed, and Company B on our left followed us. We passed the house, when the Colonel commanded, "The three left companies into line by the left flank, double quick, march!" While all this was going on we were subjected to a severe shelling, the bombs bursting over and around us enough to have caused general consternation; but we were quickly into line, and passed steadily on. Coming to a sluggish stream in our front which we had to cross, our line became somewhat disorganized. Where I, with some others, crossed, it was boggy, and I bogged down with one foot nearly to my knee, and in trying to extricate myself my shoe-string broke and I pulled my foot out of my shoe, leaving it in the mud. General Trimble happened to be near on his horse looking at us cross, and, seeing my condition, said to me kindly, "Soldier, get your shoe." I did so, and knocked the mud and water out of it and put it on.

The skirmishers were hotly engaged, which was evidence that their main line was near at hand and that we would soon attack. While I was detained in the mud my company had gotten fifty or sixty yards ahead, but I with others ran and overtook it, and took our place in line, not, however, before we crossed a broad road that ran nearly at right angles to our line of march. When I reached the road I halted for a moment and looked up the hill to my left; there I saw the red-legged Zouaves of the enemy in line. They fired several shots down the road at us as we passed. I distinctly heard the bullets go hissing by searching for a victim. I raised my musket and sent a ball and three buckshot among them, and crossed over, pausing long enough to look at Tom Burke, of Company B, who was in the last agonies of death—a Minie-ball had hit him in the pit of the stomach, and with each pulsation his life's blood would gush from the hole. In his delirium he made an unsuccessful attempt to stop the hole with his canteen stopper. He was a noble young man, with refined qualities.

After the regiment had crossed the road referred to we began our advance up a hill that obscured us from the enemy. I had reloaded my gun and had overtaken and resumed my position in the front rank of my company, and was ready for what afterwards occurred. Our skirmishers had halted on the top of the hill and were fighting a regular line of battle just down the slant on the other side. The hill was covered with large oaks with a right smart undergrowth, and our march was made slow and cautious. All the while the small arms on the right were as a regular roll—you could not distinguish one gun from another. The bombshells bursting, their fragments flying in every direction, hitting a fellow occasionally, and the solid shot crashing through the boughs above our heads, and the commands of officers, all added to the excitement and noise of the occasion. While we were slowly advancing up the hill, Sam Dickerson was shot in the heart and killed instantly. He was a good soldier and resided in Dale County. He was the first man killed in Oates's company. About this time a heavy volley of musketry tore loose on our left, which indicated that Taylor's Louisianians had found the enemy, and it was said that here the "Tigers" were nearly all killed, which caused them to disband the battalion.

When we reached the top of the hill we halted, and my company, with the balance of the left wing of the Fifteenth Alabama, opened fire upon the enemy, who were down the slope on their knees about fifty yards away. We sent such a shower of buck and ball at them through the bushes and smoke that it left many of them *hors de combat*, and at the same time we re-

ceived a shower of Minie-balls from them that caused several of my company to fall, while others staggered and reeled and went to the rear wounded. Those of us that were not hurt set up a yell, fell upon our knees, and loaded and fired in that position as fast as we could. Our company officers were diligent in their duties, encouraging the men by their example and ordering us to aim low that we might not over-shoot and waste our ammunition. There was so much smoke that it was only occasionally that we could see the enemy, but we knew he was there by the hissing of his bullets and the wounding or killing of a man occasionally. We could very distinctly tell when the Yankees would receive reinforcements by the increase of their bullets and their cheers, but the storm of lead that we were pouring at them prevented them from advancing any nearer than their front lines. The yelling of the Confederates and the roar of small arms and artillery was so great that I could only tell when I had fired my gun by a hard punch (kick) of the breech against my shoulder or a jar by the stock against my right cheek bone. I loaded and fired so fast that the barrel of my gun became so hot that I thought it dangerous at one time to pour powder in it, and laid it down, picked up another that had been dropped by a wounded man, and used it until mine became cooler. While I was loading, firing, and hollering, "Hurrah, boys, give it to 'em!" I would look to the right occasionally, and through the smoke would catch a glimpse of our colors fluttering in the breeze, when I would feel cheerful seeing them maintaining their position. While in this position, loading and firing, some one in my rear fired off his gun so near the right side of my head that for a moment I could not realize what had happened; didn't know but what I was wounded, as there was a stinging sensation on the right side and the back of my neck so severe that caused me to rub with my hand. I was considerably stunned, and the stinging about my neck was caused by grains of powder, which were of such force as to penetrate the skin. A great many of them have been picked out since the war, and while it has been more than forty years since this occurrence, there are several grains plainly visible under the skin of my neck today. When I recovered from the shock—which lasted only a few minutes—I drew back my gun to strike the fellow who did it, with an exclamation that I can't repeat here, but with a hasty apology on his part I turned around and commenced loading and firing. We were good friends, and bore no malice toward each other. He was a good soldier, and has long since crossed the line, and I am one that's left to record the occurrence.

As well as I remember, it was about 2 P. M. when we opened fire upon the enemy, and there we remained firing as fast as we could for two or three hours. It was reported to the officers that we were running short of ammunition, and details were made and sent to the rear for a new supply; but after using all we could get from the boxes of the dead and wounded we run short before the details returned. I would not shoot away the last round I had, but kept my gun loaded for a case of emergency. While in this condition, waiting, we lay flat upon the ground, the battle still raging on the right and left with great fury, while the bursting bombs and solid shot were crashing through the trees tearing the limbs off, and it was necessary sometimes to dodge out of the way of a falling limb. While waiting for ammunition, General Ewell rode up in our rear, with hat in hand, where he was met by Lieut. John A. Oates, who informed him of the cause of our inaction. Ewell told him to fix bayonets and hold his position until he could send for the Texas brigade to reinforce us. We had already fixed bayonets—ammunition was the thing most desired at that time, as there was nothing very pressing in our front except two disorganized lines of battle down in the woods and a ten-gun battery on a hill about four hundred yards in rear of their line of battle that was giving us "Jesse" with their shot and shell. The detail arrived soon after Ewell left, and we commenced in a hurry to refill our cart-

ridge-boxes. About the time we got through we looked down the hill in in our rear, and there came the Fourth Texas, half bent as if looking for a turkey. We greeted them with a cheer, and they responded. They marched up to our position and halted, rectified their line, fired one volley down the slant through the bushes at the Yankees, when they were ordered to cease firing, reload, and fix bayonets. The firing from the Yankees had become slack, which was an indication that they were waiting for us or preparing to advance. While these things were going on among the Texans, our officers, anticipating an order for a general charge, began to rectify our line and be ready. There was so much smoke that you could only tell an Alabamian from a Texan by a badge or the kind of a gun we carried. They were armed with short Enfield rifles with sabre bayonets, and we with smooth-bore muskets.

All being ready, the command "charge!" was given. We raised a yell and dashed down the slant pell-mell, yelling all the time, expecting a hand-to-hand encounter when we reached their line where last seen; but instead of a hand-to-hand engagement, as we expected, when we reached their line numbers of them lay dead or too badly wounded to be moved. This was the result of a two-hour engagement with buck and ball well directed. We were out of the smoke then and we could see them fifty to one hundred yards in front, scattered and running for dear life. They had lost their organization in their retreat, and we lost ours in pursuit. We kept up our yelling and firing, and swept grandly on. The path of their retreat was marked by their dead and wounded. I don't remember any one of my company to have been killed or wounded in this charge. There was no skulking with the officers or men—forward was the word from every officer. It seemed that the boys tried to see who could yell the loudest; run, load, and fire the fastest.

I will relate an incident of this charge that happened with myself and Calvin Kirkland, of my company. We happened to be together at one time in the charge, both running and yelling, when all at once a gun smoked from behind a pine tree about twenty-five yards in front. Both of us saw it, and as soon as the gun fired, a Yankee dashed off in a run to escape. We both raised our muskets, and having a fair shot at his back, we both fired at the same time, when down he came and lay still. Calvin looked at me and asked if I fired. I said, "Yes; did you?" He replied, "Yes, and we got him." We passed close by him lying on his face, with several holes in the back of his blouse. We hurried on, and all at once Calvin stopped, looking at something under a clay root. It proved to be a Yankee who had crawled under there for protection, and had left his feet exposed. I left Calvin talking to him. It was said that Calvin told him to come out, for he knew he was there by his feet, and it was with some difficulty that he got him out. He was scared half to death, and Calvin told him to go to the rear, which he did. The sun was not more than an hour high and the canopy of smoke was so thick that the sun was gloomily red in the heavens.

The Texans had borne somewhat to the right, and they, with other troops, had about this time encountered the fourteen-gun battery of the enemy and was making a desperate effort to capture it. The enemy, after a stubborn resistance, was driven that evening from every position taken, and this was his last stand. It was known by our general officers that if they could be driven from that position the victory for that day would be complete. While this heavy fighting was going on over the battery, other troops of Jackson's corps were sweeping down from the left, driving everything before them, while my command was driving a disorganized rabble in the center. About sundown the firing slackened, a yell was sent up, and it was known that the battery had been captured. Some of the troops that had been advancing on the left proved to be Alabamians. If I remember right, they were of Wilcox's brigade. They were on top of a hill trying to form line. I, with Calvin Kirkland and two or three others of my company, got mixed up with them.

Their field officers were on their horses giving commands, some making speeches, and such yelling and tossing of hats I had never heard or seen before. I actually thought from the number of dead and wounded that I saw that evening that the war was ended, and I was glad I was there and had lived to see the end; but that proved to be only a beginning with me. In my advance I came across a line of knapsacks that had been abandoned by the Yankees, and on my return when I reached them I stopped and opened one in search of a shirt. I found what we soldiers called a "biled" shirt, with cuffs and collars, which I had no use for, so laid them aside. I also found a revolver and opera glass, which I laid aside, but have always been sorry that I didn't keep the glass, for I needed it the next morning to look at Lowe's balloon. I passed through a part of our battle-ground, picking up two well-filled Yankee haversacks. I soon found a part of my command where they had gone into camp, and we began to talk of the fight and of those that were killed and wounded. I don't remember but two who were killed and four wounded. Two of those who were wounded are still living, John H. Whately and C. C. Stone. The killed of our company were Sam Dickerson and George Byrd. There might have been others; I don't remember. I examined my haversacks and found them rich with hardtack and bacon, and a sack of ground coffee, with a string of dried apples about two feet long in each sack. I made my supper of hardtack and bacon. Our camp was in hearing of the groans of some of the wounded who had been left lying on the battle-field. I was tired and nearly exhausted. It had been so hot that evening I had sweated so much there was hardly a dry thread in my clothes. I had hallowed so much that when I cooled off my throat became so sore that I could scarcely swallow; but tired as I was, I with some others took a light and went to some of the wounded who were calling to their comrades for help. The first one whom I found was a Louisianian with one thigh broken. He was lying on the ground within three feet of a wounded Yankee who was shot through the bowels. He was delirious, and would call for water and his mother—"O Mother!" I was sorry for him, gave him water, and turned him as well as I could on his blanket, and spread his "gum" over him to keep off the cold dew. I also fixed the Louisianian as comfortable as I could, giving him water, and leaving a plenty with him.

I was so tired and worn out that I left them alone in the dark and returned to camp and went to sleep. I was up early the next morning, ready to move. Some of the boys were still sitting by the fire, smoking and telling of the events of the day, while others were sound asleep. I claim the honor, if honor it be, of being the first one of Oates's company to fire a gun in this engagement. The gun that I fired at the red-legged Zouaves in the road was, in my opinion, the first.

Well, all of these things happened on the 27th of June, 1862—more than 40 years ago. Who will be here 25 years from now to tell of these things? I have no idea it will be me.

This was the last engagement in which Colonel Canty and Lieutenant-Colonel Treutlin were present with the regiment. The gallantry displayed by the latter on this occasion was the subject of remark among the men. Both were absent on sick leave until April, 1863, when Canty was appointed a brigadier-general and Treutlin resigned. Canty was assigned to a command with the Army of Tennessee, but in consequence of poor health never made much reputation. His health was bad and he

ought not to have tried to serve in the army, but he was too patriotic to remain out. He died at Fort Mitchell a few years after the war closed. Treutlin became a citizen of South Carolina, was domiciled in Washington, D. C., and an employee of Congress for several years.

After a day consumed in burying the dead and caring for the wounded, the regiment moved with Jackson's corps down the Chickahominy through White Oak Swamp, Savage's Station and to Malvern Hill, where, though not actively engaged, it was under the terrible fire for several hours of one hundred pieces of artillery which McClellan had massed on the hill with the bulk of his army, and which wounded several of our men. Gen. D. H. Hill supposed mistakenly that there was an order for a general advance to assault and carry the hill, and he charged the battery with his division, but was repulsed with heavy loss. Jackson tried his and Hill's artillery on the enemy, but theirs had the advantage in number and of position. It was the heaviest cannonading of the war, except at Gettysburg. It being night, the display of fireworks was grand, but the explosion of the shells among the troops in the darkness was very demoralizing. It saved McClellan's army from destruction. It reminded one of the perils encountered by Cortez when expelled by the Aztecs from the City of Mexico, when Alvarado, whom they called "The Child of the Sun," made his celebrated leap across one of the chasms in the dyke. Malvern Hill was the "Notche Triste" of the war. There were, however, but few casualties reported as having occurred in the regiment—one killed and three slightly wounded—but the loss of the Confederates was frightful. General Longstreet's estimate was that McClellan lost at that battle something less than 2,500, while Lee lost at least 5,000 men.

During the night McClellan abandoned the hill and retreated toward Harrison's Landing on the James, where he had the protection of his gunboats. On the next morning, July 3, Jackson was ordered to pursue with his corps and Holmes's division. On that day, while pressing on McClellan's rear, the gunboats subjected Jackson's troops to the terrible ordeal of withstanding an enfilading fire, while their great shells were tearing up trees and plowing up the ground. General Winder, commanding the Stonewall brigade, was next to the river. He sent word to Jackson that his men were afraid of those big shells thrown by the gunboats and that he had halted. Jackson said, "Tell General

Winder that I am as much afraid of the shells as his men, but to continue his advance." The looks and noise of the shells were full of terror, but they did not kill many men. They did little harm. Lee kept McClellan's army on the river under the protection of the gunboats until the 8th of July, when he ordered Jackson to Richmond, and thus ended the seven-days' fighting and McClellan's campaign against the "rebel capital." He was fairly defeated, with heavy losses, and his army demoralized. The Confederates, while greatly elated, were badly hurt, and had sustained heavy losses.

Lee's strategy in this campaign was perfect and equal to that displayed by the greatest generals of the world. It was not only faultless, but grand in conception. In tactical execution, however, he was not near equal to his strategy. There was a lamentable want of knowledge of the topography of the country. No guides could be obtained who knew all the roads, streams and bridges of the vast extent of ground over which the fighting had occurred. There was great confusion on this account. The swamps, roads and streams being very numerous, commands would take the wrong road, and consequently there was no support of the Confederate column of attack at Savage's Station, Frazier's Farm and Malvern Hill, and the lack of organization, for which Lee was not responsible, as he had been in command of the army less than one month, was a disadvantage. When Holmes was sent to obstruct that which was supposed to be the only road by which McClellan could retreat, he took position on it, and after it was too late discovered that there was another road nearer the river, along which McClellan had an uninterrupted retreat, and that he chose. Holmes was a poor general, utterly lacking in enterprise and activity. At Malvern Hill, D. H. Hill was to charge when he heard the shouts of Magruder's men when they had succeeded in carrying an entrenched line in their front. Hill heard a shout, and supposing that it proceeded from Magruder's command, when in fact it did not,—and instead of having a staff officer there to see, he guessed,—advanced and was repulsed with heavy loss. About the time he retired Magruder advanced and met a similar fate. To all these miscarriages and blunders, more than to his ability, was due the escape of McClellan's army. In round numbers McClellan had 100,000 in the campaign; Lee, 85,000 men.

The divisions of Longstreet and A. P. Hill, unsupported, fought the battle of Frazier's Farm on June 30th. Lee ordered the attack in the full expectation of the participation of Huger's division and Jackson's corps. Huger was delayed by encountering obstructions of his road—the felling of trees by the retreating foe. Jackson found an important bridge across the unfordable stream of White Oak destroyed, and a force—Franklin's division—defending the passage, which caused delay in driving the enemy and rebuilding the bridge. Longstreet in his book charges Jackson with undue slothfulness and says that he could have turned the obstruction by a march of four miles around it and have arrived in time to have completely overthrown the enemy, and to illustrate it says that General Wright's brigade of Huger's division took that route and marched it leisurely, halting several times on the way

General Long in his "Memoirs of Lee" (p. 175) says:

The delay on the part of General Jackson was very unusual. The explanation of his delay on this occasion was that, being greatly exhausted by long marches and battles for more than a week, he sought a short repose. His staff, out of mistaken regard for their general, permitted him to sleep far beyond the time he allowed himself. When he awoke he was greatly chagrined at the loss of time that had occurred, the damage of which he was unable to repair.

It was believed by many very competent judges that if Jackson and Huger had arrived on time, or near it, that two corps of McClellan's army would have been completely destroyed or captured. President Davis, who was on the field, believed it. This would inevitably have caused the capture or overthrow of the bulk of the Federal army. For once the ever-alert, resistless, vigilant and active Stonewall Jackson, overcome by fatigue, was seduced by "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and lost the opportunity of destroying the great Army of the Potomac. Troops never fought more gallantly than did those of Longstreet and A. P. Hill. Many casualties occurred on both sides, but the Confederates held the field, and during the night the Union troops escaped.

General Longstreet says in his book, "From Manassas to Appomattox:"

Frazier's Farm was a halting failure of a combination of forces; and Malvern Hill an accident resulting from the armies standing close abreast many hours. Malvern Hill left out, the two armies would have mingled their lines between that and Westover during the 3rd and 4th of July.

The first sentence in the above quotation is a censure of Generals Jackson and Huger for their slothfulness in failing to arrive at Frazier's Farm during the battle and thus losing the opportunity of destroying the enemy and winning a great victory. And what he says of Malvern Hill is a censure of both Jackson and Lee for the delay in attacking until late in the evening, and probably for attacking at all, in that position. It was a hard-fought battle. There was a lack of concert of action of the divisions in the attack. One would advance and be repulsed before another got fairly in action. The position of the Federals was a strong one on elevated ground, and well chosen for defense, with one hundred cannon so arranged that an assault upon them was a terrible undertaking. The Confederates had only twenty pieces in available positions. They could not cope with five-fold their number. Major-General Fitz John Porter, a corps commander, was in immediate command. His second, General McCall, was captured by Longstreet's troops. But Porter repulsed the Confederates at every point, and that night retreated, leaving his dead and wounded.

The second sentence in the above quotation evidently means that the Confederates were badly worsted. That "Malvern Hill left out, the two armies would have mingled their lines between that [place] and Westover during the 3d and 4th of July," meaning that the Confederates would probably have overcome and destroyed the Federal army. He then speaks of McClellan's masterly retreat and his ability to cross swords with his able adversary. Though his statement of facts may be substantially correct, General Longstreet shows that while he was skilled in the science of war, he was equally expert in slinging mud so as to bespatter all about him, but leaving his own regimentals spotless. He also says before Malvern Hill was reached, "If Jackson could [implying tardiness] have joined against the right of Sumner with his brigades, the latter could have been dislodged, the Confederates passing the swamp with him, which would have marked the beginning of the end. The occasion was especially propitious."

General Longstreet says that the total losses of the Federal army was but 15,249, and the Confederate loss was greater, from 18,000 to 19,000. That the casualties on each side were equal until the battle of Malvern Hill, at which the Confederates lost about 5,000 and the Federals only about one-third that number

He says (p. 151):

The great Napoleon would have captured Richmond after the disaster at Malvern Hill with his regular organized army of veterans.

General Lee thought that he would capture McClellan's army, but some of his leaders were working at cross-purposes and did not have that close attention that the times called for.

Why was he not more specific? Why did he not give the names of those faithless leaders? If he intended to state only the truth, as every writer of history should, he would have specified the traitorous leaders who were working at cross-purposes. We do not believe his statement. He and Jackson were both major-generals then, he being the senior, but he commanded only a division while Jackson commanded a corps. In his book he seems disposed to damn Jackson with faint praise, but at the time it must be admitted he did not allow his jealousy to influence his military conduct, for he handled his men with ability and fought heroically.

General Dick Taylor in his very interesting book says of the seven days' fighting around Richmond:

General Lee was without maps or efficient guides, and was himself and staff unacquainted with the topography of his field of operations, which materially resulted in blunders on the part of subordinate commanders.

Mr Davis, in Vol. II, chapter 24, pp. 144, 145, of "History of the Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," practically reiterates and enlarges on the same line as Taylor.

General Long, in his "Memoirs," pp. 179, 180, denies these statements, and says that General Lee had maps of the seat of war, and for any deficiency or inaccuracy in them the War Department in Richmond was responsible. He says:

The statement in regard to Lee's want of knowledge of the topography of his field of operations and the inferiority of his guides is incorrect. The blunders complained of were more the result of inattention to orders and want of proper energy on the part of a few subordinate commanders, than of lack of knowledge of the country, that Lee allowed McClellan's army to escape capture.

Mr. Davis, in Vol. II, p. 152, of the "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," says:

Under ordinary circumstances the army of the enemy should have been destroyed. Its escape was due to the cause already stated. Prominent among

these was the want of correct information. This fact, together with the character of the country, enabled General McClellan skilfully to conceal his retreat and to add much to the obstructions with which nature had beset the way of our pursuing columns.

“Prominent among the causes,” says Mr. Davis, “was the want of correct information.” If, as General Long states, Lee had correct maps, good guides and was himself familiar with the country, why was it that he found it necessary to go in person to explore the lay of the land before he knew how and where to place Holmes’s division? How was it that General Lee was not aware of the existence of the road which McClellan took in effecting his retreat from Malvern Hill if he were perfectly familiar with the country, as General Long asserts? There is some truth, no doubt, in all the statements made of the reasons why Lee lost his opportunity to capture or destroy the Federal army. There can be no question that neither Lee nor any of his subordinate commanders were perfectly familiar with the country, nor can it be said that the guides were all well informed and intelligent. But the greatest trouble after all was that Lee did not have men enough. If he had had 20,000 more men—equal to McClellan in numbers—no doubt he would have destroyed the Federal army. His achievements, considering the disparity in numbers, were wonderful and stamped Lee as a very great general.

Mr. Davis says that Lee’s army took more than 10,000 prisoners, including officers of high rank, 52 pieces of artillery, and upwards of 35,000 stand of small arms, stores and supplies of every description, great in amount and value, but small in amount compared with those destroyed by the Federal army itself. Mr. Davis estimates the losses in men of that army as greater than in that of the Confederate. In this he was probably mistaken. It was, however, currently reported that when McClellan reached the gunboats and had enjoyed a good night’s rest, he said that they were such comfortable things that he thought “there ought to be a gunboat in every family.”

CHAPTER XV

CEDAR RUN

A New Federal Army—General Pope in Command—The Battle of Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain—The "Little Napoleon"—Jackson's Shrewd Move.

On the 27th day of June, while the battles of Cold Harbor and Gaines's Mill were progressing, President Lincoln published an order creating the "Army of Virginia," to consist of the forces under Fremont in the Mountain department, of Banks in the Shenandoah Valley department, and of McDowell on the Rappahannock, which, had the latter been within supporting distance of McClellan, cut off all hope of aid to him from that quarter. Major-General John Pope was assigned to the command of this new army.

On the 13th of July the regiment, under the command of Major Lowther, marched with Jackson's corps, now consisting of his division under Taliaferro, Ewell's and A. P. Hill's, to Gordonsville, where he remained in observation during the remainder of that month and the first days of August. Gen. John Pope's army was concentrating on the Rappahannock and at Culpeper Court House. Under his orders the soldiery were pillaging, laying waste, and committing the most unheard-of outrages upon the people of the country through which he advanced. In one of his orders he boasted that his headquarters were in the saddle and that the only sight he ever had of the rebels was their backs. Jackson moved on the 7th and 8th down toward Culpeper, and turning to the left on the 9th of August at the northern foot of Slaughter's Mountain, and on the west side of Cedar Run, met the right wing of Pope's army under General Banks. The Fifteenth was detached from its brigade and sent to follow Latimer's battery along the crest of the mountain and to support it if necessary. I was, with my company, ordered to precede the regiment and to keep close to Latimer's guns, which I did. Having at one time left my company just over a high point to

protect the men, I went forward about one hundred yards in the woods, where I could overlook the beautiful valley below and see the effects of Latimer's fire on the Federals, who were down in the valley. One of our guns opened the ball, and as the shell went fluttering and screeching through the air far overhead, I heard a scream like the voice of a woman. A Yankee battery replied to our gun and the shells made a hideous noise as they passed overhead. Just then several ladies, whose appearance indicated culture and refinement, came toward me up the mountain and appealed to me for assistance. They lived in the valley which was now about to become a battle-field. They were frightened so much they scarcely knew where they were. I directed them to cross the ridge and go to one of the farm houses beyond, where they would be perfectly safe. They told me that one of their number had fainted and they had left her with a negro girl in the woods below. I went down the mountain a short distance and found her. She was a young lady, and as perfect a beauty as was ever reared on the soil of the Old Dominion. She was pale and scarcely able to walk. I assured her that there was no immediate danger and assisted her over the crest and made the girl wait for her. My company then required my attention and I left the young lady and never saw her again. The family referred to were Mrs. Crittenden and her daughters. While the artillery duel was progressing our lines advanced and so did the enemy, and I witnessed the shock from the mountain top. It was a grand sight. Latimer's battery now moved around and took position in the front yard of Slaughter's house and opened with his four Napoleon twelve-pounders a plunging flank fire upon the enemy. The battle was now raging furiously. The Fifteenth advanced under the fire of Latimer's guns to and beyond the foot of the mountain. Latimer, a Virginia boy, in his eighteenth year, sat his horse in the midst of the volcano of smoke and bursting shells, advancing his guns in echelon down the mountain, his clear, boyish voice ringing out, "Ready, aim, fire!" while the roar of his guns was deafening and the bursting shells of the enemy plowed up the ground around him and filled the air with sulphurous smoke. This beardless boy, whom General Early called his "Little Napoleon," was killed at Gettysburg the next year, he being a major of artillery commanding sixteen pieces, and not then nineteen years old. Major Lowther halted the Fifteenth at the head of a branch for a short time. While here

a shell exploded within a few feet of my face, but I received no injury except that a few grains of the powder stuck in my face. A solid shot struck a man in Company F (I am unable to give his name) and only some few fragments of him were ever found. He had a pair of pants rolled up, which he carried under his arm, and they were carried away and could not be found. The regiment then made a rapid advance to capture a battery, but the enemy succeeded in getting it across the bridge before we could reach it. It was now deep dusk and the enemy was all across Cedar Run in full retreat, our troops crossing after them and several of our batteries firing upon them. The Fifteenth crossed the bridge and advanced to the foot of the hill, where a Louisiana brigade was found blocking up the road ahead of us. Jackson's vanguard was soon fired upon and halted, where we remained until about midnight, and then were counter-marched, recrossed the Run, and slept upon the battle-field. The most serious loss to the Confederates was that of General Winder, commander of the Stonewall brigade, who was a most excellent officer. He was killed early in the action.

The next morning the major portion of Jackson's corps was found in line on and around the base of the mountain, where he awaited the advance of the enemy all day, keeping Stewart's cavalry well to the front. Details were busy burying the dead and removing the wounded. On the morning of the 11th a flag of truce came for permission to bury the dead, which was granted. It took a long time to accomplish it, as they lay thick upon the field. At five o'clock they had not finished, and requested further time, which was accorded them. So ended the battle of Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain. That night, Jackson having learned that Pope's whole army was moving to attack him, had extensive camp fires built to deceive the enemy, and then marched off, and next morning was many miles away on his return to Gordonsville. The official report of General Trimble shows the casualties in the regiment to have been one killed and seven wounded in this engagement.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS

Advance of Lee's Army on Pope—Battle of Hazel River—Jackson Turns Pope's Right Flank and Reaches His Rear—Bristow Station and the Junction—Second Battle of Manassas, or Bull Run—Taylor's Description of Ewell—Isaac R. Trimble—The Fitz John Porter Case.

After the battle of Cedar Run, Jackson's corps remained in their camp at Gordonsville for a few days. Ewell's division moved down the south side of the Rapidan to and in the neighborhood of Porter's and Morton's fords. The army under Pope began to concentrate about Culpeper Court House and Stevensburg, when a part of Longstreet's corps arrived from Richmond, and on the 20th of August Lee, who was now present with both corps of his army, crossed the Rapidan and advanced on Pope, who retreated rapidly and in considerable confusion across the Rappahannock, and thus the braggart who had "never seen the rebels except their backs" was exhibiting to the rebels that interesting part of his own anatomy. Just beyond Stevensburg two Virginia soldiers, who had deserted to the Yankees and entered the service on that side, were recognized and fully identified among the prisoners captured by General Stewart's cavalry. General Jackson ordered them hanged to the limb of a tree by the roadside, which was done, and there left hanging until the army had passed, or rather that portion of it which passed along that road. Behind the Rappahannock Pope made a stand and deployed his artillery so as to cover every ford and point of that stream where a crossing might possibly be effected.

While the artillery duel of the 20th was progressing I was sent with my company to support a section of Courtney's battery, some half a mile down the river. I formed my company just in rear of the guns, and a fragment of the very first shell thrown by the enemy wounded me in my left arm and tore my coat sleeve considerably. The blood ran down my arm pretty freely for a short time, but as the injury was slight I did not retire from the

field or lose any time from the service on account of it, and mention it only as one of many of the little incidents in the history of the regiment. No further damage was done, except the wounding of an artilleryman; and when the firing was over I returned to the regiment with my company. That night it rained heavily and continuously nearly all night. I have no recollection of any considerable battle having been fought, but that it was almost immediately followed by copious rains. The superstitious have said that it was the intervention of Providence to wash from the earth the human gore, etc., but I don't think that the blood of man is held in such high esteem by the Great Creator of all things as to cause Him to interfere with the uniform and perfect operation of His laws for any such purpose. I prefer to attribute the rain to natural and philosophical causes, and am quite certain that the loud noise—the heavy shocks of the atmosphere produced by the artillery firing—causes the rain. If not too expensive, when the farmers' crops are suffering from drought, it might be well to fire big guns in the neighborhood to bring the rain. I had rather risk it than a prayer-meeting. The United States Government has tried it and it does bring the rain, but it is too expensive for practical purposes.

Jackson continued moving up the river, seeking a crossing, with Longstreet occupying each position as soon as vacated by Jackson. At Warrenton Springs Ford he attempted to cross, and succeeded in getting two brigades over, but a heavy rain delayed the work until the river was swollen so that the artillery could not be crossed, and by morning it could not be forded by the infantry.

The enemy had discovered the situation and moved rapidly up the river, but by skilful and rapid work a sort of rude bridge was improvised, over which the brigades were withdrawn just as the enemy was advancing to crush or capture them. Another artillery duel ensued between A. P. Hill's batteries and the enemy's across the river.

The bulk of Pope's army was now concentrating between the river at this point and Warrenton Springs. Stuart, with a part of Fitz Lee's cavalry brigade, crossed the Rappahannock under orders from General Lee, and passed to Pope's rear for the purpose of breaking and disabling for use the Alexandria Railroad, upon which Pope depended for transportation of supplies and reinforcements. Stuart made his raid successful in everything

except crippling the road. He captured three hundred prisoners and came near taking General Pope himself. The braggart did not look for the backs of the rebels that night, but fled from his headquarters in his night clothes. Stuart captured his papers and his coat and brought them to Lee, by which he learned the number of men Pope had and the reinforcements he was expecting.

Jackson moved on up the Rappahannock, and on the 22d, after crossing Hazel River near its junction with the former, Trimble's and Hood's brigades had a spirited engagement with a considerable body of the enemy, who had crossed over the Rappahannock to capture our wagon-train, which Trimble was guarding. They were driven back with severe loss, some being drowned while recrossing or shot while in the water. The casualties in the regiment were but few. Major Lowther was in command, and if he ever made any report I never saw it. General Alexander's roster says the loss of the regiment was four killed, thirteen wounded and one missing. I doubt there having been so many, but it may have been correct. I recall several casualties in that engagement. I was then a captain in command of my company.

On the 23d and 24th Jackson was still moving by his left flank northward up the river to find an uninterrupted crossing beyond Pope's observation, while Longstreet amused him in the rear. On the morning of the 25th we crossed on a very inferior little bridge, the stream at this point being small and narrow; the crossing was at Henson's Mill, four miles above Waterloo. We passed through the village of Orleans and bivouacked near Salem that night after a long and very fatiguing march. Early the next morning Jackson, with his usual vigor and celerity of movement, had us agoing. We passed through Bull Run Mountains at Thoroughfare Gap, through which the railroad from Manassas Junction to Front Royal pass. We then marched via the village of Gainesville and reached the Alexandria Railroad at Bristow Station after sunset. At Gainesville, Stuart, with the brigades of Robertson and Fitz Lee, joined Jackson and continued with him to the battle which ensued a few days later. We were now completely in Pope's rear and between his army and Washington. We had marched nearly sixty miles in two days, and subsisted mainly on green corn and half ripe apples hastily gathered from the fields and orchards we passed on the march. Taylor's brigade was in the advance, Trimble's next. The former was

formed in line along the railroad west of the hotel and the latter east of it. A number of Yankee officers were just sitting down to an excellent supper at the hotel when they were captured, and Jackson and his staff, very unwelcome and unexpected guests, took supper with them. Trains which had been run over on the Rappahannock carrying reenforcements to Pope, were now heard returning, but of course the Confederates could not know that they were empty. A cross-tie was thrown across the track on an embankment for the purpose of throwing the train from the track, but to the surprise of the Confederates, the cow-catcher threw off the obstruction and the train escaped and made its way to Washington, but with several bullet holes in it. Another obstruction was arranged, and four field guns were shotted and placed in position to knock the next train from the track if the obstruction failed. Then came three long trains in close proximity to each other. The engine of the first struck the obstruction, leaped into the air and then tumbled down the embankment amidst the roar of musketry, for both brigades fired on it. The engine of the second plowed through the cars of the first train, throwing them high in the air, and overturning them, until it was itself overturned and went crashing down the embankment. The engine of the third came plowing and crashing along like its predecessor, until it could go no farther, and stopped on the track. The engineer was captured by some of the Fifteenth Alabama men, and also two or three other prisoners, one of whom proved to be a civilian who had been on a visit to the army. One of his legs was broken just above the ankle. He was laid upon the ground near a fire. He inquired who we were, and when informed he expressed a desire to see Stonewall Jackson. I pointed out Jackson to him, who just then stood on the opposite side of the fire closely engaged in interrogating the engineer. He requested to be raised, which was done. He surveyed the great Confederate general in his dingy gray uniform, with his cap pulled down on his nose, for half a minute, and then in a tone of disappointment and disgust exclaimed, "O my God! Lay me down!" Immediately after the trains were wrecked, General Trimble ordered the Fifteenth to remove the debris so as to save the locomotive and cars still on the track, and marched on with the remainder of his brigade to capture Manassas Junction, which was seven miles farther east. Major Lowther had been left behind, reported on the sick list, and Capt. Isaac B. Feagin was in command of the

regiment and I was his assistant. We made every effort with the means we had, and soon found that the whole regiment could not remove the wreck without tools and proper implements to work with. The question then was, What should we do? Finally I went to General Jackson and represented to him the impracticability of the undertaking. He walked with me down to the wreck and examined it. After his interview with the engineer he then said to Feagin, "Well, Captain, just set fire to it and rejoin your brigade, which has gone to capture the Junction." It was then after nine o'clock and we had marched thirty miles that day, but we did as we were ordered, set fire to the wreck and marched for the Junction. By the light of that fire we could and did see how to march for over a mile.

When we reached Manassas Junction, Trimble had just captured the place. It was after one o'clock. The Federal pickets fired a shot or two and ran in. Trimble advanced in line of battle in the darkness. Eight pieces of artillery were discharged from where they were parked, killing and wounding thirteen men in the Twenty-first Georgia regiment. Trimble's line then charged and carried the place without further loss. A vast quantity of stores were captured. Numbers of sutlers had stores in the place, and these were rifled of their contents. A sort of negro camp-meeting was going on here, and some of the soldiers got into the shanties containing the colored women's wardrobes. Many of the soldiers were bareheaded, or so near it that they wore brimless hats, and all such supplied themselves with women's hats and tied them on with the long red ribbons and trimmings attached. They had marched in the dust and perspired until their clothing had splotches of a glossy appearance almost like enameled leather. Then when one-fourth of them were decorated with negro women's hats their appearance was ludicrous, but when these half-starved men sang songs of merriment and danced around their camp fires at two o'clock at night, eating lobster salad and drinking rhine wine, the scene was ludicrous in the extreme, and impressed one with the belief that such men could never be whipped upon any fair field; and they never were while Jackson lived, no matter what odds were against them. To kill them was the only way to conquer them.

On the morning of the 27th of August, the train which escaped at Bristow the previous night having carried the intelligence to Washington that some sort of a raid was being made on Pope's

communications and the railroad, they supposed it to be only a body of Confederate cavalry, and despatched a train with General Taylor and his New Jersey brigade to meet the raiders. That any Confederate general with a corps of infantry would or could pass entirely around Pope's grand army and appear in his rear was not once thought of at Washington. Yet it was a fact that Jackson was there in the rear of Pope, some thirty-five miles distant from Longstreet and Lee with the remainder of the army, thus placing Pope between the two with an army as great in numbers as all of Lee's forces united. Had Pope been an able, enterprising general, like Hoche or Napoleon, or like Jackson or Lee, he would have beaten the Confederates in detail; he would have taken Jackson before Longstreet's corps could have arrived—but he was only a common-place general, a braggart and a failure, like Lachelle, whose only order was to "march majestically and *en masse*."

Taylor's brigade left the cars at Bull Run and came marching up in line of battle north of the railroad and nearly at right angles to it. Trimble's brigade lay upon the ground near the crest of a ridge just in front of one of the old forts, ready to receive the New Jersey men when they approached near enough, but the men could not be restrained until they got fairly within range. Taylor brought up his brigade in splendid style. The temptation was too great for Stuart, who had the guns of his horse artillery in two of the forts, and he opened fire upon them. He sat on his horse near the guns watching the effect of each shot and as nearly every shell exploded right in their ranks, he clapped his hands and shouted with laughter, crying out, "Good, good! give them another!" At last a shell, or fragment of one, knocked General Taylor from his horse, killing him instantly and his brigade broke in retreat. Stuart shouted and clapped his hands together several times in an ecstasy of delight, but unfortunately he had no cavalry present, or he could have captured every man of them. Trimble put us on the run in pursuit, which was continued to Centerville, a distance of seven miles. But infantry cannot pursue infantry to any great advantage in the absence of cavalry. That evening Trimble marched his brigade back to the Junction. The next morning A. P. Hill's old division and two brigades of Ewell's, under General Early, marched for Centerville. Jackson's division marched directly to Manassas Plains. There was a pile of bacon as large as a small house, cut into pieces of convenient size, with

hundreds of boxes of hard bread opened and sitting near, and as each regiment marched by on leaving the Junction it was halted for two or three minutes and every man was allowed to help himself to all he could carry. What was left was to be burned when all were supplied. The men remembered how they had suffered for rations on the last march, and some largely overstocked and overloaded themselves. After marching a mile or two the roadside was strewn with large boxes full or half full of crackers and pieces of bacon. But still every man's haversack was stuffed full of rations, which was indeed fortunate, as by this means we all had plenty of Yankee rations to last until after the protracted engagements which ensued. We crossed Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford, where the little engagement of the 18th of July, 1861, was fought, and were soon tramping over the hills of Centerville. We were then turned westward and recrossed Bull Run at the stone bridge, and that evening reached our place in the line of battle which was formed with Jackson's old division, Brigadier-General Taliaferro commanding, on the right and along in the edge of the woods in the rear of Groveton; Ewell in the center and A. P. Hill on the left, making the line about one mile and a half long. Hill's left reached to Sudley's Ford on Bull Run. The line was protected a good part of the distance by an old unfinished railroad embankment. About the time of our arrival, Ewell, after having met and resisted for some time at Bristow Station the corps of Hooker and Reno, arrived with his other two brigades, having marched across the plain the shorter route to our present position. Late in the evening of this day, the 28th of August, as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, I could hear the heavy thunders of distant cannonading. Where and what was it? It was Longstreet forcing his way through Thoroughfare Gap, which was held and strongly defended by the rear of Pope's army under General Ricketts. But Lee and Longstreet knew the perilous position of Jackson, and by heavy pounding and their men's gallantry in scaling that rugged mountain and thus turning the enemy's flank, they drove through, as an immense battering-ram by repeated and heavy blows will drive through a stone wall. Just then the head of Pope's army came marching down the pike by Groveton in the direction of Washington. The road was blue with them for miles, marching four abreast, as though they were unconscious of danger. The Confederates were concealed in the woods. I saw a great dust

rising on our right and rear, which alarmed me, for I thought it was the enemy. Jackson and Ewell sat their horses alone a few steps in the old field just in our front. A horseman came through the thicket in our rear as fast as he could and inquired for General Jackson. I pointed to him; he rode up, gave the military salute, and said, "General Jackson, General Stuart requested me to give you his compliments and to tell you that he is in position on your right and rear." Jackson replied, "Return my thanks to General Stuart." The officer left as he had approached, with a polite salute. The head of the Federal column had now passed Groveton and was half way to the Henry House on the identical ground held by the Confederates at the first battle of Manassas, and the Confederates now occupied the ground held by the Federals then. Jackson raised his hand and pointed, and in his quick manner said, "Ewell, advance!" and darted off to the right like an eagle swooping from his lofty mountain peak downward upon his unsuspecting victim in the valley below. In a moment the old Stonewall division emerged from its hiding place, and with an alignment as perfect as at dress parade, it moved with steady step forward. Ewell came forth with Hays, Early and Lawton's brigades in equally splendid style on the left of Trimble, who was ordered to hold his command in reserve. The enemy halted, faced to the Confederates and came to meet them. I stood at the edge of the woods and saw more than ten thousand men between sunset and dark march up facing each other in the open field and engage in deadly conflict. Within one minute all was enveloped in smoke and a sheet of fire seemed to go out from each side to the other along the whole length of the lines, with the Confederate right steadily swinging forward and turning on the center as its pivot. Just after dark Captain McKim, a gallant Marylander, brought an order from Ewell to Trimble to advance, that the enemy had made a breach in the line between his right and Taliaferro's left. Trimble gave the loudest command I ever heard, to "Forward, guide center, march!" I could hear the echo in Bull Run Swamp for miles. There was a little copse of woods of about two acres in our front and it was through this that a brigade of Yankees had penetrated. We received their fire as we approached it. Our brigade, without orders, fell on the ground and opened a rapid fire in return. The enemy fell back to a fence on the opposite side of the woods and Trimble pressed to and drove them from the fence. They took position in a gulley which

had washed out down the hillside parallel to and about twenty steps from the fence. About this time Trimble was shot through the leg near the knee and borne from the field. His brigade gained the fence and lay down behind it. The enemy in front of the Fifteenth were armed with Belgian muskets and used explosive balls and when one would strike a tree or the fence it would explode with as loud a report as a pistol fired. When they struck a bone they exploded, lacerating the flesh frightfully. A false report reached the right of the brigade that our friends were in front and that we were firing on them. Captain Feagin received it from some one supposed to be in authority and he would give the command "Cease firing, our friends are in front!" I would repeat the order because Feagin was in command and it was my duty to obey, but as I was confident that they were Yankees and that we did not have any friends in our front, as soon as the order to cease firing was given I would say, "Fire on, men, they are Yankees!" and the firing would commence and extend along the line until the order "Cease firing, our friends are in front!" would come down the line again, and thus were we in a see-saw for more than forty minutes, while receiving at short range a very destructive fire. The carnage in our ranks was appalling. Some of the men on the left of the regiment believed so surely that our friends were in front that they refused to fire when I ordered them. I knew that the people in our front were enemies by a simple process of reasoning. If they were friends they were firing in the wrong direction, and there was scarcely a possibility of their getting into position to do that unless they about-faced and fired to the rear, which of course only crazy men would have done. If they were friends and firing the other way we could have seen the men between their fire and us; again, if the number of balls which reached us came through their ranks with our fire in their rear, they would have been cut down at once. No men on earth could withstand for any length of time such a tornado of bullets, front and rear, at short range and without protection of any sort; again, I knew that if they were friends that wounded men would have been passing constantly through our ranks to the rear, and none came. At last those in our front fled, and as they ran off set up their regular "Huzzah! Huzzah!" Lieutenant Brainard got over the fence and struck a match, and in and about the gully, fifteen or twenty steps from us, lay many dead and wounded Yankees, but no Confederates. Some say, and I believe

that Captain Feagin was afterwards of the opinion, that one of the Yankees in the darkness ran into our lines somewhere to our right and started the report that our friends were in front. I have no doubt that was the origin of it. Many good men believed the report that night and refused to fire. During the heaviest part of the engagement everything around was lighted up by the blaze of the musketry and explosion of balls like a continuous bright flash of lightning. I discovered two men several steps in rear of our line lying as close to the ground on their faces as ever a frightened squirrel lay upon the branch of a tree. They did not move until I used the flat side of my sword very freely upon their backs. We were not all of us as brave as Cæsar, nor were men, with but few exceptions, at all times alike brave. Much depends upon the state of the nervous system at the time. I knew one, in the first battle he was in, to run for five miles before he could halt, and afterwards that same man became one of the bravest and best soldiers in the regiment. The two referred to were men who would fight in personal combat, but that night it was too sublime for their courage. I saw a man in Company G standing up by the fence firing at the enemy. I took him to be Cicero Kirkland, and called him by that name two or three times and told him to sit down. He did not seem to hear me and I was still looking at him when he fell, as I thought, dead. When the fight was over and we were gathering up our dead and wounded the man proved to be John Sauls, a young man about eighteen years old. He was shot through the head. The ball entered between his left eye and his nose, just under his brow, and came out behind his right ear in the lobe, called the mastoid process. He was insensible. That poor fellow is still alive and lived in Eufaula, Ala., in 1904. He was a bright boy before he was wounded, but afterwards his face was drawn to one side, he had but very little mind, and was blind in one eye.

The loss of the regiment was heavy that night. I do not know what it was, as I did not command it, but only assisted Capt. I. B. Feagin. I know, however, that in my company Matt Barnes, Calvin Kirkland, Alonzo Watson, Jones Hickman and Lott W. McMath were killed. Hickman lived a few days and McMath's wound in the head was at first thought not to be dangerous, but the next day when it brought on fever he became insane, escaped from the field hospital and died in the woods alone. Thirteen others in my company were wounded. In Feagin's company,

which was next to mine and on the left, Mr. McJunkin, the chaplain, a young Presbyterian minister, took a gun and went into the fight praying, and got desperately wounded in both arms. Capt. R. E. Wright, then a lieutenant, was very severely and dangerously wounded. He was shot through one of his lungs and in one of his arms, which was broken. He was captured the next day in the ambulance train, and suffered intensely, but was recaptured the same evening. A good part of the time he did not know where he was, but finally recovered, though never able to render any further service. He is now a highly esteemed and useful citizen residing at Midway in Bullock County, Ala. There is no better man than Dick Wright. He was a Representative from Barbour County in the Legislature of 1886-7. I could name several others, but as I cannot give the names of all I only mention these as instances of recoveries from wounds at first supposed to have been mortal.

At the time of the cessation of our firing in consequence of the false report, "Cease firing, our friends are in front!" some one in Lawton's brigade, which was on our immediate left, called aloud, "Here is General Ewell, boys," and in an instant a terrible fusilade was directed by the Federals, who were as near to them as I was,—not more than fifty steps,—at the point where the voice was heard, and that gave Ewell the wound which caused him to lose one of his legs, and which ever after greatly impaired his health and efficiency as a general. He was one of the best division commanders in the Confederate Army. He was Jackson's first lieutenant and ranked next to him in popularity with the soldiers of the old corps, which after Jackson's death he commanded until his health failed him in the campaign of 1864.

Gen. Dick Taylor, in his book, "Destruction and Reconstruction," gives the following amusing, though correct, description of him:

Dick Ewell was of a singular modesty. Bright, prominent eyes, a bomb-shaped bald head, and a nose like that of Francis of Valois, gave him a striking resemblance to a woodcock; and this was increased by a bird-like habit of putting his head on one side to utter his quaint speeches. He fancied that he had some mysterious internal malady, and would eat nothing but frumenty, a preparation of wheat; and his plaintive way of talking of his disease, as if he were some one else, was droll in the extreme. His nervousness prevented him from taking regular sleep, and he passed nights curled around a camp-stool in positions to dislocate an ordinary person's joints and drive the "Caoutchouc man" to despair. On such occasions, after long silence, he would suddenly direct his eyes and nose toward me with, "General Taylor, what do you suppose President Davis made me a major-general for?" begin-

ning with a sharp accent and ending with a gentle lisp. Superbly mounted, he was the boldest of horsemen, invariably leaving the roads to take timber and water. No follower of the "Pytchley" or "Quorn" could have lived with him across country. With a fine tactical eye on the battle-field, he was never content with his own plan until he had secured the approval of another's judgment, and chafed under the restraint of command, proposing to fight with the skirmish line. On two occasions in the Valley, during the temporary absence of Jackson from the front, Ewell summoned me to his side, and immediately rushed forward among the skirmishers, where some sharp work was going on. Having refreshed himself, he returned with the hope that "Old Jackson would not catch him at it." He always spoke of Jackson, who was several years his junior, as "Old Jackson," and told me in confidence that he admired his genius, but was certain of his lunacy, and that he never saw one of Jackson's couriers approach without expecting an order to assault the north pole. Later, after he had heard Jackson seriously declare that he never ate pepper because it produced a weakness in his left leg, he was confirmed in this opinion. With all his oddities, perhaps in some measure because of them, Ewell was adored by officers and men.

He never married until after he had lost his leg, and then he married a widow, Mrs. Brown, said to have been his first love in early manhood. General Taylor says that after the war, when Ewell and his wife visited New Orleans, he called on them and Ewell, delighted to see him, took him by the hand and introduced him to "My wife, Mrs. Brown." Taylor continues:

How well I remember our chat! How he talked of his plans and hopes and happiness, and of his great lot of books, which he was afraid he would never be able to read through. The while, "my wife, Mrs. Brown," sat by, handsome as a picture, smiling on her general, as well she might, so noble a gentleman. A few short years and both he and his wife passed away within an hour of each other; but his last years were made happy by her companionship and comfortable by the wealth she brought him. Dear Dick Ewell! Virginia never bred a truer gentleman, a braver soldier, nor an odder, more lovable fellow.

Gen. Isaac R. Trimble was a Marylander, a West Pointer and an old army officer. Although about sixty-five years old, after the riot in Baltimore in 1861 and the manifestation of the purpose of the Lincoln Administration to coerce the seceding States back into the Union, from which, in the exercise of their reserved right as sovereign States, they had withdrawn, he came to Richmond and offered his services to the Confederacy. He was made a brigadier and assigned to the command of our brigade. He was unsurpassed for cool bravery. At Malvern Hill, when he had but three regiments, he formed them to charge one hundred pieces of artillery supported by the bulk of McClellan's army. It was at night. The solid shot and shells were thrown in every direction, tearing up the trees like a hurricane, and the red glare of

the fire from the cannon lighted up the forest around and gave an angry look to the skies. Fortunately for us, Jackson came along, and in his dry, crackling voice inquired, "What are you going to do, General Trimble?" "I am going to charge those batteries, sir." Jackson replied, "I guess you had better not try it. Gen. D. H. Hill has just tried it with his whole division and been repulsed; I guess you had better not try it, sir," and rode on. The brigade was delighted with this announcement. At Manassas, after he was wounded, he insisted on having his leg amputated, but the surgeons refused. After his recovery he was made a major-general. At Gettysburg, when General Pender was killed, Trimble was assigned to the command of his division and supported Pickett on the left in his charge of Cemetery Ridge on the 3d of July, 1863, and was wounded in the same leg and near the same place that he was wounded at Manassas the year before, and this time he lost his leg. When told that he must suffer amputation he cursed the surgeons who had saved his leg from the first wound, and said had they amputated it then, as he tried to get them to do, he would not have received the second wound, as that shot would have missed him. He survived the war, and died in Baltimore in 1889. As the Fifteenth Alabama never served under his command, nor that of General Ewell after this engagement at second Manassas, I have thought proper to pen this brief notice of each of them.

On the morning of the 29th of August the carnage of the field (which we held) was the most sickening of any I ever beheld. Our dead and wounded were terribly lacerated by the explosion of the balls that struck them. Some of our men, just after sunrise, started a little fire in the edge of the woods in which we had fought, and I had a tin cup on the fire endeavoring to make some coffee, when a Yankee battery, seeing the smoke, threw a conical shell of large field size, which struck the ground about fifty yards off, ricocheted and fell in our little fire, with the fuse burning as it whirled around and around, knocking the fire in every direction. I lay close to the ground, while the men in the group sprang to their feet and ran away, and the shell exploded and wounded two of them. I was not hurt, but I confess I was very much frightened. Jackson readjusted his lines and awaited Pope's attack, which we were satisfied would be made during the day. I was nauseated by the scenes of blood and suffering and the loss of my coffee, and I rode out to the northwest and passed General

Early with his brigade in a copse of woods guarding Jackson's right flank. I descended a hill just beyond and at a large spring I saw soldiers of Longstreet's corps, whom I knew. This was the first intimation I received of his arrival. I crossed a creek and went to a farm house just beyond and found the inmates to be good, hospitable Virginia women. They soon provided for me a good breakfast, with excellent coffee. I enjoyed it amazingly. When I had finished I lay down on the grass to take a nap while my horse grazed around me. I requested the ladies to call me if they saw any danger or heard heavy firing. I had a good sleep, of which I was sorely in need, but did not awake until the heavy firing began. I sprang on my horse and rode down the hill toward the creek, when I discovered three Union cavalymen coming toward me and riding rapidly. I hurried forward. They called to me to halt; I refused and put spurs to my horse. They chased me across the creek and then disappeared. The position of the regiment and brigade had been changed. The firing was pretty lively, and I had some difficulty in finding the command. Skirmishing went on, with occasional artillery firing, until 3 o'clock P. M., when Pope advanced his forces and attacked the entire Confederate line, except Early's brigade. We had the protection of the old railroad embankment, but at the right of the Fifteenth was a gap in it where there was no embankment at all for fifty or sixty yards. Stark's Louisiana brigade occupied the other side of it. The provost guard had caught quite a number of skulkers and stragglers and Jackson had Captain Scott, the provost and stragglers and Jackson had Captain Scott, the provost marshal, to form them into a company and put them to guard that chasm, I suppose as much for punishment as for the real benefit they might be. On came the Yankees and the first attack we easily repulsed, but the next was more determined. A major on horseback led his regiment up to the opposite side of the embankment and charged upon it, and Company A, Captain Shaff, of the Fifteenth, killed the major and his horse on the embankment. Captain Feagin, when the firing ceased, rebuked the company for killing so brave a man and said they should have captured him. General Jackson had ridden up in the woods in rear of the embankment and heard it. He said, "No, Captain, the men are right; kill the brave ones, they lead on the others."

Seeing their gallant major fall, this regiment broke and fled. Starke's men were kept busy, as well as Scott's stragglers. The third assault was then made by a heavy mass of the enemy on Starke, and with a determination to break through that gap. Scott's men were placed in the woods a little in rear of it, and kept up a steady fire. The Fifteenth, on the right of Trimble's brigade, not being engaged in front, fired right oblique to protect the gap and help Starke, whom they made a desperate and prolonged effort to drive from his position. They had one side of the embankment and the Louisianians the other, and the flags of opposing regiments were almost flapping together. There were a large number of flint rocks on the Confederate side of the embankment and the Louisianians fought with them. Such a flying of rocks never was seen. At last the Yankees gave way, and when they turned their backs and fled the ground was blue with their dead and wounded. A man named Grice in Company K, and I believe one in Company A, were killed. Lieut. Watt Jones, of Company B, was wounded, from which he lost an arm. He recovered, but subsequently died of smallpox. I don't remember any other casualties in the regiment that day, but doubtless there were others. The next attack was made upon A. P. Hill, to our left, but in sight. For two hours it was the most incessant musketry firing that I had up to that time ever heard at any one point. Hill held his ground, but Early was brought to his support. On Sunday, afterwards, I examined the ground and there was a space about three hundred yards long and two hundred yards wide literally covered with dead men. About dusk Friday evening Pope advanced his lines and began a general assault and the Confederates, worn out by the long and arduous fatigue, began at one or two points slowly and sullenly to give way, when fortunately Hood arrived with two brigades, the vanguard of Longstreet's immense corps, and fell upon the enemy's flank and drove it nearly a mile, which ended the fighting for that day.

On Friday night and Saturday morning Longstreet's troops were arriving and taking position at Groveton and extending the line across the pike in the direction of Bull Run below the stone bridge. Demonstrations were made toward Longstreet's line, but no serious attack was made by Pope until 4 o'clock P. M., and then it was again made against Jackson's line. It was a heavy assault, but Col. Stephen D. Lee's artillery, which was so posted as to enfilade the assaulting column, was so admirably served that

they soon gave way. Just then I saw D. R. Jones's and Toomb's brigades coming into line beyond the Henry house. Then Longstreet's whole line advanced and Jackson's joined in the forward movement. The scene was at this point indescribably grand. The Yankees would fall back a short distance, about-face and deliver their fire. The Confederates steadily pressed forward. The onward rush of the artillery, halting at every available position and delivering their fire, with the steady roll of the Confederate musketry and the "rebel yell," told that they were soon to be the victors. By an hour after dark Pope's army was across Bull Run and the second battle of Manassas was won, the Confederates not attempting to cross the Run that night in pursuit.

The moment when Porter's regulars made the last desperate assault upon Jackson's right is the stage of the battle presented in the grand Cyclorama which was for years kept upon permanent exhibition in Washington, D. C. But only one stage of the battle can be exhibited in a picture or painting, and that one most favorable to the Federals was selected by the artist. One-half hour later that field presented a much grander battle scene, when the Federals were being driven from point to point in the direction of Bull Run. It would not, however, be popular with the friends of the Union in that struggle to behold a cyclorama on exhibition in the Capital City of the nation in which the Union army was beaten and driven from the field. The Cyclorama is a great work of art and well worth seeing. It is a correct representation of the battle at the time and point exhibited.

Saturday night of August 30, 1862, closed on one of the bloodiest fields of the war. The Confederates were jubilant. Victory had perched upon their standards and Pope's army was in retreat on Washington. Though beaten, his army was not sufficiently demoralized to promise great fruits to a close pursuit. Besides, they were now in possession of the high hills and strong works at Centerville. The Confederates were badly crippled and needed rest.

Pope had planned badly and failed to take in the situation until the battle was too far spent for him to correct his errors, if it had been possible for him to have done so. But the men of his army never fought better. They seemed determined to compensate by obstinate fighting for the deficiency of generalship in their commander, and while their losses in killed and wounded were very great, that of the Confederates was not small. Indeed it had been

heavy, especially in officers. Regiments, and in some instances brigades, were commanded by captains. Every field officer in Trimble's brigade—then consisting of the Twelfth and Twenty-first Georgia, Twenty-first North Carolina and Fifteenth Alabama regiments—who was present at the beginning of the battle had disappeared during the three days' storm of lead and iron.

The opposing forces were more nearly equal than on some other fields of note. Pope had about 65,000 men and Lee had 47,000 present and about 10,000 more men on the march, who arrived after the battle. They had factions, jealousies and quarrels in the Federal Army in those days; in this respect the Confederates had the advantage, for while there was some such trouble among them it was not near so great, and Lee was *facile princeps*. No fault was found with anything he did or ordered done. Fitz John Porter was the best corps commander in the Federal Army. He was a strong friend and admirer of McClellan and had no respect for Pope nor confidence in his ability as a general, hence he doubted and hesitated to obey his order with reference to attacking Jackson's right on Friday evening, the 29th of August, when in fact Longstreet was in position to have destroyed his corps had he obeyed the order. The responsibility had to be fixed on some one for the loss of the battle. Porter being a McClellan man and a Democrat, and not in harmony with the Administration politically, was selected for the sacrifice. Accordingly he was arrested, court-martialed and cashiered; he barely escaped being shot. President Lincoln approved the finding and the intrepid corps commander was expelled from the army in disgrace. He persisted in asserting his innocence. Hayes, while acting President, was prevailed upon to assemble a board of army officers to review the proceedings of the court and to hear additional evidence, if any were offered, touching Porter's guilt. The board assembled. They examined Longstreet and other Confederates and elicited a considerable amount of testimony tending to show Porter's innocence. General Grant became convinced of it and wrote a letter in his behalf. The board had no power or jurisdiction to disturb the finding of the court, and hence was only advisory, and might justify the President in the exercise of the pardoning power so far as he could constitutionally do so. The additional testimony attracted public attention and sympathy. Bills were introduced in every Congress after the report of the Schofield board for the relief of Porter and to

restore him to his rank of colonel in the Regular Army. In the Forty-eighth Congress the question was most elaborately discussed and the bill passed, but was vetoed by President Arthur. The House of Representatives passed the bill over the veto by the requisite two-thirds, but it failed in the Senate. At the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress the bill, somewhat modified in form, was brought up and again most elaborately discussed in both houses of Congress. It passed and received the approval of President Cleveland, who appointed Porter to a colonelcy in the Army on the retired list, and thus ended one of the most notable cases of military punishment in the history of civilization. The writer, being then a member of Congress, made two speeches in the case, to show that Porter's punishment was greater than he deserved.

General Lee in his official report summed up the results of the battle as follows :

Seven thousand prisoners were taken, in addition to 2000 wounded left in our hands. We captured 30 pieces of artillery, upwards of 20,000 stand of small arms, numerous colors, and a large amount of stores, besides those taken by General Jackson at Manassas Junction, which he reported as 8 pieces of artillery with 72 horses, equipments and ammunition complete, 300 prisoners, 175 horses in addition to those with the artillery, 200 new tents, and a vast amount of commissary stores and sutler's goods.

CHAPTER XVII

BATTLE OF CHANTILLY FARM, OR OX HILL

The March Around Pope's Army via the Little River Turnpike—Battle of Chantilly Farm, or Ox Hill—A Dispute as to Command—Death of General Kearny.

On Sunday morning, it being the 31st, and last day of the month, Jackson ordered inspection and muster and that the men should exchange inferior arms for finer and better ones picked up on the field. Reports of casualties were sent in, rations supplied to and distributed among the men, all of which was done and we were ready to march by noon. We needed rest, but the tide of victory if taken at the flood it was hoped would lead on to fortune. So Jackson set his corps in motion. We crossed Bull Run at Sudley's Ford. The rain poured down, and after a fatiguing march of several miles north-northeast we bivouacked for the night. The next morning the march was resumed until Middle River Turnpike was reached. This pike formed a junction at Germantown with the Warrenton Pike which led to Washington. Jackson now headed his column down the pike with the view of intercepting Pope's retreat and taking him in flank, while Longstreet would press hard in his rear. About five o'clock we reached Chantilly Farm, within one or two miles of Germantown, and at a point called Ox Hill, where the pikes converge within rifle-shot of each other. Here the collision occurred. The Louisiana brigade, Colonel Strong commanding, was formed on our left at the edge of a wood along a fence, facing an open field, and Trimble's brigade, Captain Brown, of the Twelfth Georgia Regiment, commanding, continued the alignment nearly to the Little River Pike. The brigades of Branch and Field, of A. P. Hill's division, under Colonel Brockenbrough, advanced from the pike to the attack. The Federals met them by an advance of the divisions of Kearny and Reno, and the two brigades of Ewell and the two of Hill's division were soon heavily engaged, the Stonewall division to the left. A cold rain storm was full in our faces and

drenched us to the skin while the fighting was going on. Hill's brigades were driven back, and the Louisiana brigade gave way, a thing it never had done before, on any field, when commanded by Wm. H. T. Walker, Dick Taylor, or Hays. Colonel Strong, its commander, doubtless brave enough, was of a very excitable manner, which always has a demoralizing influence upon the best soldiers. No command is reliable when its chief is unsteady, very excitable, or cowardly. As the Louisiana brigade gave way, one regiment after another of Trimble's brigade followed the example. The Fifteenth Alabama was on the right, Captain I. B. Feagin commanding, and hence was the last to receive the panic. I was acting as major, hence on the left. The Twelfth Georgia was next on the left, and when it began to give way I tried to stop the men and make them return to the fence. I appealed to the proud record the regiment had previously made, but it was unavailing. An appeal to the pride of men when panic-stricken is completely thrown away. That discipline which makes them fear to disobey their commander, or the electrical influence of daring example, are the only means of controlling men thus circumstanced.

Captain Brown, our brigade commander, seeing the retrograde movement of his regiment, with his conspicuous black plume in his hat, his long sabre in hand, his face aglow with excitement and indignation, looked like Goliath with his weaver's beam. His tall form was conspicuous along the line among the retreating men, trying to halt them, and cursing like a trooper, when a Federal bullet struck him in the head and killed him instantly. The Fifteenth Alabama, the last regiment of the brigade, caught the panic. Captain Feagin, myself, and others tried to hold it in position, but we were but captains, and the panic was too much for us. I ordered my old company back to the fence, which it had left but a few steps. The men obeyed me. We remained but a minute, when Private Daniel McClellan said to me in his long-drawling, North Carolina mountaineer voice, "Captain, are you going to keep us here when every one else is gone? Our company can't fight the whole Yankee army." I saw that he was right and then ordered a retreat; we ran about 150 yards back into the woods, where the brigade was attempting to reform. All was confusion and no one knew what captain held the rank and was entitled to command the brigade. A captain of the Twelfth Georgia Regiment claimed it, and was up on a log haranguing

very patriotically. Before leaving the fence I had been hit on my right shin by either a ball or a piece of shell, I know not which. It knocked my foot from under me and was decidedly painful, and although the skin was not broken, in consequence of the protection afforded by my boot-leg, yet it was a severe bruise and sloughed afterwards. Added to this was the disgraceful conduct of our men, all of which gave me a very unchristian state of mind. The Georgia captain was yelling and shouting to the troops as excitedly as though exhorting at a camp-meeting in time of a revival. I had seen him but a few minutes before "working in the lead" when his regiment was retreating in disorder. I told him very emphatically that he could not command me for I would not serve under him. Besides, there was then no means at hand by which to determine who held the rank. I was willing to have served under the command of any private in the brigade if he were half-way competent and would stand squarely up and face the fire, but I did not intend to be commanded by that captain. I withhold his name because he was afterwards killed in battle while behaving most gallantly. Let his faults be buried with him. I went to Captain Feagin, and he very promptly decided to act on his own judgment and to fight the regiment with or independently of the remainder of the brigade throughout that action according to the circumstances. We moved forward to regain the ground we had lost. The other regiments to our left followed our example.

Fortunately just at the moment of our advance A. P. Hill brought into action the brigades of Gregg, Thomas, and Pender, and the Federals gave ground before their advance, so that we regained our fence without the severe contest which we expected. It was now dark and the rain ceased. Only some desultory firing was going on, when Major-General Phil Kearny rode up near to some of Thomas's Georgia brigade, and mistaking them for his own men ordered them to cease firing. They in turn demanded that he surrender. He wheeled his horse and dashed off; they fired and killed him, but his skin was not broken. Kearny and Reno had gained the night, which was of vast importance to Pope. By morning his rear-guard only was in Germantown and his army away beyond and nearing the fortifications of Washington. Kearny was a gallant officer in the war with Mexico, in which he lost an arm. General Lee knew him well and had great respect for him. It was ascertained that after he fell that night his body had been robbed of his watch and other valuables. General Lee

sent around to the different regiments a request that these be returned, and the soldiers who had the valuables promptly surrendered them. General Lee then sent the body of the dead general into the Federal lines under a flag of truce. His remains were interred in Trinity Church-yard, New York, near those of Alexander Hamilton. This was appropriate, because he came to his death fighting for the maintenance of the principles and theory of government ably and ingeniously, but erroneously, advocated by Hamilton. The losses of the regiment in this engagement were not heavy. They will be found in the official reports and on the muster rolls of the respective companies.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN

In Maryland—The Spirit of Volunteering Broken—Condemnation of Policy of Confederate Government—The Confederate Soldiers in the Ranks Extolled in Highest Degree—The Other Side of the Conscript Question—The Capture of Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry by Jackson—The Loss of D. H. Hill's Order—The Battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam—Disparity of Numbers—Lee a Great General, But When He Recrossed the Potomac Back Into Virginia for the Lack of Numbers, the Decadence of the Confederacy Began.

On the morning of the 2d of September, 1862, I went to General Lawton, the division commander, and informed him of the condition of Trimble's brigade, and requested him to assign an officer of rank and courage to the command of it, and suggested Colonel James A. Walker, of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment. Colonel Walker was placed in command at once, and continued to command it until after the battle of Sharpsburg, when he was made a brigadier-general and assigned to the old Stonewall brigade. During the 2d we were in camp not far from Chantilly Farm preparing for the march of the next day. On the 3d and 4th the army moved through Loudon County to White's Ford, where on the 5th it crossed, by wading the Potomac, into Maryland, and from thence marched to Frederick City and went into camp near that place on the Monocacy River September the 7th. Here we remained two days. I visited Frederick and rode through the town. One-half of the business houses and residences were closed. The other half were wide open and alive to the comforts of the soldiers, while the Confederate flag floated proudly over every one of them. Three companies of volunteers were raised by Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, who marched with Lee's army when it left there. No doubt these new volunteers were greatly disappointed when they found that the movement of Lee was back toward Virginia instead of forward. Had he been strong enough in numbers to have pressed forward and won

a victory, volunteers would have joined the Confederates by thousands, and success would have been almost a certainty. But the President and his Cabinet at Richmond had refused to accept volunteers faster than they could procure arms for them. General Sidney Johnston in the West appealed to them to allow him to accept volunteers for twelve months, but they refused, and he lost Kentucky and Tennessee. They adopted the defensive go-slow policy, put the volunteers in camps of instruction, and undertook to make regulars out of them. This should have been done one year previously, but not in the fall of 1862. This course dampened the ardor and repressed the enthusiasm which universally prevailed among the people of the Confederacy the year before. During 1861 and the first part of 1862 unarmed regiments in the rear to have taken the places and arms of those who had held the front of battle for a day would have assured victory upon every field. The captured arms could have been utilized at once, for the enthusiasm of our men would have been at fever heat. The Federals, disconcerted by our tactics and numbers, and demoralized by our successes, would have fled before the advance of our victorious armies, and the Confederacy would in all probability have achieved its independence. But when Lee had to retrace his steps; when at the battle of Sharpsburg (or Antietam, as the Yankees call it), after two days of heroic fighting with odds against him of three to one, he was compelled to put the Potomac between him and McClellan for the lack of more troops, there was very little prospect left of the success of the Confederacy. From that event demoralization began among our people at home. The enthusiasm which had prompted volunteering was at an end and conscription took its place. Men began actively to hunt for bomb-proof positions and to be congratulated by their friends when they found such. The price of substitutes rose rapidly. The twenty-negro exemption law was regarded as a great blessing by all who were fortunate enough to have them. Why? Because it enabled the owner to produce supplies with which to feed our soldiers? No. This was the pretext under which the law was enacted. But those who availed themselves of its provisions did so for another and more potential reason, which was and is plain enough to every one. To state it is unnecessary. It enabled the owner to keep out of the army; he was not subject to conscription. Its advocates claimed that it was a necessary part of the conscription act. The act was a levy *en masse* of all the white

males within all the States of the Confederacy between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years. Subsequently it was extended to all over sixteen and under fifty years of age, which caused General Grant to say that the Confederacy had robbed the cradle and the grave to recruit its armies. Of course there had to be exceptions named in the act. It would not do to conscribe and send to the front the halt, the lame, and the blind, nor all the physicians, millers, mechanics, and farmers within the ages named, for manifest reasons. In the case of the farmers it would leave many plantations on which there were large numbers of negro slaves without any white man thereon; others with none save a very old man or young boys. Who could guarantee safety to the women and children in such cases? Who could feel safe against an insurrection of the slaves? Who could give assurance of good crops or any benefit from the farms, when the intelligent head, the master, was absent in the army? No one is ubiquitous; he could not be at home giving intelligent direction to labor and at the front fighting the battles of the Confederacy at one and the same time. The conduct of the slaves during the war was extraordinary. But that could not be foreseen. It was most exemplary and friendly to their masters. Not a single case of murder, rape, or outrage occurred during the entire war. With but rare exceptions they remained at home, behaved well, and labored faithfully. In many cases where a man owned less than twenty slaves, and he the head of the family, the only white man on the premises, was taken to the front by conscription, they labored faithfully to provide for the white family. But usually in such cases some more fortunate neighbor who was exempt would give some attention and direction to the slaves and affairs of his absent friend. I concede high praise to the negro slaves for their good conduct and devotion to the families of their masters during that trying period. They could, by rising in insurrection, have produced such consternation and horror as to have terminated the war by the end of the second year of its existence. While I am always glad to give them credit for every good act, I do not agree with those who contend that the good conduct and subordination of the slaves during the war proceeded from devotion to their owners alone. That was one reason and it operated wonderfully in some cases; but it was but one, and in a majority of instances I have no doubt that other considerations were more potential factors in influencing their course.

I classify the restraints thus: First, Their attachment to the white people, with whom they had been reared from childhood; Second, Ignorance of what was involved in the war; Third, Fear of the consequences of insurrection, insubordination, or other acts of hostility or violence toward the whites.

These combined causes account for their good conduct. The products of their labor sustained the war. They produced a large part of the supplies which fed the armies in the field. The resolutions of Congress declaring war against the seceding States set forth the purpose thereof in clear and unmistakable language to be the restoration to the Union of those States, "With all their rights, dignity and institutions unimpaired." Therefore, during 1861 and 1862 it was the practice of the commanding generals of the Union armies to surrender, or return to their owners, slaves escaping into their lines. A knowledge of this fact had some influence on the conduct of the slaves wherever it was known. This action of the Union generals soon raised a howl among the Abolitionists, whose object in provoking the war was to abolish slavery. The great aid they were to the Confederates was also embarrassing to the cause of the Union. The necessities of the case suggested to President Lincoln and his advisers to declare negro slaves contraband of war. He therefore, on the 22^d of September, 1862, signed and published his proclamation calling on all the States and people in rebellion against the authority of United States to lay down their arms and return to their allegiance to the Union, and that on their failure to do so by the 1st day of January, 1863, all their slaves were declared to be absolved from slavery and to be free. It was not claimed by Mr. Lincoln that he had any legal or constitutional right to do this; but he justified it as a war measure. This is why the negro was thereafter called a contraband. All the old soldiers will remember this. He was treated as helpful to the Confederates, just as horses, mules, munitions of war, etc., were helpful. They declared the negro slave free to destroy the right of property which rebellious (so-called) people had in him, the same as Sheridan destroyed all the wheat, corn, and mills of the people in the Valley of Virginia to cripple the resources of the Confederacy. Suppose the Confederates had accepted the terms of the proclamation; what would have been the status of the slaves? This is substantially the question as put by Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens to Mr. Lincoln at the Fortress Monroe conference; to

which he replied that it would be a question for the courts to determine. The question for the courts would have been, not as to the right of property in his slaves of the person who had accepted the terms of that proclamation, but of the legality of the proclamation itself. If it had been accepted, slavery would still have existed for many years.

Having given the arguments in favor of the conscript law, now let us look at the other side of that question. One of the prime causes for seceding from the Union was the violation of the Constitution by Congress and the Northern States. The Confederate States made haste to adopt a permanent Constitution, hoping thereby, with other means then being employed, to secure recognition from other nations. A revised and improved edition of the Constitution of the United States was adopted. Sub-division sixteen of section eight was adopted without change, except the substitution of the words "Confederate States" for "United States." This provision of the Constitution reserved "To the United States respectively, the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia, etc." The conscript act utterly violated, in fact ignored, this constitutional provision. The Government of the United States observed and respected it, and thereby preserved the authority of those States in this respect. Thus it will be seen that the Confederate Congress violated their new Constitution before it was six months old. Calls were made on the Union States by President Lincoln, each for its quota of men, and when they could not be obtained by volunteering, recourse was had to a draft, in which the States determined which of its citizens could best be spared and which could not be. Our conscript law gave the Confederate States full control within the States; to say who of their citizens should go to the front, who could remain at home. It appointed the officers and enforced the law in many instances by tyrannical cowards, purchasable or partial hypocrites and "Buttermilk Rangers," who never heard the whistle of a Yankee bullet during the war, and if they ever did, got away from it as soon as possible. If a poor fellow who had been to the front and seen service came limping home on his crutches with a bullet hole through his leg, or emaciated to a shadow from the ravages of disease, and overstayed his furlough a few days, the conscript officer and the "Buttermilk Ranger" would be after him to drive him to the front again, while gamblers and debauchees were allowed to remain at home and revel in

lustful and sumptuous living. Such was the administration of the conscript law by the Confederate Government. This was irritating, and in some cases exasperating, to the real soldiers, in the extreme. The soldier's pride as a patriotic volunteer was gone; he was subjected to the harsh discipline of the regular. And then the negro exemption, which extended at first to all who owned fifteen, and afterwards to all who owned twenty slaves, began to impress the non-slaveholding soldier—and a decided majority of those in the ranks never owned a slave—with the idea that it was “the rich man's war and the poor man's fight.” Complaints of absenteeism became more and more frequent, until the last year of the war, when desertion was of frequent occurrence. Nor was this confined to the troops from any particular State or section. I never have had in my heart any ill-feeling nor have I used harsh words toward the poor man who fought faithfully for three years and then, seeing how things were going, deserted to get out of the war. On the other hand, I have never been able to employ language sufficiently strong to give high enough praise to those Titanic heroes who stood by their colors with unflinching courage and devotion, under all the vicissitudes of outrageous fortune, until the star of the Confederacy sank beneath the horizon to rise no more. No Spartan, no Roman, no Englishman, no Frenchman, no American ever before exhibited such sublime heroism. The names of each, even the humblest, should be emblazoned in gold and preserved for future generations of men to point out to their children as the names of the purest patriots, the most self-sacrificing and noble men of any in the history of the world.

A majority of the most fiery spirits and “blood drinkers,” as those were called who had predicted that war would not follow as a consequence of secession, had gone out of service upon one pretext or another at the expiration of the first year's enlistment. Confederate enthusiasm had reached its flood tide and the ebb had set in. The Confederacy was beaten when the ardor of the people began to flag, when the spirit of volunteering ceased, and the disposition to seek soft and safe places appeared instead. But I could not see it. I was too young and full of hope and Confederate patriotism. I would have refused to have seen it had it been pointed out to me. I suppose the rank and file, as a general thing, of those who remained in the service refused to see, and felt about it, as I did. The notorious Captain Sanders, of Dale

County, Alabama, two months after this battle, resigned a captaincy in the Thirty-first Georgia Regiment and was exempted from military service as a mill-wright. Afterwards his exemption was set aside and mill-wrights were no longer exempt and he was declared subject to conscription, to resist which he took to the woods and became a raider and murderer. I mention this extreme case for illustration merely. If any one should imagine why I have made the foregoing digression from my narrative, I reply that it is due to the truth of history that the state of the country, however gloomy and disagreeable to tell, should be told. The full measure of the patriotism that animated those heroic souls who stayed and fought until "The warrior's banner took its flight to greet the warrior's soul" cannot be conceived nor understood by those who have grown up since the war, unless they are shown a true picture of the discouraging surroundings.

Pope was relieved from command and General McClellan restored. He had Pope's army of 60,000 men combined with his old veteran Army of the Potomac with which he had operated in the Peninsula against Richmond, the whole amounting to 100,000 men, and was marching against Lee at Frederick town. Lee intended to fight him, but as far away from the Federal base of supplies as possible, perhaps about Boonsboro or Hagerstown. But the Federals at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg obstructed Lee's communications with Richmond and had not evacuated those places on the arrival of the Confederates at Frederick, as had been expected. Hence, on the morning of the 10th Jackson's corps marched westward to Hagerstown and then turned south to Williamsport, where he crossed the Potomac, and by his rapid marching reached Martinsburg on the morning of the 12th and invested the place. Ewell's and Taliaferro's divisions were put in position to prevent the escape of the garrison to the west, and A. P. Hill's division attacked the town and drove its occupants out in the direction of Harper's Ferry, leaving a considerable quantity of quartermaster, commissary and ordnance stores to the Confederates. The march was resumed toward Harper's Ferry, and on the morning of the 13th, about 11 o'clock, Hill, who was in the advance, came in view of the Federals in force drawn up to receive us on Bolivar Heights. Jackson put his corps in camp until he could learn that the co-operating forces were in position. Lee had sent McLaws with his own and R. H. Anderson's division to take and occupy with artillery the Maryland Heights,

and Gen. J. G. Walker to cross the Potomac lower down and then march his division up on the Virginia side and occupy Loudoun Heights on the south bank of the Shenandoah.

Harper's Ferry is situated in the fork of the two rivers and Bolivar Heights on the west extends from one river to the other. Jackson tried to establish communication by signal, and failing in this he despatched a courier to each of the commanders of his forces. Walker soon replied that he was in position, but McLaws had encountered greater difficulties and did not reach his position until a late hour on the 14th. Jackson drove the Federal troops from their entrenchments on the heights into Harper's Ferry and got his guns in position that night. Hill that evening drove the enemy from an important eminence and occupied it with artillery. During the night Jackson caused ten guns to be carried over the Shenandoah and placed in position with the troops of Walker on the heights. The infantry was advanced during the night at all points where it was practicable. Very early on the morning of the 15th the artillery from all the heights, and from nearly every direction, poured in their fire incessantly for two hours, when the Federals ceased firing and the white flag was displayed. When this occurred the Confederate infantry was ready to charge and Pender's brigade had already begun to move. Colonel Miles, the commander of the post, was killed by a shell early in the engagement and Brigadier-General White surrendered something over 11,000 men, 73 pieces of artillery and 13,000 small arms—enough to have armed fifteen regiments if we had had that number of unarmed troops present. With such an addition it was altogether probable that Lee would have remained north of the Potomac. Jackson left Hill to parole the prisoners and save the captured stores, and with his other two divisions made a rapid march during the evening and night, crossed the river at Shepherdstown and took his place on the left of Lee's lines near a Dunkard church at an early hour on the 17th. When Lee sent to the division commanders at Frederick town his order of march—general order No. 191—it necessarily disclosed the plan of operations for the capture of Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. Gen. D. H. Hill, it was said, in a petulant manner, after reading his copy, dashed it down and left it, because it assigned him to bringing up the rear, as he had done when marching on Manassas. It had kept him out of that battle, which did not suit his taste nor his ambition; while another report is that he lost it. In either event it was a sad mishap for the Confederate cause.

Lee had calculated from his knowledge of the man and the slow and cautious manner of McClellan's march that Jackson, McLaws and Walker would have time to capture Harper's Ferry and return to the point he would select for concentrating his whole force, and thus enable him to take a defensive attitude and compel McClellan to attack and fight his whole army on the ground selected by him. Could Lee have done this, there was a strong probability that he would have been successful. But some of McClellan's troops found the order which Hill had thrown away, or lost, and at once placed it in the hands of their commander. McClellan now quickened his pace and pushed forward with all his might. On the evening of the 13th his vanguard came up with some of the cavalry and D. H. Hill's division, which had not been in action since at Malvern Hill, and was composed of splendid men. This division now constituted the Confederate rear-guard.

Lee instructed Hill to hold the passes through South Mountain at Boonsboro and to the south of it. Early on the morning of the 14th McClellan undertook to force a passage through the gaps, one of which led directly to the rear of McLaws, through Pleasant Valley. Hill's division of five brigades, by hard fighting, held the whole Federal army in check. At 4 o'clock P. M. Longstreet arrived from Hagerstown, and uniting with Hill, kept McClellan at a stand until night. When Lee found the Federal army overlapping both his flanks he saw that it would not do to hazard another battle in that position in the absence of so many of his troops, and therefore retired behind Antietam Creek, where on the morning of the 15th he formed his line of battle with his headquarters in the village of Sharpsburg.

About this time the news reached these troops that Harper's Ferry had surrendered, which was said to have greatly reanimated them. McClellan came on and formed his lines on the 16th on the opposite side of Antietam and opened a heavy fire of his artillery and assaulted the Confederate left with his infantry, but Hood's division met the heaviest of it and repulsed him. Jackson arrived the next morning and relieved Hood. During that day Gen. W. B. Franklin's grand division, composed of the corps of Reno and Hooker, and amounting to 30,000 men, was thrown upon Jackson's two small divisions, consisting of less than 10,000 men. The fight was a bloody one, the Confederates sometimes driving and then being driven, and the same ground was fought over several times. That afternoon Walker arrived, but McLaws,

with his own and R. H. Anderson's division, finding the direct road hazardous, if not blocked by Federal troops, crossed the Potomac and marched by Shepherdstown, where he recrossed to the Maryland side, but did not arrive until the evening of the 17th. A. P. Hill with his division also arrived that day, so that these three fresh divisions were in the fight of the 17th, which was a severe general engagement all along the lines. During the afternoon, while McClellan was attacking Lee's center, Jackson was directed to endeavor to turn McClellan's right and get in his rear, but found that his line extended so near to the river and was so strongly supported by artillery that the attempt had to be abandoned. In the afternoon the fighting by Longstreet's troops right against the Ninth Corps under Burnside was terrific and bloody.

On the 18th Lee held the same ground he occupied at the beginning, except that in the center he had contracted and drawn in his lines a short distance. During the 18th each army occupied the day in removing their wounded and burying their dead and looking at each other like tired wrestlers, each waiting for the other to call time on him and dreading the next onset. Lee learned that McClellan was waiting reenforcements, then on their way and soon to arrive. He could not expect any and was too weak to assume the offensive. He therefore, during the night, crossed the river at Shepherdstown into Virginia and went into camp on the Opequan River, a few miles from the latter place. McClellan pursued and crossed a considerable force, which captured four of Colonel Pendleton's guns. A. P. Hill's and Ewell's divisions were turned back upon this force, which was hurled into the river, as Jackson said in his official report, "followed by an appalling scene of the destruction of human life." No further attempt was made to cross the river. Thus ended Lee's Maryland campaign, which no general could have conducted with greater skill, and which for the lack of numbers was attended by no substantial, decisive results. The invasion of Maryland, which had inspired such hopes of success, had miscarried. Lee did not have men enough. He fought this great battle with less than 40,000 men. We had whipped the Yankees several times, but they would not stay whipped; they just "kept pegging away." The echoes of the artillery in the parting salutes fired by the opposing parties on the banks of the Potomac sounded the death-knell of the infant Confederacy, but the Confederates would not admit it. They refused to see it.

The struggle for life, for an independent existence, went on and whole hecatombs of patriots were sacrificed on numerous fields, but the sick man was sick unto death and would not recover. I was not in the battle of Sharpsburg. I was at the house of an old Dutchman, between Harper's Ferry and Shepherdstown, on a surgeon's certificate of disability, but within hearing of the musketry—a safe, but a more uneasy and annoying position than in the thickest of the fight. I saw the road full of wounded men and stragglers all day on the 17th, and the latter, who were largely in the majority, invariably gave a gloomy account of affairs across the river. Captain Feagin commanded the regiment in the battle and in the affair at Shepherdstown he was wounded by a shell, which unfitted him for service for the remainder of the year. The losses sustained by the regiment were considerable. I can name but few. My faithful and gallant orderly sergeant, Josiah Balkum, from Dale County, who would have made a most excellent captain of a company, was killed; so also was Lewis Hix, Moses G. Maybin and others whose names I cannot recall from memory. I went to the regiment on the 21st, where it was encamped on the Opequan River. The first lieutenant of my company,—C. V. Morris, after the war a prominent and successful merchant of Fort Gaines, Ga.,—was in command of it. I being the only captain present, took command of the regiment, but had to get me a horse to ride, as I was still unable to walk and could not well command a regiment without being mounted.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG

An Incident of a Cold Day—About Whiskey in Miles' Gap—The Battle of Fredericksburg—One of the Advantages of Masonry—A Great Opportunity Lost to the Confederates—The Advantage of Modern Inventions in War—The Reason for Not Assaulting at Night—Close of the Campaign of 1862—State Brigades.

It is a principle in human nature as broad as the human family to love power and to exercise authority. It pervades all races and conditions. Hence, while I was sorry for the misfortunes of those who ranked above me, by which they were absent, yet in illustration of the old adage, "There is always something to console us for the misfortunes of our neighbors," I was proud of the honor of commanding a regiment and this was the first time, on this the 21st day of September, 1862, that I had thus been honored. This was on the Opequan River. The next day after I assumed command we marched past Falling Waters and went into camp near Bunker's Hill, northeast of Winchester, where we remained for several days. The next camp we occupied was near Berryville, from which we had to wade the Shenandoah and tear up the Manassas Gap Railroad for a considerable distance. Major Lowther rejoined us and took command of the regiment at this camp about the 1st of October. Man never waded colder water than that of the Shenandoah on our return from the raid on the railroad. One cold day in November, when the snow lay on the ground nearly a foot deep and was frozen to a crust on top, with a biting cold wind blowing from the north and it was all we could do to keep from freezing around great log fires, the drum beat the officers' call at regimental headquarters. Lieut. C. V. Morris, who was a prominent member of the church at home and had always been a very faithful and obedient officer, said, "Now, I wonder what that means? It can't be to go in this bad weather and tear up the rest of that railroad." "Yes," I replied, "I guess that is it." I went up and it was altogether a different matter. It was with reference to having the men all vaccinated, as a case

of smallpox had occurred in the regiment. When I returned I called out to the Lieutenant, saying, "Well, just as you anticipated; we have to wade the river and finish tearing up the railroad." The Lieutenant's face turned pale and he trembled with rage. Said he, "Such outrages will kill all our men; whoever heard of such an order before? I have been a faithful and obedient soldier ever since I entered the army and would be to the end, if treated like a human being, but if they require me to wade that river may I be damned if I don't resign right upon the bank." Of course he was undeceived after I had my laugh out. A mischievous fellow, to emphasize the fun, drew with a pencil on pasteboard a picture of Morris standing on the bank of the Shenandoah in his shirt-tail with his breeches in one hand and his resignation in the other, saying, "I will be damned if I don't resign before I will wade it."

In the latter part of November we marched up the Shenandoah Valley and crossed the Blue Ridge at Miles' Gap. While passing through it whiskey was obtained from some of the mountaineers and several officers and men got drunk, and were rather late in reaching camp at the foot of the mountain on the east side. One of those was the eccentric Captain Richardson, who swore that "this is the largest war I was ever caught out in and therefore if I take a drink or two and don't get drunk it is all right." As he staggered along the roadway in the rear after he had gotten down the mountain he muttered, "The drunken man falleth by the wayside, but the sober man passeth over the mountains safely and sleepeth in the valley beyond." The march was continued, with intervals of camping, resting and preparing rations until we reached the neighborhood of Fredericksburg about the 9th of December. When marching past that town, but some two or three miles from it, to take position on the Confederate right, the artillery was firing pretty lively. Burnside had been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac and a fight was imminent. Major Lowther got sick, as usual, turned over the command of the regiment to me and went to the rear. We were placed in position between Fredericksburg and Port Royal on the Rappahannock.

On the 12th of December we heard a terrible cannonading up at Fredericksburg. Burnside had bombarded the town from the Stafford Heights on the opposite side of the river with his siege guns, and after a bloody fight with Barksdale's Mississippi brigade, which was on duty in the town, had succeeded in laying his

bridges and was crossing his army. Consequently, very early on the 13th we were on the march to Hamilton's Crossing, where Jackson formed his lines, one division in the rear of another; A. P. Hill's first, Early's next, then the Stonewall division, and D. H. Hill's constituting the fourth line. No troops on earth, nor any number of them, attacking by the front could have driven Jackson from that position.

Early in the afternoon the battle began on that part of the line. The Pennsylvania reserves—Meade's division—under the Federal General Jackson, led the assault and broke through A. P. Hill's line and drove Archer's brigade from its position. Trimble's old brigade was now commanded by Col. Robert F. Hoke, of the Twenty-first North Carolina Regiment, he being the only colonel present with it. Hoke was ordered in to repair the breach in Hill's line. The Fifteenth Alabama was on the right. Colonel Hoke told me that he would maneuver the brigade on my regiment. The advance began. There was a halt, then an advance, and I was ordered to support the Thirteenth Georgia Regiment, then commanded by Colonel Smith, afterwards Governor of Georgia. Colonel Hoke, with the other regiments, swept past us on the left. I waited over two minutes, and told Colonel Smith I was ordered to support him. He replied that he had no orders to advance.

I then marched my regiment by the left flank until I could pass the Georgia regiment, and then went by the right flank forward. By this time our brigade had met the Federals, and was driving them near the edge of the open field some two hundred yards ahead. I took the right oblique direction and hurried through the woods to my place in line on the right. Just here I saw General Gregg, of South Carolina, fall. He pulled up, and holding to a little tree with his cap in hand, the dying man waved us onward in the direction of the enemy. As the regiment neared its place in line Colonel Hoke ordered a charge, and the brigade swept everything before it in handsome style. A great many prisoners surrendered in the railroad cut, but we had men in front a-going, and there was no halting. The charge was kept up for a quarter of a mile, just as though we were going through Burnside's lines to the river, until we reached a ditch and a fence in close range of quite a number of Federal batteries, which opened on us furiously. Colonel Hoke was riding up the line when a piece of shell struck his horse on the head, nearly cutting one ear

off. This threw the horse to his knees. Hoke fell and one foot hung in the stirrup. The horse rose, frightened and frantic, and started to run, dragging Hoke by the foot, when fortunately some of the soldiers seized the bridle and released the Colonel from his great peril. I called his attention at once to a body of troops that were rapidly moving to flank us on our right. I learned years after the peace that this was the brigade of Col. Tom Bayne, of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, with whom I served several years in Congress, and who, tired of life, to the great surprise of his friends committed suicide in 1890.

Hoke seemed addled for the moment by his fall, but recovering his self-possession somewhat, he ordered me to fall back, which I did in good order, considering the quantity of grapeshot the Federal artillery threw in among us until we reached the railroad, which was sunken and calculated to afford splendid protection, and there I halted. Colonel Hoke ordered us to retire to the little ditch at the edge of the woods, which we did, but in doing so we lost several men. I thought at the time, and have never changed my opinion, that it was an error to order us out of that railroad cut. When we reached the little trench and sat down in it we found it so shallow that it afforded a very imperfect protection. The Jeff Davis battery of six guns, from Alabama, was in position about ten steps in our rear, and opened fire.

There we were, right under the muzzles of the guns, and the Federals replying with thirty-seven pieces, which made the position of the Fifteenth as perilous and disagreeable as well could be. I obtained, after the war, this exact information as to the number from Major-General Ayres, of the Union Army, who commanded those guns. Some casualties occurred, but not half so many as I apprehended. Sergeant Logan of Company I was killed by concussion. He was not touched at all. During the firing Colonel Farno, with the Fifth Louisiana Regiment, came up from the rear; but as there was no room in the trench for his men, he retired to the woods again. When the artillery duel ceased it was between sunset and dark. Some time after dark, I suppose between 8 and 9 o'clock, a staff officer from General Jackson passed along our lines giving orders to regimental commanders to fix bayonets and move forward the moment that the line to the left began to move. I ordered bayonets to be fixed and the men to get up and stand in line. Within a few minutes I saw the line begin to move and ordered the regiment forward. Of course all knew it

meant an attack with the bayonet in the dark, for it was a dark night. It was therefore a desperate and hazardous undertaking. Some men remained in the trench until driven out of it, and I would have preferred to stay in it myself if I could honorably have done so. But it was the duty of every man to obey orders and go forward, and I made the unwilling ones keep their places in line.

We had an experience in night fighting at second Manassas which was by no means a pleasant one. But just as we crossed the railroad we were halted, and occupied the cut that night and all the next day. The dead and wounded lay all around us. During the night our litter-men were carrying wounded Yankees to the rear to be treated by our surgeons. One of them made himself known to me as a Mason, which was the only time such a thing occurred to me during the war. On hearing the cry of distress I took with me Sergeant Norris and went out to our front among the dead and wounded, and found the man who cried for help. I sent him in charge of Sergeant Reese Norris, who was a bright Mason, to our regimental surgeon, who amputated his broken leg, and the wounded man died of lockjaw. He was a captain in the Pennsylvania reserves. Dr. Aikin, who was also a Mason, sent the captain's gold watch and money, by flag of truce, to his mother and sister, who subsequently acknowledged the receipt of them. Sergeant Norris died in Clarke County, Alabama, 1898. He was a brave soldier and good man.

Several of our men were bare-footed, the weather was cold, and I ordered them to help themselves to dead men's shoes, and they did it. I saw two bare-footed men watching a man who was dying, a bullet having passed through his head, and quarreling as to which should have his boots when the breath left him. I settled it by taking his boots, and giving my old shoes to the man who had no shoes at all.

I have been informed that the origin of that night movement was with General Jackson. That he set his corps in motion and then informed General Lee, who ordered a halt and summoned his generals for a consultation, which was held late that night. Jackson slept while other generals gave their opinions, and when all were through some one slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Now, General, give us your opinion." He yawned, and half asleep mumbled out, "Drive them in the river! Drive them in the river!" and the sequel proved that he was right. Had Lee's

whole army advanced to that night attack it would have created a panic which would have driven the Federals into the river or forced the whole army to have surrendered. It would have been a bloody conflict and a great risk, but would have proved an economy of human life in the end. The Japanese have won some of their greatest successes by night attacks on the Russians. That day when Meade's division and its supports were repulsed was a great opportunity for Jackson to have made a grand counter-assault, but it was lost by delay and awaiting a return of the enemy to renew their attack. All war is destructive of human life, and that which is most destructive is soonest ended. The general who takes great risks wins great victories or suffers disastrous defeat. That is the general for the weaker party. The Fabian policy will do for that party, or government, which is strongest in numbers and resources. It will do for defense when a government is in condition to make the contest one of endurance rather than of strategy and pluck. Fabius adopted it because he could not cope with Hannibal and Rome could endure his ravages until he was exhausted. The cautious, safe general never astounds the world nor awakes the enthusiasm of the people; he never gains brilliant victories. The destructiveness of modern fire-arms makes wars of short duration. The first rifle-cannon and the first iron-clad vessel of war were put into use by the Confederacy and should be accredited equally to the inventive genius of the Southern people and the necessities of the situation. The old adage that "Necessity is the mother of invention" never was more fully illustrated than was done in a hundred instances by the Confederates. Now these inventions have been brought to perfection and are the property of every nation. The Krupp cannon, the needle gun, the Kragg-Jorgensen and the repeating rifle have announced to the world that wars must be of short duration. This is a fast age and if men will kill each other in wars they must do it quickly. The world cannot afford to have its commerce long interfered with by the quarrels of any two nations. Look at the Franco-Prussian war, which lasted only seven months, and the Russo-Turkish war, which lasted but a few months, and the war between Spain and the United States, which terminated within three months.

France thought that her fortifications rendered Paris safe and that she was prepared for a siege, but King William, guided by Von Moltke, halted his army six miles out of Paris and knocked it to pieces with his Krupp guns. The forts in the suburbs between the city and the German guns and the gunboats on the Seine were

impotent, they belonged to a past generation. The guns of Fort Valeirian were ineffectual, though it did not surrender until Paris fell. So when General Ducro's desperate assault was repulsed by the Germans the city was fated to surrender. Blessings sometimes come in disguise or in questionable shapes. The great progress of inventions for the destruction of human life is a great economy and hence a blessing.

The battle on Lee's left and left center was furious about the base of Mare's Hill and where Gen. Tom Cobb, of Georgia, was killed. The Union troops were repulsed at all points and lost heavily.

The reason why General Lee summoned his generals to a council of war was that at about dark one of Longstreet's scouts captured, on the north side of the river, a courier fresh from General Burnside's headquarters bearing orders to Franklin and Sumner, commanding two of the grand divisions, or wings, of the Federal army, directing them to renew their assaults upon the Confederates at daylight the next morning. Longstreet took the captured papers to Lee and he summoned Jackson and the Hills to a conference. It was there determined that inasmuch as the Federals would renew their attack the next morning, which the Confederates were in as comfortable a position to receive as they could desire, to act on the defensive, and when the assaults were repulsed with heavy loss, as they certainly would have been, Longstreet was at that very moment to assume the offensive, and throw his whole corps against the Federal right, attacking at right angles with the river, to seize the town and the pontoon bridges, while Jackson's corps, supported by D. H. Hill's division, would advance from Hamilton's Crossing and attack the Federal line squarely in front and at short range, and Stuart, with his horse artillery and several guns of Pendleton's reserve, would operate against the Federal left with great vigor from the right bank of Massaponix Creek. By this combination it was believed that Burnside's army could be destroyed or captured. With this understanding they dispersed to their respective headquarters for the night. Morning came and no attack; noon and no attack. What could it mean? Burnside's courier, failing to return in a reasonable time, another copy of the orders was despatched. Sumner and Franklin returned a protest against a renewal of the attack as ordered upon the ground that their commands had

already sustained very severe losses and had accomplished nothing, that to continue to assault the Confederates in their strong defensive positions would destroy the Federal army; that Marye's Heights could not be carried except at an immense sacrifice, and that the cause of the Union would not be advanced thereby. The fact that Sumner, who was always in favor of fighting whenever any possible good could be accomplished by it, protested, shook Burnside's resolution and he countermanded the order. At mid-day, despairing of the Federal advance, Lee assembled his generals, when a resolve was very soon reached to attack the enemy at once—as soon as dispositions could be made in accordance with the plan agreed upon the night before, with this addition: It was feared that the numerous artillery on Stafford Heights would pour a very destructive fire across the river on Jackson's corps as it advanced through the open fields and lowlands to the assault of the Federal lines. It was known that some heavy guns were then on the way from Richmond by railroad and their arrival was hourly expected. It was therefore agreed that Jackson should receive and put them in position, and the first one that opened fire should be the signal for Longstreet to move. It was thought that these guns would so distract the fire of the Federal artillery as to prevent a concentration of it upon Jackson's troops. The guns arrived, but so late that with all the energy which Jackson was able to infuse and the greatest exertion of those in charge of them, it took until night to get them in position, when it was deemed too late to begin the attack. The Federal army was still there in position on the south side of the river. General Lee said they certainly would not retreat without further effort in their advance on Richmond and hence he deemed it safe to delay his attack until morning. All that day they were maneuvering and looking at us, making us believe they were going to attack. A little sharp-shooting and artillery firing occurred on our lines, but no general engagement.

The night of the 14th, having remained on the firing line since the day before, we were relieved and went back on the hill and camped in the woods. It rained and snowed all night. The morning of the 15th was foggy. When it lifted the fact was revealed that Burnside had enough of it the first day and his army was now safe on Stafford Heights across the river, under the protection of his heavy siege guns, and Lee had lost his greatest opportunity. Thus ended the battle of Fredericksburg, and a

more complete failure was not made by any general on either side during the war than this of Burnside's. His army numbered 117,000 and Lee's 78,000. Casualties in Burnside's, 12,653 men; in Lee's, 5,322.

The charge of the old brigade on the 13th made Hoke a brigadier and afterwards, by his gallantry, he won his spurs and his commission as a major-general. The loss of the regiment at Fredericksburg was not heavy—3 killed and 30 wounded.

This closed the campaign of 1862 in Virginia. The Confederates had sustained their cause most gallantly. They had beaten the armies of the Union under Generals Milroy, Banks, Fremont, Shields, McClellan, Pope and Burnside, and in every battle they had done so with greatly inferior numbers, except second Manassas, where the disparity was not very great. In only one instance had they retired from the field before their adversaries. That was Antietam, or Sharpsburg, and that was not a Union victory; it was a drawn battle. Nothing substantial was accomplished on either side by these battles toward a settlement of the great question involved.

On the 15th of December it was manifest that the fighting had terminated, for next day we were marched down the river again to within about three miles of Port Royal, where we went into winter quarters and spent the remainder of the year 1862. About two days in the week the Fifteenth did picket duty at Port Royal, but that was all the duty required.

The men of that regiment, and in fact the brigade, were surely entitled to a good rest in the closing days of the year; they had earned it as fully as a citizen soldiery, or regulars, ever did. Starting from Manassas Junction in the early days of March, those men had marched to the Rappahannock, then to Gordon's Mills, then to Stanardsville, then across the Blue Ridge at Standard's Gap to Hawksbill Valley, then to near Harrisonburg and back to Hawksbill, then down the Shenandoah to Front Royal, then to Winchester, then to Halltown near Harper's Ferry, back to Winchester, then to Strasburg, then five miles up the Romney Road and returned to Strasburg, then up the Valley to Harrisonburg, then to Cross Keys and to Port Republic, and then to Weir's Cave, then via Charlottesville to Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Harrison's Landing, and then to Gordonsville, then to Slaughter's Mountain and return, then to Hazel River, and thence via Thoroughfare Gap and Gainesville

to Bristow Station and the Junction, thence to second Manassas, then to Chantilly Farm via Little River Turnpike, and thence via White's Ford on the Potomac to Frederick City, Md., and thence via Williamsport and Martinsburg to Harper's Ferry, and thence to Shepherdstown and again across to Maryland, and then returned via Winchester and Miles' Gap down to Fredericksburg, and thence down the Rappahannock a few miles to Port Royal. The Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment was in the brigade until after the Valley Campaign, when it was transferred to a State brigade and the Twelfth Georgia took its place in our brigade. During the year the old brigade had marched more than one thousand miles and fought in seventeen engagements. Old friends and comrades were to be separated and thereafter to serve in new organizations of State brigades.

CHAPTER XX

INCIDENTS OF THE SPRING OF '63

Transferred From Jackson's Corps to Longstreet's—Scarcity of Rations—Apprehension That the Next Assault on Richmond Would Be From the South Side—Two Divisions Sent Below Richmond—The Suffolk Campaign—The Duel at Suffolk—Why Longstreet Did Not Return to Lee's Aid in the Battle of Chancellorsville—Some Regimental Changes—A Pleasant Situation.

About the middle of January, 1863, the old brigade was dissolved. I was ordered to report with the Fifteenth Alabama to Brigadier-General E. M. Law, then encamped southwest of Fredericksburg on the Catharpin Road. Accordingly, we bid adieu to our old comrades and marched to take our place in a new brigade under the law requiring State troops to be brigaded together. While it was advantageous in some respects, I always thought that policy a very questionable one. After a pretty fair day's march I reached Law's headquarters and was assigned a camping ground. The new brigade was composed of the Fourth, Fifteenth, Forty-fourth, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Alabama regiments. While here there came a heavy snow and the soldiers, as many of them will remember, fought a great battle with snowballs. At this camp was the first time I ever saw General Longstreet to know him. He rode up and ordered me to have a log cut out of the road, which had fallen across it beyond my camp. His uniform was concealed beneath his great coat and I inquired for his authority to order me and he very politely replied, "I am General Longstreet." He at that time was very popular with the army, but not like Jackson. The greatest regret the officers and men of the regiment felt at leaving the old brigade was that the transfer took us out of Jackson's and put us in Longstreet's corps. With "Old Stonewall" we had never known defeat. Now we were to fight under new officers and alongside of new comrades. While at this camp I was appointed division field officer of the day and had to report to Major-General Hood, in whose division

we now were. This was my first acquaintance with him. Early in February we marched with Hood's division to and beyond Richmond and went into camp some three miles south of the city on the Petersburg Road. There were two reasons for this move. Lee apprehended that the next move on Richmond might be via Petersburg, and the other was the scarcity of rations in the army, and by sending these two divisions of troops south of Richmond they could obtain supplies from the country toward Suffolk, Va.

We remained here until the latter part of the month, when, from some cause unknown, we were marched through Richmond as far north as Ashland in a snowstorm and then were about-faced and marched back again. It was reported to have been from an apprehension upon the part of General Lee that an attack was about to be made on him.

As we went forward the general impression was that we were going to the Rappahannock to participate in a battle, and I think there was a considerable raid of the Federal cavalry. One man in the regiment shot one of his toes off, evidently to keep out of the fight and to get a furlough. I ordered him to keep in line and made him march all day with his company just as though he had not shot himself. It was a just punishment, but he had to be sent to the hospital at Richmond.

On the return I think it was the worst marching I ever saw during the war. It sleeted and rained just enough to make slush of the heavy snow and a cold north wind was blowing all the time. Where we camped the night of the day we turned back, Dr. Aiken, of Kentucky (at that time surgeon of the regiment), and myself slept on the top of a heap of blackjack brush. It rained all night and I never slept so soundly and so sweetly upon a spring bed as, with two blankets around me, I slept that night upon brush. It was about the only chance to keep out of the mud and water, which was shoe-mouth deep everywhere. The men, poor fellows, lay about on logs, brush or a few chunks of wood, and some stood around the fire all night. Next morning we resumed our march, passed through Richmond and soon reached our old camp, where we remained for several weeks. While here Capt. George Y. Malone, of Company F, and Capt. Lee Bryant (after the war a citizen or subject of Brazil) were placed on the retired list on account of wounds received in battle.

In March we moved to Petersburg and camped for two weeks and in April went to Suffolk and besieged the place. Longstreet

commanded the expedition and his force consisted of Hood's and Pickett's divisions and Pryor's brigade. Longstreet drove the Federals into their fortifications and placed a battery so as to command the Nansemond River. With the Fifteenth, the front covered by my company as skirmishers, we drove the Federals into their forts on the western side, where there was a water mill. Deployed as skirmishers I advanced my company through a new ground, taking shelter behind stumps and logs. The fort on the hill beyond the mill shelled us severely. One shell exploded in a brush heap and sent the brush flying. There was an Irishman named McArdle behind a stump near by. He called to his right-hand man, "Tam, O Tam, they flung a big one which lit in that brush heap, an' jest where he lit, he busted." I said, "Barney, get down behind that stump or the next shell may get you." He replied, "No, sor; lightning niver strikes twice in th' same place." He turned to me, and drawing out an old pipe, said, "Cap'n, I want to be afther borrowin' th' loan av the fill o' me pipe," utterly oblivious of the bursting shells.

We were soon after moved around on the north side of the town, where we had long protracted and sometimes very heavy skirmish fighting and artillery firing, but never did have a general engagement. The expedition enabled the Confederates to forage the country and get all the supplies out of it, but beyond this there were no practical results. One night, when the Fifty-fifth North Carolina Regiment, Colonel Connelly, was on duty at the river battery, the Federals landed a strong force, which drove away the regiment and captured the Confederate guns, which, of course, raised the blockade of the river. The next day I was at Law's headquarters. It was the talk all over the army that Colonel Connelly's regiment had behaved badly the night before. Colonel Connelly rode up and said to Law: "General, I understand that you have reported that my regiment acted cowardly last night and fled before the enemy without fighting and in violation of orders; I wish to know if you so stated." Law replied, "I stated, Colonel, that Captains Terrell and Cussons, of my staff, so reported to me." Connelly then said, "Well, it is a d——d lie, and I will see them about it." He sprang from his horse and went to the tent where the captains were. Law and myself followed. Terrell admitted he had made the report and declined to retract or modify it. The Colonel then turned to Cussons, who was a tall, long-haired, wild-looking, unnaturalized Englishman, who had been

an adventurer in the gold diggings of California. The men used to call him Law's wild man. He said, "Captain, did you also make that report?" Cussons, in the blandest possible manner, with a smile, replied, "No, Colonel, I did not; but I will tell you what I now say: That if you gave your men orders to retire when the enemy appeared in their front, they obeyed orders d—d promptly last night." Said the irate Colonel, "I hold you responsible sir, for that remark." Cussons responded with a low bow, "All right, Colonel, I will be most happy to accommodate you." The Colonel then remounted and rode away. Within some thirty minutes Major Belo, of the same regiment, returned with challenges for each of the captains, which were promptly accepted. The Major then, in a very polite manner, informed Cussons that he thought it his duty to meet him instead of his colonel, which seemed perfectly satisfactory to Cussons, or, in other words, he manifested a reckless indifference whom he was to shoot or who was to shoot him. I have seen him passing along the front of a Federal picket or skirmish line for half a mile or more with them shooting at him all the way and he never seemed to pay any attention to it. He appeared oblivious of danger.

The time, place and weapons were agreed upon. The parties and a few friends met in an old field a half mile or more to the northward and in rear of our camps. The Colonel and Terrell were to use double-barrel shot guns, loaded with balls, at forty yards; the Major and Cussons, Mississippi rifles, at the same distance. The two matches, or teams, were to engage in their sport at the same time, about one hundred and fifty yards apart. The Major and Cussons fired at the word and missed. The weapons were reloaded by the seconds and at the word both fired again. The Major was seen to wince, but stood erect. Cussons remarked, "Major, this is d—d poor shooting we are doing today. If we don't do better than this we will never kill any Yankees." Just then Belo's second discovered the blood running down his back. Cussons last shot had cut a gash across the back of the Major's neck. But he stood firm for another fire, when a messenger from the other combatants prevented it. As the weapons were handed to the Colonel and Terrell and the word was about to be given, Connelly's second requested a parley. Terrell's second met him half way, and after the interchange of views, Connelly's second unconditionally withdrew the challenge, which of course resulted in a settlement of the matter. Cussons and

Belo mutually advanced, met each other and shook hands, each expressing his gratification that no serious damage had been done.

Cussons, in 1864, married a widow who resided a few miles north of Richmond, at a beautiful place called Glenallen, and quit the service. He could not be compelled to serve, as he was a subject of Queen Victoria. At the battle of Gettysburg he was captured, taken north and imprisoned in Fort Delaware, but they could not hold him. He either scratched under or climbed over the prison walls and escaped, made his way into the Confederate lines and to the house of the charming widow, which he at once made his home. He lived happily with her at Glenallen until her death in 1900. He was living at the same place when this book was published.

Terrell was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-seventh Alabama Regiment on the petition of officers and men. He was mortally wounded October 7 while leading his regiment in a charge on horseback, with the colors in hand, and died a few days thereafter.

Colonel Connelly, who had placed his character for courage at a decided disadvantage and in fact at a discount, in the affair with Terrell, at Gettysburg displayed conspicuous gallantry and lost an arm while leading his regiment in a desperate charge.

Major Belo succeeded Connelly as colonel of the regiment and was a most excellent and gallant officer. He was wounded once or twice severely and was, up to his death in 1901, an esteemed citizen of Texas and proprietor of the *Galveston News*, the leading newspaper of that State.

Colonel Connelly after the war married a wealthy girl in Richmond, Va., and became a distinguished Baptist preacher.

The losses of the regiment at Suffolk were not great—some less than at Fredericksburg.

On the 30th of April, 1863, Longstreet received orders from Lee to join him at Fredericksburg as soon as possible. He replied that his foraging train of wagons was miles away on the coast, gathering supplies, and if he left them they would be captured. On the 1st of May he received another urgent order, to which he made the same reply, and asked if he should abandon his foragers, but he says that he received no reply. On the 3d, evidently for the purpose of holding us there and preventing Longstreet from reenforcing Lee, the Yankees made an assault on our lines in a heavy and protracted skirmish, which continued nearly all day, and in this several casualties occurred.

We were more than one hundred and fifty miles from Fredericksburg. We marched rapidly a part of the way and went by railroad a part, and reached Whitehall, about midway between Richmond and Fredericksburg, on the night of the 5th of May. We learned on the way that Hooker had been beaten by Lee and had recrossed the Rappahannock. But the immortal Stonewall Jackson was killed or mortally wounded, which made it a dearly-bought victory for the Confederacy. Every battle our regiment had fought was under Jackson. This was his first battle after we left his corps and his last one.

On the 6th of May, 1863, we began to make our camps comfortable for a considerable stay. Capt. I. B. Feagin, when he returned in February, found that charges had been preferred against him by Gen. D. H. Hill, and consequently I retained command of the regiment for a short time—until he could be tried, which was not long delayed. I was judge advocate of the court-martial, and as soon as the witnesses were heard I made a statement in his favor and he was honorably acquitted by the unanimous vote of the members of the court. From his acquittal he had been in command and I had been assisting him. My recollection is that this was in the latter part of March while we were in camp at Petersburg.

While in camp at Whitehall I was, with his consent, appointed colonel in the Provisional Army, C. S. A., and assigned by order to the command of the old regiment, and Feagin was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. Generals Law and Hood had determined, as Major Lowther remained absent so continuously, and he now the only field officer, that the vacancies should be filled by the captains who had so long performed the duties of colonel and lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Canty, our old colonel, had been made a brigadier-general. Colonel Treutlin had resigned and the major had not been in battle with the regiment since Hazel River, on the 22d of August, 1862. Absent on the sick list was the way he was reported. Feagin ranked me as captain, but waived that and said he wanted no higher position nor greater responsibility than that of lieutenant-colonel, and that he had rather serve under me than to command the regiment. He and I were good friends and messed together as long as he was thereafter with the regiment. He was a gallant soldier and gentleman and such he continued so long as he lived. He died near Union Springs, Ala., in 1901. On my promotion C. V. Morris became first, Henry C.

Brainard second, and my brother, John A. Oates, third lieutenant. About this time Morris was made regimental commissary with the rank of captain, consequently Brainard became captain of my old company, Oates first lieutenant, Barnett Cody second and T. M. Renfroe third lieutenant. Lieut. R. E. Wright became captain of Feagin's old company and was immediately retired on account of the severe wounds which he received at the second battle of Manassas. Noah B. Feagin, a gallant boy, was made captain, with Lieutenants Glover and Gary, which were deemed enough for the size of that company then. Captain Feagin survived the war and for many years was judge of the inferior court in Birmingham, Ala., and still holds that position at the time this book is published.

While at this camp the men of the Fifteenth first considered their right to vote, which the legislature had attempted to secure to them by statute.* Pugh, Wiley, Jones and Starke were candidates for a seat in the Confederate Congress, which was then filled by Pugh, from the district in which the regiment was raised. The soldiers held a convention and nominated me, but I declined in Pugh's favor, for which he wrote me and said it was a feather in my cap for the future; that he was profoundly grateful and would forever be my friend, which was never emphatically verified. It was a Roman adage that "times change and we change with them." Pugh was elected, served in the Confederate Congress to the surrender and years after the peace was elected to and served sixteen years in the United States Senate, but at last forgot his early gratitude, or assurance thereof, to his friend.

After remaining several days at Whitehall we marched to the Rapidan River. The division generally went into camps some two miles from that river; but I was ordered with my regiment first to Morton's Ford, where we remained about a day or two, until I was ordered to move up the river and encamp at a point convenient to Porter's Ford and to keep a strong picket at the ford, with instructions to resist to the utmost any efforts of the

* NOTE.—The legislature passed an act to allow the Alabama soldiers to vote, but the act did not avoid Section 5, Article 3, of the State Constitution, then in force, which required the voter to vote in the county of his residence. Most of the States of the Union having a similar constitutional provision passed acts for appointment of a commission from each county to visit the soldiers, receive their ballots in a box, take them to the county of the soldier's residence, and there count them. So their soldiers were allowed to vote while ours were not.

Federals to cross the river at that point. Here we were most pleasantly situated. We encamped in a beautiful grove a half mile in rear of the ford. The Porter family, whose residence was on the south bank of the river, was among the best in Virginia, and Miss Fannie was a charming young lady, and entertained me with her sweetest songs in my daily visits to the house. I would have been willing to have remained at that camp to the close of the war. Wonder what ever became of Miss Fannie?

The whole regiment liked that camp. However, our pleasant situation did not continue long, as we broke camp early in June and crossed the Rapidan. As I looked back upon that happy retreat where I had enjoyed so many good dinners and such sweet music, I fully realized the meaning of Burns when he wrote:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow, falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever."

We were marched down in the fork of the Rappahannock and Rapidan and made a demonstration as though intending to cross the former and attack Hooker. I was ordered to take the regiment, after nightfall, to a position at a ford and at daylight next morning to charge across the Rappahannock and kill, capture or drive away a regiment which occupied an old canal on the opposite bank, for the purpose of effecting a crossing. I took the position, made ready and just before day I was withdrawn. A battery of General Alexander's artillery was in position on a hill in my rear to support me in the movement. Had General Lee persisted in this movement there would not have occurred the battle of Gettysburg. I knew not why I was withdrawn, except that the movement was abandoned. The next day, however, we retraced our steps and went into camp between Stevensburg and Culpeper Court House.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE

Hooker in Command of the Army of the Potomac—Jackson Turns Hooker's Flank—The Death of "Stonewall" Jackson—Stuart Requested by Jackson to Take Command of His Corps—Chancellorsville the Most Remarkable Battle of the War—Sketch of General Jackson—Lee's Order Announcing Jackson's Death.

In the early months of 1863 Burnside was relieved and General Joe Hooker was put in command of the Army of the Potomac. He reorganized the army, did away with the cumbrous "grand division," and organized seven army corps. He worked diligently in the reorganization, equipment and strengthening of his army.

Hooker's army lay on the north side of the Rappahannock and extended for miles along that stream. Lee's army was scattered along the south side of the river confronting Hooker's. On the 28th of April the Federals laid a pontoon bridge across the river a short distance above the town of Fredericksburg and crossed troops under General Sedgwick to the extent of 30,000, who remained under the high banks of the river out of range of the Confederate artillery. They were inactive and waiting Hooker's movements up the river. On that day and the next he crossed at the Germania and U. S. Mine fords 90,000 men, which force he concentrated at Chancellorsville on May 1. His cavalry passed the Rapidan between there and Gordonsville and made a detour to try to reach Lee's rear and cut his communications, but was met by Stuart and the effort rendered abortive. Lee sent Anderson and McLaws with their divisions in the direction of Chancellorsville, and Jackson followed with all of his corps except Early's division, which with Barksdale's brigade and a part of General Pendleton's reserve artillery were left under Early to hold the lines and Marye's Hill against any movement of Sedgwick, whose inactivity Lee construed as a menace to him in front while Hooker with his immense army attacked the Confederate

left flank and rear. Lee with all his other troops moved in the direction of Chancellorsville and met Hooker's advance some two or three miles down the Fredericksburg Road, which he at once attacked and drove back on the main body at Chancellorsville. This was on the 1st day of May, 1863. That afternoon Lee discovered that Hooker had fortified his line very strongly and would not risk an assault. Skirmishing went on in a scattering, perfunctory way. Lee, with Jackson present, had his map spread before him on the ground, trying to discover a way to get at Hooker's right flank. His left was fortified by a rifle pit almost at right angles to the front. On Jackson's staff there was a preacher who was acquainted with all the roads through the Wilderness. Lee asked him if he knew any way that a heavy column of men could march unobserved by the left around to and across the Plank Road to the enemy's rear, and he answered that he did. Lee replied, "Then, General Jackson, you will have him to guide you, turn the enemy's right, and strike him in the rear." Jackson at once gave orders for his troops to be ready to move promptly at four o'clock in the morning. Lee, Jackson, and their staff officers then spread their blankets on the ground under some trees and were soon asleep.

Next morning Jackson's troops were in motion at the hour named. Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee, with the latter's brigade of cavalry, kept between Jackson's column and their enemy to conceal the movement. Lee's entire force was in round numbers but 60,000 men. Ten thousand of these he had left with Early to hold in check 30,000 under Sedgwick. Right in the face of Hooker, with 90,000 men concentrated and partially fortified, Lee divided his force and sent Jackson with 25,000 to turn Hooker's flank and strike him in the rear, with the understanding that when he heard the guns of Jackson's battle he would attack in front. When Jackson moved, Lee had immediately with him but 12,000 infantry and 20 pieces of artillery. Colonel Hamlin, of Maine, who was an officer in Hooker's army, and who was a son of the Vice-President of the United States, and an accomplished gentleman, says in a pamphlet account he wrote of the battle, years after the war, that in round numbers Hooker had 120,000 and Lee but 60,000 men of all arms, just one half the number of the former, and official reports prove that his statement is substantially correct. After a circuitous march of fifteen miles Jackson's column crossed the Plank Road. He was carried

to an eligible point by Fitzhugh Lee or Stuart, and shown Howard's whole corps, with arms stacked, behind the rifle pits, some of the men lying on the ground asleep, some playing cards, and a number killing and butchering beeves, not dreaming an enemy was near or that they were in the slightest danger. Von Gilsia, a German, whose brigade was on the extreme right, discovered some rebels cross the Plank Road and disappear in the woods. He sent in a report, but it was not believed. He discovered other rebels and rode rapidly to corps headquarters and reported it. They told him he was a fool, or crazy, and that there were no rebels there. Von Gilsia rode back, and very soon he and his brigade were veritable flying Dutchmen.

Being well in the rear, Jackson formed his lines of battle. Rodes's division was the first line, Colston's the second, and A. P. Hill's the third, and thus formed, with the artillery properly distributed, a rapid advance began. Howard's corps was put to flight at once, and the Federal line was rolled up like a screen, until darkness and the confusing and intermingling of Rodes's and Colston's troops rendered a halt necessary. This was just after eight o'clock in the evening. Jackson then ordered Hill to bring his division to the front, and rode with Hill and his staff down an old road which led to the junction of the roads from the two fords at which Hooker had crossed the river, where the division would form line of battle, at what was called the "White House," squarely in the rear of Hooker's army. It was less than six hundred yards distant. Jackson had not ridden more than two hundred yards of this distance when he heard voices and discovered that they were Federal troops. He rode back, accompanied by his staff officers. The skirmishers in front of the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment of Lane's brigade mistook him and those who accompanied him for Federal cavalry, and fired on them. One of the staff officers was killed and two others wounded. Jackson himself was wounded. He wheeled into the woods on his left and received two other wounds. His horse ran under the limb of a tree, which nearly dragged him from the saddle. His horse was caught, and he taken off. The Federals just then made a rush and drove the Confederates a short distance, so that Jackson was for a few minutes within their lines, but they did not recognize him. Hill's division drove them back. Jackson was placed on a litter and taken to the rear, but before proceeding far one of the litter bearers was shot down and the Gen-

eral received a hard fall, at which he groaned, but made no other complaint. At or about the time Jackson fell, Hill was wounded. After Jackson was wounded, General Pender said to him, "General, I doubt my ability to hold my position." Jackson replied, "You must hold it, sir," which was the last command he ever gave.

These casualties caused the Confederate lines to halt *where* they were for the night. Colonel Hamlin calls attention to the circumstance that Lee did not assault Hooker's front when Jackson's battle began. He says that Lee did not hear Jackson's guns. He also says that Hooker, whose headquarters were at Chancellorsville, did not hear Jackson's guns, nor those on his own line upon his right, and attributes the fact to the peculiar condition of the atmosphere that afternoon. It was still, inelastic, and did not transmit sounds as usual. General Lee received the news just after midnight, and of course would have been greatly elated with Jackson's success, but for the wounds he had received. He seemed deeply affected, and exclaimed, "Jackson has lost his left arm, and I have lost my right."

Jackson requested General Stuart to take command of his corps, as he had faith in his judgment and capacity and knew that hard fighting was to be done the next day. Brigadier-General Rodes was the ranking officer with the corps after Hill was disabled. Stuart began the attack early Sunday morning, May 3, and Lee at once advanced his lines, and soon the two corps were united and drove Hooker from the field. He halted nearer the crossing on the river and formed new lines. News came to Lee that Sedgwick had advanced, driven Early from his position, taken Marye's Hill and several pieces of artillery, and was advancing toward Chancellorsville to take him in the rear. He thereupon ordered Anderson's and McLaws's divisions to wove toward Fredericksburg—McLaws along the River Road to reenforce Wilcox, whose brigade was fighting and obstructing all that it could Sedgwick's advance. Anderson was ordered to move along the Wire Road nearly parallel with the River Road, and attack Sedgwick's flank, while Early might close in on his rear. Sedgwick soon saw his danger and retreated. Early resumed his former position. Lee returned with his troops, made his dispositions, and advanced on Hooker on the 5th, and soon saw "Fighting Joe," as he was called, again on the north side of the Rappahannock.

This was the most remarkable battle ever fought on this hemisphere—the Union army with the best appliances, arms, and munitions which the world afforded at that day and double the number of the Confederates; the latter poorly supplied and equipped for such a trial of strength and courage, yet after a fair field every Confederate drove two Union men, or in that ratio, back to the northern side of the Rappahannock. The Confederate losses were nearly 12,000 officers and men. Federal losses were 17,000, and including the killed and wounded of Sedgwick's command, about 20,000.

In his official report General Lee said :

About 5,000 prisoners, exclusive of the wounded, were taken; 13 pieces of artillery, 19,500 stands of arms, 17 colors, and a large quantity of ammunition.

When the Confederates were driving the Union men from the field the next day after Jackson was wounded, he sent a note to Lee congratulating him on his great victory. It was received on the field amid the whistling and explosion of shells and the roaring flames of the burning buildings. Lee, with a voice broken with emotion, said to Colonel Long, of his staff, "Say to General Jackson that the victory is his and that the congratulations are due to him."

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, a poor, penniless youth, was appointed a cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point when seventeen years old, and by diligent study graduated at the age of twenty-one and was commissioned as lieutenant in the artillery. Soon afterwards, in the war with Mexico, for his conspicuous gallantry and efficiency in that arm of the service, he was promoted to a captaincy. In several of the battles he was so efficient in advancing his guns with the infantry that he was brevetted major. After the war in a few years he tired of the quiet itinerant life of a professional soldier and resigned. Some time after he secured employment as a teacher in the Military Academy of Virginia. No one ever discovered in him any ability which attracted attention, and on account of his eccentricities some of those who knew him used to speak of him as that "dignified fool Tom Jackson." He was sociable when approached, but usually austere, and quite religious—a regular blue-stocking Presbyterian.

The war came on and he was elected colonel of the Fourth Virginia Regiment of infantry, and when President Davis appointed

him a brigadier-general it provoked laughter among those who thought that they knew him well. But at the first battle of Manassas, when he and his brigade stood as a "Stonewall" and proved to be a breakwater to the billows of McDowell's legions and hurled them back broken, bleeding, and dying, the people saw that this dry, eccentric Presbyterian was a military genius. Then he was made a major-general and sent to command in the Valley. His efficiency and activity invited them, and reinforcements were sent him in the early spring of 1862, and then followed that brilliant campaign which was a companion-piece, both in strategy and execution, to Napoleon's campaign in Italy. In five weeks he drove from the Valley of Virginia four armies, the smallest of which was as large as his own, and his captures were almost beyond computation. Then when McDowell was marching against him he passed toward Richmond to the south of McDowell, and directed by the guiding hand of Lee struck McClellan in the rear at Cold Harbor and caused that alert general to change his base. He was now a corps commander, and his course was onward and upward to the end. He was not egotistical and never volunteered opinions or advice to his superior in rank. If he were ambitious he kept it to himself and never gave vent to any desire of the kind. His whole soul, mind, and strength were addressed to the discharge of duty. He received his orders without question or comment, and executed them to the letter with superb ability. Lee told him what he wished done, leaving the details and manner of doing to him, and without doubt or question it was done as speedily as possible. When he fell, well might Lee exclaim that he had lost his right arm.

Jackson was a very high combination of strategic and tactical powers. He had no superior in executive ability. General Taylor truly said that as "Stonewall" never had command of a department, or independent army, that there was no means by which his ability as a general could be measured—all that could be said was that Jackson was a success everywhere he had been tried. He inspired his men with blind confidence and they would go with great alacrity anywhere he ordered them, believing implicitly that they were going to success, without knowing their destination. He declared that he would never die by the bullets of the enemy. He fell by those of his own devoted and idolizing soldiers. He believed in predestination and said on his death-

bed that it was all right, and quietly passed into the great and unknown beyond.

It is said that in 1864, when General Grant was about to cross his immense army over the Rapidan, that he dined at the house of an old Virginia lady, who fell into conversation with the General and ventured to ask him where he was going, and he replied he was going to one of three places, to wit: "To Richmond, to Heaven, or hell." The old lady replied, "Well, General, you can't go to Richmond, for General Lee is there, he will not admit you; you can't go to Heaven, for Stonewall Jackson is there and would not let you in. I am sorry to say that there is no chance for you to keep out of the bad place—you must therefore have your third choice." But subsequent events proved to the old lady her mistaken conclusions. Grant got to Richmond at least.

The following is General Lee's order on the death of Jackson:

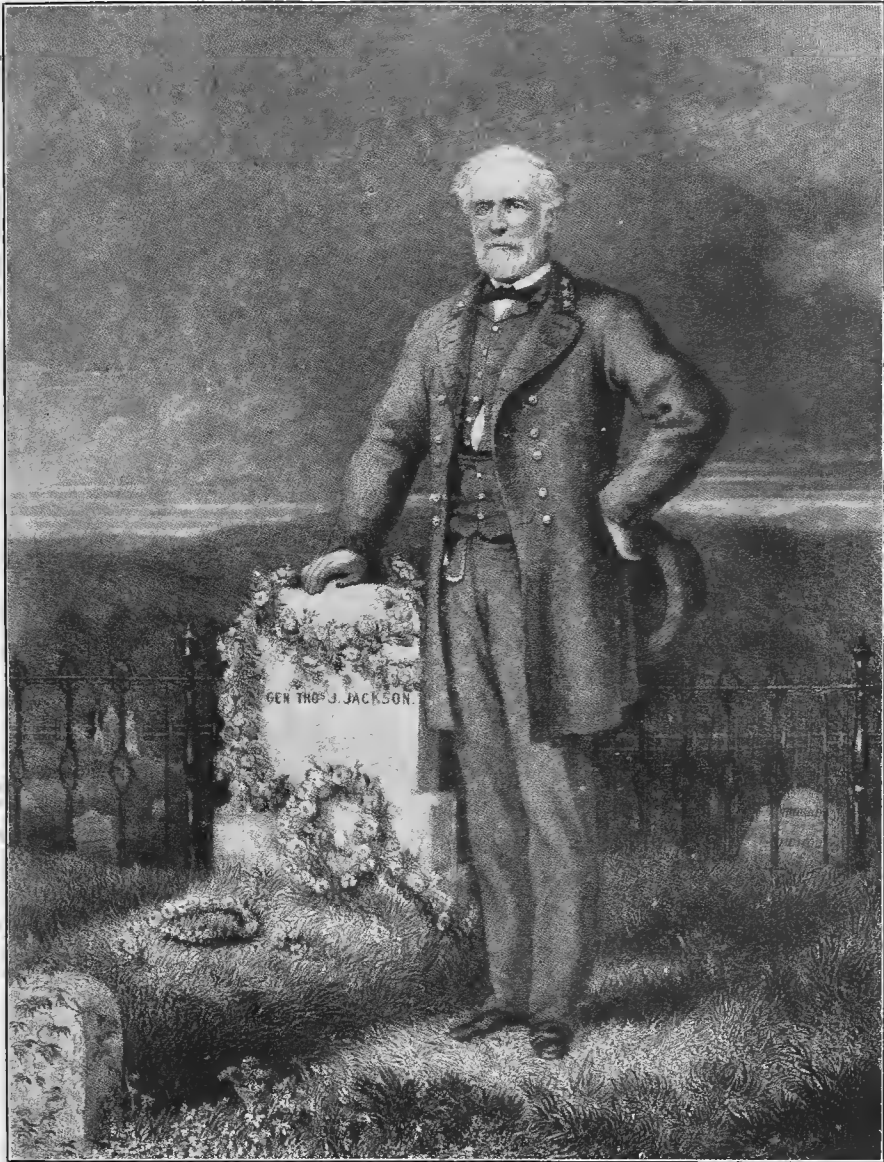
HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

May 11, 1863.

General Order No. 61:

With deep regret the commanding general announces to the army the death of Lieut.-Gen. T. J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th inst., at a quarter past three P. M. The daring, skill, and energy of this great and good soldier, by the decree of an all-wise Providence are now lost to us. But while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit still lives and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword to his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let his officers and soldiers emulate his invincible determination to do everything in the defense of our beloved country.

R. E. LEE,
General.



GENERAL LEE AT THE GRAVE OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—FIRST DAY

The Invasion of Pennsylvania and Its Objects—Preparations for the Invasion—Summary of Commands in the Confederate Army of Invasion—Why Stuart and His Cavalry Were Not With Lee—General Longstreet's Views—Incidents of the March Into Pennsylvania—Lee's Plans—The Advantage With the Confederates at the Close of the First Day—Two Supposed Dead Men Hold a Joyous Reunion—A Young Hero's Death.

The military situation after the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., early in May, 1863, was that while Richmond was in no immediate danger, the Confederacy was in danger of bisection. At this time the Confederates held the Mississippi River at Vicksburg and Port Hudson and between these points, but the Union troops and gunboats had complete possession above and below. Grant soon had Pemberton, with 30,000 Confederate soldiers, cooped up in Vicksburg, was investing the place and tightening his grasp upon it. Mr. Davis held a conference with his Cabinet, Generals Lee, Longstreet and others as to the best way to relieve Vicksburg. Longstreet was in favor of transferring his troops to the West and collecting an army large enough to cope with Grant, draw him away and relieve Vicksburg in that way. Lee favored the invasion of Pennsylvania, to let the people of that State feel the scourge of war and imperil the Capital at Washington, which he believed would cause such a withdrawal of troops from Grant's army to send against his and protect Washington as to raise the siege and relieve Vicksburg. Mr. Davis adopted it and ordered the campaign.

Subsequently General Longstreet says in his book that Lee told him that his campaign would be an offensive-defensive one; that he then assured Lee of his hearty co-operation and belief in his success.

Preparations for the invasion proceeded rapidly. General Lee reviewed Stuart's cavalry corps on John Minor Botts's plantation, near Culpeper Court House. It was a beautiful sight. General

Stuart, a very handsome man, elegantly attired and mounted on one of the fleetest and most beautiful animals I ever saw, led several charges of his troops past General Lee in the temporary grandstand. Some of President Davis's Cabinet, a large number of ladies and Hood's division of infantry were present as spectators. In the afternoon there was a sham battle, in which the horse artillery, commanded by the gallant young Major Pelham, of Alabama, took part. The firing attracted the attention of the Yankees on the other side of the river. Their speculation as to the cause gave rise to the report that a part of the Confederates had mutinied and were fighting among themselves. Their anxiety to know, in part, caused them to cross the river that night, while General Stuart and his principal officers were at a ball in the village of Culpeper Court House dancing with the pretty women and having a good time. The Yankees ruthlessly disturbed the Confederates and caused them to rush to the front as the officers of Wellington's allied army did from the grand ball in Brussels, in 1815, at the sound of Napoleon's cannon, the night before the battle of Waterloo. The next morning the Yankee cavalry, under General Pleasanton, had crossed the river in great numbers and a hard cavalry battle ensued. Hood's division was ordered out, formed line of battle and stood ready to support our cavalry, but our enemies discovered the infantry and retired across the river. If there be anything thoroughly dreaded by cavalry it is infantry. In the battle, General Butler of South Carolina, lost one of his feet and was brought out on a litter through our line. Stuart reported a loss of 485 officers and men; Pleasanton of 907 and three pieces of artillery.

When forming to see the review the day before, the late Governor Watts, of Alabama, then Attorney-General of the Confederate States, was looking at the troops going into line. He held in his hand a fine pocket-knife, with which he had been whittling, and a private in the Fifteenth Alabama said: "Mr. Attorney-General, I wish that you would give me that knife." Upon the word the big-hearted Alabamian stepped forward and handed it to him, which brought forth a hearty cheer from the men.

When General Lee began the march for Pennsylvania he went through the Shenandoah Valley in rear of the Blue Ridge Mountains to shield his movement from Hooker, who was then in command of the Union army, and to keep him in ignorance, as

far as practicable, of the object or purpose of the movement. General Longstreet, who was next in rank to Lee of any of the generals in that army, and therefore as to its organization and effective strength should be regarded as very competent authority, says there were three corps of infantry of three divisions each and four brigades in each division, except those of R. H. Anderson, Pickett and Rodes, in each of which there were five brigades.

The First Corps, commanded by General Longstreet, was composed of the divisions of McLaws, Pickett and Hood.

McLaws's division was composed of Kershaw's brigade—Second, Third, Seventh, Eighth and Fifteenth South Carolina regiments and Third South Carolina battalion; Barksdale's brigade—Thirteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Twenty-first Mississippi regiments; Semmes's brigade—Tenth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first and Fifty-third Georgia regiments; Wofford's brigade—Sixteenth, Eighteenth and Twenty-fourth Georgia regiments and Cobb's and Phillips's Georgia legions. Total, eighteen regiments and one battalion in this division.

Pickett's division was composed of Garnett's brigade—Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth and Thirty-sixth Virginia regiments; Kemper's brigade—First, Third, Seventh, Eleventh and Twenty-fourth Virginia regiments; Armistead's brigade—Ninth, Fourteenth, Thirty-eighth, Fifty-third and Fifty-seventh Virginia regiments. Total, fifteen Virginia regiments in this division. Jenkins's and Corse's brigades belonged to this division, but did not go to Pennsylvania.

Hood's division was composed of Law's brigade—Fourth, Fifteenth, Forty-fourth, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Alabama regiments; Robertson's brigade—Third Arkansas, First, Fourth and Fifth Texas regiments; Anderson's brigade—Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Eleventh and Fifty-ninth Georgia regiments. Benning's brigade—Second, Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth Georgia regiments. Total, eighteen regiments in this division.

The Second Corps, commanded by General Ewell, contained the divisions of Early, Johnson and Rodes.

Early's division was composed of Hays's brigade—Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Louisiana regiments; Smith's brigade—Thirty-first, Forty-ninth and Fifty-second Virginia regiments; Hoke's brigade—Sixth, Twenty-first and Fifty-seventh North

Carolina regiments; Gordon's brigade—Thirteenth, Twentieth, Thirty-first, Thirty-eighth, Sixtieth and Sixty-first Georgia regiments. Total, seventeen regiments in this division.

Johnson's division was composed of Stuart's brigade—First and Third North Carolina, Tenth, Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia regiments and First Maryland battalion; Stonewall brigade—Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third Virginia regiments; Nicholls's brigade—First, Second, Tenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Louisiana regiments; Jones's brigade—Twenty-first, Twenty-fifth, Forty-second, Forty-fourth, Forty-eighth and Fiftieth Virginia regiments. Total, twenty-one regiments and one battalion in this division.

Rodes's division was composed of Daniel's brigade—Thirty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fifth and Fifty-third North Carolina regiments and one North Carolina battalion; Dole's brigade—Fourth, Twelfth, Twenty-first and Forty-fourth Georgia regiments; Iverson's brigade—Fifth, Twelfth, Twentieth and Twenty-third North Carolina regiments; Ramseur's brigade—Second, Fourth, Fourteenth and Thirtieth North Carolina regiments; O'Neal's brigade—Third, Fifth, Sixth, Twelfth and Twenty-sixth Alabama regiments. Total, twenty-one regiments and one battalion in this division.

The Third Corps, commanded by Gen. A. P. Hill, was composed of Anderson's, Heath's and Pender's divisions.

Anderson's division was composed of Wilcox's brigade—Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh and Fourteenth Alabama regiments; Mahone's brigade—Sixth, Twelfth, Sixteenth, Forty-first and Sixty-first Virginia regiments; Wright's brigade—Third, Twenty-second and Forty-eighth Georgia regiments and Second Georgia battalion; Perry's brigade—Second, Fifth and Eighth Florida regiments; Posey's brigade—Twelfth, Sixteenth, Nineteenth and Forty-eighth Mississippi regiments. Total, twenty regiments and one battalion in this division.

Heth's division was composed of Pettigrew's brigade—Eleventh, Twenty-sixth, Forty-seventh and Fifty-fifth Virginia regiments and Twenty-second Virginia battalion; Archer's brigade—First, Seventh and Fourteenth Tennessee regiments, Thirteenth Alabama regiment and Fifth Alabama battalion; Davis' brigade—Second, Eleventh and Forty-second Mississippi

regiments and Fifty-fifth North Carolina regiment. Total, fifteen regiments and two battalions in this division.

Pender's division was composed of Perrin's brigade—First South Carolina regulars, First volunteers and Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth South Carolina regiments; Lane's brigade—Seventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh North Carolina regiments; Thomas's brigade—Fourteenth, Thirty-fifth, Forty-fifth and Forty-ninth Georgia regiments; Scales's brigade—Thirteenth, Sixteenth, Twenty-second, Thirty-fourth and Thirty-eighth North Carolina regiments. Total, nineteen regiments in this division.

It will be seen from the foregoing enumeration of commands that the Confederate army when Lee began his march to invade Pennsylvania consisted of 39 brigades of infantry, composed of 164 regiments and 6 battalions, 7 brigades of cavalry and 287 guns of artillery, aggregating, as estimated by General Longstreet, 75,000 men.

The wagon-train of reserve supplies alone was 17 miles long.

General Longstreet says in his book (pp. 335, 336):

J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry consisted of the brigades of Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, W. H. F. Lee, Beverly Robertson, and W. E. Jones. The cavalry of Jenkins and Imboden, operating in the Valley and West Virginia near our route, was to move, the former with Ewell, the latter on his left. Six batteries of horse artillery under Maj. R. F. Beckham were of Stuart's command, and to each army corps were attached 5 battalions of artillery of 4 guns to a battery, and 4 batteries to a battalion, making of the whole artillery organization, including batteries of reserve and the 30 guns of horse artillery, 287 guns.

In the Union Army of the Potomac were 51 brigades of infantry, 8 brigades of cavalry, and 370 guns of artillery. The artillery appointments were so superior that our officers sometimes felt humiliated when posted to unequal combat with their better metal and ammunition. In small arms also the Union troops had the most improved styles.

* * * * *

The plan of defensive tactics gave hope of success, and, in fact, I assured General Lee that the First Corps would receive and defend the battle, if he would guard its flanks, leaving his other corps to gather the fruits of success. The First Corps was as solid as a rock—a great rock. It was not to be broken of good position by direct assault, and was steady enough to work and wait for its chosen battle.

* * * * *

When the Third Corps had passed behind the First, the latter and the cavalry were to withdraw and follow the general march. Stuart, whose movements were to correspond to those of the First Corps, was to follow its withdrawal and cross the Potomac on our right flank at Shepherdstown. The brigades of Gens. M. Jenkins and M. C. Corse, of Pickett's division, left in

Virginia near Petersburg and Hanover Junction, were to follow and join their division.

General Beauregard was to be called from his post, in the South, with such brigades as could be pulled away temporarily from their Southern service, and thrown forward, with the two brigades of Pickett's division (Jenkins's and Corse's) and such others as could be got together, along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad in threatening attitude toward Washington City, and he was to suddenly forward Pickett's brigades through the Valley to the division, and at his pleasure march on, or back toward Richmond.

* * * * *

General Lee thought that Beauregard's appearance in northern Virginia would increase the known anxiety of the Washington authorities and cause them to draw troops from the South, when in the progress of events other similar movements might follow on both sides until important results could be developed north of the Potomac.

Lee's early experience with the Richmond authorities [meaning President Davis] taught him to deal cautiously with them in disclosing his views, and to leave for them the privilege and credit of approving, step by step, his apparently hesitant policy, so that his plans were disclosed little at a time; and, finding them slow in approving them, still slower in advancing the brigades of Pickett's division, and utterly oblivious of the effect of a grand swing north on our interior lines, he did not mention the part left open for Beauregard until he had their approval of the march of the part of his command as he held it in hand.

* * * * *

The authorities, not comprehending the vast strength to be gathered by utilizing our interior lines, failed to bring about their execution, and the great possibility was not fully tested.

Beauregard was not ordered and the brigades of Corse and Jenkins were not sent forward. Had they been present they would have added to Lee's strength from four to five thousand men and might have caused him to have won the victory at Gettysburg. Lee's plan for Beauregard, with a few thousand men, to threaten Washington would have created consternation in that city and doubtless have held there many thousands of the troops which he encountered at Gettysburg. It was a wise conception and President Davis should have ordered it. By his failing to do so a great opportunity of making Lee's campaign a grand success was lost.*

*Mr. Davis wrote General Lee, after the latter entered Pennsylvania, that he declined to send Beauregard with such force as he could gather to threaten Washington and then send the two brigades of Pickett's division to Lee, as it would so uncover Richmond as to leave it subject to capture. This letter never reached General Lee, but was captured *en route*, and hence the Washington authorities knew that it was safe to reenforce General Meade with nearly all the troops which had been left to guard and protect the place. This revelation was, therefore, greatly to Lee's disadvantage, by not getting the brigades, and by the knowledge that Washington was not in danger.

On the 10th of June Ewell, with the Second Corps, began the march and entered the Valley via Chester Gap. General Milroy had 9,000 men at Winchester and a brigade at Berryville. There were one or two regiments at Martinsburg and at Harper's Ferry there were about 10,000 men under General Kelley. Ewell stormed Milroy's fortifications at Winchester and soon drove all of the Union troops out of the Valley. They fled to Maryland in the direction of Washington.

Ewell took 4,000 prisoners, an equal number of small arms, 11 stands of colors, 25 cannon, 250 wagons, 400 horses and a large amount of subsistence and quartermasters' stores. He lost but 270 men of all arms. He crossed the Potomac on the 15th at Shepherdstown, or Sharpsburg, and occupied Hagerstown, Md., the same day without opposition. He continued his advance with a part of his command via Chambersburg and a part via Gettysburg to Carlisle, where he destroyed the United States barracks. On his march to that point he had sent back for the corps in his rear, 3,000 head of beef cattle and 5,000 barrels of flour. Gordon's brigade, sent in advance, passed Gettysburg and York, and reached Wrightsville on the Susquehanna, taking a few hundred of State militia prisoners. Ewell was at Carlisle on the 28th of June.

Longstreet, with the First Corps, on the 19th held the Blue Ridge at Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps, while Hill, with the Third Corps, was passing down the Valley in his rear. Hill crossed the Potomac on June 23 at Shepherdstown. On the 20th Longstreet crossed the Shenandoah, his men wading the stream. He halted on the opposite side to support Stuart, if necessary, as he was heavily engaged with Pleasanton's cavalry at Upperville, Va. Stuart was driven back into Ashby's Gap, but the brigade of infantry (Wofford's), ordered back to his support, caused the Federal cavalry to retire. The First Corps then proceeded and crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, the men wading the river, on June 23.

Longstreet claims that he understood that as his corps was to guard the rear that the cavalry was to operate with it and follow its withdrawal to the west of the Blue Ridge, cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, make his ride toward Baltimore, and that Stuart was really under his orders. But Stuart afterwards claimed that General Lee had given him authority to cross east of the Blue Ridge if he saw proper to do so. Longstreet com-

plains in his book (p. 343) that Stuart disobeyed his orders and induced General Lee to consent to his going on a raid, which took three of the best brigades of the cavalry out of touch with the army when so much needed, and then adds: "So our plans, adopted after deep study, were suddenly given over to gratify the youthful cavalryman's wish for a nomadic ride."

This implies a severe censure of General Lee, whose friendship Longstreet claims to have enjoyed to the close of his life. It was written after Lee's death.

To show the injustice of Longstreet to the memory of Generals Lee and Stuart, we copy Longstreet's reports to Lee dated June 22, the day before he crossed the Potomac, showing in the last one, written at 7 30 o'clock P. M., that he had suggested to Stuart that he cross the river in the enemy's rear.

After they are both dead, he publishes in his book that Stuart refused to obey him and that Lee gave him permission to go on "a nomadic ride" merely to gratify his ambition, and implies that thereby the campaign was a failure and the battle of Gettysburg was lost.

Millwood, June 22, 1863, 7 P. M.

Maj.-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Comdg. Cavalry.

General: General Lee has enclosed to me this letter for you, to be forwarded to you, provided you can be *spared from my front*, and provided I think that you can move across the Potomac without disclosing our plans. *He speaks of your leaving via Hopewell Gap and passing by the rear of the enemy.* If you can get through by that route I think you will be less likely to indicate what our plans are than if you should cross by *passing to our rear*. I forward the letter of instructions with these suggestions. Please advise me of the condition of affairs before you leave, and order General Hampton, whom I suppose you will leave here in command, to report to me at Millwood, either by letter or in person, as may be the most agreeable to him.

Most respectfully,

JAMES LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant-General.

June 22, 1863, 7.30 P. M.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Comdg., etc.

General: Yours of 4 o'clock this afternoon is received. I have forwarded your letter to General Stuart, *with the suggestion that he pass by the enemy's rear* if he thinks he may get through. We have nothing of the enemy today.

Most respectfully,

JAMES LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

Stuart, leaving two of his brigades to protect Lee's communications, cut loose three of his best ones from the Confederate army, passed across the rear of the Union army, crossed the Potomac south of it, approached within a few miles north of Washington and Baltimore, destroying the railroad between, in the neighborhood of the old Relay House, destroyed the telegraph and railroad communication on the Baltimore and Ohio east of Frederick City, caused great alarm in Baltimore and Washington, kept French's division from reenforcing Meade, captured within a few miles of Washington one hundred and twenty-five wagons and well-equipped teams—the wagons full of choice army supplies, destroyed much public property and took over 1,000 prisoners.

Let us not, because he is dead and cannot speak for himself, allow the memory of this wizard of the saddle, "Jeb" Stuart, to be aspersed. His judgment perhaps on that occasion may have been erroneous and its consequence serious, but as a patriot he sealed his devotion to the Confederacy with his life at Yellow Tavern, Va., in 1864. He had Longstreet's permission and approval of the "nomadic ride" before he made it.

Had Lee been promptly informed of Hooker's army crossing the Potomac on the 25th and 26th of June, as he would have been but for Stuart's absence, he would doubtless have concentrated his army at some point nearer his base of supplies than Gettysburg and have received or awaited the attack of the Union army, in harmony with his purpose expressed before leaving Virginia, according to Longstreet, to act on the defensive. It is highly probable that in such an attitude he would have been successful. But Stuart's enthusiasm and the discretion allowed him by Lee and approved by Longstreet lost to Lee this opportunity.

When Hooker, who was still in Virginia, learned how Lee's army was moving he reported the scattered condition of it to Washington and asked permission to cross the Rappahannock and move on Richmond. Lincoln replied that he thought Lee's army, and not Richmond, was Hooker's true objective point. He also wrote to Hooker:

In case you find Lee coming to the north of the Rappahannock, I would by no means cross to the south of it. I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river like an ox jumped half over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other.

Again he wrote to Hooker :

If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be slim somewhere. Could you not break him?

The head and tail were, in fact, one hundred miles apart; but Lee knew that Hooker could not attack the head, as it was called by the laconic and facetious President, and if he attacked the middle or tail, that either Longstreet or Hill could fight him until the two corps could be concentrated, and with the two corps he had no fear that Hooker could break the animal. With but two corps Lee worsted Hooker at Chancellorsville.

The army passed through Hagerstown, Md., and Chambersburg, Pa., at which last-named place the corps of Longstreet and Hill were halted for two days, while Ewell pushed on as far as Carlisle.

The weather was very warm when we marched from Culpeper, and so continued until the day we crossed the river, when there was a very heavy cold rain, which drenched us to the skin. A good many of the men fainted or had sunstroke on the march, yet the morale of the army was never better. The Fifteenth Alabama had 600 men in ranks and 42 officers when we started on that march, and during its progress lost four men by desertion and over fifty by heat and sickness.

After crossing the river and marching through Hagerstown, Hood had issued to his division several barrels of captured whiskey and the consequence was that there were quite a number of drunken officers and men. This, as I well remember, was the case in the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment. We marched into Pennsylvania that afternoon and went into camp before night near Greencastle. I, with Adjutant Waddell, rode out into the country and found some of the soldiers committing depredations upon the Dutch farmers, which I promptly rebuked, and ordered the men to camps wherever we found them. This was done in obedience to General Lee's order, forbidding interference with private property because it was wrong and should never be done, even in an enemy's country, except when absolutely necessary. But as far as I saw these depredations extended only to taking something to eat and burning fence rails for fuel. Some men would do this when they had plenty of rations in camp. At one house we found some of our regiment milking the cows and catch-

ing the milk in canteens, which seemed to be very expert work of that kind. The people, as far as I could learn, seemed a good deal alarmed, but behaved well. Waddell and myself took supper that night with some very loyal people to the Union. I sent them a guard and protected them and their property from trespass and spoliation.

There were two young ladies in the family and they, in common with the men of the household, conversed very freely after I assured them of their perfect right to speak their real sentiments. One of the ladies said she wished that the two armies would hang the two Presidents, Jeff Davis and Lincoln, and stop the war. These people, although educated in books of some kind, and apparently well informed on nearly everything else, were remarkably ignorant of the causes of the war and the real character of the Government. They looked upon the war as a personal contention between two ambitious men for the supremacy and they were particularly spiteful toward Davis because they seemed to think that he wanted to dissolve the Union merely to be President of the Southern Confederacy. The same measure of ignorance existed in the minds of two-thirds of the people in the Northern States. There was not one in ten of the very men who fought us could give anything like a true or intelligent account of the causes which led to the war or the issues involved. They were taught like parrots to say that they were fighting for the Union, when they could speak English at all. About one-third of the rank and file were foreigners, recruited in Europe for the bounty merely. Many of them, when captured, could give no other account of the command they belonged to or what they were fighting for, than "Me fights mit Zegel," and we staked the best and most chivalric blood that ever flowed in the veins of the young men of any land or country against such trash as this—the hireling paupers of Europe—just such as flock to our shores, frequently through the assistance of their home government in Europe, because it is cheaper to send them to America than to support and govern them at home, and the United States unwisely admits too many of those who come. More than half a million of foreigners come to our shores every year.

Twelve months after they arrive, in nearly all of the States they are invested with the elective franchise and given a homestead of 160 acres of land. Two or three decades hence the folly of thus receiving them by the wholesale will be condemned. A

dense population expels loneliness and presents scenes of active business, but it contributes nothing to longevity, virtue and happiness and makes the battle of life much harder for the poor. I have never been able to perceive the wisdom of those legislators who, not satisfied with the immense immigration we are receiving, like *Oliver Twist* was with the soup, "want more," and cry, "let them come."

There were in the Fifteenth Alabama about thirty foreigners, all Irish except one, who was a Frenchman. They fought well while they remained with us. But they generally belonged to the floating population of the country, and hence after three or four of them were killed and the excitement began to grow cold, all except four or five deserted. All honor to O'Connor, Brannon, McArdle, McGuire, McEntyre and others who stayed and fought to the last.

On the 27th Hooker wanted to withdraw the garrison from Harper's Ferry and with this force and the Twelfth Corps to cut Lee's communications, but General Halleck would not allow it and Hooker resigned. Meade was put in command. He was the sixth commander of the Army of the Potomac and probably the best. That army then consisted of the First, Second, Third, Fifth, Sixth, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps of infantry, eight brigades of cavalry, and mustered on the 30th of June 105,000 men.

All the houses were closed when the Confederates marched through Chambersburg. The people stood in crowds on the sidewalks and at the upper story windows to see the "rebels pass." Guards were stationed to prevent depredations by our troops. We encamped beyond the town.

Stuart having gone to the eastward, had to keep to the east of the Union army and perform an extensive circuit by Carlisle Barracks, and was not in communication with Lee until the battle which ensued was more than half over, as stated by Longstreet and in official reports. On the 28th, 29th and 30th of June, Lee knew nothing of the whereabouts either of Stuart or the Union army, except the report of a scout on the morning of the 29th or night of the 28th. He had not with him a sufficient force of cavalry to keep him accurately advised of the movements of his enemy. He did not know that Hooker had been superseded by Meade until the scout reported it. Major-General Trimble was serving on Lee's staff as chief of engineers. He told the writer

after the war that Lee told him on the 28th that his plan of operations was to fall upon the advance of the Union army, when and wherever he found it, crush and hurl it back on the main body, press forward and beat that before its commander could have time to concentrate his whole force; that in the event of his success he intended to march on Philadelphia. But he was greatly perplexed that he could not hear from Stuart, who had with him three of the best brigades of cavalry. Lee was, therefore, uninformed of the exact movements of the Union army. He despatched Trimble with orders to Ewell for a detachment to move on and capture Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. On the 30th of June Trimble was moving with a brigade and a battery of artillery against that town when an order from Lee to Ewell recalled him and put the whole corps in motion for Cashtown, but Hill becoming engaged without orders, Ewell had to go to his support at Gettysburg. On the first day of July a division of Hill's corps was approaching that place by the Cashtown Road, which enters it on the western side, to collect supplies. When about three miles out the pickets of Buford's cavalry were encountered. Meade had selected a position on Pipe Creek, nine miles southeast from Gettysburg, on the Baltimore Pike, to concentrate and receive Lee's assault if he moved in that direction, but sent forward the corps of Reynolds and Howard, preceded by Buford's cavalry, as an army of observation. Lee did not intend to fight at Gettysburg, but at Cashtown, and ordered Ewell there at first, where Lee could, with his back to the mountains, have protected his communications and acted on the defensive; but General Hill inconsiderately blundered into the fight and hence Ewell had to leave the Cashtown Road and go to his assistance, and after that day's terrible battle Lee thought it inexpedient to withdraw to Cashtown.

They gave ground before Hill's vanguard, General Archer's brigade, for about one mile, when, after considerable delay in crossing Willoughby Run, it was, with its commander, surrounded and captured. Hill then ordered the remainder of that division forward, and the brigades of Scales, Brockenbrough and Davis drove everything before them and halted only when they had carried the crest or top of the hill. In this fight W W Dudley, well known in political circles as "Blocks-of-five" Dudley, on account of his method of controlling Republican voters in Indiana, then a colonel in the Iron Brigade, lost one of his feet. Hill

brought into action another division. His third was in the rear and did not arrive in time to participate in that action. In a little skirt of woods on the top of the hill, east of the mill on the Run, is where General Reynolds was killed. A splendid bronze statue of him stands on the spot and another in front of the entrance to the Soldiers' Cemetery. General Doubleday succeeded to the command and interposed a stubborn resistance.

In an open space to the east of where Reynolds fell the color bearer of a New York regiment, when all had fled, turned, and holding his colors in one hand, shook his fist at the North Carolinians advancing on him, and in that attitude was killed. A marble statue on the spot represents him at the moment he received the fatal shot. It is a fine piece of art.

Howard's corps formed line of battle on the north side of the town, out about one mile, to confront Ewell, who was just then arriving from Carlisle. Ewell despatched Early's and Rhodes's divisions to attack, holding Johnson's in reserve, and they swept forward, hurling Howard's corps, broken and bleeding, back on the town. Rodes's right wing united with Hill's left at right angles and the four divisions, then forming one continuous line, drove the two Federal corps from the field and through the town. Gordon's large brigade struck the Federal right in flank and was driving everything and capturing prisoners by the hundreds, when he was ordered to halt, which he did not obey until twice repeated. A great opportunity lost to the Confederates.

Most unfortunately, General Ewell failed to follow up the victory and dislodge those broken corps from Cemetery Ridge and Culp's Hill that evening. He hesitated and awaited the arrival of Lee. Therein was Ewell's deficiency as a general. He had a splendid tactical eye, capable of grand military conceptions, and once resolved quick as lightning to act, yet he was never quite confident of his judgment and sought the approval of others before he would execute. And why did General Early halt Gordon's brigade in its splendid achievements? Ramseur pushed his brigade up Culp's Hill that evening, but was ordered back to the line of his division. That night Culp's was occupied and fortified by the Twelfth Corps of the Union army, commanded by the intrepid H. W. Slocum. Another lost opportunity of the Confederates.

In addition to the loss of Archer's brigade of Hill's corps, Iverson's brigade of Ewell's corps was also captured, but both

were small and did not aggregate more than 2,000 men. Near 5,000 Federals were taken prisoners that day and the killed and wounded on both sides were large, the advantage being decidedly with the Confederates. They held the town of Gettysburg and the entire field of that day's fighting.

General Hancock had been sent forward with written authority from General Meade to take command of all the troops at the front and to exercise his judgment as to whether the battle should be fought there or on Pipe Creek. With the perception of a great general he saw the strength of the position, seized upon it, reformed the broken corps and reported to his chief that he had a favorable position. Had Ewell only occupied Culp's Hill that night, which he could easily have done, the genius of Hancock would have been foiled and the Union army could not have made a further stand at Gettysburg; but Ewell delayed and the opportunity was lost. Had Stonewall Jackson been alive and in Ewell's stead, as he would have been, Hancock would not have been able to rally on Cemetery Ridge the broken and demoralized corps of Howard and Doubleday. They would have been pursued and driven from their strong position and the history of this country, in all probability, made to read very differently from what it does. The school geographies of today would probably—yes, most likely—have shown the existence of a nation now extinct forever. Ah! so much depends on celerity of action in military maneuvers. Just at this time occurred the great riots in New York in resistance to the draft. Lee's success would have so strengthened the peace party that negotiations would have followed. The credit of the United States at that time was badly shattered and at a comparatively low ebb. Their bonds were worth but fifty cents on the dollar. The National Bank Act had not then fairly got in its work. It afterwards appreciated the bonds to par, restored the credit of the United States and conquered the Confederacy. It did more to that end than did the Army of the Potomac. To O. D. Potter, of New York, as the originator of the scheme, and Salmon P. Chase, the then Secretary of the Treasury, for putting it into execution, was the Union indebted.

Hill's corps lay that night in line of battle along Seminary Ridge, nearly parallel with and about one mile distant from Cemetery Ridge, along which Hancock was forming in line the remains of Howard's and Reynolds's corps. Sickles's and Han-

cock's corps arrived after dark and during the night and were placed on the left and extended the line next morning only to the northern foot of Little Round Top. General Lee arrived on Ewell's part of the field about the close of the battle, a little before sunset, and with Trimble went up in the observatory of the college building, which stands in the northern suburbs of the town, and surveyed the surroundings. He then ordered Trimble to find a practicable road to carry the artillery around to the right, to which he proposed transferring Ewell's corps during the night, but from some cause, known to me only by hearsay, it was not done. General Trimble told me after the war that it was so late at night before a practicable way was found that General Lee deemed it impracticable; and thus ended the first day's fight at Gettysburg, with the advantage decidedly on the side of the Confederates, except that Ewell's failure to press on and gain the heights that night left them at a decided disadvantage as to position the next day.

During the fighting General Gordon, of Georgia, found upon the field General Barlow, of the Union army, mortally wounded, as he and Gordon believed. He told the latter that his wife was with the army and gave him a message to be conveyed to the wife after he was dead. Gordon had him removed to a house and that night obtained permission for Mrs. Barlow to come into the Confederate lines to her husband, but heard no more of him and supposed that he died. Long after the war, when Gordon was serving in the United States Senate, he met at a dinner one evening a General Barlow and inquired if he was related to the General Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg? He replied yes, that he was the same Barlow. He then inquired if Gordon was related to the General Gordon who aided him when he lay helpless upon the field and was afterwards killed in 1864, as he had seen reported. Gordon replied that the General Gordon who was killed in 1864 was from North Carolina, and that he was the General Gordon who aided him (Barlow) at Gettysburg. Each had believed the other among the angels for more than twenty years when they, to the utter surprise of each other, met in the flesh and had a joyous reunion.

At an angle on a hill in the Union line there was a battery well served, where a lieutenant, after his captain was killed and his men but few, stood by the guns until one of his thighs was broken, nearly torn off. His guns were taken by some of Early's division,

which swept right on, paying no attention to the wounded. The lieutenant was but twenty years old. He lay bleeding where he fell. He took out his pocket knife and amputated his own limb, then crawled over a hundred yards to a house in the hope of finding some relief, and especially a drink of water, but there was no one at the house but wounded men, who could not help him. One of his wounded men lay near him and his cries and those of others for water caused a straggling Confederate who had a canteen to go to them; seeing the mangled condition of the lieutenant he gave him the canteen of water. The wounded man cried most piteously, imploring his lieutenant to give it to him. The young officer handed it to him, and as the soldier emptied the canteen and enjoyed it so much, the young hero smiled and soon breathed his last. Heroism is admired even in an enemy. A monument should be erected to that lieutenant on that spot. His name was Wilkinson.

CHAPTER XXIII

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—SECOND DAY

The Fifteenth Arrives Upon the Field—General Hood's Report—On Great Round Top—Ordered to Capture Little Round Top, if Possible—Vincent's Federal Brigade There Ahead of Me—The Fight—Some Federal Mis-statements of Fact—Our Retreat—General Longstreet Not Loyal to General Lee—A Gallant Attempt to Recover Our Wounded—Devil's Den.

Law's brigade was on picket some several miles from Chambersburg, near New Guilford Court House, on the first day of July, when in the afternoon the cannonading of the engagement between portions of Ewell's and Hill's corps, and the Federals, under Reynolds, Howard and Doubleday, near Gettysburg, was distinctly heard by us. About dark we received an order to be ready to move at any moment. Subsequently we were ordered to cook rations and to be ready to move at three o'clock A. M. It was near 4 o'clock when the brigade was put in motion, and after a rapid and fatiguing march, passing the smoking ruins of Thad. Stevens's property it arrived on the field within sight of Gettysburg at about 2 o'clock P. M., having marched twenty-five miles. For two or three miles before we arrived we saw many field hospitals—wounded men and thousands of prisoners, evidencing the bloody engagement of the previous evening.

When we arrived Generals Lee and Longstreet were together on an eminence in our front—on Seminary Ridge—and appeared to be inspecting with field glasses the position of the Federals. We were allowed but a few minutes' rest, when the divisions of McLaws and Hood were moved in line by the right flank around to the south of the Federal position. There was a good deal of delay on the march, which was quite circuitous, for the purpose of covering the movement from the enemy. Finally Hood marched across the rear of McLaws and went into line on the crest of the little ridge across the Emmitsburg Road, with Benning's brigade in rear of his center, constituting a second line—his battalion of artillery, sixteen pieces, in position on his left.

McLaws then formed his division of four brigades in two lines of battle on Hood's left, with sixteen pieces of artillery in position on McLaws's left.

This line crossed the Emmitsburg Road and was partially parallel with it. The extreme right of Hood's line was considerably in advance and north of that road, and its right directly opposite to the center of the Great Round Top Mountain. Law's brigade constituted the right of Hood's line and was formed at first in single line, as follows:

My regiment, the Fifteenth Alabama, in the center, the Forty-fourth and Forty-eighth Alabama regiments to my right and the Forty-seventh and Fourth Alabama regiments to my left. Thus formed, about 3.30 o'clock P. M., both battalions of artillery opened fire. The Federals replied from their guns on and near Little Round Top, and within a few minutes our line advanced in quick time under the fire of our guns, through an open field about three or four hundred yards and then down a gentle slope for a quarter of a mile, through the open valley of Plum Run, a small, muddy, meandering stream running through it near the base of the mountains.* Law's brigade was the first to move, but the two regiments to my right were dropped back a short distance, and as we entered the valley the Forty-fourth Alabama was directed to the left to attack the Devil's Den, and the Forty-eighth continued as a reserve or second line, which made the Fifteenth a little in advance and on the extreme right of Longstreet's column of attack. Benning's, the Texas, and Anderson's brigades moved in echelon into the action so that our division was spread out like the outer edge of a half-open fan, and as the right drove the

* The advance was not skilfully made in all respects. Five companies from two of the regiments of the brigade covered its front as skirmishers. The two from the Forty-eighth on the right were under the command of a captain, the three from the Forty-seventh likewise commanded by a captain, and in the advance were soon disconnected from each other, but all moved directly toward the center, and bore to the right of the southern front of Great Round Top, and passed around it to the right on the eastern side. Capt. A. O. Dickson, then first lieutenant of Company A, one of the skirmish companies of the Forty-eighth regiment, now lives in Brooksville, Blount County, Alabama, and is an intelligent, reliable man. He says that these companies passed entirely around to the northern side of the mountain without encountering any Union troops, and in this way these companies were not in the battle of July 2d. Capt. J. Q. Burton, of the Forty-seventh, who lives at Opelika, and is a reliable gentleman, says that three companies from that regiment went the same way, never encountered the enemy, and were not in the battle. Had these five companies gone farther and joined my column on the north side of Great Round Top, I could have captured the ordnance train, and

enemy from the base of the mountain, each brigade in succession would strike the enemy's line on the flank or quartering, so that as we drove them our line would shorten and hence strengthen, but General Sickles had changed his line after the first formation, so that Birney's division with Ward's brigade on its left at the Devil's Den and extending along a ridge to the Emmitsburg Road, was facing us, instead of the other way, as General Lee thought. Sickles thus gave us an unexpected and very warm reception. He constantly received reenforcements, which made his line hard to drive. Sickles's apprehension of another flank movement on Lee's part as at Chancellorsville was well founded, but the same man was not there to conduct it as at that place two months before. To guard against a similar surprise, Sickles changed his first formation and placed Birney's fine division, well supported, on his flank and facing to the rear, which thwarted Lee's plan of attack made two hours before, which was a masterly piece of strategy when made. Rapid change of conditions in all human affairs bring unexpected results. As the most authentic account of Longstreet's attack and the spirit in which he made it, I quote from Major-General Hood's report to him long after the battle as follows :

General Lee was, seemingly, anxious you should attack that morning. He remarked to me, "The enemy is here, and if we do not whip him, he will whip us." You thought it better to await the arrival of Pickett's division—at that time still in the rear—in order to make the attack; and you said to me, subsequently, whilst we were seated together near the trunk of a tree: "The General is a little nervous this morning; he wishes me to attack; I do not wish to do so without Pickett. I never like to go into battle with one boot off."

Thus passed the forenoon of that eventful day, when in the afternoon—about 3 o'clock—it was decided to await no longer Pickett's division, but to

it would have enabled me, in all probability, to have captured Little Round Top. The Forty-eighth Regiment was ordered across the rear to the left early in the advance. The attack, instead of being straight forward, as the skirmishers doubtless believed it would be, was a left half wheel, but of which the skirmishers were not informed, so they went to the right and the line of battle to the left. On such an occasion a competent field officer should have been in command of the skirmish line of the brigade and before he began the advance have received definite instructions from the brigade commander. There was no such arrangement on this occasion, and as a consequence five companies of the brigade were not in the battle.

No communication as to what was intended to be done was made to the regimental commanders, until after the advance began. This was a common practice in those days, but it was wrong. The colonels of the regiments about to engage in battle should always be informed of what is to be done before the advance begins, and it is the duty of the staff officers to see the orders carried out.

proceed to our extreme right and attack up the Emmitsburg Road. McLaws moved off, and I followed with my division. In a short time I was ordered to quicken the march of my troops and to pass to the front of McLaws.

This movement was accomplished by throwing out an advanced force to tear down fences and clear the way. The instructions I received were to place my division across the Emmitsburg Road, form line of battle, and attack. Before reaching this road, however, I had sent forward some of my picked Texas scouts to ascertain the position of the enemy's extreme left flank. They soon reported to me that it rested upon Round Top Mountain [meaning Little Round Top]; that the country was open, and that I could march through an open woodland pasture around Round Top [meaning Great Round Top], and assault the enemy in flank and rear; that their wagon trains were parked in rear of their lines and were badly exposed to our attack in that direction. As soon as I arrived upon the Emmitsburg Road I placed one or two batteries in position and opened fire. A reply from the enemy's guns soon developed his lines. His left rested on, or near, Round Top [meaning Little Round Top], with line bending back and again forward, forming, as it were, a concave line, as approached by the Emmitsburg Road. A considerable body of troops was posted in front of their main line, between the Emmitsburg Road and Round Top Mountain. This force was in line of battle upon an eminence near a peach orchard. [This was Birney's division of Sickles's corps.]

I found that in making the attack according to orders, viz.: up the Emmitsburg road, I should have first to encounter and drive off this advanced line of battle; secondly, at the base and along the slope of the mountain, to confront immense boulders of stone, so massed together as to form narrow openings, which would break our ranks and cause the men to scatter whilst climbing up the rocky precipice. I found, moreover, that my division would be exposed to a heavy fire from the main line of the enemy in position on the crest of the high range, of which Round Top was the extreme left, and, by reason of the concavity of the enemy's line, that we would be subject to a destructive fire in flank and rear, as well as in front; and deemed it almost an impossibility to clamber along the boulders up this steep and rugged mountain, and, under this number of cross fires, put the enemy to flight. I knew that if the feat was accomplished, it must be at a most fearful sacrifice of as brave and gallant soldiers as ever engaged in battle.

The reconnaissance of my Texas scouts and the development of the Federal lines were effected in a very short space of time; in truth, shorter than I have taken to recall and jot down these facts, although the scenes and events of that day are as clear to my mind as if the great battle had been fought yesterday. I was in possession of these important facts so shortly after reaching the Emmitsburg Road, as ordered, and to urge that you allow me to turn Round Top, and attack the enemy in flank and rear. Accordingly I despatched a staff officer, bearing to you my request to be allowed to make the proposed movement on account of the above-stated reasons. Your reply was quickly received: "General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg Road." I sent another officer saying I feared nothing could be accomplished by such an attack, and renewed my request to turn Round Top. Again your answer was, "General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg Road." During this interim I had continued the use of the batteries upon the enemy, and had become more and more convinced that the Federal line extended to Round Top, and that I could not reasonably hope to accomplish much by the attack as ordered. In fact, it seemed to me that the enemy occupied a position by nature so strong—I may say impregnable—that, independently of their flank fire, they could easily repel our attack by merely throwing and rolling stones down the mountain side as we approached.

A third time I despatched one of my staff to explain fully in regard to the situation and suggest that you had better come and look for yourself. I se-

lected, in this instance, my adjutant-general, Col. Harry Sellers, whom you know to be not only an officer of great courage, but also of marked ability. Colonel Sellers returned with the same message: "General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg Road." Almost simultaneously, Colonel Fairfax, of your staff, rode up and repeated the above orders.

After this urgent protest against entering the battle at Gettysburg, according to instructions—which protest is the first and only one I ever made during my entire military career—I ordered my line to advance and make the assault.

As my troops were moving forward, you rode up in person; a brief conversation passed between us, during which I again expressed the fears above mentioned, and regret at not being allowed to attack in flank around Round Top. You answered to this effect: "We must obey the orders of General Lee." I then rode forward with my line under a heavy fire. In about twenty minutes, after reaching the peach orchard, I was severely wounded in the arm, and borne from the field.

With this wound terminated my participation in this great battle. As I was borne off on a litter to the rear, I could but experience deep distress of mind and heart at the thought of the inevitable fate of my brave fellow-soldiers, who formed one of the grandest divisions of that world-renowned army; and I shall ever believe had I been permitted to turn Round Top Mountain, we would not only have gained that position, but have been able finally to rout the enemy.

Skirmishers from Law's brigade, who passed around Great Round Top on its east side, confirm the statement of Hood's scouts that no Union troops were there.

General Law rode up to me as we were advancing, and informed me that I was then on the extreme right of our line and for me to hug the base of Great Round Top and go up the valley between the two mountains, until I found the left of the Union line, to turn it and do all the damage I could, and that Lieutenant-Colonel Bulger would be instructed to keep the Forty-seventh closed to my regiment, and if separated from the brigade he would act under my orders. Just after we crossed Plum Run we received the first fire from the enemy's infantry. It was Stoughton's Second Regiment United States sharpshooters, posted behind a fence at or near the southern foot of Great Round Top. They reached that position as we advanced through the old field. No other troops were there nor on that mountain at that time. I did not halt at the first fire, but looked to the rear for the Forty-eighth Alabama, and saw it going, under General Law's order, across the rear of our line to the left, it was said, to reenforce the Texas brigade, which was hotly engaged. That left no one in my rear or on my right to meet this foe. They were in the woods and I did not know the number of them. I received the second fire. Lieutenant-Colonel Feagin and one or two of the men fell. I knew it would not do to go on and leave that force, I knew not

how strong, in our rear with no troops of ours to take care of them; so I gave the command to change direction to the right. The seven companies of the Forty-seventh swung around with the Fifteenth and kept in line with it. The other three companies of that regiment were sent forward as skirmishers before the advance began. The sharp-shooters retreated up the south front of the mountain, pursued by my command. In places the men had to climb up, catching to the rocks and bushes and crawling over the boulders in the face of the fire of the enemy, who kept retreating, taking shelter and firing down on us from behind the rocks and crags which covered the side of the mountain thicker than grave-stones in a city cemetery. Fortunately they usually over-shot us. We could see our foe only as they dodged back from one boulder to another, hence our fire was scattering. As we advanced up the mountain they ceased firing about half way up, divided, and a battalion went around the mountain on each side. Those who went up to the right fired a few shots at my flank. To meet this I deployed Company A, and moved it by the left flank to protect my right, and continued my rugged ascent until we reached the top. Some of my men fainted from heat, exhaustion, and thirst. I halted and let them lie down and rest a few minutes. My right lay exactly where the observatory now stands, and the line extended down the slope westward. I saw Gettysburg through the foliage of the trees. Saw the smoke and heard the roar of battle which was then raging at the Devil's Den, in the peach orchard, up the Emmitsburg road, and on the west and south of the Little Round Top. I saw from the highest point of rocks that we were then on the most commanding elevation in that neighborhood. I knew that my men were too much exhausted to make a good fight without a few minutes' rest.

To show their condition, I quote from General Longstreet, who says in his book (page 365) :

Law completed his march of twenty-eight miles in eleven hours, the best marching in either army, to reach the field of Gettysburg.

In addition to this we had ascended that mountain in pursuit of the sharp-shooters, which but few men at this day are able to climb without the accoutrements, rifles, and knapsacks carried by those heroic men. Greater heroes never shouldered muskets than those Alabamians.

When we formed line of battle before the advance began, a detail was made of two men from each of the eleven companies of my regiment to take all the canteens to a well about one hundred yards in our rear and fill them with cool water before we went into the fight. Before this detail could fill the canteens the advance was ordered. It would have been infinitely better to have waited five minutes for those twenty-two men and the canteens of water, but generals never ask a colonel if his regiment is ready to move. The order was given and away we went. The water detail followed with the canteens of water, but when they got into the woods they missed us, walked right into the Yankee lines, and were captured, canteens and all. My men in the ranks, in the intense heat, suffered greatly for water. The loss of those twenty-two men and lack of the water contributed largely to our failure to take Little Round Top a few minutes later. About five minutes after I halted, Captain Terrell, assistant adjutant-general to General Law, rode up by the only pathway on the southeast side of the mountain and inquired why I had halted. I told him. He then informed me that General Hood was wounded, Law was in command of the division, and sent me his compliments, said for me to press on, turn the Union left, and capture Little Round Top, if possible, and to lose no time.

I then called his attention to my position. A precipice on the east and north, right at my feet; a very steep, stony, and wooded mountain-side on the west. The only approach to it by our enemy, a long wooded slope on the northwest, where the pathway to the observatory now is. Within half an hour I could convert it into a Gibraltar that I could hold against ten times the number of men that I had, hence in my judgment it should be held and occupied by artillery as soon as possible, as it was higher than the other mountain and would command the entire field. Terrell replied that probably I was right, but that he had no authority to change or originate orders, which I very well knew; but with his sanction I would have remained at that point until I could have heard from Law or some superior in rank. I inquired for Law. Terrell said that as senior brigadier he was commanding the division, and along the line to the left. He then repeated that General Law had sent him to tell me to lose no time, but to press forward and drive everything before me as far as possible. General Meade did not then know the importance of the Round Tops. He admitted before the Committee of Congress on the Conduct of

the War that it was the key-point to his position. He soon discovered its importance, and at the very moment we occupied it, he sent couriers to General Sykes to occupy it with his division as speedily as possible. I felt confident that Law did not know my position, or he would not order me from it. I had not seen him or any other general officer after I received Stoughton's fire, and did not see any general or staff officer, other than Terrell, until the morning of July 3; and I am confident that no general and but the one staff officer ascended Great Round Top.

From an examination of the reports of the generals on each side and the testimony taken by the joint committee of Congress, there appears to have been confusion and inaccuracy of statement about Round Top Mountain, and a failure to discriminate between them. There are two mountains, Great, or Big Round Top, and Little Round Top. They are from apex to apex one thousand yards apart, and Big Round Top is southeast of Little Round Top and 120 feet higher. Many of the generals in their reports speak of "Round Top" without indicating which. A reader who is familiar with the field or was in the fight can understand pretty well which is referred to, but one unacquainted with the topography of the field will find some difficulty in understanding which of these twin mountains is meant. For the benefit of such, I will say from my knowledge of it that Little Round Top is in most cases the one referred to in reports. Notwithstanding my conviction of the importance of holding and occupying Big Round Top with artillery, which I endeavored to communicate to Law through Terrell (he never reached General Law until near the close of the battle), I considered it my duty to obey the order communicated to me by Terrell, whom I knew to be a trustworthy and gallant officer; but it was against my judgment to leave that strong position. It looked to me to be the key-point of the field, as artillery on it would have commanded the other Round Top and the Federal line toward Gettysburg as far as it extended along Cemetery Ridge; but the order was to find and turn the left of the Union line, and that was on Little Round Top; the battle was raging below. I therefore caused both regiments to face to the left and moved to the left, so as to avoid the precipice in our front, and then ordered the line by the right flank forward and passed to the left-oblique entirely down the northern side of the mountain without encountering any opposition whatever.

While descending in rear of Vincent's Spur, in plain view was the Federal wagon-trains, and less than three hundred yards distant was an extensive park of Federal ordnance wagons, which satisfied me that we were then in their rear. I ordered Captain Shaaf to deploy his company, A, surround and capture the ordnance wagons, have them driven in under a spur of the mountain, and detached his company for the purpose. Advancing rapidly, without any skirmishers in front, the woods being open without undergrowth, I saw no enemy until within forty or fifty steps of an irregular ledge of rocks—a splendid line of natural breastworks running about parallel with the front of the Forty-seventh regiment and my four left companies, and then sloping back in front of my center and right at an angle of about thirty-five or forty degrees. Vincent's brigade, consisting of the Sixteenth Michigan on the right, Forty-fourth New York, Eighty-third Pennsylvania, and Twentieth Maine regiments, reached this position ten minutes before my arrival, and they piled a few rocks from boulder to boulder, making the zigzag line more complete, and were concealed behind it ready to receive us. From behind this ledge, unexpectedly to us, because concealed, they poured into us the most destructive fire I ever saw. Our line halted, but did not break. The enemy were formed in line as named from their right to left. We received the fire of the three left regiments. As men fell their comrades closed the gap, returning the fire most spiritedly. I could see through the smoke men of the Twentieth Maine in front of my right wing running from tree to tree back westward toward the main body, and I advanced my right, swinging it around, overlapping and turning their left.

At the dedication of the monument on Little Round Top to the Forty-fourth New York regiment on July 3, 1893, in delivering the oration, Captain Nash, describing the assaults made upon Vincent's brigade, which held that spur of the mountain during the battle of the afternoon of July 2, 1863, among other things said:

In the meantime the enemy sent a strong flanking column to envelop and turn the left of the brigade held by the Twentieth Maine. Success there opened to him—vantage ground from which to operate on the flank and rear of our entire army. While his regiment was under a heavy fire, with great presence of mind Colonel Chamberlain changed direction of his left wing and took intervals to the left to meet the new emergency. For an hour the terrible contest at this point ensued, the edge of the fight rolling backward and forward like a wave.

The flanking column referred to by Captain Nash was mine.

At the erection of monuments to the Twentieth Maine Regiment on Little Round Top, October 3, 1889, Capt. Howard L. Prince, the historian of that regiment, said in his oration, among other things, that—

Again and again was this mad rush repeated, each time to be beaten off by the ever-thinning line that desperately clung to its ledge of rock, refusing to yield except as it involuntarily shrunk for a pace or two at a time from the storm of lead which swept its front. Colonel Oates himself advanced close to our lines at the head of his men, and at times the hostile forces were actually at hand-to-hand distance. Twice the rebels were followed down the slope so sharply that they were obliged to use the bayonet, and in places small squads of their men in their charges reached our actual front. The reports of both commanders are authority for these statements. The front surged backward and forward like a wave. At times our dead and wounded were in front of our line, and then by a superhuman effort our gallant lads would carry the combat forward beyond their prostrate forms. Continually the gray lines crept up by squads under protecting trees and boulders, and the firing became at closer and closer range. And even the enemy's line essayed to reach around the then front of blue that stretched out in places in single rank and could not go much farther without breaking. So far had they extended, that their bullets passed beyond and into the ranks of the other regiments farther up the hill, and Captain Woodward, commanding the Eighty-third, sent his adjutant to ask if the Twentieth had been turned. Colonel Chamberlain assured him that he was holding his ground, but would like a company, if possible, to extend his line. Captain Woodward was unable to do this, but by shortening his line somewhat, he was able to cover the right of the Twentieth and enable it to take a little more ground to the left. Meanwhile the brigade in front of the hill was hard pushed to hold its own, and the heavy roar of musketry in the fitful lulls of our guns came to the anxious ears of our commander and told too plainly what would be the result if our line gave way. Not a man in that devoted band but knew that the safety of the brigade, and perhaps of the army, depended on the steadfastness with which that point was held, and so fought on and on, with no hope of assistance, but not a thought of giving up. Already nearly half of the little force is prostrate. The dead and the wounded clog the footsteps of the living.

General Chamberlain, who was colonel of the Twentieth Maine, afterwards made general for his conduct on that occasion, and after the war Governor of Maine, in his address, delivered on the same occasion, said :

All can see what would have become of our brigade swallowed up; of Weed's struck in the rear; of Hazlitt's guns taken in the flank and turned to launch their thunder-bolts upon our troops, already sore pressed in the gorge at our feet, and the fields upon the great front and right. Round Top lost—the day lost—Gettysburg lost—who can tell what for loss thence would follow!

Captain Prince, of the Twentieth Maine, in his oration above referred to claims that "fifty dead bodies of the Fifteenth Ala-

bama men were buried in the front of his regiment and about one hundred of the badly wounded were left behind to become prisoners." His is an over-estimate of the number of the dead from the Fifteenth Alabama. There were present in the seven companies of the Forty-seventh, as shown by the muster roll, an aggregate of but 154 men. Only four or five of these were killed and about twenty wounded. If they buried fifty dead that included those from the Forty-seventh companies with the Fifteenth dead. He was certainly mistaken as to the number badly wounded, including both regiments, for several of these—fully one-half—went to the Confederate rear.

Prince also said: "Four hundred prisoners, mostly from the Fifteenth and Forty-seventh Alabama, were sent to the rear." This is an egregiously mistaken statement. I have examined the muster rolls of the companies of the Fifteenth, made soon after the battle, in which the names were given of the captured without wounds, and there was a total of but eighty-four, most of them being with Adjutant Waddell when the retreat was ordered, which they did not hear. If every man in the seven companies of the Forty-seventh which went into the action (only one hundred and fifty-four) were included it would make but two hundred and thirty-eight, and we know that at least one hundred and twenty-odd of the Forty-seventh escaped and were afterwards in line all night. Deduct the killed and wounded from those companies, and Captain Prince has but little over half the number of prisoners which he says were taken from those regiments and sent to the rear. General Chamberlain fell into the same error. All of us, on both sides, who were in such hot places as that were made to see double and are disposed to exaggerate in favor of our respective sides, and do it honestly in most cases.

If I had had one more regiment we would have completely turned the flank and have won Little Round Top, which would have forced Meade's whole left wing to retire. Had the Forty-eighth Alabama not been transferred to the left, it would have driven the sharp-shooters, and then following my advance, we would have gotten in the rear of the Federal line and have completely turned the tide of battle in favor of the Confederates. With the five companies of skirmishers which had gone to the east of the mountain they might have made my assault successful. Another lost opportunity.

I knew that the left of the Forty-seventh was disconnected, I knew not how far from the right of the Fourth Alabama, and consequently was out-flanked on its left and without support. The seven companies of that regiment present confronted the Eighty-third Pennsylvania and was enfiladed by the left-oblique fire of the left wing of the Forty-fourth New York, which was very destructive, and drove the men from the obstructions behind which they were sheltering. Lieutenant-Colonel Bulger, in command of the Forty-seventh Alabama companies, a most gallant old gentleman over sixty years of age, fell severely wounded, and soon afterwards his seven companies, after behaving most gallantly, broke, and in confusion retreated southward toward the position of the other regiments of the brigade and reached their right. I aided their gallant Major Campbell in his efforts to hold them, but having no support on the left, they could not be rallied and held to the position. When the Fifteenth was driven back, Colonel Bulger was left sitting by a tree, sword in hand, shot through one lung and bleeding profusely. A captain in the Forty-fourth New York approached and demanded his sword. The old Colonel said, "What is your rank?" The reply was, "I am a captain." Bulger said, "Well, I am a lieutenant-colonel, and I will not surrender my sword except to an officer of equal rank." The captain then said, "Surrender your sword, or I will kill you." Colonel Bulger promptly replied, "You may kill and be d—d! I shall never surrender my sword to an officer of lower rank." The captain was so amused at the old Colonel's high notions of military etiquette that he went for his colonel, Rice, to whom the sword was gracefully surrendered. Rice's statement of the circumstances caused Colonel Bulger to be better cared for than he would otherwise have been, which probably saved his life.* When exchanged in the summer of 1864 he was promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment, went to the front, and served with it for a short time, and was then honorably retired. He was not made a brigadier-general, as reported in Vol. VII of Confederate Military History, but returned to his home in Dadeville, Alabama, and was elected to the State Senate in August, 1864, where he served until the surrender. He was in the Secession Convention

*General Chamberlain denies this statement and says that Bulger surrendered to him. Rice and Bulger are both dead and there is now no living witness to verify the statement. The writer derived his information from Colonel Bulger.

in 1861, voted against secession, and refused to sign the ordinance. But when war came as a consequence, he raised a company and fought heroically through the struggle. He was unskilled in tactics and lacking in disciplinary power, but he possessed such a high order of courage that he was greatly respected by his men, who stood bravely with him until he fell. He died in 1900, about 95 years of age.

Just as the Forty-seventh companies were being driven back, I ordered my regiment to change direction to the left, swing around, and drive the Federals from the ledge of rocks, for the purpose of enfilading their line, relieving the Forty-seventh—gain the enemy's rear, and drive him from the hill. My men obeyed and advanced about half way to the enemy's position, but the fire was so destructive that my line wavered like a man trying to walk against a strong wind, and then slowly, doggedly, gave back a little; then with no one upon the left or right of me, my regiment exposed, while the enemy was still under cover, to stand there and die was sheer folly; either to retreat or advance became a necessity. The Lieutenant-Colonel, I. B. Feagin, had lost his leg at Plum Run; the heroic Captain Ellison had fallen, while Captain Brainard, one of the bravest and best officers in the regiment, in leading his company forward, fell, exclaiming, "O God! that I could see my mother," and instantly expired. Lieutenant John A. Oates, my dear brother, succeeded to the command of the company, but was pierced through by a number of bullets, and fell mortally wounded. Lieutenant Cody fell mortally wounded, Captain Bethune and several other officers were seriously wounded, while the carnage in the ranks was appalling. I again ordered the advance, and knowing the officers and men of that gallant old regiment, I felt sure that they would follow their commander anywhere in the line of duty. I passed through the line waving my sword, shouting, "Forward, men, to the ledge!" and was promptly followed by the command in splendid style. We drove the Federals from their strong defensive position; five times they rallied and charged us, twice coming so near that some of my men had to use the bayonet, but in vain was their effort. It was our time now to deal death and destruction to a gallant foe, and the account was speedily settled. I led this charge and sprang upon the ledge of rock, using my pistol within musket length, when the rush of my men drove the Maine men from the ledge along the line now indicated by stone markers on

the east end of Vincent's Spur. I have seen a statement from General Chamberlain that his right was not forced back beyond the point or angle of the rocky ledge, where the right marker of his regiment stands. My recollection is quite different. At this angle and to the southwest of it is where I lost the greatest number of my men. The Twentieth Maine was driven back from this ledge, but not farther than to the next ledge on the mountain-side. I recall a circumstance which I recollect. I, with my regiment, made a rush forward from the ledge. About forty steps up the slope there is a large boulder about midway the Spur. The Maine regiment charged my line, coming right up in a hand-to-hand encounter. My regimental colors were just a step or two to the right of that boulder, and I was within ten feet. A Maine man reached to grasp the staff of the colors when Ensign Archibald stepped back and Sergeant Pat O'Connor stove his bayonet through the head of the Yankee, who fell dead. I witnessed that incident, which impressed me beyond the point of being forgotten. There never were harder fighters than the Twentieth Maine men and their gallant Colonel. His skill and persistency and the great bravery of his men saved Little Round Top and the Army of the Potomac from defeat. Great events sometimes turn on comparatively small affairs. My position rapidly became untenable. The Federal infantry were reported to be coming down on my right and certainly were closing in on my rear, while some dismounted cavalry were closing the only avenue of escape on my left rear. I sent my sergeant-major with a request to Colonel Bowles, of the Fourth Alabama, the next in line to the left, to come to my relief. He returned within a minute and reported that none of our troops were in sight, the enemy to be between us and the Fourth Alabama, and swarming the woods south of Little Round Top. The lamented Captain Park, who was afterwards killed at Knoxville, and Captain Hill, killed near Richmond in 1864, came and informed me that the enemy were closing in on our rear. I sent Park to ascertain their number. He soon returned, and reported that two regiments were coming up behind us, and just then I saw them halt behind a fence, some two hundred yards distant, from which they opened fire on us. These, I have since learned from him, were the battalions of Stoughton's sharpshooters, each of which carried a flag, hence the impression that there were two regiments. They had been lost in the woods, but, guided by the firing, came up in our rear. At Balaklava Captain Nolan's six

hundred had cannon to the right of them, cannon to the left of them, cannon in front of them, which volleyed and thundered. But at this moment the Fifteenth Alabama had infantry in front of them, to the right of them, dismounted cavalry to the left of them, and infantry in the rear of them. With a withering and deadly fire pouring in upon us from every direction, it seemed that the regiment was doomed to destruction. While one man was shot in the face, his right-hand or left-hand comrade was shot in the side or back. Some were struck simultaneously with two or three balls from different directions. Captains Hill and Park suggested that I should order a retreat; but this seemed impracticable. My dead and wounded were then nearly as great in number as those still on duty. They literally covered the ground. The blood stood in puddles in some places on the rocks; the ground was soaked with the blood of as brave men as ever fell on the red field of battle. I still hoped for reinforcements or for the tide of success to turn my way. It seemed impossible to retreat and I therefore replied to my captains, "Return to your companies; we will sell out as dearly as possible." Hill made no reply, but Park smiled pleasantly, gave me the military salute, and said, "All right, sir." On reflection a few moments later I saw no hope of success and did order a retreat, but did not undertake to retire in order. I sent Sergeant-Major Norris (who is now a physician residing in Brazil) and had the officers and men advised the best I could that when the signal was given that we would not try to retreat in order, but every one should run in the direction from whence we came, and halt on the top of the Big Round Top Mountain. I found the undertaking to capture Little Round Top too great for my regiment unsupported. I waited until the next charge of the Twentieth Maine was repulsed, as it would give my men a better chance to get out unhurt, and then ordered the retreat. The historian of that regiment claims that its charge drove us from the field. This is not true; *I ordered the retreat*. He was, I believe, the chaplain, and not present to see it. Doubtless he was at prayer a safe distance in the rear. Colonel Chamberlain also reported it and doubtless believed it, but it was just as I state—I ordered the retreat.

When the signal was given we ran like a herd of wild cattle, right through the line of dismounted cavalrymen. Some of the men as they ran through seized three of the cavalrymen by the collar and carried them out prisoners. As we ran, a man named

Keils, of Company H, from Henry County, who was to my right and rear had his throat cut by a bullet, and he ran past me breathing at his throat and the blood spattering. His wind-pipe was entirely severed, but notwithstanding he crossed the mountain and died in the field hospital that night or the next morning.

Captain De B. Waddell, who was then adjutant of the regiment, when we had reached our most advanced position, about one hundred and fifty yards from the top of Little Round Top, where the New York monument now stands, came and asked me to let him take forty or fifty men from the right wing of the regiment and advance to some rocks from which to enfilade the Union line, the Twentieth Maine and Eighty-third Pennsylvania. I authorized it and he had about fifty men behind a ledge of rocks or ridge of ground, and doing effective work when I ordered the retreat. The firing was so heavy that he did not hear the order, but said he saw me and the men near me start and knew that it was a retreat. Sergeant-Major Norris when communicating to commanders of companies that I would order a retreat did not so inform Waddell. He gave the order and broke to run. He saw two of his men fall. He escaped, but his men were captured. When he reached the foot of the mountain he there met Company A coming out of the woods to the east of the position from which we had just retreated. This was the company whose captain I had ordered, as we advanced down the north side of Great Round Top, to deploy his company in open order to surround and capture the train of ordnance wagons. Captain Shaaff claimed that there were Union troops in the woods east of the wagons and he feared capture of his company if he attempted to capture the wagons, and desisted in consequence. He should then have rejoined the regiment at once, but did not. The troops in the woods were Stoughton's sharpshooters, and perhaps Morrell's company of the Twentieth Maine. Waddell caused the company to take a stand a short distance up the mountain-side, where by their fire they checked and turned back the Maine men who were pursuing my regiment. When I visited the battle-field after the war I could not understand how the trees on that side of Round Top near its base were scarred on each side by bullets, and why monuments, or markers, were set up there, as I thought no battle occurred there. Afterwards Captain Waddell (now an Episcopal clergyman at Meridian, Mississippi) explained it.

The absence of Company A from the assault on Little Round Top, the capture of the water detail, and the number overcome by heat who had fallen out on scaling the rugged mountain, reduced my regiment to less than four hundred officers and men who made that assault. All these facts I did not know when I made my report nor when I wrote the article for the Southern Historical Society papers in 1878, but close investigation since the war revealed them to me. In the hasty manner of writing my report I took as a basis of the strength of my regiment its last muster before we began the march to Pennsylvania. I also wrote the article after the war on the same basis, which was a mistake. When approaching the top of the mountain in retreat I made an attempt to halt and reform the regiment but the men were helping wounded and disabled comrades, and scattered in the woods and among the rocks, so that it could not then be done. I was so overcome by heat and exertion that I fainted and fell, and would have been captured but for two stalwart, powerful men of the regiment, who carried me to the top of the mountain, where Dr. Reeves, the assistant surgeon, poured water on my head from a canteen until it revived me. I never can forget those two men, for I dreaded a prison more than death. When I revived I turned over the command of the regiment to Captain Hill temporarily, with directions to retire to the open field at the foot of the mountain on the line of our advance. This was between sunset and dark; the fighting along our line had pretty well ceased. It had been terrific all along Longstreet's front. His seventeen thousand men had done the best fighting of any equal number of troops during the war, but had not accomplished anything in the way of substantial results.

Lee's plan for Longstreet's attack was up the Emmitsburg Road, beginning with the right brigade, which was Law's, where I was. Had General Longstreet been where the attack began, he would have seen the necessity of protecting my flank from the assault of United States sharpshooters. Had that been done, I would, with the six hundred veterans I had, have reached Little Round Top before Vincent's brigade did and would easily have captured that place, which would have won the battle. Or had he seen the Fifteenth and Forty-seventh regiments when they reached the top of Great Round Top, and ordered a battery and another regiment to aid me in holding that mountain, it would have been held, which Meade admitted, in his testimony on the

conduct of the war, was the key to his position. With that in our possession he could not have held any of the ground which he subsequently held to the last, for it was the key-point of his position. Instead of this, General Longstreet was near the other end of his line, more than a mile away from his right, and never knew that those regiments passed over the top of Big Round Top until years after the battle, when he saw it in print.

Though he may not have approved Lee's plan, it was his duty to have loyally and to the best of his ability executed that plan. Had he done so, I have no doubt of the success of the attack. General Lee was at fault for failing to have Longstreet's two divisions, then on the field (except Law's brigade), seize the Round Tops in the forenoon, when there were no Union troops on them. When the assault was made at 3.30 P. M. neither of these mountains were occupied in force, but Sickles's corps was advanced beyond and obstructed a direct attack on Little Round Top. Longstreet was responsible and at fault for the negligent and bungling manner in which it was done. The change made in his line by General Sickles, which was unknown to General Lee, greatly impaired his plan; but notwithstanding his shrewd change and its tendency to thwart the plan, yet had Longstreet skilfully and loyally, instead of sullenly and disapprovingly, executed it, he would have won the battle. When he found the change in Sickles's lines, of which he knew that General Lee was not aware, he should have adopted General Hood's suggestion to turn the flank and attack in the rear; but because Lee had ordered him to attack in a particular way, he would not change, though he knew that if Lee himself had been present he would have changed the order of attack when he discovered the change in Sickles's line which made it necessary.

General Longstreet in his book (p. 408) throws all the blame on Lee for not riding with him and personally directing his attack, as follows:

We were left to our own resources in finding ground upon which to organize for battle. The enemy had changed position somewhat after the march was ordered, but as we were not informed of his position before the march, we could not know of the change. The Confederate commander did not care to ride near us, to give information of a change to assist in preparing for attack, nor to inquire if new and better combinations might be made.

General Lee mistakenly supposed that Longstreet understood the situation, position of the enemy, etc., and possessed the ability

and patriotism sufficient to make that attack wisely without his presence.

General Longstreet disapproved the plan of attack because Lee was departing from the policy, declared by him before he moved from Virginia, of an aggressive defensive campaign, which Longstreet approved. He may have been right; it may have been best for Lee to have flanked Meade out of his strong position and have forced him to attack and thus to have acted on the defensive. Lee gave his reasons why he did not pursue that course, which were well-nigh conclusive. Longstreet had no right to sulk because of this change of policy. Sulking was disloyalty to his chief. If his conduct was not half-hearted and wilful, then the only explanation of it is that he was a failure as a general, and no one believes that. Hood saw the necessity, and insisted on a change of the plan of attack, but because Lee had ordered it, without a knowledge of Sickles's change of lines, Longstreet obeyed Lee's order literally—although Hood showed him the necessity of a change—and by his mulishness lost the greatest battle of the war. General Law fully concurred in Hood's views. A supposition that Hood's request would be granted may account for Law's skirmishers passing around Big Round Top to the east and thus missing the battle.

Early on the morning of the 2d General Meade expected Lee to attack him on his right, and determined to attack Lee before the latter moved against him. At 9.30 A. M. he ordered Slocum, who commanded the Twelfth and Fifth Corps, constituting the right wing of the Union army, to get ready to attack, and that he would give the signal as soon as the Sixth Corps arrived within supporting distance. Slocum—whom General Sherman afterwards said was as capable of commanding 80,000 men as he was—carefully examined the ground in his front, with its uneven surface, woods, hills and streams, and reported to Meade adversely and advised against making the attack. General Meade then surveyed the field with the view of attacking by his front, or left, and then summoned his corps commanders to a conference. Sickles did not come, but sent word that his corps, on the extreme left, was threatened with an attack and that he could not leave. Thereupon Meade sent him a peremptory order to attend the conference at once. Sickles then went, and as he rode up, Longstreet's guns opened upon his lines. Meade told him not to dismount, but return to his command. Meade reenforced him heavily and saved

him from utter rout. The assault of Longstreet was the opening of the battle of that day. Slocum's decision and advice were wise. Had Slocum made that attack it would have been on Ewell's corps, which would have allowed Longstreet's and Hill's corps to advance against the Third and Second—Sickles's and Hancock's corps—which were inferior numerically, and they would have been driven back against Meade's attacking column, which Ewell could have held at bay for a time. Lee would have thus gained the advantage of position and Meade would inevitably have lost the battle. Slocum's advice and Sickles's wise disposition of his corps saved Meade from dishonor and the Army of the Potomac from defeat—two New York Union Democrats.

Inasmuch as General Lee did not have Longstreet seize the Round Tops in the forenoon, he had better have awaited the results of that conference; and had it been to attack him it would have been to his advantage, for as Stonewall Jackson said on his death bed, "My troops sometimes fail to drive the enemy from their position, but theirs always fail to drive my men from their position." But of course Lee was not aware of that conference.

The Yankees did not occupy the top of Big Round Top until after dark. It was dark when my regiment reached the valley, and here we bivouacked for the night. After all had gotten up, I ordered the roll of the companies to be called. When the battle commenced, four hours previously, mine was the strongest and finest regiment in Hood's division. Its effectives numbered about five hundred officers and men. Now two hundred and twenty-three enlisted men answered at roll-call, and more than one-half of the officers had been left on the field—only nineteen answered to their names; but some of the officers and men came up in the course of the night and next morning, who had been overcome by the heat during the advance the previous evening.

Some of the men that night voluntarily went back across the mountain, and in the darkness penetrated the Federal lines, for the purpose of removing some of our wounded. They reached the scene and started out with some of the wounded officers, but were discovered and shot at by the Federal pickets, and had in consequence to leave the wounded, but succeeded in getting back to the regiment, and brought to me Lieutenant Cody's knife and pocket-book. These men reported to me that Big Round Top was, even at that late hour, occupied by only a thin skirmish line. I am sorry that I do not remember the names of those brave men

who voluntarily went within the enemy's lines to relieve and save from capture wounded comrades.

Soon after the advance began the gallant Lieut.-Col. Isaac B. Feagin was shot through the knee, which necessitated amputation of the limb. The major was voluntarily with the wagon-train, and consequently I had no field officer to assist me. I discovered some time before we reached Gettysburg that my brother, Lieut. John A. Oates, had fallen behind some distance, and was reported sick. I sent back a horse for him and he came up. Just before we advanced I went to him where he was lying on the ground in rear of his company, and saw at once that he was sick. I thereupon told him not to go into the action, but when we advanced to remain where he was, because he was unable to bear the fatigue. He replied, with the most dogged and fiery determination, "Brother, I will not do it. If I were to remain here people would say that I did it through cowardice; no, sir, I am an officer and will never disgrace the uniform I wear; I shall go through, unless I am killed, which I think is quite likely." These were the last words ever passed between us. When he fell, struck by several balls, Lieut. Isaac H. Parks, who had been his school-fellow, ran to him and dragged him behind a large stone, and just as Parks let him down another ball struck one of his hands and carried away his little finger. Parks was for many years after the war a prominent lawyer at Rutledge, Crenshaw County, Alabama, and represented his county in both branches of the legislature, and in the Constitutional Convention of 1875, and died in 1900. Lieutenant Cody, a boy about eighteen years old, the best officer I ever saw of his age, except Major Latimer, of the artillery, fell near my brother, mortally wounded. When we retreated they, with most of our wounded and eighty-four men who were not, were taken prisoners, and the wounded were removed to the Federal field hospital, where they were as well cared for as wounded soldiers in the hands of an enemy ever are. Cody lived twenty-one and my brother twenty-three days. A Miss Lightner, a Virginia lady and Southern sympathizer, nursed them to the last, and Doctor Reid, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment, did all that he could for them and had them decently buried when they died. He sent to me by flag of truce my brother's old gold watch, his pocket-book, and money. I endeavored for years after the war to find Doctor Reid, without success, but finally obtained his address, Lancaster, Pennsylvania,

and had a very pleasant and satisfactory correspondence with him. I had theretofore never had an opportunity of expressing to him the full measure of my gratitude for his attention to my brother and Lieutenant Cody. The dear, good ministering angel, Miss Lightner, has long since passed beyond the arena of bloody battles and grim death, to reap that priceless reward which is promised to the charitable and the good. Some of our wounded were not treated so well. Some were not removed from the places where they fell for two or three days. Sergeant Johns, of Company B, had one of his thighs broken, and lay where he fell, in all the hard rain of the 3d and 4th days of July, and was not removed until the battle was over and Lee on his way back to Virginia. He lay on his back, could not turn, and kept from drowning by putting his hat over his face. He recovered, and was alive several years after the war, and living in Texas.

Capt. J. Henry Ellison was a son of the Rev. Dr. Ellison, a distinguished Methodist divine. When I gave the order to change direction to the left to drive the Twentieth Maine Regiment, he did not hear it with distinctness. He stepped toward me, and placing his hand behind his ear inquired, "What is the order, Colonel?" I repeated it. He turned to his company and cried out, "Forward, my men; forward!" and fell shot through the head. I saw the ball strike him; that is, I was looking at him when it did. He fell upon his left shoulder, turned upon his back, raised his arms, clenched his fists, gave one shudder, his arms fell, and he was dead. He wore that day a very fine captain's uniform which I had presented to him after my promotion, and I thought at the moment of his death that he was the handsomest and finest specimen of manhood that ever went down upon a field of carnage.

There was no better regiment in the Confederate Army than the Fifteenth Alabama, and when properly commanded, if it failed to carry any point against which it was thrown no other single regiment need try it. The long and rapid march, the climb of Great Round Top's rugged front without water impaired its power of endurance, but it fought hard and persistently until ordered to retreat. The other regiments of the brigade did their duty at Gettysburg, but the Fifteenth struck the hardest knot.

The following from the pen of Col. W F Perry describes "The Devil's Den" and the assault of his regiment, the Forty-fourth Alabama, upon it:

Large rocks, from six to fifteen feet high, are thrown together in confusion over a considerable area, and yet so disposed as to leave everywhere among them winding passages carpeted with moss. Many of its recesses are never visited by the sunshine, and a cavernous coolness pervades the air within it.

A short distance to the east the frowning bastions of Little Round Top rise 200 feet above the level of the plain. An abrupt elevation, thirty or forty feet high, itself buttressed with rocks, constitutes the western boundary of this strange formation.

The view was imposing. Little Round Top, crowned with artillery, resembled a volcano in eruption; while the hillock near the Devil's Den resembled a small one. The distance between them, diminished by the view in perspective, appeared as a secondary crater near its base. It was evident that a formidable task was before us.

The enemy were as invisible to us as we were to them. The presence of a battery of artillery of course implied the presence of a strong supporting force of infantry. Of its strength, its position, and the nature of its defenses we were in total ignorance. We were soon to learn. As the line emerged from the woods into the open space mentioned above, a sheet of flame burst from the rocks less than fifty yards away. A few scattering shots in the beginning gave warning in time for my men to fall down, and thus largely to escape the effect of the main volley. They doubtless seemed to the enemy to be all dead, but the volley of the fire which they immediately returned proved that they were very much alive.

No language can express the intensity of the solicitude with which I surveyed the strange, wild situation which had suddenly burst upon my view. Upon the decision of a moment depended the honor of my command, and perhaps the lives of many brave men. I knew that, if called upon, they would follow me, and felt confident that the place could be carried by an impetuous charge. But then what? There were no supporting troops in sight. A heavy force of the enemy might envelop and overpower us. It was certain that we should be exposed to a plunging, enfilading fire from Little Round Top. And yet, the demoralization and shame of a retreat, and an exposure to be shot in the back were not to be thought of.

Before the enemy had time to load their guns a decision was made. Leaping over the prostrate line before me, I shouted the order, "Forward!" and started for the rocks. The response was a bound, a yell, and a rush, and in ten seconds my men were pouring into the Den, and the enemy were escaping from the opposite side. A few prisoners were taken. Two soldiers of the Fourth Maine Regiment surrendered to me in person at the edge of the rocks as my line overtook and passed me.

In the charge the left wing of the regiment struck the hill on which the artillery were stationed, and the center and the right swept into the rocks east of it. Maj. George W. Carey led the left wing up the hill, and bounding over the rocks on its crest, landed among the artillerymen ahead of the line, and received their surrender. One of the officers of the battery, whom I met soon after, complimented his gallantry and that of his men in the highest terms. The Major a few moments later found me near the foot of the hill, completely prostrated by heat and excessive exertion. He exhibited several swords as an evidence that the artillery had surrendered, and complained that guns from both sides were playing upon the position. This I knew to be true as to the Federal side. At the very entrance of the labyrinth a spherical case-shot from Round Top had exploded very near my head and thrown its deadly contents against a rock almost within my reach. He was ordered to hurry back and withdraw the men from the crest so that they could find shelter on the sides of the hill.

In a very short time he came back in great haste and informed me that a force of the enemy large enough to envelop our position was moving down

upon us. I sprang to my feet with the intention of climbing the hill to see the situation and determine what to do; but found myself unable to stand without support. While we were anxiously discussing the situation a line of battle, moving in splendid style, swept in from Seminary Ridge upon the left, and met the threatening force. One of us remarked, "There is Benning; we are all right now." Benning's march was so directed that his right lapped upon my left, and poured over the hill upon which were the abandoned guns.

A furious battle now began along his entire line, as well as my own, which had pressed through to the north side of the rocks. It has always been to me a source of sincere regret that my disability, which continued until after nightfall, prevented me from seeing anything that occurred after the arrival of Benning's line.

My loss was comparatively light, considering the desperate character of the fighting. This was due to three causes: The happy dodge given the first volley of the enemy, the rush made upon them before they had time to reload, and the protection afterwards afforded by the rocks. The killed and wounded numbered ninety-two, a little over one-fourth of those who went into action.

Thus ended the second day's fighting.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—THIRD DAY

The Lessons of the Second Day's Fighting Not Heeded—The Arrival of Stuart, and What Was Expected of Him—The Greatest Artillery Duel the World Ever Knew—Pickett's Charge—The Cotton States Troops *Versus* the Border States—General Farnsworth's Attempt to Take a Confederate Battery—The Fifteenth Leaves the Field Without Orders—Awaiting An Attack—Responsibility for the Loss of the Battle—Some Deductions Based on Possibilities—Casualties of the Battle.

The desperate fighting of the 2d had accomplished no substantial results. The great question with General Lee was whether to give up the contest on that field and withdraw or make a further effort. It was a momentous question. If he withdrew it was an acknowledgment, not that he was beaten, but that he had failed to beat Meade, which, the way things are accepted by the world, would be considered a defeat; the purpose of the invasion as having failed, a degree of demoralization would pervade the army, and the people of the entire Confederacy would feel despondent. As a wise commander he would not have ordered the assault, but other considerations urged him to the desperate undertaking. If he made another effort and failed it would be only a defeat, but with a heavy loss of men, and by a desperate effort he might possibly meet with success. But it was a great risk to take. Longstreet advised against the third day's attack.

One of the prominent characteristics of General Lee was his boldness and the hazardous moves he many times made. Meade during the night of the 2d strengthened his already strong and almost impregnable position. The disadvantage of Lee's position was that at least a mile of open wheat-field interposed between it and the position held by the Union troops.

To traverse this open space under the fire of massed artillery and a double line of infantry behind a stone wall was too hazardous and success too near impossible. General Longstreet says in his book that he strenuously advised against it and still insisted

on turning Meade's left and flanking him out of position. Lee, with all his robust daring and adventurous spirit, should not have ordered the impossible, as was apparent to the skilled observer. But about nightfall of the 2d General Stuart reported to his chief. Lee then resolved to try the desperate venture and directed him to move all of his available cavalry during that night through the woods in rear and to the left of Ewell's corps and get to a position from which after the Confederate artillery ceased its fire he could charge right into the rear of the Federal line and endeavor to meet the head of the assaulting column of Pickett. General Stuart made his way as far as practicable that night. But at daylight his movement was discovered and his column was soon confronted by a superior force of cavalry under General Gregg, supported by infantry and artillery. Stuart maneuvered for position, but could not get an advantageous one. The men and horses of the splendid brigades of Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee and William H. F. Lee were tired, fatigued and worn down by their long ride, constant vigils and loss of sleep, but this occasion was to be the culmination of their most superhuman efforts. If they could make a grand charge in the rear which would enable the Pickett assault in front to cut the Union army in twain, the cup of Stuart's glory and that of his alert and invincible cavalry would be full to overflowing. This was the immense stake to be won if possible.

In front all the forenoon was spent in placing batteries and arranging the charging column, under Longstreet's direction, who was habitually slow; he had no faith in the success of the battle from the first and did not wish to direct this grand assault.

Pickett's division arrived early that morning and were the only fresh troops which had not been engaged. That division belonged to Longstreet's corps and to him was assigned the duty of arranging and conducting the proposed assault. He did not approve it—his heart was not in it. One hundred and fifty guns—more than one-half of all that were in Lee's army—were put in position under the direction of General Alexander, chief of artillery of Longstreet's corps.

A little after 12 o'clock, at a given signal, all these guns opened fire upon the Federals along Cemetery Ridge and were at once replied to by at least an equal number. It was the most powerful cannonade that ever occurred in the world's history of warfare. The ground fairly trembled, the air was sulphurous and full of

smoke, caissons were blown up, guns dismounted, horses killed and for two hours the earth was torn in holes by the bursting shells. The bombardment at Toulon in 1793 under young Napoleon was more terrible in its destructiveness, but with less than one-third as many guns.

The Union General Sickles said: "Lee's 200 guns, answered by as many on our side, made but little impression on our lines." The reason was that their infantry were all protected by the stone fence, and earthworks thrown up the night before, and most of their men lay behind the crest of the ridge. Soon after the great battle of the batteries ceased and as the smoke lifted Pickett's division of 5,000 men—fifteen Virginia regiments, formed in column of brigades—supported on the right by Wilcox's five Alabama regiments and on the left by Pender's division of North Carolinians, began a rapid advance against the center of the Union line. The column was at least three-quarters of a mile wide, three lines deep, and contained 15,000 men.

All was silent until this immense column, moving rapidly forward to the assault, came within range of the Federal line, when a terrible artillery fire was opened on the determined men. They were soon in range of the small arms; as men fell the ranks closed up and kept right on. General Sickles said: "Longstreet's column advancing toward Cemetery Ridge was torn by our artillery and crushed by the fire of Hancock's infantry and disappeared like ocean waves dashing against a rock-ribbed shore."

When about half the distance had been traversed, without sending any order to Wilcox, Pickett changed his column by the left flank, half a brigade's length, which made a gap between him and Wilcox of about two hundred yards. Why he did this the writer was never able to learn and Wilcox said years afterwards that it was never explained to him. General Longstreet states in his book that it was because the Union line on their right overlapped the Confederate assaulting column. It was a fatal mistake.

General Pickett himself halted at a barn about three hundred yards from the position of the Union troops and remained there until his division was repulsed. This opening exposed Pickett's right flank to the fire of Stanard's Vermont brigade. General Stanard changed front forward on first company of the first battalion and brought his whole brigade in line exactly on the flank of Pickett's column. Wilcox was too hotly engaged in front to turn on Stanard. Pickett's men rushed forward to, and some of

them over, the stone fence, behind which lay two or three lines of battle. It is called "Pickett's charge" because he commanded the division of direction, but Brigadier-General Armistead, whose brigade was in support, led the charge when near the works and he was killed inside the Union line while holding up his cap on the point of his sword as a guide to his men. That spot is marked by a stone monument with raised letters on it, "High tide of the rebellion." Garnett's brigade came gallantly up to the stone wall and he was killed; Kemper's next, who was wounded and captured. Pickett's column was broken. Trimble, who succeeded General Pender when that officer was killed or mortally wounded in the advance with Pettigrew, came up on a line with Pickett's men, but was shot, from which he lost his leg, and the whole column was repulsed with heavy loss. He was then sixty-five years of age. He lived near thirty years after and died in Baltimore, an utterly unreconstructed rebel, in 1889.

Pickett lost all of his brigadiers and field officers except one major. Only 1,300 of the 5,000 returned from the charge. But I do not wish to be understood as asserting that they were all killed or wounded, for many hundreds of them—a majority—surrendered unhurt. The point assaulted was a very strong one by nature, which had been made still stronger by the engineers and pioneer corps the night before. Meade had double lines of infantry, hundreds of pieces of artillery, strong reserves, and was defended by batteries under the command of able and experienced officers. It was a perfect Gibraltar. The assault was made most gallantly by troops who had never been whipped upon any field and had often won victories against double their number. They had the utmost confidence in General Lee and the officers nearer to them. But no troops can long withstand a heavy fire in front and on the flank at the same time. Had it been otherwise possible for Pickett's column to have bisected Meade's army, that gap between him and Wilcox was fatal.

With that open space between him and Wilcox, Pickett invited ruin and it came. General Hancock was standing near the left of the line of Stanard's Vermont brigade of fresh troops, and his eagle eye saw the exposure of Pickett's flank and he was quick to take advantage of it. The very object of a support on the flank of a charging column is to prevent just what occurred here. Pickett at the barn never tried to close the gap. Wilcox told the writer that he did not receive any order to keep closed on Pickett

and that he kept straight ahead, because no order came to him. But he was a West Pointer, an educated and experienced soldier, and knew the danger of such a gap and should have, even without orders, conformed to the movement of Pickett's column. Longstreet, who was conducting the grand assault, should have so ordered him. Stanard, just as Hancock was wounded, changed front forward and formed his line squarely on the flank of Pickett's column and a few volleys made more than 1,500 of the men surrender. As soon as this was accomplished, Stanard's line about-faced and moved to the attack of Wilcox's flank, and this, with the fire which his brigade was receiving in front, drove him from the field with decimated ranks. The demoralization produced instantly by Stanard's maneuvers, with a heavy fire from a double line of infantry in front, was enough to repel the most determined assault of the bravest veterans. Years after the war General Stanard accompanied the writer to the field and showed him the ground upon which these maneuvers occurred. Stanard having lost one arm, I, being a member of Congress, voted to increase his pension from fifty to one hundred dollars per month.

The total casualties in Pickett's division—killed, wounded and captured—in round numbers was 2,900. The total number in Hood's division of the day before was 2,300, but only 450 of these were captured.

Pickett's men were good soldiers and the people of that State just as hospitable, patriotic and noble as any in the world, but they did not do all the hard fighting and perform all the desperate deeds of valor. The North Carolinians on the left of Pickett's column went as far at Gettysburg as the Virginians did, and were under as heavy a fire, but they were not flanked and a less number of them surrendered as prisoners.

Without the least prejudice I do believe now and thought so all along through the war, that the men from the Cotton States (and the farther west the more so) were better soldiers and harder fighters than those from the Border States.

The absence of philosophic reason for this apparent difference for a long time puzzled me, but I finally attributed it to the difference between the frontiersman and the citizen of more refined and regular habits of the older States. I therefore believe, having inspected the position since the war, that had Hood's division, with him to handle it and fresh as it was before the fight of the previous day, composed as it was of Georgians, Alabamians and

Texans (one regiment being from Arkansas) made that charge, with proper supports, notwithstanding the double lines of Union soldiers with heavy reserves behind that stone fence, the position would have been carried and held. But in justice to Pickett's division, it must be admitted that at Gettysburg Hood's was 2,500 men the stronger, two of Pickett's best brigades having been left in Virginia.

General Stuart tried hard to carry out Lee's instructions. He tried to charge into Meade's rear, but the resistance he met with was too great. It was a grand combat which ensued. Years after the battle General Sickles said: "General Stuart's cavalry sent by Lee to assault our rear while the Confederate army attacked in front was driven back by Gregg. Twelve thousand sabres flashing in the July sun, the tread of twelve thousand horses charging over the turf revealed the greatest cavalry combat ever seen on this continent." Many dusty gray and blue young riders, amidst the deadly roar of musketry, the sharp rattle of carbines, the flashing of sabres and the thunders of the artillery, embraced the sleep that knows no waking in this world. Hampton, Stuart's first lieutenant, was seriously wounded and his repulse was complete. Lee was not whipped, but his bold assaults upon Meade's front and rear had been repulsed with heavy losses—it may well be said irreparable ones, yet the morale of that superb army of earnest patriots was still unbroken. Their confidence in the skill of their commander remained unshaken, though he had ordered them to perform an impossibility—they had been repulsed and were torn and bleeding.*

On the morning of the 3d of July Law's brigade still constituted the right of the Confederate line and lay along the second foot, up near the abrupt rise on the south side of Big Round Top, my regiment on the right. The old rocks piled up as breastworks still mark the place where the brigade lay. Kilpatrick's Union cavalry were in the woods just on our right flank, which necessitated the extension of a line of pickets for some distance southward and nearly at right angles to our line. Sharpshooters from the top of the mountain made it a very precarious business for our men to go down to our rear for water. A member of the

* Longstreet said in his book (p. 404): "Forty thousand men, unsupported as we were, could not have carried the position at Gettysburg. * * * It is simply out of the question for a lesser force to march over broad, open fields and carry a fortified front occupied by a greater force of seasoned troops."

Fourth Alabama, on picket and acting as a scout on our southern line, overheard in the woods some loud talk between Generals Kilpatrick and Farnsworth and reported it to General Law at once, by which he was enabled to prepare for what was coming. It seems that Kilpatrick ordered Farnsworth to take a squadron, or battalion of cavalry, and charge through our skirmish line and capture a six-gun North Carolina battery in our rear, Captain Riley, a burly old Irishman, commanding. Farnsworth protested against it until Kilpatrick said, "By God, if you are afraid to go, I will lead the charge myself!" This so piqued Farnsworth, who had but recently been promoted, that he resolved to lead the charge, and did so. He first encountered the First Texas Regiment lying behind a low fence, which was charged over, the Texas regiment having been deployed as skirmishers, and he went for the battery; but the fire from it and a Georgia regiment and a cooking detail on the south caused him to circle around to the west side of the battery, but here he found the Fourth Alabama advancing to meet him. He turned and assailed the battery again, which kept up a constant eruption of grape and canister. His men attacked with their sabres, and a gunner knocked two of them off their horses with a rammer. I had been ordered from the right to move with all possible expedition to the relief of the battery. This I did, rear in front. I did not take time to counter-march, but threw out a few skirmishers as we moved.

We passed through an open space and crossed Plum Run, the same little muddy stream I described in detailing our first advance, and as we rose the ascent in a copse of woods some eight or ten cavalymen came in between us and the battery. One of its guns just at this moment fired a double charge of canister-shot at the cavalry, which, missing them, came over our heads and through the ranks, making a noise resembling that of the wings of a covey of young partridges, but did us no damage. The officer commanding the cavalry, with pistol in hand, ordered the skirmishers to surrender, to which they replied with a volley. The cavalry commander, his horse, and one of his men fell to the ground, and the others dashed away. Lieutenant Adrian, commanding the skirmishers, with a carbine in hand, advanced and said to the wounded officer, who still grasped his pistol and was trying to rise, notwithstanding he had received three severe and perhaps mortal wounds, "Now you surrender." With an oath he swore he would not do it, and placing his pistol to his own

body shot himself through the heart. I halted my regiment and allowed the men to rest where they were. The lieutenant with the skirmishers was Adrian, of the Forty-fourth Alabama Regiment, who was only temporarily with us, having left his own regiment with the carbine, as he said, to try to capture a horse from the cavalry.

I had the facts above related as to the death of Farnsworth stated to me then and there by Adrian, and from what I saw at a distance of not more than fifty steps I am satisfied of their truth. I did not go to the dead man at once, but sat down to rest. One of my skirmishers soon came and said, "Colonel, don't you want that Yankee major's shoulder straps?" holding them up before me. He supposed that the dead man's rank was that of major because he had but one star on each shoulder strap—a single star on the coat collar indicating that rank among the Confederates. I took them and saw at once he was a general, and went to the body. The men were coming up to it in little squads and looking at the dead man in silent amazement on account of Lieutenant Adrian's statement. Upon examination I found letters in his breast-pocket addressed to Gen. E. J. Farnsworth. I read enough to see that one of the letters was from his wife. I then destroyed them to prevent their falling into the hands of irresponsible parties. The monument which has been erected to him of cannon balls is at least one hundred and fifty yards north of where he fell. A short time after this incident, now late in the afternoon, I was ordered to take up an advanced position in the woods facing east and at right angles to our line at the base of Round Top, but separated from it by a half mile or more southward. The rain, which invariably succeeds a heavy battle, came pouring down. There was a strong line of dismounted cavalymen within one hundred yards of our front. Night drew on, and I had not received any order. I was there in obedience to an order. The surroundings presented the most weird and lonely appearance. The dead lay scattered through the drear and sombre woods; the fast-scudding clouds overhead shut out all save just enough light, at short intervals, to get a glimpse of the solemn scenes around us. Not a sound was heard; the stillness was awful. I knew, intuitively, that there was something wrong. I felt it, and could not have given any other reason for my apprehension. I started to ride back through the woods toward the place where we had left our comrades, to ascertain the state of affairs. Before I had gone a

hundred yards I heard a gun or pistol cap explode a short distance from me. I turned, rode back, and called for Sergt. Wm. R. Holley, of my old company, a brave soldier, but a very cautious, watchful, prudent, and sensible man. (He died at his home in Henry County in 1880.) I told Holley in a low tone what had occurred, and ordered him to creep through the woods, observing everything right and left closely, until he could discover what was there, and then report to me. I rode back a short distance and waited. The leaves were wet, and he glided noiselessly forward; I could not hear him walk. Within a short time Holley returned and reported in his usual broad accent, "A line of Yankees out thar. I went up close to some of them, they are thar sho." I was satisfied of the truth of it. My videtes reported the enemy still near within one hundred yards in front of us. It was after nightfall, very dark, with Yankees near to us in front and rear. No orders came, and I was satisfied none would come, except from our enemies, and that would be to surrender whenever they found us isolated from the main body of our troops. I resolved to act upon my own judgment, abandon the post without orders, and get out of there. I knew the penalty for disobedience of orders and abandoning my post in the presence of the enemy—it was infamous death if I made a mistake. I was sure of my position, and I took the responsibility, grave as it was. I therefore drew in the videttes from my left and front, faced the regiment to the right, and ordered the men silently to march after me. No man spoke above a whisper nor made any noise. After performing a considerable circuit, the rain pouring down at intervals, we got into the open field and marched westward until we heard troops in our front building breastworks. I did not know which side, but ventured, and to our great relief found our place in the line of Longstreet's corps, and thus escaped from a most perilous situation. We were fortunate, too, in reaching that line at our brigade.

I then learned that late that evening the greater portion of the Union army had been massed to move against Longstreet and crush him, and that just as the movement began General Lee ordered him to retire on a line with Hill's corps, and fortify his position. This the troops were then busily engaged in doing. If any order was ever sent to me to withdraw, I never received it. Colonel Sheffield, of the Forty-eighth Alabama, was commanding the brigade. He said that when the retrograde movement began he sent Tom Sinclair, brigade courier, with an

order to me to withdraw, but the courier was captured and did not reach me. The Union army had advanced, and I was nearly surrounded, and happened to take the only safe retreat. Had I obeyed orders I and all of those with me would have finished our service as prisoners of war, a thing I always dreaded more than the bullets of the enemy.

The next day, July 4, we celebrated by awaiting an attack of the Federals, but they came not. Thus far the Confederates had done all the attacking. They awaited our assaults. Now that they were on their own soil they acted strictly on the defensive, and thereby obtained the advantage of selecting their position. That was just what Longstreet desired Lee to do. But his supplies might soon have been exhausted, and he was too far from his base to readily or easily replenish; hence his defensive policy was annulled by Meade's defensive or waiting policy. Under the circumstances it was masterful in Meade. Lee could not wait; he had to be moving; he could not wait when so far from his base of supplies, and Meade perceived the situation.

As Meade would not assault him in the open field, on the morning of July 5 Lee began his retreat toward the Potomac. There was no hurry, no demoralization. The troops marched slowly, and frequently halted to give time to the wagon-trains and the wounded. The high-tide of the Confederacy had reached its flood. This day began its ebb, which reached low-water mark at Appomattox nearly two years thereafter.

When our march began I rode to our field hospital and saw as many of our wounded as I could before leaving. The sadness of parting with Colonel Feagin I will never forget, but he could not be removed. He had barely rallied from the shock of amputating his leg. He suffered a second amputation while in prison. But he stood it bravely, was ultimately exchanged, honorably retired, lived many years after the war, was sheriff of Barbour, and the Probate Judge of Bullock County, and died in 1901. Showers continued on the 5th, and after marching about three miles we stopped, built fires, and dried by them for two hours. Hood's division was not molested by the enemy on its retreat, but the Union cavalry captured many of our wounded and burned many Confederate wagons. When we reached Williamsport we found the Federal cavalry, and a rise in the river had broken and carried away or destroyed a part of the pontoons, and the river was not fordable. Lee formed his line of battle some miles below Williams-

port and opposite to Falling Waters. It ran from the river above to the river below, across a semi-circular or horse-shoe bend, with his wagon trains, ordnance, and stores within and the cavalry well to the front. We threw up an entrenchment with a piece of artillery between every two regiments of infantry; and thus for several days Lee waited and tried to provoke an attack from General Meade. The latter was urged by the Washington Government to attack. Now that he had defeated Lee and had him at bay, not to allow him to escape was the urgent injunction of the Washington authorities. But Meade was too smart to throw away the morale of Gettysburg. He had been reenforced until all of his losses had been restored. His army was now over 100,000 strong. (See his testimony before the Joint Committee of Congress on the Conduct of the War.) Meade summoned his chief generals for a council of war

There Lee stood, right before them, with his back to the Potomac, offering battle every day and every hour. A defeat would destroy him, and he had not more than forty thousand men in line. Some of the Union generals were anxious for a fight, but the majority thought otherwise, and Meade did the smartest thing of his life when he decided against an attack. There would have been no stragglers, and every Confederate would have fought as in a death struggle. We all desired his attack. But Meade would not come on. After days had elapsed, the rains continuing, Lee transferred his army to the Virginia shore. One corps forded the Potomac at Williamsport and the others crossed over a pontoon bridge near Falling Waters. General Pettigrew was killed, and by mismanagement of subordinates and a ruse of the Yankee cavalry, Lee lost 2,000 prisoners. Thus ended the Pennsylvania campaign, the second invasion of Union territory.

General Lee's army was never much stronger numerically, nor its morale better, than at Gettysburg. The rank and file were never more confident of success. He was over-confident. At Waterloo Napoleon and his army were radiant and confident of success. But in each case the unlooked-for came. The French became panic-stricken and fled in disgrace, while the Confederates remained cool, steady, and free from panic.

Generals Early, Pendleton, and Fitzhugh Lee have charged in publications that Longstreet was responsible for the loss of the battle. He has with much ingenuity attempted a refutation of the charge, and has, perhaps to the minds of most readers, at least

partially succeeded. Their charge is based upon his alleged disobedience of orders to attack and capture the Round Tops early on the morning of July 2, and his inactivity and tardiness in making the attack that day. Longstreet has proven in his book, by a letter from Colonel Taylor, who was Lee's Adjutant-General, that he did not give Longstreet a written order. Taylor says that General Lee never gave written orders to his corps commanders, but informed them orally of what he wished them to do. And as to the charge of tardiness, all that he heard Lee say was that "Longstreet is a magnificent fighter after he becomes engaged, but he is so slow." And General Hood said to Longstreet that General Lee was anxious for him to attack. Longstreet was awaiting the arrival of Pickett's division, and said that he did not like to go into a battle with one boot off.

General Early also charges Longstreet with failing to give the commanding general that hearty and cordial support which was essential to success. All of these charges Longstreet denied. As to the first of the charges, so far as a written order is concerned, he has answered successfully. But no doubt Lee expressed to him a desire that he should early on the 2d occupy the Round Tops and the Devil's Den, which he knew that Longstreet could easily do with his seven brigades then present, which had not fired a gun in that battle.

Modesty dictates to me, a mere subordinate officer, with limited opportunities for observing what was transpiring on the field of strife, excepting on one part of it, to enter cautiously upon a critical discussion of the conduct of a corps commander in that great battle so far as my personal knowledge extends, but the truth of history can only be vindicated by bringing all of the testimony before the impartial and intelligent reader. Mine, as to the humble part I bore, is of no great importance; but from the position I happened to occupy, subsequent investigation, and several visits to that field since the war, I can truly say that I do know some facts which have an important bearing on the question of responsibility for the failure of the Confederates to win the battle. The truth of history and a sense of duty to the heroic conduct and sacrifices of the noble men I had the honor to command, and all Confederates who participated in the battle, demand that the whole truth be told, and hence I will contribute all that I know to that end. I was a close observer then, and have examined reports and studied that battle carefully since to obtain the truth. The

campaign may have been an unwise or ill-advised one; but General Lee in his nobleness of soul put that question beyond the pale of discussion by assuming more than was chargeable to him, the entire responsibility for the failure. I have not sufficient personal knowledge of the charge against General Longstreet to be a witness against him, but have formed my conclusions from those things of which I was cognizant and the statement of facts and arguments of the respective parties. General Longstreet's book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," in giving his account of this great battle in its general tone bears strong evidence to my mind of the truth of General Early's charge against him. General Longstreet had advised against the campaign and the battle, and his heart was not in it. He desired Lee to turn Meade's left flank and to thus force him out of his strong position. He knew, too, that an army cannot fight long without rations. To have rations on hand often taxes the greatest ingenuity of the commanding general. Did Lee order Longstreet to attack the Round Tops and the Devil's Den on the morning of the 2d? If so, why did not Longstreet obey? If Lee did not give him a positive order, or if Lee did, and Longstreet disobeyed it, the onus was on Lee as well as Longstreet, because he had the power as commanding general to have enforced it.

General Lee made his great mistake when he did not, on the morning of the 2d, throw Longstreet's troops on the Federal left and capture the Round Tops and the Devil's Den, which were not then occupied in force. He never recovered from it. He knew the importance of the points, and had the power to have ordered Longstreet's troops to take them independently of his wishes. Lee was a great general and a good man. He wished to avoid wounding the feelings of his old army comrade and friend. He was too lenient with his corps commanders. He never gave one a written order, says Taylor, but merely expressed his desire as to what should be done, leaving to each the largest discretion. When Longstreet did attack he obeyed literally the order to attack up the Emmitsburg Road, when he knew that circumstances had changed after Lee had given him the order. And in the forenoon, when General Hood told him that Lee was seemingly anxious for him to attack that morning, Longstreet replied that he was awaiting the arrival of Pickett. He was then subordinating Lee's wishes to his own preferences. Lee should have relieved him from command and have ordered his troops under Hood or

McLaws to make the advance at once before those strong positions were occupied by the Federals. Instead, he indulged Longstreet's preference and his tardiness until Law's brigade arrived, when Lee gave him a positive order to move and how to attack, which Longstreet obeyed reluctantly, as indicated by his stubborn refusal to modify or change, notwithstanding the circumstances, then unknown to Lee, required it. Longstreet deserved to have been arrested and dismissed from the service as the least penalty his conduct merited. When Lee made his official report of the campaign and his failure to win the battle of Gettysburg, he said, "It was all my fault," and tendered his resignation, which Davis refused to accept, saying that there was no one who could fill Lee's place.

The surrender of Vicksburg on Independence Day was a strong appeal to the superstitions of men on both sides. It seemed ominous of ultimate success of the Union cause. The next morning the beginning of Lee's retreat and the bisection of the Confederacy by the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, the greatest reverses which had occurred, sounded the death-knell of the Confederacy; but neither its governmental authorities, the soldiers, or citizens would see it or believe it. The Union soldiers were enthused, the Confederates depressed, though still ready to fight and die game for Dixie.

Gettysburg furnishes to the student of military history a more interesting chapter than the battles of Waterloo, Jena, Marengo, Austerlitz, or any of the great battles fought by Napoleon Bonaparte.

The great interest manifested in the battle since the war is attributable to the fact that it was, and is, regarded as the turning-point in the great struggle—the war between the Southern States and the Union. The Confederacy, in fact, had but little chance of success after the spirit of volunteering subsided; but none of us were ready to admit it, and those who continued to fight manfully for the cause and win victories, almost from fate itself, began to despair when Lee turned back from Gettysburg.

Had he won that battle his objective point was Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and he could not have been checked. Washington and Baltimore would have fallen, and the thousands of prisoners who would have been released from Fort Mchenry, Point Lookout, and other prisons, and the volunteers from Maryland who would have joined Lee, would have made him resistless, and nego-

tiations for peace would have followed. The independence of the Confederacy so near, and yet so far. The fatalists and the predestinarians believe that it was not to have been, but the writer cannot agree with them. It was not, yet it might have been—it was possible. Had the civil government of the Confederacy been equal to the military it would have been a success, and the independence of the Confederacy firmly established.

The strategy and movements of troops on each side were for a purpose and constituted an interesting study. Lee's strategy was superb, but the execution of his plans was bungling. Stonewall Jackson was dead, and there was no executive officer of equal ability to take his place.

The fighting was of details—a piecemeal. No solid assault was made against the entire Federal line, nor was support given at all points when necessary.

The Federal army held the interior line nearly in horse-shoe shape and but four miles long. Meade could easily transfer troops from one point to another to support his line wherever attacked. The Confederate line around the outside was six and a half miles long, which rendered it next to impossible to transfer troops from one point to another, one, two, three, or five miles apart, and Lee had practically no reserves. These disadvantages of position and Meade's army 20,000 stronger, constitute a wonderfully fine tribute to the valor and devotion of the Confederates, and to the skill, strategy and persistency of Lee. If he had had 50,000 negro troops or half that number commanded by white officers, which was practicable, he would have worsted Meade, have gone to Philadelphia and have won the independence of the Confederacy.

It is remarkable how small an occurrence or omission, trivial in itself, often turns the tide of battle, and changes governments and the maps of nations. Victor Hugo says that at Waterloo the shake of a peasant's head dethroned the Emperor Napoleon and changed the map of Europe. No battle in the world's history ever had greater consequences dependent upon it, nor so many mishaps, or lost opportunities—especially on the side of the Confederates—as that of Gettysburg. That was the O'Hane of the Confederacy.

Had Meade drawn on his heavy reserves immediately after Lee's repulse on the third day and sent 40,000 men to inter-

cept his communications, block the mountain passes and thus obstruct his line of retreat toward the Potomac and Virginia, and when he began to move have pressed hard on his rear, he would have crippled Lee much worse than he did and with some probability of his destruction. But that general was so delighted that he did not get whipped at Gettysburg and so carried away with the renown of having repulsed and turned Lee homeward that he thought it wise to let well enough alone and thus he lost a great opportunity.

1. Had Stuart been less enthusiastic, not have gone so far east and have kept between the two armies, Lee would have been more fully advised of every movement of his adversary, would have been better able to anticipate him, have selected his battle-ground and have had the cavalry fresh and in good plight in the battle and protecting his communications.

2. Had Ewell followed up the success of the first day, have driven the broken and defeated corps beyond the strong position of Cemetery Ridge that evening, or if he had occupied Culp's Hill before the Union troops did, which was easy enough done at any time until occupied by the Twelfth Corps after 9 o'clock P. M., no further fighting would have occurred at Gettysburg. General Lee ordered him to occupy Culp's Hill, but it could not be done after the Twelfth Corps arrived. Ramseur ascended with his brigade before dark, but was withdrawn.

3. Had Longstreet's attack on the 2d been made early in the forenoon, when there were no Federal troops on either of the Round Tops, instead of at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon, he would easily have captured both mountain tops—the key-point of the entire Federal position—and Lee would have had a complete victory.

4. If the Forty-eighth Alabama had not been transferred to the left, but had remained to protect the rear, it would have taken care of the sharp-shooters, Colonel Oates's flanking column would have captured Little Round Top before Vincent's brigade arrived and it would have won the battle for the Confederates. No troops were then on Little Round Top but Hazlett's battery and Berdan's sharp-shooters, and they would have been captured or swept aside by the flankers in five minutes.

5. When Colonel Oates's two regiments reached the top of Great Round Top, had they been reenforced with artillery it would have commanded Little Round Top and a part of Cemetery

Ridge, which would have been untenable, and have enabled the Confederates to win the field.

6. Had not Lieutenant-Colonel Bulger fallen, which, in part, caused his companies to retreat, in ten minutes Oates's command would have captured Little Round Top, which would have given the Confederates the key-point and have enabled them to win the battle.

7. General Ayres commanded a division of regulars extending from Little Round Top westward. He told the writer that he lost eight hundred men in forty minutes and made a hurried retreat by regiments to Cemetery Ridge, the Confederates in such hot pursuit that some were mixed up with his men. If they had been volunteers instead of regulars, he said he could not have halted them in such a panic and have formed a new line, Wofford's Georgia brigade would have taken that part of Cemetery Ridge and Little Round Top would have fallen into Confederate hands like a mellow apple from its stem.

8. If, on the evening of the 2d, when Hays's and Hoke's brigades charged and took Cemetery Heights they had been supported, Lee would have won the field. Available Confederate troops were near, but were not thrown forward. Hancock brought up Carroll's brigade as a reenforcement, drove the Confederates and recaptured the line. For this fine work an equestrian statue to him stands on the spot.

9. If Major-General Edward Johnson had known on the night of the 2d that when his advance halted he was in the rear and within three hundred steps of the immense ordnance train of the Union army on the Baltimore Pike, he could have captured it and forced them to retreat.

10. If, late on the evening of the 2d, when Wright, with his Georgia brigade, reached the crest of Cemetery Ridge,—where he looked down the slope at and beyond Meade's quarters,—he had been supported by Posey's and other inactive brigades, that ridge might have been held and the battle won.

11. That same evening, when Wilcox's brigade also reached the top of that ridge, and occupied a part of it which had been evacuated by a brigade of Union troops, had he been supported he would have formed such a breach in their line that if improved might have won the battle.

12. If, on the 3d, the charging column had remained compact, with no opening for Stanard's maneuvers, or had Stuart reached

the rear so as to have made his co-operative charge, a great victory might have been won.

These reflections only show us lost opportunities in that great struggle.

DID GOD INTERPOSE?

I am not a fatalist nor a believer in destiny, and hence cannot say of Gettysburg as Victor Hugo said of Waterloo, "That God passed over the battle-field" and ordered the defeat of the Confederates. Their cause was just and nothing in it offensive to the Great Creator of us all. Under His laws, which are perfect and ample for the government of the world, it was given unto men to originate, formulate and regulate their governmental affairs in their own way, being responsible under those laws for individual acts as in every department of life. I do not worship a God who takes sides in battle and gives the victory to the heaviest battalions, greatest numbers and best equipped with arms and implements of war without regard to whether the cause be just or unjust. I can judge as well of the justice involved between nations when they go to war as I can of the laws of Nature and Nature's God. I am not infallible and may be mistaken in either, but nevertheless I can judge of the one as well as of the other. I would never go to war unless I conscientiously believed that the cause was just. I have no more doubt of the right of secession now than I had from 1861-65 and that was none at all. I am an unwavering believer in God as the Creator of all things. I believe that He created immutable and unchangeable laws for their government and endowed men with the power of acting for themselves and with responsibility for their acts. When we went to war it was a matter of business, of difference among men about their temporal affairs. God had nothing to do with it. He never diverted a bullet from one man, or caused it to hit another, nor directed who should fall or who should escape, nor how the battle should terminate. If I believed in such interposition of Providence I would be a fatalist. I believe in the justice and infinite wisdom of the Great Creator. His laws are perfect creations and any violation of them must be atoned for—the punishment cannot be averted. Unless individuals have freedom of action there is no justice in punishment. Courts of justice all over the world punish criminal acts voluntarily performed, which shows that all nations believe in the free agency of man.

To the religious, the superstitious and the fatalist the results may have appeared as Divine direction, to have been so ordered by Providence (which I do not believe); but, be it true or false, it is my purpose only to give the facts with appropriate suggestions of probable consequences and the statement of causes apparent.

CASUALTIES OF THE BATTLE

The reports of casualties during the Pennsylvania campaign as to each army are greater than those of the battle of Gettysburg, because the latter is included therein.

These reports are not perfectly accurate on either side, and from the nature of the case could not well be, but the following aggregate statements, compiled from such reports, is the nearest approach to accuracy obtainable, and applies only to that battle and not to the campaign :

<i>Casualties in the Confederate Army.</i>			
Killed.	Wounded.	Captured.	Total.
2,592	12,706	5,150	20,448
<i>In the Union Army.</i>			
Killed.	Wounded.	Captured.	Total.
5,091	14,529	5,365	24,985

The Federals reported in their list of killed all who were mortally wounded, or subsequently to the battle died of wounds, while the Confederates reported killed all who died of wounds soon after the close of the battle; but there is no doubt the mortally wounded would increase, if included, the total number of Confederates killed to 3,000.

Casualties in the Union army greater than in the Confederate, 4,537. The best authenticated reports from all sources of information are that Lee did not have in Pennsylvania available men of his army exceeding 70,000, while it is known that the muster of the Union army of June 30, the day before the fighting began, showed 105,000 officers and men of all arms. Making a large allowance for details of all kinds, it cannot be claimed that Meade had on the field, and within striking distance, an available force of less than 90,000 men, so that his army was at least 20,000 stronger than Lee's during the great battle.

The greater percentage of losses in the Union army is just about in proportion to the greater numbers of that army on the field.

It will be seen that the whole number of men of each side, Union and Confederate, aggregated 160,000, and the aggregate of losses was 53,433, or nearly one-third, which was heavier than the battle of Waterloo or of any of the great European battles of modern times.

During the three days' fighting the aggregate amount of lead and iron shot at each other by the two armies was five hundred and sixty-six tons. It is surprising that so many survived.

CHAPTER XXV

FROM THE POTOMAC TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Death of General Pettigrew—The Fifteenth Ordered to Protect the Flank of the Marching Column—A Lost Opportunity—We Have a Skirmish With Kilpatrick's Cavalry—In Camp on the Rappahannock.

The day we crossed the river General Pettigrew was killed by some Federal cavalry, which he mistook for Confederates. We marched leisurely through the Valley and across the Shenandoah, our corps of the army passing through the Blue Ridge at Front Royal and at Miles' Gaps. Detached portions of the Union army attempted to impede our march, but were brushed aside. Where the Warrenton Pike crossed the road we were traveling toward Culpeper Court House. I was ordered with the Fifteenth Alabama to turn square off down toward Warrenton for one or two miles until I found a good defensive position, and there remain to protect the flank of the marching column until relieved. It was about noon on the 23d of July, and the men had just eaten the last rations they had. After marching about one mile and a half I came to an elevated skirt of woods crossing the road at right angles, with a fence on the bluff, and just under the hill a beautiful creek of clear water. Here I halted and stacked arms along the fence, one-half the regiment on either side of the road. I permitted one battalion at a time to bathe in the creek. When the second was enjoying the bath I heard the report of small arms—just a volley—away beyond the next hill toward Warrenton, and in a few moments I saw a frightened cavalryman coming at full speed. I halted him and inquired the trouble, and he said that his lieutenant with a squadron of cavalry was falling back before a brigade of Yankees. I ordered him back to tell his lieutenant to draw them on to my regiment. He returned. I could hear an occasional volley of carbines, and pretty soon the half dozen Confederates appeared in the open field beyond the bridge and came right on through my line, which I had concealed, with one company (A) lying upon their faces on a little hill just below the

bridge, with instructions that when the head of the column reached the fence and the regiment halted it to run down to the bridge and cut off the retreat of those between there and the fence. But unfortunately the men of Company A were not controlled, and commenced firing when the head of the column was on the bridge, but for which within a few minutes more we would have caused a regiment to dismount. Some of them doubtless got hurt, and one fellow, whose horse was killed, took shelter under the bridge, and we captured him. They then fell back to the woods, dismounted a large force, and advanced them deployed at short distance. They opened a desultory fire, which was replied to by my men at long range. The enemy did not cross the creek, and retired about sunset. There was not a brigade, but a regiment of West Virginia cavalry. Very little damage was done, and we remained during the night, and near day Colonel Munford, with the Second Virginia Cavalry, relieved us.

At daylight we returned to the road we left the day before. Finding a large patch of ripe blackberries, I halted, and the regiment made breakfast of that fruit, as our rations were exhausted the day before. Resuming the march, about 9 o'clock A. M., at Battle Mountain, General Kilpatrick's cavalry was discovered in battle array up on the side and top of the mountain, with a battery in position which commanded the road. I deployed four companies, holding the remainder in close supporting distance, and advanced against him and drove him to the top. Lieutenant Head, of the Fort Browder company, D, was killed and three men wounded. Stephens, who lived in Coffee County, Alabama, for many years after the war, was very seriously wounded. I halted my advance on learning that A. P. Hill was coming on. I rode down the hill and back a short distance to a house, where I met General Hill, and asked him for a piece of artillery, which he furnished. I pointed out a position for it to the officer in charge, and he opened on the Union battery an enfilading fire. I was preparing to attack with my whole regiment, when General Benning, who had turned back when he heard the firing, marched his brigade through the woods right up in the rear of Kilpatrick's men, fired upon them, and killed and wounded about one hundred, when the command fled to a more healthful locality. I had the dead body of Lieutenant Head and those of the wounded men put into the ambulance, and resumed the march, reaching Culpeper Court House late that evening, where we received rations and ate

as only hungry soldiers could. A grave was prepared and Lieutenant Head was buried with military honors. We remained at Culpeper several days, and then moved over on the Rappahannock, where we remained, drilling, moving and changing camp occasionally for the health and comfort of the men. Every old soldier knows that this is essential; and however much he may oppose the surrender of an old camp, where the industrious are "well fixed," to go into new quarters, yet it is best for health and to keep away home-sickness to have his body and mind constantly occupied at something. The most terrible ordeal through which our soldiers passed was that of being separated for years—as many of them were—from a loving wife and dear little children who were at home hoping, praying, and sighing for the safe and speedy return of the husband and father. In the majority of cases when he came he was a corpse, and more frequently he came not, but a report of his death and rude burial was forwarded the distressed family instead. What a vast measure of patriotism it required to brace up the brave men to face such trying circumstances and death as well. All honor to such men!

CHAPTER XXVI

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

Bragg Reenforced by Two Divisions of Longstreet's Corps—Incidents of the March—Beginning of the Battle—The Plan—Alone and Without Orders—Grossly Misrepresented in An Official Report—The Death of Federal General Lytle—Some Brave Boys—Aid Requested and Refused—A Gallant South Carolina Captain—The Fifteenth Relieved—Bragg's Failure to Pursue—Gen. A. P. Stewart's Account of the Battle.

About the 9th of September General Longstreet was ordered to take two divisions of his corps—Hood's and McLaws's—and reinforce the Army of Tennessee, which was then in the vicinity of Ringgold, Georgia, to which place it had been compelled to retire before the advance of the victorious army of Rosecrans. On the way out there was no occurrence of sufficient moment to arrest the attention of the writer or interest the reader. At many places, in anticipation of our coming, the patriotic people, especially the good ladies, prepared abundant and excellent lunches for us. At such points the trains were stopped and the men allowed to partake of the feast, which they greatly enjoyed. A soldier in active service will eat every time he can get it, for he never knows when he is going to be put on short rations, and he is generally in anticipation and eats accordingly. I knew a soldier in the regiment named Smith who always ate all his rations at the first halt on the march. It mattered not whether his rations were for one, two, or three days, he ate them all at once just the same, not because he was hungry; but, as he said, his rations were easier to carry that way than in his haversack.

In Atlanta we were delayed about one day on account of the crowded condition of railroads and insufficiency of rolling stock. Bragg was also being reenforced by troops from the Mississippi department. I remember that McNair's brigade was one of the commands. We were, when our turn came, transferred down near to Ringgold, where we arrived on the 16th and encamped for the night, but without baggage and camp equipage, which had been left behind. The next day we marched westward several

miles, and passed over ground where Hood, who had preceded us, with a part of his division and Forrest's cavalry, had fought and driven the Union cavalry. A dead man was occasionally found. We marched and we marched, along the dustiest roads I ever saw. We got on the wrong road and marched I don't know where to and camped; got up the next morning and marched back again. This exhausted the rations, as we marched on the 17th with only two days' supplies in the haversacks. The next morning, Saturday, the 19th of September, began in earnest the battle of Chickamauga. We crossed the creek of that name in the woods about 10 o'clock A. M. and went into line without breakfast. Law was in command of Hood's division and Hood was placed in command of Longstreet's troops, and Longstreet was placed in command of the left wing of the army and General Polk of the right wing. Col. James L. Sheffield commanded our brigade. I, with the Fifteenth, was ordered to take a position in the front line on the right of the Texas brigade and to act with it. The remainder of Law's and Benning's brigades were to constitute a second line. After some maneuvering I was ordered back to the left of Law's brigade when it was placed in the front line. More maneuvering ensued. All this time there was more or less fighting on Polk's part of the line. Gen. W. H. T. Walker's division had quite a severe engagement.

About 4 o'clock P. M. a brisk artillery duel was gotten up on our part of the field, when our lines advanced, encountered the enemy and drove them very easily. Sheffield's horse threw him and injured his back so that he had to leave the field. Colonel Perry, of the Forty-fourth Alabama, ranked me, but he had borne away to the right until he had become entirely disconnected. I therefore assumed command of the four regiments of the brigade and soon after crossing the Lafayette Road halted for the reason that I could not see any enemy in our front. Bushrod Johnson's brigade was next on the left, and just as I halted it was fired on from the front and at once retreated across the road and up the hillside, with the Yankees in close pursuit. When I saw they had passed my line I gave the command "about face," which attracted their attention and they fired on my left and killed Lieut. Fred Porter, of Company K, and Private Jacob Pruett, of Company B, of the Fifteenth. I ordered the brigade to fall back to the road and as soon as the movement fairly began I saw that a panic

had seized the command. I gave the order to halt at the road and for the officers to draw their pistols and shoot any man who crossed it against orders. The halt was made. I then moved back east of the road, swung back my left a short distance and threw forward eight companies of skirmishers, two from each regiment, and advanced them against the flank of the brigade which was pursuing Johnson and soon drove it back across the road and into the woods beyond. This terminated the fighting on that part of the field for that day. Other commands were engaged, but it is not within my province to say anything of them in this connection. Night came on and I sent to division headquarters an order for rations. I was in as bad a condition in this respect as any of the men. We had been without anything to eat for twenty-four hours. If anything will make a man hungry, it is hard fighting. About 12 o'clock that night Colonel Perry came up with his regiment and I turned over the command to him, as he ranked me. The rations came about 1 o'clock and the men awoke at that hour and ate most ravenously.

The next morning at an early hour the lines were reformed, we being in the second line. The plan of the battle was for Polk to attack with the right wing at daylight and drive Rosecrans's left wing, double it back on his center and cut him off from retreat to Chattanooga, when Longstreet's wing was to advance and crush him. The attack was not made at daylight nor at sunrise, but some time after, perhaps 9 o'clock. When made, the battle raged with varying success, Polk wholly failing to drive his enemy as had been expected. The reason was that Rosecrans, finding the attack aimed at his left, reenforced it with troops drawn from his right and center. Longstreet discovered this and about 11 o'clock A. M. ordered his entire wing forward. The first line was halted before the Union line, which was near the Lafayette Road. The Union troops were behind the trunks of trees felled the night previous and kept up a lively fire. The front line, composed of troops belonging to the Tennessee army, lay down and kept up an exchange of fire with the Yankees at a distance of about two hundred yards. The second line, composed of Longstreet's troops from Lee's army, marched over their friends and routed the Yankees without halting, taking a good many prisoners. When we crossed the road it raised a tremendous dust and soon after I could see only a few scattering men of the Union army running away. I discovered that I did not connect

with any one on the right or left and halted. I had no idea where the other regiments of the brigade were. Looking around I saw away to my left and front a fight going on; the Federals in solid phalanx along the pine ridge at the edge of a field, with two pieces of artillery in their midst, were beating the Confederates back down the slope through the open field. I did not know what troops they were, except that they were Confederates and were being beaten, and without orders I resolved to go to their assistance. I faced to the left and moved rapidly until I got near the old soap factory and in rear of the right regiment that was falling back down the hill. I then ordered by the right flank forward. Just at this point the Yankees turned their battery on the Fifteenth and I was struck on my left hip by a piece of shell, which cut a piece out of my coat nearly as large as my hand, and knocked me down. Lieutenant Renfro, of my old company, helped me up and steadied me until I could go. I had no feeling in that leg, but limped along up the slope until I caught up with the regiment, which passed over and by our Confederate friends. I called out: "Don't fire, Fifteenth, until you are ordered!" and they raised a shout. Some now were falling and crying aloud, "O Lord, I am wounded!" and I saw that the regiment was making ready to fire, when I cautioned them again, "Don't fire until you are ordered, men!" When we had passed beyond our Confederate friends and were within about eighty yards of the enemy I gave the order, "Fire advancing—commence firing!" The order was promptly obeyed. Our enemies began to give back. I saw in the smoke an officer on horseback, but in a moment he seemed to go down and disappeared. My men halted when they reached the top of the ridge, but the steady roar of their musketry and the blinding smoke told of the execution they were doing. The regiment we had relieved proved to be the Nineteenth Alabama. Col. Samuel K. McSpadden, of that regiment, in his official report, dated fifteen days after the battle, said:

The Fifteenth Alabama volunteers, who were to the right of my rear, began an enfilading fire upon me. I immediately discovered they were friends, and ordered my colors back to the edge of the open field, and, waving them, discovered to the Fifteenth Alabama their error, upon which they came up by a left oblique march in fine order, and joining in with my regiment, we continued to pursue the enemy for some distance across fields, woods, roads, and hills, until we passed over the telegraph road of the enemy into the hills, where we passed also other pieces of artillery and found we had utterly cut the enemy's lines asunder.

How Colonel McSpadden could make all these statements in his official report I am unable to see.

I was in command of the Fifteenth Alabama, and no other field officer. I went to the relief of the Nineteenth Alabama, which was not in the woods, but was slowly falling back down the slope of the hill in the open field and was not less than one hundred and fifty yards from the edge of the woods. The Fifteenth never delivered "a heavy enfilading fire" upon the Nineteenth. The Fifteenth never marched left oblique at all; it had no such order, and none at all except, "Don't fire, Fifteenth, until you are ordered," which I gave aloud, and it was fully obeyed. The Fifteenth came straight from the rear and the two left companies of the Fifteenth passed over or through the right companies of the Nineteenth, and I will swear that there was not a shot fired by the Fifteenth until after it passed the Nineteenth, when I gave the order, "Fire, Fifteenth, advancing," and there was no halting until the Fifteenth reached the top of the ridge where the Union line had stood—it having fallen back forty or fifty yards. The Fifteenth halted there without orders and was then delivering a heavy fire. The Nineteenth moved up on a line with the Fifteenth and was also firing heavily. As I walked toward my left Colonel McSpadden met me and told me who he was and the number of his regiment. I never saw him until that moment. I did not know what regiment it was until then. I had seen, when three hundred yards away, that it was a Confederate regiment and needed help and I went to it of my own volition. It was the right of Deas's Alabama brigade. Soon after I spoke with Colonel McSpadden one of my men said, "Colonel, the Yankees are coming up behind us." I stepped out of the smoke and saw four regiments coming in splendid style, each carrying the Confederate battle-flag. They were Patton Anderson's brigade. As soon as I discovered that they were Confederates I ordered a charge. As we moved, Deas's brigade, and in fact all of Hindman's division, joined in the charge, which swept the Federals from that part of the field.* We captured the battery and a considerable number of prisoners and continued the charge for nearly a mile. I was

* This report of Colonel McSpadden caused General Deas in his report to say that the Fifteenth Alabama, of Law's brigade, fired on his right, but, on Colonel Oates perceiving his mistake, moved up and fought gallantly with him. It also caused Major-General Hindman to say the same thing in his report, all of which did me an absolute injustice. Neither of these generals

so injured in my hip that I could not keep up. I saw a horse richly caparisoned standing near where the Federal lines had broken. I went to him, congratulating myself upon the ride I expected to take, but discovered when I tried to move him that the poor animal had been shot through the pastern joint of one fore-leg. At that date it was against orders for field officers to ride in battle. Near this horse—within twenty steps—lay the dying form of Gen. William H. Lytle, whose brigade we had been fighting.

The night the battle began it is said that he composed that beautiful and pathetic song, "I am dying, Egypt, dying." I knew then only from prisoners that he was General Lytle from Ohio. In 1876 I took passage from Cincinnati to Louisville upon a boat named "General Lytle." I made inquiry of some of the officers and found that this boat was named for him. I then learned, too, what a general favorite he was with the people of that city. In the summer of 1884 I visited Mount Vernon, when the Regents were in session, and I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Elizabeth Lytle Broadwell, the regent for Ohio, who was a sister of General Lytle. She made very particular inquiry of me as to the death of her brother and evinced deep sorrow, but no malice toward the Confederates. She was certainly a noble lady. Some few years after the interview her spirit took its flight from earth to that of her gallant brother in the great beyond.

The dying General lay in the hot sun. I took him by the arms and dragged him two or three steps into the shade and left him and started in pursuit of my regiment, when General Deas came on from the rear riding toward the front. He was the first general officer on our side whom I had seen since the battle of that morning began. I hailed him, inquired who he was, told him who I was and how I came there. I suggested that our men were going too far and should be halted, to which he assented and dashed forward. And just here I wish to mention that one of our batteries which kept just off on our right and did such splendid firing, as many of the Fifteenth Alabama men will remember, was the battery of that superb soldier from Eufaula, Ala., Capt. S. H.

could say that of their own knowledge, as neither of them were at the time on that part of the field. Colonel McSpadden was an honorable man, lived many years after the war, and died while holding the office of Chancellor of the Northeastern Division of Alabama. But he made an egregious mistake in his official report of the battle of Chickamauga.

Dent, but we did not know what battery it was until after the close of the battle.

At last I found my men lying on the side of a hill, resting, and panting like dogs tired out in the chase. I ordered them to "fall in" and we marched back to the scene of conflict. I halted, stacked arms and told the men who were bareheaded to help themselves to the hats of the dead men and such of the wounded as would voluntarily give them up. I detailed Feagin's company (B) to take charge of and carry out the two pieces of artillery that we had captured and then marched out to the soap factory or tannery, hoping to learn the whereabouts of Law's brigade. The first man I saw of whom to make inquiry was Gen. Bushrod Johnson, the commander of a division. He could not tell me anything of Law's brigade and the sequel proved that he knew as little of the whereabouts of his own, but he ordered me to march northward through an extensive old field. "And on entering the woods," he said, "you will find my troops, which are very hard pressed and much in need of reenforcements." It was all I could do to refrain from asking him if his troops were so hard pressed why was he so far in the rear of them, but his rank suppressed me.

Bushrod Johnson was promoted to be a major-general for his gallantry in this battle. He displayed it, too, before this stage was reached. He seemed to have had enough when I saw him. I had to go, but I detailed a guard for our captured guns—I did not want to leave them for some other command to take into its possession and claim the credit of capturing them—and then we marched as directed. As we moved through the old field I discovered a boy, then about fifteen years old, who belonged to Company G, lagging in the rear and crying. I spoke to him and told him not to cry; that he had not yet been hurt and he might live through the battle, and not to be so unmanly as to become frightened and go to crying. He replied, "Afraid, hell! that ain't it; I am so damned tired I can't keep up with my company." That boy—A. Bryant Skipper—who had run away from his father and joined the regiment the preceding winter, survived the war, got married, became the father of ten fine children, was elected sheriff of his native county of Henry, and under all circumstances was a true man to his country.

As we moved on across the field we passed over ground where there had been hard fighting that morning. I recognized among the dead Lieutenant-Colonel Bland, of the Seventh South Carolina

Regiment, whom I had known ever since he fought a duel with Major Seibles on Bull Run in the winter of 1861. At that time Bland was a captain and Seibles the major of the regiment. They both belonged to the regular kid-gloved aristocracy of the Palmetto State and were believers in the *code duello* for the settlement of private quarrels. They were disciples of John Lyde Wilson, who was standard authority in such matters in that State and generally throughout the South. The major and the captain quarreled over a game of chess; a challenge passed and was promptly accepted. They met, exchanged shots, both were wounded, but neither dangerously; they made friends and all was well again. Major Seibles lived as a highly respected citizen of Montgomery, Ala., until the year 1900, when he died at his home in that city.

Further on I found Kershaw's South Carolina brigade and a wide unoccupied space intervening between the Seventh and Third South Carolina regiments. They were lying in a deep valley, and on the ridge in front was a disabled twelve-pounder Napoleon gun, which I thought ought to be within our lines, and consequently moved on to the top of the ridge and began piling up logs and fortifying. I never saw anything of Gen. Bushrod Johnson's command, which was so "hard pressed," although I marched directly to the point indicated by him. I doubted whether he knew the locality and peril of his troops. He was too far in the rear.

The enemy were in full view from my position on the hill and they soon advanced three regiments against us. I went to Colonel Nance, of the Third South Carolina, and requested him to move his regiment up on the hill and connect with my left. This he declined to do. I then ordered him to move up and still he declined. I bestowed upon him a few encomiums and returned to my regiment and extended my line by placing the men in one rank. On seeing that the attacking force would overlap me on each flank, I went to the Seventh South Carolina, which lay up the valley to my right and rear, under the command of a captain. It had suffered severely and was very much reduced in numbers. I ordered the captain commanding to move on the ridge to my right, which he declined to do upon the pretext that General Kershaw had placed his regiment where it then was. I ordered him forward and he made no reply and did not move. I got up on a log and made an appeal to the State pride of the regiment, and asked the men not to go where I directed merely, but to follow

me. One captain said, "Colonel, I will follow you with my company." As he started the whole regiment moved, and I led them into action. But as soon as we turned the hill and opened a left oblique partially enfilading fire, the enemy returned it vigorously and my Seventh South Carolina Regiment ingloriously fled, except the captain who said he would follow me with his company. I directed him to take position on the right of my regiment and act with it, which he did. I took his name, with the assurance that I would do him justice in my official report, and did so, but have never seen the paper since and have now forgotten his name. The truth is that General Law never made many reports beyond the usual casualties of battle. Although a brave man and a good fighter, he was very negligent in such matters, and after this battle his mind was chiefly occupied by his quarrel with Longstreet, who opposed his being made a major-general. I am sorry that I do not remember the name of that captain, which prevents me from doing justice to him and his brave company in this connection. They did their whole duty and remained with me until I was relieved. My report was a full and accurate one, but it never reached the War Department, which fact I deeply regret. Failure to make full and accurate reports of the operations of his splendid brigade was General Law's greatest fault as an officer. Justice required that they be made. In this battle he commanded a division. Colonel Perry should have made the report of the brigade to Law

Deficient memory of names has always been a source of embarrassment to me at times, and more so since I have been in public life than before. I remember faces, forms, sizes, and complexions; I also remember facts, events and dates—but names I do not always remember readily. One time, in Montgomery, Judge Wm. E. Clark, of Marengo County, came up to me in a crowd and extended me his hand. I took it and gave him a warm shake, but did not call any name. Said he, "I will bet that you don't know my name." "No," said I, "but I know your face;" and his face was familiar, but I had no idea of his name at the moment. Smiling, he said, "Colonel Jones." I grasped his hand through sheer politeness and said, "Why, certainly, Colonel, I am glad to see you." He burst into a loud laugh; I saw that I was sold, and then in a moment remembered that his name was William E. Clark. It flashed through my mind that moment, and I said, "Why, it is old Bill Clark," and I never had the slightest difficulty

in remembering his name after that occurrence. Deficient memory of persons' names with me has been caused by a habit, formed in boyhood, of thinking more of the appearance and probable characteristics of any one I met than of the name. I tried many times to recall the name of the gallant captain, but never could.

As I turned from my South Carolina captain I saw my regiment start down the hill. I ran in among the men, yelling, "Halt, halt, men! About face and return to your position! Is there no officer who will set the example?" Lieutenant Strickland, of Company I, sprang forward, calling to the men to follow. It had the desired effect. The regiment rushed back to the top of the hill. They had not neglected to reload their pieces, and as they reached their former position our foes were within a few steps on the other side, and coming in such close proximity the fire of my men was very destructive and really a surprise to the enemy. They broke and retreated in confusion. They were so close that one of them threw down his gun and sprang through our line for protection. My men and the South Carolina company then lay behind the logs we had previously placed, and kept up a lively fire on the enemy whenever within range. They soon advanced again, but this time more slowly and cautiously. A constant exchange of shots went on at a lively rate for a good while. I extended my left companies to meet the overlapping line until the men were one or two paces apart. When passing along that part of my command I observed particularly little Tom Wright, a sixteen-year-old boy and a brother of Capt. "Dick" Wright, who now lives at Midway, in Bullock County, Alabama. The boy was cross-eyed, and his face looked remarkably young and handsome, but was begrimed and blackened with powder. He was the busiest chap I ever saw, down on his knees loading and firing, but taking good aim at every shot. I slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Give it to them, Tommie, my boy; I will remember you." He looked up with a smile and replied, "All right, Colonel." I passed on, and returned in less than two minutes, and the brave little fellow had been shot through the head and lay a corpse. I could not repress my tears, and in the heat of battle I shed a few in passing as a tribute to the sublime courage of that child. I have never felt ashamed of those tears. It is not unmanly to shed tears of commiseration or sympathy for worthy objects.

During the fighting another boy, barely sixteen years old, belonging to Company D, from about Fort Browder, in Barbour

County—Jack Cariker was his name—came to me, his little freckled face aglow with excitement, and said, “Colonel, there is one of our men down there behind a tree who refuses to come up and fight.” Said I, “Jack, go and bring him to me.” He replied, “Colonel, he is a great big man.” “Well, Jack,” said I, “bring him, though he be as big as an elephant, and if he refuses to come stave your bayonet through him.” Away went Jack, and within less than a minute he drove before him one of the largest men in the regiment, and reported, “Here he is, Colonel.” The man sprang behind a tree. I approached and asked him what he meant—he had fought well before. He told me that he was sick and not able to fight; but I saw at once, from the way he clung to that pine and covered himself with it, that he was demoralized through fear instead of being sick. I told him that it was no time then to get sick, and pulling him out from behind the tree ordered him to go forward and take his place within the ranks of his company. When I turned him loose he sprang back behind his tree. I again pulled him out, and struck him over the head with my sword and knocked him down, cutting his head a little, which satisfied him that the safest place for him was with his company. He then took his place in the ranks and fought as well as any of his comrades. I heard no more of his sickness.

All the newspaper talk during the war about “gallant leaders” was the veriest bosh. One good driver was worth six “gallant leaders.” The latter generally accomplished little else than to get themselves shot. There were quite a number of young boys in the regiment, and they made better soldiers than a majority of the grown men. They cared but little about home, were always cheerful, generally healthy, and in battle they never knew when they were whipped.

The fight continued for some time; but at last our foes retired slowly, firing until they passed out of range. They left in our front several of their dead and wounded. The woods got on fire, burned down the slope, and swept over such of them as could not escape. The agonizing cries of the wounded in the flames were heart-rending. I sent out some of our litter-bearers to help save the wounded, but being fired upon by the Union soldiers, I withdrew them. Four or five of my men were killed and five or six times as many more were wounded; but we held our position against all odds. There is an iron tablet set up by the battle-field

commission to mark what is supposed to be the spot where the Fifteenth Alabama fought on Snodgrass Hill.

It was getting late in the afternoon when Law's adjutant-general came up and said he had been hunting for us for two hours; that the other regiments of the brigade had not been in action since the engagement of the forenoon. He told me to withdraw, and that Gracie's brigade was going into action at that point. As we marched away I had our dead men carried out on the shoulders of men detailed for that purpose, and buried them alongside of each other that night. As we moved out we passed Gracie's brigade going in, in echelon of battalions, as handsomely as a command ever moved to such perilous work. It never had been in battle, and the ranks were full.

Soon the roar of musketry became very heavy, and so continued for about one hour. Gen. Gordon Granger's reserve division was brought up to the support of Thomas, whose corps was all of Rosecrans's army that still held out. General Law placed a battery of twelve twelve-pounder Napoleon guns so as to enfilade Thomas and beat back Granger. But the latter arrived just in time to aid Thomas to retreat, which he did in pretty good order, but lost a great many prisoners. We all—even the private soldiers—expected Bragg to order us forward in close pursuit that night or early the next morning. That night—Sunday, September 20, 1863—I never felt happier, and visited the camp-fire of every company in the regiment. We had gone through another great battle and the lives of many of us were spared, and we were victorious. I say "we," because I think that nearly every man present who participated in the fight felt about as I did. And no one but an old soldier who has "been there" knows how good we felt. Our losses were pretty heavy, but we had borne a conspicuous part in winning a great victory. The regiment had lost eleven killed and one hundred and twenty-one wounded out of about four hundred and fifty who went into action on Saturday.

The losses of the Confederates had been very considerable, in both officers and men. Brigadier-Generals Deshler, Helm, and Gist were killed, and several were wounded, among them Major-General Hood, who lost one leg.

The next morning, to our surprise, the only order that came from General Bragg was to furnish details to gather up the arms scattered over the field. About midday we were ordered to a camp a mile or two from the scene of the late battle. Rosecrans's

army was badly beaten, and went into Chattanooga demoralized. Bragg's vanguard could have entered the town with Thomas's rear, his being the only organized command. But the victory of Chickamauga, won at a fearful cost, was rendered barren by the inaction and lack of enterprise of the commanding general. I never did see or hear of any good excuse for it. I do not know what influenced his course. In General Gordon's book of "Reminiscences of the Civil War" he attempts to justify Bragg's failure to follow up the victory, but is not successful in this writer's opinion. In his official report Longstreet was hard on Bragg, but not unjust.

The next day after the battle Bragg called on Longstreet and asked his opinion as to what should be his next move, and the latter advised that Bragg cross his army over the Tennessee River above Chattanooga and move against Rosecrans's rear, thus forcing him to retreat in the direction of Nashville; or turn in the direction of Cumberland Gap, destroying the force of Burnside at Knoxville, etc. Bragg did not take this advice, and he was right, for none of the reenforcements he had received just before the battle had transportation for supplies on such a move. There were no pontoon trains to insure a rapid crossing of a broad and treacherous stream then barely fordable at but two points which could have been available, and then in case of heavy rains it would soon have become unfordable at any point. Besides, such a move would have exposed Bragg's communications and have opened the way for the Union army to advance on Dalton and even Atlanta. It might not have been able to advance without supplies, but the Union cavalry could have done incalculable damage. Bragg adopted the policy of closing in around Chattanooga, and holding the river, the railroads, and all the wagon-roads but one, and made the mistake of putting Longstreet on his left and in command of the mountain and Lookout Valley, when his heart was not in that policy; and the position was lost before the Union army was starved into a retreat.

Forrest on the next day after the battle urged a vigorous pursuit and assault on the beaten army at once, and that was common sense, and promised the only fruits of the victory of Chickamauga that were attainable.

The following is Gen. Alexander P. Stewart's account of the battle, prepared at my request. He was a West Pointer, a major-general, and subsequently promoted to the high rank of lieutenant-general:

Beginning on Friday afternoon, the 18th, and continuing throughout Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, there was fought in the northwest corner of Georgia the greatest battle that ever was or perhaps that ever will be fought on this continent—the battle of Chickamauga. The Confederate army, under the command of Gen. Braxton Bragg, was occupying Chattanooga, Tennessee, on the south bank of the Tennessee River. The Federal army, under the command of Gen. William S. Rosecrans, was occupying the southern part of middle Tennessee. In the latter part of August General Rosecrans pushed the heads of his columns toward various crossings of the Tennessee River, and early in September had completed the passage of that formidable stream.

Lookout Mountain takes its origin on the south bank of the Tennessee River a few miles south of Chattanooga, and extends in a direction west by south some forty miles or more. About twenty miles south of Chattanooga a spur makes off from the east flank of the mountain in a northeasterly direction, known as Pigeon Ridge. The acute angle formed by this ridge and Lookout Mountain is known as McLemore's Cove. With a view to compelling General Bragg to evacuate Chattanooga, General Rosecrans determined to move his army so as to threaten General Bragg's communications. Accordingly, one corps was moved to the right, or south of Lookout Mountain, in the direction of Alpine and Summerville, Georgia. Another corps was moved across Lookout Mountain into McLemore's Cove, while the third corps threatened Chattanooga. General Bragg, in order to gain time for reinforcements to arrive from Virginia, and also with the hope of catching Rosecrans's army divided as it emerged from the mountain region, and so having an opportunity to strike it in detail, and not having a sufficient force to accomplish these objects, and to hold Chattanooga besides, evacuated Chattanooga on the 7th and 8th of September, and moved his army to the south in the direction of Lafayette, Georgia, thus placing it opposite to the eastern flank of Lookout Mountain.

General Rosecrans labored under the mistaken impression that General Bragg was in full retreat for Rome or Atlanta. On the 11th of September he discovered his great error. At that time a part of the center corps of his army was camped at Davis's Cross Roads, McLemore's Cove; while General Bragg had a superior force within striking distance. Thus the opportunity which General Bragg hoped for of striking the enemy in detail had presented itself, and imperative orders were sent to the commanding officer of the Confederate force in the vicinity of Davis's Cross Roads to attack the enemy at that point at daylight on the morning of that day. For some reason, which does not seem to be clearly understood, the attack was not made—the right man was not there in command—and before the day passed the Federal force at that point made its escape toward the mountain. If this attack had been made, no doubt that portion of Thomas's corps which was at Davis's Cross Roads would have been crushed, and General Bragg's army would have been placed between the corps commanded by McCook, which was in the direction of Alpine, and the corps commanded by Crittenden, which had passed through and occupied Chattanooga on the 9th of September, had moved south in the direction of Lafayette and Ringgold, following General Bragg's army.

It would hardly have been possible for both these corps to have made their escape across the Tennessee River, and probably there would have been no battle of Chickamauga.

General Rosecrans, discovering his great error, immediately began to concentrate his army, moving McCook's corps and Crittenden's toward Chattanooga. General Bragg, failing to accomplish his purpose to strike the enemy in detail, concentrated his army about Lafayette and moved on the east side of Chickamauga toward Chattanooga. The fighting on the afternoon of September 18th was for the possession of the bridges and fords across the Chicka-

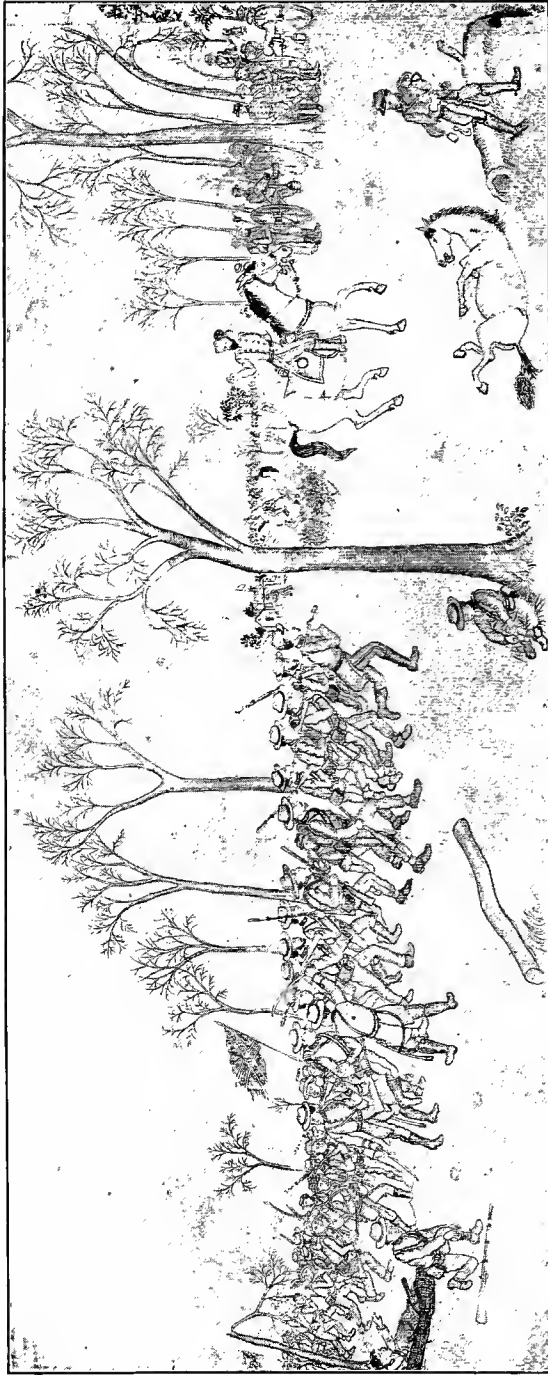
mauga, most of which fell into the hands of the Confederates. The advance of General Rosecrans's army from McLemore's Cove passed Crawfish Springs during the night of the 18th, and continued its movements through the night, arriving early in the morning of the 19th at the road from Chattanooga to Lafayette at a point two or three miles west of Reed's Bridge. Learning that a Confederate force had crossed the Chickamauga, General Thomas, who led the advance of Rosecrans's army, sent a division toward Reed's Bridge with instructions to capture this force. Moving out some distance, deploying his troops in line of battle and throwing out skirmishers, the commander of this division soon found himself confronted by the dismounted cavalry of Forrest's command, and the battle of Chickamauga commenced.

General Forrest, finding himself opposed by infantry, and greatly outnumbered, proceeded to his left and rear to bring up reinforcements. Walker's reserve corps of infantry was brought up, and in the meantime other infantry divisions on the Federal side successively arrived on the ground and engaged in the battle. Other divisions on both sides were brought into action as they successively arrived, and thus the battle extended from the vicinity of Reed's Bridge in a southwesterly direction across the Lafayette Road, near what is known as the Brotherton Place, to the west side of that road, and veered again, south of that point, to the east side of the road near what is known as the Viniard Place, and the battle raged along this line throughout the day of the 19th without any decisive results.

During the night the Federal lines were drawn back to the vicinity of the Lafayette Road, the left of General Rosecrans's army being placed in the woods to the north and east of a field, in a direction parallel to the Lafayette Road, and then turning westward at what is known as the Poe Field, crossed to the west side of Lafayette Road and extended southward parallel to this road and a few hundred yards to the west. The orders issued by General Bragg directed that the attack upon this line should commence at daylight on the morning of the 20th on his extreme right, and should be taken up successively by divisions to his extreme left. The Confederate troops that should have been in position, and commenced the attack at daylight as ordered, were the divisions of Breckinridge and Cleburne, composing a corps commanded by Gen. D. H. Hill. Unfortunately, General Hill could not be found during the night, and did not receive his orders until late the next morning. Consequently his troops were not in position and ready to attack the enemy at daylight, and the attack was delayed until somewhere near 10 o'clock. If the attack had begun at daylight, as the Federal troops were not then all in position, and especially were not then protected by barricades of timber as they were at a later hour, the probabilities are that General Rosecrans's army would have been completely overrun before the attack actually began and General Bragg's army would have been interposed between the enemy and Chattanooga. By the time the battle actually opened the left of the Federal army opposed to the Confederate right was well protected by barricades made of timber already on the ground and such as was felled by the Federal troops during these hours of delay, and this protection extended to some extent along their entire line of battle. In consequence of this the attacks on the Confederate right were repulsed; but at length a division of the Federal army near the center was drawn out of their line for the purpose of being moved to their left, and just then the divisions composing the left wing of the Confederate army, which was under the command of General Longstreet, began their advance movement and the Federal division referred to was swept away, and as the assault proceeded toward the Confederate left the whole of the right wing of General Rosecrans's army gave way. Some of the divisions retreated across Missionary Ridge into the valley of Chattanooga Creek and moved down that valley to Chattanooga. Other portions fell back, changing direction to their right and rear, and finally gained position on Snodgrass Ridge, a spur that makes

out in an easterly direction from the east flank of Missionary Ridge. Thus their position was at right angles to the general line as it was first formed. The Confederate troops followed them, and the battle raged around the Kelly Field and on Snodgrass Ridge until near the close of the day.

At length orders were sent to the commanders of the various Federal divisions to withdraw their troops and retire toward Chattanooga. Before this order was acted upon the Confederate troops broke through the left of the Federal line and also its right along Snodgrass Hill, so that the Federal position was no longer tenable. The various divisions of the Federal army fell back from around the Kelly Field and from Snodgrass Ridge, and were pursued until dusk by the Confederates, so that the Confederates have a clear right to claim Chickamauga as a Confederate victory. It was the general opinion in the Confederate army that General Bragg should have pursued the enemy at an early hour on Monday morning, but unfortunately he delayed the pursuit until the next day, by which time the enemy had gained possession of the works around Chattanooga, and in a measure had recovered from their panic.



From a drawing made on the field by a private in the Eufaula Battery.

THE 15TH ALABAMA REGIMENT GOING INTO THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

CHAPTER XXVII

BEFORE CHATTANOOGA.

Bragg's Effort to Starve the Union Army to Retreat or Surrender—The Fifteenth Ordered Into Lookout Valley—A Night Attack That Failed—Suspicious Appearances Reported—Rosecrans Superseded by Grant—Poor Generalship on the Confederate Side—The Fight at Brown's Ferry—Wounding of Colonel Oates—Battle of Wauhatchee and Loss of Lookout Valley—An Eccentric Captain—Responsibility for Loss of Lookout Valley.

After Bragg had given Rosecrans two or three days to collect, reorganize, and reanimate his forces, strengthen and man his fortifications, he moved on Chattanooga, closed up about as close around it as he could safely get, and went to digging and fortifying. Around near to Lookout Mountain Law's brigade went into position. Jenkins's South Carolina brigade, which had but recently been attached to the division, arrived after Chickamauga, and Jenkins, holding the rank over Law, assumed command of the division. The rivalry between Law and Jenkins which followed was very unfortunate for the service.

We were very scarce of rations, and for a day or two skirmished pretty lively with our Yankee neighbors over a corn-field to see who should have the most corn to parch. I believe we got the most.

One night while here Law ordered me to take my regiment down to a little creek and effect a crossing if practicable, and drive the Federals out of their fortifications, stating that he would follow with the other four regiments and a battery of artillery. I moved the regiment to within about 150 yards of the crossing and had the men lie down. Taking a small detail from Captain Waddell's company I cautiously advanced to reconnoiter the place before undertaking to force a passage. First Lieut. Thomas M. Renfroe and another man went to the ford, when a vidette standing at the water's edge on the other side discovered and shot at them. That brought up a row of heads along the rifle pit on the opposite bank. Lieutenant Renfroe and his man retreated a short distance and took shelter behind a tree from the shower of bullets

which was sent after them. One shot passed through Renfroe's left arm, which disabled him by a stiff arm for life. He was for many years after the war a prominent citizen, merchant, and business man in Fort Gaines, Georgia. He died at that place in 1889.

At this juncture Law's battery opened on the enemy, and their fire of artillery and small arms in reply was very lively for a while. The creek was of horse-shoe shape, the Federal line being across the toe. The banks, except at the crossing, were precipitous, the water deep, with difficult jungles of vine and undergrowth on each side. I therefore decided against the practicability of the movement, and so reported to Law, who approved my decision and withdrew us to our camps.

About the 12th or 13th day of October I was sent with my regiment—a section of the Louisiana battery, the Fourth Alabama, Colonel Bowles, having preceded us—over the mountain and into Lookout Valley. Bowles went under orders to the end of Raccoon Mountain on the east side and placed his regiment as sharpshooters to fire across the river and prevent use by the enemy of the wagon-road on the opposite side. I passed over Lookout at night, taking the road by the Craven House. I had to go at night, and very quietly at that, to avoid the fire of the Federal battery on Moccasin Point.

The horses to the two pieces of artillery and caissons were poor, and failed to pull the pieces and loaded caissons up the mountain. The noise and whooping of the drivers attracted the attention of the batterymen, and they began to lam shells against the side of the mountain uncomfortably near to the men, horses, and guns. I saw that something had to be done at once. I therefore made details of a whole company at a time for each of the guns and caissons to shove them up, and with the pushing of the men and the pulling of the horses we finally got them up the mountain, but it took all night to do it. It was good daylight when we got over on the side next to Lookout Creek. I remained there until I received specific instructions that day to take command of the valley, not to interfere with the Fourth Alabama where it was stationed, but to picket the river from that regiment up to Brown's Ferry, and to obtain all the supplies I could legitimately. I moved into the valley and selected a central position for the encampment of my reserves, and placed five of the companies on picket along the river. Rations had to be brought to us on pack mules from the other side of the mountain, which made it quite difficult

to supply us. I soon succeeded in buying a small herd of beef cattle and ninety sheep, all fat and nice, from a Mr. Williams. I also got a field of corn and set the men of the reserve to gathering and shelling it. There was near by a corn-mill run by water, whose owner was a Union man, who refused to grind for the soldiers. I impressed his mill and detailed from the regiment a miller to run it. We then had new corn-bread and an abundance of the finest fat beef and mutton, and we lived "in clover" during the two weeks we remained there.

There is an island in the river known as Williams's Island. He resided there, and had a farm on it. He was a true Confederate, and when the Yankees got too thick for him he, with his family, came over into the valley on our side and left cattle, sheep, and other property at his island home, which were being destroyed by the two or three companies that were stationed there. He visited my camp to get permission to pass through my pickets to go over and see what they were doing. After a day or two I satisfied myself that he was reliable, and I passed him through. I told him to observe as well as he could the number and disposition of the troops on the island and report to me. He did so, and reported that there was a regiment on the island, but so negligent in their fancied security that he went all about without encountering any guards; that there were no guards except on the river, and they at such wide intervals that he had no difficulty in passing between them. I asked him if he would go as a guide with an expedition to capture the island, and he replied that he would with pleasure.

That evening I called for forty volunteers from the regiment "to go on a perilous expedition," and got more than enough men; but none of the officers having volunteered, I resolved to lead the expedition myself. I informed my forty men of my purpose and made a detail from them to gather all the skiffs and canoes they could and make the collection fast under some willows in a bend of the river which concealed them from the enemy. The collection was made on the night of the 24th of October and the expedition was to go over the next night. According to orders, my squad borrowed pistols of the officers and prepared well their Enfield rifles for the occasion. About 10 o'clock P. M. I moved the reserve down to the river and formed it in line of battle behind a ridge of sand formed by high water, and left Captain Shaaff in command, with instructions to fire across the river and protect us

in recrossing in case we had to retreat. Thus prepared, my men embarked in the boats. It was at a point some distance below the regular crossing, and opposite to a dense cane-marsh in which I intended to land, where no guard or picket had ever been seen. My intention was, after landing, to follow Williams, Indian file, through the swamp to the most available point for concealment and observation of the enemy, and then, after fully informing myself of the situation, at midnight or later, when all were asleep, to creep stealthily up and pounce upon them, killing and capturing as many as possible, and of course taking the chances of success against a regiment. Old man Williams was with me, armed, and eager to make himself useful and to avenge the wrongs perpetrated upon him and his property. I directed Sergeant O'Conner, of Company K, who was to act as my lieutenant, to shove off, having in the boat with him Mr. Williams and two men, and then one after another of the boats shoved out into the stream, until the largest and last one, which contained eleven men and myself, was well out on the bosom of the broad Tennessee. When O'Conner landed, and as he caught hold of the reeds and pulled up to the shore, a sentinel pointed his gun within a few feet of Pat's face and fired. With that a line of pickets at close distance along the bank opened fire. I called to the men in advance to fall back and drift with the current. I saw that my project was at an end and the thing to do then was to make a successful retreat. The balls chugged into the water all around and among us. One shot passed through the side of my boat between my legs as I sat on the side of it, but within a minute the reserve companies returned the compliment with such vigor and precision that the fire of our enemies ceased, and I fortunately succeeded in getting back without loss or injury of a single man, notwithstanding several of the boats were struck.

The next day some of the pickets, just below where I attempted to cross, found a suit of red jeans clothes near the water's edge, and the tracks where a man—a deserter, I think—went down to the water. I am satisfied that he found out what was going forth, swam across early in the night, and informed the Yankees that we were coming; for just before night there were no pickets on or near the point of my proposed landing. The next day I observed a park of artillery going down on the opposite side of the river and that their pickets were doubled along the water front.

I made a report that day in writing of all these things to General Jenkins, the division commander. According to the regular order of proceedings, I should have reported to General Law, my brigade commander; but I was not instructed to whom to report, and concluded that I was on detached outpost duty, and hence reported to the division commander. I afterwards became satisfied that I was in error, and should have reported directly to General Law.

On the afternoon of the 27th of October I again reported appearances, and gave my opinion that an attack was going to be made on me and asked for reenforcements. I was satisfied that the man who swam the river had informed the enemy of the number of troops I had and that they intended to cross and clear the valley of Confederates. The Federal army was dependent for rations and supplies upon the two wagon-roads to their rear, one almost impracticable, and the other a macadamized one, which passes along the opposite bank of the river, where the Fourth Alabama fired across and shot down teams and drivers and completely prevented the use of it.

With the railroads in our possession, General Bragg's policy of starving the enemy into a retreat was about to prevail. Of course its success depended on maintaining the status in Lookout Valley. I knew the importance of it, and did not intend to leave any duty devolving on me unperformed.

On the 24th of October General Grant superseded Rosecrans and took command of the army. In his official report he gives the following account of its situation and condition:

Our forces at Chattanooga were practically invested, the enemy's line extending from the Tennessee River above Chattanooga to the river at and below the point of Lookout Mountain below Chattanooga, with the south bank of the river picketed to near Bridgeport, his main force being fortified in Chattanooga Valley, at the foot of and on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and a brigade in Lookout Valley. True, we held possession of the country north of the river, but it was from 60 to 70 miles over the most impracticable of roads to any supplies. The artillery horses and mules had become so reduced by starvation that they could not have been relied on for moving anything. Any attempt at retreat must have been with men alone and with only such supplies as they could carry. A retreat would have been almost certain annihilation, for the enemy, occupying positions within gunshot of and overlooking our very fortifications, would unquestionably have pursued our retreating forces. Already more than 10,000 animals had perished in supplying half rations to the troops by the long, tedious route from Stevenson and Bridgeport to Chattanooga, over Walden's Ridge. They could not have been supplied another week. The enemy was evidently fully apprised of our condition in Chattanooga, and of the necessity of our establishing a new and shorter line by which to obtain supplies, or we could not maintain our position,

On the 24th of October, the next day after General Grant arrived, in company with General Thomas and Brig.-Gen. W. F. Smith, chief engineer of the army, he rode down on the north side of the river and viewed Brown's Ferry, the banks of the river, and the hills on the south side, and saw the Confederate pickets, and decided that it was the place for attack. General Grant said in his book that when they were at the ferry it was a wonder to him that the Confederate pickets on the opposite side of the river did not fire on him and his party, but he attributed their good nature to the fact that they were expecting the whole army to surrender within a few days, and thought it unnecessary and cruel to kill any of them. I imagine that if Captain Feagin (now Judge of the Inferior Court of Birmingham, Alabama) had seen Grant, Thomas, and Smith dismount and walk down to the ferry he would not have been so amiable as the guards on duty seemed to have been, and might have foiled their plans to remove him, and possibly have changed the personnel of the future seventeenth President of the United States, for Captain Feagin was a vigilant officer.

Grant deemed it necessary to capture Brown's Ferry and get into Lookout Valley. He said in his report:

Before the enemy could be apprised of our intentions, a force under the direction of Brig.-Gen. W. F. Smith, chief engineer, was to be thrown across the river at or near Brown's Ferry to seize the range of hills at the mouth of Lookout Valley, covering the Brown's Ferry Road, and orders were given accordingly. It was known that the enemy held the north end of Lookout Valley with a brigade of troops, and the road leading around the foot of the mountain from their main camps in Chattanooga Valley to Lookout Valley. Holding these advantages he would have little difficulty in concentrating a sufficient force to have defeated or driven Hooker back. To remedy this the seizure of the range of hills at the mouth of Lookout Valley and covering the Brown's Ferry Road was deemed of the highest importance. This, by the use of pontoon bridges at Chattanooga and Brown's Ferry, would secure to us by the north bank of the river, across Moccasin Point, a shorter line by which to reinforce our troops in Lookout Valley than the narrow and tortuous road around the foot of Lookout Mountain afforded the enemy for reinforcing his. The force detailed for this expedition consisted of 4,000 men, under command of General Smith, chief engineer, 1,800 of which, under Brig.-Gen. W. B. Hazen, in sixty pontoon boats, containing thirty armed men each, floated quietly from Chattanooga past the enemy's pickets to the foot of Lookout Mountain on the night of the 27th of October, landed on the south side of the river at Brown's Ferry, surprised the enemy's pickets stationed there, and seized the hills covering the ferry, without the loss of a man killed and but four or five wounded.

He here speaks only of the casualties inflicted by Company B of the Fifteenth, which was the picket stationed there, because in the fighting which followed there were many casualties.

Just after dark on the 27th of October a courier from General Duke, or the officer commanding the remnant of Morgan's cavalry, then only three hundred strong, brought me a message in purport that a heavy force of the enemy, infantry and artillery, were attempting to cross the river south of the Raccoon Mountain, near Bridgeport, and that he was powerless to prevent them, and that when they did so and advanced to the east end and turned Raccoon they would cut off my retreat and capture my command. A reenforcement of two army corps had been sent from the Army of the Potomac under "Fighting Joe" Hooker. These were the troops which were reported as in the act of crossing at Bridgeport, south of the Raccoon. On receiving the message I wrote it, together with the grounds of my apprehension that an attack on me that night, or early the next morning, was imminent, and sent it to General Longstreet with a request to send reenforcements without delay; that he send me at least one more regiment that night. The courier returned before midnight and stated that he had delivered my communication to General Longstreet, as I had directed, and had a receipt for it. No other response came, and I lay down and tried to sleep. Some time before day I dropped off into a doze, when I was aroused by William C. Jordan, a private in Company B, who was on the horse of the courier stationed with that company at my upper picket post at Brown's Ferry. The courier was asleep when the enemy landed. They crowded Captain Feagin so that he directed Jordan to mount the courier's horse and go for me. Jordan obeyed with alacrity, but did not have time to get saddle or bridle, and rode bareback, guiding the horse by the rope with which he was tied.

Jordan informed me that the Yankees were crossing the river and had driven Captain Feagin and his company away from Brown's Ferry. I asked how many he saw, and he replied, "Some seventy-five or one hundred." I had the long roll beaten, and gave orders for the men to leave their knapsacks in camp and their little tent flies standing. Leaving one or two sick men to guard the camp, I mounted my horse and we moved off as rapidly as possible. Along the river at Brown's Ferry there is a ridge or little mountain. The gap through this leads to the ferry. Just before reaching the gap and when within twenty steps of them, I

heard the invaders at work building breastworks. I came near riding into them. I turned and rode down my line, telling the captains in a whisper to about face. We were marching left in front, and when we got about one hundred yards to the rear, countermarched. I then detailed two companies, Captains Shaaff and Waddell, and ordered them to deploy their men at one pace apart and instruct them to walk right up to the foe, and for every man to place the muzzle of his rifle against the body of a Yankee when he fired. Away they went in the darkness. I could hear nothing more than the enemy's hammering and a stick crack here and there. I waited in breathless silence for them to fire, a much longer time than I thought was necessary; but when they did fire it must have done terrible execution, judging from the confusion of the enemy which followed. I could hear some running through the woods, others crying out, "We surrender, we surrender!" and some of the officers, I suppose, crying, "Halt! halt! Where are you going, you d——d cowards?" My companies got inside their works and drove them, capturing eleven prisoners. But the Federal line to my right fired on us heavily, and to meet that I deployed in like manner Company K and put it into the action. Their fire still outflanked me on the right. I put in one company after another, until all six of my reserves were into it, and still I could not cover the enemy's front. Company F—Captain Williams—was the last one I put in. The three left companies got inside the enemy's log defenses which they were constructing and drove them toward the river, capturing the ridge west of the gap; but my other three could not drive the Yankees from their position. Company E (Dale County), Lieutenant Glover, of Company B, commanding, had five men killed—all shot through the head, one right after another. I remember now the name of but one of them—David Snell. I had a bullet pass through my left coat sleeve and my horse was shot. Captain Terrell, of Law's staff, arrived, and I sent him for the Fourth Alabama to withdraw and bring it to my assistance. I next sent a courier down the river to withdraw my other five companies and to bring them as speedily as possible, as I then knew that I was contending with a force greatly superior to my own. The fight continued. I went to the right company, as I could not see the officers, and it was not moving forward.

Day was then breaking and lighting up the woods so that I could see men twenty or thirty steps distant. I saw Sergt. Wil-

son Greenway, of Company F, step forward, crying, "Come on, men; it is a shame to lie back this way!" and he fell severely wounded. I rushed in among the men and ordered them forward, and went forward myself, and when within about thirty steps of the enemy (I could see their heads as they fired from behind some logs) I was shot through my right hip and thigh, the ball striking the thigh bone one inch below the hip joint, slightly fracturing it, ran around it and passed through eight inches of flesh. It struck a blow as though a brick had been hurled against me, and hurt so badly that I started to curse as I fell, and said "God d—," when thinking that possibly I was killed, and that it would not seem well for a man to die with an oath in his mouth, I cut it off at that d— and did not finish the sentence. All this flashed through my mind as I fell. I tried to move my foot, but could not; I could only work my toes a little. M. E. Meredith, a playmate of my early boyhood, came and raised me up in a sitting position. I saw another man from Pike County, whom I had known from boyhood—Jeff Hussey—sitting behind a stump, and it occurred to me that he was there through fear, and charging him with cowardice, accompanied by unparliamentary language (I had forgotten my recent conversion), I ordered him to come out from behind that stump and help me. His response was an eloquent one. He held up one of his arms, which was bleeding profusely. I told him that I took back what I had said, but that he ought to be away from there as well as myself, and he could help me with the other arm, which he did. As I hopped off on my left leg, with my arms around the shoulders of these two men, I expected at every step that some of us would catch in the back one of the many balls that were flying around us, but fortunately we escaped. They took me to a little house, where many of our wounded had been collected in the yard, and laid me down among them. I told Hussey to get out and take care of himself, and how to go to avoid capture. Meredith I ordered to return to his company, and to tell Captain Shaaff that he was in command, and to use his best judgment, but not to lose the artillery, which was then firing from an apple orchard one hundred yards from the little house.

Soon after he left me the balls from the enemy were striking the fence, or in the yard, ricochetting, and then hitting the house. The only inmates were two ladies. I was bleeding copiously and became very thirsty. I begged the ladies for a drink of water.

One of them came to the door with a dipper of water, when a shot struck the house or fence and she jumped back and shrieked with fright. Seeing that there was no other chance to get the water, and my thirst now being almost unendurable, I crawled and dragged my wounded limb through the dirt of the yard to the doorsteps, when the ladies took me by the arms, helped me into the house, and gave me water—God bless them! My men, poor fellows, lay scattered over the yard, bleeding and begging for water, with no one to help them. The litter-bearers were busy bringing back the wounded. The ladies gave me another cold draught, and never did water taste sweeter. The fabled nectar of the gods would not compare with it. M. E. Meredith and Jeff Hussey attended a reunion of the survivors of the old regiment held in Montgomery, Alabama, November 12 and 13, 1902, and were enjoying good health. I feel very grateful to those men. They saved me from capture.

But a few minutes elapsed before little Joe Rushing, my orderly, brought my other horse. I told him to go out and call two of the artillerymen to come and put me on him, which was done. I thanked the frightened ladies as I was carried from their house. Just as I mounted, my man Jordan, before mentioned, came up with eleven prisoners. This was about sunrise. I told him to return, that I would take charge of them. I gave my pistol to Rushing and told him, in their hearing, to walk just ahead of my horse with the prisoners in front, and if one of them looked back to shoot him. I told them to take the road ahead of us. We went a round-about way, a distance of about four miles, to reach the bridge on Lookout Creek, to avoid interception and capture, which by the direct road was but little over half that distance. I came very near fainting more than once. My boot was running over with blood, and the wound made it very painful for me to ride. I would have fainted, but we crossed several bright little streams, at some of which I made the prisoners halt. The hindmost man had a tin cup, and I made him give me water and then let him give drink to his comrades. Just before we reached the bridge, and right in front of a house, I met Doctor Hudson, the brigade surgeon. He made the prisoners lift me off my horse, and started to lay me on the piazza, when a stout-looking woman appeared in the doorway, and with the look of a female hyena and the delectable voice of a sand-hill crane, shouted, "Don't bring that nasty rebel into my house; I forbid it!" Dr. Hudson told

the men to take me in, and turning to her he said, "Madam, get me some old linen to bind up this man's wound, and be d——d quick about it, or I will have your house laid in ashes!" Her manner changed, and she complied with the doctor's request in less than a minute. He had me laid on the floor on the veranda, gave me a drink of whiskey—which I very much enjoyed, as every wounded man does—and bound up my wound so as to stop the blood.

A member of the regiment, James M. Williams, of Dale, one of the best citizens of that patriotic county, came up, and I turned over the prisoners to him, directing him to take them across the mountain to the provost guard. I directed him to search them for concealed weapons before starting. He did so, and took from their pockets several packages of cartridges. Some of these were carelessly laid upon the floor, and two of the prisoners slyly took up a package each and put them back into their coat pockets. After Williams had started and proceeded some distance with them, a straggling soldier who was present, having stopped to see what was going on, inquired, "I wonder what them prisoners wanted with them cartridges? I saw two of them pick up a package each and put them in their pockets." I immediately had him call to Williams to bring them back. He did so, and I told him to search again, which he did, and found the cartridges. They intended to take his gun, kill him, and make their escape. In the light of reason, at this late day, we cannot blame them; but at the time I felt very much like firing on them with my pistol. It was yet early in the morning, the sun being but little over one hour high. Williams survived the war, is an excellent citizen, lives in Andalusia, Alabama, and attended the reunion previously mentioned.

About this time General Law arrived with the other three regiments of his brigade and the Texas Brigade. He halted and came in to see me and to learn the situation in the valley. I told him that he was too late, in my opinion, to accomplish anything; that a heavy force had already crossed the river. I suggested that he ride up on an eminence near, from which he could overlook the river to Williams's Island and the greater part of the valley, although it is a valley full of hills and small valleys. He went up, but soon returned, and said I was quite right; that they had laid a pontoon bridge and had then at least a corps in the valley.

Four Alabamians and four Texans were detailed, by General Law's order, to carry me on a litter over Lookout Mountain, and they did so—over the highest part, to avoid the battery on Moccasin Point, several shells from which exploded near us and some went entirely over the mountain. One of these men, Robert Espy, of Company K, Fifteenth Alabama, now lives in Abbeville, Alabama, and is a highly respected citizen. He also attended the reunion in November, 1902, thirty-nine years after this occurrence.

I arrived at our field hospital just before night, where I found Doctor Davis, the accomplished surgeon of the Fifteenth Alabama, who probed and dressed my wound and made me as comfortable as possible during the night.

General Law reported back to Longstreet, or Jenkins, the situation, and placed his troops in a position to aid the Fourth Alabama and my five companies which were on picket to get out. They retreated eastward along the Raccoon Mountain, and got out late that afternoon without loss. Captain Shaaff also succeeded in getting out with the six companies which had been engaged and the artillery. At one time the gunners abandoned one piece and one caisson, but the Fifteenth Alabama men compelled the batterymen to carry them out, and both guns and caissons were thus saved from capture; but the men who were too badly wounded to travel afoot, our dead, our camp and baggage, with all of the men's blankets and clothing, except what they had on, and a considerable quantity of supplies, were unavoidably left to the enemy.

Major Lowther came up that day, after the battle was over, and took command of the regiment.

General Bragg claims that he entrusted to General Longstreet the entire left wing of his army, and that included Lookout Valley. Longstreet denies this, and says that his command of the left wing extended only to and included Lookout Mountain. He did, however, commit the Lookout Valley to Law to hold against the enemy by obstructing and preventing the use by the Union army of the river, the M. & C. Railroad, and all wagon-roads, save one by which they could get supplies. Law sent the Fourth Alabama to do this perilous and all-important work down to the point of Raccoon to act as sharpshooters and prevent the use of the river and the wagon-road on the other side of the river; and the Fifteenth Alabama to picket the river from the right of the

Fourth up to Brown's Ferry, which took five of the companies, leaving six in reserve, with two guns of the Louisiana battery, all together less than 240 men in the reserve. I suppose that General Law encamped the other three regiments of his brigade near the western base of Lookout on the creek of that name. I was not informed, nor was I given any instructions—only to picket the river, keep the enemy from using it, and to gather all the supplies for the men I could.

General Longstreet says in his book that when he ordered Law's brigade to guard the Lookout Valley that he reported to General Bragg that it required a division to guard it properly; but it seems that nothing more was said about it either by Bragg or himself.

To give up the river and that valley utterly destroyed Bragg's policy and raised the siege of Chattanooga; yet General Longstreet committed the defense of this valley and the maintenance of the siege to Law's brigade without protest, and never rode through it to see if Law was doing it. He and Law had become estranged, and the latter, disappointed in his aspirations, did not care whether he aided Longstreet or Jenkins in anything. Bragg never went into that valley to see what was going on, nor did Longstreet ever cross to the west side of Lookout Creek. Whether I did right or not to report to him on the evening of the 27th of October, it nevertheless gave to him information that I was going to be attacked that night or the next morning, and if he desired to hold Lookout Valley he should have ordered troops there at once.

General Longstreet says in his book (page 473) :

On the night of the 27th of October General Smith moved to the execution of his plan against our line of sharpshooters. He put fifty pontoon boats and two flatboats in the river at Chattanooga, the former to take twenty-five men each, the latter from forty to seventy-five—the boats to float quietly down the river eight miles to Brown's Ferry, cross, and land the troops. At the same time a sufficient force was to march by the highway to the same point, to be in readiness for the boats to carry them over to their comrades. The sharpshooters had been posted for the sole purpose of breaking up the haul along the other bank, and not with a view of defending the line, nor was it defensible, while the enemy had every convenience for making a forced crossing and lodgment.

The vigilant foe knew his opportunity, and only waited for its timely execution. It is needless to say that General Smith had little trouble in establishing his point. He manned his boats, floated them down to the crossing, landed his men, and put them at work entrenching the strong ground selected for their holding. By daylight he was comfortably entrenched, and had his artillery on the other side in position to sweep along the front.

The Confederate commander, Bragg, did not think well enough of his line when he had it to prepare to hold it, but when he found that the enemy proposed to use it, he thought to order his infantry down to recover the ground just demonstrated as indefensible, and ordered me to meet him on the mountain next morning to learn his plans and receive his instructions for the work.

General Longstreet says of the capture of Brown's Ferry :

On the morning of the 28th Bragg and himself met on the top of the mountain and saw Hooker's two corps, the Eleventh and Twelfth, from the Army of the Potomac, marching quietly along the valley toward Brown's Ferry.

Longstreet says in his book that they were both surprised, but judged the main body to be not more than 5,000 men. Seeing them from such a height they totally misjudged the number; it was not less than 10,000 men. And "the rear-guard" which they judged to be but 1,500 was Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps which went into camp at Wauhatchee, as these generals thought, about three miles from the other troops. They at once agreed to a plan to capture that rear-guard, and Bragg left, telling Longstreet that he would send him Jenkins's and McLaws's divisions for the purpose. Jenkins reported to Longstreet on the top of the mountain, and received instructions to capture that rear-guard by a night attack. McLaws did not report, and Longstreet says that Bragg neglected to order him. He says also that after midnight he rode down to the place for assembly and found the officers discussing the situation, and learned that Bragg had not ordered McLaws; he says, being of the impression that Jenkins understood that the move had miscarried, he rode back to his headquarters, "failing to give countermanding orders," as he himself states. Jenkins being under orders to attack, like a faithful officer went on to execute them, and got the division repulsed at Wauhatchee and driven out with considerable loss. His division encountered a part of Howard's corps as well as Geary's division. No greater remissness in a general was ever exhibited than Longstreet exhibited in allowing Jenkins to go with one division and attack two corps of the enemy. By his negligence the lives of brave men were sacrificed. Our loss that night aggregated 408 men, and accomplished no good whatever. He admits that "It was an oversight of mine not to give definite orders for the troops to return to their camps before leaving them." It was indeed a criminal oversight and neglect of duty for which he should have been court-martialed.

General Longstreet further says in his book (page 477) that :

General Jenkins was ordered to inquire into the conduct of the brigades of position, and reported evidence that General Law had said that he did not care to win General Jenkins's spurs as a major-general. He was ordered to prepare charges, but presently when we were ordered into an active campaign in East Tennessee he asked me to have the matter put off to a more convenient time.

If the charges against General Law were true he should have been made to answer for his conduct without delay. Not so much for what he was alleged to have said, as for his alleged withdrawal of his command when most needed at the front. The fact that he never was arrested or tried is persuasive to my mind that the charges were not well founded.

In the confusion incident to being flanked and driven out of position and into the woods in the night time, several good men were captured, the brave and eccentric Capt. Wm. N. Richardson among them. The Yankees were permitted to flank the regiment on the left and get into the rear. When this was discovered the policy adopted was to get away from there with as small a loss as possible. Nearly every time Major Lowther commanded the regiment in battle it got demoralized. When flanked it broke and ran out. It was a very mixed state of affairs. The eccentric captain, whose organ of locality was so deficient that he had but little idea of places or directions, got lost from his company in the woods, and hearing the voices of men went to them, and walking up among them remarked, "Well, boys, that was a devil of a fright we got a while ago." One placed his hand upon Richardson's shoulder and said, "You are my prisoner." The Captain inquired, "What command is this?" A response came in the nasal twang of the down-easter, "Eighty-second New York." The Captain just then awoke to a realization of his condition. He said, "Look here, gentlemen, I am most egregiously mistaken. I thought this was the Fifteenth Alabama. By heavens! this ought not to count." They laughed and sent him to a military prison, where he remained until about the close of the war.

Captain Richardson was indeed an eccentric man. He was an educated farmer of wealth and position; and a great many amusing stories were told of him during the war, and in the main they were correct. When we were marching to the Valley in 1862 the Captain never had his company in marching order until a few min-

utes later than the order required us to move. Colonel Canty was annoyed by this; but to avoid personally designating him as disobedient, caused the adjutant to summon all the captains to headquarters and there informed us of the order to march, and that the Colonel said he would arrest any of us who were not ready to move at the very minute. All of us who had been prompt in obedience felt indignant and murmured, while Captain Richardson, rubbing his eyes as if he had just awaked from a deep sleep, said, "Seven o'clock! Well, adjutant, can you tell me what time that will be?" Of course we all burst into a laugh and retired.

Again, early in 1863, when we were in camp near Richmond, the Captain applied to me, I then being in command of the regiment, for leave to go to the city for one day, which was promptly granted. I saw no more of him for three days, when I rode up to the city and was met by him in front of the Spottswood Hotel. He approached me and undertook to explain his absence without leave or overstaying his time. I suggested I would hear that when he returned to camp, but he persisted. He said that he had had a pretty hard life of it in the army, and he concluded when he got to the city that he would put up at the Spottswood and live one more day like a gentleman, and that the next morning when he went to settle his bill found that he did not have enough to pay it, and said, "You know I am too much of a gentleman to ever go away from a hotel and leave my bill unpaid, and therefore I have been stopping with them ever since"—as though the bill would get less. He wished to borrow the money from me with which to settle so that he could go to camp. It took three hundred dollars in Confederate money to do it, but I let him have it; he settled and returned to camp as happy as a lord.

Soon after we closed up around Chattanooga we were for about two days without rations, except parched corn. The Captain had a negro slave named Dick, and kept a horse for the negro to ride and carry the Captain's blankets and to go foraging. During these two days of hunger Dick did not appear. The Captain got furious, and swore that he would cut Dick's ears off when he saw him, and finally that he would kill him. But late in the evening of the second day Dick appeared. He came up to the Captain with his basket on his arm and said, "Marse Billy, I done brought yo' somet'ing to eat at las', dough I had er tough time to git it." "Yes," said the Captain, "and I am going to kill you; you devil, you have allowed me to starve;" and turned loose a volume of epi-

thets upon the negro. Dick said no more, but set down his basket, took out of it and spread a nice white napkin, and began to place the Captain's rations upon it. Among them were some tempting-looking pieces of brown fried tripe, of which the Captain was unusually fond. It caught his eye; he began to lean over, and inspected it more and more closely. Said he, "Dick, what is that?" "Tripe, Marse Billy," he replied. "Where did you get it?" said the Captain. "Way over de mountain," said Dick. "I went to de butcher pen an' got it, dressed an' cooked it myse'f; it am bery nice. I know'd you were fond of it." The Captain was captivated. "Well," said he, "Dick, I'll swear you are the greatest negro in the world, and I would not take your weight in gold for you." The fried tripe caught him and made Dick a great negro.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, when we were under the fire of thirty pieces of artillery, with grape-shot and canister, solid shot and spherical case shell raining down on us and around us, Captain Richardson burst into a loud laugh, saying, "Is this not a hell of a way for a man to celebrate his birthday; it has just occurred to me that I am thirty-seven years old this day."

Poor fellow! He is now and has been for many years an inmate of the lunatic asylum at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. The result of the war, the emancipation of his slaves, the disturbed and revolutionized condition of affairs demented him. When I was Governor in 1895 and visited the asylum, I tried to make the old Captain recognize me, but could not. His mind was gone, and he was a pitiable object.

Before the battle of Chickamauga "Billy" Bethune, a little red-haired boy from Columbus, Georgia, came to the regiment and requested me to muster him into the service; but I declined upon the ground that he was too young and too small. He was barely fifteen years old, and not well grown at that. After we went over in the valley he came to me again and said that if I would not give him a gun and let him perform service as a soldier he would go off and join some other command. I compromised with him by giving him a gun and agreeing that he might go into the next fight, but would not put him on other duty. On the morning of the 28th of October he went through the engagement unhurt. During the next night, when the enemy routed the regiment, little "Billy" got shot in the back. Down near Lookout Creek one of the Irishmen of Company K came along with the wounded boy

on his back. Major Lowther called out, "Who is that?" The answer was, "Jimmie Rutledge, sir." "Who is that you have there?" "Billy Bethune, sir," was the response. "Is he wounded?" "He is, sir," said Jimmie. "How is he wounded?" The reply was, "He is shot in the back, sir." That moment Billy's childish voice rang out in a sharp tone of indignation, "Major, he is a d——d liar; I am shot *across* the back." That boy is a man of family, a highly esteemed citizen, and now resides in Milledgeville, Georgia.

I knew the importance of holding Lookout Valley. With it in the enemy's possession he would have the use of both wagon-roads to the west of Chattanooga and also the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The Tennessee River and Lookout Mountain would be untenable for the Confederates. I knew from the unusual movements of the enemy that they were going to attempt to cross the river, and consequently I sent a report in the forenoon and another in the afternoon of the 27th to General Jenkins, the division commander, to whom I was ordered (as I now recollect) to report, stating the indications and giving my opinion that an attack would be made on some part of my line and asking for reinforcements. I knew that if all the other troops were on the east side of Lookout Mountain that they could not be brought to the scene of action in time after it commenced. I never heard until many years after the close of the war that General Law with the other regiments of his brigade was in camp on the west of Lookout Mountain. As I had heard nothing from Jenkins in response to my two reports, when I received the message, as hereinbefore stated, that Hooker's corps was crossing at Bridgeport south of Raccoon, my anxiety caused me, contrary to orders and precedent, to address General Longstreet directly, as he held command of that wing of Bragg's army.

P W Alexander, an army newspaper correspondent, published an article in some of the Georgia papers, just after the occurrence, in which he undertook to place all the blame for the loss of the valley on me. I saw the article or heard it read; but at the time I was too near dead to reply to it. It was no fault of mine. I and my command did all that any equal number of men could have done to hold our position and keep Grant's men out of the valley. What more could 250 men have done against 2,500 than mine did? I was not supported, but sacrificed.

Longstreet says that he reported to Bragg that a division of troops was necessary to hold that valley, which shows how outrageously unjust was the charge of P W Alexander. Like many other correspondents of newspapers in those days, he was densely ignorant on the subject of which he wrote.

The late Gen. W B. Hazen was in immediate command of the expedition to capture Lookout Valley. (He was the first husband of the present Mrs. Admiral Dewey) He said in his book, published in 1885, that his brigade then consisted of nine regiments, with an aggregate present for duty of 2,166 men; that from these were selected fifty-two squads of twenty-four men and one officer each, aggregating a force of 1,300, as the attacking party. On the night of the 27th of October these men were embarked at Chattanooga, twenty-five men in each boat, well armed, and with two axes in each squad. The intention was to reach Brown's Ferry, which was nine miles below Chattanooga, by the river, a little before daylight on the 28th.

General Hazen says that on the 25th he rode with the chief engineer officer across the neck of land in the bend of the river, down to the point opposite Brown's Ferry, and there the engineer pointed out to him the two gaps and impressions in the mountain range, in each of which there was a picket post. The engineer informed him that the plan was to go down the river in the boats and land at these two points, drive our pickets away, push out through the gap, take position and fortify it, and that the remainder of Hazen's brigade, under Colonel Langdon, of Ohio, should march down to the opposite shore and be ferried over as soon as the boats were available, and he would be followed by General Turchin's brigade immediately after. Each squad was placed in charge of a tried officer. He says :

I selected tried and distinguished officers to lead the four distinct commands, who, in addition to being fully instructed as to the part they were to take, were themselves taken to the spot and every feature of the bank and landings made familiar to them. They, in turn, just before night called together the leaders of the squads, and each was clearly instructed as to his duties; for they were of such a nature that each had, in a great degree, to act independently, but strictly in accordance with instructions. * * *

At precisely 3 o'clock A. M. the flotilla, consisting of fifty-two boats, moved noiselessly out. I desired to reach the landing at a little before daylight, and soon learned that the current would enable me to do so without using the oars.

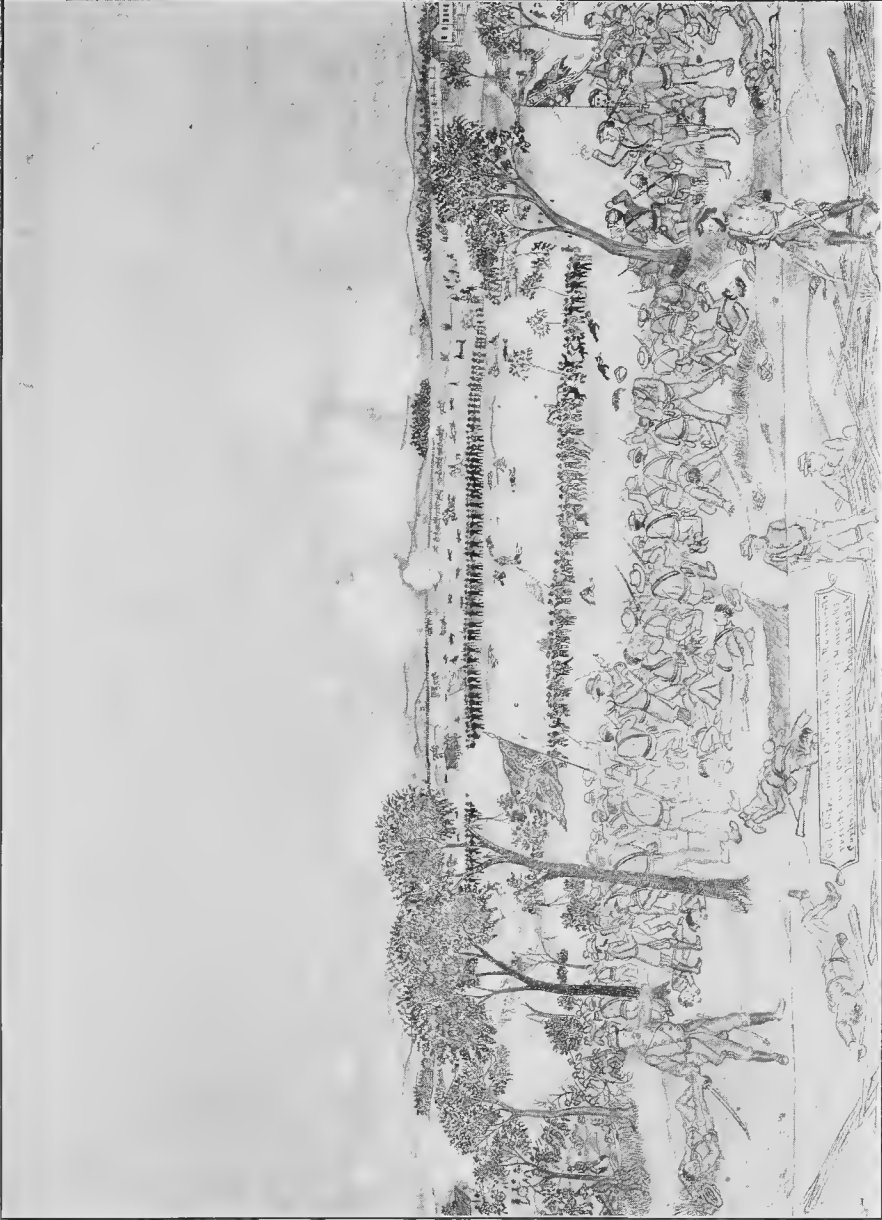
After moving three miles we came under the guns of the enemy's pickets, but keeping well under the opposite shore, were not discovered until the first boat was within ten feet of the landing, when the enemy's pickets fired a volley harmlessly over the heads of my men. The disembarkation was effected rap-

idly and in perfect order, each party performing correctly the part assigned it with so little loss of time that the entire crest was occupied, my skirmish lines out, and the axes working, before the reinforcements of the enemy, a little beyond the hill, came forward to drive us back. At this time they came boldly up along nearly our entire front, but particularly strong along the road, and gained the hill to the right of it, and would have caused harm to the party on the road had not Colonel Langdon, who commanded the remaining portion of the bridge, arrived with his men at this moment. After a gallant, but short engagement, he drove the enemy well into the valley, and gained and occupied the right-hand hill also. The enemy made a stubborn fight all along the hill, but were easily driven away with loss. General Turchin's command now came over and took position on the hills to the right. My troops were all brought to the left of the road. * * * We found the hill facing the river precipitous, and the face opposite less steep, but of difficult ascent. The top is sharp, having a level surface of from 2 to 6 feet in width, forming a natural parapet capable of an easy defense. It is from 250 to 300 feet above the river. Beyond it is a narrow, productive valley; and the higher parallel range of Raccoon Mountain is about a mile and a quarter distant. * * * The enemy had at this point 1,000 infantry, 3 pieces of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry—an ample force, properly disposed, to have successfully disputed our landing.

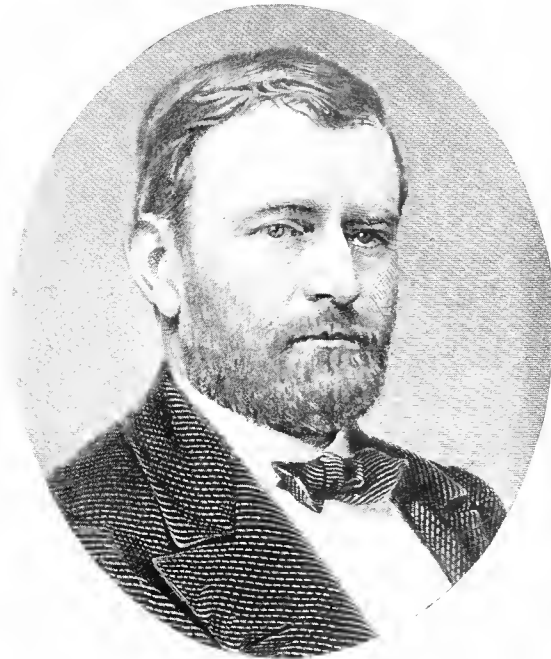
General Hazen then states the aggregate of his losses to have been not exceeding 36 killed and wounded and 9 missing, and then proceeds to say :

We buried six of the enemy, and a large number were known to be wounded, including the colonel commanding. This officer was Col. W. C. Oates, of an Alabama regiment, now a member of Congress. * * * We captured a few prisoners, their camp, twenty beeves, six pontoons and a barge; and several thousand bushels of corn fell into our hands.

This statement of Hazen, which is taken from his official report, no doubt is perfectly correct until he reaches the question of the number of troops I had at that point, as to which he is grossly in error. Instead of having, as he says, 1,000 infantry, 3 pieces of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry, I had but 6 companies of infantry, numbering no more than 225 men present for duty, and only 2 pieces of artillery, with barely men enough to handle them, and no cavalry at all, unless the two couriers I had with me could have been denominated "a squadron of cavalry." Had my force been so great as General Hazen states it to have been, I would most likely have made his acquaintance that morning, instead of postponing it until after the war. I think I would have had him to breakfast with me and a majority of his men prisoners of war. In fact, my entire force at that point, including the artillerymen, did not exceed 240 men. With this force I, according to his showing, fought his entire brigade of nearly



From a drawing made on the field.
COLONEL OATES WITH THE 15TH AND 48TH ALABAMA REGIMENTS RESISTING AND CHECKING
THE ADVANCE OF HANCOCK'S CORPS NEAR FUSSELL'S MILLS, AUGUST 16TH, 1864.



M. A. Howard

CHAPTER XXVIII

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON—SHILOH

An Epitome of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's Career—His Arrival in Richmond—Mr. Davis's Opinion of Him—His Assignment to Command—The War in the West—The Battles of Wilson's Creek and Belmont—Surrender of Fort Henry—Fort Donaldson—Battle of Shiloh—Death of General Johnston—Beauregard's Fatal Mistake—Fall of Corinth.

General Johnston was born February 2, 1803, in the village of Washington, Mason County, Kentucky. He was the youngest son of Dr. John Johnston, a country physician, whose ancestors came from Connecticut. His mother was a Miss Harris, a mild, intelligent, gentle lady, a native of Kentucky. Albert Sidney combined her gentleness and patience with the bold, blunt and manly qualities of his father. He was a handsome, proud, manly, earnest and self-reliant boy of great promise. He attended school and made fair progress.

When fifteen years old he clerked in a drug store for a short time and showed an uncommon knowledge of physiology and medicine, from association, it is presumed, with his father, who desired him to be a physician. He had a dignified bearing, was popular with his acquaintances and especially with younger and weaker boys, whom he would protect against the stronger ones. He was sent to Transylvania College, where he studied hard for one year, and developed great aptitude for mathematics. He became dissatisfied and wanted to enter the navy as a midshipman. His father diverted him by sending him to Louisiana on a visit to his older half brothers, one of whom was then a prominent United States Senator. After a time they got the navy out of Sidney's head and induced him to return to the Lexington College, where he remained two years, and became familiar with the Latin classics and well advanced in mathematics.

In 1822 his brother, Josiah S. Johnston, who was then a Representative in Congress from Louisiana, procured an appointment for him as a cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point.

He became an enthusiast on the subject of going to West Point and becoming an educated soldier, but said, after some reflection, "A soldier should have perfect control of himself to be able to control others," which was in accord with his subsequent conduct through life.

He had a horse and a dog of which he was very fond. He gave them to his sister, Mrs. Byers, because he feared that they would fall into other hands and be mistreated when he was away. He always said that it was outrageous to inflict upon a brute unnecessary pain.

He was admitted to the academy in June, 1822. He was then a man in size, over nineteen years old, six feet two inches tall and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. He never grew any taller, but at middle age weighed something over two hundred pounds without any surplus flesh, and was the finest looking officer ever seen on horseback. He possessed fine physical strength and manly beauty.

His career at West Point was marked by great firmness, courtesy and a noble, dignified bearing, which made him popular with the entire corps. He was very studious and industrious, was made sergeant-major and did so well that the commandant appointed him adjutant. He did not care so much for class-standing as he did for a thorough knowledge of the course. He graduated eighth in his class. From choice he selected a lieutenancy in the infantry, declining a staff position with General Scott, secured by his brother, Senator Johnston. He served eight years in the regular army and was in the Black Hawk and other Indian wars.

On January 20, 1829, Lieutenant Johnston was married to Miss Henrietta Preston, of Louisville, Kentucky, a most excellent and accomplished young lady. She was above medium size, of a noble bearing, and attractive. There were many points of resemblance between husband and wife, and they were often mistaken for brother and sister.

On January 5, 1831, their oldest son, Wm. Preston Johnston, was born. After the close of the Black Hawk war, Mrs. Johnston's health was greatly impaired and her children sick. He obtained a furlough and traveled with them to restore them to health. The children recovered, but notwithstanding medical skill of all the great cities, and Lieutenant Johnston's unremitting kindness and attention, on the 12th day of August, 1835, she

died. Pending her illness, in order to be with her, he resigned his lieutenantancy. After her death he went to his farm in Kentucky, where he remained in seclusion, deeply grief-stricken, for a year or more, when he decided to go to Texas.

Doctor Davidson, an eminent physician of New Orleans, says :

I first met Lieutenant Johnston in 1834, when prescribing for his wife. He impressed me at first as an austere man, but I found him the kindest and gentlest of friends; a stoic, yet he had the tenderest nature, so mindful of others' feelings, so fearful of saying aught that might offend.

On visiting Washington on one occasion he wrote to Wm. Preston, his brother-in-law :

I had the good fortune to hear Grundy, Buchanan, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun address the Senate, and observed them closely. The more I see of great men, the more I am convinced that they owe their eminence to a fortunate combination of circumstances, rather than to any peculiar adaptation or fitness for their stations. There is not that wide difference in mental endowments that most persons are apt to conceive; and hence every young man of moderate ability may hope for the same distinction and should strive to attain it.

The struggle of Texas for her independence from Mexico was still going on. The battle of San Jacinto had been fought and her independence had been acknowledged by the United States, but not by Mexico.

Johnston some time before resigning his lieutenantancy resolved to join the army of the Republic of Texas. He went out to the Brazos frontier with a friend named Groce, who owned a ranch out there. One night while staying with him, Groce's dogs got into a terrible fight near his home with a large, vicious puma, or American lion. The animal was killing and mangling the dogs. Johnston had a German Yager rifle with which he shot the lion and broke his jaw, but did not otherwise disable him, so that he killed another dog. Mr. Groce was greatly agitated and cried, "Save my dogs! Save my dogs if possible."

Johnston immediately clubbed his heavy gun, ran in on the lion, and beat his brains out, but bent the barrel double over its head. He was a man of wonderful physical strength and of the highest courage. Groce had the skin of the lion stuffed and kept for years as a show.

Although Johnston bore letters of the highest commendation from men of prominence to officials in Texas, he did not show them, and joined the Texas army as a private. Within a short

time General Rusk, who was commanding the army, found out who Johnston was, and made him adjutant-general of the army.

Rusk said that Johnston first attracted his attention by the graceful manner in which he sat his horse. Before General Rusk appointed him he told him that it would excite the envy of several applicants, and they might challenge him. Johnston said that made no difference. Soon thereafter President Burnett appointed him a colonel in the regular army of Texas. He at once devoted his time and attention to the drill, organization, and discipline of the army. He did this so well he was made acting Secretary of War during the illness of the Secretary. The Texas army consisted of two brigades. Rusk commanded one, and Gen. Felix Huston the other. Rusk tired of the service and resigned, leaving Huston in command. Sam Houston was then President of the Republic, and he appointed Col. Sidney Johnston to the vacancy, making him the senior brigadier, and thus putting him over Gen. Felix Huston. The latter was a native Kentuckian, who had resided in Mississippi, and had carried a battalion of soldiers to Texas to aid her in the revolution. He was a politician, a good stump speaker, a practiced duelist, and somewhat turbulent and domineering in disposition. He was a large, fine-looking man, and had a considerable following, though he was not much of a general, but of high courage. There was some political rivalry between him and Sam Houston, who was the President, and he could not challenge Sam for that reason; but the day that General Johnston took command of the army, Gen. Felix Huston challenged him peremptorily for an immediate hostile meeting, on the ground that his appointment had been made to degrade him and blast his prospects in Texas.

General Johnston accepted at once, and although he had no experience with dueling pistols, he did not delay the meeting to practise and prepare. They met at 7 o'clock next morning. The ground was laid off and many officers of the army were present. Huston buttoned his coat closely to make his figure as small a mark as possible. Thereupon Johnston took off his coat and vest so as to make himself as conspicuous a mark as possible. Huston, not to be outdone in the presence of a large number of the army, took off his coat and vest. They took their places, the word was given, and the firing began. At the end of the sixth round Johnston fell severely wounded. Huston went to him where he lay on the ground and said, "General Johnston, you are the bravest

man I ever saw. I hope that you will recover. I shall acknowledge your superior rank and serve under you.”

And so he did, but it was a long time before Johnston recovered.

About the time he got his army in good fighting trim, many months thereafter, and was about to meet Santa Anna's army, expecting to win a glorious victory for Texas and crown himself with laurels, the Mexican army was turned back toward their capital on account of a political revolution there; so that prospect was blighted. His health was poor; he still suffered from the wound he received in the duel. He therefore tendered his resignation, which was not accepted, but a furlough was given him until his health was restored.

In December, 1838, Mirabeau B. Lamar was inaugurated as President of Texas. He appointed General Johnston Secretary of War. In this office he served four years and won great distinction. After this, when the war between the United States and Mexico began, Sam Houston was again President, and for some unknown cause was not so much a friend to General Johnston as formerly; but he appointed him colonel of a six months' regiment. When he got that well drilled and was expecting to make a magnificent record in the first battle under General Taylor, they were allowed by a rule of the Texas war office to vote on re-enlisting. It was taken and a large majority voted against it and his regiment was mustered out of service. He was then an accomplished officer without a command. General Taylor, knowing his worthiness, appointed him to a staff position—inspector of Butler's division. In this capacity he served very acceptably through the battles fought by Taylor. When the war closed he was again a private citizen. He returned to Galveston, where his family was, he having previously married a second time. His wife did not desire him to go with the army again. He then, with his small family and limited means, went on a ranch in the wilds of the Brazos below Houston, and tried farming for three years, but not succeeding very well at this, he obtained the position of paymaster in the army, with the rank of major, and was assigned to the duty of paying the troops at the different stations all through the vast frontier of Texas. He found this a hard job, but performed it faithfully and honestly, like everything else he undertook. He discovered two or three shortages in his cash, which he had to make good, and it cost him hundreds

of dollars, which he was illy able to pay. At last he discovered that it was his supposed faithful negro who drove his wagon. A thieving white man had furnished the negro with a false key to the iron safe. Johnston found six hundred dollars of the stolen money in the negro's possession. Friends advised that he punish the negro with many stripes, but he refused. He said that would not bring the money back, and be only revenge; so he took the negro slave to Galveston and sold him for one thousand dollars. He continued as paymaster for several years.

About the time Buchanan was inaugurated President Congress passed a law to add two new regiments of cavalry to the Regular Army. The second regiment had the following field officers appointed to it: Albert Sidney Johnston, colonel; Robert E. Lee, lieutenant-colonel; Hardee and Thomas, majors. This regiment was assigned to duty on the frontiers of Texas. It was always a fine regiment, and is today the finest regiment in the Army of the United States. E. Kirby Smith, Van Dorn, and Hood were among its company officers, and Fitz John Porter was its adjutant. It put a stop to Indian depredations on the frontier of Texas.

In the summer of 1857 Colonel Johnston was put in command of twenty-five hundred regulars and ordered to move through the country to Salt Lake City in Utah, and put down Brigham Young's rebellion. Young was building forts and had organized an army in defiance of the United States. Johnston marched as quickly as possible, but the snows and blasts of the bleak prairies overtook him and blockaded his forces in the Rocky Mountains, which became impassable until spring. He kept his force in hand, well provided and disciplined, and every patriot in the United States, when the spring opened, wanted to see Johnston smash Brigham Young, and all knew that he would do it. Young tried to bribe Johnston by sending him much-needed supplies, which were not accepted. Then he secretly invited Governor Cummins to come out and take his seat. Just before time to move on him the rebellious old Mormon, suspecting what was in store for him, disbanded his army and swore allegiance to the United States. Johnston had been promoted to brevet brigadier-general, but again the bright prospects of fighting successfully and winning a glorious victory had vanished. Johnston commanded in Utah and preserved order throughout that section during 1858-59. He was then assigned to the Department of Cali-

fornia, where he remained until the spring of 1861, when the secession of the Southern States, especially Texas, his adopted State, caused him to resign. He turned over the command to General Summer at Fort Alcatraz in the bay of San Francisco, April 25, 1861. He then journeyed by private conveyance five hundred miles south to Los Angeles, where his brother-in-law resided, and here he and his wife remained for quite a while waiting to hear of the acceptance of his resignation, and continued to wait until he learned that orders had been given by the Government for his arrest. He was poor, not worth over fifteen hundred dollars. His wife's brother, Doctor Griffin, a man of considerable means, kept Mrs. Johnston and her three children with him and provided for them.

Johnston secretly organized a company of thirty Southern sympathizers, commanded by Capt. Alonzo Ridley, who with him left Los Angeles, June 16, at night, and made their way through the sand deserts of Southern California, the alkali beds of Arizona, the numerous tribes of hostile Indians, and United States posts in that territory and New Mexico, and into northwestern Texas, where they arrived July 28. It was indeed a long, fatiguing, and perilous journey. It was a bold and daring adventure, filled with apprehension and probable disaster. He was in February of that year fifty-nine years old, but was a man of iron constitution and as active as when twenty years younger.

He had been appointed by President Davis a full general, ranking Lee, and all others, except Adjutant-General Cooper, without his knowledge.

He arrived in Richmond September 8, 1861, and was by Mr. Davis on the 10th assigned to the command of the Department of Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, and practically the entire West—a district too large for any one man to give close attention. Davis expressed a desire to have had him as Secretary of War, but said that his service in the field could not be dispensed with. Every one who knew him had a high opinion of his ability. All of the Union generals and officers of the old army looked upon him as the ablest general on either side of the Civil War.

When he reached Richmond, Mr. Davis was in his office in conversation with some gentlemen. General Johnston without announcement proceeded to it, and as he approached the door Mr.

Davis said, "I know that step; it is Sidney Johnston's," and it was.

President Davis thought so highly of General Johnston's ability that he said he would have been glad to have stepped out of the Presidency and to have installed Johnston in his stead had he the power. It would have been a great blessing to the Confederacy if the change had been made.

When he arrived at Nashville he found the situation of his department to be in a most unsatisfactory condition. In southern Missouri and Arkansas Gen. Sterling Price, Generals McCullough and Hardee had small commands and were trying to increase their numbers, but were encountering the active opposition of the local Unionists, measles, and camp fever—most potent enemies to new levies of soldiers.

These generals were with their small commands trying to keep the Federals from overrunning the country west of the Mississippi.

The war in the West first took shape and was developed in Missouri. A large majority of the people were Southern in sentiment, but Democratic Unionists. States rights in politics, but in favor of maintaining the Union. They were, however, opposed to coercion. Gen. Frank P. Blair and Gen. Nathaniel Lyon were the two most prominent men in the State to tie the hands of the people and turn them over to the control of the Federal Government. They were both Abolitionists. Blair, who was a politician and in Congress, schemed, planned, and informed Lyon (who was a Regular Army man, stationed in Missouri in command of about 1,200 regulars at Jefferson barracks, and all the volunteers he could get) how to place the Union manacles upon the people.

Lyon surprised and captured the State troops at Camp Jackson, captured strategic points, and practised much harshness and cruelty. Prompted by Blair, he was thus forging the chains of the Union upon the limbs of a free and patriotic people. Yet the forgetful and inconsistent Democrats, with foolish notions of policy, nominated and supported Blair for the Vice-Presidency in 1868!

Old ex-Governor Sterling Price, who afterwards became famous as a Confederate general, was a Unionist until the outrages of Blair and Lyon caused him to take the Confederate side.

Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson—a man of courage and ability—and a decided majority of the legislature were Southern in senti-

ment, but the leading men of that political faith were divided in opinion as to what they should do and hesitated in action until Blair and Lyon had fettered the State with Federal manacles. Just as was done in Kentucky—while old Crittenden and Guthrie were waiting for a peace trump to turn up, and the legislature and Governor Maggoffin were urging neutrality on the part of the State—Rosseau and the old Whig followers of Henry Clay and George D. Prentice were aiding the Federal Government to drive its poisonous fangs into that Commonwealth. And thus by divided counsels, supineness, and hesitancy to act were those two powerful States drawn, against the will of a majority of their people, into the clutches of the Union, from which they were never able to escape. The sentiments of their people I do not misquote. Both States have been represented, almost without exception, in the United States Senate ever since reconstruction by Confederate brigadiers.

On the 10th day of August, 1861, at Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, was fought the first battle between Lyon's troops and the Confederates under Ben McCulloch, Price, and Pearce. Lyon was killed and his army beaten, and thousands whom he had maltreated rejoiced at his fate. The Confederate loss in officers was so great that the pursuit of the retreating Federals was not very vigorous.

The troops of the Union, in September following, overran and obtained possession of three-fourths of that State, and two months later they likewise had Kentucky.

This is but an outline of the condition of General Johnston's department at the time he took command of it.

General Polk had seized Columbus, Kentucky, in defiance of the impotent neutrality declared by the State, and was fortifying it. Naturally it was a strong place and so situated as to prevent the navigation of the Mississippi River. There were small detachments of troops at the uncompleted forts of Henry and Donaldson on the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. General Buckner, with a small brigade of Kentuckians, was in the neighborhood of Bowling Greene, and General Zollicoffer, with a brigade of Tennesseans, was at Cumberland Gap. All of the troops in the department east of the Mississippi River did not, at that time, exceed 12,000 men, and they were poorly armed, many of them with fowling pieces, squirrel rifles, and double-barrel shot guns.

On the Federal side were Buell, Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, with much larger commands, splendidly armed and equipped, and which were being daily increased in numbers—all directed in their operations by General Halleck.

General Johnston's first work was to deceive the enemy by making them believe that he had a large force and that there was a strong probability of his capturing Louisville, where a majority of the people were Southern sympathizers. The troublesome side of making the enemy believe that he had a large force distributed at the different points was that it also caused the friends of the Confederate cause to believe it, and with the false impression which the first battle of Manassas had given them, that the Confederates were bound to win in every engagement, made them supine and inactive in volunteering. Johnston did all he could to induce volunteers, and having some success he found it impossible to obtain arms for them. The Confederate Government embarrassed him by refusing to accept any volunteer organization except for three years or the war. A large number were willing to volunteer for one year, but not for three. Those only who volunteered for three years were given whatever arms the Government had. The circumstances were embarrassing to the General when he knew that with his small force he could be driven out of Kentucky any day.

On the 7th day of November, 1861, occurred the battle of Belmont. It is a village in Missouri, on the west side of the river, and opposite Columbus, Kentucky. Colonel Tappan, with his Fifteenth Arkansas Regiment and Baltzhoover's battery, was stationed there as an outpost. Grant, with McClelland's and Oglesby's brigades, came down the river on transports, landed above Columbus, out of range of its heavy guns, and moved against Belmont. General Polk reinforced Tappan with three regiments under General Pillow. The fight was hard, but Grant drove Pillow to the river bank and captured the camp. Polk crossed the river in person with other reinforcements and drove Grant to his gunboats, which retired up the river. It was therefore indecisive and might be considered a drawn battle.

Felix K. Zollicoffer had held many State offices and was then a member of Congress from Tennessee, and was almost idolized by his people. He had seven regiments of Tennesseans, some cavalry and artillery, and was holding and fortifying Cumberland Gap, and occasionally raiding posts of the enemy several miles

away and rendering good service, though he had neither military training nor military education. He did not know how to drill a squad, but was brave, and acted on what he deemed common sense. His men were raw militia, but all patriotic and ready to fight, believed in Zollicoffer, and would follow him anywhere.

George B. Crittenden, a West Pointer, who had won distinction in the Mexican War, was appointed a major-general and assigned to the command over Zollicoffer. When he arrived he found that the latter had crossed the river at Mill Springs, so that the river was in his rear, and he was fortifying to meet General Thomas, who was advancing on him with a large force, some two or three days distant. Instead of ordering Zollicoffer to recross the river and stand his ground, which General Johnston had previously indicated to him was the thing for him to do, Crittenden resolved to encourage his advance. Through mud and rain, without sleep and the men hungry, they pushed on to Fishing Creek, where they met Thomas January 19, 1862, and engaged him in battle. Soon by mistake Zollicoffer rode into the lines of the enemy and was killed.

Crittenden did nothing to retrieve the fortunes of the day, and the Confederates, after the loss of their beloved leader, fled. It is said that Crittenden ordered a battery off the field when it had not fired a shot. The result was the loss of fifty per cent. of that army, and all the camp equipments and what rations they had of course. It lost the position and greatly weakened General Johnston's line of defense. It was said, perhaps truly, that General Crittenden was drunk. He never was given another important command during the war. His presence injured the Confederate cause. He was a brother of Gen. Thomas L. Crittenden, of the Union Army, and they were sons of United States Senator Crittenden.

On the 6th day of February, 1862, Brigadier-General Tilghman, a West Pointer, and an alleged skilful engineer and artillery officer, surrendered Fort Henry to Grant, who had approached it with 15,000 infantry and Commodore Foote's fleet of gunboats. The fight continued two days. On the second day Tilghman let the troops understand that the fort could not hold out, and allowed them to escape—run away in disorder—a large part of them going in the direction of Fort Donaldson. General Tilghman remained and kept his artillerymen at the guns, with no reliefs, until exhausted by fatigue. He took a hand individually in

firing the heavy guns until the enemy came in and captured him and the little squad of worn-out gunners. This was a great victory for Grant.

Graduation at West Point does not make a good general. A man must have natural aptitude or adaptability, or he will not succeed. Graduation at West Point equips a young man and enables him to apply to advantage whatever talents he possesses, but without aptitude it will never make him a safe general. In illustration examine the records of Forrest, Rodes, Gordon, Cleburne, John H. Morgan, and Hampton.

General Tilghman should have made the best fight he could, and if he saw that he could not repulse the assailants, then to have ordered a retreat of all of his force, except enough to hold his assailants in check until his main force could escape, thus preserving their organization. He was courageous, and was killed in battle in 1864.

General Grant and Commodore Foote, encouraged by their easy victory in capturing Fort Henry, resolved to try Fort Donaldson.

On the 14th of February Grant with an increased force, and Foote with his gunboats, moved upon it. The latter had 7 boats and 87 heavy guns. He opened fire at a mile and a half distance and continued to advance until within three hundred yards, when the water batteries, as well as the guns of the fort, were all set to work with great coolness and deliberation. Foote, from the ease with which he silenced the guns at Fort Henry, had the utmost confidence, but after two hours' fighting his boats withdrew, badly damaged and some disabled, and he himself severely wounded. Grant advanced his infantry, and after a hard battle had practically gained nothing. It snowed, rained, and stormed that night. The next day was freezing cold, and each held his position, and no fighting occurred.

Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner were the principal Confederate commanders. They had received from General Johnston, at Bowling Green, telegraphic instruction to this effect, "Hold your position, but should you at any time find that you cannot hold it, withdraw your troops to Nashville."

They consulted, and feeling assured that Grant was receiving reinforcements and would ultimately overcome them, they decided to attack him the next morning at daylight, and drive back that wing and hold him, thus opening the road for the army to march in the direction of Nashville. They accordingly made the

attack under Pillow's immediate supervision, and after a very hard and bloody fight that wing of the Federals gave way, but still doggedly fighting. The Confederates not only opened the road and cleared the way by which they could have marched out and have escaped, but they were so elated by their success that they lost all disposition to escape, and came to believe that they could remain and win a complete victory. But subsequent fighting against fresh troops later in the day satisfied them that they could not long maintain their position. General Buckner said that they would have to surrender. General Floyd said that he individually would not surrender. He having been Secretary of War, it was believed he would as a prisoner of war be dealt with very harshly. He passed the command to Pillow, who was next in rank. He insisted that they fight and try it one more day; but Buckner did not agree with him, and then he passed the command to Buckner, who gave notice to Floyd and Pillow that he would send a note to Grant, at daylight the next morning, proposing to surrender, and that all who undertook to escape must do so before that time. Floyd and Pillow and their staff officers escaped by boat. Forrest took out his regiment of cavalry, and several infantry soldiers rode out with him and followed Forrest on artillery horses. Some individual infantrymen waded a body of water waist deep and a half mile wide, though freezing cold; and several hundreds, between daylight and sunrise, crossed the river on a steamboat which lay at the landing, and escaped. Several men escaped when the sun was one to two hours high in the morning, and Brig.-Gen. Bushrod Johnson escaped about midday. Buckner surrendered 15,000 good men, when if he had given the colonels of the regiments notice and permission to get away with their men if they could during the night, more than one-half—at least 8,000, and probably 10,000 of those men—would have been gone from there before the terms of surrender could have been agreed to the next day. It was simply a sacrifice to West Point etiquette.

General Johnston put Floyd and Pillow to picking up stragglers and exercising their functions as brigadiers as soon as they reached him, and put Floyd in command at Nashville; but ere long they were suspended from command by the war office in Richmond. In other words, Mr. Davis put them both out of commission, as neither ever had another command during the war; while Buckner, as soon as exchanged, was commended and

promoted for his conduct at Donaldson. He surrendered fifteen thousand men when he could easily have reduced the number one-half. A proper economy of men was not maintained. A steamboat arrived there between midnight and day, heavily laden with munitions of war and Confederate supplies, which could easily have been sent back up the river; but Buckner surrendered her with the entire cargo to Grant about midday.

General Grant boasted that he captured rice enough off that boat to feed his army six months. If the boat could not have escaped, why did General Buckner not have the rice and other supplies thrown overboard into the river? His conduct did not entitle him to promotion. He was a West Pointer, and that was a trump card with Mr. Davis. Buckner as a Confederate general never did accomplish anything worthy of note. General Benning, of Georgia, said that Buckner was so sharp—like a razor—that he gapped himself.

Upon the report of Grant's successes Mr. Lincoln sent his name to the Senate for confirmation as a major-general of volunteers, and right well had he earned it. Grant at this early date had shown that he was a good general. He evinced that bull-dog tenacity of purpose which made him successful.

With the fall of Forts Henry and Donaldson, Nashville was subject to be turned by the gunboats, and was no longer defensible. The loss of these forts and the battle of Fishing Creek, which lost Cumberland Gap, weakened the force in Johnston's department at least twenty-five thousand men. He evacuated Bowling Green, with its splendid fortifications and strategic importance; fell back to Nashville, and then evacuated that place to fall back to Murfreesboro, and finally to Decatur in north Alabama. Not only complaints were made against him, but severe criticisms and abuses were heaped upon him in conversations and in newspapers. A delegation from Tennessee went to Richmond and called, with their delegation in Congress, upon President Davis and demanded that he remove General Johnston and in his stead send them a general who would fight and drive the enemy out of their State. Mr. Davis replied that if Sidney Johnston was not a general, that he had none he could send; that Johnston was the ablest general in the Confederacy.

Johnston's determination and singleness of purpose were not in the least disturbed by the misfortunes which had befallen parts of his department. He said in respect to the complaints being made

against him while at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, that the test of merit with the people was success, and that they were right. He predicted then, and had before, that the great battle which would mark the success or failure of the Confederacy would be fought at or in the neighborhood of Corinth, Mississippi, because that was the greatest strategic point in the Southwest. From Decatur he went to Corinth, gathering every small command which could be concentrated there. He had Polk abandon Columbus and join him with about 12,000 men. Bragg came to him from Pensacola with a corps of 10,000 men. Two brigades from Louisiana, and L. P. Walker's brigade joined him. Van Dorn was on his way from Missouri with 17,000 men, but Johnston decided that he could not wait for Van Dorn's troops to arrive. He now had at Corinth 40,000 effectives, pretty well armed and equipped.

Grant had arrived at Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee and established a camp extending out two or three miles to Shiloh Church, and had about 50,000 men thus encamped between two nearly parallel creeks, about four miles apart, emptying into the Tennessee. Sherman's large division was encamped in the advance. Grant was awaiting the arrival of Buell's army, about 40,000 strong, then on the march from Nashville, intending when it arrived to move on Corinth, some twenty-two miles distant. Johnston decided to move with the force he had, fall upon Grant's army, and beat him before Buell could join him. Hardee commanded the corps on the left, Bragg the center, Polk the right, and John C. Breckinridge the reserve division of three brigades. Beauregard was present, not well, but to go along as second in command. Hardee moved first, then Bragg, then Polk, and Breckinridge bringing up the rear. The weather was bad and the roads in places almost impassable. Colonel Forrest, with his cavalry, cautiously kept to the front and cleared the way for the advance. When within four or five miles of Sherman's camp, Johnston put his command in battle array, Saturday morning, April 5, 1862, intending to attack at once. Hardee and Polk were ready, but Bragg was not. Ruggles's division of his corps was not up. Johnston waited for some time and then sent to General Bragg to know the cause of the delay. Bragg replied that Ruggles had taken the wrong road, but had informed him that he would soon arrive. Johnston waited and waited, until his patience, though very great, was exhausted. He remarked, "This is not war, but mere child's play." He then, accompanied

by some of his staff, rode two or three miles to the rear and found Ruggles's division lying by the roadside and a glut of wagons in the road ahead. Johnston set them moving, but when the division arrived at its place in the formation it was too near night to make the attack. Bragg should have had his corps up and well in hand. His neglect delayed the attack one day and may have lost the battle. Johnston called the corps commanders and General Beauregard in consultation that night. The latter strongly opposed the impending battle. He said that their only chance for victory had been to surprise the enemy, and that the movements of the Confederates had been so slow that the enemy had become aware of their presence, and were then fortifying their position, and that Buell was doubtless then near at hand. To attack them in their fortified camps would be certain defeat, and hence he urged a retreat to begin at once—that night. General Johnston told General Beauregard that he had great respect for his opinion, but that a retreat would disappoint and demoralize the men worse than a defeat; that the men in the ranks wanted to meet the foe and that he did not believe that the enemy were expecting an attack in force, were not prepared for it, and notwithstanding the sloth and retardation it would be a surprise. He concluded by saying, "Gentlemen, we will attack the enemy at daylight in the morning. Have your commands ready to move at that hour."

He told General Polk a little later that he would fight them if they were a million. He said that it was but three or four miles from one of those creeks to the other; that they were not then fordable, and the Tennessee on the other side; that his army would make three lines of battle from creek to creek, and that many lines could not be broken; and if a greater number were in his front, they would be in each other's way, and the mortality among them would be all the greater.

At daylight the column moved, and soon Hardee's troops opened the action on Sherman's large division of four brigades. The fighting was furious, although the Federals were taken by surprise. Johnston was present on the field all the time and his presence inspired his men. The Confederates drove the Federals from their breakfast, captured their camps, charged and took their batteries, until between 12 and 1 o'clock, when nearly all their commands were broken up. One division commander, General Prentice, and nearly all of his division had surrendered; some 3,000 prisoners had been taken, a half dozen batteries of artillery

and thousands of small arms had been captured. There were estimated about 20,000 men, a mere disorganized and demoralized mob, hiding under the river bank, and there were but two points on the field which still held out against the Confederates. One was a battery of twenty guns, the fire of which was directed by one of Grant's staff officers, and the other with fewer guns, but a small body of infantry, in a strong position called the "Hornet's Nest."

Johnston ordered Zollicoffer's old brigade of six Tennessee regiments to charge that place. One regiment refused to go, when Isham G. Harris, then Governor of Tennessee, being present, drew his pistol and led the regiment in the charge. It was repulsed. General Johnston then ordered the entire brigade to charge, and he led it on his gray horse. The charge was successful, but the general was shot in the leg. Governor Harris rode up to him and asked if he were much hurt, and the General replied, "It may be serious; I am bleeding freely." There was no surgeon present. Governor Harris saw him reel in his saddle and caught him to keep him from falling. The Governor sprang to the ground and helped him down, gave him a swallow of whiskey from his canteen, and sent for a surgeon; but in fifteen minutes, before the surgeon arrived, the great Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston had breathed his last; that great heart had ceased to beat, and the great government baptized by him into the family of nations an hour before was by that blow doomed to everlasting sleep. He had by his untiring energy and foresight won this great battle; and then without a struggle, or a single pain, fell into the arms of glory—like General Wolfe on the heights of Abraham when told that the enemy were flying, exclaimed, "Now, thank God, I die satisfied!"

He was sixty years old, but a tireless worker, gave close attention to details, neglected nothing, and had an eye to everything. At every point where the enemy had an equal number he would bring reinforcements until he concentrated a greater number, then storm and take it. He attended to all the details and never seemed tired nor lacking in confidence. He satisfied himself of what was right and best to be done, and then did it. He was always respectful, and would hear the opinions of others, and then follow his own. In manner he was dignified, polite, and kind to all. The humblest private in his army could approach him and have a respectful hearing. He did not possess any oratorical

gifts, spoke slowly and thoughtfully, and endeavored to use the words adapted to convey his precise meaning. His personal appearance and general deportment were such that whoever beheld him at once recognized him as a general of superb ability, and yielded a ready obedience, not only to his commands, but to whatever were supposed to be his wishes. His army not only admired, but idolized him. By his simplicity, earnestness, and justice to all he impressed them with his greatness. He inspired such a high degree of respect and confidence that the soldiers obeyed him with alacrity. A wonderful man who had a most singular career!

General Johnston possessed more ability, more experience, and more creative and regulative ability than any general on either side in that war. But he seemed to have been born under an evil star.

Cassius said:

Brutus, it is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings.

It was in Johnston's star, not in himself, that his life was a failure. He never accomplished any signal success while serving as a lieutenant in the United States Army, though he was a good officer. When in command of the Texas army, after putting it in splendid condition to meet the Mexican army then approaching, a revolution at their capital caused them to retreat, and his opportunity was gone. When he was made the colonel of a six months' regiment of Texas volunteers and had put it in fine trim and hoped to have an opportunity to win distinction under General Taylor, in Mexico, the period of enlistment expired and the men of his regiment refused to reenlist, and he again lost his opportunity. When he was put in command of the expedition against Brigham Young, the latter, though fortified and prepared to resist, finding that Johnston would whip him (and every one desired that he should get a chance at Brigham), on his approach disbanded his army and proclaimed his loyalty to the United States, and again Johnston lost his opportunity. When by his superb energy, equanimity, and personal attention to details he had led the brigades to assaults, one after another, and had almost won the greatest victory in modern warfare, by a force one-fifth less than that of his adversary, his light was put out, his soul took its flight to the eternal home of good and great soldiers.

It was the opinion of many of the generals and statesmen of that time that if General Johnston had survived that battle he

would at once have returned to Tennessee and Kentucky, and the volunteers who would have flocked to his standard would have won the independence of the Confederacy; but the opportunity was lost when Albert Sidney Johnston, perhaps the greatest general the war would have developed, fell. If not then, it was surely lost a few hours later, when Beauregard lost his balance and ordered the army to await the arrival of Buell. General Beauregard was patriotic, but too impulsive and of too limited capacity for an army commander. He would have made a fine corps commander, and should never have ranked any higher. But had he not made Shiloh his Waterloo—had Johnston survived to reap the fruits of his great victory—I doubt that the Confederacy would ever have succeeded in the establishment of its independence. The South had no money, no credit, no commerce, no factories, no arms or munitions of war, and not enough men; and with mismanagement upon the part of the President and Congress, the cause seemed hopeless. But never in the world's history did a people, under such disadvantages, fight so long, persistently, and heroically as did the Confederates.

Gen. Gustavus Toutant Beauregard was a Louisiana Frenchman, was a graduate of West Point, and served in the engineer corps through the war with Mexico and for some years after, and had a good record. As soon as the Confederate Government was organized in Montgomery, Alabama, President Davis appointed him a brigadier-general and assigned him to duty in Charleston. He was the general who ordered the fire on Fort Sumter; of course he was instructed by Mr. Davis to do so. He was in command of the troops who fought McDowell at the first battle of Manassas. Mr. Davis immediately after that battle, very unwisely and prematurely, made him one of the five full generals. He was second in command at Shiloh. He was in poor health, though he did not decline to serve, and assumed command of the army as soon as informed of Johnston's death. He said, "Let the battle proceed according to Johnston's plan."

He remained back at Shiloh Church. Bragg took the lead in the reorganization and reforming the line, in which he consumed more time than he should. But an advance of the three corps was arranged and set in motion when there was still more than one hour of daylight. The Federal commands were broken and demoralized and the Confederates felt confident of completing the great victory before dark. The gunboats were throwing shells

at a furious rate, but they landed out about the church and were passing high above the Confederate troops.

General Beauregard, suddenly and without any consultation with the corps commanders, arrested their advance by an order sent by his staff officers and delivered to brigade and regimental commanders, as well as division and corps commanders, to stop the advance, retire a short distance, and rest for the night. During the various engagements of the day commands had become very much mixed and confused. Had the order been given only to the corps and division commanders they might, even after dark, have gotten most of the regiments and brigades and divisions together; but the way the withdrawal order was given there was the utmost confusion and no opportunity to get the troops of the different commands together to meet fresh Union troops early the next morning. It did not seem to have been thought of by Beauregard.

General Chalmers, who was with his brigade and well to the front in the battle, said of the situation when General Johnston was killed:

One more resolute movement forward would have captured Grant and his whole army, and fulfilled to the letter the battle-plan of the great Confederate general who died in the belief that victory was ours and that his own reputation was fully redeemed.

General Buell says of Sherman's sketch of the situation:

Sherman's sketch is also an interesting one as showing the position from which they were driven and the dwindled front to which they were reduced. It will help to show, in connection with other circumstantial evidence, that of the army of not less than 50,000 effective men which Grant had on the west bank of the Tennessee River, not more than 5,000 were in ranks and available on the battle-field at nightfall on the 6th, **exclusive of Lew Wallace's division**, say 8,500 men, that only came up during the night. The rest were either killed, wounded, captured, or scattered in inextricable and hopeless confusion for miles along the banks **of the river.**

As an evidence of the condition of the Confederate army after nightfall of the first day's battle, I again quote from General Chalmers as follows:

When night put a stop to my efforts to take the last hill above Pittsburg Landing, I fell back, and found to my great surprise that our whole army had fallen back. I bivouacked my men in line on the ground where Prentice surrendered, and about midnight was awakened by Colonel (afterwards General) Forrest, who was searching for his son (Willie Forrest), a boy of fifteen, who

with two other comrades of the same age, happening to get detached, made their way to the river, near which they came upon fifteen or twenty Federal soldiers. Firing upon the group with their shotguns, these boys then charged, captured, and led away some fifteen prisoners, whom they delivered to the provost marshal, and whom his father supposed to have been killed.

He asked me first for the headquarters of General Beauregard, then of Bragg, Polk, and Hardee; and I told him I did not know where any of them were. He asked then where my command was; and I answered, "Sleeping in line before me with their guns by their sides." He replied, "You are the first general I have found tonight who knows where his men are, and if the enemy attack us in the morning they will whip us like hell!" He said, "I will put out a picket in front of your line." And he did, which gave me timely notice, before day, that the enemy was preparing to advance.

The foregoing testimonials from eye-witnesses sufficiently attest the success of his battle up to General Johnston's death, and then, notwithstanding the long lapse of time consumed in rearranging the troops under General Bragg's immediate supervision, complete success was within the grasp of the Confederates, with a strong probability of completely destroying, or capturing, the remainder of Grant's army, and possibly its commander and General Sherman as well. When General Beauregard's order to retire was issued there was still one hour of daylight. Instead of improving that hour, he ordered the troops to desist from further pursuit, to drop back into the captured camps and rest for the night. Why on earth did he, without knowing the conditions at the front, give such an order? When you have your antagonist in a fight down and beaten blind, finish him—put him to sleep, as the pugilists say. Any slugger should have sense enough to know that. Grant's army of 50,000 men was whipped, demoralized, disorganized, and the fugitives trying to escape; and Grant, with 20,000 or less of them, crouched under the bank of the river and he trying to rally and reanimate them.

Grant was like Wellington at Waterloo when seven of the thirteen great squares of English infantry were broken, his disorganized troops fleeing through the forest of Soignes, and Napoleon had sent a message to Paris that the battle was won. Wellington looked at his watch and exclaimed, "O that Blucher or night, one, would come!"

Grant's prayer was for Buell or night. He was holding on doggedly, with a disorganized and frightened mass of men, when Beauregard, not God, answered his prayer. And the manner in which that order was promulgated—as though written in red letters at the head, "*Defeat!*" as plainly as the rainbow ever appeared in the sky—read to every petty officer as the staff found them on

the field, "*Fall back among the captured camps, rest for the night, and make your men comfortable.*"

Neither Bragg, Hardee, Polk, Breckinridge, nor any of the other able commanders could retain control of their commands when thus ordered. They were practically ignored and confusion reigned supreme. The whole army was in inextricable confusion, like a deck of cards which has been shuffled by a gambler to prevent stacking. The soldiers, hungry and tired, but triumphant, revelled in the captured luxuries of the camps. All was confusion. The brigades of divisions, the regiments of brigades, not together, but scattered, no one knew where. Colonel Forrest, untrained, but natural soldier that he was, while looking for his son at midnight foresaw what was coming with the dawn of day, and come it did. The divisions of Lew Wallace, T. L. Crittenden, and Nelson of Buell's army arrived during the night, formed line of battle a mile and a half long, and with 20,000 of Grant's broken army rallied during the night and now in support, hurled back toward Shiloh Church the brigades of Chalmers, Jackson, Gladden, and Cleburne through the unorganized masses of Confederates. Many mixed and broken commands fought hard without knowing their officers, charged at many points, and drove back the Federals; but these fresh troops coming on the field that morning, thoroughly organized and perfectly aligned, against broken, mixed, and confused troops, as were the Confederates—however brave, they could not successfully resist them. The Confederates were not panicky; the battle was not lost by the disposition of the Confederates to plunder the captured camps, as some people have charged; men never fought better. They had become veterans with but one day's experience in battle, and when on the second day Chalmers and Joe Wheeler each took and carried the Confederate flag in a charge, the men gave the rebel yell and drove their assailants back three hundred yards. Pat Cleburne's fine brigade, 3,000 strong the morning before, now reduced to but 800 men, withstood the storm of shot and shell until their line was almost destroyed. There was no panic, but they were beaten back, giving blow for blow, and ultimately driven from the field Monday evening, April 7. They then made an orderly retreat to Corinth, Mississippi.

Col. Wm. Preston Johnston, in the concluding part of his father's biography (p. 660), remarks:

Not often is there an Elisha to catch up the mantle of the translated Elijah. When a man dies, others take up his work to mend or mar it, and he is soon forgotten. A puff of wind, or a little pewter extinguisher, puts out the light that shines over many a league of land and sea. No man has any tenure of the things of this world in the grave. Then come others in his place, and all his plans, his methods, and his informing spirit are changed.

Soon after the army reached Corinth under Beauregard it was reinforced by General Van Dorn with 17,000 men, who had fought at Wilson's Creek and Elkhorn—a splendid body of men from Missouri and Arkansas. This made the army about 50,000 men present for duty. Reinforcements poured in from every quarter until the muster rolls showed an aggregate of something more than 112,000, but more than one-half were absent sick. The retreat from Shiloh with its dispiriting effect and hardships caused much of it. General Halleck, with a strong force, appeared at Farmington, and at once began an advance, spade in hand, and making gradual approaches. To meet him Beauregard went to digging also. Twice he tried to get Halleck to come out of his trenches and fight in the open, but he declined. The Confederate digging, together with poor food, drainage of swamps, no good water, rotten limestone soil, lack of good police regulations, the hot weather coming on, loss of morale by the retreat from Shiloh, all contributed to the prevalence of typhoid fever and obstinate cases of diarrhea, and reduced the army for duty to less than fifty per cent.*

Halleck kept up his gradual approaches with a larger force present than Beauregard had. He finally seized the railroad southeast of Corinth, and thus cut Beauregard's communication with the seaboard, and the latter could no longer hold this strategic point, and on May 30 retreated to Tupelo, Mississippi, on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. The retreat was well executed and without any material loss, but it lost to the Confederacy the city of Memphis and the rich Mississippi Valley, and lost the campaign which General Johnston had so auspiciously begun. In war, when a strategic point is lost its consequences are usually far-reaching, and cannot always be foreseen.

Beauregard's health was poor and he saw that he was rapidly losing territory, and abandoned the army, leaving Bragg in com-

*It seemed strange, but was a fact that Northern soldiers had less sickness in the South during the war than the native soldiers. Why was it?

mand. He should not have gone to Shiloh as second in command. A sick general is not fit to command an army in the field.

He and his army remained at Tupelo several days, and on June 14 he obtained the certificate of two surgeons that he was physically unable to command and advising his retirement. He turned over the command of the army to Bragg, and went to Bladon Springs for his health, without going through with the formality of consulting the President or asking leave of the War Department.

Beauregard was a most excellent and skilful engineer officer. He made the defenses of Charleston Harbor well-nigh impregnable. They withstood the most formidable and vigorous assaults of the Federal forces and never yielded until Sherman's army came in on their rear from the land side. President Davis should have assigned Beauregard instead of Mansfield Lovell to the command of New Orleans and its coast defenses. Generals M. L. Smith, J. K. Duncan, and Higgins, Lovell's subordinates, did as well as they could with the means they had. Other available forces were not employed and this most important commercial port of the Confederacy fell an easy prey. Beauregard, in command of his home city, would have made a more stubborn defense.

CHAPTER XXIX

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG

Bragg's First Assignment at Pensacola, Florida—In Command of the Army of Tennessee—His Retreat Southward After Allowing Buell to Escape—Rosecrans's Advance Against Bragg—Battle of Murfreesboro—Missionary Ridge—Various Opinions of Bragg.

Gen. Braxton Bragg was a graduate of West Point and won considerable distinction in the war with Mexico, in which he got to be a captain of artillery. It was at Buena Vista where Gen. Zachariah Taylor told him to "Give them a little more grape shot, Captain Bragg." This immortalized him and made the Southern people jump to the conclusion that he was a great general. Such evidence as was afforded by fighting Mexicans successfully was not sufficient to show any man to be a capable general on a large scale. Bragg was assigned to command at Pensacola, Fla., at the beginning of the war and held it until the soldiers of the Union had abandoned all efforts to advance into the interior from that point. Then he was withdrawn and with his corps of troops went to Corinth, where he joined Gen. A. S. Johnston and participated in the battle of Shiloh. He was a strict disciplinarian and used force and harsh measures to secure it, in strong contrast to General Johnston, who believed in controlling his army more through respect and affection than by force and fear.

Soon after Bragg's assignment to command of the Army of Tennessee President Davis made him a full general and assigned him to the permanent command of that army. Very soon thereafter from Tupelo he marched east and occupied Chattanooga, Tenn. At this time Gen. E. Kirby Smith held Knoxville with his division and in August he moved on Kentucky through Big Creek Gap, twenty miles south of Cumberland Gap. After having some skirmishes on August 30 at Richmond, he came on a force prepared to check his progress, which he soon whipped and dispersed with about one hundred killed and wounded and between two and three thousand taken prisoners, with some artillery, small arms and

wagons captured. He marched to Lexington and Frankfort and then moved in the direction of Cincinnati, Ohio, and the excitement was intense. He was in the advance of Bragg's army and had to withdraw or change direction and join his chief in obedience to orders.

General Bragg, with the main force, marched from Chattanooga on September 5. He passed to the east and in the rear of General Buell's army and forced him to retreat from north Alabama, southern and middle Tennessee, along the L. & N. road to Louisville. Bragg in his march bore somewhat to the east and parallel to Buell so as to form a junction with Smith's division when necessary. On September 18 Bragg issued an address to the people of Kentucky to join the Confederates, but only a few of them joined as soldiers. He obtained an immense amount of supplies, which he continued to send a safe distance into the rear until he had to retreat from the State.

The Union forces having been strengthened after he had allowed Buell to escape without a battle, Bragg began a regular retreat southward with Major-General Hardee's corps in the rear. The Union forces were then commanded by Major-General John Pope. At Perryville that model corps turned back on Pope's main body and a regular battle ensued. The chief battle was made by the corps of Generals Polk and Hardee on the morning of October 8, 1862. The two armies were formed on opposite sides of the town of Perryville and at 12.30 P. M. the action began and continued until dark. The tide of battle fluctuated until near night, when the Unionists gave way and the Confederates drove them about two miles. Night closed the battle. The Confederates captured 400 prisoners. The killed and wounded of the Union troops were about 4,000. One brigadier-general was killed and two wounded and the Confederates captured 15 pieces of artillery. Their losses aggregated about 2,500 killed, wounded and missing.

During the night Bragg learned that Pope received reinforcements and the next morning withdrew from the field and resumed his retreat. General Smith's division was not present in this battle, but joined Bragg the next day at Bryantsville. Bragg retreated leisurely with Pope following him at a respectful distance in the rear. Bragg took a position and made a determined stand at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and the Union forces concentrated at Nashville. General Buell had been superseded by Major-Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, who also ranked Pope.

On the 30th of November Gen. John H. Morgan, with 1,300 men, captured a brigade of 2,100 Union men.

On the 26th of December Rosecrans began his advance against Bragg. His march was impeded by the Confederate cavalry, and Gen. Joe Wheeler, with his cavalry brigade, gained Rosecrans's rear, destroyed hundreds of army wagons laden with supplies and then rode around his army from right to left, doing damage and annoying Rosecrans. His army was 60,000 strong; Bragg's only 35,000. The latter formed line of battle two miles from Murfreesboro transversely across Stone River from the Lebanon Pike to the Franklin road on the left. Rosecrans came up in front on December 30, but did not make any attack. Bragg attacked him the next morning at daylight, took him by surprise and drove his right and bent it back at right angles with the entire line, but there it was steadied by his reserves, but Rosecrans's extreme left on Stone River still held and was well sustained in position by a concentration of artillery. The next morning, January 1, 1863, the battle opened at 8 o'clock A. M., but did not last very long. Bragg's men drove back a short distance that stubborn left, but at a frightful sacrifice of life. Breckinridge's division, which was not supported, lost heavily. The Confederates had been in line of battle five days and nights and with but little rest, as there were no reserves to give relief. The rain and snow alternated, was continuous, and the cold severe. These considerations and Bragg's usual apprehension that heavy reinforcements were coming to Rosecrans, determined him to retreat, which he did in fairly good order on the morning of the 3d and halted at Tullahoma. His army captured over 6,000 prisoners, an equal quantity of small arms, 30 pieces of artillery, a large number of horses, mules, ambulances and other property in the fighting around and about Murfreesboro. The Confederate losses were about 10,000 officers and men and the Union army lost over 20,000, or double the number lost by the Confederates. Of course this means killed, wounded and missing, which are embraced in the usual term, "casualties."

Rosecrans went into winter quarters at Murfreesboro and Bragg at Tullahoma, and those armies were inactive for the remainder of the winter.

March 5, 1863, an expedition under Colonel Colburn, of 1,300 men, was captured by Van Dorn and Forrest at Spring Hill, ten miles south of Franklin, Tenn.

Early in June, Rosecrans began to move against Bragg and the latter retreated to Chattanooga. General Buckner at this time was at Knoxville in command of East Tennessee. Gen. Sam Jones commanded the district of southwest Virginia. Cumberland Gap is between the two points and really the gateway into Kentucky and the only accessible route for an army anywhere for many miles. It is narrow and has precipitous sides so that it is easily defended by a small force against a large one. On the 20th of August Brig.-Gen. J. W. Frazer, a West Pointer, and supposed to be trustworthy and capable, was assigned to its command. He had 1,700 artillery and infantry and 600 cavalry. General Buckner, before Burnside's advance with a greatly superior force, evacuated Knoxville and fell back southward to Loudon, which exposed Cumberland Gap to attack, and when Burnside advanced on it Frazer surrendered his entire force without firing a shot. The writer thinks that he remained North and never returned to the South. Such was the current news, and it was the proper place for him.

Rosecrans's army crossed the mountain and the river at Stevenson and Bridgeport, Ala. In the latter part of August, Rosecrans, with his army of about 65,000 men, moved to the south of Lookout Mountain in the direction of Dalton, Ga.

The situation of Bragg's army at Chattanooga was—Rosecrans to the south of him and moving toward his rear; Burnside to the north, which made it too hazardous to pass around Lookout Mountain on the west to strike Rosecrans in his rear, if Bragg's army had been numerically strong enough. Consequently he abandoned Chattanooga, drew Buckner, with his 5,000 men, from Loudon, and fell back to Chickamauga Creek and Ringgold, Ga. At this time Longstreet was ordered from Virginia with two divisions of his corps to reenforce Bragg and at the same time other troops were ordered from Mississippi for the same purpose. In another chapter we have described the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th days of September and Bragg's inactivity and failure to pursue Rosecrans's defeated army. Gen. A. P. Stewart's account of it is given and what followed until Longstreet was sent from Chattanooga against Burnside at Knoxville.

After Longstreet had been sent against Burnside, Bragg drew his army back from Lookout and all through the valley southeast of Chattanooga, and concentrated or formed his troops in line of battle along the crest of Missionary Ridge facing Chattanooga

and the west, entrenched and dug rifle pits along the foot of the Ridge. Grant drew Sherman to him from the west with three or four divisions. Sherman crossed the Tennessee on Grant's left above Chattanooga at or near the mouth of Chickamauga Creek. He partially turned Bragg's right flank and then attacked him in his trenches November 25th. A hard fight ensued. At the same time Hooker drove the small force left on Lookout Mountain and marched his two corps across to Rossville Gap on Bragg's left and attacked that flank. Sherman's vigorous and persistent assaults on Bragg's right caused him to reenforce it with troops from his center and thus weaken it. When he had reenforced until the men had not sufficient room in the trenches, Grant ordered General Thomas, with over 40,000 men, to move up the steep ridge, taking Orchard Knob as a point to concentrate artillery, and then to assault the center. It was successful and broke Bragg's army in two—his retreat was disorderly and disastrous. He lost heavily in artillery, prisoners, dead and wounded. Bragg was terribly outgeneraled and badly beaten. He halted his demoralized army at Dalton, Ga., where he gave up the command to Lieutenant-General Hardee and went to Richmond as chief of staff to the President. He was toward the close of the war in command at Wilmington, N. C., and commanded in some of the last fighting there.

Various opinions were entertained and expressed about General Bragg as a military man. Some esteemed him as a great general, while many others rated him as of much less capacity than Lee, the Johnstons and Jackson.

Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, who was on his staff and a friend of Bragg's, said of him after the war :

He was not a soldier of the first rank like Lee, lacking some of those essential grander elements which give success to a commander in the field ; but he possessed qualifications such as, rightly directed, would have made him as great in the Confederate Army as Moltke in the Prussian. Sidney Johnston weighed him aright when he assigned him a position, hitherto unknown in American warfare, but essential to the proper organization of a great army, and so recognized by the European powers. [Chief of Staff.] As a commander in the field Bragg was too much engrossed with the details of moving, disciplining, organizing, and feeding his men to master the broader and more comprehensive duties of a great captain in time of battle. His plans of battles, and orders promulgated, as at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga, will be found to evince more ability, and to comprehend remarkable accuracy of detail as well as clearness and precision.

In both the engagements named, he attacked boldly on the flank ; at the former on the left, and the latter on the right ; but, in the supreme moment,

when Lee or Jackson would have made his victory complete, he failed in the power to modify his original plan, and lost from his tendency to adhere inflexibly to his predetermined line of action.

Col. William Preston Johnston, who wrote the life of his father, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, among other things wrote of Bragg (p. 547 of his book) as follows:

While Bragg was an able man, he was too rigid and narrow to be a great one. He was very harsh and intolerant where he once imbibed a prejudice, and he was not slow, nor always just, in assuming his conclusions. He was always a partisan, and merciless toward those who resisted him, even when his acts were clearly arbitrary. He did not inspire love or revenge, but he commanded respect and fear. He trusted too much to those who agreed with him, and was apt to undervalue those who held aloof from or offended him. But if this rugged outline seems too much the likeness of a military despot, it should be added that his purposes were great, pure, and unselfish, and his aspirations high.

Gen. Richard Taylor, in his book, "Destruction and Reconstruction" (pp. 100, 101), says of Bragg:

Possessing experience in and talent for war, he was the most laborious of commanders, devoting every moment to the discharge of his duties. As a disciplinarian he far surpassed any of the senior Confederate generals; but his method and manner were harsh, and he could have won the affection of his troops only by leading them to victory. He furnished a striking illustration of the necessity of a healthy body for a sound intellect. Many years of dyspepsia had made his temper sour and petulant; and he was intolerant to a degree of neglect of duty, or what he esteemed to be such, by his officers. A striking instance of this occurred during my visit. At dinner, surrounded by his numerous staff, I inquired for one of his division commanders, a man widely known and respected, and received this answer, "General _____ is an old woman, utterly worthless." Such declaration, privately made, would have been serious; but publicly, and certain to be repeated, it was astonishing.

As soon as we had withdrawn to his private room I asked by whom he intended to relieve General _____? "Oh! by no one. I have but one or two fitted for high command, and have in vain asked the War Department for capable people." To my suggestion that he could hardly expect hearty co-operation from officers of whom he permitted himself to speak contemptuously, he replied, "I speak the truth. The Government is to blame for placing such men in high position." From that hour I had misgivings as to General Bragg's success, and felt no regret at the refusal of the authorities to assign me to duty with him. It may be said of his subordinate commanders that they supported him wonderfully, in spite of his temper, though that ultimately produced dissatisfaction and wrangling. Feeble health, too, unfitted him to sustain long-continued pressure of responsibility, and he failed in the execution of his own plans.

The movement into Kentucky was made by two lines. Gen. Kirby Smith led a subordinate force from Knoxville, East Tennessee, through Cumberland Gap, and, defeating the Federals in a spirited action at Richmond, Kentucky, reached Lexington, in the center of the State, and threatened Cincinnati. Bragg moved on a line west of the Cumberland range toward Louisville, on

the Ohio River; and this movement forced the Federal commander, Buell, to march north to the same point by a parallel road, farther west. Buell left garrisons at Nashville and other important places, and sought to preserve his communications with Louisville, his base. Weakened by detachments, as well as by the necessity of a retrograde movement, Bragg should have brought him to action before he reached Louisville. Defeated, the Federals would have been driven north of the Ohio to reorganize, and Bragg could have wintered his army in the fertile and powerful State of Kentucky, isolating the garrisons in the rear; or, if this was impossible, which does not appear, he should have concentrated against Buell when the latter, heavily reinforced, marched south from Louisville to regain Nashville. But he fought a severe action at Perryville with a fraction of his army, and retired to central Tennessee. The ensuing winter, at Murfreesboro, he contested the field with Rosecrans, Buell's successor, for three days; and though he won a victory, it was not complete, and the summer of 1863 found him again at Chattanooga.

Such were the opinions entertained of Bragg by his friends who knew him well.

CHAPTER XXX

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON AND HIS CAMPAIGNS

A Great Thing for the Confederacy and the Reputation of Jackson—Wounded at Seven Pines—Assigned to Command of a Department—Reasons for Not Going to Relief of Vicksburg—Ordered to Command of Army of Tennessee—His Plan to Strengthen the Army—The Policy of Acting on the Defensive—Face to Face With Sherman Before Atlanta—Relieved From Command in Favor of Hood—The Reason Therefor.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was born in the year 1808 and graduated from West Point Military Academy in 1829. He fought in the Indian wars, was twice wounded, and in the war with Mexico was twice wounded. It has in a previous chapter been stated that early in 1861 he was assigned to the command of Harper's Ferry and the Valley of Virginia, which he held until ordered to Manassas Junction to the support of General Beauregard in the battle of July 21. The timely arrival of four brigades of his army enabled Beauregard to defeat McDowell and send him back to Washington.

While in command of the Valley, the Secretary of War interfered with Gen. Thomas J. Jackson's arrangement of troops by ordering General Loring's brigade from Romney, where Jackson had placed it, down to Winchester or Strasburg, and Jackson, who had not then won the name of "Stonewall," was indignant at such direct interference, forwarded his resignation and requested to be reinstated in his former position as professor in the State Military Academy. General Johnston, as commander of the department, would not forward it, but held it until he could persuade Jackson to withdraw it. Therein he did a great thing for the Confederacy and the reputation of Jackson.

General Johnston, as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines May 31, 1862. He sufficiently recovered and reported to the War Department for duty on the 24th day of the next November. Thereupon he was assigned to the command of the department composed of Tennes-

see, Mississippi and the Trans-Mississippi, and an army in each commanded respectively in the order named by Generals Bragg, Pemberton and E. Kirby Smith.

With Johnston's acknowledgment of receipt of the order assigning him to the command of all the Confederate armies in this vast territory, he wrote the War Department that the Federals had in the aggregate a great many more troops in these districts than did the Confederates, and suggested that the army of Lieutenant-General Holmes, about 50,000 strong, be transferred from Arkansas to Mississippi and united with Pemberton's army, the two to fall on Grant's army, about 46,000 men, and crush him, which could have been done with these united forces, about 75,000 strong; that this would enable Pemberton to hold the Mississippi and Holmes to invade Missouri with fair prospects of success. General Randolph, then Secretary of War, favored this plan and issued an order to Holmes accordingly for the concentration of his army with Pemberton's on the east side of the great river, where Grant's army then was. General Johnston stated in his note that he regarded Vicksburg as being then in danger.

President Davis ignored Johnston's recommendation, notwithstanding that no enemy was menacing Holmes's army and it was practically idle. Mr. Davis annulled the order of the Secretary. He had been Secretary of War but a short time and was doubtless the most capable one who ever had held the position. Two days thereafter he resigned, presumably for reasons similar to those which caused the resignations from that office of Pope (Pope was his given name) Walker, Benjamin and Seddon.

When Johnston arrived at his official headquarters at Chattanooga he received information through Adjutant-General Cooper that Pemberton was calling for reenforcements and the President wished him to send them from Bragg's army, which then lay at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was much weaker in numbers than Rosecrans's, which confronted it. Johnston replied that Holmes's army was nearer to Pemberton's than Bragg's and could better afford to spare the troops necessary to reenforce Pemberton. But Mr. Davis went to Tennessee and against Johnston's wishes sent 9,000 of Bragg's men to Pemberton.

When President Davis assigned General Johnston to the command of three districts with three armies hundreds of miles apart, he gave him more than any one man could do. Then when he interfered with the direction of these armies and transfer of troops

it was confusing and really embarrassing to Johnston and would have justified his resignation. He was a West Pointer, as well as Davis, and had had a varied experience in army life. He served through the Mexican war with distinction and several Indian wars. He was Quartermaster-General of the United States Army, with the rank of brigadier-general, when the Confederate war began. When Virginia, his native State, seceded, he resigned from the Army and went with her. He was esteemed by the Union as well as the Confederate side as an able general. He was severely criticised for not relieving Vicksburg. He never had a sufficient force to insure a victory over Grant and hence would not attack him. His army collected at Jackson was never half as numerous as that of the besiegers. Pemberton's only supposed merit was that he was a West Pointer. He seemed to have no skill and no merit whatever as a general. He disobeyed Johnston's orders time and again. When ordered to throw his whole force against Grant he met his advance at Baker's Creek and delayed an attack for hours when no troops but Hovey's division was in his immediate front. He might have destroyed that force before the main body arrived, but he waited until its arrival and then attacked three corps with but three of his brigades. As a matter of course he got whipped and his forces were divided. Loring's division went to Jackson and Pemberton retreated with his other troops to Vicksburg. After several of the Union gunboats had run past the Confederate batteries, thus proving their inefficiency to command the river, Johnston ordered Pemberton to evacuate the town while it was still practicable, and thus to save at least his garrison, but he disobeyed the order. His excuse was that President Davis had ordered him never to surrender Vicksburg. This was an interference with Johnston and was a severe reflection on him as a general. Mr. Davis should have given that order to Johnston, the commander of the department, if to any one.

Grant, with 50,000 men, performed a most daring maneuver when he surrounded and shut up Pemberton in Vicksburg and turned his back to Johnston, who was at Jackson with half that number of men. Had he been as daring and enterprising as Grant he would have attacked him, but he was too cautious.

General Johnston tried to get Pemberton, after he was closely besieged, to agree upon a time and place when he would undertake to break through the lines, and he would aid him to cut through and save his army.

The gallant men composing that garrison stood to their guns and behaved heroically during the long siege. At length, with hospitals filled with the sick and wounded, on the 4th of July, 1863, Pemberton surrendered to Grant 31,000 soldiers. Independence Day was the worst day he could have selected. It was the most encouraging to the Unionists and most depressing to the Confederates.

Thereafter there was not a single soldier in all of the Confederate armies who had any confidence in or respect for Lieut.-Gen. J. C. Pemberton.

Mr. Davis took his side and wrote General Johnston a letter of censure and so did Pemberton, to which Johnston replied, and had the best of the controversy.

In reply to Davis, General Johnston said:

While commanding one army in Mississippi, in the presence of a much more powerful one, that of General Grant, it was impossible for me to direct the operations of another far off in Tennessee, also greatly outnumbered by its enemy. A general should command but one army, and that every army should have its general present with it, are maxims observed by all governments—because the world has produced few men competent to command a large army when present with it, and none capable of doing both at the same time.

It was utterly impracticable for Johnston to accomplish anything with his little army of twenty to twenty-five thousand men on the outside of Grant's fortified line of investment with such an utterly incapable general in command within Vicksburg as J. C. Pemberton. He was a failure in everything he undertook and in none was he successful.

The surrender of Vicksburg on July 4, 1863, was followed, of course, by that of Port Hudson a few days later; it was a terrible misfortune to the Confederacy. With the scarcity of men and arms it was of preeminent importance to have saved the garrisons of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, aggregating 40,000 men. It was much more so than to have held those points. President Davis was primarily responsible for their loss. General Johnston was right when he ordered Pemberton to evacuate Vicksburg and save his army. After gunboats ran past, in spite of the vigorous fire of the batteries, to hold it would not effectively blockade the river, and hence Vicksburg and Port Hudson were shorn of one-half their former usefulness to the Confederacy.

On the 18th day of December, 1863, Mr. Davis, notwithstanding his elaborate and harsh criticisms of General Johnston, tele-

graphed him to transfer the command of the department of Mississippi and east Louisiana to Lieutenant-General Polk and to repair to Dalton, Ga., at once and assume the command of the Army of Tennessee, and that he would find instructions there.

Mr. Davis was then visiting the troops in Alabama and Mississippi. He ordered General Hardee and the brigades of Pettus and Moore from Depomolis, Ala., to the Army of Tennessee.

General Johnston arrived at Dalton and took command of the army on the 27th of December. On January 2, 1864, he reported to the President that the effective total strength of the army (infantry and artillery) was but 36,000; the number present, including sick and on detail, 43,000; and the number present and absent, carried on the rolls, 77,000. The cavalry, which was not included in the foregoing, aggregated about five or six thousand. The horses of the cavalry and artillery were in poor plight and one-third of them utterly unfit for service. The men were poorly clad and insufficiently equipped. Johnston went actively to work to supply the needs of the men, maintain discipline and reanimate the army and inspire new hope. He was a great disciplinarian and organizer without unreasonable harshness.

A rough estimate of the Union troops at Chattanooga, Bridgeport, Stevenson and Knoxville aggregated 80,000.

President Davis wrote to Johnston in the last days of December congratulating him on the army's fair condition and numerical strength, and expressing a desire to have him advance as early in the spring as the roads would admit and reoccupy all the valuable territory which had been lost the preceding fall. Johnston replied, and among other things said:

Your Excellency well impresses upon me the importance of recovering the territory we have lost. I feel it deeply, but difficulties appear to me in the way. The Secretary of War has informed me that I must not hope for reinforcements.

Then he stated to Mr. Davis the great difficulties to be encountered and enumerated them, which seemed to render an aggressive campaign to regain lost territory utterly impracticable. He then added:

I can see no other mode of taking the offensive than to beat the enemy when he advances, and then move forward. But to make victory probable, the army must be strengthened. A ready mode of doing this would be by substituting negroes for all the soldiers on detached or daily duty, as well as company cooks, pioneers, and laborers for engineer service. This would give

us at once ten or twelve thousand men. And the other armies of the Confederacy might be strengthened in the same proportion. Immediate and judicious legislation would be necessary, however.

I earnestly ask your Excellency's consideration of this matter. A law authorizing the Government to take negroes for all the duties out of the ranks, for which soldiers are now detailed, giving the slave a portion of the pay, and punishing the master for not returning him if he deserts, would enable us to keep them in service. This is the opinion of the seven or eight ranking officers present.

My experience in Mississippi was, that impressed negroes run away whenever it is possible, and are frequently encouraged by their masters to do so; and I never knew one to be returned by his master.

General Johnston, by saying that "impressed negroes run away whenever it is possible," did not mean that they went to the enemy, but that they went home, and that their masters would not return them, and hence he wished the Confederate Congress to legislate on the subject to make the method of impressment effective.

General Johnston's recommendations were wise, and finally adopted by the President, and in a message to Congress legislation to that end was recommended, but it came too late—four months thereafter, and then the Congress took six months more to consider it, when the law should have been enacted in thirty days after Johnston recommended it.

Early in May the Union army under Major-General Sherman began its advance on the Army of Tennessee. The latter, on Johnston's recommendation, had been organized into three corps, commanded respectively by Hardee, Polk, and Hood.

During 1861, 1862, and 1863 the practice in all the Confederate armies was to charge the Union troops in strong positions and to charge and capture batteries of artillery. They thus displayed reckless gallantry and many men were unnecessarily sacrificed. The practice of the generals was battle in the open; they scorned entrenchments. But when the campaigns in Virginia and Georgia opened in the spring of 1864, a different policy was adopted. Men were too scarce to thus sacrifice them; economy in men was necessary. Lee in Virginia, with about three to one against him, and Johnston in Georgia, with nearly the same relative difference, found it necessary to act on the defensive and to fortify against the heavy assaults of the vast armies of Grant and Sherman. Had this policy been adopted by the Confederate generals a year earlier than it was, it would have greatly increased the chances for success of the Southern Confederacy. But this marks the differ-

ence between genius and commonplace. Genius sees beforehand what should be done and commonplace sees it when too late. While the Confederate generals were, as a rule, among the ablest who ever lived upon the American hemisphere, yet they did not resort to this economy of men until necessity, on account of the paucity of numbers, drove them to it.

General Johnston in his Narrative (pp. 317, 318) says:

My own operations, then and subsequently, were determined by the relative forces of the armies, and a higher estimate of the Northern soldiers than our Southern editors and politicians were accustomed to express, or even the Administration seemed to entertain. This opinion had been formed in much service with them against Indians, and four or five battles in Mexico—such actions, at least, as were then called battles. Observations of almost twenty years of service of this sort had impressed on my mind the belief that the soldiers of the Regular Army of the United States—almost all Northern men—were equal in fighting qualities to any that had been formed in the wars of Great Britain and France. General Sherman's troops, with whom we were contending, had received a longer training in war than any of those with whom I had served in former times. It was not to be supposed that such troops, under a sagacious and resolute leader, and covered by entrenchments, were to be beaten by greatly inferior numbers. I therefore thought it our policy to stand on the defensive, to spare the blood of our soldiers by fighting under cover habitually, and to attack only when bad position or division of the enemy's forces might give us advantages counter-balancing that of superior numbers. So we held every position occupied until our communications were strongly threatened; then fell back only far enough to secure them, watching for opportunities to attack, keeping near enough to the Federal army to assure the Confederate Administration that Sherman could not send reinforcements to Grant, and hoping to reduce the odds against us by partial engagements. A material reduction of the Federal army might also be reasonably expected before the end of June, by the expiration of the terms of service of the regiments that had not reenlisted. I was confident, too, that the Administration would see the expediency of employing Forrest and his cavalry to break the enemy's railroad communications, by which he could have been defeated.

It was now well known that Sherman's army was from ninety to one hundred and ten thousand strong. Near Dalton, on Rocky-face Mountain, and at Snake Creek Gap, Resaca, at Calhoun, Adairsville and Cassville, Sherman flanked Johnston's position and caused him to fall back to another. At Cassville Johnston claimed that his position was all that he desired, and could not well be turned. But he says in his book that just after night Polk and Hood said that the enemy's batteries would enfilade their positions the next day and that neither of them could hold his position, and that in consequence he ordered a retreat at once; that it was against his judgment, but that he yielded in obedience to their wishes, although General Hardee opposed it. This state-

ment General Hood most vehemently denied. See his book, "Advance and Retreat," pp. 108, 109.

Hood says in reply to this charge :

With the foregoing statement I do at this day and hour in the name of truth, honor, and justice, in the name of the departed soul of the Christian and noble Polk, and in the presence of my Creator, most solemnly deny that General Polk or I recommended General Johnston, at Cassville, to retreat when he intended to give battle; and affirm that the recommendation made by us to change his position was, throughout the discussion, coupled with the proviso, *if he did not intend to force a pitched battle.*

General Johnston's army retreated across the Etowah that night. The next stand made by him was at Altoona in the Etowah Mountains, but Sherman's flanking toward Marietta caused another retreat. On June 27 Johnston withstood the assaults of Sherman in several bloody encounters at New Hope Church, and repulsed him; but no substantial advantage was gained except the repulse, killing and disabling a large number of Sherman's men without heavy loss to the Confederates. Great courage was displayed by the Confederates, and several instances of heroism occurred. The next day Johnston made another stand at Acworth, and again repulsed Sherman's advance in a less momentous affair. He fell back to Kenesaw Mountain and Marietta.

On June 13, while on Pine Mountain with Generals Johnston, Hardee, and Hood, reconnoitering, Lieutenant-General Polk, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Louisiana, and one of the corps commanders, was killed by a shell fired by a Union battery about six or seven hundred yards distant. His death was a great loss to that army and to the Confederate cause. Thereafter Loring, the senior major-general, commanded the corps until A. P. Stewart was appointed lieutenant-general and assigned to the command of it.

On July 2 General Johnston occupied a strong position at Kenesaw, with his three corps strongly entrenched, and with Wheeler's division of cavalry on his right and Jackson's on his left. He was in fine position to receive an assault by Sherman's entire army. But reports from outposts in observation were that Sherman was transferring strong bodies of troops to his right. Without waiting for Sherman to divide his force and then falling on one-half of it, with chances of its destruction, Johnston at once began a change of base to a new line of entrenchments prepared by his engineers and chief of artillery nearer to the Chattahoochee

River, so as to keep between Sherman and Atlanta. As soon as the new lines were reached, that ever-alert and active officer, Maj.-Gen. Joseph Wheeler, was ordered to the south bank of the Chattahoochee in close observation and picketing the river. No move could be made by Sherman's army without Wheeler's knowing and promptly reporting it, which caused him to be praised and approved by Bragg, Johnston, Hood, and President Davis. He is now a brigadier-general in the Regular Army of the United States on the retired list.

Sherman approached Johnston in his new position cautiously, entrenching as he moved. He soon dug around him and began crossing or preparing to cross the river. On the night of July 9 the Confederate army crossed, took a position two miles from it, and entrenched. Numbers of negroes were impressed, and the Confederate engineers worked day and night strengthening the defenses around Atlanta. Johnston selected the range of hills behind Peachtree Creek, with the low valley in front, where, he said after the war, he intended to have made a stand, and as he believed with advantages of position on his side he could have won a victory. On the 17th of July, 1864, at night, the following telegram was received by him from Adjutant-General Cooper:

Lieut-Gen. J. B. Hood has been commissioned to the temporary rank of general under the law of Congress. I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you, that as you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, far in 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.

On the morning of the 18th Hood took command of the army. This terminated General Johnston's connection with that army until a later date.

Various opinions were at the time expressed as to General Johnston's removal from the command of that army. The old soldiers and people of that day are still divided in opinion. A decided majority, especially of the survivors of the Army of Tennessee, believe that it was a great mistake on the part of President Davis. Johnston complained of it as an injustice to him. He said in his Narrative (pp. 355, 356):

I suppose that my course would not be disapproved by him; especially as General Lee, by keeping on the defensive and falling back toward Grant's objective point, under circumstances like mine, was increasing his great

fame. I believed then, as firmly as I do now, that the system pursued was the only one at my command that promised success, and that, if adhered to, it would have given us success.

He states that the losses of the army while he commanded it in that campaign, in the infantry and artillery, aggregated 9,972 killed and wounded, and estimated that Sherman's army lost six times that number.

In April, 1868, three years after the close of the war, General Hardee, one of the finest corps commanders that the war developed on either side, wrote General Johnston, saying:

In my opinion the organization, morale, and effectiveness of that army, excellent at the opening of the campaign, had not been impaired at its close. There had been nothing in the campaign to produce that effect. It is true that the superior numbers of the enemy, enabling them to cover our front with a part of their forces, and to use the remainder for flanking purposes, rendered our positions successively untenable, and that we lost territory. But the enemy's loss in men and morale was more than an equivalent. The continuous skirmishing and sharp partial engagements of the campaign uniformly resulted in success to our arms; and in the seventy days preceding the 18th of July we had inflicted upon the enemy a loss probably equal to our whole numbers. Our changes of position were deliberate, and without loss, disorder, or other discouragement. The troops were well fed, well cared for, and well handled. When we reached Atlanta we were nearer our base and the enemy farther from his. The disparity in numbers between the two armies had been diminishing daily; our army had suffered no disaster and the enemy had gained no advantage; and altogether the results of the campaign summed up largely in our favor. Our soldiers were intelligent enough to appreciate this; and in my judgment, then, it was not only a fact, but a material and logical result of the premises, that the morale of the army, so far from being impaired, was improved.

The troops were in buoyant spirits. They felt that they had been tested in a severe and protracted campaign, and that they had borne the test. They had more confidence in themselves and in their officers, and especially they had unwavering and unbounded confidence in the commanding general. Speaking for my own corps, I have no hesitancy in saying that I should have led them into action with more confidence at the close than at the beginning of the campaign.

Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Stewart corroborated this statement, and said that the same was true in his corps.

Now as to the reasons for General Johnston's removal from command. He had in May, and all along through June, often requested that General Forrest, or John H. Morgan, with 5,000 men, be sent against Sherman's communications. It had not been done. The last day of June or first of July a consultation with General Johnston was had by Senator Wigfall, of Texas, Governor Brown, and Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia. The General

said that he could not fight Sherman in his trenches, but if President Davis would order Forrest or John H. Morgan with 5,000 cavalry to cut the railroads in Sherman's rear and keep them broken, it would force Sherman to come out and fight Johnston wherever he found him, or to retreat. He said that he wanted them to aid him to get the President to give the order.

Senator Hill in order to make sure of it went on to Richmond and had an interview with the President. He said that long before then he had ordered Morgan with his force to operate on Sherman's communications between Chattanooga and Atlanta. That Morgan asked to be allowed to go through Kentucky and via Nashville, saying that he could greatly strengthen his command by volunteers and obtain fresh horses. That he gave his permission. Morgan undertook it, met the enemy, was defeated, and driven back to Abingdon, Virginia, where he then was with but 1,800 men. He said that Smith, with 15,000 men, was advancing from Vicksburg, either to reenforce Sherman or to capture Mobile, it was not certain which; and that General Canby, with an army of 30,000, was marching from another direction to attack Mobile. That General Maury, who commanded there, had but two or three thousand men, and was calling for reenforcements. That Stephen D. Lee, who commanded that department, had but 7,000 men, including Forrest's and Roddey's commands, and that all the men he could assemble for the defense of Mobile, and to meet Smith's advance, was 11,000, but with that number, if he could get no more, he would meet Smith and whip him, and so indeed he did. Mr. Davis thus showed Hill that he could not send troops from elsewhere against the railroads in Sherman's rear. He should have sent Forrest in June, when men enough could have been spared, and the sledge-hammer blows of that Martel of the West would have put Sherman's army on short rations at once, and ultimately have driven him to retreat.

Mr. Davis was troubled; he knew not what to do. His Cabinet, Mr. Hill said, were unanimously in favor of the removal of General Johnston. He hesitated to remove him under the circumstances and in the presence of a hostile army. He had resisted the demands for the removal from command of Albert Sidney Johnston in 1862, and the sequel proved that he was pre-eminently right in thus refusing. But he had lost confidence in Joseph E. Johnston.

The telegraph line was kept busy between him and General Johnston. The latter's replies were somewhat evasive. Finally the question was put to Johnston categorically, "Will you surrender Atlanta without a fight?" To this the answer was regarded as evasive and as indicating the contingency of surrendering Atlanta on the ground that Governor Brown had not furnished sufficient State troops to man the city works while the army was giving battle outside, and thereupon Davis ordered his removal.

The President was surely entitled to a direct and positive answer to the question, "Will you surrender Atlanta without a fight?"

Johnston should have answered, "No! I cannot say just when, but I will never surrender the city without a fight."

But he was like Dr. Shepherd, who never would give a direct or positive answer to any question. "Doctor, do you think it likely to rain today?" "Well, there is some humidity in the atmosphere." "Doctor, have you been to the postoffice this morning?" "I got my papers."

General Johnston would not say, when requested by the highest authority, and one who had the right to know, what he would do. It was his duty to have answered Mr. Davis; and while his removal was unfortunate, at that time, as subsequent events abundantly proved, yet Johnston was not entitled to the least particle of sympathy. His reply was not respectful to Mr. Davis, and seems, in that moment of intense interest, to have emanated from a constitutional defect in the man—an aversion to ever giving a direct answer to any question as to what his future action would be in any event. His removal, however, at that time and under the circumstances was most unfortunate.

CHAPTER XXXI

LONGSTREET'S CAMPAIGN

Longstreet in East Tennessee—Siege of Knoxville—Burnside Successfully Resists—Longstreet Cut Off From Bragg's Army by Battle of Missionary Ridge—Battle of Dandridge—A Hard Winter—Quarrel Between Longstreet and His Generals, McLaws, Law, and Robertson—Return to Virginia—Law Wounded—Recommendation of Oates's Promotion Disapproved by Longstreet.

Early in November, Longstreet, with his two divisions which he brought from Virginia, and Wheeler's cavalry, followed by Buckner's division, marched against Knoxville, where Burnside commanded. Bushrod Johnson, with two brigades, subsequently joined him at Knoxville. It was currently reported at the time that this move was made by the direction of President Davis, but he denied after the war that he ordered it. Longstreet says in his book (p. 481) that Bragg ordered him, against his remonstrance, and with an insufficient force, against Knoxville. His tardiness in movement indicated reluctance.

On Longstreet's advance at Lenoir's Station he had seven thousand of the enemy nearly surrounded. By a quick and vigorous movement of a half mile he could have captured every man of them, but his slothfulness again prevailed; they marched right out of the trap unmolested and went on to Knoxville to reenforce Burnside. At Campbell's Station, Longstreet gained the advantage in position over his enemy, but charges that his failure to win a victory there was because Gen. E. M. Law disobeyed orders. (Longstreet's book, p. 494.) Law vigorously denies the charge. When he arrived at Knoxville he maneuvered and skirmished before the fortifications several days, until the enemy had made them impregnable. He then decided to storm Fort Sanders, and when he sent his troops to do that he sent them to destruction. The brave Georgians of Wofford's and Bryan's brigades were sent without scaling ladders against a fort, the wall of which the day before a dog had been seen to fail in his efforts to ascend

from the moat. Under a withering fire they charged to the fort and some of the men forced their way through the gate of entrance and were either killed or captured inside. It was simply impossible to scale the wall without ladders and none had been provided. A failure and heavy losses were the consequence. He remained around Knoxville until after Bragg was whipped at Missionary Ridge. Burnside was then reenforced and Longstreet raised the siege December 8, 1863, and retreated into Eastern Tennessee.

Now let us turn back to Bragg for a moment. By the capture of Lookout Valley Grant had regained the best wagon road, the possession of the lower river and railroad connection with Nashville. At this critical juncture Longstreet, with his command, was sent away and of course Grant lost no time in getting possession of Lookout Mountain. Hooker describes his contest with Walthall's and Pettus's brigades to capture it as "The battle above the clouds."

Bragg necessarily withdrew to Missionary Ridge, when Longstreet left, the best defensive position available, and strongly fortified the Ridge, which is in full view of Chattanooga. In order to make his victory sure, Grant drew Sherman's army to him. On its arrival it crossed the river above Chattanooga and was thrown on Bragg's right long and persistently. He reenforced that part of his line by drawing from his center, his left being attacked by Ewing's division and Hooker's two corps. Drawing from his center was the very thing Grant wanted him to do, until it was weakened, and then he threw his whole army, under Thomas and McPherson, against Bragg's weakened center and broke it. At the same time Ewing's division and Hooker's troops turned Bragg's left and he was beaten of course. Grant outgeneraled Bragg and rendered Longstreet's campaign completely abortive.

Bragg retreated to Dalton, Ga., where he surrendered the command of his demoralized army to General Hardee and went to Richmond. Subsequently the President assigned Joseph E. Johnston to the command of it while in quarters at Dalton, Ga., where it spent the winter.

Thus ended the great farce which extended from the close of the battle of Chickamauga to the end of the year 1863. Never during the whole war was there such blundering and want of generalship displayed on the Confederate side as by Bragg and Longstreet during this period. Like age and want, they were

an ill-matched pair, and the proud Southern boast of superior generalship has no appropriate place in this part of our narrative nor in the history of the war.

In General Longstreet's retreat from Knoxville, Buckner's division and the cavalry pursued the line of the Virginia Railroad and the divisions of Hood and McLaws went up the valley of the Holston River. At Bean Station, within one mile of the now famous Tate Spring, these divisions were turned against the Sixteenth Army Corps and Burbridge's division, which had followed them from Knoxville. After a lively skirmish the Federals declined a regular engagement and withdrew. Longstreet then crossed the Holston and reached the railroad at Morristown, where he stopped for a time. He then moved eastward along the railroad some fifteen miles, where he put his troops in winter quarters.

That was one of the hardest winters that had been seen in many years, and the coldest which occurred during the war. Commanders were soon changed at Knoxville, General Foster succeeding Burnside. Major-Generals Gordon Granger, Parks and Sturgis did all they could to gratify Grant's urgency to drive Longstreet out of Tennessee. General Wheeler was ordered back to the Army of Tennessee at Dalton, then under the command of Lieut.-Gen. William J. Hardee. When he left, Major-General Martin commanded the cavalry remaining with Longstreet and handled it very efficiently. In January, 1864, the Union troops were concentrating in the neighborhood of Dandridge for the purpose of a forward movement to drive Longstreet out. He took the initiative and concentrated enough of his troops to repulse and drive back theirs, which ended that enterprise. The Confederates returned to camp, but were frequently disturbed and called out, but no battle was fought except skirmishes with the cavalry. Longstreet moved his force east in the direction of Greenville to Bull's Gap, a good defensive position and more convenient to supplies. Many of his men were barefooted and the War Department in Richmond was unable to furnish shoes in sufficient quantity to supply the barefooted men. A shoe shop was improvised and a number of men detailed to make shoes. Only a small quantity of leather could be obtained and recourse was had to raw hides, just as they came off the beeves. Moccasins were made out of them, turning the hairy side next to the foot. This device saved many men from having frost-bitten feet. At

the camps in the neighborhood of Bull's Gap the army was made as comfortable as practicable under all the circumstances. Every officer and man who could under any possible pretext get a furlough, went home, if only for a few days, that winter.

Now if the reader will return to Dr. Davis's camp at the eastern foot of Lookout Mountain, where you left me on the morning of the 29th of October, and excuse the diversion, I will give some further account of myself as a badly wounded soldier.

The next day after reaching Dr. Davis's camp he sent me, by ambulance, to that point on the railroad to which the trains ran from Atlanta. At this depot I lay on some straw in a tent all night and was next morning transferred to a thin straw bed in a box car, the train leaving for Atlanta some time that afternoon, at which place it arrived just before day the next morning, the third day after I was wounded, and I had during that time no refreshments but coffee and hard tack, and not enough of these. Nor was my wound dressed until after I arrived in Atlanta. I was taken to a hospital, where I remained about three days. I had one of the little drummer boys—Jimmie Newberry—with me. I applied to the surgeon for a transfer to Eufaula, Ala., and was informed that he could not transfer any of the wounded south of Griffin. I took it to Griffin. I had to be carried to the train on a litter and once on I refused to be taken off the train at Griffin and remained on until it reached Macon. They took me off and laid me on the floor in the depot. I sent Newberry to the Brown House for help to remove me to it, which was soon sent, and Mr. Brown had me cared for and made as comfortable as possible until the next morning, when the southwestern train left, upon which I went to Eufaula, where I was treated with the most marked kindness through a long and painful suffering before I was able to go on crutches. My wound was not dressed from the night before I left Atlanta until I arrived in Eufaula, a period of two days. This, with the failure of suppuration, threw me into a high fever and for two or three days I did not know day from night. During this period some one robbed me of every cent I had—nine hundred dollars in Confederate money and five dollars in gold. I always had an opinion about it, but no discovery was ever made of the guilty party. When able to move around the room on my crutches, Col. Wash Toney and his wife took me out to their hospitable home in the country, where I received from themselves

and family such kindness as they would have bestowed on a son. This was the beginning of my friendship for that family, which years afterwards resulted in the marriage of myself and their daughter.

Early in March, 1864, I threw aside my crutches and used only a cane. In that plight I returned, accompanied by my manservant, William, going by Augusta, Wilmington, Richmond and Lynchburg, and found the regiment in winter quarters between Greenville and Morristown at Bull's Gap, East Tennessee. It was under the command of a captain, Lieutenant-Colonel Feagin still being in prison and Major Lowther at home. At Knoxville Capt. Frank Park, a most genial and noble gentleman and brave officer, had been killed. First Lieut. William L. Wilson, now a citizen of Texas, an accomplished gentleman and good officer, had lost one of his legs. Sergeant John McLeod, of my old company, one of Henry County's best soldiers, had been killed and many other most regrettable casualties had occurred in the regiment. The regiment was in poor condition and I went to work at once to get it up to its former high state of efficiency. The men being old veterans, it did not require any great amount of effort to put them in fighting trim. Lieut. William Henry Strickland was promoted to the captaincy of Company I, vice Park, killed. Other promotions were made to fill vacancies wherever necessary, from the best material and generally for meritorious conduct. Absentees on furlough came in, until the regiment soon numbered over 400 for duty.

A large amount of bad feeling prevailed among the general officers in Longstreet's little army. He had court-martialed Major-General McLaws for his failure to capture the fort at Knoxville and a subservient court convicted him. But President Davis and his Cabinet, on a review of the evidence, reversed the judgment of the court and restored McLaws to the command of his division. He, however, refused to serve again under Longstreet. There was a sharp rivalry between Jenkins and Law as to which should be appointed major-general to command Hood's division. Longstreet recommended Jenkins after, as Law alleged, promising to recommend him. The controversy ran so high that Law tendered his resignation. He was given leave of absence and allowed to take his resignation to the War Department, but Hood, who was in Richmond, caused the War Department not to accept it and to give Law a leave of absence instead.

The officers and men of the brigade were so dissatisfied that all of the field officers, except Colonel Perry, signed a petition to be transferred to Mobile or back to Lee's army, and Law, after his return, approved and forwarded it. All this so highly offended Longstreet that he put Law under arrest and asked for a court to try him—charging Law with false pretenses, the destruction of his resignation, which was intrusted to him for transmission to the War Department, and transferred his brigade to Buckner's division. Law retained General Benning and myself as counsel to defend him before the court. The true reason why the President, acting through the Secretary of War, refused to order a court to try Law was that Hood had prevailed on Law to reconsider, and Hood took the resignation and destroyed it. President Davis knew all about this and that if Law were tried he would be acquitted. I doubt whether this action of Hood's was ever made known to Longstreet. During that winter Longstreet arrested Brigadier-General Robertson, of Texas, and practically drove him out of the service.

The War Department settled the controversy between Law and Jenkins by appointing C. W. Field a major-general and assigning him to command the division. They answered Longstreet's request for a court martial to try Law by releasing him from arrest and ordering his brigade back to the old division, which was then in Virginia. The transfer of the brigade into Buckner's division just at a time when he knew that the old division was going back to Lee's army, was intended by Longstreet as a punishment to the brigade by leaving it in East Tennessee, just where none of us desired to be left. The effort to punish the men of that brigade to gratify his malice against Law, its commander, was too small a thing for a man of Longstreet's position to have stooped to perform. But he was brim-full of malice. In his book, written many years after the war, he never mentioned Law's brigade in complimentary terms except slightly for its good marching at Gettysburg. He ignored it, though no brigade in his corps did better fighting or contributed more to his good reputation as a hard fighter than the officers and men of this brigade. He did injustice to them because he hated Law.

When Law arrived with his brigade at Cobham's Station, between Charlottesville and Gordonsville, Va., within four miles of the latter place, Longstreet arrested him again and ordered him away from his brigade to Gordonsville to await his trial.

We remained at Cobham's several days, and while here General Lee reviewed the troops. His daughter, Miss Mildred, was with him, and was admired by the soldiers for her graceful horseback riding. Many of our sick and wounded who had recovered came to us here. The spring was opening and the weather fine.

On the 3d of May we marched to and a little south of Gordonsville and camped. As the brigade passed Law, who stood in front of his tent, each regiment cheered him. I stopped and he asked me what I thought he had better do. I asked him if he had been furnished with a copy of the charges against him and he replied that he had not. I suggested that he demand them at once, which he did. Longstreet's headquarters were in sight. Law sent his aide-de-camp to demand the charges and Colonel Sorrell, Longstreet's adjutant-general, answered his note, saying: "You have already been furnished with the charges." I advised Law to send his aide-de-camp, Mims Walker (who, after the war, represented his county in both branches of the State legislature and died at his home in Marengo County, Ala., in 1902), to Richmond that evening to lay before the Secretary of War his note demanding the charges, with the reply written thereon. This he did and Law was again released from arrest and restored to the command of his brigade, but he did not reach it until during the fighting at Spottsylvania Court House, about the 12th of May. While he was under arrest Colonel Perry, of the Forty-fourth Alabama, commanded the brigade. General Law then commanded until wounded at the battle of Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864. He never returned to the brigade when he recovered, but was made a major-general and assigned to the command of cavalry under Gen. Wade Hampton. He survived the war and now lives at Bartow, Fla. He was a brave man and a skilful officer.

After he was wounded he recommended that I be appointed brigadier-general and assigned to the command of his brigade. I never saw the paper, but was informed that it was approved by Generals Field and Anderson, the division and corps commanders, but General Longstreet disapproved it, because I was Law's friend and he had recommended me for promotion. I will do him the justice to say that Colonel Perry ranked me, was then in command of the brigade and Longstreet preferred him to me, not on account of his record, but because he was Longstreet's friend in his quarrel with Law. There was no rivalry between

Colonel Perry and myself. He continued to command the brigade, but was not made a brigadier until February, 1865. General Hood, commander of the Army of Tennessee, requested the War Department to commission me a brigadier and send me to him in August, but at that time I had not recovered from the loss of my arm.

Blessings sometimes come in disguise. In General Hood's book, "Advance and Retreat," he claims that many of the generals in his army did not obey his orders. He knew that I would obey and execute orders promptly and faithfully. Had I been well I would have been commissioned a brigadier-general and sent to him, according to his request, and would have been killed at the battle of Franklin, where Cleburne and all of the Confederate generals who participated in that engagement, save one, who was captured, were killed. The probabilities are that the loss of my arm, which prevented my promotion, saved my life. The thought is consoling, to say the least of it.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Grant Placed in Command of the Army of the Potomac—He Crosses the Rapidan—Lee the Grandest Specimen of Manhood I Ever Beheld—General Perry's Description of Part of the Battle—Killing of Jenkins and Wounding of Longstreet by Their Own Men the Turning Point of the Battle—Gordon's Brilliant Work—Another Lost Opportunity.

General Grant's success in the West had given him great fame, and he had been called to Washington and placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. Meade was not removed from the immediate command, but Grant was placed over him as commander of all the armies of the Union. That army had been reinforced until when the great campaign commenced it was composed of 150,000 soldiers present for duty. When Grant accepted this assignment it was upon two conditions, to wit, that he should have all the men he called for and that all exchanges of prisoners should cease.

On the 4th day of May, 1864, Grant, with this immense force, crossed the Rapidan River and began his advance on Richmond. All the men General Lee had with which to meet this host were 54,000. Ewell attacked with his corps, on the evening of the 4th, and then began that memorable campaign which closed at Appomattox Court House nearly one year afterwards.

A. P. Hill's corps came into action on the morning of the 5th, on Ewell's right, extending the line of battle at right angles from the river to the Plank Road in the Wilderness. In this position the battle raged all day, while Longstreet, with Hood's old division, then Field's, and McLaws's old division, then commanded by Kershaw, was marching down the Catharpin Road, which ran parallel with and at a mean distance of about six miles from and south of the Plank Road.

Lee's object manifestly was to have Longstreet turn Grant's left flank and attack him in the rear, but he was too slow. He put his two divisions in bivouac on the night of the 5th just opposite

Hill's right, but more than six miles away. General Lee foresaw that Hill's troops could not withstand the assaults of the next morning which he anticipated from Hancock's veteran corps of 30,000 which confronted them, and that before Longstreet could reach his rear Hancock would beat Hill and drive him deep into the Wilderness, destroy the alignment, and render a junction of the two corps quite difficult and hazardous. Longstreet had not moved down that parallel road with the celerity which Lee expected, and hence could not turn Grant's left before the afternoon next day. He ordered Longstreet to march through the woods that night over to the Plank Road to the support of Hill.

At about 2 o'clock A. M. on the 6th we began to move, and progressed so slowly along the devious neighborhood road that it was daylight when the head of the column reached the Plank Road, about two miles in rear of where the fighting ceased the previous evening and where, just at this moment, it recommenced with great fury. As we hurried to the front we passed quite a number of wounded Confederates lying by the side of the road, and among them Generals Cook, of Georgia, and Kirkland, of North Carolina. In anticipation that his troops would be relieved early the next morning, Hill had not prepared to receive the attack which was made on him.

Longstreet's column reached the scene of action none too soon. Hancock was just then turning Hill's right and driving his men from their position, although they were manfully contesting every inch of ground. Anderson's Georgians was the first brigade of Field's division to engage the enemy. Benning's and the Texas Brigade got into action next on the right or south side of the Plank Road, and were temporarily repulsed. We met General Benning, brought out on a litter severely wounded. Colonel Perry then formed Law's brigade, as it came up in double quick, to the left of the Plank Road with the Fourth Alabama's right resting upon it and the Fifteenth on the left of the brigade and of the line. To reach our position we had to pass within a few feet of General Lee. He sat his fine gray horse "Traveler," with the cape of his black cloak around his shoulders, his face flushed and full of animation. The balls were flying around him from two directions. His eyes were on the fight then going on south of the Plank Road between Kershaw's division and the flanking column of the enemy. He had just returned from attempting to lead the Texas Brigade in a second charge, when those gallant men and their offi-

cers refused to allow him to do so. My friend Col. Van H. Manning, of the Third Arkansas, then in command of the brigade, did that himself, fell severely wounded while leading the charge, and was taken prisoner. A group of General Lee's staff were on their horses just in rear of him. He turned in his saddle and called to his chief of staff in a most vigorous tone, while pointing with his finger across the road, and said: "Send an active young officer down there." I thought him at that moment the grandest specimen of manhood I ever beheld. He looked as though he ought to have been and was the monarch of the world. He glanced his eye down on the "ragged rebels" as they filed around him in quick time to their place in line, and inquired, "What troops are these?" And was answered by some private in the Fifteenth, "Law's Alabama brigade." He exclaimed in a strong voice, "God bless the Alabamians!" The men cheered and went into line with a whoop. The advance began. It was about two hundred and fifty yards from my left to a dense woods right opposite. From that, as we advanced, came a flank fire, which with the one in front made our position a critical one.

As to what followed I prefer to let Colonel, afterwards Brig.-Gen. W. F. Perry, our brigade commander, tell. I extract from an article in the February number, 1879, of the Southern Historical Society papers, as follows:

The first visible sign of battle that we encountered was the field hospital, through the depressing scenes of which our line of march lay. We were now on the Orange Plank Road, and began to meet the wounded retiring from the field. At first there were few; but soon they came in streams, some borne on litters, some supported by comrades, and others making their way alone. Close behind them were the broken masses of Heth's division, swarming through the woods, heedless of their officers, who were riding in every direction shouting to gain their attention and to halt them.

The brigades, pressing on with increasing speed, lapped each other and now in some places filled the road with a double column of march. The only encouraging feature of the situation was the manner in which the men bore up under the depressing influences around them. They were just now re-joining their comrades, and idolized commander, after a separation of eight months. They saw that their reunion had occurred at a crisis when lofty qualities were in demand and great things were to be done; and they rose with the emergency. The stronger the pressure upon them, the greater the rebound and the firmer their resolution seemed to become. They urged the retreating soldiers to reform—come back—and aid them in beating the enemy. In a tone that indicated the belief that such an announcement was of itself sufficient to inspire renewed hope and courage, they informed them that they were "Longstreet's boys," returned to fight with them under "Old Bob." Their stern resolution rose into enthusiasm when a retreating soldier shouted, "Courage, boys; Longstreet's men are driving them like sheep!" Kershaw then had reached the field, and gone into action, and they knew well what to

expect of him. He had arrived, like Desaix at Marengo, in one of those great crises which few men are ever called upon to meet twice in a lifetime. Heth was far to the rear; the last battalion of Wilcox had broken just as the head of his column reached the point where stood General Lee, like a pillar of cloud, the only remaining obstacle to stay the surging billows that were steadily rolling onward and now near at hand. At a double-quick step, under fire and almost in the face of the foe, that 4,000 men formed line in the dense woods and attacked with such fury that more than 30,000 veterans recoiled before them.

But the column of Field was now pressing up, Anderson's Georgia brigade in front. It was deployed on the right of the road, where the enemy were in greatest numbers, and had made greatest progress. Next came Gregg's brigade of Texans, hardly 500 strong. It was thrown into line in the presence of General Lee on the left of the road. I shall not attempt to describe the scene—rising to the moral sublime—between this brigade and General Lee, or the baptism of fire and of blood that waited it. Of these history has already taken charge.

Benning's Georgia brigade next arrived, numbering not over 1,000 men. It passed over the ground stained by the blood of the heroic Texans. Being a larger brigade, it produced more impression; but its advance exposed its right flank to a deadly fire from the troops south of the road. This checked its progress and inflicted upon it great loss. I soon had occasion to learn, too, that heavy masses were pressing by and beyond its left.

Next came the brigade with which this paper has more immediately to do. I was ordered to form to the left of the road also, in what seemed an old field, containing thirty acres or more. As the column wheeled into line, it passed immediately by a large group of horsemen, consisting chiefly of the corps and division commanders and their officers of the staff. But the central figure of that group—and the central figure of that larger group of famous men which the war between the States brought to the attention of mankind—was General Lee. The conception of his appearance in my mind to this day is that of a grand equestrian statue, of colossal proportions. His countenance, usually so placid and benign, was blazing with martial ardor. It was impossible not to feel that every man that passed him was, for the time being, a hero. The formation was completed at a double-quick step, and the instant that the last company sprung into line the forward movement began.

The open ground in front sloped gradually downward for two or three hundred yards, and then, by an abrupt declivity, it descended to a narrow swamp or morass, which, beginning near the Plank Road, extended northward in a direction nearly parallel to my line. Beyond the morass the ground rose with a moderately steep ascent for several hundred yards, and was covered with trees and a scattering undergrowth.

At the command the men moved forward with alacrity, and with increasing speed to the brow of the steep declivity referred to. Here the center and left regiments found themselves confronted by dense masses of the enemy, some of them across the morass and not fifty yards distant, some crossing it, and others still beyond. My front rank fired a volley without halting, and the whole line bounded forward with their characteristic yell. The enemy were evidently taken by surprise. The suddenness of our appearance on the crest, the volley, the yell, and the impetuous advance caused them to forget their guns. They returned only a scattering fire and immediately gave way.

While descending the slope, and just before the occurrence mentioned, I became aware, from the direction of the balls which passed, that a force of the enemy had crossed the morass, ascended the heights and occupied a body of woods at the farther limit of the open ground, two hundred yards or more beyond my extreme left. I immediately sent an order to Colonel Oates, commanding the Fifteenth regiment, the largest and one of the best in the bri-

gade, "To change direction in marching"—that is, to wheel his battalion to the left while advancing, so as to face the woods—and to attack furiously. No further attention was given to the matter until the main line had encountered and routed the enemy, and was crossing the swamp. Feeling then that the utmost importance attached to the success of Colonel Oates's movement, and that the safety of the brigade might be compromised by an advance far to the front, while a force of the enemy—I knew not how large—was upon my flank and rear, I hastened, almost at full speed, to that part of the field, and came in sight just in time to witness the successful execution of one of the most brilliant movements I have ever seen on a battle-field. The order had been received amidst the indescribable clangor of battle. The attention of a line of men over two hundred yards long had been gained; they had been wheeled through an arc of at least sixty degrees, had traversed the intervening open ground, had entered the woods at a charge and were driving its occupants—more than twice their number—in the wildest confusion before them; and but little more than five minutes had elapsed since the giving of the order!

Colonel Oates says, in writing to me: "I learned from prisoners taken that the force I encountered was the Fifteenth New York Regiment, which had been stationed at Washington City, and used as heavy siege artillerymen during the greater part of the war, and that they numbered between 1,000 and 1,200 men. I had in the engagement not over 450 officers and men. I lost 2 men killed and 11 wounded. I never did understand how it was that I lost so few. I always attributed it to two things: First, that the troops of the enemy were not veterans—they were unused to battle; and secondly, the rapidity and boldness of my movement, and the accuracy of the fire of my men."

Feeling now perfectly secure as to my flank, I sent word to Colonel Oates to rejoin the brigade, and hastened to the main line. I found that the Forty-fourth and Forty-eighth regiments had moved obliquely to the left, where the enemy appeared to be in largest numbers, thus producing a considerable gap between the former and the Forty-seventh on its right. These two regiments had crossed the morass, and were pressing steadily up the hill, firing as they advanced. The two right regiments were not in sight. They had obeyed orders in keeping closed upon the Plank Road and were there hotly engaged. * * *

On returning to the line I first struck the Forty-fourth Alabama, the second regiment in size in the brigade. Colonel Jones had been wounded and the command had devolved upon its youthful Major, George W Carey. The line was well closed up. The gallantry of Major Carey was very conspicuous, as was usual. His commanding form was in front of the center of his line, his countenance ablaze, the flag in his left hand, and his long sword waving in his right. Moving to the left I found the Forty-eighth giving evident signs of faltering. Many of the men were leaving the ranks and taking shelter behind the trees. The fire was severe, but the enemy, being a little back of the crest of the hill, sent most of their balls over our heads. At this critical moment the gallant Fifteenth appeared upon the left. Colonel Oates, finding no enemy in his immediate front, swung his regiment round to the right, and delivered a single volley up the line which confronted us, and the work was done. The enemy instantly disappeared, and the heights were carried. * * *

The conduct of the officers and men have been above all praise; but fortune had been very lavish in her favor to us. It was fortunate that the nature of the ground was such that we burst like a thunder-clap upon the enemy and turned them into flight before they had time to inflict any injury or to see that there were no supporting lines behind us. It was fortunate that the success of Colonel Oates had been so complete in his movement on the extreme right of the enemy; and that the regiments had moved forward in diverging lines, thus extending our front so as to equal that of the opposing force. It

was fortunate that, in ascending the hill beyond the swamp, the men had been screened, to a considerable degree, from the enemy's fire by the nature of the ground; and, finally, that the Fifteenth Regiment had arrived on the left at the crisis of the engagement and delivered its decisive blow.

After the encounter on the left described by General Perry, I reformed the regiment and moved in line of battle across the branch and up the hill in a right-oblique direction toward the firing. As we were rising the hill, and shots were striking the trees overhead, Major Lowther cried out that he was wounded, fell, called for help, and was carried or assisted from the field to the rear. I understood subsequently that there was a bruise upon one of his big toes. However, he remained back with the wagons for about three weeks, and until we crossed the North Anna River, when I ordered him on duty.

When my regiment reached the high ground, the Forty-eighth Alabama on the left of the brigade was giving way slowly under the well-directed volleys which came from Wadsworth's regulars in its front, who were firing by rank. I was impressed with the regularity and effectiveness of that method of firing. I changed direction to the right, and when the regiment had swung around sufficiently, I ordered it to fire. One volley in the enemy's flank "stopped their racket" and caused them to retreat. They perhaps but followed a general movement, for just at this time the whole Union left wing staggered backwards; for the purpose, no doubt, of reforming their badly disordered and broken lines. General Wadsworth was killed on the Plank Road by the Fourth Alabama, which doubtless created some confusion. He was a man of great prominence in politics, and had been a candidate for Governor of New York.

All was now still; not a shot was fired for two hours. An important movement had been ordered by Lee. General Perry says:

It was now nearly 9 o'clock in the morning. The great struggle was still to come. The Federal lines were some distance in front of the Brock Road, the most direct route to Spottsylvania Court House and to Richmond. They had even taken the precaution to construct upon it a triple line of fortifications. Situated as the armies were, it was the obvious policy of each commander to double back the wing of the opposing force. The success of General Grant would have opened an unobstructed road to Richmond and might have been decisive of the campaign. That of General Lee might have ended as did the battle of Chancellorsville a year before. It would at least have interposed his army between General Grant and his objective point. The arrival of Longstreet's corps and Anderson's division defeated the plan of Grant, and threw him on the defensive. The effort of General Lee was still to come. The plan of attack was made known by officers of the staff to the brigade com-

manders on the left. It was to throw a force upon the flank and rear of Hancock, and at the same time advance our right and assail his front, so as to roll up and press back his entire left wing toward Fredericksburg. Instructions were also given that the left brigades conform their movements to those of the troops on their right, holding back, however, so as to constitute a sort of movable pivot upon which the whole line might wheel. It is evident that the successful execution of such a movement would not only have disposed of Hancock for the day, but would have thrown a powerful force perpendicular to General Grant's center and right wing, already confronted by General Ewell.

There is a lull all along the line. It is the ominous stillness that precedes the tornado. Three brigades under Mahone—a dangerous man—are already in position for the flank attack, whose spectre seems to have been haunting Hancock from the beginning. No wonder, it was so near Chancellorsville. A yell and a volley announced the opening of the tragedy. The din of battle rolls eastward; the enemy are giving way. It is a moment pregnant with momentous results, and to those of us not engaged one of intense anxiety. The left brigades begin to move forward. Already they have made considerable progress; and still eastward roll the fiery billows of war. Can it be possible that we are on the eve of a great victory? But the fire begins to slacken; the advance movement ceases. What can be the cause? Has that single line of attack expended its strength? O for a fresh division, to be hurled upon that shattered, reeling flank! But no; there are no reserves. Heth has not yet reorganized, and Wilcox has moved far to the left to open communication with Ewell. The firing ceases, and the victory, almost won, slips from our grasp.

In General Hancock's report of his condition at this moment he says that Frank's brigade was swept away; that Mott's division was thrown into confusion; that he endeavored to restore order and reform his line of battle, by throwing back his left so as to rest it upon the Brock Road; that he was unable to effect this, owing to the disorganization of the troops; and finally, that it was thought advisable to withdraw them and reform behind the breastworks. Mr. Swinton says:

It seemed indeed that irretrievable disaster was upon us; but in the very torrent and tempest of the attack of the Confederates it suddenly ceased, and all was still; that in the very fury and tempest of the Confederate onset, the advance was of a sudden stayed by a cause at the moment unknown. This afterwards proved to have been the fall of the head of the attack.

Longstreet, with four brigades, was making a circuit around the enemy's left, and had pretty well succeeded in reaching his rear, where he intended to make a vigorous assault. But the unseen—not the sunken road of O'Hane, but perhaps quite as bad—intervened. He and General Jenkins, whose brigade was the largest in the army, were riding together in front of their advancing lines, when suddenly they came in view of the enemy, turned, and riding back through the dense forest, some of their own men,

mistaking them for enemies, fired on them, killing Jenkins and severely wounding Longstreet, which put an end to that movement. What a striking similarity to that fatality which took Stonewall Jackson from us. General Jenkins had been despondent of Confederate success for months. When the tide turned he congratulated Longstreet and said, "I am happy; I see success—a brilliant victory for us," and fell from his horse dead.

General Perry says:

But the evil genius of the South is still hovering over those desolate woods. We almost seem to be struggling against destiny itself. Another needless mistake, like that which a year before, almost on the same ground, had cast "ominous conjecture" upon the success of our cause, now strikes him down upon whom, for the time, everything depends. General Longstreet is dangerously wounded, and General Jenkins is killed.

Field was then the only major-general with the corps, and he had held that rank but a few weeks and had never before commanded even a division of men in battle. Of course Longstreet's fall created much confusion for the time. There was no general advance. General Perry, who, some years after the war, was Governor of Florida, with a small brigade of Floridians, and Colonel Perry, with Law's brigade, concluded (or had orders, I know not which) to make an advance eastward to "feel for the enemy" and see what they could develop. The Colonel introduced me to General Perry, and told me the purpose of the movement and that it would be made in echelon of battalions at forty paces distance, and that my regiment would be on the left, the Forty-eighth Alabama next, and that I would direct their advance. I informed them that there were troops of the enemy to our left, and that as soon as my left was uncovered, by passing an elevation in my front, I would certainly receive the fire from that direction, and gave my reasons for so believing; one of which was that Lieutenant Bass, of Company A, my regiment, in charge of the ambulance men, had gone in that direction and been captured an hour previously. They thought, however, that I was probably mistaken.

Colonel Perry placed the Forty-eighth Alabama under my command and invested me with discretion in case of an attack as I apprehended. After placing these regiments in position, I directed Captain Shaaff to deploy his company as skirmishers, covering the left, and to move by the right flank. The forward movement began, the Florida brigade leading, my regiment being the last to

move, and almost simultaneously my skirmishers were fired upon by troops of Burnside's corps, which lay in a ravine to our left. When we turned the hill, as I had predicted, we caught it. I halted, changed front with my two regiments, and threw together some logs for a protection before my skirmishers were driven in, which was but two or three minutes. On came a long line and opened a heavy fire on my command, caught Colonel Perry in the act of changing front with the other regiments of the brigade, and struck General Perry's brigade squarely in the flank and decimated it at once. Major Carey (since the war a commission merchant in New York) brought up, most gallantly, the Forty-fourth Alabama and went into action on my immediate left. Taking advantage of his arrival, I tried to lead a charge upon the enemy, but they were too numerous and the attempt failed. Carey's regiment, having no protection, was outflanked and driven away. Colonel Perry attempted to stop the torrent that was flowing around his left by placing the Forty-seventh there, but it was instantly swept away. Very soon the ammunition of my command was nearly exhausted, and the enemy at the same time enveloped our flanks while pressing us hard in front. To have remained longer would have subjected us to capture; I therefore ordered a retreat, and we had a lively run for three or four hundred yards. Of the killed in this engagement, at this late day I remember but two—Calvin Whatley and John Stone, of my old company—though there were others. I refer to the company reports at the end of this volume for the casualties incurred. Several men were wounded, but none captured, except Lieutenant Bass, of Company A, and two or three of the litter-bearers, who, just after the action of the morning, by mistake in direction, walked into the Union lines by going too far to the left.

We halted in an old field and lay down to rest. Very soon General Perry came riding up quite slowly. Some of the men aided him to dismount; he was wounded and bleeding freely. General Heth's division arrived about this time, engaged and drove Burnside's troops back to their former position. Nothing more occurred on our part of the field that day. We slept upon our arms. The following is the account given of this engagement by our brigade commander, Gen. W. F. Perry:

* * * Some time afterwards information was received which strengthened my apprehensions, and caused me to send Colonel Oates in that direction with his own and the Forty-eighth Alabama regiments. After 3 o'clock

I received information which induced the belief that a formidable attack from that quarter was impending. I communicated to General Lee the information I had received, and began to move the remainder of my brigade in that direction. Unfortunately a staff officer, at this juncture, approached and informed me that a general advance would begin in a few moments, and instructed me to keep well closed upon the brigades in front. This was the attack upon the enemy's breastworks in the evening, in which our comrades in arms, Jenkins's brigade, bore so conspicuous a part. This order caused me to hesitate in considerable perplexity as to what I ought to do. At length, the indications growing more threatening toward the left, I resolved, without regard to orders, to make the movement before contemplated. I found Colonel Oates, with his two regiments, facing the enemy, and protected by a pile of logs. His line was nearly at right angles to that of General Perry, who, I was surprised to see, had not changed his front. His left was projecting toward the enemy, a hundred yards or more beyond Colonel Oates. The skirmishers were already firing. There was a gap between Colonel Oates's right and General Perry's line. * * * The part of the Florida brigade which projected to the front melted away, the men falling in promiscuously with mine. The fire of the enemy was returned with the greatest spirit, and the soldiers exhibited a sort of exultant confidence—a feeling which I was far from sharing with them. They seemed anxious to charge the enemy. An advance movement was actually begun without orders at one time by the Fifteenth, and at another, I believe, by the Forty-fourth. Captain Terrell returned with the tidings that reinforcements would soon arrive; but would they be in time? The ammunition of the men began to be exhausted. The direction of the firing to the left indicated that my worst apprehensions were likely soon to be realized. I hastened thither, and arrived in time to find the Forty-seventh doubling back and the enemy pouring round its flank. I endeavored to steady and reform it with its front so changed as to face them, but they were too near at hand and their momentum was too great. Nothing was left us but an inglorious retreat, executed in the shortest possible time and without regard to order. It was the first time since its organization—and until it folded its colors forever at Appomattox, it was the last—that the brigade ever was broken on the battle-field.

On the afternoon of May 5 Ewell's corps on the left of Lee's line and facing east was hotly engaged, and during the fighting Brig.-Gen. John B. Gordon, with his brigade of six Georgia regiments, performed a maneuver which never was written in any book of tactics nor recorded in the annals of war. The brigade made a rush forward upon the advancing Union line, drove it back in his front until his brigade was exactly in line; but the Union troops were facing to the west and his line to the east. Then if he further advanced they would wheel on his rear and cut him off from his friends in the rear; if he fell back the Union line each side of him would give him a converging fire. So the situation of the brigade was dangerous and called for immediate remedy, and he proved equal to the emergency. He wheeled three of his regiments to the right and three to the left, so that their backs were to each other, and in this way took right down the

Union line, each way opening a wide gap in it and capturing many prisoners.

That night Gordon's brigade was on the extreme left of Ewell's line. During the night an intelligent scout informed Gordon that the extreme left of Grant's line in his front was in the air, not abutting against any mountain or river, and was without supports. Gordon went and investigated for himself, and found it true. He reported to General Early, his division commander, and asked leave to attack that exposed flank early the following morning with another brigade on his left and overlapping the rear of the Union line so as to cut off their escape to the rear, and thus formed squarely on the flank of the Union line to advance down it to the southward. He contended that as his line advanced the Confederates would, as his column cleared their front, join in the attack. Early declined to order the attack, giving as a reason that Burnside's corps was in the rear of the Fifth (Warren's), and contended that when Gordon's column attacked, if allowed to do so, Burnside would strike it in the flank and destroy it. Gordon denied that Burnside was in support, but to make sure went through the woods, making a wide circuit, and found that he was not there; returning, he informed Early, who refused to believe the report. Then Gordon brought it before General Ewell, who hesitated, and would not order the attack over Early's objection. That was a defect with General Ewell—he always desired the approval of some superior.

Late that afternoon Lee arrived on that part of the field, heard Gordon's statement, and ordered him to attack at once. Johnson's North Carolina brigade was put on the extreme left and to the rear of the Union line, and the attack began about sunset. Gordon's men swept right down Warren's line without halting until darkness intervened and stopped their advance. Gordon captured Brigadier-Generals Shaler and Seymour, nearly all of their brigades, and many other prisoners. If Gordon had been allowed to make the attack on the morning of the 6th, when he desired to do it, he would have swept away the Fifth Corps and would have led the advance down the Union line like a resistless forest flame, changing the alignments of Ewell's entire corps, and then with Longstreet having turned the other flank, the probabilities were strong that it would have compelled the Union army to have recrossed the Rapidan, and it would have been beaten as Hooker was a year previously. It was the opinion of that bril-

liant soldier, General Gordon, that had Early allowed him to attack on the morning of the 6th, upon which he earnestly insisted, that Lee would have won the battle that day, and it was highly probable that would have been the result. Another lost opportunity.

CHAPTER XXXIII

AT SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE

The Fifteenth Reaches Spottsylvania Court House None Too Soon—Skirmishing Lively On the 9th and 10th—The Texans and Bayonets—A Supposed Night Attack—An Amusing Example of Predestination—Hancock's Dash Before Daybreak of the 12th—Gordon Wins His Commission As a Major-General by Marked Gallantry—His Graphic Account of the Affair—The Fighting at the Angle.

The next day, May 7, we occupied the same ground. Our lines were straightened and extended and some logs thrown up for defense. That night Lee learned that Grant was moving southward by his left flank, and he began to move by his right. Our progress was slow on account of the crowded condition of the inferior road which was being opened through the woods by the pioneer corps. Grant could choose his road already constructed; Lee had to conform to Grant's movements and march so as to intercept him. And here let me note the fact that never, during that memorable campaign, did Grant, at any point or anywhere, drive Lee back or force him to retreat. Not an instance; not one. Lee invariably held the field and Grant would move on by his left, until his road was again obstructed by Lee's troops.

After a most fatiguing night march, on the morning of the 8th we were halted for a thirty minutes' rest and to partake of our cold, scanty rations, which we relished as a glorious meal. The time expired and our march was resumed at a more lively step. About 10 o'clock we heard firing to our left and front. One brigade of infantry, Kershaw's South Carolina, preceded us. They had reached the village of Spottsylvania Court House none too soon. They took position just in time to meet the first advance of the enemy's infantry as they drove our cavalry. General Stuart rode out and met Law's brigade before we reached the village. I was ordered with the Fifteenth and Forty-eighth regiments to move across to our left and check the advance of the enemy, who were coming through the woods to get possession of our road. I did so, throwing forward as skirmishers Company A, Captain



From a drawing made on the field.
COLONEL OATES WITH THE 15TH AND 48TH ALABAMA REGIMENTS IN THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA, 1864.

Shaaff. It advanced rapidly, and just before reaching the woods the skirmishers received the fire of the enemy, and Jep. Brown, one of the best private soldiers in the Fifteenth regiment, was shot through the heart, but spoke one short sentence, which I distinctly heard.

I drew in my skirmishers, and on entering the woods became hotly engaged with a Pennsylvania brigade commanded by General Bragg, of Wisconsin, as I have since learned from that gentleman.

My two regiments drove the four opposed to them two hundred yards, when Bragg was reenforced by his old regiment, the Sixth Wisconsin, Colonel Dawes commanding, which forced my line back to the crest of a ridge, where I extended right and left to confront those opposed to me. Here we received and returned a very brisk fire for half an hour, when they retired beyond range. Colonel Perry came up during the engagement, and when it ceased directed me to retire across a ravine and take up the best defensive position I could on the ridge beyond. I did so, and formed line of battle behind a little fence, which I had torn down and the rails laid along in a pile for the men to lie behind for their protection. This was the beginning of the ten miles of defensive works subsequently constructed by the Confederates upon the field of Spottsylvania Court House. Soon after I got into this position Colonel Perry formed the other three regiments of the brigade on my right, and Anderson's Georgia brigade formed on my left, the Texas brigade on its left, and all the other commands extending the line to our right eastwardly.

Skirmishing was lively all day on the 9th, and also on the 10th. On the latter an assault was made in force on our part of the line, but repulsed with but slight loss to us and with heavy loss to our enemies.

General Sedgwick, the commander of the Sixth Corps, and Brigadier-General Rice were killed. Rice was one of the colonels who fought the Fifteenth and Forty-seventh regiments at Gettysburg, and won his spurs as a brigadier by his intrepidity in that battle. He fell in front of the Fifteenth and Forty-eighth in this engagement. Such is the fate of war.

The charge on the Texas brigade was for a time partially successful. They did not have any bayonets, and that fact was discovered by the enemy confronting them, who charged over a portion of the works; but the Texans, by desperate fighting and

clubbing their guns, hand-to-hand, drove out their assailants and recaptured their line. I never saw that brigade afterwards without bayonets, and many of the men carried an extra one so as to be sure to have at least one on hand for the next fight. Theretofore they had thrown away their bayonets to avoid carrying them; they had never seen the need of them. Thereafter when passing the other brigades of the division the men would yell, "Hello! Texas, do you ever carry any bayonets? Have you learned the use of them?"

When two hostile forces meet in a bayonet charge it is certain that one side will yield, and that speedily. If, therefore, one force is composed of men all of whom are dead game and will not succumb only when dead or disabled, they will every time break the force they attack, or whose attack they receive. But no such body of men can be found. The nearest approach to it is, according to military writers, to be found among regulars on account of the rigidity and thoroughness of discipline; but Lee's army presented many instances more nearly approximating that soldierly and heroic perfection than any which the American continent has ever furnished to history.

On the occasion referred to, that Texas brigade, without bayonets, repulsed a bayonet charge of a brigade of Union troops which came over the breastworks; but it was a hard hand-to-hand battle, and left many broken muskets on the ground as well as dead and wounded men.

There were some cowards in every regiment. The Texans were as good as the best. Hood's drilling and training of them when he commanded prepared them for heroic feats. He was a hard and sometimes reckless fighter.

On the 8th, however, conclusive proof was furnished that bayonet wounds are less dangerous and much easier cured than gunshot wounds. Quite a number of Kershaw's men were wounded with the bayonet. Some were pierced entirely through, yet every man of them recovered. I read the surgeon's report on each thus wounded. The reason assigned was that a bayonet wound is smooth, as if made with a knife, and a gunshot lacerates the flesh.

We threw up dirt on our rails and piled up logs until only the heads of men were exposed. The enemy were similarly entrenched about one hundred and twenty-five steps from us. Sharpshooting was continued, and every hour or two some one was killed or wounded. When night came the firing ceased. My

men had not had a night's sleep since the 4th—six days—and consequently could not stay awake, except under fire. To prevent a surprise I sent Sergeant White, of Company I, with ten of the best men, down the slope about fifty yards to stand as videttes. I ordered one rank of each regiment and one officer in each company to stand in place at the works until relieved by the other rank, which should be done alternately every two hours, and those relieved to lie down in place on the bank near the trench to sleep. There was no safety in any less precaution, for a run of one minute would have brought the enemy on us. Without taking off my sword, pistol, or spurs, I wrapped my blanket around me and dropped down to sleep.

During the third watch, soon after midnight—I know not how nor from what cause—every man on both sides, Confederate and Union, sprang right up from their sleep and went to firing, each impressed with the idea, doubtless, that the other was advancing, when in fact neither was. I think that all of those standing were asleep as well as those lying down, and perhaps some poor fellow dreamed that the other side was charging him and fired. One shot was enough to start all the others. It extended right and left, I knew not how far. The musketry roared as it does in a regular engagement, and lighted up the forest as does a continued flash of lightning. The first thing I thought of was White and his men. I sprang to my feet, but my spurs became entangled in my blanket and threw me down twice before I got free from it. I dashed along the line, yelling at the top of my voice, "Cease firing, men; cease firing! You are killing our own men!" They obeyed as soon as they heard me. The firing immediately ceased everywhere on both sides. I sent out at once to see about White and his videttes. Fortunately none of them were hurt, except poor White, who undertook to run in to stop the firing and save his men, and coming up in front of the right company of the Fifty-ninth Georgia regiment, which slightly overlapped and projected a little in front of the left company of the Fifteenth Alabama, was mistaken by the Georgians for a Yankee and shot down within a few feet of their works. I had him brought over into the rear of our regiment. I was deeply impressed by the patriotic and beautiful manner in which he spoke of his life, his services to his country, and at last how hard it was to die at the hands of friends. By Captain Strickland he sent a message to his company comrades who could not leave their posts to see him.

He called on me to request Captain Waddell to pray for him. After listening to a fervent prayer by a brave and pious officer in the darkness of the night and that quiet which prevailed after the echoes of the guns had died away, surrounded by a few sorrowing friends, who knelt beside him where he lay upon the ground, the patriotic spirit of one of the bravest and best young men who ever marched to the defense of his country from the glorious old county of Pike, or elsewhere, departed. Poor White was dead. I had marked him for promotion to a lieutenantcy for his bravery and high soldierly qualities.

Bryant Wilson, of the same company, was one of the men on duty with White. Bryant was a good soldier and an excellent citizen. He was a hard-shell Baptist and believed in fate, predestination, or foreordination, and hence that he could not die until the specially appointed time for that event, and that when that time came nothing could save him. When the firing began that night he was standing at his post, but was asleep. He knew not which way to go nor what to do. He said he still had his faith, but that the balls were flying so thickly around him that he concluded to aid the Lord in his preservation by getting behind a tree. But when he got there he could not tell which was the Lord's side, as the balls seemed to be coming from every direction, hence concluded that the tree was not the particular instrumentality for his preservation on that occasion, but that flat on the ground was the chosen spot, so he took that and held it until the firing ceased. His faith was consoling on ordinary occasions, but on that occasion was not on each side of the tree at one and the same time; it was foreordained that he should lie on the ground and escape.

On the 11th a heavy body of the enemy appeared west of the creek with several batteries and took position, from which they threw shells enfilading our lines; but they held it only a short time. General Early advanced on them; they declined battle and retired. On the morning of the 12th, before day, Hancock made a dash with his corps at Lee's center, opposite the village, surprised and captured in the trenches Gen. Edward Johnson and his division of 5,000 men and 16 pieces of artillery, and rushed forward pell-mell into the village. This was a severe blow to Lee. He had no reserve except Early's division, then commanded by Brig.-Gen. John B. Gordon. It was ordered up. Lee undertook to lead it in person. Gordon refused to permit him to do so and led the assault himself. Striking Hancock's superior num-

bers while they were in confusion, before they had time to completely reform their lines, he drove them back by desperate fighting, and recaptured the line of works, with the exception of an acute angle, over which the struggle continued for twenty hours.

There was a hickory tree sixteen inches in diameter, standing between the lines, which was cut down by musket balls. A section of it is preserved in the War Department at Washington.

The Confederate troops held their position. The firing of the Federal artillery at the time of Hancock's charge was terrific. A numerous battery of twenty-pounder parrot guns played upon the Confederate lines just to the west of Johnson's position. I saw where the pine trees, cut down by these shells, had covered up the Confederates, but they manfully held their works and repulsed every assault. Those troops were Kershaw's South Carolinians.

Heavy fighting occurred all along the lines. An attempt was made to charge Law's brigade, but, well fortified with head logs, our men but little exposed, and our fire so destructive that the enemy could not face it long. Major Campbell, of the Forty-seventh Alabama, was the only field officer killed. He exposed himself unnecessarily and was shot through the head. Grant's losses must have been appalling, and his efforts met with no success, except that of Hancock's, and that amounted to nothing except the prisoners and artillery captured. Lee telegraphed the War Department at Richmond to send Gordon a commission as major-general, dated that day, May 12, 1864. On that day Lieut. Thomas G. Jones, now Judge of the United States District Court in Alabama, was on Gordon's staff, and displayed great gallantry.

General Gordon, who formed the reserve and conducted the counter-charge which drove Hancock's veteran corps back and restored the Confederate line, afterwards rose rapidly to the rank of lieutenant-general. In 1903, the last year of his life, he published a book, "Reminiscences of the Civil War," and in that book, beginning on page 278, he gives the following graphic, eloquent, and thrilling account of that affair:

General Lee knew, as did every one else who realized the momentous import of the situation, that the bulk of the Confederate army was in such imminent peril that nothing could rescue it except a counter-movement, quick, impetuous, and decisive. Lee resolved to save it, and, if need be, to save it at the sacrifice of his own life. With perfect self-poise he rode to the margin of that breach, and upon the scene just as I had completed the alignment of my troops and was in the act of moving in that crucial counter-charge upon which so much depended. As he rode majestically in front of my line of battle,

with uncovered head and mounted on Old Traveler, Lee looked a very god of war. Calmly and grandly he rode to a point near the center of my line and turned his horse's head to the front, evidently resolved to lead in person the desperate charge and drive Hancock back or perish in the effort. I knew what he meant; and although the passing moments were of priceless value, I resolved to arrest him in his effort, and thus to save the Confederacy the life of its great leader. I was at the center of that line when General Lee rode to it. With uncovered head, he turned his face toward Hancock's advancing column. Instantly I spurred my horse across Old Traveler's front, and grasping his bridle in my hand, I checked him. Then, in a voice which I hoped might reach the ears of my men and command their attention, I called out, "General Lee, you shall not lead my men in a charge. No man can do that, sir. Another is here for that purpose. These men behind you are Georgians, Virginians, and Carolinians. They have never failed you on any field. They will not fail you here. Will you, boys?" The response came like a mighty anthem, that must have stirred his emotions as no other music could have done. Although the answer to those three words, "Will you, boys?" came in the monosyllables, "No, no, no; we'll not fail him," yet they were doubtless to him more eloquent because of their simplicity and momentous meaning. But his great heart was destined to be quickly cheered by a still sublimer testimony of their deathless devotion. As this first thrilling response died away, I uttered the words for which they were now fully prepared. I shouted to General Lee, "You must go to the rear!" The echo, "General Lee to the rear; General Lee to the rear!" rolled back with tremendous emphasis from the throats of my men; and they gathered around him, turned his horse in the opposite direction, some clutching his bridle, some his stirrups, while others pressed close to Old Traveler's hips, ready to shove him by main force to the rear. I verily believe that, had it been necessary or possible, they would have carried on their shoulders both horse and rider to a place of safety.

This entire scene, with all its details of wonderful pathos and deep meaning, had lasted but a few minutes, and yet it was a powerful factor in the rescue of Lee's army. It had lifted these soldiers to the very highest plane of martial enthusiasm. The presence of their idolized commander-in-chief, his purpose to lead them in person, his magnetic and majestic presence, and the spontaneous pledges which they had just made to him, all conspired to fill them with an ardor and intensity of emotion such as have rarely possessed a body of troops in any war. The most commonplace soldier was uplifted and transformed into a veritable Ajax. To say that every man in those brigades was prepared for the most heroic work or to meet a heroic death would be but a lame description of the impulse which seemed to bear them forward in wildest transport. Fully realizing the value of such inspiration for the accomplishment of the bloody task assigned them. I turned to my men as Lee was forced to the rear, and reminding them of their pledges to him, and of the fact that the eyes of the great leader were still upon them, I ordered, "Forward!" With the fury of a cyclone, and almost with its resistless power, they rushed upon Hancock's advancing column. With their first terrific onset, the impetuosity of which was indescribable, his leading lines were shivered and hurled back upon their stalwart supports. In the inextricable confusion that followed, and before Hancock's lines could be reformed, every officer on horseback in my division, the brigade and regimental commanders, and my own superb staff, were riding among the troops, shouting in unison: "Forward, men; forward!" But the brave line officers on foot and the enthused privates needed no additional spur to their already rapt spirits. Onward they swept, pouring their rapid volleys into Hancock's confused ranks, and swelling the deafening din of battle with their piercing shouts. Like the debris in the track of a storm, the dead and dying of both armies were left

in the wake of the Confederate charge. In the meantime the magnificent troops of Ramseur and Rodes were rushing upon Hancock's dissolving corps from another point, and long's artillery and other batteries were pouring a deadly fire into the broken Federal ranks. Hancock was repulsed and driven out. Every foot of the lost salient earthworks was retaken, except that small stretch which the Confederate line was too short to cover.

On pages 284, 285 General Gordon claims that the fighting at the angle, in the afternoon and night of the 12th, was the bloodiest and most desperate of the war which occurred at any narrow point. He says:

Under my orders, and under cover of the entrenchment, my men began to slip to the left a few feet at a time, in order to occupy, unobserved if possible that still open space. The ditch along which they slowly glided, and from which the earth had been thrown to form the embankment, favored them; but immediately opposite to them and within a few feet of them on the other side stood their keen-eyed, alert foemen, holding to their positions with a relentless grip. This noiseless process had not proceeded far before it was discovered by the watchful men in blue. The discovery was made at the moment when Lee and Grant began to hurl their columns against that portion of the works held by both. Thus was inaugurated that roll of musketry which is likely to remain without a parallel, at least in the length of time it lasted.

Mounting to the crest of the embankment, the Union men poured upon the Confederates a galling fire. To the support of the latter other Confederate commands came quickly, crowding into the ditches, clambering up the embankment's side, and returning volley for volley. Then followed the mighty rush from both armies, filling the entire disputed space. Firing into one another's faces, beating one another down with clubbed muskets, the front ranks fought across the embankment's crest almost within an arm's reach, the men behind passing up to them freshly loaded rifles as their own were emptied. As those in front fell, others quickly sprang forward to take their places. On both sides the dead were piled in heaps. As Confederates fell their bodies rolled into the ditch, and upon their bleeding forms their living comrades stood, beating back Grant's furiously charging columns. The bullets seemed to fly in sheets. Before the pelting hail and withering blast the standing timber fell. The breastworks were literally drenched in blood. The coming of the darkness failed to check the raging battle. It only served to increase the awful terror of the scene.

This day closed the hard fighting at Spottsylvania, it was supposed, but on the 18th Grant made a last assault on the same point with Hancock's and Wright's corps, and was repulsed. Each army, however, remained in its position two or three days, when Ewell with two divisions of his corps passed around on Grant's left to develop the fact of his presence in force, which Lee seemed to doubt. The Union troops had only drawn back a short distance to rest. Ewell found him, and had a spirited engagement, with no decisive result. His horse was killed under him and fell upon his wooden leg, injuring him. Ewell had never

fully regained his health after the loss of his leg in August, 1862. Grant had dropped back behind his defenses to rest and await the arrival of reinforcements. Eight days of almost continuous fighting had thinned his ranks and depleted his army. General Hancock told me after the war the total of casualties in his corps during the campaign of 1864 aggregated as many as he had men when he crossed the Rapidan, which was 30,000. Of course, a large majority of these were wounded merely and returned to duty again, but this suffices to show the damage that was being done to the Union troops in that memorable campaign.

CHAPTER XXXIV

FROM SPOTTSYLVANIA TO PETERSBURG

On North Anna River—At Ashland—Reenforcements to Lee—Sending Troops to the Valley—Death of Colonel Keitt—Battle of Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor—Beavregard and Butler—Battle of Chester Station—At Petersburg—Daily Skirmishing—Parting With the Old Regiment—Lowther's Promotion in Regular Line—Interview With President Davis.

On the evening of the 19th of May Grant was found to be moving by his left flank again, this time in the direction of the North Anna River, where the Gordonsville and Richmond Railroad crosses it. Lee set his army in motion, and, crossing both the North and South Annas, was in line of battle across the road south of the latter and ready to receive Grant's advance on the 22d, which soon after appeared. He crossed a considerable force to feel for and develop Lee's position. General Law ordered me to place my regiment directly across the railroad—one battalion on either side—and on the track a twelve-pounder Napoleon gun to fire down the road under my direction.

Skirmishing began the next morning and continued until a late hour in the evening. William Coombs, from Troy, of Company I, was killed by a stray shot while sitting in his tent. Some few other casualties occurred. I remember that Henry Murfree, of Company H, from Dale County, was very badly wounded in one hand and arm, which made him a cripple for life.

Two companies from each of the five regiments of Law's brigade were deployed as skirmishers and advanced on each side, the piece of artillery firing down the road at the same time, and drove everything before them after a very stubborn fight by the opposing skirmishers. Some of my skirmishers captured a lieutenant and a private during the fight, but no valuable information could be obtained from them.

Grant withdrew all his troops to the north side of the river, and a day or two thereafter began moving by his left again, and we resumed the march, halting and going into position every few miles,

until we reached Ashland or its neighborhood. Here Lee received some reinforcements, I know not how many. I know that he received Hoke's division of about 4,000 men, Finnegan's Florida brigade about 1,500, and Col. Lawrence M. Keitt's regiment from Charleston of 700 or 800 men. He also received Breckinridge's division, but ordered it back to the Valley the next day, and almost immediately afterwards sent General Early with the Second Corps to drive Hunter from the Valley. Keitt was killed in action the next day after he arrived. He was formerly a member of Congress from South Carolina and figured in the Brooks-Sumner embroglio. He won notoriety by encouraging Brooks, until he beat Senator Sumner with a cane severely.

Other parts of the army were more or less engaged now every day, but the Fifteenth was not until the 31st of May. On that day I was left with the Fifteenth in what seemed a deserted entrenchment, with instructions to remain and hold it until the enemy disappeared from that locality. I was told that they were then drawing off and moving on eastward. A piece of artillery was also left with me. A line of rifle pits in my front were occupied by Union sharpshooters, who kept firing at us, annoying us, wounding one or two men, and seemed to have no disposition to withdraw. No Confederate troops were in sight. All had gone. I fired a few shots at them with the Napoleon gun, but could not dislodge them that way. I became impatient at the delay and annoyance, and ordered Lieut. Pat O'Connor, in command of Company K, to deploy his company and charge, kill, capture or disperse them. He made a dash and succeeded in dispersing them very easily; but Pat—poor, brave fellow—received a mortal wound. His men brought him in and told me that his wound was mortal and that he asked for water. I caused a canteenful from a cold spring near by to be given him. He drank it, gave me his hand, and bade me farewell. He gave me his new swordbelt and requested me to send his sword to his mother, who lived in Columbus, Georgia, and to tell her that he never disgraced it, but died a brave soldier in the discharge of his duty to his adopted country. Within a minute more the brave and faithful Irishman was dead. I had a grave dug immediately, wrapped him in his blanket, and buried him. I got a shingle, had his initials, company, and regiment lettered on it, stuck it down

at the grave, and soon thereafter left the poor brave Pat in the lonely bivouac of the dead.

About this time a very considerable force of the enemy—at least a brigade—appeared in my front and began to advance on me. Company K, from the rifle pits, and my piece of artillery, opened fire on them, which brought them to a halt. They deployed quite a number of skirmishers preparatory to an assault. I felt that in my isolated position the probabilities of being attacked by at least four times my own force placed me in a dilemma. I could do nothing but make the best possible defense according to my orders. Just at this point I heard a noise in my rear; I looked and beheld Gen. John B. Gordon, with his Georgia brigade, coming up in line of battle in splendid style. Gordon was the gamest-looking man in battle I ever saw, and he never looked more so than on this occasion. He saw a prospect of a lively little affair. He ordered his men over the works and forward. He stopped a moment to speak with me and then dashed onward, but before he got within range the enemy were in full retreat. I drew out of the works and moved on as rapidly as I could, and just before dark overtook our brigade in a good defensive position, and remained there the next day, during which a drenching rain fell.

On the 2d of June Law was ordered farther down our entrenched line, with his own and Anderson's Georgia brigade, to Cold Harbor, or near it for the purpose of retaking about 300 yards of badly constructed Confederate trenches which the enemy had succeeded in capturing on General Hoke's left.

After reaching and inspecting the position I heard Law say to General Hoke, "I can recapture the line with Oates's regiment alone, but I don't consider it worth the life of a single man. With your sanction I will remain behind this hill until night, when I will build a new line of works along the ridge there on better ground." Hoke agreed, and we lay where we were until night, when we were very cautiously and carefully placed in position, given tools to dig with, and set to work to construct a line of entrenchment curving southward on a ridge through the open field, and our right curving eastward so as to connect the right of Anderson's brigade with the left of Hoke's division.

The Fifteenth went on the left of Law's brigade next to the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment of Barksdale's old brigade, then commanded, I believe, by General Humphreys. My left therefore

rested on the old line of works which the Confederates had abandoned. About one o'clock I went to Law and requested a piece of artillery to place in this angle. He so ordered and it came just before day. I placed it in barbette so that it could be wheeled around and fired to enfilade the old works and rake both fronts from the angle at will. Law ordered me to cover the front of the brigade, before daylight, with skirmishers from my regiment. I sent out Capt. N. B. Feagin with his Company B, under the command of Major Lowther. He said that he was sick and asked to be excused, which I declined to grant, as he had no certificate from the surgeon.

None of us had slept any. The men worked all night and by day had an excellent line of defensive works completed. When day came details were sent to the rear to fill the canteens at a bold spring of pure water. They had returned, and, just before I could see the sun, I heard a volley in the woods, saw the major running up the ravine in the direction of Anderson's brigade, which lay to the right of Law's, and the skirmishers running in, pursued by a column of the enemy ten lines deep, with arms at a trail, and yelling "Huzzah! huzzah!" I ordered my men to take arms and fix bayonets. Just then I remembered that not a gun in the regiment was loaded. I ordered the men to load and the officers each to take an ax and stand to the works. I was apprehensive that the enemy would be on our works before the men could load.

As Capt. Noah B. Feagin and his skirmishers crawled over the works I thought of my piece of artillery. I called out: "Sergeant, give them double charges of canister; fire, men; fire!" the order was obeyed with alacrity. The enemy were within thirty steps. They halted and began to dodge, lie down, and recoil. The fire was terrific from my regiment, the Fourth Alabama on my immediate right, and the Thirteenth Mississippi on my left, while the piece of artillery was fired more rapidly and better handled than I ever saw one before or since. The blaze of fire from it at each shot went right into the ranks of our assailants and made frightful gaps through the dense mass of men. They endured it but for one or two minutes, when they retreated, leaving the ground covered with their dead and dying. There were 3 men in my regiment killed, 5 wounded. My piece of artillery kept up a lively fire on the enemy where they halted in the woods, with shrapnel shell. After the lapse of about forty minutes another charge was made by the Twenty-third and

Twenty-fifth Massachusetts regiments, in a column by divisions, thus presenting a front of two companies only. Bryan's Georgia brigade came up from the rear and lay down behind Law's. The charging column, which aimed to strike the Fourth Alabama, received the most destructive fire I ever saw. They were subjected to a front and flank fire from the infantry, at short range, while my piece of artillery poured double charges of canister into them. The Georgians loaded for the Alabamians to fire. I could see the dust fog out of a man's clothing in two or three places at once where as many balls would strike him at the same moment. In two minutes not a man of them was standing. All who were not shot down had lain down for protection. One little fellow raised his head to look, and I ordered him to come in. He came on a run, the Yankees over in the woods firing at him every step of the way, and as he climbed over our works one shot took effect in one of his legs. They evidently took him to be a deserter. I learned from him that there were many more out there who were not wounded. This I communicated to Colonel Perry, who was again in command, General Law having been wounded in the head during the first assault; and thereupon Perry sent a company down a ravine on our right to capture them; they soon brought the colonel who led the charge, and about one hundred other prisoners. The colonel was a brave man. He said he had been in many places, but that was the worst.

This closed their efforts against us on this field for the remainder of that day. The following night they constructed works along the edge of the woods and sharpshooting became incessant. The next day a white flag was displayed and firing was suspended. A Union officer came half-way and met a Confederate staff officer, with a request from Major-General Augur for an armistice for six hours with permission to bury the dead. It was sent to General Lee, who returned it, saying that he did not know General Augur as commander of the Army of the Potomac.

Sharp-shooting was resumed. The stench from the dead between our lines and theirs was sickening. It was so nauseating that it was almost unendurable; but we had the advantage, as the wind carried it away from us to them. The dead covered more than five acres of ground about as thickly as they could be laid. A half hour elapsed, when another white flag was displayed and another request came for an armistice for six hours, with permission to bury the dead in front of our lines, signed this time by

General Grant. Lee acceded to the request and hostilities ceased for the six hours. They sent a heavy detail upon the field, and when the time expired they had to get it extended in order to finish burying, although they worked rapidly the whole time. I have no means of knowing the exact number of bodies buried, but from appearances there could not have been less than five or six hundred, and may have been a much greater number. They belonged to Baldy Smith's corps.

Sharp-shooting was again resumed and kept up continuously. Quite a number of casualties occurred daily. Every evening they made an assault on Hoke's division, in which my piece of artillery took a lively interest and had an enfilading fire on them with solid twelve pound shots. Grant finally moved on by his left until he crossed the James River at Bermuda Hundred, where Ben Butler, with his army, had been bottled up by Beauregard ever since he so narrowly escaped capture. Beauregard's plan was for General Whiting to move from Petersburg down the north side of the river and to demonstrate an attack on Butler, attract his attention and reinforcements from his right on the James, when Beauregard would turn his right flank, get between him and the river, cut him off from his gunboats, and capture him and his army. It was a well-devised scheme and would have succeeded, but Whiting failed to make the attack, as directed, which barely prevented the success of the venture. Another lost opportunity. Whiting's failure was attributed to his unfortunate habit of intemperance.

Some rest was obtained while we were on and near the James awaiting Grant's further movements. A small garrison of regular troops held the fortifications around Petersburg, supported by the local militia. Lee, finding that Grant had crossed his army to the south side, transferred a portion of his to the south side of the James also, between Richmond and Petersburg.

These were the positions of the two armies when Grant caused a dash to be made at Petersburg with a heavy force. Beauregard was there, and with the small force he had, the militia, composed of the old men and boys of the town, he manned the forts, made a stubborn resistance, and held out until reinforcements from Lee reached him, when he completely repulsed the assault. Both armies were now rapidly concentrated at Petersburg. Field's division on its way there—the advance of Longstreet's or the First Corps, now commanded by Lieut.-Gen. Richard H. Anderson—came upon a force of the enemy on the Richmond Wire Road, cut-

ting down telegraph poles. Law's and the Texas brigades attacked and drove them, Anderson's and Benning's brigades constituting a second line in support, and Pickett's division extending the line to the left. We had no difficulty in driving them from their first line of entrenchments. There was some hesitation about attacking the second line. I rode up on a little hill where General G. T. Anderson, of Georgia, was, and was conversing with him about it when we heard the noise, and looking, beheld the Texas Brigade starting in the charge. They pressed forward in an irregular mass in a run and not led by any one, unless by some mere company officer. But they kept agoing until they reached the works, and went in, when all the other commands, right and left, followed the example, and the second line was ours. To the Texans solely belonged the honor of capturing that line, although the Richmond newspapers of the next day gave all the credit to Pickett's division. They were Virginians, and the papers were doubtless misinformed.

The enemy made a stand in their third line of entrenchments and kept up a lively sharp-shooting all the evening. A charge upon this line, I learned, was in contemplation; but the attack on Petersburg and the heavy firing in that direction caused General Anderson to hesitate and remain where he then was with two divisions, while the other was hurried forward to Petersburg. During the firing that evening Capt. George A. C. Matthews, from Brundridge, in Pike County, was severely wounded, from which he suffered for ten years after the war, and which at last proved fatal. He was a good and brave soldier.

The next day we moved on Petersburg and took our places in the fortified line. We were changed, from time to time, from one point to another. At one time the Fifteenth was in the trenches, and aided in their construction exactly where the mine explosion subsequently occurred. Four or five days before that event we were withdrawn and sent with our division to the north side of the James River. In the month of July, however, and before the regiment left Petersburg, I parted company with it forever.

About the middle of May, 1863, as previously stated, I was commissioned a colonel in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States and assigned to the command of the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment. Feagin was made a lieutenant-colonel, to which he was entitled in the regular line of promotion anyway,

as the regiment then had but one field officer—Major Lowther. If he had been at his post and discharging his duties only one-half his time, he would, in April, 1863, when Treutlin resigned, have been promoted to the colonelcy in the regular line, though he never was entitled—either in law, equity, or fairness—to anything of the kind. He was always an imposition, as the facts hereinbefore related show. But had he been at his post doing his duty he would have been made colonel; Feagin, lieutenant-colonel; and myself major, a position I would have received early in 1862 had the regiment been allowed to hold an election. After I was made colonel and assigned to the command, Lowther went to work in every way that he could to get the regiment away from me. He succeeded in getting to the hospital in Richmond, when he ran out ahead of the skirmishers, on the morning of the 3d of June, and there he worked on the politicians, among whom he had several acquaintances, until, when I saw him again nearly two months afterwards, he came to me at Petersburg with his commission as colonel of the regiment, and an order to me to surrender the command of it to him. I did so, of course, but with deep regret at having to leave the men whom I had commanded in more than twenty battles. I had confidence in them and they had like faith in me. Some of them swore that they would desert—rather than serve under Lowther. Many of them kept their word and deserted soon afterwards, though I tried to dissuade them from so doing. I do not say that any one deserted because he had to serve under Colonel Lowther, except David Cannon, who told me after the war that was the reason he deserted; nor do I pretend to say that any man deserted because I left the regiment. But the change was very much opposed by many of the soldiers, and this, together with the waning fortunes of the Confederacy, which most of the private soldiers could see quite as well as the officers, gave rise to a feeling of disappointment and despondency that they were sacrificing themselves unnecessarily, and for these reasons a good many deserted during the ensuing fall and winter. They deserted for the double purpose of getting out of that regiment as then commanded, and to get out of the service altogether as well.

I could have claimed my promotion in the regular line to the majority of the regiment; but I was not willing to surrender my commission as colonel, and accept that of major under Lowther, whom I knew to be incompetent to command from a

constitutional defect. I preferred to retain my commission and to be assigned elsewhere. My regret was to part with the men with whom I had served all through the war.

I went to see General Lee about it and he gave me a pass and suggested that I see President Davis in regard to the matter. I went to see him. He received me very respectfully. I laid my case before him. He sent a messenger to the Adjutant-General's Office for information, and remarked to me that if it were in his power he would restore the regiment to my command. The answer was returned that Lowther had his commission and it had been confirmed by the Senate. Davis replied, "I am sorry to say, sir, that he is beyond my reach; I have no power over the matter." He asked me if I would not be willing to be assigned to the command of some other regiment. I replied in the affirmative. He said that he would so direct, and commended me for the faithfulness with which I was serving the country, and with this my only interview with Jefferson Davis closed.

My connection with the old regiment also ceased. I was never more immediately connected with it, but am pretty familiar with its history, even on to the surrender at Appomattox.

CHAPTER XXXV

FIGHTING ON THE JAMES.

I Am Assigned to Command of Forty-eighth Alabama—Refitting the Regiment—Ordered to New Market Heights—The Shell Fire From Gunboats—Battle Near Fussell's Mill, on the Darbytown Road—I Lose My Right Arm—The Regiment Terribly Decimated—The "Fortykins" and Their Prisoners—They Win Imperishable Honors—Hospital Experiences.

The next day after my interview with President Davis I was assigned to the command of the Forty-eighth Alabama regiment. The former colonel, my old friend James L. Sheffield, had resigned, and the only other field officer was Maj. Wm. M. Hardwick, who was then a prisoner of war. He was afterwards exchanged, promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and now resides at Hardwicksburg, in Henry County, Alabama.

I went down and found the brigade on the north side of the James. The Forty-eighth was raised in north Alabama, and composed mainly of mountaineers, tough and tireless, and hence good material for soldiers, if properly handled. Its discipline was not very good, its equipment inferior, with every appearance of neglect. It was under command of a captain, and no field officer had been in immediate command of it subsequent to the battle of Chickamauga. I at once ascertained what was needed, made requisitions, and obtained clothing, accoutrements, and everything that was to be had, essential to the comfort of officers and men, and whatever was calculated to increase their efficiency as soldiers. I ordered inspection, company and battalion drill every day, until very soon their arms were bright, their clothing and accoutrements properly fitted and adjusted, and the regiment presenting a very soldierly appearance. One day I took two empty regimental wagons up to Richmond, and at my own expense loaded them with watermelons and sent them as a treat to the regiment. When the wagons arrived the men of my old as well as those of my present regiment gathered around them, their mouths watering for some of the fruit. While I disliked to deny my old

comrades, I was obliged to do it, as I did not have enough for both regiments. I soon had the good will and confidence of every officer and man in the Forty-eighth, more completely, if possible, than I ever had of the Fifteenth.

On the morning of the 13th of August our rest terminated and these two regiments were ordered into some works at New Market Heights, a high bluff on the James some two miles below Drewry's Bluff, where the obstructions and heavy guns were located. In front of our position was what was called "Deep Bottom." We lay here under the fire of a gunboat, during the 14th and 15th, in the hot sun, without a particle of shade. The boat threw shells weighing 120 pounds, which would go right through our breastworks and explode away down in the ground, throwing barrels of dirt, rocks, and pieces of the shell high into the air, to rain back on us. Two or three of my men were killed and some disabled. I saw a lieutenant covered up completely, but his men, with shovels, dug him out in less than a minute. He was nearly smothered. The poor fellow was killed in battle the next day. A great many of the company officers, whose places were in the rear of the men, when they found that I would not allow them to crowd into the ditch with the men, dug holes for their protection. The men would watch the boat, and when they saw the puff of white smoke, which they always did before the shell arrived, they would yell "Lookout!" and all lie down.

One day I was sitting by a little tree, the only one in rear of the line, near one of those holes. General Gregg, of Texas, and Colonel Perry came up, and were amazed at the way the shells had plowed up the ground, when the boat let off a jet of steam and some of the men, in a spirit of fun, cried "Lookout!" when both of those officers in an instant tumbled into that hole, by which Colonel Perry sprained an ankle and got a furlough. Gregg was killed a few days after, and was complimented in orders from headquarters for his great gallantry on all occasions.

An attempt was made on both days to advance a body of the enemy's infantry, supported by the boat, against my position; but the accuracy of the fire of a rifle gun belonging to Hardaway's battery drove them back into the woods. On the morning of the 16th of August Hancock made an assault upon the Confederate lines near Fussell's Mill, on the Darbytown Road, and broke through. General Sanders, of Alabama, was killed and his brigade

driven away;* so too were the brigades of Anderson, of Georgia, and Lane, of North Carolina (General Lane is now a citizen of Alabama and one of the professors in the A. and M. College at Auburn), and Gary's South Carolina cavalry driven from position and many of them dispersed through the woods.

Hancock was moving slowly but steadily forward. I was ordered over there to check the advance. We moved rapidly. I was on foot, having sent my horse to the rear out of reach of the shells. When we reached the Darbytown Road, or near it, we were just in front of the Confederate line of forts and entrenchments which extended northward from Drewry's Bluff, the point at which the James River was obstructed and defended by our heaviest guns. These forts and entrenchments were unoccupied. I knew that if Hancock's corps got into these it would be very difficult to get them out and would put the city of Richmond in peril. I found General Anderson, and reported to him. He told me that his brigade had been knocked to pieces, except a few men of the Eighth Georgia, who were still firing from a piece of woods some distance north of where he then was. I asked him for orders, as I had not received any except through a courier, to go up there and check, if possible, the enemy's advance. He said, "Well, if you think that you can do anything with them, just go tearing at them," and pointed to a line of battle nearly a mile long, with heavy supports in the rear, moving steadily toward us through a large field. The left of this line was nearly opposite to us and the right of it extended into the woods farther than I could see. Our regiments were marching left in front. I counter-marched and gave the command, "Forward, right-oblique, march!" Colonel Lowther, who was present with his regiment, repeated my command, and his regiment conformed to it. We marched through the woods about one hundred and fifty yards, when we came to a little old rail fence at the edge of the field, where we confronted the enemy's left, slightly overlapping him in consequence of the right-oblique movement which I had resorted to for the purpose.

We were not fifty steps apart when both lines opened a terrific fire. Colonel Lowther was wounded in the side, and retired, leaving in command of the Fifteenth Capt. Blant Hill, who within

*Since writing the above I have learned that Gen. Sanders was killed several days later near Petersburg.

a few minutes was also wounded, from which he died in an officers' hospital in Richmond several days subsequently.

Captain Shaaff then succeeded to the command of that regiment. Captain Strickland received a severe wound. Just as he was pointing with his left hand, showing one of his men where to aim, a ball struck between his little finger and the one next to it, and coming out at his wrist cut off the lower half of his left ear and all that side of his hat brim. He was in the hospital with me and suffered a great deal with that hand.

Several were killed, and many ghastly wounds were inflicted on the Fifteenth, which manfully held its position at the fence. I made the Forty-eighth get over the fence and boldly charge against the enemy's flank, overlapping and enfilading their line, and consequently drove it back about two hundred yards. But this was at a fearful sacrifice of life. It was necessary, however, in order to check Hancock's advance. I was ordered there for that purpose; I knew the importance of it, and resolved to do my duty at all hazards. General Anderson (who became a citizen of Anniston, Alabama, after the war, and died in 1901) did not believe that I could accomplish anything, and hence declined to order me to attack. To have gotten in the forts and entrenchments and awaited the advance of the enemy would not have been effective. It would have been a compliance with the letter of the order I received, but not with the spirit of it, as we would soon have been overpowered and captured. I decided instantly on a bold attack, and it succeeded in checking their advance until other troops arrived, which saved the position to the Confederates.

General Hancock told me in 1868 that if he had known at the time that the attacking party consisted of only two small regiments he would have made my personal acquaintance then, for he would have captured all of us and have pushed on toward Richmond; but that he was apprehensive that there was a heavy force behind us in the woods, which was the reason for the vigorous shelling by his artillery.

Some of my men fell dead or horribly wounded at every step, but the brave fellows ("Fortykins," the Fifteenth and Fourth Alabama men used to call them) pressed forward, driving their enemy until a trench, which had been made by a farmer to turn the water on the hill side, had been reached. I ordered them to sit down in that and fire across the valley in our front, at the enemy on the opposite hill less than one hundred yards distant.

Every officer in the five left companies had been killed or disabled. I was standing just in rear of them with an oilcloth on my left arm and my sword in my right hand, when I caught a good long furlough. A ball passed through the oilcloth between my left arm and my body. Some of my men called out to me, "Colonel, get down in here with us; they will kill you." A moment later a ball struck me in my right arm, midway between the elbow and shoulder, breaking it in two, shivering and splintering the bone down to the elbow and upwards to within two inches of the shoulder joint. It struck with such force that it turned me half around and stunned me. I stepped to and leaned against a little apple tree. I was in great pain. One of those large Minie-balls strikes a hard blow. When it struck me my sword fell upon the ground, and my good right arm, mangled, hung down by my side. I beckoned to Lieut. Joe Hardwick, who came to me. I told him that I had lost my arm; to tell Captain Wiggenton to take command and to charge the enemy. I saw this done and as the attenuated line of "Fortykins" rose the hill on the other side a stream of prisoners whose splendid blue uniforms shone brightly in the sun in contrast with the dusty butternut jeans-clothes of the "Fortykins," ran past me to our rear, in greater numbers than their gallant captors, who pressed forward under the lead of the brave Wiggenton until they reached the crest, where I saw him fall and thought he was killed. A number of his men went down under the heavy fire encountered. Then the survivors were rolled backward down the hill, across the ravine, and up the slope, but halted at the old trench, where I stood until they halted and again occupied the ditch, and then I left them. The prisoners referred to had lain down in the tall grass of the ravine to avoid our fire, and when the regiment charged it ran over them; they threw down their arms and made for our rear. They were tired of war, and preferred a Confederate prison to being shot at. They were like the Irishman whom his general halted as he was fleeing from the field during the progress of the battle. The general upbraided and abused him for his cowardly conduct, when Pat responded, "Ah! Gin'ral, I had rither be a coward for the nixt two or three hours than to be a corpse all the rist o' me life." And yet there are demagogues in Congress who want the Government to give these prisoners a pension of two dollars per day for all the time they were held as prisoners of war.

The Forty-eighth regiment won imperishable honors on that day. No men, in any battle of the world, ever fought more heroically, on any field, than did the officers and men of that regiment near the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864. It went into the fight about 300 strong, with some 15 officers. It came out with but 51 men and 3 officers unhurt, and none of them were captured. The State ought to erect a monument inscribed, "*To the Forty-eighth Alabama Regiment, Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864, where it lost five-sixths of its men and four-fifths of its officers, and captured more prisoners than its total number present, and did not lose a prisoner.*"

The Fifteenth fought well and lost heavily in killed and wounded, but no prisoners.

I walked out to the woods, the balls flying around me, and giving me a lively apprehension that I might be shot in the back. There I found General Anderson, who dismounted one of his couriers and ordered him to aid me in mounting the horse. I started to ride to the rear, but soon found that I could not endure the pain it caused me. I dismounted, lay down in the shade, and dismissed the courier. After a few moments' rest I rose and proceeded alone a short distance, when I met Major-General Field, who stopped, expressed his regrets at my misfortune, and then asked the situation. I described it to him. Just then the brigades of Bratton and Benning came up in double-quick and went on into action. I then stopped and sat down in the shade of a tree. It was a very hot day, about 1 or 2 o'clock P. M., and my strength was nearly exhausted from the heat and fatigue of battle as well as the loss of blood. A little assistant surgeon of some Georgia regiment came along, gave me a little morphine, and was proceeding to bind up my shattered arm, when a shell struck the ground within a few feet of us and threw the dirt on and around us. He fled at a lively speed, and I uttered a short prayer (?) in his behalf as he departed. I was left alone for a short time, when two of the Fifteenth Alabama ambulance corps came to me. They did not have any litter or stretcher, and while they were debating the question as to how they could remove me, one remarked, "Look at the Yankees; we are gone up!" I looked and recognized a sergeant of the Forty-eighth in charge of about 250 prisoners, the same who ran to the rear when Wiggenton charged, as I have already described. I had them march up, and told one to take off his blanket, which was rolled around his shoulders, and

put me on it, and for six of them to take hold of it and carry me to the rear. They promptly obeyed. One of them gave me a canteen nearly full of whiskey, the very thing I most needed, as I was getting sick and very weak from loss of blood. They carried me about two miles in that blanket. While making the trip I drank all the whiskey, and without which I think that I should have fainted. It seemed to me the best I ever tasted. It was as delicious and cheering to me as to the old toper who, being "strapped" and unable to buy a drink, was sitting in front of a barroom longing and praying for a few more "drapths of the blessed crather," when a gentleman stepped in and called for a drink. Observing the disconsolate and hungry look of this son of Erin, he said, "Old man, come and take a drink." Thereupon the old fellow turned his eyes heavenward a moment, and then on the gentleman, and exclaimed, "Upon me soul, I th'ot it was an angel sp'aking to me!"

We met an ambulance, which took me to the field infirmary, where Surgeons Hudson, Burton, and Watkins were operating on the wounded. About one acre of ground was covered with the wounded and dying from those two regiments.

The doctors when about to administer the chloroform asked me if, after examining my wound, they should let me from under the influence and consult with me. I told them no; that I believed my arm would have to be amputated, but to do whatever they deemed best; that I had full confidence in them. I never had taken chloroform before, and I am satisfied the experience is very much like that of death. I knew what was being done when they sawed the bone; I heard it, but did not feel it. I awoke about sunset, lying at the foot of a tree on the ground, with the knapsack of old Jimmy Morris under my head. The old man was sitting by me crying; he thought I was dying. He at once inquired what he could do for me. I told him to go to Doctor Hudson and get me a good big drink of whiskey. He soon brought it, but it was not as large as I wanted. I drank it, and then requested him to write for me, which he did, and I dictated a letter to my father and mother, informing them that an hour before I had suffered the amputation of my right arm, but was doing well. A man came to me with my arm in his hand, a mournful expression on his face, and asked me what he should do with it. I told him that I did not care, as it was no longer of any service to me, but that he had better dig a hole and bury it. He did so, just on the oppo-

site side of the tree under which I lay. I was not in any pain and went to sleep and slept soundly until daylight the next morning, with one exception. There were groans and lamentations all around me, but one quite near was so loud that it awoke me. I was offended at being awakened from a sweet sleep, and inquired, "Who in the Devil is that making such loud complaints?" He spoke at once, saying, "Colonel, it is Wiggenton. I am shot through the thigh, a most painful flesh wound." I consoled him by drawing a comparison between my condition and his—I with my right arm gone and he only with a flesh wound through the thigh; he would get a furlough and go home just about the time I would be at the most critical period. I said to him, "Why, Captain, I saw you fall and was sure that you were killed. Instead of groaning and complaining, you ought to be rejoicing that you are alive!"

The next morning Wiggenton and myself were placed in an ambulance, and were followed by a long train of ambulances containing officers alone from the two regiments, and behind us a still longer train containing wounded soldiers. I and nearly all the officers went to Howard's Grove, which was in charge of Doctor Gaston, of Montgomery, Alabama, and all recovered except Captain Hill, of the Fifteenth Regiment, who went to the officers' hospital down town because he said it was visited by the ladies. He died of pyæmia.

Captain Strickland and myself had beds together in the same ward, and a more mischievous, mirthful, and companionable man I never saw. He was the man I needed near, to cheer me and divert my mind from brooding over my great loss. I was a young man of fine physical strength and activity, and to be so impaired by the loss of my right arm made me despondent and at times to feel a regret that I had not been killed. Strickland dispelled my gloom. The stewardess, who doled out the whiskey every evening to the badly wounded, was an old maid from North Carolina. The Captain was very fond of a drink, got up a courtship with the stewardess, and engaged to marry her for no other purpose than to obtain extra allowances of whiskey. His remedy was quite effective. But he carried it so far that as soon as he was able to walk around she insisted on having the marriage celebrated, so that it called out his inventive powers to avoid it. He told her to go down to her home in the good old "Tar heel" State, and he would come down and have a grand wedding. She hurried

off home, but the Captain did not show up. He was a general tease and mischief-maker.

There was a captain who came to the hospital sick. He was a green mountaineer, and Strickland teased that man until he begged his surgeon to move him to the lower end of the ward to avoid Strickland. We ate on a table between our beds. Each had but one hand, and we could aid each other. One morning when breakfast was late and I was hungry, they brought me two boiled eggs on the same tin plate with my hash. I had been admonishing him to abandon his wickedness and that we should each be more pious and better than we had been. Just then I took up the knife and chopped one of the eggs, which was bad, and it spread over the plate and ruined my breakfast. I swore at the mishap. Strickland yelled with laughter. I dropped back in the bed and began filling my pipe. He shouted, "Lost your religion, Colonel, at the first fire." Being really provoked, I replied, "Well, I don't care, it was a d——d poor breakfast anyway." He roared with laughter, and teased me about that ever afterwards.

My arm healed by first intention, and in two weeks I thought I was nearly well; but suppuration continued within, and my stump had to be split open to allow the pus to escape and thus avoid the danger of pyæmia.

Wm. J. Defnall, of my old company, the best wrestler and the most powerful man physically in the regiment, was carrying the colors of the Fifteenth that day. In the charge which was made that afternoon, when General Field, with Benning's, Bratton's, and Law's brigades drove back Hancock's corps and recaptured our entrenchments he had taken that morning, Defnall's right arm was jerked off at the shoulder joint and carried away by a shell. No trace of the arm could ever be found. He came to see me about a week or ten days after, and said he was almost well. During our conversation I wanted some fresh water, and he took a bucket, against my objection and remonstrance, and brought it. I told him that he had better be careful. He laughed and replied, "Why, Colonel, I am going home next week." The next day I was informed that he had secondary hemorrhage and was dying. A half hour later he was dead.

Just three weeks after I was wounded, one night when all the doctors, except Joseph A. Mudd, were down in the city at a ball, or some entertainment, the ligature sloughed off the subclavian artery and the blood poured out of me in a sluice. I sank very

rapidly. Doctor Mudd got to me, seized my shoulder, and stopped it. My bed was flooded with blood. I saw death close at hand. My whole life passed rapidly before me in panorama, and while I felt a regret that I had not been a better man, yet I was not afraid to die, but preferred to live. It was a very consoling thought that I had never committed any great crime. I scarcely had a hope of living through the night. I felt that if I recovered I would live a better and more thoughtful life. Doctor Mudd held my life in his hands until the other surgeons were sent for and arrived. I was too low to speak. The doctors and those about me thought I did not notice what they said, but I heard and understood everything. Nearly all of them advised Doctor Gaston to cut in and ligate the artery again, as the only chance. He said, "I am afraid that he might sink under the operation; he is a good young man and fine officer, and I want to save him if possible." One replied, "He will die anyhow; you had as well try it." Gaston said that he would try compression. No one agreed with him, who gave any opinion; but he laid off his coat, went to work, and succeeded. His compress on the artery held in the blood. He would not allow me to be moved, and kept me on the bloody bed for one entire day. When I was moved then, it was simply by raising me on strips of cloth until they could run the bed out from under me and put another one in its place. I soon began to improve, and so continued until I was able to go home in November.

In 1895, when I was Governor of Alabama, the office of Probate Judge of Montgomery County became vacant, and I had to appoint a judge for the unexpired term. Many lawyers were applying for the appointment, when Doctor J. B. Gaston's name was presented. On ascertaining that he desired the office, and remembering that he had saved my life, I appointed him. He made an excellent judge and the people have continued him in the office.

The Forty-eighth Alabama was reduced so low in numbers that I do not think it ever had present for duty thereafter at one time more than 100 men up to the surrender. I never commanded it any more; but, in justice to Captain Wiggenton, I recommended and caused his promotion to the rank of major, and he commanded the gallant old skeleton to the close. He was a good citizen of Cleburne County, Alabama, until his death in 1898.

The fighting went on at the front while I was confined to the hospital. Every few days some of my old comrades would come

in, wounded or sick, and invariably, when able, would visit me to see how I was doing. Jackson Ward, of my old company, was brought in shot through the bowels. On learning that he wished to see me, with some effort and difficulty, I walked down to his ward in the hospital. He was a large, tall, fine-looking young man, and a splendid soldier. I saw at a glance that he was mortally wounded. He desired me to telegraph his father to come to him. I told him that I would most willingly do so, but that candor required me to say he would never see his father again; that he could live but a few hours at most. He seemed to have difficulty in realizing his situation; but in less than three hours poor, brave Jack was dead. Little Davy Cannon, of my old company, was in the hospital slightly wounded. I sent him down town for a metallic burial case for the transportation of the remains of young Ward to his father in Alabama. I had promised him to do this in case of his son's death. I kept my promise and telegraphed him the sad tidings. The remains of the noble, patriotic young man were laid in the cemetery at Abbeville, where his father and two younger brothers have since been laid beside him.

While at the hospital James B. Long, a private in Company L, who was my brother-in-law, being the husband of my eldest sister, was brought there very sick of camp fever—a species of typhoid or typhus fever. Though illy able to walk fifty steps, I went to see him and found him a very sick man. He requested me to telegraph his wife to come to him. I consoled him the best I could, and persuaded him to wait until the afternoon and see whether there was any change in his condition, as it would take her at least three days, perhaps four, in the then crowded condition of the railroads, to come to Richmond from Alabama. I went to see him again late that afternoon. I saw that he was sinking rapidly, and told him it was quite impossible for him to last until his wife arrived. In fact, I saw that death was then on him. I sat by and held his hand while he, in a faltering voice scarcely above a whisper, said to me, "Don't let my wife and children suffer." I assured him I never would during the time I lived. He sank very rapidly, and a few minutes later expired. My house is his widow's home, and Doctor Ben. Long, William O. Long, Esq., and the wives of R. C. Granberry, of Dothan, and David Thurman, of Abbeville, are his children, and they can testify how well I have kept my promise. They were all small children when their father died. I took them and their mother as members of

my household, raised and educated them chiefly with my own means. They are the best of people, and the satisfaction of having performed more than the full measure of my promise and their gratitude are ample rewards to me. Such is my religion.

A Polish Jew named Coleman, who became attached to me before the war, went into the service in the Sixth Alabama in Capt. A. C. Gordon's company, and after many months' service was discharged for physical disability. Thereafter he was sutler to the Fifteenth as long as I remained with that regiment. As soon as he heard that I was wounded he left Alabama, where he then was, and came to Richmond to help me home. He waited on me a while, but I improved so slowly that he returned home, on my promise to write and let him know when I would be able to travel. I did so, and he came for me at once. He was one of the most liberal, big-hearted men I ever knew. Coleman was a good fellow, and I was his staunch friend. He died several years after the war in Eufaula, Alabama, where he was merchandising.

After I started I found that the journey fatigued me greatly, and I had to stop two days at Kingsville, South Carolina. Elijah W Lingo, of my old company, and one of the best men in the regiment, was going home on furlough, and he aided me greatly. After two days spent at Kingsville, where I received the best of attention from Doctor Oates, the surgeon in charge, I resumed my journey and reached home without suffering great pain or fatigue.

This was in the early part of November, as I now recollect. I met with universal sympathy from the people, which was the first bright lining to the dark cloud of despair which had for two or three months hung over me. Several times when trying to dress myself or to write, and a time or two when I got a fall by not being able to balance properly, I had felt a regret that I had not been killed instead of maimed; but the kindness and sympathy of the people made me desire to live, and thereupon I made a virtue of necessity and undertook to learn to do nearly everything that a man with two hands could, and I succeeded so well that I became entirely reconciled to my misfortune, and am now like the sailor who fell from the masthead of the ship and broke his leg—he thanked God it was not his neck. When I look back at the scenes and perils through which I passed I feel profoundly grateful that I was spared to enjoy life, to encourage my old comrades in their struggle for a competency, to aid in the rehabilitation of my de-

tated country, and to witness with pride its wonderful development and grand success—its rise, Phoenix-like, from its ashes. The capacity of the people and the elasticity of the South to surmount all obstacles reminds me of Baker's mule. Pete was the only animal the poor returned soldier had to plow and make a crop with in 1865, and he fell into a deep well. Baker tried every plan he could devise to get the mule out, and all of them failed. In despair he gave up the mule as lost and the well as ruined, and resolved to fill it up, thus burying Pete too deep for the resurrection, should mules be called; so he dumped in one load of dirt after another until the well was full, when out jumped old Pete, to the surprise of everybody. He climbed upward on every dump by main strength, and thus did the down-trodden and conquered South rise above every adversity dumped upon it, until she shines in splendor in her meridian glory as she approaches her zenith of prosperity and greatness. The death of the martyrs proves to be the seed of the church.

CHAPTER XXXVI

JUBAL A. EARLY AND HIS VALLEY CAMPAIGN IN '64.

Jubal A. Early Before the War—Wounded at Williamsburg in 1862—Opening of the Valley Campaign of 1864—His Raid on Washington—He Could Have Captured the City—The Fight at Kernstown—He Orders the Raid on Chambersburg in Retaliation for Outrages Committed by the Federals in the Valley—The Death of Generals Rodes and Ramseur—Sheridan's Cruelties—Fisher's Hill—Conduct of Confederate Troops During the Campaign.

General Early* graduated at West Point United States Military Academy, and after serving as a lieutenant in the Regular Army a few years, resigned and took up the law as a profession. In the war with Mexico he went with the Virginia volunteers and served to the peace. He located in one of the counties of southwestern Virginia, where he practiced law and took part in politics. He supported Douglas for President in 1860, and he was at the same time elected to the legislature. He opposed the secession of Virginia and voted against the ordinance. He was a Union man; but when the war began he went with his people, and was made colonel of the Twenty-third Regiment of Virginia infantry. When he got thoroughly into secession and war he was one of the most earnest and uncompromising rebels in the entire South, and after the close of the war he remained unreconstructed, and cursed the United States Government up to the day of his death, which occurred about 1890. He never cared much for society—never married, but was quite an interesting conversationalist. He was a man of the highest integrity and condemned in unmeasured terms whatever he thought was wrong, despised false pretense and hypocrisy. He was of the highest courage and a skilful general in strategy, but too slothful in execution.

At Williamsburg, Virginia, in the spring of 1862, when the Army of Northern Virginia was falling back toward Richmond,

*His name was Jubal, but his soldiers called him "Old Jube" or "Jubilee."

Early's brigade fought Hancock's, and made it a drawn battle, but Early was severely wounded. As soon as he recovered enough to ride, even when he had to be assisted to mount, he was at his post in the field again. No one performed his duties more faithfully. He commanded Ewell's division after the second battle of Manassas, and the following winter was promoted to be a major-general. In May, 1864, after Lieutenant-General Ewell was injured by his horse being killed and falling on him, Early commanded the Second Corps as the senior major-general.

At this time General Lee was contending with General Grant's immense army, and sorely needed all the troops he had. General Sigel, with an army of 15,000 men, was slowly moving up the Valley, with a view to destroying the railroad west of Lynchburg, which Generals Crook and Averell, with their cavalry, had been prevented from doing by Gen. John H. Morgan's command. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, with his command, was ordered into the Valley, to resist Sigel's advance. Breckinridge arrived promptly. He had but two brigades of infantry and two batteries of artillery, in all about 3,000 men. The cadets from the military school at Lexington, Virginia, about 200, joined him, and so did the Skeleton brigade of Imboden's cavalry. At Staunton he was joined by Colonel Harmon and a few home guards, which were utilized to guard the wagon-train. Breckinridge made a rapid march and met Sigel at New Market. He was surprised at Breckinridge's arrival, fell back out of the village, and formed his lines to receive the attack. It was made in gallant style, and Sigel's troops soon gave way and made a rapid retreat before less than one-third their number. Breckinridge captured 5 pieces of artillery and 500 prisoners. Sigel's loss in killed and wounded was greater than that of the Confederates. It was a great victory for Breckinridge, considering the disparity in numbers. The battle was fought on the 15th day of May. Sigel retreated across the Shenandoah and burned the bridge. General Lee ordered Breckinridge to join him with his command at Hanover Junction, where he arrived on the 20th.

After General Breckinridge left the Valley, General Sigel was superseded by Gen. David Hunter, with additional troops. The only Confederates left in the Valley were the brigades of Imboden and W. E. Jones. Hunter concentrated about Piedmont, and as he began to move south was met by Jones, with his brigade and Imboden's, and a few soldiers at home on leave, and fought Hun-

ter's immense force. Jones was killed, and his command routed, which left no one to oppose Hunter. General Lee ordered Breckinridge, with his division, to return at once to the Valley to check Hunter's advance. He promptly obeyed the order, but his division was only strong enough to delay Hunter, not to engage him in a regular battle.

On the 13th of June General Lee sent Major-General Early, with the Second Corps, then numbering only between eight and nine thousand muskets, and two battalions of 32 pieces of artillery, to meet Hunter. They arrived at Lynchburg about the same time. The next morning Early prepared to attack, and Hunter, although he had double the number of the Confederates, declined battle, and precipitately retreated. A guilty conscience for his vandalism perhaps aided his flight. Early pursued him closely until after he had passed beyond Staunton in the direction of the Kanawha River. Early then had ten or twelve thousand men, and in obedience to Lee's orders marched down the Shenandoah Valley in the direction of Harper's Ferry.

On the 5th and 6th days of July he crossed the Potomac, passed through the gaps in South Mountain, to the north of Maryland Heights, which were occupied. He sent a brigade of cavalry to cut the railroads from Baltimore to Harrisburg, between Washington and Baltimore, and to Frederick City. His advance division, under Gordon, encountered Lew Wallace's division entrenched on the opposite side of the Monocacy River, but after a lively engagement brushed that army out of the way, taking 650 prisoners; some six or seven hundred were killed and wounded on each side. The victory was a great tribute to the skill and courage of General Gordon and his division of veterans.

Early pushed on to Washington—as those not well informed supposed, with the purpose of capturing it. The heat and dust impeded his progress, but his troops arrived there on the 11th.

General Gordon in his book (p. 314) says:

I myself rode to a point on those breastworks at which there was no force whatever. The unprotected space was broad enough for the easy passage of Early's army without resistance. It is true that, as we approached, Rodes's division had driven in some skirmishers, and during the day (July 11) another small affair had occurred on the Seventh Street Road; but all the Federals encountered on this approach could not have manned any considerable portion of the defenses. Undoubtedly we could have marched into Washington; but in the council of war called by General Early there was not a dissenting opinion as to the impolicy of entering the city.

In Wilkerson's "Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Union Army" it is said (p. 216) :

Toward evening General Augur drew a heavy body of troops from our thin defensive line and sent them out to feel of Early's men. Naturally the latter objected to being felt of. So they promptly killed and wounded 300 of Augur's men. These having had enough of dallying with savage-tempered and veteran Confederate infantry, scurried back to our entrenchments.

On p. 219 Wilkerson says:

Could Early have captured Washington on July 11-12, 1864? I unhesitatingly answer, Yes. I supplement this by saying that he could have taken the city without losing more than 1,000 men. But if he had taken it, his poorly-clad, poorly-fed, impoverished men would inevitably have gone to plundering, would inevitably have gotten drunk and stayed drunk, and he would have lost his entire army.

The conclusion of the author that Early's men would all have gotten drunk, gone to plundering, and all have been captured was very erroneous. It was quite true that Early was ordered only to threaten Washington so as to draw troops from Grant's army in front of Petersburg and to release the prisoners at Point Lookout, if practicable. He accomplished the first but not the second object. I cannot understand the unanimity of opinion of Early and his generals against capturing the Capital. They knew that a heavy force would be sent by Grant and that there was assembling a large army at or near Harper's Ferry, but they might have captured Washington, blown up the White House, the Capitol, and public buildings, and have escaped into Virginia on the 12th, before the arrival of the Sixth Corps, and the temptation to have done it, the pride and gratification it would have inspired in the Confederate soldiers and citizens, would have justified the risk of capture.

During the night of the 12th two corps of troops from Grant's army arrived, manned the fortifications, and advanced the next morning to find that Early had retreated, and thus the opportunity of capturing Washington was lost.

General Early retreated on the night of the 12th toward the Valley of Virginia, pursued by a considerable force.

On the morning of the 14th he recrossed the Potomac in safety, carrying with him the prisoners taken at Monocacy, a large herd of cattle, and many horses. There was that day some skir-

mishing between the cavalry of the opposing parties at the rear and at the crossing of the river. Federal Generals Hunter and Sigel united their forces at Harper's Ferry. Early retreated to Strasburg. A good part of the force which pursued him from Washington turned back to that place. Crook, with his force from West Virginia, united with Hunter and Sigel and Averill's cavalry at Kernstown, a few miles south of Winchester.

On the 22d Early determined to attack these forces at once, and moved on them. After driving in their skirmishers he discovered that the Union left flank was exposed, and he ordered Breckinridge to take Echols's division, turn and attack it, which was done with great success. It threw the whole Union line into confusion and caused that army to retreat, which, before a vigorous pursuit, became a rout. His loss was light, while theirs was heavy—many caissons and seventy wagons were burned—and the retreat of the Union troops ceased only when they reached Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights.

On the 26th Early's army was encamped near Martinsburg. He noted the fact that General Hunter, who was more noted as an expert in deeds of arson than for feats of arms, had caused to be burned the private residences of Messrs. Boteler, Andrew Hunter, Edmund Lee, and others. Several small towns were burned by Union troops. Ladies had been insulted and maltreated in some cases. Early decided that he would open the eyes of the Northern people to such enormities by retaliation. Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, was the most convenient point. He ordered General McCausland, with his brigade of cavalry, Johnson's, and a battery of artillery, to proceed to that place, and demand of the municipal authorities one hundred thousand dollars in gold, or five times that sum in greenbacks, as a compensation for the destruction of houses of Virginians and destruction of private property in other towns within the Confederate States.

On July 30th McCausland reached Chambersburg and made the demand. It was not complied with. The people said that they were not afraid of their town being burned. When Lee was there the year before he had private property protected, and they had no idea that their town would be burned, and hence they ignored Early's order. They soon found that his policy was quite different from Lee's of the previous year. The provocation was great, but with General Lee's example before him, General Early was wrong. Burning of private property and towns was well-

nigh savagery, and the officer who ordered, or permitted it, no matter which side he was on, has ever since been condemned by a righteous public opinion.

They also said that a large force of Union soldiers were coming and would soon relieve them. McCausland had fire set to the town in many places, and about two-thirds of it was laid in ashes. He then proceeded to Cumberland, but was prevented from giving it similar treatment by finding a strong force there. He captured a few prisoners, destroyed a railroad bridge, and recrossed the Potomac back to Virginia. General Averell pursued from Chambersburg, overtook and surprised Johnson's brigade, capturing the 4 pieces of artillery and about 300 prisoners. So General Early's retaliatory measures failed to fructify. It was a good deal like Need Smith said of the Yankees at Suffolk, Va., where there were many days of skirmishing. It was comparatively quiet on his part of the line, but another man in the company got behind a tree, a little in advance of the line, and was exchanging shots with a blue-coated sharp-shooter, when Smith said, "Tom, what in the Devil do you mean?" Tom replied, "Why, I want to kill that Yankee sharp-shooter." Smith said, "You are a fool! Don't you know that if you kill him that you will make some of them fellows over there mad, and they will disturb our rest over here all the time?" Early's policy made them mad, and a feeling of revenge stimulated their efforts to drive his army out of the Valley. It never pays to do wrong to spite some one else for having acted likewise. This is true of armies as well as individuals.

At once three large corps were concentrated at Harper's Ferry under the command of Union General Sheridan. His army, infantry and artillery, was at least 30,000 strong, with 10,000 cavalry added. Early had at this time about 9,000 infantry present for duty, 3 battalions of artillery, something less than 50 pieces; about 3,500 cavalry, or mounted men, and 2 batteries of horse artillery—a total of less than 15,000 of all arms, while Sheridan's was upwards of 40,000, or nearly three to one. Early formed his line of battle some two miles beyond or northeast of Winchester. Major-General Ramseur's division held the front on a plateau between Abraham's Creek and Red Bud Run, on the Berryville Road, with Nelson's artillery battalion along the line, and Brigadier-General Lomax, with Jackson's and Johnson's cavalry, on the right watching the valley of the Front Royal Road, while

General Fitzhugh Lee was on the left beyond the Red Bud Creek. These troops thus formed received Sheridan's attack and held him in check. About 10 o'clock A. M. Rodes's and Gordon's divisions arrived, and were concealed in the woods. Just then was discovered heavy bodies of troops moving, one to attack Ramseur's front and the other to turn his left flank. Rodes's and Gordon's divisions were at once hurled against the flank of these columns, which proved to be the Sixth and Nineteenth corps. The fighting was severe. To the left flank of Gordon's division Evans' brigade was sent to the assistance of their Georgia brethren, and ere long these two corps of the Union army were driven from the field by these two divisions, at that time not numbering over 6,000 men. It was a nice victory, but the gallant Rodes was killed. It was not yet midday, and but two of Sheridan's corps had been engaged. He still had Crook's corps and 10,000 cavalry which had not been engaged. With these troops Sheridan attacked Early's left that afternoon along the Martinsburg Road. Early's strength had been greatly diminished by heavy losses and exhaustion of that morning. One of the heaviest and most irreparable losses was that of Major-General Rodes, the best general Alabama contributed to the war. His home was in Tuscaloosa, and he went out as colonel of the Fifth Alabama Regiment. He was an excellent officer, and won his promotion by meritorious conduct. He was one of the best division commanders in the Confederate Army.

The attack of the afternoon was temporarily repulsed, but on account of Sheridan's immense cavalry, extending from the Martinsburg Pike, three miles to the west, the Confederates, hearing the fighting against the advance of Sheridan's right wing, concluded that his forces were in the rear, and the men began a hasty retreat. Gordon, Breckinridge, and Echols did all they could to check it and aid General Early, but he had to give up Winchester. He formed a new line south of the town, and by vigorous use of the artillery Sheridan's infantry was checked until after night. Early, having sent all his sick, wounded, and supplies which he could transport to Fisher's Hill, several miles south, he moved back to Newton that night, where his troops bivouacked two miles from Winchester.

The next morning he fell back to Fisher's Hill. General Early said in his "Memoirs," after the war: "When I look back to this battle I can but attribute my escape from utter annihilation to the

incapacity of my opponent." Early's losses were great, considering the smallness of his command, but were not near so great as were represented by the victors, nor near so great as were their own.

On the 22d of September Sheridan began an attack on Early at Fisher's Hill, but the latter, fully cognizant of his weakness and great inferiority in numbers, had resolved to retreat that night; but late in the afternoon Crook's corps made a vigorous assault upon the divisions of Ramseur and Pegram, and caused those divisions to retire in confusion and with considerable loss. Early retreated up the Valley with some skirmishing going on in the rear.

It has been stated in this chapter that Early supported Douglas, who was in favor of squatter sovereignty, for the Presidency in 1860. Breckinridge was the Presidential candidate of the extreme Pro-slavery Democracy, who insisted on the right of the slave-owner to take his slave into any of the territories and own him there with the protection of the Federal Government. While on this retreat up the Valley from Fisher's Hill, Early, Breckinridge, and one or two other generals, and several staff officers, were riding slowly along the pike in a drizzling rain, the guns of Sheridan's pursuing force heard occasionally in the rear, the generals silent and sad at their recent defeats, when Early, raising his sharp voice to a rather high key, said, "Breckinridge, what do you think now of the right to own slaves in the territories?" Breckinridge laughed, shook his head, and muttered, "It looks gloomy."

Early continued his retreat to a point between North River and Mount Sidney. Sheridan's army encamped about Harrisonburg.

On October 5 Early was reinforced by Kershaw's division, numbering 2,700 muskets; a battalion of artillery, 16 pieces; and Rosser's brigade of cavalry, over 600 strong. As soon as the Union troops discovered that reinforcements were arriving they retreated down the Valley.

The next morning Early moved in pursuit and reached New Market on the 7th. Rosser spread out on country roads, and had a brush nearly every hour with small commands that were engaged in burning wheat and hay stacks, mills, barns, and occasionally a residence. In Rockingham County alone there were burned by Sheridan's orders, as ascertained by officials of the county, 30 dwelling houses, 451 barns, 31 mills, over 100,000

bushels of wheat, 50,000 bushels of corn, 6,200 tons of hay, 100 miles of fence, 1,750 head of cattle, 1,700 horses, 4,200 head of sheep, and 3,350 head of hogs taken, 3 factories and 1 iron furnace burned, and a vast number of reapers, mowers, and farming implements destroyed; also household furniture was in many cases broken up, or carried to the soldiers' camps, and several citizens were robbed of gold and silver whenever it could be found. When a protest was made by citizens to Sheridan, he is reported to have said that he intended "To make the Valley of Virginia so destitute of subsistence that a crow could not fly across it without carrying his rations with him." Never having heard of any denial of the truth of this statement, nor of his responsibility for those savage acts of vandalism, the writer of these pages never would seek, nor accept, an introduction to him, not even when he was the ranking general of the United States Army. And when Sheridan was on his death-bed, the writer voted against a bill to promote him before he died. The writer called for a division (he being at that time a member of Congress), and when appealed to not to press that motion, withdrew it on condition that his vote be recorded against the bill. Sheridan was an able general, but was brutal in his methods. The writer has learned of late years that Sheridan was but carrying out Grant's instructions when destroying private property and making the Valley desolate.

On the 12th Early moved forward to Fisher's Hill. The Union army was on the north bank of Cedar Creek in rifle pits. He saw that they were too well fortified to attack in front, so he determined to turn one flank and attack in the rear. He sent Gordon at midnight, with his own, Ramseur's and Pegram's divisions, to turn the Federal left flank and attack before daylight, and Early himself would go with Kershaw's and Wharton's divisions and all the artillery along the pike through Strasburg, and attack the front and left flank as soon as Gordon became engaged, while his cavalry under Rosser and Wickham should keep the Union cavalry engaged and from getting in any work on the Confederate infantry; and well did they do their work. General Rosser performed very effective service. Gordon's column, it was reported, had an unavoidable delay in crossing the river and hence did not attack until daylight, but at both ends of the line Early's attack was successful. The truth is that General Gordon climbed to the top of the rugged Massanutten Mountain, where with his glasses he observed the exact situation

of the Union army and saw that its left flank was without support except such as was afforded by the supposed impassable mountain and river below. He saw that the front and left were strongly fortified and manned so that an attack on those parts of their line could not be made by Early's army with much hope of success; but Gordon's keen strategical eyes saw that if he could get his corps across that rugged mountain unobserved by the Union commander that he could turn the left flank, surprise him, and win a great victory. He searched for a way, and the only one he found was a footway through the dense forest on the side of the mountain along which his men could march single file. He returned and reported to General Early, who ordered him to put his plan into execution, and gave the necessary orders to the other commanders of his army. At night General Gordon put the old Second Corps of veterans in motion and successfully crossed the mountain. Gordon denied that he was obstructed or delayed in crossing, but purposely waited until early dawn to cross the river, which he did successfully, got completely on the Union flank, attacked and drove that wing of the Union army in utter confusion from the field. The Nineteenth and Crook's corps were put to flight, a number of prisoners, several pieces of artillery, and many stands of small arms were taken, and a large number of the Unionists killed or wounded, with a comparatively small loss to the Confederates. The Sixth Corps was in position on a hill to the rear, and Gordon was concentrating his artillery and infantry on it to drive it away from the field, or destroy it, which would surely have been done; but just then General Early arrived on that part of the field, highly elated by the success, and said, "Glory enough for one day," and stopped the advance. Generals Gordon, Evans, Ramseur, Pegram, and Colonel Carter, chief of the artillery, were all of the opinion that if the attack on the Sixth Corps then about to be put into execution had not been interrupted it would have been completely successful and it as badly routed and demoralized as the other two, and that Sheridan, notwithstanding his famous ride, could not have rallied his broken army and have returned it to the field that day. A great victory was spoiled by delay. Its fruits, though great, were lost before the setting of the sun which had risen on the blue-coats flying in disorder from the field before the old gray-jackets in hot

pursuit. "Glory enough for one day!" A glorious opportunity was lost.

Later in the day Sheridan returned with these corps, some fresh troops, rallied his numerous cavalry, and made a vigorous attack on Early. His cavalry swarmed on and around the flanks of the Confederate army and drove it from the field and far beyond. It was reported by General Early that the ranks of most of the Confederate regiments were very thin, in consequence of absentees who were plundering the camps captured that morning. This was denied by General Gordon and other prominent officers, who claim that the men remained in ranks and displayed the same courage and high soldierly qualities as they had always theretofore, and that the disastrous defeat was attributable to General Early's halting the assault which was moving against the Sixth Corps that morning. The assaults of Sheridan's troops and the charges of his cavalry were repulsed several times. At length Evans's Georgia brigade gave way, which was followed by Gordon's division. He did all he could to rally and hold them, but could not. The infection extended to the other divisions, and they gave way. Major-General Ramseur, while holding his ground with only a few hundred men of his division, was killed. He was another of the most valuable division commanders in the Confederate Army. The victory of Sheridan was complete. He recaptured all the guns his army lost in the morning, one-half of Early's, and took many prisoners. Early retreated to New Market. His losses were 23 pieces of artillery, several ordnance wagons, medical wagons, about 2,000 killed and wounded, and about 1,200 prisoners. Sheridan's loss in killed and wounded largely exceeded Early's, who also took and carried with him on his retreat 1,500 of Sheridan's men, prisoners taken in the morning battle. Sheridan's force was greatly superior to Early's, especially in cavalry. In that branch it was more than three times as great. General Rosser, commanding the Confederate cavalry, greatly distinguished himself and troopers by their efficiency.

In November, after a good part of Sheridan's army had been sent to Grant, Early again advanced to the point of Cedar Creek, from which he had previously been driven, and there confronted Sheridan for two days; but the latter made no effort to attack him, and then retired slowly up the Valley again. This was practically the end of the Valley campaign, except some raids and considerable captures made by General Rosser.

The skeleton regiments of the Second Corps, under Gordon, were sent back to Lee at Petersburg, where they continued to the close at Appomattox the next spring. No better soldiers ever went into battle than they were.

The conduct of the Confederate troops at Winchester, at Fisher's Hill, and again at Cedar Creek, was as praiseworthy as on other occasions. Their experience was so great, they had been in so many battles, that many of them thought they knew when their position was precarious as well as their commanders, and no troops are so daring or hard to break when in despair of success as when their hopes are high. Evans's brigade was Gordon's old brigade of six Georgia regiments, and under his immediate command never gave way in an engagement, nor could it be driven from its position. But the ranks in all the regiments were then so attenuated that when so overwhelmingly outnumbered they were more easily demoralized than formerly. The soldiers everywhere saw the Confederacy was bound to fall long before the officers would admit it.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE TWO HILLS

A Wag's Allusion to the Two Hills—A Comparison of the Two—D. H.'s Eccentricities—He Censures General Bragg and Offends Davis—A. P. and His "Light Division"—Killed at Petersburg—The Highest Compliment Ever Paid Him That of the Last Words of Jackson and Lee.

Some wag wrote in a Richmond paper, in 1862, in reply to a prediction that General McClellan with his powerful army would soon be in Richmond, "That he would have to make Lee-way, travel a Longstreet, and cross two Hills before he got there," which he never would do.

The Generals Hill had such a conspicuous part in the war that any account of the hard fighting around that capital which omitted special mention of them would be incomplete.

Daniel H. Hill was born in South Carolina July 12, 1821, and graduated at West Point in 1842.

Ambrose Powell Hill was born in Virginia November 9, 1825, and graduated at West Point in 1847.

They each served in the Regular Army and had good standing therein. D. H. Hill resided in North Carolina when the war began, and he went into it as colonel of the First North Carolina Infantry; and won his first distinction in a small battle between his regiment and about an equal force at Big Bethel Church. He was thereafter sometimes called "Big Bethel Hill."

A. P. Hill entered the Confederate service as colonel of the Thirteenth Virginia infantry. They were each promoted through all the intermediate grades up to that of lieutenant-general. When they reached the rank of major-general and were assigned to the command of divisions, D. H. had five brigades and A. P. six, and his was called "The Light Division." I never knew why, unless because it was the heaviest division in the army.

D. H. Hill's brigades were large and his division a fine one.

The Hills were not related, nor rivals in any sense, but they were equally brave and hard fighters.

While D. H. fought as hard and his troops seemed to have been as good, and usually as skilfully put into action as A. P.'s troops, yet the latter's efforts were more fruitful in good results. It was not fate; there was a cause. It must have been because the former was less considerate, rash, and more irritable than the latter.

D. H. Hill was a very eccentric man. When a certain number of men from his command, by order of the commanding general were to be granted furloughs to visit their homes, a member of a band was one of the fortunate ones who had in the lottery won a furlough. His papers stated that he was a faithful musician. General Hill endorsed upon it, "Disapproved; shooters preferred to tooters."

When a man made an application for furlough who had a wife and had not seen her in nearly three years, his company and regimental commanders commended him highly, stating that he was a fine soldier and had been present and most efficient in every battle. His brigadier forwarded his application, but disapproved it, on the ground that so good a soldier could not be spared for thirty days. When it reached General Hill he wrote on it: "If such men as this are not allowed to visit their homes sometimes, all the children born during the war will be the children of cowards. Respectfully forwarded, approved."

When he was in command in North Carolina and had General Foster cooped up in the little town of Washington with his command entirely surrounded, and the river blockaded with a Whitworth cannon, Foster, who had allowed his troops to commit many depredations upon the homes and property of the citizens thereabout, sent a flag of truce to Hill to know upon what terms he could surrender. It is said that Hill replied at once, saying: "The officers and men under your command will be treated as prisoners of war, but you will be castrated."

That night Foster went down the river in a boat. They burst the Whitworth firing at it, which raised the blockade, and the Union troops escaped capture.

He commanded a corps at the battle of Chickamauga and censured General Bragg very severely for not vigorously following up his victory, and then got up a petition to have Bragg removed from the command, which offended President Davis, and he relieved Hill from his command, thereby terminating his active connection with the war, except in North Carolina just before Johnson's surrender. He died about fifteen years after the peace.

A. P. Hill continued in the Virginia army. After Jackson's death Lee reorganized his army, dividing it into three corps, and Hill was given command of the Third Corps. His "Light Division" was in Jackson's corps up to his death, and in the reorganization was broken up.

He was one of the ablest and most reliable division commanders and a very efficient corps commander. He was always ready to fight, and made his greatest error in bringing on the great battle of Gettysburg at that place without orders and without consulting his chief. He acted prematurely, and caused the battle to be fought at a place not chosen or desired by Lee.

On the 2d day of April, in the last fighting which occurred around Petersburg, he was killed. The highest compliment paid to his efficiency and reliability was that a command to him were the last words uttered by Jackson and by Lee. In the delirium of death in Jackson's wandering mind he was about to engage in a great battle, and said, "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action."

The last words uttered by the great Robert E. Lee were, "Tell Hill he must come up."

This showed how implicitly these two great commanders relied upon their best lieutenant, A. P. Hill.

It is not unusual for one who has been a great actor in the most momentous scenes of life in the last moments to be mentally passing through them again. Napoleon was the greatest captain of the age in which he lived. When dying in exile at St. Helena his last sentence was, "Tete d'armee" (at the head of the army). A moment still, then he shouted "Josephine," and sprang off the bed to catch her in his arms, and breathed no more. She had been dead many years.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

JOHN B. HOOD AND HIS CAMPAIGNS.

Hood Graduated from West Point—His Rapid Rise From Captain to Full General—Loses a Leg at Chickamauga—Made Lieutenant-General—In Command of Army of Tennessee, Succeeding Gen. Joseph E. Johnston—The Struggle Before Atlanta—Handicapped by Lukewarmness and Incompetency of Some of His Generals—Correspondence Between Hood and Sherman—Protest of Mayor of Atlanta—Davis's Palmetto Speech—Hood's Disappointment at Spring Hill and His Bitter Complaint Thereat—The Battle at Franklin—The Campaign to the Alabama Line—Relieved From Duty With the Army of Tennessee—His Last Service and Surrender—After the War.

In a previous chapter we suspended the narration of the movements of the Army of Tennessee with the removal of General Johnston and the installation of Hood as its commander on July 18, 1864.

General Hood was born in Kentucky in 1832, and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1849, when seventeen years old. He graduated in 1853 in the same class with Sheridan, McPherson, and Schofield. He continued in the Regular Army until secession, when he resigned. He entered the Confederate Army as a captain of cavalry in the army of General Magruder on the Peninsula near the James River, Virginia. His promptness in the obedience of orders and his efficiency in drill and discipline secured his rapid promotion. He was soon appointed colonel of the Fourth Texas infantry.

During the winter of 1861-62 he drilled and disciplined it until he made it one of the finest regiments in the army. Early in 1862 he was made a brigadier-general and assigned to the command of the Texas Brigade. He had adopted that State as his home, which made his assignment to the command of that brigade altogether appropriate. He did such splendid fighting with it during the summer of 1862 that it won a fine reputation for itself and its commander. In the latter part of that year he was given a division and made a major-general. At Gettysburg his division

was nearly 9,000 strong. In that great battle Hood lost one of the bones of his left forearm. In September, before he was well, he commanded all of Longstreet's corps that had arrived and was in action in the battle of Chickamauga. In this battle he lost one of his legs, which disabled him for many months.

In the spring of 1864, having been made a lieutenant-general, he was assigned to the command of a corps in the Army of Tennessee. He was singularly devoted to duty; was always present, and exposed himself recklessly in time of battle. He was prompt in the obedience of orders and generally too ready to fight, needing to be curbed in his impetuosity. He was a man of many noble traits of character. He loved the soldier who did his duty. The writer was personally acquainted with him and served in his division during the year 1863. In May of that year I had been commanding the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment since in the fall of 1862. I was the second captain in rank in the regiment. The field officers were absent sick, and Hood, with General Law's recommendation, had me appointed a colonel in the Provisional Army, and assigned to the command of the regiment as such, for which act I was grateful.

When General Johnston was removed from command of the Army of Tennessee, Hood was made a full general and assigned to the command of it. It is a piece of unwritten history, called rumor, that Mr. Davis offered the command of that army to Lieutenant-General Hardee, but I cannot find any record of it. He was worthy of such confidence according to his conduct up to that time. It is said that he replied to Mr. Davis that if General Johnston could not command that army skilfully and successfully, he could not, and declined the honor. Hood says in his book, "Advance and Retreat" (p. 162):

The senior corps commander considered he had been supplanted through my promotion, and thereupon determined to resign, in consequence, I have no doubt, of my application to President Davis to postpone the order transferring to me the command of the army; he [Hardee] however altered his decision, and concluded to remain with his corps.

From Hardee's subsequent conduct as reported I do not believe Mr. Davis ever offered him the command of that army. If Hood and Lieut-Gen. A. P. Stewart are to be believed, and there is no reason to doubt their statements made in official reports of the battles of July 20th and 22d, Hardee's heart was not in either action, and he wholly failed to give Hood prompt obedience, and

signally failed in the performance of his duty. He did not attack the enemy in their exposed position on the 20th until 4 o'clock P. M., although ordered to attack at 1 o'clock, most vigorously, and to carry everything before him. General Hood said officially that Hardee's attack was no greater than could have been made with a skirmish line, notwithstanding his corps was the largest and best in the army.

Human nature is the same the world over, with a few rare exceptions. Hood complains that General Johnston, after he was relieved from command, did not disclose to him the situation of his forces nor those of Sherman. He admits that Johnston remained during the 18th of July and sent orders in his name, and indicated that he would remain longer and aid with his advice, which was earnestly solicited; but without notice to him Johnston left on the night of the 18th, when the Yankees were within six miles of Atlanta.

Johnston was soured by his removal and his patriotism was not broad enough to induce him to remain and aid Hood to win a battle for the Confederacy which would immortalize Hood and vindicate the wisdom of the President in removing him from command.

Hardee felt humiliated by having Hood, whom he ranked, promoted over him. He did not look upon Hood in any sense as being his superior, and notwithstanding his devotion to the Confederate cause he failed to make his usually vigorous onslaught upon the enemy in obedience to Hood's order. He was dilatory and half-hearted. He never questioned the wisdom of Hood's order; he did not want to confide in his wisdom; and hence in lieu of his former dash and effectiveness he substituted inertia, or at least dilatoriness, and thus lost the opportunity of dealing a crushing blow and the probability of a victory for Hood and the Confederacy.

Wounded pride—offended human nature—is stronger than love of country, for which men are willing to die, except in very rare instances. Of all the great Confederate generals, Albert Sidney Johnston and Robert E. Lee are perhaps the only two who possessed so much unselfish patriotism, Christian spirit, and nobleness of soul as to have endured wounded pride, offended dignity, and degradation of rank, and even then would not have neglected an opportunity to aid their stricken and bleeding country. Gen. Joseph E. Johnson never could have soared to such a height. He was not constituted that way. He was too

hot-headed and irascible, and experienced great difficulty in suppressing his combativeness and holding his tongue; his early training alone enabled him to do that. General Hardee had so much of the same disposition that its influence on his course threw a cloud for a time on that splendid reputation he had made as a corps commander

On the 22d the situation of Sherman's army had not materially changed from what it was on the 20th. Some portions of it had advanced a little nearer to Atlanta.

On the evening of the 21st General Hood called together each of his corps commanders, Gen. G. W. Smith, of the Georgia State troops, and Gen. Joe Wheeler, his chief of cavalry, and gave to them specific instructions, and they all put their troops that night in the positions indicated, except Hardee, who was ordered to cut loose from the army and with his corps to march around McPherson's left, even if he had to go beyond Decatur, six miles from Atlanta, and into the rear of the Union line, and to attack at daylight or as soon thereafter as practicable. Wheeler was ordered to keep on Hardee's right and attack with him. No one criticised the plan or suggested alteration. It was a good plan, and was similar to Jackson's flank movement of Hooker's army at Chancellorsville which was so successful. Guides from Wheeler's cavalry, who knew every feature of the ground, were sent with Hardee. As he drove the Union line from right to left, Cheatham's right would join in driving them down and back upon Peachtree Creek; and as soon as Cheatham's line became engaged in the swing and was driving the Federals across his front, Gen. G. W. Smith would join in the advance, while General Stewart's corps on the left held Federal General Thomas's army from coming to the assistance of McPherson and Schofield. At daylight on the 22d Stewart, Smith, and Cheatham were in position behind rifle pits which they had thrown up during the night. Nothing was heard from Hardee until about 10 o'clock A. M., when skirmishing was heard going on directly opposite the Union left, which was in front of Cheatham's right and General Shoup's artillery. One of the divisions of Hardee's corps was marching against and attacking squarely in front the left of the Union line, which was refused, or bent back, a considerable distance to protect McPherson's left. Hardee, instead of obeying the order to pass clear around the Union left and to attack at daylight, or soon thereafter, in the rear, had only gotten on the flank, waited until 10 o'clock A. M., and was then only skirmishing in front of a forti-

fied line which it had been intended that he should completely turn and attack in the rear, as the fire of his field artillery then indicated. Hardee, instead of turning McPherson's flank and striking in the rear, with victory completely in his grasp had he gone on a little farther, had attacked his enemy's entrenched flank, by which he lost many men to no purpose. Hardee's troops, though put into action disadvantageously and differently from what was intended and ordered by General Hood, fought bravely, captured several breastworks, took 8 guns, 13 stands of colors, and retained their position in front of the enemy. Cheatham's corps made a front attack in support of Hardee, fought gallantly, captured 5 pieces of artillery and 6 stands of colors, but lost heavily in assailing entrenched positions. So the failure of General Hardee to attack as ordered had rendered Hood's plan abortive, no substantial good was accomplished, and many good men were killed or wounded.

A bad plan of battle well executed is infinitely better than the wisest plan imperfectly or abortively executed. The turning movement in this case seems to have been perfectly practicable. From six to eight miles to march, with no obstruction and good guides; whereas at Chancellorsville Stonewall Jackson had to march sixteen miles along dim roads and tangled wildwoods, but he reached the rear of his enemy, and Hardee failed. He did not go far enough, and was too slow about it. Celerity of movement wins battles and renown for generals, while slothfulness and inattention to orders lose battles and empires.

A great opportunity on the 20th and another on the 22d—lost opportunities, which of course bore legitimate fruit.

Just preceding the second battle of Manassas, Jackson swung from the larger body of Lee's army, turned the flank of the Union army under General Pope, and went to his rear; it undid Pope and drove him from Virginia, but there was but one Stonewall Jackson, on either side, in the Confederate War. Hood's plans were faultless, but badly executed.

General Hood in his book (p. 186) says:

While General Hardee had perhaps no superior as a corps commander during retreat in presence of the enemy, or in defensive operations, he was wanting in that boldness requisite for offensive warfare.

Soon after Sherman learned of the change of Confederate commanders, he states in his "Memoirs" (Vol. II, pp. 74, 75), a con-

versation between him and General McPherson occurred as follows:

McPherson had been of the same class at West Point with Hood, Schofield, and Sheridan. We agreed that we ought to be unusually cautious and prepared at all times for sallies and for hard fighting, because Hood, though not deemed much of a scholar, or of great mental capacity, was undoubtedly a brave, determined, and rash man; and the change of commanders at that particular crisis argued the displeasure of the Confederate Government with the cautious but prudent conduct of Gen. Joe Johnston.

Which shows what he thought of Hood and Johnston as generals.

On the 22d General McPherson was killed. Of him General Hood said:

No soldier fell in the enemy's ranks whose loss caused me equal regret. Although in the same class, I was several years his junior, and, unlike him, was more wedded to boyish sports than to books. Often, when we were cadets, have I left barracks at night to participate in some merry-making, and early the following morning have had recourse to him to help me over the difficult portions of my studies for the day.

Maj.-Gen. Frank P Blair, who commanded a corps in Sherman's army during the campaign against Atlanta, after the war said of Johnston and Hood:

I cannot help expressing regret that any misunderstanding should have occurred between two such gallant officers as General Hood and General Johnston, and their friends. Both of them were most meritorious officers and commanded the respect and admiration of their enemies. The great fault of both was that they did not have men enough to contend with Sherman's army.

No pitched battles were fought, but daily skirmishing continued near Atlanta during the greater part of August. The artillery firing was at times heavy, and many shells and rifle balls fired by the infantry skirmishers fell in the streets and sometimes penetrated houses. Sherman extended the bulk of his army gradually southward, keeping his back to the Chattahoochee River and fortifying as he extended his right, slowly reaching out for the West Point and Macon Railroad. All along during the month nothing much more than the usual skirmishing occurred, except that on the 6th heavy assaults were made on General Bate's division, which was handsomely repulsed with a loss to the Unionists of about 800 killed and wounded.

On the 7th General Cleburne's division was transferred to the extreme left, and on the 9th the position of that intrepid general and his fine fighting division awakened an apprehension in the besiegers, and the day was made memorable by the most furious and long-continued cannonade on the position of that division and the neighborhood that Atlanta experienced during the siege of forty days. Women and children sought refuge in cellars and everywhere which seemed to afford them any protection, in which they remained until night.

In the latter part of the month Hood moved the greater part of his army by its left flank southward to East Point and on the Rough and Ready Road, and toward Jonesboro, conforming somewhat to Sherman's extended line.

On the 19th General Kilpatrick, with his cavalry, reached the Macon Railway, and began tearing it up, but Gen. W. H. Jackson, with his division of Confederate cavalry, soon engaged and drove him away.

On the 22d Jackson attacked and drove away a brigade of Federal cavalry from tearing up the Augusta Railroad.

On the morning of the 30th Hardee's corps was in line in the vicinity of Rough and Ready, and Lee's corps on his right near East Point. Brig.-Gen. Frank Armstrong, who was in close observation of Sherman's movements, reported to Hood soon afterwards that at 6 P. M. a corps crossed Flint River, near Jonesboro, and made an attack upon Lewis's Kentucky brigade, and was repulsed. This indicated a battle. Hood at once ordered Hardee to move rapidly to Jonesboro that night and that Lee's corps would follow, and early the next morning to attack Sherman with both corps at Jonesboro and drive all the enemy who had crossed back into the river in their rear, which could be done only by attacking early in the morning of the 21st before another corps of Sherman's troops crossed. If successful, that night Lee's corps was to withdraw back to Rough and Ready and Stewart's corps and Smith's troops were to form on his right at East Point, and the whole force on the morning of September 1st to move forward and drive him down the Flint River and the West Point Railroad, the cavalry to hold in check the corps at the railroad bridge across the Chattahoochee River near the mouth of Peachtree Creek, whilst Hardee advanced from his position near Jonesboro, and on Lee's left. Hood tried to impress it upon his corps commanders, and especially upon General Hardee, that the fate of Atlanta

rested upon his ability and celerity of movement as the ranking corps commander; that he (Hood) would leave it to him to execute the plan successfully. Hood also told him that in the event he from any cause failed, to send Lee's corps at dark of the 31st to take position at Rough and Ready, in order to protect the retreat of the army to Lovejoy Station; because if his enterprise failed Atlanta would surrender the next day.

Hardee failed to make the attack until 2 o'clock P. M., when it was too late, and after Sherman had a strong force to confront him. He therefore failed to dislodge his enemy. General Lee expressed the opinion that if the attack had been made early in the forenoon it would have succeeded in driving the Union troops back across the river. The loss in the two corps was 1,400 in killed and wounded, which was not a heavy loss for the number engaged. So Lieut.-Gen. W. J. Hardee by his sloth and inactivity disobeyed Hood's orders, which showed that he was not adapted to, nor qualified for, aggressive campaigns. His failures under Hood greatly impaired the brilliant reputation he had won before he entered upon that campaign. Soon after he was taken from his corps and assigned to command the department of South Carolina.

At 5 o'clock P. M., September 1, 1863, Hood marched his troops out of Atlanta and left it for Sherman to take possession, which he did at once, and telegraphed his triumph to Washington through Grant.

After the surrender of Atlanta Hood desired at once to swing around by the west northward and operate to the rear of Sherman, but at Andersonville, between Macon, Georgia, and Eufaula, Alabama, were 34,000 Union prisoners, and Hood had to keep between Sherman and them until they were removed to another point.

Contrary to the rule observed by the Federal Government, immediately after the fall of Atlanta Sherman exchanged with Hood 2,000 prisoners.

Several weeks before the fall of Atlanta Hood ordered Wheeler with 4,500 of his cavalry to destroy the railroads and depots of supplies in Sherman's rear, hoping thereby to force him to retreat. He also caused the War Department to order Forrest to destroy the roads and supplies between Chattanooga and Nashville and also the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. Wheeler and Forrest each did splendid work; but Sherman marched through Georgia, just as Forrest predicted.

On the 7th day of September Sherman sent to Hood a written statement, saying:

I have deemed it to the interest of the United States that the citizens now residing in Atlanta should remove; those who prefer, to go South, and the rest North.

Then he proceeded to suggest the method of their removal. Hood replied, saying that he had no alternative, and complied so far as sending an officer and a guard and all the wagons he could spare to Rough and Ready to aid the poor people when expelled from their homes, and concluded thus:

And now, sir, permit me to say that the unprecedented measure you propose transcends, in studied and ingenious cruelty, all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war.

In the name of God and humanity, I protest, believing that you will find that you are expelling from their homes and firesides the wives and children of a brave people.

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

J. B. HOOD,
General.

Sherman replied, and in part said:

In the name of common sense, I ask you not to appeal to a just God in such a sacrilegious manner. You who, in the midst of peace and prosperity have plunged a nation into war—dark and cruel war; who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts that were left in the honorable custody of peaceful ordnance sergeants, seized and made “prisoners of war” the very garrison sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians, long before any overt act was committed by the (to you) hated Lincoln Government; tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into rebellion, in spite of themselves; falsified the vote of Louisiana; turned loose your privateers to plunder unarmed ships; expelled Union families by the thousands, burned their houses, and declared, by an act of your Congress, the confiscation of all debts due Northern men for goods had and received! Talk thus to the marines, but not to me, who have seen these things, and who will this day make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best-born Southerner among you! If we must be enemies, let us be men, and fight it out as we propose to do and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge us in good time, and he will pronounce whether it be humane to fight with a town full of women and the families of the brave people at our back, or to remove them in time to places of safety among their own friends and people.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding.

On the 12th General Hood again wrote General Sherman, saying that he saw nothing in his reply which induced a change of the language formerly employed as to the cruelty of expelling women and children from their homes, and then said that he was but a general commanding a Confederate army and had nothing to do with political questions, the discussion of which his letter invited, but he would reply, lest his silence might be misconstrued, and then wrote:

You charge my country with "daring and badgering you to battle." The truth is, we sent commissioners to you, respectfully offering a peaceful separation, before the first gun was fired on either side. You say we insulted your flag. The truth is, we fired upon it, and those who fought under it, when you came to our doors upon the mission of subjugation. You say we seized upon forts and arsenals and made prisoners of the garrisons sent to protect us against negroes and Indians. The truth is, we, by force of arms, drove out insolent intruders and took possession of our own forts and arsenals, to resist your claims to dominion over masters, slaves, and Indians, all of whom are to this day, with a unanimity unexampled in the history of the world, warring against your attempts to become their masters. You say that we tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into rebellion in spite of themselves. The truth is, my Government, from the beginning of this struggle to this hour, has again and again offered, before the whole world, to leave it to the unbiased will of these States, and all others, to determine for themselves whether they will cast their destiny with your Government or ours; and your Government has resisted this fundamental principle of free institutions, with the bayonet, and labors daily, by force and fraud, to fasten its hateful tyranny upon the unfortunate freemen of these States. You say we falsified the vote of Louisiana. The truth is, Louisiana not only separated herself from your Government by nearly a unanimous vote of her people, but has vindicated the act upon every battle-field from Gettysburg to the Sabine, and has exhibited an heroic devotion to her decision which challenges the admiration and respect of every man capable of feeling sympathy for the oppressed or admiration for heroic valor. You say that we turned loose pirates to plunder your unarmed ships. The truth is, when you robbed us of our part of the navy, we built and bought a few vessels, hoisted the flag of our country, and swept the seas, in defiance of your navy, around the whole circumference of the globe. You say we have expelled Union families by thousands. The truth is, not a single family has been expelled from the Confederate States, that I am aware of; but, on the contrary, the moderation of our Government toward traitors has been a fruitful theme of denunciation by its enemies and well-meaning friends of our cause. You say my Government, by acts of Congress, has confiscated "all debts due Northern men for goods sold and delivered." The truth is, our Congress gave due and ample time to your merchants and traders to depart from our shores with their ships, goods, and effects, and only sequestered the property of our enemies in retaliation for their acts—declaring us traitors, and confiscating our property wherever their power extended, either in their country or our own. Such are your accusations, and such are the facts known of all men to be true.

You order into exile the whole population of a city; drive men, women, and children from their homes at the point of the bayonet, under the plea that it is to the interest of your Government, and on the claim that it is an act of "kindness to these families of Atlanta." Butler only banished from New Or-

leans the registered enemies of his Government, and acknowledged that he did it as a punishment. You issue a sweeping edict, covering all the inhabitants of a city, and add insult to the injury heaped upon the defenseless by assuming that you have done them a kindness. This you follow by the assertion that you "will make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best-born Southerner." And, because I characterize what you call a kindness as being real cruelty, you presume to sit in judgment between me and my God; and you decide that my honest prayer to the Almighty Father to save our women and children from what you call kindness, is a "sacrilegious, hypocritical appeal."

You came into our country with your army, avowedly for the purpose of subjugating free white men, women, and children, and not only intend to rule over them, but you make negroes your allies, and desire to place over us an inferior race, which we have raised from barbarism to its present position, which is the highest ever attained by that race, in any country, in all time. I must, therefore, decline to accept your statements in reference to your kindness toward the people of Atlanta, and your willingness to sacrifice everything for the peace and honor of the South, and refuse to be governed by your decision in regard to matters between myself, my country, and my God.

You say, "Let us fight it out like men." To this I reply—for myself, and I believe for all the true men, aye, and women and children, in my country—we will fight you to the death! Better die a thousand deaths than submit to live under you or your Government and your negro allies!

Having answered the points forced upon me by your letter of the 9th of September, I close this correspondence with you; and, notwithstanding your comments upon my appeal to God in the cause of humanity, I again humbly and reverently invoke His Almighty aid in defense of justice and right.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. HOOD,
General.

The foregoing practically closed the correspondence between Hood and Sherman.

On September 11 Mayor Calhoun and two of the councilmen addressed an appeal to Sherman in the following language:

At first view it struck us that the measure would involve extraordinary hardship and loss, but since we have seen the practical execution of it, so far as it has progressed, and the individual condition of the people, and heard their statements as to the inconvenience, loss, and suffering attending it, we are satisfied that the amount of it will involve in the aggregate consequences appalling and heart-rending.

Many poor women are in advanced state of pregnancy, others, now having children, and whose husbands, for the greater part, are either in the army, prisoners, or dead.

Some say, "I have such a one sick at my house; who will wait on them when I am gone?" Others say, "What are we to do? We have no house to go to, and no means to buy, build, or rent any; no parents, relatives, or friends to go to." Another says, "I will try and take this or that article of property, but such and such things I must leave behind, though I need them much." We reply to them, "General Sherman will carry your property to *Rough and Ready*, and General Hood will take it thence on." And they will reply to

that, "But I want to leave the railroad at such a place, and cannot get conveyance from there on."

We only refer to a few facts to try to illustrate in part how this measure will operate in practice. As you advanced, the people north of this fell back, and before your arrival here, a large portion of the people had retired south; so that the country south of this is already crowded and without houses enough to accommodate the people, and we are informed that many are now staying in churches and out-buildings.

This being so, how is it possible for the people still here (mostly women and children) to find shelter? And how can they live through the winter in the woods—no shelter or subsistence, in the midst of strangers who know them not, and without the power to assist them much if they were willing to do so.

This is but a feeble picture of the consequences of this measure. You know the woe, the horrors, and the sufferings cannot be described by words; imagination can only conceive it, and we ask you to take these things into consideration.

We know your mind and time are constantly occupied with the duties of your command, which almost deters us from asking your attention to this matter, but thought it might be that you had not considered this subject in all of its awful consequences, and that on more reflection you, we hope, would not make this people an exception to all mankind; for we know of no such instance ever having occurred—surely never in the United States—and what has this helpless people done that they should be driven from their homes, to wander strangers, and outcasts, and exiles, and to subsist on charity?

We know not as yet the number of people still here; of those who are here, we are satisfied a respectable number, if allowed to remain at home, could subsist for several months without assistance, and a respectable number for a much longer time, and who might not need assistance at any time.

In conclusion, we most earnestly and solemnly petition you to reconsider this order, or modify it, and suffer this unfortunate people to remain at home and enjoy what little means they have.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES M. CALHOUN, *Mayor*.

E. E. RAWSON, *Councilman*.

S. C. WELLS, *Councilman*.

This feeling appeal had no effect on him. He pretended that his act was humane; that citizens should not be within Atlanta in case of a battle. He knew that there would not be any battle, that the Confederates would not attempt to recapture it.

The true explanation of his object in expelling the citizens from Atlanta was given in his "Memoirs," when describing his evacuation, as follows:

About 7 A. M. on November 16 we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled by the marching troops and wagons of the Fourteenth corps; and reaching the hill outside of the old rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scenes of our past battles. We stood upon the very ground whereon was fought the bloody battle of July 22d, and could see the corpse of woods where McPherson fell. Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in the air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city.

Sherman then began his destructive march through Georgia and the Carolinas, of which more will be said hereafter.

After the surrender of Atlanta General Hood scarcely knew what to do. From Lovejoy Station he telegraphed President Davis and had Hardee do the same, that unless their army was speedily and heavily reenforced Georgia and Alabama would be overrun by the Union forces.

On September 5 Davis replied that every effort had theretofore been made to send reenforcements and that "no other resources remained," and that the only chance was that "absentees be brought back and made available." It was then plain to those in position to know that the Confederacy was beaten and rapidly tottering to its downfall. Absentees from the armies without leave and deserters were numerous, and could not be induced to return. President Davis was leaning for support on a broken reed when he expected a generous return to the ranks of those men in obedience to his proclamations and efforts of amnesty and pardon. Those men did not return; they were whipped; they had enough of it. They were like the soldier who was going to the rear during the battle and was stopped by the provost guard; the captain, seeing no wound upon him, told him that he was not hurt and must return to his regiment, which was then under a heavy fire. The soldier objected strenuously to being returned to the fight, and said, "Cap'n, the truth is, that I got stung by a bung and am demoralized."

But the brave and patriotic souls who remained in ranks with guns in hand, still ready to die for the cause of Southern independence, presented, in contrast with the timid, one of the grandest examples of heroism and devotion to principle ever found in the history of stalwart, manly men. Hood knew that with but three corps, a little over 40,000 effectives, he could not assail successfully Sherman's five corps, numbering 106,000 men, in position behind entrenchments; but he did not despair of forcing his enemy to retreat by moving against his communications. To this end he resolved upon a flank movement to the west with a view of drawing Sherman after him.

On the 18th of September he moved his army on the line of the West Point Railroad, and on the 20th formed line of battle with the right east of that road, the left near the river, and headquarters at Palmetto.

On the 25th the President visited and inspected the army at this place. The second night he was surrounded and made a speech to the troops.

Sherman says in his "Memoirs" (Vol. II, p. 141) :

One of our spies was there at the time, who came in the next night, and reported to me the substance of his speech to the soldiers. It was a repetition of those he had made at Columbia, South Carolina, and Macon, Georgia, on his way out, which I had seen in the newspaper. Davis seemed to be perfectly upset by the fall of Atlanta, and to have lost all sense and reason. He denounced Gen. Jos. Johnston and Governor Brown as little better than traitors; attributed to them personally the many misfortunes which had befallen their cause, and informed the soldiers that now the tables were to be turned; that General Forrest was already on our roads in middle Tennessee; and that Hood's army would soon be there. He asserted that the Yankee army would have to retreat or starve, and that the retreat would prove more disastrous than was that of Napoleon from Moscow. He promised his Tennessee and Kentucky soldiers that their feet should soon tread their "native soil," etc., etc. He made no concealment of these vain-glorious boasts, and thus gave us the full key to his future designs. To be forewarned was to be forearmed, and I think we took full advantage of the occasion.

President Davis was like a Poll-parrot when she reported on a thief who came into the shop where the bird was on guard during the temporary absence of the proprietor. The thief caught her, plucked off all her feathers, then released her and went away. The proprietor, returning, found the feathers scattered over the shop and the bird naked sitting demurely in one corner. He, in astonishment at apparent conditions, exclaimed, "What on earth has happened?" The bird replied, "Polly talked too d——n much!"

General Hood offered to resign the command of the army, which was not accepted.

On the 28th, from Montgomery, Alabama, Mr. Davis telegraphed an order assigning General Hardee to the command of the department of South Carolina and assigning General Beauregard to the command of the departments embracing the Army of Tennessee and that of Lieut.-Gen. Richard Taylor in Mississippi, but Hood to remain in actual command of his army and to proceed in the execution of his plan of campaign against Sherman's rear.

On the 30th the army crossed the Chattahoochee. On the morning of October 3 Stewart's corps, near Lost Mountain, destroyed fifteen miles of railroad and captured about 400 prisoners. Learning that a large amount of stores were at Altoona and were guarded by a brigade of three regiments, Major-General French, with his division, was sent to capture the garrison and

stores. There were in fact one hundred thousand rations, besides other valuable stores, within the fort.

On the 4th Brig.-Gen. John M. Corse was instructed by signal to get all of his division he could to Altoona as quickly as possible. He was thirty-five miles distant, and had difficulty in arriving with another brigade that night. He found the outposts engaged, and at daylight on the morning of the 5th drew them back from the town into the fort. At 8 o'clock that morning General French demanded the surrender. General Corse refused. Before 10 o'clock the attack began on front, flanks, and rear. French's troops made vigorous assaults and captured a part of the works and a large part of the stores, and held them long enough to have destroyed them, but neglected to do so, with a view to their future use by the Confederates.

Brigadier-General Young, of French's command, was wounded and captured. The losses were heavy on each side. Corse had about 2,000 men. About 1.30 o'clock, in the last assault, Corse was wounded in the face. A little later French learned of the rapid approach of Cox's corps, raised the siege, and retreated, because of his apprehension that he would be cut off from the main body of the army by Cox's troops.

Sherman viewed the scene and heard the roar of the artillery from a mountain many miles away. Of course he felt great anxiety and hurried Cox's corps forward as fast as possible. At last the signal officer obtained correspondence with the fort and inquired the result. Corse replied to Aide-de-Camp Dayton: "I am short a cheekbone and an ear, but am able to whip all hell yet. Tell me where Sherman is?"

General Corse, being a Democrat, was by President Cleveland appointed Postmaster of Boston. The writer met him, but never discovered the absence of either a cheekbone or an ear. If he whipped him he bears no marks of the combat on his person. But his gallant conduct won a compliment in orders by the commander of the army.

The signals which told Corse to hold the fort gave rise to the religious revival song, by Moody and Sankey, of "Hold the Fort. For I Am Coming."

On the 20th of November Hood set his army in motion, Forrest's cavalry having gone forward the previous day. Sherman left Atlanta on the 16th, so that two opposing armies were at the same time moving in opposite directions and each buoyed by high

hopes of achieving glorious results. One succeeded, the other signally failed, as we will soon see. Hood hoped by a rapid march to get between General Thomas's forces and Nashville, and to so maneuver as to win an easy victory, and which promised fine results to follow, and thus he sought to counter-balance Sherman's march unopposed to the sea. Forrest operated vigorously and drove the Federal cavalry before him.

On the 27th the Confederate army was before Columbia, confronting the Federals, who were entrenched. Hood purposely refrained from attacking, and allowed his enemy to retreat across Duck River that night, with a view of turning him and getting in his rear at Spring Hill, twelve miles distant, upon the only road leading to Franklin.

On the night of the 28th Hood had a pontoon bridge laid across the river three miles above Columbia. The next morning, at early dawn, Cheatham's and Stewart's corps and Johnson's division of Lee's corps crossed and marched rapidly for Spring Hill, while Lee with Stevenson's and Clayton's divisions and the greater part of the artillery remained at Columbia to demonstrate heavily against Schofield and hold him where he was, and to follow him and press his rear if he retired. Not until 3 o'clock did Schofield conceive of what was occurring, and began a rapid march for Spring Hill with his whole force, one division only and his wagon-train having preceded him. Lee demonstrated and pressed the Federal rear. Forrest had cleared the way for the flanking column early that morning. Hood crossed the pontoon just as day was breaking, at the head of Granberry's Texas brigade of Cleburne's division. About 3 o'clock P. M., when Hood's flanking column was within two miles of Spring Hill, a retreating column of Schofield's army was seen moving rapidly along the pike toward Spring Hill and Franklin. At the same time Lee's artillery was plainly heard about Columbia, firing on the rear of Schofield's army.

Hood had been at the head of his column all day. He called to him Generals Cheatham and Cleburne and said to the former, "General, do you see the enemy there, retreating rapidly to escape us?" Cheatham assented. "Go with your corps, take possession of and hold the pike at or near Spring Hill. Accept whatever comes, and turn all those wagons over to our side of the house."

Then addressing Cleburne, he said, "General, you have heard the orders just given. You have one of my best divisions. Go

with General Cheatham, assist him in every way you can, and do as he directs. Go and do this at once. Stewart is near at hand, and I will have him double-quick his men to the front."

Hood sat his horse by the roadside and saw the corps of Cheatham pass, apparently ready for battle. A half hour or more later he heard skirmishing, but no general engagement. He sent staff officers to hurry up Stewart and to urge Cheatham to attack in force—to throw his corps in line across that pike which was squarely in the rear of Schofield's army, and the only road by which he could possibly reach Nashville. With Schofield's army captured or dispersed, Thomas could not hold Nashville against Hood, and hence the extreme importance of the success of this move. Night was closing in; Hood ordered General Stewart to place his corps on the right of Cheatham's, extending it across the pike. Just at that time Cheatham rode up, and Hood exclaimed with deep emotion, "General, why in the name of God have you not attacked the enemy and taken possession of that pike?" He replied that the line looked a little too long for him, and that Stewart should first form on his right.

Hood said in "Advance and Retreat" (p. 286) :

I could hardly believe it possible that this brave old soldier, who had given proof of such courage and ability upon so many hard-fought fields, would ever make such a report. * * * I would as soon have expected midday to turn into darkness as for him to have disobeyed my orders.

Stewart endeavored to carry out the order to form on Cheatham's right and extend across the pike, but in the darkness of the night it was finally given up. Hood ordered Cheatham to have a line of skirmishers thrown forward to obstruct the use of the pike until morning, when he would have a fair chance to attack; but this was not done. Hood says in his book (p. 287) :

Nothing was done; the Federals, with immense wagon-trains, were permitted to march by us the remainder of the night, within gunshot of our lines. I could not succeed in arousing the troops to action, when one good division would have sufficed to do the work. One good division, I reassert, could have routed that portion of the enemy which was at Spring Hill; have taken possession of and formed line across the road, and thus have made it an easy matter for Stewart's corps, Johnson's division, and Lee's two division from Columbia, to have enveloped, routed, and captured Schofield's army that afternoon and the ensuing day.

It was ascertained after the war, to a certainty, that there was but one division at Spring Hill on this occasion—the Second Division of the Fourth Army Corps, about 4,000 men.

General Forrest gallantly opposed the enemy farther down to our right, to the full extent of his power; beyond this effort, nothing whatever was done, although never was a grander opportunity offered to utterly rout and destroy the Federal army.

The last grand opportunity for the Army of Tennessee to have won a victory was lost forever.

Hood wrote (p. 287) :

Had I dreamed one moment that Cheatham would have failed to give battle, or at least to take position across the pike and force the enemy to assault him, I would have ridden, myself, to the front, and led the troops into action. Although it is right and proper that a commander-in-chief, in the event of disaster to a portion of his line during an engagement, to endeavor in person to rally the troops, it is not expected nor considered expedient that he should inaugurate a battle by leading a division or brigade. Had I done so, my opponents would have just cause for the charge of recklessness. I would, nevertheless, have risked my life in this instance had I conceived the possibility of the disregard of my orders on the part of this officer. *General Lee was, in a measure, thwarted by the same want of prompt action, at Gettysburg. Whilst I failed utterly to bring on battle at Spring Hill, he was unable to get the First corps of his army to attack and co-operate, as desired. He was thus checkmated for two days, and finally lost the battle. Had our immortal chieftain foreseen the result of this inactivity, he would, doubtless, have ordered and acted differently.*

The difference between genius and commonplace. The first depends on itself, the latter trusts to others.

Van Horn in his history of the Army of the Cumberland, in concluding an account of the strange conduct of the Confederate army on this occasion, said of Schofield's escape :

Rarely has an army escaped so easily from a peril so threatening.

General Cheatham afterwards acknowledged his great error and begged Hood to forgive him; but this did not retrieve the lost opportunity—it was gone forever.

On the next morning, November 30, Hood resolved to make another effort to overtake and rout Schofield before he reached Nashville. He resolved to overtake and drive him into the Big Harpeth River at Franklin. He marched rapidly and reached that town in the afternoon, having marched from Spring Hill, some eighteen miles. A sudden change of sentiment seemed to have taken place in the minds of the soldiers. They all had learned of the great mistake made at Spring Hill, and were ashamed of it. When within two or three miles of Franklin, about 3 o'clock P. M., Stewart's corps began at once to deploy

and form lines of battle. The Federals withdrew to their outer trenches in the environs of the town. As Cheatham's corps arrived it went into line of battle to the left of Stewart and south of the pike. Hood ordered the artillery not to take any part in the impending battle on account of the women and children in the little town, who had no time to get out. As Lee's corps arrived it was held in reserve on account of the lateness of the hour, and took no part in the battle, except Johnson's division. Schofield had a favorable position for defense, with open ground in his front.

When the troops were forming in line, Major-General Cleburne rode up to General Hood and asked leave to form his division in three lines. The request was granted, Hood stating that he desired the enemy driven into the river. Soon Stewart and Cheatham reported that all was ready, then he directed them to attack and run the Federals into the river at all hazards.

About this time Cleburne rode back to Hood, who was sitting his horse near by, and said, "General, I am ready, and have more hope in the final success of our cause than I have had since the first gun was fired."

Hood replied, "God grant it."

A few moments thereafter he was lost to sight in the smoke and tumult of battle, and a few minutes later he was a corpse on the enemy's breastworks. The gallant Irishman, Maj.-Gen. Pat Cleburne, was dead.

The Confederates drove their enemy from his outer rifle pits, and broke the inner line, but Stanley's division charged and recaptured it, taking over 1,000 Confederate prisoners within the trenches. The fighting was stubborn and bloody, and in many instances it was hand-to-hand. It continued for hours, until 9 o'clock. At about 3 o'clock A. M. the Federals withdrew, leaving their dead and wounded. The Confederates had won the field, but it was dearly bought. Generals Cleburne, Gist, Adams, Strahl, and Granberry were killed. Generals Brown, Carter, Manigault, Quarles, Cockrell, and Scott were wounded, and Brigadier-General Gordon captured. There were about 5,000 killed and wounded and 1,000 captured. General Thomas reported Hood's loss to aggregate 6,255, and put Schofield's loss at 2,326.

The Federal loss was heavy, but not near so great, as they fought behind breastworks and the Confederates were the assailants.

General Hood's campaign to the Alabama line, as he called it, had the effect of drawing Sherman from Atlanta in pursuit of him; but he left in that city General Slocum, with the Twentieth Corps, which was subsisted by wagon-train raids upon the country until the railroads, broken by Hood, were repaired. Hood broke the road at Dalton, where he took 1,000 prisoners and some stores. At Mill Creek Gap he captured a block-house and a few prisoners. Having torn up the railroad, on the 15th he moved to Cross-Roads. Here he proposed to select a position and receive Sherman, whom General Wheeler reported to be advancing through Snake Creek Gap, and with high hope of winning a victory over him. Hood estimated Sherman's force at 65,000 men, some 20,000 stronger than his own. He submitted the question of awaiting Sherman's arrival and trying the fortunes of battle with him to his officers. Lieut.-Gen. Stephen D. Lee, whom he consulted and implicitly trusted, reported that the corps commanders and prominent officers were unanimously against it. Hood was deeply disappointed. It would not do to entrench and remain inactive. Sherman could do the same thing, put Thomas in command, who could flank him and move into Alabama, while Sherman would march through Georgia. In this dilemma Hood determined upon his Tennessee campaign, and if successful to go into Kentucky. It would be an effort to redeem Mr. Davis's promise to the soldiers in his Palmetto speech. Sherman seemed perplexed by the uncertainties of Hood's movements.

On the 17th Hood moved from his bivouac near Lafayette to Gadsen, Alabama. Here he met General Beauregard, and after deliberating for two or three days, on the morning of the 22d Hood set his army in motion for Guntersville, for the purpose of crossing the Tennessee River at that point; but before reaching there he learned that Forrest could not reach him in time to protect his left flank on crossing and advancing into the State of Tennessee, to which that crossing would lead, and hence changed his course toward Tusculmbia and Florence, Alabama, via Decatur

At Tusculmbia Beauregard and Hood remained with the army two weeks, when the former left for Georgia, and the latter was delayed nearly one month before crossing into Tennessee. He was advised that President Davis was opposed to his projected campaign into that State until Sherman's army was defeated. General Beauregard satisfied Davis that Hood's proposed campaign was a wise one, and that the pursuit of Sherman through Georgia

was impracticable, and to undertake it would expose Alabama to being overrun by Thomas's army, which was then being concentrated at Nashville. In all of this Beauregard was right. But he then published high-sounding fulminations to arouse the people to the destruction of Sherman's army, and made ridiculous claims to the number of men which could be called into line for that purpose. All the troops he assembled to destroy Sherman attracted no more attention from him than a fly on an ox's horn would from the ox.

General Hood was so disappointed at Spring Hill at losing what he termed the grandest opportunity of his life, that he resolved to overtake Schofield and attack him wherever he might be. He did it, and held the field, but it was a fruitless victory, and at a frightful cost. Hood's troops charged the enemy in breastworks, and its heavy losses ruined his army. Thereafter it was but 23,000 strong, including artillery and cavalry. But with this small army, Hood followed Schofield to Nashville, where the latter united with Thomas, which made his command more than double that of Hood.

On December 2d the latter formed his line of battle in front of Nashville, and fortified it, hoping for reinforcements from Texas; and if attacked, being in breastworks this time, that he might repulse his assailants and follow their retreat into their fortifications. Of course no reinforcements came. Forrest did good work in the rear and in the direction of Murfreesboro, at which latter place General Rosseau was fortified with 8,000 men. General Bate, with his division, supported Forrest and rendered good service, but was recalled to Nashville before the battle there began.

On December 15th the Union army attacked the Confederates quite vigorously, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The Confederates were behind breastworks this time, which is unquestionably of great advantage to a smaller army when contending with a much larger one.

On the morning of the 16th Thomas renewed this assault along Hood's entire front. The Confederates maintained their position manfully until about 3 o'clock P. M., when under a heavy fire of artillery a breach was made in their line, which widened, until Hood's entire army gave way and retreated in utter confusion—it was a rout. Clayton's division was the best organized and most efficient in guarding the rear. The next day General Walthall, an able division commander, with eight brigades of in-

fantry and aided by Forrest's cavalry, constituted the rear-guard. During the 26th and 27th of December the army recrossed the Tennessee. It then continued its march to Tupelo, Mississippi, where it arrived January 10, 1865.

At Nashville Hood had but little over 20,000 men, while Thomas had 80,000. (See Sherman's "Memoirs," Vol. II, pp. 162, 163.)

It is surprising that Hood's little army held its position at Nashville as long as it did.

When he arrived at Tupelo his army was but a little over 18,000 men. He and Beauregard devised a system of furloughing the men, and to a majority furloughs were given.

On January 13th Hood tendered his resignation of the command, and was relieved from duty on the 23d of that month.

He then went to Richmond, and remained several weeks writing up his report. He was then ordered to Texas to gather recruits for Lee, and on his way, in South Carolina, he heard of Lee's surrender, but continued with his staff and escort to Natchez, Mississippi, and there remained, unable to cross the river, until he heard that Gen. E. Kirby Smith had surrendered the Trans-Mississippi Department. He was in hiding until he learned this, when he rode into Natchez and surrendered to Major-General Davidson on May 1, 1865. He paroled Hood and staff and allowed them to disperse in any direction they desired to go.

Hood settled down in business in New Orleans, got married, and his wife, during the succeeding six years of his married life, gave birth to three pairs of twins—fine, healthy children.

In 1873, or 1874, the yellow fever caused the death of Hood and his wife, but the children survived. The good people of means in different parts of the South took each a child, and raised them.

Hood was a young man but 32 years old when I first met him in January, 1863. He was a generous, big-hearted, brave man, was very ambitious, had a considerable amount of tact and military skill, and was always ready to fight, and would attack with great impetuosity and sometimes recklessly.

Generals and soldiers of the Army of Tennessee believed that he was reckless and doubted his wisdom when he was put in command of the army. They had fought long under Johnston, who was overly cautious and prudent. This is one reason why Gen-

eral Hood's orders were not promptly obeyed, nor was he properly supported. This was unfair to him and highly injurious to the service. He was a better general than many credited him with being.

At Franklin he was greatly irritated—in fact exasperated—at losing the opportunity he had gained at Spring Hill the day before, and hence was reckless. He made a great mistake when he supposed that he could beat Sherman's greatly superior force—about two to one—with the Army of Tennessee. Hood was a sincere patriot and good man.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE REFUSAL TO EXCHANGE PRISONERS.

Issuing Letters of Marque and Reprisal, and What Came of It—Efforts on the Part of the South to Arrange An Exchange of Prisoners—The Cruel Policy That Rejected All Overtures in That Direction—Grant Responsible—Butler's Views.

In April, 1861, President Davis issued a proclamation that he would issue letters of marque and reprisal to seamen who desired them. At once President Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring any one who seized or molested any vessel of the United States, under such authority, should be dealt with as a pirate, etc. Some small vessels were given such letters, and soon one called the *Savannah* was captured. Her officers and crew were taken to New York, tried, and condemned to death as pirates. Davis insisted on their being treated as prisoners of war, and not criminals. The United States refused, and was going to put the prisoners to death. Davis notified the United States that he had caused to be selected an equal number of Union soldiers from the prisoners held by his Government, and would have them executed in retaliation. This saved the men of the *Savannah*, but was the first hitch in the exchange of prisoners. Exchanges were at times made between commanding generals at different points, but not generally. A cartel was once agreed to for the exchange of prisoners, but Union authorities could not be induced to abide by it in good faith.

In 1862, when the Confederacy had a great excess of prisoners, Ould, as Confederate Commissioner, exchanged a good many with the Union Commissioner, but as soon as the excess was dissipated the exchange ceased. At one time Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederate States, volunteered to go in person to Washington and appeal to Mr. Lincoln, on the score of humanity, for an exchange of prisoners, but before he got half-way he was informed that he would not be received on any such mission, and returned to Richmond.

The policy of the Lincoln Administration in regard to the exchange of prisoners was unparalleled in the history of warfare among civilized nations. In 1862 exchanges were made, but it was abandoned in 1863, and that policy adhered to during the war. The motives which instigated this course were, First, that the population of the States adhering to the Union in the aggregate was nearly four times as great as that of the white people of the seceding States which composed the Confederacy, and hence locking up the Confederate soldiers who were captured was a means of depleting the supply so as to drain the source. Secondly, the ports of the Confederacy were blockaded, so that the Confederates could not recruit from abroad, while this source of supply was open to the United States, and more than 500,000 foreigners were mustered into the armies of the Union. In the third place, Secretary of War Stanton knew that a large number of prisoners in the hands of the Confederate Government would be a considerable tax upon its commissariat. To feed from fifty to one hundred thousand prisoners incurred heavy expense. When Confederate supplies ran short and there was a very scanty supply for the Confederate soldiers, rations to the prisoners were correspondingly reduced. The Confederate Government urged upon the United States a regular exchange, but every such overture was rejected. It was made known to Mr. Lincoln, and his War Secretary, that Union prisoners were poorly fed, and at times almost starving; also that in the crowded prisons and scant accommodations they were dying like sheep with the rot. Yet no mercy was shown men who had fought bravely for the Union. Their Government turned a deaf ear to their piteous cries. They were allowed to suffer all the privations and hardships incident to prison life, merely to keep gallant Confederate soldiers out of the ranks and make them undergo like sufferings. To prevent them from returning to the Confederate ranks was the main purpose of this cruel policy. It was a compliment to the Confederate—it was tantamount to a declaration that he was a better man and more efficient than the Union soldier. It was an outrageously cruel, ungrateful, and barbarous policy. Perhaps one hundred thousand good men were thus sent to premature graves. Those who survived and reached home did it with shattered constitutions and health permanently impaired. That policy made many widows, thousands of orphans, and increased the annual appropriations for pensions many millions of dollars. The memory of any man who

would urge such a cruel policy should be forever execrated! That policy was and ever will be a blot upon the fame of this great nation. After the war a lot of demagogic politicians in Congress got up an investigation and summoned as witnesses the ex-prisoners, who would give the worst possible account of prison life, to testify as to its horrors. Upon this as his basis the small demagogue would get on the stump and bray aloud to awaken the indignation of the voter against the South and the horrible rebels. Every well-informed person knew that all that suffering could have been averted by the exchange of prisoners, which the Confederate Government urged all the time. It was the cause of the wolf's destruction of the lamb for muddying the water of the stream below where he was drinking. There was a vast amount of suffering, and a greater number of deaths among Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons than among Union prisoners in the Southern prisons; but in the investigation made none of the horrors of their imprisonment were shown, nor even mentioned. The investigation did not regard a rebel then as having any rights.

It was boldly asserted by the Northern press, and on the floor of Congress, years after the war, that Southern prisoners in Northern prisons were well fed and humanely treated, while Union prisoners in the hands of the rebels were starved, shot for alleged disobedience of orders, and treated inhumanely. The Confederate authorities did everything possible to exchange prisoners, but the United States refused. The Confederate Government sent a delegation of Union prisoners to Washington to induce that Government to exchange, and Mr. Lincoln would not receive nor see the delegation. They reported that Secretary of War Stanton gave them colder treatment than they received at Andersonville. They returned, like honorable men, but were unable to do anything. One of these prisoners said that the action of his Government made him feel as though he was shipwrecked and floating on the hulk, and seeing a ship of his country coming to him rejoiced his heart; but when it passed unheeding his signals and prayers, his heart sank within him.

When, in 1864, all the medicines in the Confederacy suitable to the treatment of Northern men in crowded Southern prisons were exhausted, and the Confederate Government offered gold for a supply from the North, with a pledge of honor that none of such medicine should be given to any one but Union prisoners, so as

to try to stop the death rate among them, the United States authorities refused to allow it. The Confederacy even offered to allow a Union surgeon to accompany the supply of medicine. The Lincoln administration was deaf to these appeals and that of their suffering and dying soldiers. But those who survived appeared to have forgotten the cruel course of their government as soon as the war was over.

According to the official report of United States Surgeon-General Barnes, the total number of Confederate prisoners of war was 220,000, and of these 26,246 died in prison. Total number of Union prisoners in Confederate prisons, 270,000, and of these 22,576 died—thus less than 9 per cent. of the latter and 12 per cent. of the former died, showing a decidedly less percentage of mortality among Union prisoners in Confederate prisons than of Confederate prisoners in Union prisons.

In a dispatch from Lieutenant-General Grant to Gen. B. F. Butler, who was then commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, dated City Point, August 18, 1864, he said:

On the subject of exchange, however, I differ from General Hitchcock. It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole, or otherwise, becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here.

Grant's admission was a confession of the loyalty to the South of the prisoners and likewise of their superior fighting qualities to the men of his army. It was a high compliment to the Confederate prisoners to admit that their exchange would bring defeat to the Union cause. That Sherman would have been defeated, and probably Grant himself, by an exchange of prisoners, is very likely, and is the only shadow of a pretext for such extreme cruelty. It was in line with Grant's policy of attrition to refuse exchanges. He knew that he was no match for General Lee in strategy; and recognizing this fact saw that if he lost three men to Lee's one that he would ultimately win, for while the treble population of the Union, and the world to recruit from, would keep up his army in numbers, that Lee's home supply was exhausted; as Grant himself said, the South had been robbed of men "from the cradle to the grave;" and however cruel and uncivilized, he

insisted on keeping locked up the Confederate soldiers who had been captured and were still in United States prisons, as the shortest road to Union success, and such it proved to be. A perusal of prison records on both sides will show that the policy was the most cruel ever adopted. The black flag and murdering all who were overpowered in battle was but one step farther in barbarity. It constitutes a dark spot on General Grant's fame which will never fade.

Gen. B. F. Butler, with all of his meanness—the hanging of Mumford and other atrocities in New Orleans, and his declared outlawry by Jefferson Davis, the man for whom he voted for President of the United States at the Charleston Convention—could not approve the cruelties of a refusal to exchange prisoners, and so expressed himself in the latter part of his report as follows :

I have felt it my duty to give an account, with this particular carefulness, of my participation in the business of exchange of prisoners, the orders under which I acted, and the negotiations attempted, which comprises a faithful narration of all that was done, so that all may become a matter of history. The great importance of the questions; the fearful responsibility for the many thousands of lives which, by the refusal to exchange, were sacrificed by the most cruel forms of death, from cold, starvation, and pestilence of the prison pens of Raleigh and Andersonville, being more than all the British soldiers killed in the wars of Napoleon; the anxiety of fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, wives to know the exigency which caused this terrible, and, perhaps, as it may have seemed to them, useless and unnecessary destruction of those dear to them, by horrible deaths, each and all have compelled me to this exposition so that it may be seen that those lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon the rebellion devised by the wisdom of the General-in-Chief of the armies, to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last. The loyal mourners will doubtless derive solace from this fact, and appreciate all the more highly the genius which conceived the plan and the success won at so great a cost.

It was enough to deter and make cowards of brave men on both sides to know that if they surrendered as prisoners of war they would never be exchanged and have to undergo the horrors of prison life to the end of the war. The policy was not only cruel, but brutal, and the fact that it succeeded made it none the less brutal. The forty-eight thousand souls thus sent to eternity within the prisons was a poor exchange for the great name, as a general, which Grant won by it.

CHAPTER XL

CONDITIONS TOWARD THE CLOSE

My Return to Alabama—Condition of the Southern Country—In January, 1865, I Visit the Old Brigade—Refuse to Be Retired—Assigned to Another Command—The Heroism and Suffering of Private Soldiers—Excuse for Desertion—Reunion of the Survivors of the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment—Father Brannon's Poem.

On reaching home I was still quite feeble. The secondary hemorrhage had so weakened me that it took me some time to regain my strength. The people at home extended to me generous sympathy, which was the best reward I could have received for the loss of my arm. They were still hopeful of the success of the Confederacy, but the most thoughtful and best informed, while not expressing their apprehensions publicly, were at heart despondent. While the future seemed to me quite gloomy, and but little hope for Confederate success, I would not allow myself to indulge such thoughts and endeavored to put them by and look only at the bright side, which was really very difficult to see. The entire Southern country had been drained of its war material and there were no more men or boys capable of being sent to the front as soldiers. A few men who had escaped conscription by unsoundness, or a pretense thereof, or who held bomb-proof positions, were still to be found in the country, but these were not numerous. There were a few details of conscript officers, who had their favorites as assistants, and some few companies of home guards, familiarly called "Buttermilk Rangers." Captains Sanders and Morgan's companies in the southeast corner counties of Alabama, who were deserters from the Confederate Army, or who had rebelled against conscription, were quite as large in number and more daring than the "Buttermilk Rangers." They terrorized that section. The conscript officers avoided them, and were generally living in luxury and doing more harm than good to the Confederate cause.

What I here state as true of the part of Alabama in which I resided was practically true throughout the Southern States. At this distant day we see that any one but an enthusiast could have seen that the days of the Confederacy were numbered and its existence limited to a few months at most. Yet a majority of our people still seemed buoyant and hopeful of success.

The Union generals and leading men of the North knew the conditions of the South even better than our own people did. We copy the following from General Grant's book (Vol. II, p 426) :

The South, as we all knew, were conscripting every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and now they had passed a law for the further conscription of boys from fourteen to eighteen, calling them the junior reserves, and men from forty-five to sixty, the senior reserves. The latter were to hold the necessary points not in immediate danger and especially those in the rear. General Butler, in alluding to this conscription, remarked that they were thus "robbing both the cradle and the grave," an expression which I afterwards used in writing a letter to Mr. Washburn. It was my belief that while the enemy could get no more recruits, they were losing at least a regiment a day, taking it throughout the entire army, by desertion alone. Then by casualties of war, sickness, and other natural causes, their losses were much heavier. It was a mere question of arithmetic to calculate how long they could hold out while that rate of depletion was going on. Of course, long before their army would be reduced to nothing, the army which we had in the field would have been able to capture theirs. Then, too, I knew from the great number of desertions that the men who had fought so bravely, so gallantly, and so long for the cause which they believed in—and as earnestly, I take it, as our men believed in the cause for which they were fighting—had lost hope and become despondent. Many of them were making application to be sent North, where they could get employment until the war was over, when they could return to their Southern homes

This portrayal of the condition of the Confederacy as it existed in January, 1865, and even at an earlier date, while a sad one, was literally true. If General Grant meant by asserting that the aggregate of the desertions from the Confederate armies was equal to a full regiment of one thousand men, it was doubtless an over-estimate; but if he meant that the aggregate number of desertions equalled one of the Confederate regiments as they were in their reduced condition, say of two to three hundred daily, it was substantially correct. Brave men who had fought heroically for years, after the summer of 1864 had passed, had the intelligence to see and to know that to continue the fight was a hopeless struggle, and many deserted for that reason. An enlisted man could not resign, as an officer was permitted to do; his only way to escape the further risk of his life in a hopeless cause was to desert.

It is strange that many intelligent people have such treacherous memories. In the Constitutional Convention of Alabama, held in 1901, where the writer asserted that before the surrender from five to ten per cent. of the Confederate soldiers were absent without leave or deserters, some of the delegates—old soldiers—denied it, and asserted that there were not exceeding one per cent. of desertions. The writer thinks now that his estimate was much lower than the facts justified. If ever good men were excusable for desertion, it was in the case of the Confederate soldiers. They had suffered all the privations and hardships that men ever did and then saw no hope of success.

In the winter and spring of 1861-62 the sick were illy provided for when there was no sufficient excuse for their neglect. The red-tape rules of the War Department at Richmond afterwards frequently denied the sick and wounded furloughs; when if it had not, many could have been at home with their families, which would have given them such good cheer and buoyancy of spirit that every man of them would the more willingly have returned to duty as soon as able. The private soldiers—the enlisted men—were the life of the Confederacy. When the ranks grew thin, when one of them fell or disappeared with no one to take his place, the Confederacy was one man nearer its end. A majority of these *citizens in the ranks*—for that was what they were, not regulars—had the intelligence to see and know the disparity in numbers and the resources and appliances of war, and still they fought bloody battles, endured all kinds of hardships and privations, many times marching with bare feet over frozen ground, and lived on parched corn. What higher proof can be demanded that they were terribly in earnest and were stimulated by the highest patriotism to maintain their God-given right to govern themselves and their own State institutions?

They lost this right, not by a decree of heaven, but as rights have been lost many times before, just because they did not have the strength—the numbers of men and means sufficient to maintain it under an incompetent Government

In January, 1865, I had so far recovered that I felt it to be my duty to return. I did so, and at Richmond learned the locality of Law's brigade and made my way to it. Of course all of the old regiments had been decimated and their ranks thinned by the arduous service and hard fighting which they had undergone. There were not more than 100 officers and men in the Forty-

eighth Alabama, and in the Fifteenth, not many more than double that number.

I remained at the front three or four days, when the weather was very cold, and the exposure caused my right shoulder to swell up again and pain me considerably; whereupon I returned to Richmond and there remained for two weeks. I reported at the War Department and stated to Adjutant-General Cooper my physical condition and the small number of men present in my regiment. He gave me leave to remain in the city and report to him when my condition improved. I did so, and within about two weeks reported and thought I could go on duty.

I was offered command of the prison guards in the city, which I respectfully declined. Then the Adjutant-General asked me how I would like to be one of the members of the permanent court martial for Longstreet's corps, with rank and pay of a colonel of cavalry. I thanked him and declined, stating that what service I rendered I desired it should be in the fighting department. I think now that I was foolish for that. I next had a conversation with Gen. John C. Breckinridge, who had recently been made Secretary of War. He said if I did not wish to be retired, but to render active service, that as soon as I was able to enter on duty he would give me command of a brigade of three regiments of cavalry in General Wheeler's corps, much in need of discipline, which I told him I would accept, as I did not wish to be retired. He then gave me a furlough to return home, and to report to General Johnston for duty with that brigade whenever ordered.

The next day, in company with Colonel Little, of the Eleventh Georgia Regiment, who had been disabled by a wound, I traveled southward. As Sherman was then about Savannah and Charleston and in the southern part of South Carolina, railroad connection with the South by the usual lines of travel was broken. We got down to Abbeville, South Carolina, the terminus of the railroad, and there Mr. Joe Smith very kindly sent us in his carriage a part of the way toward Washington, Georgia. That night we slept in the house of a gentleman named Robinson, with whom I had much conversation. An attachment sprang up between us and we kept up a correspondence for thirty-nine years. The next day he took us in a two-horse wagon to the river and had us ferried across into Georgia. We then, having no conveyance, took it afoot to Crawfordsville, Alexander H. Stephens's old home, and from there via Milledgeville to Macon, where we

succeeded in getting railroad transportation, such as it was, in the direction of our respective homes. I never saw Colonel Little any more, but learned of his death one or two years thereafter.

After so long a time I succeeded in getting to my home at Abbeville, Ala., where I remained awaiting General Johnston's order, which I never received. I was there when the news of General Lee's surrender reached that place, and at once recognized the fact that the bottom had dropped out of the Confederacy and that it was practically no longer a government.

When I visited Law's brigade in January it was still under the command of W F Perry, colonel of the Forty-fourth Alabama. During the month of February, 1865, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and continued to command the old brigade to the surrender at Appomattox Court House. General Perry died at his home in Bowling Green, Kentucky, in December, 1902.

All the regiments of which it was composed during that winter sustained losses of good men by desertion. I personally know this to be true in the Fifteenth regiment. Some whom I knew to be first-class soldiers, who had performed their duties nobly during the whole war, were now hopeless of our success, and to such the question seemed to be presented, whether they should desert and evade further service, take the chances of surviving the war and rejoining their families, or to remain and probably be killed. Some few resorted to this as the only means of getting out. A majority, however, of those who had been tried on so many fields of conflict resolved to follow their colors to the very last and did so. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon them.

The brigade was not engaged in another battle, but was with General Lee on his retreat, and did its duty, as it had always done. It was in a few skirmishes. Herrin M. Satcher, of Company G, one of the best soldiers in the regiment, was killed at Petersburg on the 2d day of April, when Lee's retreat began—the last man in that regiment who was killed by the enemy.

I do not know the number of guns stacked by any of the regiments at the surrender, but learned from those present that the Fifteenth Alabama stacked 170, at least twice as many as either of the other regiments in the brigade. It has been my pleasure to meet occasionally with some of the survivors of each of the regiments since the close of the war, and my heart warms to them. They are my brothers.

A reunion was held in Montgomery, Alabama, on the 12th and 13th days of November, 1902, at which were the following survivors of the Fifteenth:

Company A.—J. A. Garner, Waverly; J. L. Cullifer, Trio; Arthur Frazier, Opelika; J. H. Stringfellow, Troy.

Company B.—Captain R. E. Wright, James; William C. Jordan, Midway; J. W. Hutchinson, Camp Hill; J. M. Payne, Lenora; W. P. Gary, Mt. Andrew; J. G. Hitchcock, James; Captain N. B. Feagin, Birmingham; E. P. Lane, Hatchechubee; Walter Jackson, Montgomery.

Company C.—J. L. Chatham, Hurtsboro; Judge W. H. Hurt, Tuskegee; A. J. Shelton, Hannon; W. B. Lloyd, Creek Stand; G. B. Vincent, Langville.

Company D.—Lieutenant Dozier Thornton, Louisville, Ky; W. L. Davis, Glenwood; James H. Long, Cowikee.

Company E.—J. M. Carmichael, Montgomery; Ben F. Fleming, Enterprise; W. H. Jolly, Troy; J. R. Edwards, Rockyhead; C. V. Adkinson, Newton, William C. Mizell, Ozark; J. L. Mullin, Ozark; Joseph J. Dean, Charlton; Ben V. Walding, Newton, Ben Lanier, Daleville.

Company F.—J. W. Wilson, Terrell; W. W. Ketchum, Clio; Captain Geo. Y. Malone, Dothan; H. M. Logan, Brundidge; N. D. Peacock, Elizabeth; Jeff E. Hussey, Victoria; W. J. Seay, Brundidge; B. J. Hough, Union Springs; M. E. Meredith, Erick; Tom A. Collier, Brundidge.

Company G.—Captain De B. Waddell, Meridian, Miss.; Wm. A. McClendon, Abbeville; Wm. J. Parish, Abbeville; Bryant Melton, Halesburg; C. C. Stone, Otho; P. Kirkland, Daleville; Charles F. Harris, Dillard; Thomas H. Acree, Newton, Dr. M. L. Balkum, Newton; Samuel Woodham; Pinckand; T. B. Cannon, Ozark; Henry Ott, Cowart; Geo. M. Wiggins, Cowart; John Sauls, Eufaula; Robert Parker, Webb; Wm. C. Oates, Montgomery.

Company H.—Mike McGuire, Montgomery; H. C. Yelverton, Ozark; James Crawford, Abbeville; J. Henry Murfee, Oglethorpe; James M. Simms, Evergreen; Samuel H. Peacock, Dothan; Joel Tew, Dothan.

Company I.—J. Q. Dees, Pottersville; James C. Hill, Joseph Harris, Joseph Bell, H. C. Powell, K. D. Powell, J. D. Jones, Troy; Green McClendon, Brundidge; Frank Champion, H. A. Thompson, Troy; T. B. Bailey, Ansely; C. N. Mallett, Curry; A. C. Worthy, Troy; William Youngblood, Birmingham.

Company K.—Robert Espy, Abbeville; C. P. Anderson, Kennell, Rev. P. F. Brannon, Weatherford, Texas; W. H. Hall, Eufaula.

Company L.—Lee Lloyd, Brundidge; Nicholas Baker, Georgiana; E. Meredith, Catalpa; James McLaney, Omega.

During the reunion Rev. Father Brannon delivered to an immense audience an original poem. He was one of the drummer-boys of the Fifteenth during its entire service. He has been for many years a distinguished Catholic priest, and is a soul-stirring poet. The poem, which was written for the occasion, is as follows:

“In spirit we go back today,
 When all of us were young and strong;
 When we were proud to wear the gray,
 Opposed to what we thought was wrong;
 When every man stood at his post,
 To do, to dare, and to obey—
 To prove he loved his country most,
 Resigned to give his life away.

“’Tis sad, yet sweet, now to recall
 The hardships that we underwent—
 Far worse than Cæsar’s when in Gaul,
 For often we had not a cent;
 And haversacks were mighty slim,
 And everything was, oh! so blue;
 It almost made the eyes grow dim,
 To find the rations that we drew.

“But then it was some recompense
 To slip at night among the trees,
 And take a turkey off the fence
 Or rob a fruitful hive of bees.
 And maybe we would get a shoat,
 If not, a chicken, or a goose;
 If nothing else, a billy goat,
 Or anything that lay round loose.

“The weary march, who can forget—
 So tired, hungry, sleepy, too;
 Trudging along in cold and wet,
 Trying to find those men in blue.
 And washday, that was something great.
 We’d wash in some stream flowing by;
 Sit clothesless on the banks and wait
 For shirt and other things to dry.

“Our troubles were enough by day,
 And often they were worse at night;
 He could not sleep, he could not pray,
 For every soldier got a bite.
 And often he would have to rise
 And hold his shirt above the blaze—
 Their numbers try to minimize
 And shorten thus their length of days.

“But after all, we now delight
 To bring once more to memory's door
 The beating drum, the march, the fight,
 And comrades brave who've gone before;
 The cannon's boom, the screeching shell,
 The fierce contention on the field,
 The bayonet and the 'rebel yell'
 Before which everything would yield.

“Oh, how I love to bring to mind
 Dear old Virginia's many charms—
 Her people, knightly and refined;
 Her lovely streams, her vernal farms,
 Her purple mountains, skies so blue;
 The old turnpike, the fence of stone,
 The clover fields all wet with dew,
 And other beauties all her own.

“Farewell, dear Richmond on the James;
 Farewell, sweet Valley Shenandoah;
 Farewell, grand State, which still proclaims
 The valor which was shown of yore.
 In silent graves, where now do sleep
 The cold remains of those who died;
 Where Memory shall her vigils keep
 While truth and honor shall abide.

“The Southern soldier has no cause
 To be ashamed of anything.
 The world may now withhold applause,
 But unborn poets yet shall sing
 In glowing language of his name,
 Will tell the story of his past,
 Will write it on the scroll of fame
 To live as long as time shall last.

“But there's one name that's far above
 And far away beyond them all:
 Whose mem'ry we shall always love,
 Who kept his grandeur in his fall;
 Whose fame shall ever amplify
 In centuries that are yet to be,
 A name that will not, cannot die—
 Our great and peerless Robert Lee!

"How grand was his majestic soul!
 In victory or in sad defeat,
 How perfect was his self-control!
 How kind his heart, how pure, how sweet—
 No monument, however high,
 Although its summit kissed the skies,
 Would be too great to testify
 The glory which his name implies.

"And there's a name that meant success,
 Whose fame's eternal as the hills—
 The army's hope when in distress;
 A name that burns, a name that thrills.
 How dazzling were his splendid deeds!
 In strategy he led them all,
 And all the world today concedes
 That there was only one 'Stonewall.'

"No braver man was ever born.
 He flung the lightning in his path,
 Snatched victory out of hope forlorn,
 Like to a whirlwind in its wrath.
 Jackson and Lee! Fame's synonyms!
 Their tombs shall always be a shrine
 Where valor sings her sweetest hymns,
 Where history shall their names entwine.

"My dear, beloved soldier friends,
 We soon shall hear the last tattoo
 Which time shall beat as it descends
 To hide us all from mortal view.
 But there's a land I hope we'll see,
 Where there's no sorrow, and no wars;
 Where there's an endless reveille
 Which angels sing beyond the stars.

"Good-by, beloved friends, good-by:
 Our lives are passing fast away,
 Like clouds that fleck the lilac sky
 Or moths that round the candle play.
 A few more years 'twill be, at best,
 When all of us who wore the gray
 Will have passed, let's hope to rest,
 Awaiting that last judgment day.

"Good-by, once more, a last good-by;
 Together here no more we'll meet.
 Our friendship, though, shall never die—
 A soldier's love knows no deceit.
 There is a bond as strong as steel
 That binds us as the day to night;
 That is, that we shall always feel
 That what we did was for the right."



SURVIVORS OF THE 15TH ALABAMA REGIMENT IN REUNION AT MONTGOMERY, NOVEMBER 13TH, 1902.

CHAPTER XLI

GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

General Lee's Descent—Graduated From West Point—His Work As An Engineer in the War With Mexico—Commander of the Virginia State Troops—One of the Five Full Generals of the Confederacy—His Amazing Audacity As a Commander—Foreseeing the End—Had No Rival Among Any of the Generals That Survived the War—His Course After the Surrender.

It would be a work of supererogation to undertake to write a complete history of this man. He is too well known, and that work has already been performed by abler pens. The purpose of the writer therefore is in this connection to speak only of his most prominent characteristics and achievements.

He was descended from the English nobility on his father's side, but thoroughly Americanized. His father, Gen. "Light-horse Harry" Lee, was a vigorous fighter for the independence of the colonies. His mother was the second wife of Gen. Harry Lee, a Miss Carter, a most admirable lady. Robert Edward was her fourth child, born at Stratford, Virginia, January 19, 1807. His father died when he was but eleven years of age. He loved his mother with great devotion, and his kind attentions to her in her feeble health was a source of great comfort to her. Their home then was in Alexandria. He was a boy of studious habits and faultless character. He decided on a military career, prepared himself thoroughly in mathematics, and then applied for appointment to the West Point United States Military Academy, obtained it, and was admitted when he was a little turned eighteen years old. He was an earnest and diligent student. During the four years' course he never received a demerit mark for any breach of rules or neglect of duty. He never used tobacco, intoxicating liquors, or profane language. He was made adjutant of the corps and graduated second in his class in 1829. He was appointed a second lieutenant in the United States Engineer Corps, being then twenty-two years old.

He was married to Mary Custis, a very accomplished and wealthy young lady, who was the granddaughter of George Washington's wife. She owned Arlington, the beautiful mansion and grounds across the Potomac from the city of Washington. After the marriage Lee made this his home until the Confederate War began. Then it was seized by the Union troops. It was confiscated and converted into a soldiers' cemetery. After the death of General Lee and his wife their children recovered it on the ground set forth in subdivision two of section three of article three of the Constitution of the United States, to wit: That a forfeiture is good only for the life of the owner. They then sold it to the United States for seventy-five thousand dollars.

General Lee took a high stand in the Engineer Corps, surveying rivers and directing coast defenses. He was the first engineer to survey the Missouri River from St. Louis upward, and his survey was ever after followed in improvements of that river.

In the war with Mexico he held the rank of captain of engineers and planned every battle fought by General Scott. He was, when two new regiments of cavalry were raised during Pierce's administration, appointed lieutenant-colonel of the second regiment. Jefferson Davis was at that time Secretary of War. Early in March, 1861, when Colonel Sumner, of the First Cavalry, was promoted, President Lincoln promoted Lee to the colonelcy of that regiment. Two months thereafter he resigned to go with his State, Virginia having seceded from the Union. He was immediately appointed commander of the Virginia State troops, with the rank of major-general. When those troops were transferred to the Confederacy he was appointed one of the five full generals, to rank in the following order: Cooper (Adjutant-General), Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, and G. T. Beauregard. Lee was assigned to the command of West Virginia, where he made but little reputation. He was then assigned to the command of the defenses of Charleston, South Carolina. As the spring of 1862 approached and General McClellan was moving against Richmond, President Davis appointed General Lee his chief-of-staff. He held this position until Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862. Gen. G. W. Smith commanded the army the next day. On the morning of June 2, 1862, General Lee took command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and retained it until he surren-

dered to Grant at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9, 1865.

His character, his successes, failures, and nobility of soul are known to all men. As a general his strategy was masterful—never surpassed in the annals of war. It surpassed his executive ability. He was an anomaly in another respect. As a rule, with but few exceptions, an old general is much more cautious than a young one. Alexander, Hannibal, Hoche, Napoleon, were all young men, as was every other commander who astounded the world by his great military achievements. They did it by dash, energy, and taking great risks. Lee, though fifty-five to fifty-eight years old, took as great risks and exhibited as much dash and intrepidity as any young commander ever did. When one-third to one-half numerically weaker than his adversary he would send to a distant field of operations a division or a corps and take the chances of maintaining his position with his diminished force. When he confronted McClellan's army of 100,000 men, near Richmond, with but 50,000, he sent Whiting's division to reinforce Jackson in the Valley. He sent, a little later, the bulk of his army against Pope at Culpeper, leaving only two divisions to keep McClellan's army, then at Harrison's Landing, on the James River, from capturing Richmond. At Sharpsburg, or Antietam, Maryland, in September, 1862, with his rear to the Potomac River, and with but 35,000 men present, he received the assaults of the Union army, 80,000 strong, under General McClellan, maintained his position for two days, and then recrossed the river into Virginia. It was an audacious defiance of the rules of war and a tremendous risk. He sent Longstreet in March, 1863, with two divisions of his corps to Suffolk, 150 miles from Fredericksburg, where Lee's army then was. On May 2, 3, and 4, in the absence of these divisions, and with a total of only 60,000 men, he defeated Hooker with double that number. He sent Jackson with 25,000 men fifteen miles around Hooker's right flank and into his rear while he, with but 12,000, stood boldly in front of Hooker's 90,000 men, with the understanding that when he heard Jackson's guns open in the rear he would attack in front. At this time he had left General Early, with 15,000 men, at Fredericksburg, 12 miles from him, to confront and hold in check the Union General Sedgwick, with 30,000 men, from attacking him in the rear. Notwithstanding these divisions of his forces, and consequent ruinous risks, yet by celerity of movement, skilfulness of

attack, high courage and confidence of his officers and men, he won a most brilliant victory at Chancellorsville. No general in the world's history ever won a more brilliant victory under such adverse circumstances and with such disparity of numbers. On the night of May 2, 1863, when his greatest executive officer fell, Lee exclaimed, "Jackson has lost his left arm and I have lost my right." Indeed he had. If that loss had not occurred until two months later he would have won an equally brilliant and more decisive victory at Gettysburg. At that great battle he took some terrible risks—was repulsed, but not whipped. Leniency to his generals was his greatest fault in that great struggle. He assumed more than was justly his—the entire responsibility for the loss of the battle. On his retreat to Virginia he stood for days with a swollen and unfordable river at his back with but 40,000 men in line, and invited an attack by Meade's victorious army, over 100,000 strong, in his immediate front.

Two months later, when Longstreet, with two divisions of his corps, had been sent west to reenforce Bragg, Lee, with less than 50,000 men, kept the great Union army under Meade at bay and frequently offered him battle, which he declined.

On May 4, 1864, Lieutenant-General Grant, the most renowned general on the Union side, with Meade second in command, crossed the Rapidan River with 150,000 men, with the avowed purpose of marching on and capturing Richmond. Lee, with a force present and approaching of but 54,000 men, met and assailed him in the Wilderness, and on the 6th of May had Longstreet turn the Union left with a competent force, and as he was doubling it back on the center, with a fair prospect of forcing Grant to retreat, General Jenkins, a division commander, was killed and Longstreet badly wounded by a volley mistakenly fired by their own men.

Grant moved by his left and Lee by his right flank, and at Spottsylvania, North and South Anna River, Hanover Junction, Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor, and Chester Station, Grant's army made heavy assaults upon Lee's lines, but failed to break them or drive the Confederates. Thus it continued day by day from the Wilderness to Petersburg, at least 150 miles. Grant's losses were immediately replaced by recruits and new levies. The total of Lee's reenforcements, including Beauregard's army, which had been confronting Butler's near Bermuda Hundred, did not make the total of his force from May 4, 1864, to January 1,

1865, exceed 80,000 men. During the campaign at least 50,000 of Grant's men were killed or disabled. In June, when Lee was so hard pressed, Breckinridge, with his division of 2,500 men, had just joined him at Hanover Junction, but was ordered by Lee back to the Valley at once to check the advance of General Hunter, who, with an army of 20,000 men, was moving to flank Lee at Lynchburg and cut his communications westward. Soon thereafter he sent General Early, with the old Second Corps, 8,000 muskets, and 30 pieces of artillery, to meet Hunter at Lynchburg, and with Breckinridge's infantry it was hoped to drive Hunter from the Valley. Jones's, Imboden's, and Fitz Lee's cavalry and artillery, and Kershaw's division, were sent by Lee, at different times, from his depleted army to Early in the Valley during the fall of 1864. His entrenchments in front of Grant's lines were at times held for miles by only a skirmish line—the men five steps apart—while the main body of troops were withdrawn from that line temporarily to fight at some other point.

In January, 1865, by Lee's order, a body of Confederate troops were led by that intrepid and skilful commander, John B. Gordon, at night, in an assault against the most strongly fortified lines of Grant's right at Petersburg, with a view of cutting his army in twain and then beating it in detail. A most daring venture, but it failed.

Grant extended his lines of investment from a point east or northeast of Richmond down to, around, and beyond Petersburg, until they were near 35 miles long, and built a railroad and telegraph line in the rear. Lee had but 40,000 men with whom to guard that line—little more than 1,000 men to the mile. To show the condition of the troops we quote from General Lee's report to the Secretary of War dated February 8, 1865:

Sir:—All the disposable force of the right wing of the army has been operating against the enemy beyond Hatcher's Run since Sunday. Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, they had to be retained in line of battle, having been in the same condition the two previous days and nights. I regret to be obliged to state that under these circumstances, heightened by assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men had been without meat for three days, and all were suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail, and sleet. * * * is almost beyond human endurance. * * * The physical strength of the men, if their courage survives, must fail under this treatment. * * * Taking these facts in connection with the paucity of our numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us. * * *

As early as February 22 he reported to the Secretary of War that he thought that Grant was then preparing to advance his left with a view of enveloping the Confederate army. He also stated that he was endeavoring to have supplies collected at Burkville, in which direction he would move in case of a retreat, and urged him then to have everything of value removed from Richmond. He knew what was coming.

On April 2 he informed the Secretary of War that he could not hold his position any longer, would retreat that night, and would endeavor to concentrate his troops at Amelia Court House. His thin lines were broken; his great corps commander, A. P. Hill, was killed; two brigades were cut off beyond Hatcher's Run, and his long line was no longer defensible. Grant's army was so numerous and well supplied that Lee's columns were cut off on every road he took. The supplies which he had ordered in ample time did not meet him and soon his worn and weary men were starving and rapidly diminishing in numbers, until on the 9th of April, at Appomattox, Va., he, seeing that there was no use for a further effusion of blood, sought an interview with Grant and surrendered on the most liberal terms he could obtain. He surrendered, as the parole list shows, officers and men, 28,231, and 63 pieces of artillery. Grant's army then was 145,000 men and 400 pieces of artillery.

Lee had no rival among the Confederate generals who survived the war. It was believed by many that Albert Sidney Johnston would, had he not fallen in his first battle, have shown himself a superior general. Both men were of great ability, dignified, and of noble characteristics, but differed widely in some respects. Lee was very pious and a church man. If any difference, he was a more religious man than his great lieutenant-general, Jackson, who was notably so.

Johnston was moral, but made no profession of religion. Lee had but few intimates outside of his relatives and old army associates, and no intercourse with the enlisted men and lower officers. Johnston was polite, affable, and approachable by any private or company officer in his army. The men of Lee's army greatly admired him, because they knew that he was a great general. Johnston's men had the same high opinion of his ability, and loved him personally for his great interest in them individually. Lee sometimes conferred individually with his corps commanders, but rarely held any councils of war. Johnston assem-

bled his chief generals, heard their views, and then gave his orders. He was bold and aggressive as well as Lee, and might under similar circumstances have taken as great risks. The impartial historian cannot, however, say of him as of Lee, because killed before he was so thoroughly tried. He seemed at least Lee's equal in ability and noble, manly characteristics.

Lee possessed the most equable temper, the most harmonious characteristics, and the best-balanced mind of any man who ever rose to such a great eminence. He never used a harsh word in his life, nor was ever one spoken to him or about him. No other great man ever lived on American soil of whom this can truly be said. He was indeed a great and good man. His heart was thoroughly in the Confederate cause. General Gordon said that—

When the last bitter trial at Appomattox came, Lee's overburdened spirit recurred to that momentous hour at Spottsylvania, and he lamented that he had not fallen in that furious charge or some subsequent battle.

Not the slightest intimacy existed between him and the common soldiers of his army, yet they all loved him. He never court-martialed any of his officers, nor sanctioned the death penalty on any of his soldiers, nor on an enemy, even when caught as a spy—yet he maintained good discipline in his army. A word from him would calm the fiercest passions and allay all contentions and conflicts among his subordinates. The fear of incurring his displeasure at all times enforced implicit obedience, except in the case of General Longstreet at Gettysburg. At a word from him 50,000 brave men would assault with impetuosity an impregnable position, as they did on that field, where almost certain death awaited them, and yet when the column was hurled back broken, bleeding, and dying under a murderous fire, the survivors, with unshaken confidence in the grand generalship of "Uncle Robert," cheered him in the midst of the awful carnage. All of his actions, expressions, and thoughts emanated from an elevation of purity and loftiness almost above any to which humanity ever ascends. If I could express it in appropriate language, I would say of him as Tom Moore did of Sheridan, the writer and orator, "God never made but one such man, and broke the die that moulded Sheridan."

After the surrender General Lee was offered many lucrative and honorable positions, and although poor, he declined all of them, and accepted the presidency of Washington College, in the

little valley town of Virginia, at a salary of \$3,000 per annum. Notwithstanding the destruction and dilapidation caused by Hunter's troops in 1864, Lee's presidency, with good sense and energy, which he applied, soon secured the attendance of nearly seven hundred pupils and made the college quite prosperous. Many of the most influential men tried to induce him to become a candidate for Governor of Virginia, but he respectfully declined, because he said that he did not wish to enter into politics, and if he were to do so it would not at that time benefit, but probably injure, the people of the State. He also said that he was not qualified for political office—and that he did not approve of military statesmen nor of political generals. Washington was cited as a counter-argument. He replied that Washington was an exception, and that there was no other like him.

General Lee died at his home in Lexington, Virginia, October 12, 1870, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. The greatest respect for his memory and most profound regret were expressed throughout the entire country. In the South no man was ever so highly honored or more beloved.

CHAPTER XLII

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

General Holmes Its First Commander—Succeeded by E. Kirby Smith in March, 1863—Operations to Relieve the Situation at Vicksburg—Attack on Helena—General Taylor's Work in Louisiana—Taylor *Versus* Banks—Made a Lieutenant-General—Assigned to Command of Department of Mississippi—His Writings.

Before it was designated a department the operations of several small armies were almost independent and accomplished but little good. When it was constituted a department and placed under a single head General Holmes was assigned to the command. He accomplished but little, and utterly failed to give proper impetus to the organization and effective use of the vast material within his department, until the necessity became apparent for some more capable general to be assigned to that command. E. Kirby Smith was made lieutenant-general and assigned to the command of the department, which consisted of the States of Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Indian Territory, and New Mexico, more than one million of square miles. Smith was assigned to the command of it in March, 1863. He, as well as Holmes, was a graduate of West Point Military Academy. He won some distinction in the war with Mexico, and served with the regular cavalry until after secession, then resigned and went into the Army of the Confederacy. As brigadier-general under Gen. J. E. Johnston he brought his brigade into action in support of Beauregard's left in the first battle of Manassas and rendered most timely and efficient assistance, and was wounded. He was made a major-general and subsequently commanded in east Tennessee. In the summer of 1862 he advanced with his division through Cumberland Gap, joined Bragg, fought at Richmond, Kentucky, and pushed on his column north to Lexington and Frankfort. But nothing ever came of it. His command was merged into Bragg's army, who retreated without accomplishing any substantial results.

The only notable thing Holmes had done was to allow Sherman to capture Arkansas Post and make prisoners of 5,000 of the best Confederate troops in the department, when there was no necessity for the sacrifice. Smith seemed a much better commander for that department, but it proved to be too extensive a territory for his skill and experience to handle successfully. To reopen the navigation of the great river from its source to its mouth and to bisect the Confederacy was the grand object of the Federal Government in the West, and all of its armies out there were contributory to that end. Grant was operating with a large force against Vicksburg, and Banks against Port Hudson with 20,000 men. A military strategist with only half the strategy possessed by R. E. Lee would have accomplished much in that department. Holmes still commanded in Arkansas. Pemberton, another lieutenant-general, commanded in Mississippi, and thus were the commanders on each side of the great river incapable of conceiving the grand results which might have been accomplished under abler commanders. On the east side General Bowen, a good officer, was sent by Pemberton, with but 5,500 men, to oppose McClelland, near Port Gibson, with a corps of 20,000 men. Gallant Bowen and his brave men did their best, but were overpowered and worsted of course.

In May 1863, General Smith concluded that he could make a diversion which would relieve Vicksburg, then besieged, by sending a force to attack and capture Helena on the Arkansas side of the river about 300 miles north of Vicksburg and 75 miles south of Memphis. At that place the Federals had three forts, a garrison of about 4,000 men, and a gunboat stationed in the river. General Holmes was ordered, and moved about the last of the month with General Price's division of infantry, consisting of the brigades of Parsons, McRae, and Fagan, aggregating a little less than 3,000, and Marmaduke's division of cavalry—all told about 4,900 men. A great deal of rain had fallen, the ground was very wet, the creeks overflowed, and the low, flat country was covered with water. The men toiled and waded frequently to their waists. There was no pontoon train, the mules at many, even hundreds, of places could not pull the wagons through the sloughs, when a detail of fifty or more men would be made and the poor brave fellows would rope each wagon, wade and pull them through. The loaded wagons were heavy and would sink deep into the mud and water. Over many of the streams the bridges had been washed away, but nothing daunted, those de-

terminated men went through and sometimes made bridges of floating logs across the deepest streams. They were at this terrible business for eleven or twelve days, the most dangerous and trying march ever made by men. It is a wonder that the exposure and fatigue did not kill half of them. Much time had been consumed and July had come. On arrival General Holmes called his generals together and explained the strength of the position. The town was encircled by a range of wooded hills and the river, and one fort on the north, one on the south, and one at the grave-yard on the west of the town. General Price deemed the capture of the place too hazardous and insisted that besieging it would draw troops from the besieging force at Vicksburg, which was the object of the expedition, and if the place was taken he thought it untenable. Holmes wanted the glory of the victory and decided to attack. He ordered Marmaduke to attack the northern, Fagan the southern, and Price the western or center fort. Price captured his, but both the others failed, and those two forts commanded the one captured, and with the large shells from the gunboat Price's command could not hold it and had to abandon it after heavy losses. West Point egotism against good common sense threw away all the unprecedented toil and hardships of that march and sacrificed the lives of a large number of the brave patriots who made it. Such conduct was enough to dishearten any men on earth. The next day Vicksburg was surrendered, and Holmes's men had to begin to retrace their steps of that awful march. Holmes displayed high courage and exposed himself to the heavy shell fire, and when General Parsons called to him to protect himself and said, "Don't you hear the shot whistling around you?" He replied, "I have the advantage of you, sir, I am deaf and cannot hear them." But his high courage, without judgment, was worse than useless.

Gen. "Dick" Taylor commanded at that time the district of Louisiana, which was overrun before he was assigned to it. He did all he could with his small force and limited means to relieve Vicksburg. He organized an expedition against Brashear City and its forts. On June 22, with the troops under Generals Mouton and Green and Colonel Majors, the forts were taken at the point of the bayonet. Eighteen hundred prisoners and \$5,000,000 worth of stores were captured. But this did not force General Banks to raise the siege of Port Hudson, as was expected, and hence did not relieve Vicksburg. Further efforts were made, but they were too late, and his attack at Millikin's Bend was repulsed.

The last effort had been made and the greatly-coveted prize fell into the hands of the Union.

Pollard, in his "Lost Cause," says (p. 394) of Vicksburg:

Fort was erected against fort, and trench dug against trench. The besiegers and sappers constructed their corridors and passages and pits amid a blazing fire of hostile musketry and the fiercest rays of the summer sun. The Confederates, confined to the narrow limits of the trenches, with their limbs cramped and swollen, never had by day or by night the slightest relief. They were exposed to the burning suns, drenching rains, damp fogs, and heavy dews. The citizens, women, and children prepared caves in the hills, where they took refuge during the almost incessant bombardment.

At length the soldiers and citizens were without food. They ate mule meat until that was exhausted. One-half were sick and the other starving, and July 4, 1863, Pemberton surrendered. This, with the battle of Gettysburg, cast a gloom over the fortunes of the Confederacy from which it never recovered.

General Taylor then turned his attention to Southern Louisiana, where he won brilliant successes in small battles, and practically rid the country of the invaders. General Banks, in command at New Orleans, concluded to make his presence felt throughout Louisiana and Texas. To do this he got a squadron of gunboats, nineteen in number, under Admiral Porter to ascend the Red River with a lot of transports loaded with troops and supplies. This movement began about the middle of March, 1864. A. J. Smith's corps of 10,000 infantry was disembarked at Alexandria. These were soon joined by Gen. W. B. Franklin's corps of 18,000 infantry landed at Bayou Teche, with cavalry from Steele's forces in Arkansas, making up an army of about 40,000 men—infantry, artillery and cavalry—and by April 1 it had reached Natchitoches along the Red River Road. General Taylor's small force was falling back westward along the road leading through Pleasant Hill and on to Mansfield, at which latter place he was concentrating his scattered forces as he could collect them. Gen. Kirby Smith, to whom Taylor reported, had his headquarters at Shreveport. Smith ordered Churchill's division to reinforce Taylor at Mansfield.

General Smith suggested to Taylor the propriety of falling back before Banks's superior force to Shreveport, and then to fight him behind trenches. But Taylor found that General Steele, who was marching from Arkansas with 7,000 troops, would unite with Banks and finally worst the Confederates and force them to capitulate. Taylor thought that 2,500 men at

Vicksburg and 1,000 at Port Hudson to man the forts and heavy guns would have been enough, which would have given an army of 35,000 active men in the field, instead of shutting them up in fortifications to be ultimately worn out and forced to surrender. General Smith remained at Shreveport, but sent such reenforcements to Taylor as he could spare. On April 8, near Mansfield, Banks found Taylor in position awaiting his attack. Banks had up and present 25,000 men, Taylor something less than 10,000. Banks hesitated to attack until 4 o'clock P. M. Taylor became impatient and made a furious assault. General Mouton, with his Louisiana brigade, led it and broke the first and second Federal lines of battle. In the second line one Union regiment called for quarter, ceased firing, and wanted to surrender. General Mouton, a most gallant Louisiana Frenchman, rode up to receive its surrender, when several shots were fired at him and he fell from his horse dead. His troops, who witnessed it, greatly incensed at such treachery, would not then recognize the proposed surrender, but poured into that regiment volley after volley of musketry, killing or wounding nearly every man in it. It was dark when the battle closed with Banks on the retreat. He lost 800 killed and wounded, some 2,000 prisoners, 250 wagons, 18 pieces of artillery, and over 5,000 stands of small arms.

Before day the next morning Taylor began the pursuit, with his cavalry division and Churchill's infantry, which had not been engaged, in the lead of the troops of that army. The cavalry, closely pursuing, picked up many stragglers and found many wagons abandoned or burning. At Pleasant Hill he overtook Banks, who made a stand there. He chose a strong position and disposed his forces well to receive an attack. Taylor formed line of battle with the divisions of Polignac, Walker, and Churchill from left to right, and sent the latter divisions to turn Banks's left and get in his rear; General Green, with his division of cavalry, and De Bray's and Buchell's regiments of Texas cavalry on the flanks; Mouton's troops the reserves. Taylor had then near 12,000 men. The attack began and the fighting became heavy, when he discovered that General Churchill had swung too far around Banks's left. Churchill, supposing that he was assaulting the flank, found that he had gone too far, and his own left flank was turned and assaulted with great vigor. His command was thrown into confusion and soon a good part of it routed. Brigadier-General Parsons's Missouri brigade was

further demoralized by their commander's riding rapidly from the field and shouting to his men to meet him away in the rear. Brigadier-General Tappan, of Arkansas, kept his brigade better in hand, while retreating in considerable disorder. Colonel Buchell had served in the Prussian Army and was a well-drilled officer. His regiment was from New Bronfels, the Dutch settlement in Texas. They fought well. Buchell was killed. With the aid of Walker's infantry and Green's cavalry the rout was checked, the Confederate lines restored, and considerable advance made, so that Taylor held the village of Pleasant Hill that night. Before dawn Banks retreated in the direction of Grand Ecore and the Red River. Generals Walker and Bee and Colonels Major and De Bray were wounded. The battle was indecisive, though the Confederates held the field. Taylor reported his losses in the two battles at killed and wounded 2,200, 426 prisoners, and 3 guns. The Federal loss in killed and wounded over 4,000, 250 wagons, 20 guns, 2,800 prisoners, and many thousand stands of small arms captured. So Banks's immense armament and vain boasting of his intended conquest soon came to grief by the heroism of a Southern army but little more than half as large as his, commanded by an heroic, dashing general, whose common sense and assurance inspired his men. His lieutenants, Mouton, Polignac, Walker, Green, Major, Bee, Waul, Scurry, Gibson, and Brent, directed by Taylor's genius and foresight, were too much for double their number, who, though brave, were not inspired by love of home or directed by equal intelligence. Taylor was sanguine of the capture or destruction of Banks's entire army, but Gen. Kirby Smith arrived at Pleasant Hill the next morning after the battle and ordered the divisions of Churchill and Polignac to march at once to Shreveport, leaving Taylor with less than 6,000 men, mostly cavalry. With them he pushed on to Red River, where General Green attacked the gunboats with his cavalry and field guns, but was soon struck on the head with a fragment of shell and killed. He was a dashing, gallant officer and his loss a great one. The largest county in Western Texas has been named "Tom Green" in honor of him.

General Taylor knew that after the withdrawal of the two divisions his scheme to capture or destroy Banks's force was impracticable and he made no further effort, except to hang on his flanks and annoy Banks's army. He never forgave Gen. Kirby Smith for thwarting his enterprise.

Under the inactivity and restraints imposed by General Smith, General Taylor despaired of ever accomplishing anything for the Confederate cause, and applied to Richmond to be relieved from duty, and some time after his request was granted, when he rejoined his family, from whom he had been long separated.

Banks's Red River campaign ended disastrously, and no more of that kind were undertaken by the Federal Government.

Along in the summer Taylor was made a lieutenant-general and ordered to the east side of the Mississippi.

In obedience to orders he succeeded by dint of energy and great caution in crossing the Mississippi. The river was closely guarded at nearly every point by Union troops. The General took two good horses and his faithful negro man Tom, procured two guides, and threaded his way through the swamp and jungles until he reached the river about twilight. The guides had procured a light canoe, which was launched after dark. A Union gunboat was lying in the river a short distance below and in full view. The horses were stripped and the saddles put into the little boat. One of the guides paddled, while the General and Tom sat in the bottom, each holding a halter-rein of a horse, and thus they glided across that wide, turbid stream just above the gunboat. He said that his horses seemed apprehensive, as they made no noise, but silently swam alongside the canoe. When he landed he and Tom rubbed, dried, and rested them for an hour, then mounted and rode 25 miles that night to Woodville, Mississippi, from which place he reported by telegraph to Richmond. He was immediately assigned to the command of the Department of Mississippi, East Louisiana, Alabama, and West Tennessee. Within two or three days thereafter Atlanta was surrendered to Sherman. Taylor's first care was to gather up the little detachments of troops scattered through the department and to place them where apparently most needed. Hood soon began swinging around Sherman to the west, and ultimately into Tennessee. Taylor did all he could to aid him, and when driven from Nashville and out of Tennessee to Tupelo, Mississippi, he asked to be relieved from duty, and Taylor was ordered to succeed him; after which, as spring approached, he sent the remnants of Hood's army to General Johnston in North Carolina. The bottom soon dropped out of the Confederacy and Taylor surrendered his department to Major-General Canby.

Taylor was a great general and a man of high attainments, which qualified him for civil as well as military functions. He never had a fair opportunity to show what a general he really was.

He wrote and published a book after the war, entitled "Destruction and Reconstruction," which is one of the finest contributions to the history of that greatest of events which ever occurred on the Western hemisphere. His commendations and criticisms of President Davis, Stephens, Toombs, Cobb, Yancey, and Joe Brown as civilians; and Jos. E. and Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Forrest, and Kirby Smith as generals, are highly entertaining. He shows Smith to have been overcropped and incapable of wisely commanding his department; his descriptions of Jackson and Ewell are inimitable and mirth provoking, while his tribute to Gen. R. E. Lee expresses a correct judgment and is in every way faultless. His commentaries upon reconstruction and his ridiculous classical comparisons are none too severe. His account of the fall of Andrew Johnson and the political prostitution of the splendid soldier U. S. Grant cannot be gainsaid or denied. His book may contain some exaggerations, but it is a masterful presentation. The only criticism that can be made on it is that it is rather too pedantic for the common reader. It is surely an interesting book.

The son of "Old Rough and Ready," Gen. Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President of the United States, was born in Louisiana, January 27, 1826. In the Confederate Army he rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and was well qualified for independent command.

He survived the war and died in New York April 17, 1879, at the age of 54 years, while superintending the publication of his book. He was a noble man, of high courage, a generous heart, a fine soldier, an accomplished gentleman and devoted Southerner.

CHAPTER XLIII

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON RECALLED

General Lee Assigns General Johnston to Command of Army of Tennessee—Johnston's Policy on Assuming Command—The Fighting Near Bentonville—Baker's Charge on a Jack-Rabbit, and Where it Took Him—Sherman and Schofield United—Johnston's Consultation With Davis—The Agreement Between Johnston and Sherman—Rejected by Andrew Johnson—Terms of Surrender as Agreed To—Johnston's Checkered Career—"Fighting" Joe Hooker's Opinion of Johnston.

February 23, 1865, the Secretary of War ordered Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to report to Gen. R. E. Lee, whom the Confederate Congress had made general commander of all the armies of the Confederate States. This enactment is another demonstration of the unwisdom and embarrassment caused by the adoption of a permanent Constitution for the Confederacy. It, like the Constitution of the United States, declared that the President should be commander-in-chief of the army and navy. But confidence in Mr. Davis's military ability was so much on the wane that the Congress vested Lee with that power, contrary to the provisions of the Constitution. The same thing, however, was done in the case of General Grant.

On the 24th of February, 1865, Lee assigned Gen. Joseph Eggleston Johnston to the command of the Army of Tennessee and all the Confederate soldiers in Georgia, South and North Carolina. He collected together 20,000 infantry and artillery and 5,000 cavalry, the latter in two divisions, commanded respectively by Major-Generals Wheeler and Butler, constituting a small corps, commanded by Lieut.-Gen. Wade Hampton, as stated by General Johnston in his book.

He states that in assuming this command he did not think that there was a possibility of maintaining the Confederacy as a government, and that fighting could accomplish nothing except to obtain better terms of surrender. He collected the remnants of scattered Confederate forces. The following generals of high rank were then in that department: Full Generals Johnston, Beau-

regard, and Bragg; Lieutenant-Generals Hardee, Stephen D. Lee, D. H. Hill, Wade Hampton, and A. P. Stewart; Major-Generals Cheatham, Wheeler, Butler, Clayton, Stevenson, McLaws, Hoke, Taliaferro and Law.

Johnston adopted the policy of concentrating his forces, obstructing Sherman's advance, and falling back. General Bragg reported to Johnston that he had 8,000 effective soldiers, well equipped, at Goldsboro, North Carolina. He said that a heavy body of the enemy was marching on Kingston, and was then but 9 miles distant. He suggested that if he could have the troops under D. H. Hill and Clayton's division, then near at hand, to join him, that he believed he could win a victory. He was authorized to proceed. His entire force with these was not over 10,000. He attacked three divisions under Union General Cox. Bragg's troops whipped Cox's column, drove him back 3 miles, took 1,500 prisoners and captured 3 guns. So at the last moment of Bragg's military career he won a small battle. This force under Bragg, and the arrival of other detachments, including Stephen D. Lee's remnants, ran up the total under Johnston to about 36,000 men.

Sherman had, including Kilpatrick's cavalry, 80,000 men, thoroughly equipped.

On the 15th of March Lieutenant-General Hardee fought the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps of Sherman's army at Averysboro, and repulsed every assault made upon him. At night General Hampton informed Hardee that the enemy were flanking him on his left. During the night he retreated to Elevation, which he reached about 12 o'clock the next day. He reported his losses to have been not exceeding 500 killed and wounded. The loss of his assailants no doubt was three times that number.

On the 19th of March the bulk of the Confederate army, less than 20,000 men, attacked the head of Sherman's army, near Bentonville, and fought between 30,000 and 40,000 of them, driving them a considerable distance, displaying their old-time gallantry, and their officers of high rank exposing themselves recklessly, fighting in many cases in the ranks with the men. During the night the Confederates fell back to the trenches from which they began the attack that day. They held their position the next day with heavy skirmishing, but on the 21st the whole of Sherman's army had gotten up and the Confederate flank was turned, and they retreated to Smithfield on the 22d. Of course

complete success was impossible against such a superior force; but General Johnston was delighted with his temporary success, as it restored confidence to the Confederate troops.

Brig.-Gen. Alpheus Baker, from Eufaula, Alabama, one of the most renowned orators of the South, during the hard fighting on the 19th from some cause became greatly enthused, and charged with his little brigade, broke through the Federal lines, penetrated to the rear, and then marched entirely around the flank, and at the end of two days and nights got back to the Confederate army.

Baker was very eccentric and superstitious. He said that when his brigade began to advance and was proceeding in quick time he saw a big rabbit running, and saw that it would cross his path; he stuck spurs to his horse and dashed ahead of the rabbit, and then ordered his brigade to charge, which it did, and drove everything before it, until he found that he had cut through to the Federal rear, and the only way to get back was to make a wide circuit through woods and fields; but after a most fatiguing march he finally got back to Johnston's army.

He said he was satisfied that if he had allowed that old jack-rabbit to cross him he would have been killed and his brigade decimated. That after he beat the rabbit he turned up the cuff of his left coat-sleeve—wrong side out—and felt no danger.

He most likely struck a thin line of the enemy near the flank.

In the fighting at and about Bentonville on the 19th, 20th, and 21st the aggregate losses of the Confederates was 223 killed, 1,467 wounded, and 653 captured. On the 20th and 21st there were arrivals of regiments and parts of regiments belonging to the Army of Tennessee—about 2,000 soldiers, mostly belonging to General Cheatham's division.

The Confederates in the three days' fighting took 900 prisoners and killed and wounded about 4,000 of their enemy. They fought mostly under cover.

On the 23d General Sherman united with his army that of Schofield at Goldsboro. At that place Sherman remained for several weeks to allow his troops to rest. This was what Johnston wanted, for with his troops to the north in observation it gave him time to despatch an officer of high rank to confer with Gen. Robert E. Lee, with reference to co-operating and uniting the two armies.

On April 2 Richmond was abandoned by Davis and his Cabinet. On the night of the 10th Johnston received a telegram from

President Davis, despatched from Danville, Virginia, that General Lee had surrendered the day before. Sherman was then moving on Raleigh. The President telegraphed Johnston to leave the troops under the command of General Hardee and to come to him at Greensboro. On arrival he called on Beauregard, and they together called on Mr. Davis, and found with him Messrs. Benjamin, Mallory, and Reagan, of his Cabinet. Davis desired to give them the information (instead of asking any from them, greatly to their surprise) that within two or three weeks he would have a large army in the field, and that he would do it "By bringing back into the ranks those who had abandoned them in less desperate circumstances, and by calling out the enrolled men whom the conscript bureaus with its force had been unable to bring into the army."

What a wild and thoughtless declaration! The idea that he could, by any means, induce men who had deserted the service, evaded or defied the conscript officers, in the then hopelessness of the cause, to return, could scarcely have emanated from a sane mind. Mr. Davis was certainly addled by his overthrow and that of the Confederacy then impending.

Gen. John C. Breckinridge, then Secretary of War, arrived the next day and confirmed the report of the surrender of General Lee. He conferred with Johnston and Beauregard as to the situation, and they all agreed. They then saw Mr. Davis, and finally prevailed upon him to dictate a proposition to be made to Sherman, through Johnston, for a suspension of hostilities, and to leave the adjustment of the great questions to the civil authorities of the United States and the Confederate States. Johnston sent it to Sherman through Hampton. He replied the next day that he would suspend hostilities along their lines and would meet Johnston at a designated place. They met and talked, and he told Johnston that he had nothing to do with the civil authorities and knew that his Government would not agree to that proposition, as the Confederacy had never been recognized as a *de jure* government. They agreed to have another conference the next day at the same place, Sherman agreeing that Breckinridge might be present. They met, and after a long conference made the following agreement, to be submitted to the President of the United States for his approval:

Memorandum of Agreement, Made This 18th Day of April, A. D. 1865.

1.—The contending armies now in the field to maintain their *status quo* until notice is given by the commanding general of any one to its opponent, and reasonable time—say forty-eight (48) hours—allowed.

2.—The Confederate armies, now in existence, to be disbanded and conducted to their several State capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the State arsenal; and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from acts of war, and to abide the action of the State and Federal authority. The number of arms and munitions of war to be reported to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington City, subject to the future action of the Congress of the United States, and, in the meantime, to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the State respectively.

3.—The recognition, by the Executive of the United States, of the several State governments, on their officers and legislatures taking the oaths prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, and, where conflicting State governments have resulted from the war, the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

4.—The re-establishment of all the Federal courts in the several States, with powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.

5.—The people and inhabitants of all the States to be guaranteed, so far as the Executive can, their political rights and franchises, as well as their rights of person and property, as defined by the Constitution of the United States and the State respectively.

6.—The Executive authority of the Government of the United States not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war, so long as they live in peace and quiet, abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey the laws in existence at the place of their residence.

7.—In general terms—the war to cease; a general amnesty, so far as the Executive of the United States can command, on condition of the disbandment of the Confederate armies, the distribution of the arms, and the resumption of peaceful pursuits by the officers and men hitherto composing said armies.

Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain the necessary authority, and to carry out the above programme.

J. E. JOHNSTON,
*General Commanding Confederate
States Army in N. C.*

W. T. SHERMAN,
*Major-General Commanding
Army of the United States in N. C.*

On the 24th day of April Sherman informed Johnston that the United States disapproved their agreement and within forty-eight hours their armistice would terminate, and demanding that Johnston surrender on the same terms upon which Lee had surrendered to Grant. Johnston replied, proposing another meeting at Bennett's House. They met on the morning of the 26th, and without unnecessary delay Johnston, without seeking any further conference with Mr. Davis (having reported to and conferred with him at Charlotte by telegraph up to this time), now acted on his own judgment, and agreed to surrender all the forces under

his command on the same, or similar terms, to those on which General Lee had surrendered to Grant, as follows, to wit

Terms of a Military Convention entered into this twenty-sixth (26th) day of April, 1865, at Bennett's House, near Durham's Station, North Carolina, between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate Army, and Maj.-Gen. W T Sherman, commanding the United States Army in North Carolina.

1.—All acts of war on the part of the troops under General Johnston's command to cease from this date.

2.—All arms and public property to be deposited at Greensboro, and delivered to an ordnance officer of the United States Army.

3.—Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate; one copy to be retained by the commander of the troops, and the other to be given to an officer to be designated by General Sherman. Each officer and man to give his individual obligation in writing, not to take up arms against the Government of the United States, until properly released from this obligation.

4.—The side arms of officers, and their private horses and baggage, to be retained by them.

5.—This being done, all the officers and men to be permitted to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their obligation, and the laws in force where they may reside.

(Signed) J. E. JOHNSTON,
General Commanding Confederate
States Forces in N. C.

(Signed) W T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding
United States Forces in N. C.

A careful consideration of the foregoing agreement will reveal to every person well informed as to the condition of affairs in the country at that time a disposition on the part of Sherman sufficiently broad and liberal to atone for much of the harshness and cruelty exhibited by him toward the Southern people. He permitted, and sometimes encouraged, uncivilized and outrageous treatment of the Southern people along his line of march and in cities which he occupied. But in this agreement he seemed to have made an effort to atone for his cruelty and inhumanity. The true explanation, however, of his conduct on that occasion was that he had visited President Lincoln at City Point, below Richmond, a short time before the President was assassinated, and had learned from him the liberal terms which he was willing to grant to the South, and Sherman was, in making this liberal agreement with Johnston, but trying to give potency to the voice of the dead President, instead of atoning for his own cruelties.

General Sherman, in describing his interview with General Johnston and the paper which had been drawn up for him by Postmaster-General Reagan, which was not acceptable to him, said, as reported by him in his "Memoirs" (Vol. II, p. 353):

Then, recalling the conversation of Mr. Lincoln, at City Point, I sat down at the table, and wrote off the terms, which I thought concisely expressed his views and wishes, and explained that I was willing to submit these terms to the new President, Mr. Johnson, provided that both armies should remain in *statu quo* until the truce therein declared should expire. I had full faith that General Johnston would religiously respect the truce, which he did. * * *

Neither Mr. Breckinridge nor General Johnston wrote one word of that paper. I wrote it myself, and announced it as the best I could do, and they readily assented.

Andrew Johnson was the President who rejected this wise and humane agreement—a Southern man who had been during the war a bitter enemy to the South and the people who had honored him. He boasted that he was going to “make treason odious.” He let them hang poor Mrs. Surratt, turning a deaf ear to her appeals for mercy, and then, before the expiration of his term was, like Acteon, eaten up by his own dogs, politically, they came near impeaching him, and had it succeeded it would have been a just retribution for his demagogy and treachery to the people who had honored him.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's career was the most checkered and remarkable during the Confederate War of any general engaged in it. He was an officer of great executive ability. His discernment and foresight as to the plans, purposes, and contemplated movements of his adversary were fine. He was the most cautious of any of the Confederate generals. His policy was too Fabian—he would surrender a strong and advantageous position if he thought that there was even a probable defeat for his army in that position. He regarded it as better to surrender strong positions, important cities, and territory than to get his army whipped or even to take a great risk of being defeated. It was not due to a deficiency of courage, for he was surely a brave man. While it may be truly said that he never won a battle, it is equally true that he never lost one. Whenever his army was in great danger he extricated it with consummate skill. It was difficult for any one to obtain from him his plans or purposes beyond the immediate present. He gave orders promptly when assaulting or being attacked by the enemy. They never surprised him or, as the saying is, “caught him napping.” The trouble with his Fabianism was that while he economized in men and kept the fighting strength of his army up to the highest point of efficiency, his policy of yielding ground and losing territory would ultimately have lost to the Confederacy the means of supplying its armies with rations

and materials of war and it would have collapsed from this cause if long continued.

The quarrel between Mr. Davis and General Johnston began at the very inception of the war, and was on a question of rank. In the old army Johnston was Quartermaster-General, with the rank of brigadier-general. Robert E. Lee was colonel of the First Regiment of United States cavalry. Davis held that in making full generals Lee should be made to rank Johnston because the latter was a brigadier only by reason of his department position, and that Lee, being a colonel in the regular line of promotion, should have the rank. The latter did not like it, and in his heart attributed Davis's decision to prejudice toward him. There is no doubt of the right of the President to have decided the matter, but whether his decision was under the rule he had adopted in appointing officers who had resigned from the old army according to the rank held by them therein, was doubted and debated among those officers, and especially the West Pointers. If Davis was wholly free from prejudice at the start, Johnston's lack of cordiality and suspicion of partiality led to distrust and prejudice on the part of each toward the other. They were both stubborn and uncompromising in disposition, and consequently drifted farther and farther apart. Finally when Lee, by act of Congress, was made Commander-in-Chief of all the Confederate armies, he at once recalled Johnston and put him in command of the Army of Tennessee and the Department of both the Carolinas and Georgia. It was a great compliment and a vindication of his former course.

A close comparison between Lee and Johnston, as generals, shows a striking difference, which justified Mr. Davis in giving the rank to the former, whether he was right or wrong as to seniority in the old army. For example, Lee, at Sharpsburg, Maryland, with but half the number of men of General McClellan, his wily antagonist, and with an unfordable river in his immediate rear, fought during the 16th and 17th days of September, 1862, repulsing successfully all of the heavy assaults made upon his inferior force, and stood his ground defiantly on the 18th, and that night, without molestation, recrossed the Potomac into Virginia. His enemy tried the experiment of pursuit the next morning, but was hurled back into the water, which was made blue by the bodies of the slain.

All writers upon the science of war are agreed that a general should not, if he can safely avoid it, fight a battle with an unford-

able river in his immediate rear. But Lee did it hoping to win and be in a position to pursue McClellan vigorously. General Johnston never would have taken the risk, but would have crossed the river the first night. He was the most pre-eminent retreator of any general on the Confederate side during the war.

General Sherman, in his "Memoirs," says that General Johnston was a shrewd, sagacious, and cautious general, but that he never could understand his inactivity in not attacking vigorously the head of each column of the Federal army when crossing the Chattahoochee in his advance on Atlanta. He regarded Atlanta as the next most important place in the Confederacy to Richmond, and he fully expected to have had hard fighting to cross that river, but he was agreeably disappointed. We have already given the estimate of Generals Hardee and Stewart of Johnston's conduct of this campaign, and will now give a letter from the commander of the leading corps in Sherman's army, written years after the war, expressive of the writer's opinion of Johnston as a general. The writer was called "Fighting" Joe Hooker, though perhaps no more a fighter than many others in that army, yet he was an officer of ability and large experience. Gen. Joe Hooker, of the Union Army, was an officer of great prominence. He was a corps commander under Sherman during his campaign against General Johnston in 1864. After the war, in 1873, Confederate General Lovell wrote him for his opinion of Johnston as a general. His reply was quite complimentary to that officer throughout. We quote the following from it:

I was familiar with his service in the Seminole War, and also in our war with Mexico.

During the campaign to which we refer I served in the army opposed to him, in command of a corps, on which, as you intimate, much of the heavy work of the campaign devolved—I mean the retreat of the Confederate army from Buzzard's Roost Pass to near Atlanta, Georgia, embracing the period from May 5 to July 17. At the former point Johnston found himself too weak to cope with our army with any prospect of success, and it became his problem to weaken the Union army by drawing it from its base of operations and seeking opportunities in the meantime to attack and destroy it whenever occasions presented themselves to do so advantageously. Our vast superiority in numbers enabled us to divide our army, and turn all his positions without risk from any quarter.

General Johnston, however, as he abandoned his entrenched positions, conducted his retreat, in my judgment, in a prudent and consummate manner, both in strategy and tactics. All the positions chosen for making a stand were selected with the utmost sagacity and skill, and his defenses were thrown up and strengthened with the exercise of marvelous ingenuity and judgment. This was the case near Dalton, Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, and other points which I do not now re-

member. Considering that Johnston's army was on the retreat, I think it remarkable that we found no deserters, no stragglers, no muskets or knapsacks, and no material of war. Johnston's troops also covered and protected the citizens living in the vast district in which we were operating, in carrying off all their property from before us. In fact, it was the cleanest and best-conducted retreat, as was remarked by every one, that we had seen or read of. Wherever we went we encountered a formidable line of battle, which all commanders were inclined to respect; I know this was my feeling, and other officers in command of armies and corps appeared to feel as I did. Indeed, this retreat was so masterly that I regarded it as a useful lesson for study for all persons who may hereafter elect for their calling the profession of arms. After having given the subject a good deal of reflection, I unhesitatingly state as my conviction that this retreat was the most prominent feature of the war, and, in my judgment, reflects the highest credit upon its author. The news that General Johnston had been removed from the command of the army opposed to us was received by our officers with universal rejoicing.

* * * One of the prominent historians of the Confederacy ascribes the misfortunes of the "Lost Cause" to the relief of General Johnston; I do not think this, but it certainly contributed materially to hasten its collapse.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. HOOKER, *Major-General.*



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

By C. H. Neihaus. Erected in 1904 in Memphis, Tenn.

CHAPTER XLIV

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

His Strong Parentage—An Incident Showing His Chivalry and Violent Temper—As He Conducted Discipline—His First Important Service—Pursuit and Capture of Streight—Thanked by Congress—Bragg and Forrest—Doctor Cowan's Account of Forrest's Denunciation of Bragg—He Harasses Sherman—Some Opinions of Forrest—The Battle of Brice's Cross Roads a Masterpiece of Strategy—Incidents of His Career After the War—His Personal Appearance and Character.

Lieut.-Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest was the most remarkable man, in many respects, the Confederate War developed. Any history of that war which made no mention of him would be too incomplete to command the attention of any reader.

He was born July 13, 1821, in the obscure frontier of what was Bedford County, Tennessee. His first name, Nathan, was given him for his grandfather and his middle name for the county. His father was a blacksmith, over six feet tall, very strong, courageous, of industrious, sober habits, and esteemed for his integrity and manly conduct. At an early age he married Miss Mariam Beck, of Scotch descent. She was large, nearly six feet tall, of muscular frame, dark hair, eyes of a bluish gray, high cheek bones, and broad forehead. She looked well, but not handsome, and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. Her expression was gentle and kind, but the deep lines in her face indicated great strength of character. When she fully decided that a thing was right and must be done, she was one of the most determined, brave, and persistent women who ever lived. She was the ruling spirit of the household. When she was but nineteen and her husband twenty-one years old, a pair of twins were born unto them. The ancestral residence was a log hut eighteen by twenty feet, with a stick and dirt chimney at one end, the cracks between the logs chinked with mud, and the roof of boards held down by weight poles.

The male child thus born was in advanced manhood the far-famed Lieut.-Gen. Bedford Forrest.

Dr. John Allen Wyeth, of New York, a native Alabamian, who belonged to Forrest's command, has given to the world such an ably-written and complete history of this great man that my purpose herein is merely to call attention to the man and his wonderful career. Wyeth's book in some respects is not in harmony with General Jordan's "Life of Forrest," but is the later and perhaps the more reliable.

When William Forrest, the blacksmith, died, eight sons and three daughters had been born unto him. All of the girls died when young. The general was then but sixteen years old. Some three years prior thereto his father left Tennessee with his family and went to northern Mississippi, and acquired a homestead in the wilderness near where the village of Salem now is. The general was the oldest of eight boys, including Jeffrey, who was born after his father's death. With him as head of the family, he and his mother succeeded in opening and cultivating a farm and making a good living. Six years after her husband's death she married again, and two of the three boys, the issue of this marriage, and seven of the older sons, were soldiers in the Confederate army. John, next to the oldest, was wounded in the war with Mexico, which disabled him for life, and the last of the three half-brothers was too young to enlist. But this gave to the Confederate army nine of the Forrest brothers and half-brothers, and the general's son, all of whom possessed high courage, good sense, and nearly all of them were made officers. They were all men of sober habits, but fearful antagonists to encounter in battle, or in personal combat.

While Mrs. Forrest was kind to her children, she required implicit obedience, and would use the rod or the strap on them whenever necessary to secure it. When she ordered Joseph Luxton, the oldest son by her second marriage, to rise early next morning and take her bag of corn to the mill and he declined to do it and told her to send "one of the negroes," although he was eighteen years old and had on a new Confederate uniform and had been mustered in as a soldier, she jerked three suitable switches off a peach tree, gave him a flogging, then picked up the two-bushel bag of corn, put it on the horse, made him mount and carry it to the mill. Joseph had for some time been clerking in a store in Memphis. As he rode away to the mill with the corn, his mother came back into the house, her eyes flashing, her face red with anger

and exertion, remarking, "Soldier or no soldier, my children will mind me as long as I live."

When Forrest was about twenty-five years old, one Sunday morning he was riding horseback and come to a carriage containing two ladies, mired in a mud hole. Their negro driver could not make the horses pull the carriage out. At that time, 1845, there were no good roads through the rich black lands of north Mississippi. Forrest rode up, and seeing the situation he offered to aid the ladies, which they accepted. He dismounted, hitched his horse to the fence, waded through the mud and water to the carriage, took each lady in his arms and waded out to hard ground, put them down, then got hold of the carriage and aided in getting it out of the mud to the hard ground. There were two men sitting their horses looking on, and never offered to aid the ladies in their trouble. Forrest, without taking time to put the ladies back into their carriage, turned to these men and said, "You ungallant rascals, you did not offer to help these ladies in their distress. Now you leave here or I will take a brush and wear it out on both of you." Judging from his looks that he meant what he said, they took him at his word and hastily departed. He then saw the ladies into their carriage and politely told them that he was Bedford Forrest. The ladies thanked him, gave him their address and departed. It was Mrs. Montgomery and daughter, one of the first families of northern Mississippi. This was the romantic beginning of Forrest's acquaintance with Mary Montgomery, whom he wooed and won. She was well educated, refined, of gentle disposition, and devoted her life to her husband and family. She was a pious, good woman to the end of her days. There never was a more devoted husband.

General Forrest loved his mother almost to the extent of idolatry. In manhood when he got angry he was utterly uncontrollable by any person except his mother or wife; either of them could calm him with a few words. As a general he displayed at times that control-or-die disposition of his mother. While in pursuit of Streight a man came to him, very much excited, and told him that a column of the enemy was flanking him by a parallel road four miles distant. Forrest asked, "Did you see them?" "No," said the man, "but some one told me he saw them." Thereupon Forrest seized him with that strong left hand (he was left-handed), dragged him off his horse to a convenient tree, butted his head against it until he could scarcely see, then turned him

loose. Forrest remarked, "Now, damn you, that is nothing to what I will give you if you bring to me any more lies." On another occasion, when one of his young troopers got thoroughly demoralized in the battle which was going on at the front and came galloping to the rear, Forrest stopped him, dragged him from his horse, took a limb from a tree near by, gave him a sound thrashing, and sent him back into the battle. The trooper discovered that the danger in the rear was more certain than that in front. An account of this incident got through the lines somehow, and *Harper's Weekly* published the picture and underneath put in large letters: "Old Forrest Breaking in a Conscript!"

At another time the Tenth Tennessee Regiment, as the rear-guard, became demoralized and a company of them refused to about-face and endeavor to check the enemy. Forrest ordered them peremptorily a second time, and instead of obeying they continued to retreat in disorder. He seized a double-barreled shotgun, the kind of weapon with which the regiment was armed, and discharged each barrel, which was loaded with buckshot, into his disobedient men.

When in Columbia, Tennessee, a lieutenant of artillery, whom he had degraded for losing two guns of his battery, came to Forrest and protested against the degradation. He declined to reinstate him, telling him that he would not court-martial him, but gave him a less important command as a punishment. The lieutenant then attempted to assassinate him by shooting him through. Forrest, with that strong left hand, seized the pistol and held it and the lieutenant by the hand, so that he could not shoot again, until he opened with his teeth a pen-knife he held in the other hand, and completely disemboweled the lieutenant. The latter lived until next day, sent for the general, and apologized before he died. Forrest took his hand, forgave him, and cried like a child, saying that it was the most painful incident of his life.

Forrest had no scholastic advantages and was almost illiterate, yet he was very interesting in conversation. He hit the nail on the head every time and struck sledge-hammer blows. His note to Miss Emma Sansom, the young girl who showed him the old ford across Black Creek, which was copied in Wyeth's life of him, is about the only thing written by him during the war which is extant. Before the war, being a citizen of Memphis, he defied a mob which had broken into the jail, seized a murderer, and was going to take him out and hang him. Forrest stood in the door

of the jail holding aloft a dirk knife, swearing he would kill any man who attempted to take the prisoner out, and he, unaided, with the whole crowd against him, backed them down and saved the prisoner from the mob. He had no interest in the man, but was for the prevalence of law and order. He was afterwards several times elected as an alderman of Memphis. His lack of education was no bar. He had wonderfully good sense and unflagging energy. He was a shrewd business man, and had accumulated a large fortune before the war began. In 1860 he made one thousand bales of cotton upon his two Mississippi plantations.

In June, 1861, he volunteered as a private in Captain White's Tennessee mounted rifle company. But his high probity, good sense, and great courage were too well known to allow him to serve in the ranks, and hence he was at once authorized by Governor Harris to raise a battalion of cavalry to serve in the Confederate Army during the war. He applied his great energy, and raised the battalion before he learned any tactics and while wholly ignorant of drill regulations. He raised in Tennessee and Alabama eight companies, which gave him the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

His first important service, except a lively little fight at the village of Sacramento, was at Fort Donelson. He charged a full regiment of Union cavalry, engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict, and drove them. Forrest, in describing it, said :

I thought that I could kill a man by striking him over the head with my sabre, but I found that while I could knock him off his horse he would jump up and run away. I then tried the p'int on one, and when he fell he lay thar. I looked up and down the line, and saw that the boys were mixing with them. I tried to think of the command *right thrust* to give them, but could not, and instead yelled aloud, "Punch them, boys; damn them, punch 'em!" They understood, and obeyed that command.

When Generals Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner decided to surrender Fort Donelson, Forrest decided not to surrender, and with his command rode through a skirt of water a half mile wide, coming up to the saddle skirts, and many of his troops carried an infantryman mounted behind him on his horse. He commanded the cavalry of Gen. A. S. Johnston at the battle of Shiloh, though then only a colonel in rank, but greatly distinguished himself. Soon thereafter he was made a brigadier-general.

In April an expedition under Colonel Streight was pursued by Forrest for many, many miles, and when Streight crossed Black

Creek, a crooked, deep and sluggish stream, he felt comparatively safe. A widow named Sansom resided near the river with her two daughters, her son being in the Confederate Army. Colonel Streight's troops searched the widow's premises; but soon Forrest's men came in sight, and the Union men hurried across the creek and set fire to the bridge, believing that the stream was not fordable. They formed line of battle on the opposite side and fired several shots from a battery, at the head of Forrest's column. He saw that the river was not fordable, and asked the ladies if there was any place at which he could get his command across the stream. Miss Emma Sansom, a girl but 16 years old, replied that there was an old unsafe bridge two miles below there, and that there was, two or three hundred yards above there, on her mother's land, a shallow place where she had seen their cows wade the creek when the water was not very high. Forrest asked where, and she said, "I will show you the way," and asked to have her saddle put on a horse. Forrest told her no, that they had not time, and to get up behind him on his horse, and she did so. Just then her mother came up and said, "Emma, what do you mean?" Forrest replied, "She is going to show me a ford where I can get my men across in time to catch those Yankees before they get to Rome. Don't be uneasy; I will bring her back safe."

She showed him the old ford and he got his men, horses, and guns across. They transported the ammunition by hand, rolled the guns down the bank, tied ropes to them, hitched horses to the ropes on the other side, and pulled the guns through the water and up the bank on the eastern side of the creek. Very soon he vigorously renewed his pursuit.

The Alabama Legislature in 1899 voted to give a section of land of 640 acres to Miss Sansom for her daring and patriotic zeal. After the war she married a Mr. Johnson and went to Texas with her husband.

Forrest finally overtook Streight near Rome, Georgia, captured him and his entire command, about 1,600 men. Forrest practiced a ruse on him. He had then up with him and ready for battle only about 500 men, but made Streight believe that he had a superior force and that a refusal to surrender might be very dangerous, as he would not be responsible for what his men might do after they became engaged.

Forrest had sent a reliable officer, Col. John H. Wisdom, around by another route, who rode all night May the first.

Streight had sent a detachment of his force to secure the bridge across the river at or near Rome, Georgia, so that when he crossed he could burn it and shut off Forrest's pursuit for the two or three days which it would take him to get across the river. But Colonel Wisdom made the trip in time, and when Streight's men arrived they found the bridge barricaded and defended by a lot of citizens as home-guards. On the morning of May 3 Forrest came on Streight. His men had given out, and most of them could not be awakened, but dropped on the ground and slept.

President Davis says in his book (Vol. II, p. 426): "This was one of the most remarkable, and, to the enemy, disastrous raids of the war;" and that the capture was made by "Our vigilant, daring cavalry leader, Forrest."

The Confederate Congress adopted a resolution of thanks to Forrest and his command; and the people rejoiced.

He raised a brigade in Tennessee and Kentucky, Mississippi and Alabama, exclusively by his own means, and armed them largely by captures from the Union side. With that brigade he made more captures, fought and won more battles, and had more narrow escapes than any brigade in the Confederate Army. He also raised another brigade as he had the first. At the battle of Chickamauga he was on the right and performed most gallant and efficient service. He pursued Rosecrans, and tried to induce General Bragg to make a vigorous pursuit with his whole army and capture or drive Rosecrans out of Chattanooga. He was right; it could have been done.

General Bragg did not like Forrest. Bragg was not only an educated soldier, but was a martinet, who thought every movement should be made and everything done precisely according to military rule, and was intolerant of the slightest disobedience of orders. Forrest had no military education nor training until he entered the Confederate Army, was governed by common sense, and disposed to do whatever seemed to him best. Being of an imperious nature, if he did not have confidence in his commanding general's superior ability, or doubted his courage, or judgment, he was not disposed to obey his order when contrary to his own judgment. In this way he was insubordinate and sometimes hard to control. General Wheeler was artful, understood him, and would partially yield to him, and although he ranked Forrest kept on good terms with him. Bragg did not like him. Both were men of high courage, but there was no harmony between

their dispositions. Each was self-willed and arrogant, or to express it more mildly, strong-headed and stubborn to a high degree—Bragg the more polished and accomplished; Forrest the rough ashlar, but much the greater man, as cast in nature's moulds. Some time after the battle of Chickamauga Bragg had moved up his army and set down before Chattanooga to starve Rosecrans out. He gave Forrest an order to cross the Tennessee above Chattanooga with his command, penetrate the rear and destroy Rosecrans's communications. Forrest protested against it, argued with him, and remonstrated against its practicability and utility, and finally declined to go. He had lost confidence in Bragg's ability as a general.

Bragg then ordered General Wheeler to take his command and to execute the order which Forrest had declined to do. Wheeler crossed the river in the face of the enemy, cut their communications, destroyed a wagon-train in Rosecrans's rear, and made his way around to the river below, hotly pursued and fighting all the time, but succeeded in recrossing the river, a feat which Forrest said could not be performed. However, it must be admitted that it only embarrassed Rosecrans for a time and achieved no very important result. The above is substantially General Wheeler's account of Forrest's refusal and his obedience of the order to cross the river, etc., as given to the writer by him in person. Neither Wyeth's *History of the Life of Forrest* nor that of General Jordan and Mr. Pryor, give any account of it.

On the 24th of September, four days after the battle of Chickamauga, according to Jordan and Pryor's book, Bragg ordered Forrest to send Pegram's division of cavalry to picket the river above Chattanooga for thirty miles to the mouth of the Hiawasee, and to take Armstrong's and Davidson's brigades, and two batteries of artillery, and move to Cleveland, Tennessee, to meet and drive back a threatened advance of Burnside's army from Knoxville. Hodge's and Dibrell's brigades joined him en route. On the east bank of the Hiawasee he attacked the Federals and drove them from their works opposite Kincannon Ferry and pursued them for miles. He drove them from Athens and Philadelphia to and beyond Loudon, inflicting considerable losses on the enemy, with an aggregate loss on his side in four brigades of only about one hundred.

At Loudon Forrest received orders to withdraw his command to Cleveland and to send all of it but Dibrell's brigade and Huggins's battery to General Wheeler. Armstrong's, Davidson's,

and Hodge's brigades, and Morton's battery, were ordered to report to Wheeler for an expedition to Rosecrans's rear to cut his communications.

In the "Campaigns of Forrest and His Cavalry," a book written by General Jordan and Mr. Pryor, it is stated (p. 357):

Circumstances connected with this reduction of his command gave it so much the bearing of injustice and disparagement that General Forrest felt it best to frankly present this aspect of it to his superior; both in writing and likewise in a personal interview did he do this, going to army headquarters a day or two subsequently for that purpose. He had a conversation with General Bragg, who assured him that his old command should be recomposed at the conclusion of Wheeler's expedition. With this understanding, and there being no service impending of importance on the immediate flank where his present force was posted, Forrest now applied for a leave of absence for ten days, to go to Lagrange, Georgia, on the railroad, southward, to see his wife, for the first time for eighteen months.

On the 5th of October, however, when at Lagrange, he received an order, dated the 3d, placing him thereafter under the command of General Wheeler. In view of assurance, so recent, of a different arrangement, made upon a statement of circumstances and occurrences connected with their previous service together in the ill-fated expedition against Dover in February, 1863, General Forrest was extremely dissatisfied; for he felt that his usefulness as a cavalry soldier, if again placed under Wheeler, must be destroyed. He therefore determined to resign his commission as a brigadier-general and seek to serve his country in some other sphere, in which he might be more efficient than he could possibly hope to be under conditions as arranged—so unexpectedly to him—by General Bragg.

The President of the Confederate States was at the headquarters of the army when Forrest's resignation reached it, and wrote to him an autograph letter, in gracious and graceful language, announcing that he could not accept his resignation, nor dispense with his service, and appointed an interview at Montgomery, Alabama, some days later, on his return from Mississippi, whither he was about to go.

Another reason, it may be presumed, why Forrest was not inclined to undertake that raid (if in fact he did decline) was that when Bragg made his report on the battle of Chickamauga, notwithstanding that Forrest with his command on the right rendered most efficient service—dismounted, advanced in line with the infantry—he hardly mentioned Forrest as being in the battle.

On the 28th of September, 1863 (the date given by Dr. Wyeth's book), Bragg, as commanding general, ordered Forrest to turn his entire command over to General Wheeler without delay. Forrest obeyed reluctantly. He then dictated a letter to General Bragg, in which he denounced him in severe terms, and told him that he would call on him in person very soon to verify all that he wrote, etc.

He went, accompanied by Dr. Cowan, his chief surgeon, to Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge, and in Wyeth's "Life of Forrest" he states (pp. 255, 256) :

Doctor Cowan says: "I observed as we rode along that the General was silent, which was unusual with him when we were alone. Knowing him so well, I was convinced that something that displeased him greatly had transpired. He wore an expression which I had seen before on some occasions when a storm was brewing. I had known nothing of the letter he had written General Bragg, and was in utter ignorance, not only of what was passing in Forrest's mind at this time, but of the object of his visit to the general-in-chief. As we passed the guard in front of General Bragg's tent I observed that General Forrest did not acknowledge the salute of the sentry, which was so contrary to his custom that I could but notice it. When we entered the tent where General Bragg was alone, this officer rose from his seat, spoke to Forrest, and, advancing, offered him his hand. Refusing to take the proffered hand, and standing stiff and erect before Bragg, Forrest said: "I am not here to pass civilities or compliments with you, but on other business. You commenced your cowardly and contemptible persecution of me soon after the battle of Shiloh, and you have kept it up ever since. You did it because I reported to Richmond facts, while you reported damn lies. You robbed me of my command in Kentucky, and gave it to one of your favorites—men that I armed and equipped from the enemies of our country. In a spirit of revenge and spite, because I would not fawn upon you as others did, you drove me into west Tennessee in the winter of 1862, with a second brigade I had organized, with improper arms and without sufficient ammunition, although I had made repeated applications for the same. You did it to ruin me and my career. When in spite of all this I returned with my command, well equipped by captures, you began again your work of spite and persecution, and have kept it up; and now this second brigade, organized and equipped without thanks to you or the Government, a brigade which has won a reputation for successful fighting second to none in the army, taking advantage of your position as the commanding general, in order to further humiliate me, you have taken these brave men from me. I have stood your meanness as long as I intend to. You have played the part of a damned scoundrel, and a coward, and if you were any part of a man I would slap your jaws and force you to resent it. You may as well not issue any more orders to me, for I will not obey them, and I will hold you personally responsible for any further indignities you endeavor to inflict upon me. You have threatened to have me arrested for not obeying your orders promptly. I dare you to do it, and I say to you that if you ever again try to interfere with me, or cross my path, it will be at the peril of your life."

Dr. Cowan says this whole transaction was so unexpected and startling that he was almost dumbfounded. When Forrest refused to take the proffered hand, Bragg stepped back to one corner of his headquarters tent, where there was a little field desk, or table, and seated himself in a camp-chair. He seemed at a loss to know what to do or say in the presence of this violent outburst of rage in one who was so desperately resenting what he considered a systematic and revengeful persecution of himself. He realized that in his stormful mood Forrest acknowledged no accountability to law, civil or military, human or divine, as he stood there towering above him, launching at him this fierce denunciation, and emphasizing each expression of contempt with a quick motion of the left index-finger, which he thrust almost into Bragg's face. The general did not utter a word or move a muscle of his face during

this shower of invectives from his brigadier. The scene did not last longer than a few minutes, and when Forrest had finished he turned his back sharply upon Bragg and stalked out of the tent toward the horses. As they rode away Dr. Cowan remarked, "Well, you are in for it now!" Forrest replied instantly, "He'll never say a word about it; he'll be the last man to mention it; and, mark my word, he'll take no action in the matter."

Forrest was correct. If General Bragg ever took any official notice of the incident it did not find its way into the records.

Forrest did not then offer to resign his commission, because he did not want General Bragg to think he was trying to escape any consequences of his violent denunciation of the man—no matter how high in authority—who had grievously and unjustly wronged him, and who he was convinced was incapable of commanding an army. Bragg could have court-martialed his insubordinate brigadier, but did not do it. He never replied to the letter, nor did Forrest ever hear from him concerning the intemperate interview. General Bragg was a brave man, intensely loyal to the cause for which he was fighting, but he was none the less a strict and severe disciplinarian.

In "Campaigns of Forrest and His Cavalry," by Jordan and Pryor, no mention is made of this affair; but they give in their book a most favorable account of Forrest's operations in checking Burnside's advance.

The writer having heard some men doubt the correctness of the foregoing report of the stormy interview, wrote Doctor J. B. Cowan, of Tullahoma, Tennessee, in May, 1903, for a verification or correction of the same. In his reply, Doctor Cowan said:

The statements made by Dr. John A. Wyeth, in his "Life of Forrest," as to the stormy interview with General Bragg are correct, only not quite as severe as the facts would justify. I thought the facts were so well known that there could be no question as to the truth of the statements. * * * Colonel Walton, of Holley Springs, Mississippi, of Bragg's staff, was in an adjacent tent and overheard what Forrest said. He and I talked the matter over more than once long after the occurrence.

Bragg must have felt keenly that he had wronged Forrest. His silence about it ever after was a potential witness of this fact. It was a terrible ordeal for Bragg. A personal conflict would have meant certain death to one of them, and that was enough to make the bravest man hesitate. Bragg did well to be silent. Soon after this affair President Davis had an interview with Forrest in Montgomery, Alabama, promoted him to the rank of major-general, and assigned him to duty in Mississippi and west Tennessee under Lieut.-Gen. Stephen D. Lee. Though very difficult of accomplishment, Forrest raised in part another command and continued his activity in the service. In fact, he performed his most brilliant feats and won his greatest victories thereafter,

except his unparalleled pursuit and capture of Colonel Streight, with about 1,600 men, May 2, 1863, when Forrest had only 500 men.

When wounded in the foot he did not retire, but got a buggy and rode in that, carrying his wounded foot propped on a board in the foot of the buggy, and continued to command his cavalry. His brigade commanders—Chalmers, Rucker, and Jaffrey Forrest—were brave and daring, like himself, which made his division almost resistless. His brother Jaffrey was killed near West Point, Mississippi, and thereby the service sustained a great loss.

Early in 1864, when Sherman was flanking Johnston and driving him back toward Atlanta, Forrest said that if the Richmond authorities would give him 10,000 men and turn him loose without orders that he would force Sherman to retreat. Gen. J. E. Johnston, Governor Brown, of Georgia, and several other prominent men wrote to Mr. Davis urging him to do it, but he seemed to think that the men could not be spared from other points, and hence it was not done. He rebuked Governor Brown for presuming to advise him what to do.

In the fall of that year Forrest was sent against Sherman's communications, but he said that he could not cause Sherman to retreat because the crops had been made and matured, and that he could subsist his army on the country where it was, which was literally true. Before the crops were made, and before Sherman took Atlanta, was the time to have cut off his rations and have forced him to retreat.

On the 28th of September General Sherman telegraphed to General Halleck as follows:

I take it for granted that Forrest will cut our road, but think we can prevent him from making a serious lodgment. His cavalry will travel a hundred miles where ours will ten. I have sent two divisions up to Chattanooga and one to Rome, and General Thomas started today to drive Forrest out of Tennessee. * * * I can whip his infantry, *but his cavalry is to be feared.*

Sherman said that "the month of October closed looking decidedly squally" to his side. He said in his "Memoirs" (Vol. II, p. 164):

On 31st of October Forrest made his appearance on the Tennessee River opposite Johnsonville, and with his cavalry and field pieces actually crippled and captured two gunboats with five of our transports, a feat of arms which, I confess, excited my admiration.

General Grant telegraphed to Sherman in September as follows:

It will be better to drive Forrest out of middle Tennessee as a first step, and do anything else you may feel your force sufficient for.

Sherman in one of his despatches spoke of him as "that devil Forrest." He offered to have any of his staff made a major-general who would kill Forrest. He was more dreaded by both Grant and Sherman than any cavalry officer they encountered. General Grant says (in Vol. II. of his "Memoirs," pp. 108-110) that Gen. Sooy Smith, a very accomplished officer, was sent with 7,000 men to meet and destroy Forrest, who was supposed to have not more than 4,000 men. This was in Mississippi in the winter of 1863-64. The truth is that Forrest had only 3,600 or 3,700 men at most. He met Smith and defeated him after a hard fight. Grant says, "Smith did meet Forrest, but the result was decidedly in Forrest's favor." In accounting for the superiority of Forrest's troops, he said:

This difference * * * is often due to the way troops are officered, and for the particular kind of warfare which Forrest carried on neither army could present a more effective officer than he was.

Sherman wired Grant on the 28th of September:

Forrest is in middle Tennessee and will get on my main road tonight or tomorrow.

Thirty thousand men under Generals Thomas, Rosseau, Schofield, Steadman, Croxton, Webster, Granger, Washburn, and A. J. Smith were by Forrest's movements diverted from the grand purpose of the Georgia campaign. This whole force General Thomas said—

Should press Forrest to the death, keeping the troops well in hand and holding them to the work. I do not think we will ever have a better chance than this.

Forrest changed the field of his operations to the Nashville & Chattanooga Road, cut the telegraph wires, tore up two pieces of track, and was off to another point before they could get at him.

General Thomas says of Forrest :

An enthusiastic cavalry, led by one of the boldest and most successful commanders of the rebel army.

All this and much more than the above-mentioned excitement was created, and over 30,000 men sent against Forrest to drive him out of middle Tennessee, when he had, all told, but little over 6,000 men. If in the previous spring he had been turned loose with 10,000 men in Sherman's rear, when Johnston was keeping busy nearly all of Sherman's army, who doubts that Forrest would have forced him to have fallen back to Chattanooga or Nashville?

General Rosseau said in a despatch to Sherman after describing how he was tearing up the railroads :

Forrest is here to stay, unless driven back and routed by a superior cavalry force. Infantry can cause him to change camp, but cannot drive him out of the State. His movements are much more cautious than formerly * * * and his destruction of railroads most thorough. * * * I regard this as a formidable invasion, the object of which is to destroy our lines, and he will surely do it unless met by a large cavalry force and killed, captured, or routed. * * * He must be caught.

With the concentration of such an overwhelming force against him Forrest would not fight a regular battle, but would flank around, and capture posts and block-houses on his way southward. It was plain that he had not force enough to enable him to remain in Tennessee. He made his way to the Tennessee River and crossed his wagons, artillery, and the main body of his troops near Florence, but Bell's brigade and Kelley's regiment he left to guard against an attack while crossing. He was closely pursued by 15,000 men, but the brigade was so used as to delay their advance. Forrest, knowing that he could not cross this brigade, at or near Florence, made his way down to where there is a small island in the river about two hundred feet from the northern bank. He had obtained three pole or barge boats. The horses were stripped and the bridles, blankets, etc., piled into the boats. The bluff was perpendicular. The horses were shoved off the bank and fell about fifteen feet into the river, which was swollen. Then a man got hold of the halter of one horse, and the animal swam along after the boat and all the other horses followed, and in that way they crossed with the loss of but four. Forrest got the men to the little island, on the south side of it, and

the growth of cane and timber was so dense their pursuers could not see them. It took two days and nights with only those three little boats to get over the river, but he made it with but slight loss. He in person crossed over in the last boat. Doctor Wyeth relates the following incident ("Life of Forrest," p. 508) :

The General, evidently worried and tired out, was on the rampage, and was showing considerable disregard of the third commandment. There happened to be standing in the bow of the boat a lieutenant who took no part whatever in the labor of propelling the craft, noticing which, Forrest said to him, "Why don't you take hold of an oar or pole and help get this boat across?" The lieutenant responded that he was an officer, and did not think he was called upon to do that kind of work as long as there were private soldiers sufficient to perform that duty. As the General was tugging away with a pole when this reply was made, he flew into a rage, and, holding the pole in one hand, with the other he gave the unfortunate lieutenant a slap on the side of the face which sent him sprawling over the gunwale and into the river. He was rescued by catching hold of the pole held out to him, and was safely landed in the boat, when the irate General said to him, "Now, damn you, get hold of the oars and go to work! If I knock you out of the boat again I'll let you drown." Forrest's rough-and-ready discipline was effective; the young officer made an excellent hand for the balance of the trip.

On one occasion a chaplain was captured, and when he learned that he was being taken to Forrest's headquarters he was greatly frightened, as he expected that savage to have him shot. But instead Forrest invited him to be seated. Soon supper was announced. Forrest invited the Yankee chaplain to supper with him and his staff. Of course the chaplain was bewildered. When seated at the table Forrest turned to him reverently and said, "Parson, will you please ask the blessing?" He was so greatly surprised that he looked at Forrest and inquired if he were in earnest, and being assured, complied with the request. The next morning Forrest gave him an escort through the lines, telling him that he did not make war on non-combatants, and on bidding him good-by said, "Parson, I would keep you here to preach for me if you were not needed so much worse by the sinners on the other side."

Doctor J. B. Cowan, his chief surgeon, says of Forrest :

He had the most profound respect for religion, always had preaching at his headquarters on Sundays if there was a minister at hand, and had prayers in his tent at night. In those days we never started on an expedition but what the men were drawn up in line, and the chaplain, while the heads of all were uncovered, invoked God's blessing on our cause. Nothing called down his ire quicker or brought surer punishment than for a man to disturb religious service in any part of the camp. He was a believer in total abstinence, being uncompromisingly opposed to the use of tobacco or liquor of any kind. One

side of General Forrest's nature was as gentle and tender as a woman's; the other, when he was aroused, was desperate and thoroughly destructive. In quiet moments he was confiding, gentle, kind, and considerate. When not aroused there was no man on earth more tender than he. It was when the battle was over that the kinder and gentler parts of his nature came out. He would come to my hospital, help me with the wounded, go about them with kind words of encouragement, and aid me in caring for them as tenderly as a mother. I have known him to give his clothing and personal effects away on many occasions to the needy wounded. He would say to me, "Doctor, do all you can for those poor fellows." I have seen the tears running down his cheeks as he was speaking to some unfortunate soldier who had not long to live.

General Beauregard said that "Forrest's capacity for war seemed only to be limited by the opportunities for its display."

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, after the war some years, was seen in his library by General Maury, and the two generals soon engaged in discussing wars and the great military commanders. Doctor Johnston, a nephew of the General, was present, and asked him whom he considered the greatest soldier of the Confederate War. Without a moment's hesitation he said, "Forrest, who, had he had the advantages of a military education and training, would have been the greatest central figure of the Civil War." He then gave a brief review of Forrest's campaigns to sustain his opinion. He discussed the career of many great military leaders; he accorded to Lee and Jackson the full measure of their fame as great commanders, but he pronounced "General Forrest the greatest soldier the Civil War produced."

Sherman said in 1864 that "the death of Forrest was so essential to the success of the Union cause that ten thousand lives and the expenditure of limitless means were as naught to its accomplishment." The burden of Sherman's despatches to the War Department was, "Keep Forrest away from me, and I will attend to Johnston and cut the Confederacy in two."

Several years after the war, in conversation with Gen. Frank Armstrong, Sherman said

After all, I think Forrest was the most remarkable man our Civil War produced on either side. To my mind he was the most remarkable in many ways. In the first place, he was uneducated, while Jackson and Sheridan and other brilliant leaders were soldiers by profession. He had never read a military book in his life, knew nothing about tactics, could not even drill a company, but he had a genius for strategy which was original, and to me incomprehensible. There was no theory or art of war by which I could calculate with any degree of certainty what Forrest was up to. He seemed always to know what I was doing or intended to do, while I am free to confess I could never tell or form any satisfactory idea of what he was trying to accomplish.

General Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army, wrote of him:

Forrest had no knowledge of military science nor military history to teach him how he should act, what objective he should aim at, and what plans he should make to secure it. He was entirely ignorant of what other generals in previous wars had done under very similar circumstances. What he lacked in book lore was to a large extent compensated for by the soundness of his judgment upon all occasions, and by his power of thinking and reasoning with great rapidity under fire, and under all circumstances of surrounding peril, or of great mental or bodily fatigue. Panic found no resting-place in that calm brain of his, and no danger, no risk appalled that dauntless spirit. Inspired with true military instincts, he was verily nature's soldier. It would be difficult in all history to find a more varied career than his; a man who, from the greatest poverty, without any learning, and by sheer force of character alone became the great fighting leader of fighting men, a man in whom an extraordinary military instinct and sound common sense supplied to a very large extent his unfortunate want of military education. His military career teaches us that the genius which makes men great soldiers is not to be measured by any competitive examination in the science or art of war. "In war," Napoleon said, "men are nothing; a man is everything." It will be difficult to find a stronger corroboration of this maxim than is to be found in the history of General Forrest's operations.

Ex-President Davis attended Forrest's funeral, and ex-Governor Porter, of Tennessee, remarked to him, "History has accorded to General Forrest the first place as a cavalry leader in the war between the States, and has named him as one of the half dozen greatest soldiers of the country."

"I agree with you," Mr. Davis replied in great earnestness. "The trouble was that the generals commanding in the southwest never appreciated Forrest until it was too late. Their judgment was that he was a bold and enterprising partisan raider and rider. I was misled by them, and I never knew how to measure him until I read his reports of his campaign across the Tennessee River in 1864. This induced a study of his earlier reports, and after that I was prepared to adopt what you are pleased to name as the judgment of history."

"I cannot comprehend such lack of appreciation after he fought the battle at Brice's Cross Roads in June of 1864," returned Governor Porter. "That battle was not a cavalry raid nor an accident. It was the conception of a man endowed with a genius for war."

"That campaign was not understood at Richmond," said Mr. Davis. "The impression made upon those in authority was that

Forrest had made another successful raid, but I saw it all after it was too late."

At Okalona Forrest fought Grierson in the open prairie, where all of each force could be seen, and Forrest, perceiving a mistake of his adversary, took advantage of it instantly. He said afterwards, "I saw Grierson make 'a bad move,' and then I rode right over him."

This incident shows that he was not a bushwhacker or raider, but had the eye and the nerve of a great commander. When he saw Grierson make "a bad move," as he characterized a mistaken maneuver, he did not hesitate, but seized the opportunity and "rode over him." Neither of the great French marshals, Ney or Murat, could have done that any better, and with an independent command Forrest was superior to either of them. He was full of strategy, energy, courage, and common sense, and attended closely to all details. When he came to a swollen stream, with no bridge or ferry-boat, he swam the horses and men and had men on horseback bear across the artillery ammunition on their shoulders as the horses swam. Then he tied to each gun and empty caisson a long rope and would hitch six or eight horses to the rope and pull the gun and caisson across the stream. Of course they would go to the bottom, out of sight under the water, but when the caisson was over it was loaded with dry ammunition and away he went on his march. What educated general would ever have thought of getting his artillery across a deep creek or river in that way? He did it several times. He never lost a wagon-train, a regiment, or a company; never was surprised by his enemy, and seemed able accurately to anticipate him on all occasions.

The battle of Brice's Cross Roads in Mississippi was fought June 10, 1864. He whipped General Sturgis with 8,000 men—infantry and cavalry, and 22 guns of artillery—and drove them from the field after seven hours' hard fighting, with one-half the number of men—all cavalry—and 12 pieces of artillery. Forrest captured 18 pieces of artillery, 5,000 stands of small arms, 500,000 rounds of ammunition, 250 wagons and ambulances, and all of his losses aggregated 493 killed and wounded. The loss in the brigade of the gallant one-armed hero who resides in Birmingham, Alabama, General Rucker, was 23 per cent. He fought Warring's brigade hand-to-hand. Sturgis's loss in killed, wounded, and captured was 2,612. One thousand two hundred of Sturgis's troops were negroes. He lost 526 of them, and

the others threw away their arms and knapsacks and fled to the swamps in all directions. A great part of the white troops followed their example. It was not only defeat, but a perfect rout, as the fruits of victory show. Forrest displayed the most consummate generalship. His plan was to engage at close quarters and whip the Federal cavalry before their infantry arrived, and he did it; and then as the infantry arrived and formed in battle array he attacked them from nearly every direction, with his men dismounted and acting as infantry. He extended his line by his left until he completely turned the right flank of Sturgis, and then one regiment—Bartean's, which he had sent to the Federal rear—opened fire from an unexpected direction, and just then he charged the left flank with Jackson's and Gartell's select companies of cavalry and John W. Morton's battery of artillery. The latter rushed his guns up at short range and poured into their infantry double charges of canister until they broke and fled. It was one of the hottest days of the year; but notwithstanding that most of Forrest's men traversed many miles that morning before engaging in the battle, they pursued the fugitives at the close of the engagement for many miles. It was the most decisive battle of the war. The victory was a complete one. No military man who studies that battle will hesitate to pronounce it a masterpiece in strategy and in tactics.

When the battle began Brig.-Gen. Tyree H. Bell's brigade was several miles distant, and Forrest sent him a characteristic message by a member of his staff, to wit, "Tell Bell to come at once and fetch all he's got."

The news of Forrest's victory, then called "Tishamingo Creek," greatly disturbed Sherman. He ordered Gen. A. J. Smith and Brigadier-General Mower to move from Memphis against him. He considered Mower one of his ablest men and best fighters, and told him that his rapid promotion depended upon his destruction of Forrest's command and the death of its leader. On June 24 he sent the following message to the President:

To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

SIR—I have ordered Gen. A. J. Smith and General Mower from Memphis to pursue and kill Forrest, promising the latter, in case of success, my influence to promote him a major-general. He is one of the gamest men in our service. Should accident befall me, I ask you to favor Mower, if he succeeds in disposing of Forrest.

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, *Major-General.*

This was semi-savagery, outside the pale of civilized warfare, and reads as though it came from a commander in the dark ages. It was offering a reward for the assassination of a particular officer. No good man, however great a soldier, would have sent to the executive such a paper.

After the war General Forrest undertook to build a railroad from Selma, Alabama, to Memphis, Tennessee. He had State aid by the endorsement of the first-mortgage bonds of the railroad company to the extent of \$16,000 per mile of completed road. By the mal-administration of State affairs it failed financially in 1871 and could not make its endorsements good. The writer was elected to the legislature the previous year and was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives and a member of the Committee on Railroads. He occupied a room on the floor of the house in which his office now is, No. 9 South Lawrence St., Montgomery, Alabama. During the session that winter General Forrest visited him at his room many evenings to talk business, and also discussed war experiences. He was always a doubly welcome visitor. He was indeed an interesting man. His conversations were not scholarly, but full of fine sense about everything. While very emphatic and sometimes profane, he was not offensive, but social and entertaining. The writer did not dream then that thirty-one years thereafter he would at the same spot where these pleasant conversations occurred be engaged in writing a chapter for a book about that Southern gentleman, patriot, and great soldier—yet such is the fact. He has been dead a quarter of a century and I am spared to record my tribute to his memory

Forrest told some good stories, and among them one on himself. He said that when his command was retreating through Conway's Station, being hotly pursued by the Federals, he was riding alone and a fiery old Southern woman hailed him and called him a coward because he would not turn back and aid in fighting the Yankees. She shook her fist at him and called him a cowardly rascal, saying, "If old Forrest were here he'd make you fight!"

She had no idea that he was the man whom she was abusing. He said if all the women of the country had been equally plucky that it would have given the Yankees a harder task than they had to subjugate the South, though a majority of them were of the same sentiment.

He sometimes indulged in quiet repartee. Just before the close of the war he was at a dinner given him in Marion, Alabama. There was at the table a loquacious widow who, in the midst of a general conversation, unmindful of the impropriety of such breaks, said, "General Forrest, will you tell me why it is that your beard is still black while your hair is gray?" He replied, "Madam, I cannot, unless it is because I have used my brain more than my jaw." She took no further part in the conversation.

As to his personal prowess, Gen. Richard Taylor did not overdraw the comparison when he said that Forrest had slain more men in war with his own hand than any other man ever did, except Richard the Lion-hearted. It is estimated by those who had the means to know that Forrest killed, or mortally wounded, thirty men, and had twenty-nine horses killed under him.

While he was building the railroad referred to above, on account of some business matter he abused Colonel Shepherd shamefully, and the latter challenged him to a duel. Forrest accepted. They were to fight with six-shooters at ten paces and advance as they fired, until one fell dead. Forrest studied about it until the morning the duel was to come off, when he went to Shepherd's room, walked in and said, "Shepherd, I have concluded that I am in the wrong in our quarrel. I withdraw what I said, and here is my hand."

There are living witnesses to this in Greensboro, Alabama, where it occurred. That was the conscientious act of a brave man.

The last two years of Forrest's life he spent looking after his plantations as long as he was able. His health began to fail in 1876. He became very thoughtful and serious and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

Gen. John T Morgan, now the senior United States Senator from Alabama, was Forrest's lawyer in some litigation which grew out of railroad matters. He says that Forrest called on him and said: "General, I am broken in health and in spirit, and have not long to live. My life has been a battle from the start. It was a fight to achieve a livelihood for those dependent upon me in my younger days, and an independence for myself when I grew up to manhood, as well as in the terrible turmoil of the Civil War. I have seen too much of violence, and I want to close my days in peace with all the world, as I am now at peace with my Maker." He then instructed Morgan to dismiss his case, and although his

attorney told him that he would gain it, he insisted on the dismissal of the suit, saying, "I will not leave my only son a heritage of contention."

He said to Major Anderson, who served on his staff, when he visited Forrest in the summer of 1877: "Major, I am not the same man you were with so long and knew so well. I hope I am a better man than then. I have been and am trying to lead another kind of life. Mary has been praying for me night and day for all these years, and I feel now that through her prayers my life has been spared and I have passed safely through so many dangers."

He died at his home in Memphis, Tennessee, October 29, 1877, at the age of fifty-six years.

Whenever we read of any one's great achievements we desire to know something of his personal appearance. The following is taken from Doctor Wyeth's "Life of Forrest" (pp. 628-630):

Mr. Bryan McAllister, a partisan of the Union side, who, at the time in which he wrote (May, 1865), could not conceal the bitterness of his animosity, wrote of him: "Forrest was a man of fine appearance, about six feet in height, having piercing eyes, carefully trimmed moustache and chin whiskers, dark as night, with finely cut features and iron-gray hair. His form was lithe, plainly indicating great physical power and activity. He was neatly dressed in citizen's clothes of some gray mixture, the only indication of military service being the usual number of staff buttons on his vest. I should have marked him as a prominent man had I seen him on Broadway. When I was told that he was the 'Forrest of Fort Pillow' I devoted my whole attention to him."

Colonel Adair, of Atlanta, Georgia, for many years a neighbor and intimate personal friend of Forrest, says: "He was more than six feet high, well-proportioned, with hands tapering like those of a woman, small feet and very high instep, exceedingly graceful in his movements, a swarthy complexion, and a look of the eye that indicated absolute fear of nothing. He was naturally left-handed, but by practice became ambidextrous."

Maj. Powhatan Ellis writes: "General Forrest was an exceedingly handsome and striking man, grave and dignified in manner unless in anger, then he was terrible to behold."

Major Anderson says: "Few men were neater in personal appearance or in his surroundings than General Forrest. He abhorred dirt and disorder. To have papers scattered about the floor, or ashes on the hearth, brought a reproof from him, not always in words, for he would frequently take the broom himself and never stop until things were neat and clean. His habits were strictly temperate. In the two and a half years I served with him I never knew him to take liquor but twice, and then only immediately after being wounded—once at Tunnel Hill, Georgia, another at Old Town Creek, Mississippi. He did not know whiskey from brandy, but called everything liquor. He was often invited to take a drink, but always declined and would at times, in refusing the invitation, remark with humorous suggestion and a mild reproof to his aides. 'My staff does all my drinking.' He never used tobacco in any way, and while he would occasionally swear at my pipe, he never failed to get me a good pouch of tobacco if it came his way.

His strict morality was evident in every particular, with this one exception of swearing, and to this weakness he never gave way unless in the presence of great excitement. During these paroxysms of excitement or rage he had one very noticeable physical peculiarity. His complexion, which was naturally sallow, changed completely in color. The capillaries became so greatly engorged with blood that the skin of the face and neck took on almost a scarlet hue. The blood-vessels of the eye took on the same congestion, giving him an expression of savageness which could not be misunderstood. Everything that was suggestive of kindly feeling or tenderness seemed to vanish from his nature as thoroughly as if his heart had never throbbed with human sympathy. His voice, naturally soft, became harsh, husky, and metallic in tone, and loud enough to be heard above the roar of cannon, the crackling of small arms, or the wild yells of his men. It was noticeable that in these moments of excitement the acuteness of his perception was increased. Nothing seemed to escape his glance, and each emergency or change, no matter how rapidly the scene shifted, was met with promptness and almost invariably with success. Without the least affectation of piety, Forrest was by nature deeply reverent and religious, despite his terrible temper and violent language. In later years he heartily repented of these grievous faults, and won at last his greatest triumph in becoming victorious over himself. Obscene or vulgar words were entirely foreign to his conversation, and such was his detestation of these expressions that he would not under any circumstances permit a smutty story to be told, or a vulgar expression used in his presence. In his family relation, Forrest lived with manly consistency which his strong character would indicate.

CHAPTER XLV

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS

Taxation—Confederate Money—Its Depreciation—The Foreign Debt—Lines to a Twenty-Dollar Confederate Note—Deficient Commissariat and Dependancy the Cause of Desertion of Confederate Soldiers.

At the first session of the Confederate Congress under the provisional Constitution the revenue laws of the United States were adopted so far as practicable and customs and other revenue collectors retained in office temporarily. In May following a complete tariff system was adopted. It was practically that of the United States liberalized and the free list enlarged.

In August, 1861, a war tax of fifty cents on each one hundred dollars' worth of the following properties was laid, to wit: real estate, slaves, merchandise, bank stocks, railroad and all corporation stocks, money at interest, or used in the purchase of bills, notes or other securities for money; except bonds of the Confederate Government; all cash on hand or deposited, cattle, horses, mules, gold and silver plate, clocks, pianos, musical instruments, pleasure carriages and every species of property, except that which belonged to educational and religious institutions, with an exemption of five hundred dollars worth of personal property to the head of each family. An act was at the same time passed for the sequestration of debts due to alien enemies and property owned by alien enemies, in retaliation for confiscation acts of the United States. The tax above described was so objectionable to the people that it was very imperfectly enforced. About two-thirds of the value of property subject to the internal tax of fifty cents on each one hundred dollars consisted of land and slaves.

On the 22d of February, 1862, the permanent Constitution took the place of the provisional one. Having the identical provision as in the United States Constitution, which had been construed by the Supreme Court, that "All duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout," etc., and that "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several

states according to their respective numbers," etc., and according to the accepted construction for sixty years that taxes on lands and slaves were direct taxes; and another provision which followed that "No capitation or other direct tax should be laid unless in proportion to the census or enumeration," etc., rendered the internal revenue, or fifty-cents act, unenforceable, or completely annulled it.

This clog was an early evidence of the lack of wisdom in adopting a permanent Constitution at such an early date. It hampered and embarrassed the Confederate authorities in many respects thereafter.

April 24, 1863, an act was passed providing for internal taxation on nearly everything except lands and slaves. On income, on business generally, and professions of all kinds, and a tax in kind of the products of the soil, which act was twice amended during 1864, and increased the taxes all that could be borne; and the second one, approved June 10, increased the levy equal to one-fifth above the taxes then legally assessable and collectible upon every conceivable subject or business of the country. The collectors went among the farmers taking a tenth, or whatever the tax in kind called for, from the producer, and turned it over to the officials appointed to receive it in the government warehouses for storage, etc., until shipped out for use.

The Government continued to print and pay out paper promises called "Confederate money," with nothing behind it to secure its ultimate redemption but the probable success of the Confederacy in establishing its independence. These bills became more abundant and articles of necessity scarcer, as they were bound to do, with the Confederate ports blockaded and the commerce of the world shut off, until the aggregate of these notes reached over six hundred millions of dollars, which was a great plethora for the population and restricted territory then actually occupied by the Confederates. Its purchasing power went down until twenty dollars of it was but equal to one gold dollar. A further depreciation with its daily increasing volume was inevitable.

In January, 1864, this currency, which was being manufactured on the printing press to pay off all debts and to meet the immense running expenses of the Government, was so abundant that something had to be done. Legislation was deemed absolutely essential to reduce the redundancy of the currency. The Congress and the President, with the history of the assignats of France, or paper promises to pay,—even when secured by a

pledge of the public domain and penal statutes to uphold them went down,—staring them in the face, seemed to think they could by force of statute stop the further depreciation of the currency and inflation of prices. The contention of the people's political party in 1890, and subsequent years, was for a condition similar to that of the Confederacy—an inflated currency and high prices for farm products, forgetting that everything else would be correspondingly inflated.

February 17, 1864, Congress passed a sweeping act to call in from circulation the whole six hundred millions of paper currency and put in its stead a more valuable money by diminishing its amount. It provided that up to April 1 east of the Mississippi, and west of it up to July of that year, all holders of currency above the denomination of five dollars should be at liberty to exchange the same at par for four per cent. bonds of the Confederate Government, which bonds should be receivable in payment of all Confederate taxes. But they made the mistake of not exempting those bonds from taxation. Taxing always depreciates the value of bonds for the payment of money. The act further provided that after the expiration of the time limit for investing in bonds no other notes above five dollars should be current, but might be exchanged for a new issue at the rate of three dollars of the old for two dollars of the new, or to be receivable for taxes at the same ratio of discount. Interest-bearing notes of the denomination of one hundred dollars should be subject to a tax of ten per cent. per month after April 1, and that they should not be exchangeable for the new issue; and that the privilege of exchanging any of the old should cease January 1, 1865, and after that date all of the notes of the old issue outstanding should be subject to a tax of one hundred per cent. Notes of the new issue, and the old scaled down while exchangeable, could be exchanged at the treasury for call certificates bearing four per cent. interest and payable two years after the ratification of a treaty of peace with the United States, but the one-hundred-dollar notes were further proscribed and outlawed by being denied this privilege. They had but one chance and that was to be invested in four per cent. bonds. The law *bulled* the bond market. The effect of the act reduced the volume of currency near one-half but did not stop the depreciation nor the inflation of prices. There was much delay in issuing the new currency, while the old continued to circulate and depreciate, and much of it died under the provisions of the act, which was most

slovenly executed. The worthlessness of the currency then became so firmly fixed in the minds of the people that it could not be easily restored. An act of unpatriotic speculation gave the currency a black eye. Virginia had commissioners to assess the value of things taken from persons by the Confederate Government. They had been assessing values at twenty to one and the producers seemed satisfied to let their produce go at that. But Mr. James A. Seddon, the Secretary of War, directed, or suggested to, the commissioners to appraise wheat at forty dollars per bushel instead of twenty, and they did it. He sold a large crop of wheat which he himself had grown on his plantation on the James River, at forty dollars per bushel, and several of his neighbors followed his example. This action of the war minister in Davis's Cabinet sent prices skyward, making the price of every commodity at forty dollars in Confederate money for one dollar of real value. (See "Lost Cause," p. 652.) This was in August, 1864, and in the month of January, 1865, the currency had depreciated until it was sixty to one. It would take sixty dollars of Confederate money to pay for a breakfast at an ordinary hotel. Its purchasing power became so feeble that it required five hundred to seven hundred dollars to buy a pair of boots, and eight to ten thousand dollars to buy a good horse. The Government sold specie nearly every day at sixty for one, to keep the currency in circulation, and but for the value thus given to the Confederate notes they would have ceased to circulate before the evacuation of Richmond.

After I had lost my arm August 16, 1864, the quartermaster sold my two fine horses for six thousand dollars in Confederate money, as he said, to save the expense of feeding them, and for the further reason that he supposed that I would retire from the service. I returned in January, 1865, and received ten dollars in gold for my two fine horses. I had ridden them on battle-fields and desired to keep them, but they were both gone for ten dollars.

The soldiers were paid in these depreciated promises, but none of them ever complained.

After the war Maj. S. A. Jones, of Louisiana, wrote the following beautiful and truthful lines on the back of a twenty-dollar Confederate note :

“Representing nothing on God’s earth now,
 And naught in the water below it;
 As a pledge of a nation that’s dead and gone,
 Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

“Show it to those who will lend an ear
 To the tale this paper can tell;
 Of Liberty born, of the patriot’s dream,
 Of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

“Too poor to possess the precious ores,
 And too much a stranger to borrow;
 We issued today our promise to pay
 And hoped to redeem on tomorrow.

“The days rolled on and the weeks became years,
 But our coffers were empty still;
 Coin was so rare that the treasury quaked
 If a dollar should drop in the till.

“But the faith that was in us was strong, indeed,
 And our poverty well discerned,
 And those little checks represented the pay
 That our suffering volunteers earned.

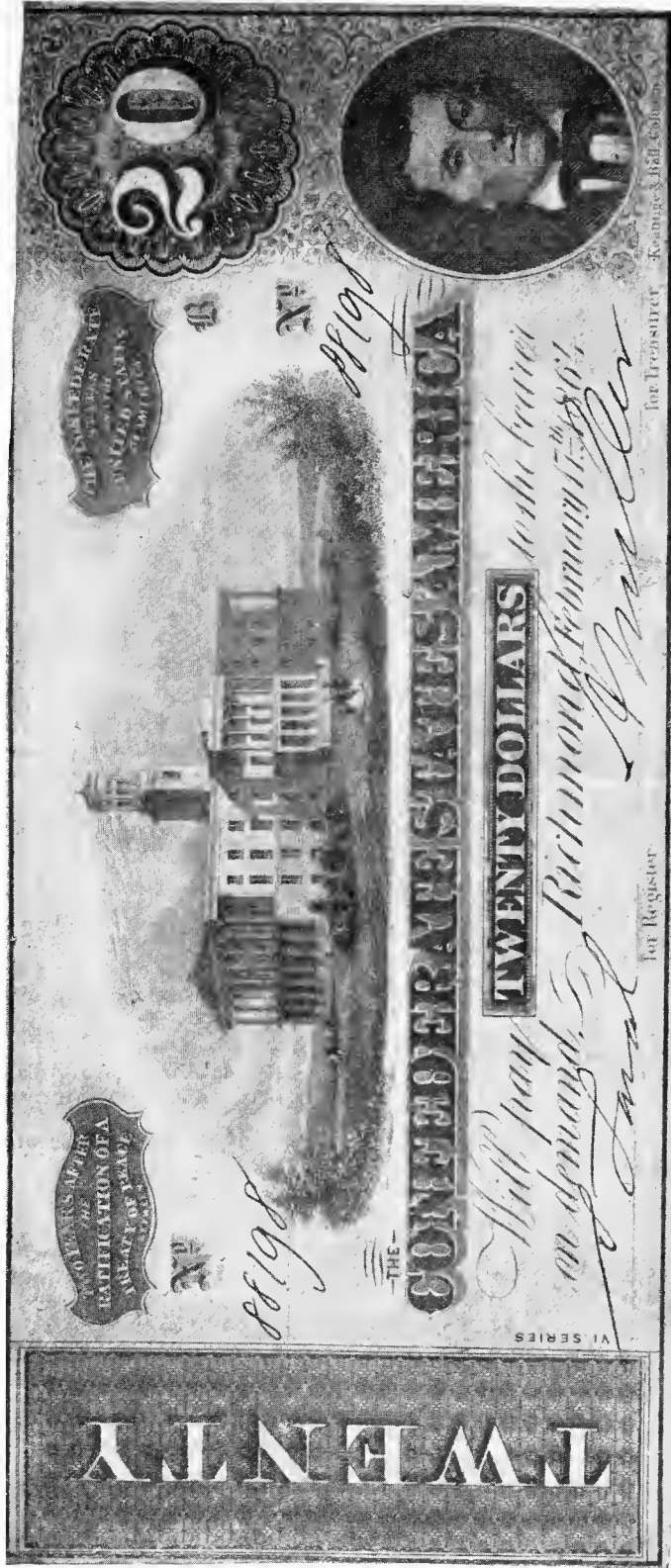
“We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
 Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
 It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
 And each patriot soldier believed it.

“But our boys thought little of price or pay,
 Or of bills that were over-due;
 We knew if it brought us bread today
 ’Twas the best our country could do.

“Keep it—it tells the history over
 From the birth of its dream to the last;
 Modest and born of the angel of hope,
 Like the hope of success, it has passed.”

Whether an earlier effort was made to establish Confederate credit to borrow on cotton we cannot say with certainty, but Mr. Davis says that “the earliest proposals on which this debt was contracted were issued in London and Paris in March, 1863.”

Why was not a sale of Confederate cotton bonds made to England and France in 1861 or 1862, or at an earlier date than March, 1863? Mr. Davis, in his book, “The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,” fails to give any account of it if such effort was made. It is but fair to presume that no effort was made at an earlier date, for if it had been he would not have



A CONFEDERATE NOTE OF TWENTY DOLLARS.
 (This is a facsimile reproduction of a Confederate note, and shows that little care was used in its trimming and printing.)

failed to give a succinct account of so vitally important a matter. The security of the bonds was an obligation of the Confederate Government to deliver cotton at the ports of Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston, if the country was at peace, or if at war, at points in the interior within ten miles of a railroad, or navigable river, free of all charges, except of one-eighth of one cent per pound export duty. Each bond at the option of the holder was convertible at its nominal amount into cotton to be delivered as above stated at the price of six pence sterling per pound of cotton, or about twelve cents. The bonds were sold at ninety per cent., and ex-President Davis says in his book (Vol. I, p. 497) :

The loan soon stood in the London market at five per cent. premium. The amount asked for was three million pounds. The amount of applications (for the bonds) in London and Paris exceeded fifteen million pounds.

Why on earth did he not sell to them all the bonds they wanted at the high prices offered and use the gold obtained to stop the depreciation of Confederate notes, the inflation of prices and have gold to aid in carrying on the war and maintaining the credit of the Confederacy? When the day came for their payment there need not have been any shortage in the cotton with which to pay the bonds, and if there had been, the stringency would not have been as great as were the needs of the armies and Government for good money at that date. If in 1863 the bonds were at a premium, why were they not salable in 1861-62 at par, or at a premium when the Confederacy still had a good credit? Why would not that course have given her credit on a gold basis to prosecute the war, and maintain her existence? Mr Chase told the writer in 1868 that when he was Secretary of the Treasury of the United States he watched closely the course of Mr. Memminger, the Confederate Secretary, with fear, and trembling, lest he might make the cotton of the South the basis of credit and thus secure the sinews of war in Europe.

At the close of the war the Confederacy owed but two million two hundred thousand pounds sterling, which amounted to only about eleven million dollars. Suppose the Confederacy had sold bonds for fifteen million pounds, which would have been but seventy-five million dollars in gold, it would have aided the Confederacy amazingly; and had it been ten times that amount, which was practicable and we believe easily attainable, it would have

put that government upon a gold basis and Mr. Chase's apprehensions would have been realized. The United States contracted a debt of more than three times that amount to destroy the Confederacy and subjugate the South. Mr. Davis and the Confederate Congress were too fearful of straining Confederate credit and too confident of resources of their country and of Southern prowess against billions of dollars and vast numbers on the side of the Union. They were not statesmen equal to that great emergency. They thus lost a great opportunity to have gained the independence of the Confederacy.

There were instances of great scarcity of food for the soldiers for a few days at a time, like Longstreet's corps when it closed in on the left at Chattanooga in Bragg's vain and futile effort to starve Rosecrans's army into retreat, when the officers and men lived two days alone on parched corn. But the real suffering for rations came in the winter of 1864-65. In the winter of 1863-64, in East Tennessee, Longstreet's troops again suffered for rations.

In February, 1865, General Lee reported to the Secretary of War that the soldiers were kept in line of battle in the raw weather three days at a time, frequently without a bite of meat and subsisting on half rations of bread. A similar condition existed in other Confederate armies. It was not because of bread scarcity. There were abundant supplies of meat and grain in many parts of the Confederacy when the surrender of Lee's and Johnston's armies came. There were two reasons for the destitution. The weaker was the general despondency and worthlessness of Confederate money, which some selfish people were not willing to take for their supplies; but a majority of the farmers and producers were loyal to the cause, even at that late day, and so deeply sympathized with the hungry boys in the trenches that they were willing to give up every particle of their supplies and produce without regard to price or money. The second and greater trouble was that the railroads were worn out,—engines, rolling-stock, rails,—and in many places the roads were broken or in the hands of the Union Army, so that supplies could not be transported to the starving soldiers. In addition to these depressing conditions, many a soldier who had fought in the ranks through scores of battles saw the more timid of his comrades, as opportunities occurred, desert the Confederate ranks, cross over into the Union lines—not to fight on that side, but to save his life from useless sacrifice. The hero over whom the red starry

cross still floated, in many instances received letters telling him that his wife and little ones, or his old mother or sister, or other dependents were working in the little field trying to make a bare subsistence; that they had no money to buy corn at from twenty to fifty dollars a bushel, flour two hundred and fifty dollars per barrel, and everything else beyond their reach; and their neighbors, who used to supply them any deficiency, while their poor husbands or sons were fighting for the Confederacy, had despaired of its success and ceased to aid them. How could the poor brave fellow leave his command and go to the assistance of his family? He was not an officer; he could not resign and go; he could not get a furlough. Surrounded by these unhappy forebodings, this dark and gloomy outlook, he pondered well his conflicting duties. At last, with his love for his dependent family and with a consciousness that he had done his duty faithfully and bravely, as long as he could, he gave up the struggle and went home to his needy family. Was he criminally a deserter? No; a hero, until heroism had in his estimation ceased to be a virtue.

We quote from Pollard's "Lost Cause" the following, which appropriately and truly described the situation at the time:

The statements of insufficiency of food in the army; the distress from the currency; the peculiar temptations which Confederate soldiers had to desert, not to the enemy, but to their own poverty-stricken homes; and the impracticability of executing the death penalty upon an offense which had so many circumstances to palliate it, sufficiently indicate how difficult to deal with was the question of desertions in the armies of the Southern Confederacy. The strong mind of General Lee was long and painfully employed in devising a remedy for an evil which was eating into the vital parts of our resources, and which was indeed "*the army-worm*" of the Confederacy. But the evil was but little within the reach of any remedy, and was logically uncontrollable. Appeals to patriotism were of but little avail, for in nine cases out of ten Confederate desertions had not happened from political disaffection, but from causes which had overridden and borne down public spirit. Attempts to reclaim deserters by force were equally unavailing. * * *

In contemplating the decline of the Confederate armies we must not rest on secondary causes, such as desertion; for these we have shown were almost entirely the consequence of a mismanaged commissariat and a currency wrecked by maladministration at Richmond.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE NEGRO SLAVES AS SOLDIERS

Gen. J. E. Johnston's Proposition—The Principle the Emancipation Proclamation Was Based On—What the South Should Have Done—The Negroes the Last Hope for Confederate Recruits—The Impotent and Inefficient Confederate Congress—The Act to Enlist Negro Slaves Passed.

We have in another chapter alluded to the fact that early in 1864 Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then in command of the Army of Tennessee at Dalton, Georgia, wrote to President Davis suggesting as a means of recruiting and strengthening the army to induce Congress to provide a system for the impressment of negro slave men to drive wagons, to do post duty, to cook, do pioneer work, etc., and thus to have returned to duty in the ranks the detailed men. Johnston gave it as his opinion that to encourage faithfulness on the part of the negroes thus impressed the law should provide a small compensation to each of them. His estimate was that such a measure would return to the army ten to twelve thousand men. He stated also that the generals under him concurred in his opinion.

The President finally, but reluctantly, came to the conclusion that as a dernier resort it should be tried, and in the latter part of the year—long after Johnston had been removed from command, Atlanta had fallen, the Army of Tennessee knocked to pieces and driven hundreds of miles, and Richmond closely besieged by Grant—he sent to Congress a message recommending it. That august body of incapables passed the act on the 18th day of February, 1865. The President, with great dignity, as though there were no need of haste to bring any relief to the Confederate armies, taking the full ten days allowed him under the Constitution to consider it, approved and signed it on the 28th day of February, 1865. The act provided for issuing rations and clothing to hired or impressed slaves, but did not provide any compensation to the slave. It provided to pay the owner in case of the death or escape to the enemy of the slave, but contained no provision to induce him to remain at his post. Of course at

that late day the act of Congress was a dead letter. See the act, Series IV, Vol. III, Rebellion Official Records, pp. 1114-1116.

Young and inexperienced as I was, I looked upon Lincoln's emancipation proclamation with very grave apprehensions. Lincoln, his Cabinet, friends and advisers, were greatly disappointed in the conduct of the negro slaves, for they had expected them, as John Brown did, to rise in revolt when the war began and murder the white people. Instead, the negro slaves, as a rule, remained at home, behaved well, and made supplies which supported the Confederate armies in the field. With this support behind them they were triumphant in a large majority of the battles.

There was no legal method under the Constitution of the United States by which the Government could abolish slavery, and they were anxious to deprive the South of this sustaining power. The question was then up to the Administration, "What are you going to do about it?" Lincoln, his Cabinet, and ablest legal advisers hit upon the wisest and most effective measure which could have been devised—the emancipation proclamation.

The negroes have been taught, and a majority of the white people at this time believe, that the proclamation was simply a charitable humanitarian benefaction to millions of slaves.

In Lincoln Park in the City of Washington is the bronze statue of Lincoln striking the manacles of slavery from the wrists of a negro, which is impressive, and truly symbolical of it.

Mr. Lincoln was an abolitionist in principle, but the Constitution which he had sworn to support was in the way. The negroes by staying at home and making supplies for the support of the Confederate armies became *contraband of war*, practically the same as gunpowder or other munitions of war, and *as a war measure* Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation. What were its terms? It was addressed to the people of the States of the South, then composing the Confederacy, and in substance it said to them, "Lay down your arms and resume your allegiance to the United States by the first day of January, 1863, or I declare your slaves to be free."

The people of the Southern States paid no attention to it. It was tantamount to saying, "Lay down your arms and return to the Union with your slaves. If you do it by January 1st next I will not interfere with you." If the war was merely for the retention of slavery, the Confederates could have won by accepting the terms of the proclamation. Disputation and con-

attention about slavery in Congress and among the people was the provoking and immediate cause of secession and war! Yet it was not the sole or underlying cause, as stated in the first chapter of this book, upon that subject.

After the date when the emancipation proclamation became operative my apprehension was that as the emancipated accumulated in numbers within the Federal lines they would be utilized as material for soldiers, and that the South would have to fight them.

With the United States paying large bounties to foreigners to enlist in the ranks as soldiers, I plainly saw that Confederate soldiers would soon have to face black lines of battle, and they did. If the negroes were to be used to aid in the subjugation of the South and their ultimate emancipation to follow, the situation impressed me to conviction that the Confederacy should make soldiers of them on such terms as would make them friends to the South, which could easily have been done, because the bonds of friendship between white boys and negroes were strong, and the only disturbance which could come between them was that of the freedom of the negro, and if he fought with the Confederates for it, it would strengthen that friendship. I went to Richmond in February, 1863, and remained there four days, solely for the purpose of urging upon members of Congress my views upon this grave question. I urged upon those whom I knew and such as I chanced to meet the importance of this matter. I had never ventured to talk with any of the prominent Confederate generals on the subject at the time of my visit, except Major-General Ewell. In his curt manner he said, "Captain, I think that you are right. Young man, the need of additional troops will bring us to it later."

When I spoke to the distinguished representative of the district in which I resided he replied, "Why, negro soldiers would not fight, and they would desert to the Union side to obtain their freedom."

I replied, that was quite true, unless freedom was granted them; and that the law of their enlistment should provide that every negro soldier who received an honorable discharge from the service should be forever a free man, and should be entitled to a bounty of 80 acres of the public land as his homestead; and let the same law provide for the gradual emancipation of his wife and children. I was fully satisfied that with such provisions as these in the law the negro men would volunteer in great numbers; and

that with proper drill and discipline, and with experienced white officers to command them, they would not desert, and would make efficient soldiers. I knew that to make soldiers out of them they must be emancipated, and if the Confederacy did not do it, the Union would. I urged this view in conversation with other members of Congress. So far as my observation extended, the members from Missouri, Kentucky, and Border States, where the institution of slavery was practically doomed, were quite willing to see the scheme tried, and some few were outspoken in favor of it; but the members from States in which the institution was still unshaken were opposed even to the slightest experiment in that direction. It is a fact, not very creditable to many slave owners, that some men made greater objections to the impressment of one of their negro men to build breastworks and forts, than to parting with a son to go into the ranks to fight and take the chances of being killed. There was money in the negro slave.

They were like the old Texan out on the frontier who owned three hundred big, fat beef-steers, then ready for market. When he and his guest sat to the table for breakfast the only meat on it was a little fat, rusty, fried bacon. The guest ventured to ask, "Squire, why don't you kill one of your fine fat beef cattle? It seems to me that the beef would be fine eating."

The squire winked one eye so strongly that it pulled his face around to that side, and replied, "Ah, there is money in them."

The money value of the property in slaves at the beginning of the war, estimated from the most reliable data, was at least twenty-eight hundred millions of dollars.

My representative in Congress, the Hon. James L. Pugh, said, "If we free the negroes to make soldiers of them, that is simply throwing aside the bone of contention, and we had as well stop the war at once."

I replied that if the Confederate Government would send an authorized agent to Lee's army and let him proclaim to every regiment in it that the war was being fought solely for the maintenance of slavery, it would close in ten days; that two-thirds of the men in the ranks never owned a slave, and they would not offer their lives as a sacrifice for that consideration. There had been, even prior to that date, talk among the soldiers that it was "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight;" and in support of this assertion the acts of Congress were cited that every man who

owned fifteen negro slaves was exempt from military service, and others who did not own the requisite number, but were men of means and influence, succeeded in having themselves detailed for various purposes to avoid conscription. Such a proclamation, "That the war was being fought alone for slavery," would have caused a disbandment of the armies. The soldiers could not have been held together. The men would have laid down their arms and gone home.

The brave men who filled the ranks of Confederate armies volunteered to fight for home-rule, local self-government, for separate national independence—with the institution of slavery as an important incident of the struggle. There were many whose motive in seceding and fighting for the Confederacy was to perpetuate the institution of slavery as a means of wealth. The chief advocates and agitators of secession were largely the latter class, but a great majority of the soldiers in the ranks—the men who handled the muskets and did the killing—were not of that class.

For slavery alone, or the money value of the slaves, two-thirds, and probably three-fourths, of the Confederate soldiers would not have risked their lives and fought as they did. Many intelligent people in the North do not understand, to this day, what motive impelled the men of the South to fight with such persistency as they did. In the spring of 1904, when a guest at my house, Gen. John C. Black, the Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, a very intelligent man, who was a brave officer in the Union Army during the war, and my personal friend, said to me that he had never been able to understand how it was that the slave owners induced the men who did not own slaves to fight so persistently and doggedly for the maintenance of that institution. His impression, and that of most Union men in the North, was that slavery was the whole matter of contention. Besides their other grievances, the apprehension those poor men had of the consequences of the emancipation of four million of negro slaves in their midst, and they to be given the franchise and elevated to political and social equality with the whites, was horrifying to their proud spirits, and those who never owned a slave fought for slavery to avoid such direful consequences. Southern pride was offended and the blood made to boil at the idea of enforced equality of an inferior race. It was complimentary to them that they had the intelligence to foresee that with universal emancipation would come a rivalry with them

in industries, unpleasant contact, mixed schools, negro office-holders, indignities, miscegenation, and general demoralization. When the Union armies triumphed and the Confederacy was destroyed the negroes were freed and enfranchised, and directed by a horde of plundering carpet-baggers and native scalawags, general bankruptcy came and general ruin threatened all the homes in the South. It was a realization of the grave apprehensions of the poor white men in the Confederate ranks. The apprehension of what might result from even a gradual emancipation was the one question which, more than the loss of their value, retarded Congress from passing a law to make soldiers of the negro men. This state of affairs in the South after the war gave rise to the Kuklux Klan, and stimulated lynching and active opposition to the rights of the negro to vote or hold office. The Confederate Congress and President Davis, however, seemed so blind to the future that they did not make soldiers of a large number of negro slaves in 1863.

A young officer as I was, holding only the rank of captain, could not induce favorable action by Congress on this subject. Some of the members laughed at me and treated my suggestions as the vagaries of a young man's enthusiasm. Time rolled on, and before the end of 1863 the great battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson had so thinned the ranks of the Confederate armies that thoughtful men became anxious to know from what source to recruit and strengthen them. Efforts were made to bring back deserters, but it met with poor success.

The spring of 1864 came, and General Johnston's letter to the President to get Congress to pass a law to hire and impress negroes to take the places of soldiers on special detail, as far as practicable, and that in that way to return to the ranks many thousands, failed to invoke action. They were needed at that time and along in the summer of 1864; but it required all the pounding, beating, mangling, and killing of that year to get it into the heads of Mr. Davis and the autocratic collection of dolts called the Confederate Congress that it was necessary to pass the impressment law for negro laborers. About this time it began to break upon the dull vision of the legislative dotards that something must be done—that the supply of material for white soldiers was exhausted; and as Napoleon said to Ney at Waterloo when he appealed to the Emperor to send to him

more infantry, "More infantry! Where does he expect me to get them? Does he expect me to make them?"

The negroes were the last hope for Confederate recruits, and it was then too late. But even then Mr. Davis requested Gen. R. E. Lee to ascertain how old soldiers stood on the question of raising organizations of negro soldiers. Longstreet in submitting the inquiry to the First Corps, took occasion to throw cold water on the scheme, as he did on everything which did not originate with him. Gen. John B. Gordon soon reported that the Second Corps was almost unanimously in favor of it. So too did A. P. Hill report as to the Third Corps. The veterans who had passed through the fire of many battles and seen hard service for years were more than willing to have the assistance of negro soldiers in separate organizations. It would no doubt have led to the abolition of slavery, but every one should have known that slavery would certainly be abolished if the arms of the Union were successful. It was to the mind of the writer, as early as the spring of 1863, a highly probable event unless the Confederacy had recourse to some extraordinary means.

The greatest reason for military failures throughout the history of the world has been indecision as to what should be done, and when a decision was reached, tardiness in its execution. In great exigencies the same may be said of legislation; the Confederate Congress had ample time to consider, but could not see that opportunity until too late, and then saw it with but one eye.

President Davis, with a military education, was hesitant—loth to admit the necessity for the enlistment of negro soldiers. The Congress of Bourbon incapables, who could never see the length of their noses into the future, did nothing but register as laws the requests of Mr. Davis, and never perceived the necessity until General Lee and Davis said so. Lee never would give his opinion or advice until Davis as President called for it, and he was unreasonably hesitant.

There never had been presented to a legislative body such opportunities for original thought and wise legislation as were presented during its existence, and yet there never was such a lot of incapables assembled as composed the Confederate Congress. In no body of statutes enacted since the days of Solon to that time could be found so few which were worth the time it would take to read them. The greatest event of modern times gave birth to a

new nation—sustained by the most devoted and the bravest citizen soldiers, but destroyed by the utter lack of capacity in its civil administration.

At last President Davis told the Congress to pass a law to enlist negro slaves as soldiers, and they did it, after months of wrangling—such a thing as it was. It was in the following language:

AN ACT to Increase the Military Force of the Confederate States.

The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact, That, in order to provide additional forces to repel invasion, maintain the rightful possession of the Confederate States, secure their independence, and preserve their institutions, the President be, and he is hereby, authorized to ask for and accept from the owners of slaves, the service of such number of able-bodied negro men as he may deem expedient, for and during the war, to perform military service in whatever capacity he may direct.

Sec. 2. That the General-in-Chief be authorized to organize the said slaves into companies, battalions, regiments, and brigades, under such rules and regulations as the Secretary of War may prescribe, and to be commanded by such officers as the President may appoint.

Sec. 3. That while employed in the service the said troops shall receive the same rations, clothing, and compensation as are allowed to other troops in the same branch of the service.

Sec. 4. That if, under the previous sections of this act, the President shall not be able to raise a sufficient number of troops to prosecute the war successfully and maintain the sovereignty of the States and the independence of the Confederate States, then he is hereby authorized to call on each State, whenever he thinks it expedient, for her quota of 300,000 troops, in addition to those subject to military service under existing laws, or so many thereof as the President may deem necessary to be raised from such classes of the population, irrespective of color, in each State, as the proper authorities thereof may determine: *Provided*, That not more than twenty-five per cent. of the male slaves between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, in any State, shall be called for under the provisions of this act.

Sec. 5. That nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize a change in the relation which the said slaves shall bear toward their owners, except by consent of the owners and of the State in which they may reside, and in pursuance of the laws thereof.

Approved March 13, 1865.

The fifth section nullified the efficiency of the act. After providing for them to volunteer and be organized into companies, regiments, brigades, etc., and to receive rations, clothing, and pay, the President to appoint the officers, comes section five, which says (notwithstanding they may make good soldiers and fight hard to establish the independence of the Confederacy) that they should be and remain slaves, unless the owner saw proper to set them free. A negro who did not have sense enough, under that law, to have deserted to the enemy at the first opportunity would

have been too much of an idiot to have made a soldier. No sensible negro would have volunteered under that law, if honestly explained to him, unless it was for the purpose of availing himself of the opportunity it would have given him to desert to the other side, where he could, beyond doubt, have obtained his freedom. He would have done this rather than fight, with chances of being killed, or of having his body mangled with shot and shell, to keep himself and his children after him in slavery.

The act was passed less than a month before Lee's surrender. Had the law been passed two years earlier with that section five in it, no benefit would have resulted from it. It would have been of no more efficiency than the resolution of a certain town meeting on building a new jail—

“Resolved, 1—That we build a new jail,

“Resolved, 2—That the new jail shall be built on the spot where the old jail stands;

“Resolved, 3—That the old jail shall not be torn down nor removed until the new jail is built.”

The only defense possible for that section is to claim that the Congress did not have the constitutional power to strike down or annul any one's property in his slave. That was a weakling's excuse. In such an exigency as the Confederacy was then in, a man's property in the slave should have been confiscated. The title of the owner was so jeopardized that it was practically worthless. That was an instance wherein necessity should alone have governed the action of the Confederate Congress. Whenever an act becomes necessary to preserve the existence of the government itself, the Constitution is no restraint. It was so regarded in the passage of the Conscript act. Being into the war, the Confederates should have used every honorable means to have attained success.

Notwithstanding the defects in the law, a few companies were raised under it in Virginia, the owners giving the slaves their freedom. Soon after the law was passed the Secretary of War and Adjutant-General went actively to work to put it into operation. General Lee issued an order for that purpose. General Johnston, then commanding in North Carolina, under orders from the War Department, detailed Brig.-Gen. John T Morgan (now the senior United States Senator from Alabama) to come to Alabama and superintend the enlistment of negroes within the State. Capt. Wm. B. Jones, of the Third Alabama Regiment

(now a prominent citizen of Montgomery, Alabama), and other company officers, came home to aid in the work and obtain commands. But before General Morgan got his work under way Appomattox was reached, and Lee's surrender put an end to all enlistments.

Had the law been passed two years earlier than it was and in lieu of the fifth section have made provision for emancipation, the Confederacy could have raised and kept in the field three hundred thousand negro soldiers without any great impairment of the productive force of the country; and with the brave white men then in the Confederate armies, the world in arms never could have conquered us. The enlistment of negroes would have spared the lives of many white men, and the 100,000 negro soldiers we had to fight and twice as many more would have been on our side. This policy on the part of the South would have terrorized the North. They could no longer have enthused the abolitionists, and the policy of emancipation declared in Confederate law and practice would have wonderfully enhanced the prospects and probability of early recognition of the Confederacy by European Governments. If at Gettysburg Lee had had 50,000 negro troops under white officers, as additional force, he would have walked over Meade's army, have gone to Philadelphia and peace would then have been made.

Immediately following the enforcement of the emancipation proclamation began the enlistment of negroes, and at the surrender there were in the Union army ninety-nine thousand six hundred and fifty-four negro soldiers, nearly one hundred thousand in active service.

Among the Confederate generals of distinction who favored the enlistment of the negroes in the Confederate armies, were Ewell, Johnston, Hood, Cleburne, Gordon, Hill, R. E. Lee, and others.

By the failure of the Confederate Congress to realize the vast importance of timely action to offset or nullify the act of Lincoln in issuing the emancipation proclamation, one of the greatest opportunities the Confederates ever had for realization was lost forever. It was a game of politics—great politics—and war as an incident with Lincoln and the abolition party. In that game the South held a full hand—a stacked hand, we may truly say—and yet the Confederate players, who had borne for years the finest reputation as politicians of ability, allowed Lincoln and his

party to bluff them and walk away with the entire pot, leaving the Southern gamblers dead broke.

The twenty-eight hundred million dollars which the Southern people had in negro slaves was a vast sum to sacrifice, and the exigency which required it must have been very great and convincingly impressed upon their minds before they would have sanctioned it. A knowledge of this fact made the President and Congress, though many of them were distinguished orators and of high physical courage, timid and hesitant about proposing a resort to this last hope for recruits and elements of strength to the depleted ranks and diminishing strength of the armies of the Confederacy. The lack of foresight and overruling timidity kept them from grappling by the throat this giant question in the winter of 1862-63, while the Confederate armies were still strong. There was unfortunately no Danton, no Patrick Henry in that Congress to awaken its members from the sleep of fancied security and to stir the patriotism of the people to a realization of their real danger. Had such a leader come to the front, and had Mr. Davis, co-operating, appealed to the people and shown them the necessity, they would have sanctioned it, for they were then in a frame of mind to do anything to win the independence of the Confederacy. Had the alternative then been presented to give up slavery or the Confederacy, knowing that with it slavery would be lost, the people would have said, "Let slavery go."

With gradual emancipation there would not have been a great shock or violent change in the labor system. Had the negroes been shown that every one who received an honorable discharge from the Confederate service should be forever a free man and have a homestead of eighty acres of the public lands, they would have volunteered in great numbers, and it would, if done in the winter of 1862-63, have insured the independence of the Confederacy. And had it failed, the horrors of reconstruction and the absurdity of universal manhood-suffrage would never have been known in the South, the best of feeling would have prevailed between the races, and States would have regulated the suffrage just as they always did prior to the appearance of the political monster, reconstruction.

The Confederate Congress never seriously considered the question of enlisting the negroes as soldiers until late in the fall of 1864. We quote from "The Lost Cause" (pp. 659-670), which

was printed in 1866, the next year after the close of the war, as follows :

It may easily be calculated that out of three million slaves, two hundred thousand might have been spared, and brought into the field. This addition, if made some time ago, might have turned the scale in favor of the South, considering how evenly the balance hung in the early campaigns of the war. But the time for this measure was past; soldiers could not be improvised; there was no time to drill and perfect negro recruits before the resumption of the active and decisive campaign; and it is a striking evidence of the shiftlessness of the Confederate Government and the impracticability of the Congress, that there should have been debated a bill to put two hundred thousand negroes in the Confederate armies at a time when there were not five thousand spare arms in the Confederacy. * * *

Whatever may have been the general merits of the question of enlistment of the negro and competing with the enemy in this branch of the recruiting service, the time and circumstances in which the measure was actually discussed in Richmond rendered it impracticable and absurd, and gave occasion to a controversy which, however barren of proper results, created parties and drew lines of exasperated prejudices through different classes of the people. The country, in its exhausted state, could not half feed and clothe the few soldiers left in the ranks. Hence, under all possible circumstances, the negroes could *at that late date* but add to the painful embarrassments already existing. The policy of the Government in this, as well as nearly all its measures, was lamentably weak and short-sighted. * * *

The action of Congress was so far below the necessities of the case, as to be in the last degree puerile, absurd, and contemptible. The proposition to arm negroes was made in November, 1864; it was debated until March, 1865; and the result was a weak compromise on the heel of the session by which the question of emancipation as a reward for the negroes' services was studiously excluded, and the President simply authorized to accept from their masters such slaves as they might choose to dedicate to the military service of the Confederacy.

Such paltry legislation was contemptible and was utterly unworthy of the representatives of a great people.

The institution of slavery had probably existed as long as it was of any utility as a civilizer of the African race; and as long as it was of any real benefit to the white race. The young men and women, children of large slave owners, were growing inert physically and indolent by luxuriant living, which, when long continued, always stimulates pride, but impairs industrial activity and progress in the race of life. It was therefore not by the direct interposition of God doomed to destruction, but by the uniform operation of the laws of nature, which are perfect. Whenever any human institution ceases to be in unison with them it soon ceases to exist. Had the Confederate authorities perceived this

fact and utilized the slaves as soldiers in establishing a separate nationality, they might have succeeded; but the utility of such government remains in the obscurity of speculation, though the greatest probabilities were in favor of a grand success and wonderful national development.

After slavery was practically dead the Confederacy clung to its putrid body and expired with it.

CHAPTER XLVII

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Mr. Davis's Birthplace and Ancestry—Graduate of West Point—Elected to Congress—Distinguished Service in Mexican War—In the United States Senate—Secretary of War Under Pierce—Made Major-General and Put in Command of State Troops of Mississippi—Chosen President of the Confederacy—His Failings in Office—The Best Man Available for the Office as Viewed in the Light of the Time He Was Selected—His Mistake in Not Surrendering With Johnston—His Treatment After Arrest Deeply Resented by the South.

The world knows Jefferson Davis as the President of the Confederate States. He was born June 3, 1808, in Christian County, Kentucky, or that part of it which is now Todd County, where the village of Fairview stands. His father, Samuel Davis, was a captain in the Revolutionary War. During Jefferson's infancy he moved to Mississippi.

When he was sixteen years old he was appointed a cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point, from which he graduated in 1828, at the age of twenty. He was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to an infantry regiment in the Northwest.

In 1833 he was transferred to a new regiment of dragoons, with which he served two years, and then resigned from the army. Soon after he married the daughter of Col. Zachary Taylor, and became a cotton planter in Mississippi. His wife died in less than a year, and he lived on his plantation in practical seclusion from the world until 1843, when he began to take active part in politics, and the next year he was chosen presidential elector from the State at large. He was a States' rights Democrat.

In 1845, having been elected, he took his seat as a Representative in Congress. The war with Mexico began soon after, and in June, 1846, a regiment of Mississippi volunteers was organized at Vicksburg and Davis was elected colonel. The regiment moved at once, and he overtook it at New Orleans. He had some trouble to do so, but before leaving Washington he obtained army

rifles for his regiment, which were then a new thing. They were the first percussion arms used by the army of the United States, and were ever after called the "Mississippi rifles."

Colonel Davis reported, as ordered, to his father-in-law, General Taylor, and was in the battles of Monterey and Buena Vista, in which latter he saved the day and contributed greatly to Taylor's success. Colonel Davis was shot through one foot in the midst of the battle, but continued on his horse to command his regiment, never stopping to have his wound dressed until the fighting was over. The wound disabled him, put him on crutches and sent him home, and this ended his military career.

The general impression prevailed among the Southern people at the beginning, or early in the history of the Confederacy, that he was of great military ability. He behaved well in the only two battles he was in, which was to have been expected of an intelligent graduate from West Point; but it was no test at all of military genius, or that he was a strategist or capable of handling wisely, or successfully, a large army.

Before he fully recovered from his wound, one of the Senators from his State died and the Governor appointed him to the vacancy.

Before his return from Mexico President Polk appointed him a brigadier-general of volunteers, of which he said, "I declined to accept on the ground that volunteers are militia and the Constitution reserves to the State the appointment of all militia officers."

His reasons were erroneous. Militia, when called into the service of the United States, cease to be militia, and are governed by the articles of war, mustered and paid as United States volunteer troops, and the President has the right to appoint the generals to command them.

Davis later in life found this to be the case, and as President of the Confederacy, under the same constitutional provision, appointed brigadiers, major-generals, lieutenant-generals, and full generals of volunteers. Experience has opened the eyes of many to provisions and constructions of the Constitution which those extreme States' rights men like Mr. Davis did not think existed. On the other hand, most absurd claims have been advanced as to the adverse construction of those who contend for a consolidated centralized nationality. It illustrates the truth of the old Roman adage, that the middle course is the safest. The truly conservative is the wisest statesman, but it is not the road to individual

success. The extremist mounts the tidal wave of wild enthusiasm, however erroneous, and rides it to success; that is, it lands him in office. I have known of men being elevated to the United States Senate in this way who were of no utility to the country, and reflected no great credit upon those who sent them there. The silver craze of 1896 to 1900 furnishes many shining examples.

In January, 1848, the legislature elected Colonel Davis for the remainder of the unexpired term, and in 1850 he was reelected for the full term of six years. He was a strict-construction Democrat, opposed to the compromise measures of 1850, and when the question was submitted to the voters of Mississippi they voted down the proposition for the Southern States to hold a convention and unite in a protest against a further extension of the Missouri Compromise. When they did that the Democratic candidate withdrew from the race for Governor. The Democrats, until then in the majority, were alarmed, and appealed to Davis to lead them. He resigned from the Senate to run for Governor of his State. He took the stump and made an active canvass, but was defeated by about 1,000 majority. He then went to his plantation and lived quietly thereon, satisfied with his fight against the constructive powers exercised by Congress, which were, as he contended, "the parent of despotism." When Pierce was nominated by the Democrats for President, Davis took the stump and with great ability advocated his election. Pierce, when elected, took Davis into his Cabinet as Secretary of War. He served with great ability the four years of Pierce's term, and was again elected to the Senate from Mississippi. Slavery extension into the territories was then the absorbing question before the Senate.

Douglas was fulminating his squatter-sovereignty doctrine. Davis defined it thus:

Douglas insisted upon the rights of the first immigrants into the territory to decide upon the question whether migrating citizens might take their slaves with them, which meant, if it meant anything, that Congress could authorize a few settlers to do what it was admitted Congress could not do itself. But out of this bill arose a dissension which finally divided the Democratic party and caused its defeat in the Presidential election of 1860.

And from this empty, baseless theory grew the Iliad of our direst woes.

When officially notified that Mississippi had passed an ordinance of secession withdrawing from the Union, he made a speech re-asserting his belief in the reserved right of the States, and that

a State for cause had a right to secede or withdraw from the Union. He advocated, as an essential attribute of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede from the Union, and he believed the cause justifiable and approved of her act. Mr. Davis said:

The act of secession has been a conviction of pressing necessity—it has been a belief that we are deprived, in the Union, of the rights which our fathers bequeathed to us, which has brought Mississippi into her present decision. She has heard proclaimed the theory that all men are created free and equal, and this made the basis of an attack upon her social institutions; and the sacred Declaration of Independence has been invoked to maintain the position of the equality of the races.

Then, Senators, we recur to the compact which binds us together; we recur to the principles upon which our government was founded; and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from a government which, thus perverted, threatens to be destructive of our rights, we but tread in the path of our fathers when we proclaim our independence and take the hazard. This is done, not in hostility to others—not to injure any section of the country—not even for our own pecuniary benefit, but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our duty to transmit unshorn to our children. I go hence unencumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.

Before he reached home he had been made a major-general and given command of the troops in his State. He believed that there was going to be war and a protracted struggle and actively entered on the organization of his troops. But he was almost immediately notified that the Confederate Congress assembled at Montgomery, Alabama, had elected him President of the new Confederacy. He did not desire it, and preferred to be a general and command troops in the field, but felt that under the circumstances he had no right to refuse to accept the Presidency, and consequently was inaugurated and took the oath of office on the steps of the State Capitol in Montgomery, Alabama, in the presence of a host of people, the booming of cannon, and the shouts of the multitude, on the 18th of February, 1861. From that day began the most gigantic struggle known in the annals of modern warfare. That was the beginning of a struggle which cost the lives of a million of men, ten billions of money and an equal value of property, made hundreds of thousands of widows and orphans, and caused a river of tears to be shed.

Mr. Davis had no trouble in selecting his Cabinet. He made some great mistakes in policy. He sent Wm. L. Yancey, the renowned orator of Alabama, and indeed the greatest orator in all

the South, as Minister to England. How useless and unavailing his eloquent tongue and pen to convince the stolid Briton that slavery was right and that Victoria's Government should give the Confederacy some sort of recognition among the nations of the earth! Of course he did not accomplish anything. Had he sent, in Mr. Yancey's stead, a fine business man of national reputation, with instructions to negotiate a treaty by which the ports of the Confederacy should stand open to British goods and manufactures for twenty-five years at an average low tariff duty of ten per cent., and with our cotton pledged to sustain Confederate credit, it would have caught the ear of the commerce-worshiping, speculating Briton, and today the map of the Western hemisphere would show one more great nation than it does. It was practicable. At that time the cotton owners would have loaned all they had to the Confederacy, and the entire history of Great Britain shows, with rare exceptions, that she always follows her commercial interests.

Mr. Davis was a great man in many respects. In the Senate he ranked next to Calhoun in the school of States' rights Democrats. He was a high and chivalrous type of Southern manhood. He was the soul of honor, courage, and manliness. He was thoroughly honest in his convictions, full of patriotism, and willing to die for the South, which he knew to be in the right. He made some serious blunders in his administration, which we notice elsewhere in this narrative. While he was learned in Statecraft under the old régime, forceful and eloquent with tongue and pen, and true to the Confederate cause as the needle to the north pole, yet he was not equal to the exigencies of the great office he held in a revolution. He would have made an admirable President in time of peace. He had not the peculiar gifts or traits of genius essential to success as President of the Confederacy. All official rules and red tape which prevailed at Richmond should have been discarded, or suspended, and incessant work been done wherever necessary for the comfort and health of the soldiers. Success depended on them.

In 1864 they had an order that the Surgeon-General must approve all furloughs of wounded men from the hospitals. I saw more than an acre of ground covered with wounded men who were able to go home, and each with a furlough from a hospital surgeon in his pocket, waiting in front of the Surgeon-General's office, day by day, for him to approve and countersign. I have known the same man in several cases to have to wait two or three

days for his turn, time enough for him to have reached his home. I was indignant, and inquired the cause, and found that the Surgeon-General had his office hours from 10 o'clock A. M. to 2 o'clock P. M., and then the office was closed for the day, with a lot of poor, wounded men lying on the ground waiting his highness's pleasure. Mr. Davis should have required him to work all day and all night, if necessary, to get those men off home to their families, which many of them had not seen in two or three years. Had he refused thus to work, he should have been kicked out of office and some one put in his place who would. I have no idea Mr. Davis knew of the conduct of the Surgeon-General. He was no man to look after details. Attending to them brings success, neglect brings failure.

In the fall and winter of 1861-62 and the spring of 1862, raw recruits were sent to the regiments from home without previously being drilled or somewhat inured to camp life. They took measles, camp fever, or pneumonia, and were sent to improvised small hospitals near at hand, where, without necessary medical supplies or trained nurses, and with inferior doctors, detailed from the ranks, the men died by hundreds and thousands. Many more were slain by such treatment than by the enemy's bullets. Mr. Davis knew nothing about it further than that there was much sickness in the army. He was closeted in Richmond studying some grave State problem or what politician he should next appoint as a brigadier-general. It is quite true that he could not in person have seen all these abuses, but he should have had a large body of trusty, sensible men as secret inspectors to watch everything and to report. He had all the time a general on duty to aid him, and had he gotten at the details and the small matters and have righted them from the first, what a vast difference it would have made!

In the French Revolution, 1789 to 1794, in which the convention embodied all the powers of government, the French generals won victories, but they were fruitless. The convention, or directory created by it as an executive, had Houchard, Beauharnais, and one or two other generals beheaded for not following up and reaping the fruits of their victories. The government then sent three members of the convention as commissioners to each army to see that the soldiers were well cared for and that the generals acted with proper vigor. While no one can approve their barbarity to the people, supposed still to have been loyal to the old

régime, yet the effect of their supervision was such that the French repulsed the numerous armies of the allies, put down the most formidable insurrection against the revolution, humbled its enemies—foreign and domestic—and added Holland to the French domain in one year. The French War Minister, Carnot, it is said, raised and equipped fourteen armies that year. He organized success.

Napoleon when First Consul saw the necessity of achieving a decisive victory over the Austrians. He assembled all the gunsmiths in France, gave them an idea of the kind of army gun he desired—of longer range than those with which his corps was armed, such as would be sure to fire every time and no snapping. He offered a handsome reward for the best invention which conformed to his description. Several specimens were soon produced. He selected the best and had a large number of guns made, so that every man in his army had a new gun when he marched forth, fought and won the great battle of Austerlitz which made him Emperor. He paid for that equipment of his army out of the money France received for the purchase of Louisiana.

Frederick the Great, by close attention to details, was ultimately triumphant against great odds in the Seven Years' War. A general who looks closely after the welfare of his men, sees that every man is in his proper place, and that everything is ready to move and does move promptly at the minute appointed therefor, is the successful commander.

Had President Davis required of his generals such attention to details as was shown by the uneducated soldier Bedford Forrest, the success of the Confederate Army would have been assured. He often visited the sick and wounded, spoke words of encouragement, and saw that the surgeons did not neglect the men. His men loved him for it. Forrest's care for his men and taking part with them made them heroes.

Mr. Davis made a mistake in promoting his generals too rapidly. To some he applied the test of proving their worthiness before he conferred high rank upon them—mainly those who were not West Pointers. To some he gave it without evidence of their fitness. The most unfortunate of these was J. C. Pemberton, who was made a lieutenant-general and given one of the most important commands in the Confederacy without any test of his capacity or fitness to command even a brigade, except that he was a graduate of West Point and a Pennsylvanian. But be it said

to Pemberton's credit, that after his failure he resigned and served as lieutenant-colonel of artillery to the close of the war.

A most remarkable thing was that of all Mr. Davis's appointees there was not a single instance of treachery. Some of them proved to be incapable, but were not traitors. All proved to be loyal and true to the Confederate cause. The censure of General Pemberton was for his incapacity. There were a number of other Confederate generals—West Pointers at that—who were incapable. Mr. Davis made a mistake in making Braxton Bragg a full general and assigning him to the command of an army. But that was pardonable, had he not kept him in the position so long after he had demonstrated his unfitness. It demoralized the troops and caused many of the generals under him to pray for his removal from command. Irreparable injury to that army and to the cause resulted from his incapacity before he retired from command; then Mr. Davis made a further mistake when he made Bragg his chief-of-staff after his failure as an army commander.

When Gen. Joseph E. Johnston refused to answer Mr. Davis categorically, "Will you give up Atlanta without a fight?" he gave Davis cause for his removal, because Davis as President was his superior and had a right to know. His declination to answer was not respectful. But under the peculiar circumstances of the situation at that time it was unwise to remove him. Why? In the first place it greatly strengthened the faith of Sherman, his army, and the people of the North in his success, in the second place, it greatly dampened the ardor of the Confederate army, which had the utmost confidence in Johnston; in the third place, the army thought General Hood too rash and hence regarded him as an unsafe commander. If Johnston had surrendered Atlanta without a fight, which he should not have done, it would have been better for the Confederate cause than was his removal.

Putting Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in command of the immense department of Tennessee, Mississippi, east Louisiana and the Trans-Mississippi, in the winter of 1862, was a mistake. This vast territory, with at least three distinct armies operating in different states, to wit: Bragg in Tennessee, Pemberton in Mississippi, Holmes in Arkansas, was too much for the most renowned general who ever lived to have maneuvered successfully.

President Davis made another mistake when he interfered with and directed the movements of troops within this department contrary to Johnston's wishes, and gave orders to Pemberton with-

out Johnston's sanction and contrary to orders given by him. Johnston so states in his narrative. But he had no right afterwards to complain; his proper protest was to have resigned on account of the action of the President.

President Davis assigned Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, in September, 1861, to command the same territory, with the States of Kentucky and Missouri added; but Johnston at that time was considered the ablest and most experienced general in the Confederacy. At that time the armies on each side generally numbered but a few thousand men. Davis was pre-eminently right when he refused to remove Gen. Sidney Johnston in obedience to the demands of dissatisfied men who thought him inefficient.

Edward A. Pollard, of Virginia, in 1866 published the first book written on the Southern side after the close of the war, entitled "The Lost Cause." He was the editor of the *Richmond Daily Examiner* during the war, which gave him the greatest opportunity to observe the course of Mr. Davis from a non-partisan standpoint. He has been criticised by some as being prejudiced, but there was at the time he wrote "The Lost Cause" no reason existing, if any ever had, for prejudice or a disposition to misrepresent him. The following is his estimate of Mr. Davis (p. 91, "The Lost Cause") :

Mr. Davis was a man whose dignity, whose political scholarship, whose classical and lofty expressions, whose literary style—unexcelled, perhaps, in the power of *statement* by any cotemporary model—whose pure morals, well-poised manners and distinguished air, were likely to adorn the high station to which he had been raised, and calculated to qualify him, in many striking respects, as the representative of the proud and chivalrous people of the South. But these accomplishments concealed from the hasty and superficial view defects of character which were most serious, indeed almost vital in their consequences, and which were rapidly to be developed in the course of his administration of the new government. His dignity was the mask of a peculiar obstinacy, which, stimulated by an intellectual conceit, spurned the counsels of equal minds, and rejected the advice of the intelligent, while it was curiously not inconsistent with a complete subserviency to the smallest and most unworthy of favorites. His scholarship smelt of the closet. He had no practical judgment; his intercourse with men was too distant and constrained for studies of human nature; and his estimate of the value of particular men was grotesque and absurd. The especial qualifications of a great leader in the circumstances in which Mr. Davis was placed would have been strong and active common sense, quick apprehension, knowledge of men, and a disposition to consult the aggregate wisdom of the people, and to gather the store of judgment from every possible source of practical advice within its reach. Mr. Davis had none of these plain qualities. He had, instead of these, certain elegant and brilliant accomplishments, which dazzled the multitude, confused the world in its judgment of his merits, and gave him a singular reputation, in which admirers and censors were strangely mingled; one party, looking at a

distance, extravagant in its praise, the other, having a nearer view, unlimited in its condemnation.

Pollard further says (pp. 556, 557) that some of the "severest tyrants of the world have been governed by women and court-jesters," and that Mr. Davis was governed chiefly by his wife. He says that just after Congress passed an act to give General Lee command of all the Confederate armies, Mrs. Davis, in the presence of visitors to the family, took Mr. Davis to task and bitterly inveighed against Congress, saying that the act was passed to diminish the power of her husband, and "If I were Mr. Davis I would die or be hung before I would submit to the humiliation."

It is also stated in "The Lost Cause" (p. 657) that she caused her husband to dismiss from the service the Quartermaster-General on account of a woman's quarrel and his wife's criticism of Mrs. Davis's figure, and "Those who knew Mr. Davis best testified that he was the weakest of men, on certain sides of his character, and that he had a romantic sentimentalism, which made him the prey of preachers and women."

The Provisional Congress met at Montgomery, Alabama, on February 4, 1861, to organize a government, which was a task of great magnitude. They prepared a provisional Constitution, which was done in four days. The next day this was followed by the election of executive officers. Mr. Davis was elected President, and Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President. In discussing among themselves, in private conversation, the qualifications and fitness of a man for the Presidency, Hons. Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb, of Georgia, and R. Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina, were mentioned; but all seemed impressed with the idea that Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was the man. He was a man of perfect integrity, a high sense of honor, had long experience in the United States Senate—in which body he stood very high, was a thorough States' rights, pro-slavery man; had been Secretary of War in Pierce's Cabinet, which he filled with signal ability; had a regular military education, and displayed fine soldierly qualities and high courage in the war with Mexico; and while firm and never vacillating, was conservative in his methods. The members of that Congress, knowing these facts about Mr. Davis's qualifications, and not knowing of the existence of alleged defects of character or qualifications which were developed by the severe tests of his administration, and which the Congress could

not have foreseen, did just what any other body of men, under similar circumstances, would have done. He was chosen with perfect unanimity.

Broad, masterful statesmanship, a sound comprehension of national financial policy, and a large amount of military common sense embodied all the qualifications needed in a President of the Confederacy. But where was that man to be found? No one was then available unless resident within the States represented in that Congress, which were South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas.

John C. Breckinridge, for whom these States had but recently voted for President, and who possessed fine qualifications, was at the time this Congress elected a President of the Confederacy, presiding over the Senate of the United States as Vice-President. Albert Sidney Johnston, who had great military, civil, and executive ability, was still a brigadier-general of the United States in command of the department of California. R. E. Lee and J. E. Johnston were still in the army of the United States. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, was still in the Senate. Ex-Governor Sterling Price, of Missouri, had not then cast his lot with the Confederacy. Tennessee, with its great Confederate Governor, Isham G. Harris, in whom there was good Presidential timber, had not then joined the Confederacy. John A. Campbell was still one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Richard Taylor, of Louisiana, who became a lieutenant-general during the war, possessed superb qualifications and ability to have filled the office of President, but at that time no one knew it, and perhaps Taylor himself was ignorant of it.

The truth is, that the Provisional Congress *with the lights before it made the wisest selection in sight* when they elected Jeff. Davis. His Presidency during the brief existence of the provisional government assured his election under the permanent government. No man can foretell what another will do in a variety of cases wherein duty requires him to act. We may shrewdly guess and feel that we know what our favorite would do in one instance, but not in many. It may be that Mr. Davis was as faultless and did as well in the office of President of the Confederacy as would some other had he, instead of Davis, been chosen to perform that most difficult task. Had another been chosen he might not have done so well.

At the last Mr. Davis made a mistake when he did not surrender with Johnston's army. His idea was to escape across the Mississippi River and carry on the Confederate Government confined to the Trans-Mississippi Department. His judgment should have told him that was impracticable. As he had resolved to make this venture he should have traveled alone, or with but two or three friends, on horseback, and even that would probably have been impracticable. General Hood, with some of his staff officers, hid in the swamps and made several efforts to cross the Mississippi, but found it too closely guarded at every point to allow him to do so.

When Mr. Davis undertook to escape with his family and a train of wagons it was supreme folly and showed a want of common sense. Mrs. Davis must have ordered it. Pollard says that she controlled him in all great exigencies. Had the Union authorities allowed him to escape, had they never arrested nor imprisoned him, his honors in after life would have been slim indeed compared with what they were, for at that time his popularity was on the wane—had nearly faded out. As Cardinal Wolsey said, "Nothing succeeds like success." The cause of the fallen chief and himself are usually buried in the same grave.

In consonance with this is the fact that Mr. Davis fell out with Senators Yancey, of Alabama, and Wigfall, of Texas, two of the ablest men in that body, and incurred their bitter opposition. Senator C. C. Clay, of Alabama, regarded as one of Davis's best friends, in a letter written by him to Mr. Yancey, dated May 3, 1863, used the following language about Mr. Davis :

He is a strange compound which I cannot analyze, although I thought I knew him well before he was President. He will not ask or receive counsel, and, indeed, seems predisposed to go exactly the way his friends advise him not to go. I have tried harder than I ever did with any other man to be his friend. I have kept my temper and good-will toward him longer than I could with any other than an old and cherished friend. If he survives this war and does not alter his course he will find himself in a small minority party.

After he was taken prisoner his captors and his keepers, designated by the United States Government, despitefully used him, showed him no leniency, and treated him as the worst of criminals; and although a rather feeble old man, imprisoned him in a case-mate in Fortress Monroe, and put irons on him to further humiliate him, when there was not the remotest possibility of his escape.

His plucky resistance to being handcuffed was useless and peevish. He knocked the blacksmith down who came to put the irons on him. It was not the poor smith's fault, it was the commandant's. By fighting, it only caused him to be handled roughly—overpowered and ironed. He should have submitted to resistless power with a protest against the outrage, for such it surely was. After heaping indignities upon him, and his long imprisonment, the Government was too cowardly to try him, as it would have judicially determined the right of peaceable secession, because if it existed he could not have been convicted of treason; and they dismissed the prosecution. They had imprisoned and maltreated him as a criminal, as guilty of treason, and then, with the most abundant proof of his guilt of what they called treason—really secession only—he was discharged and given complete liberty without a trial before a tribunal of their own. This shows an impartial world that the Government feared that the Supreme Court might hold that the right of the States to secede existed.

Mr. Davis was punished as the representative of the cause for which the Southern people had shed their blood, when he was no more guilty of treason than they. He was persecuted as the representative of the lost cause to which he was a faithful, true, and manly adherent. This roused a spirit of indignation and nobleness of soul in the Southern people, which never deserted them in the hour of defeat. They were like the noble young Roman who voluntarily walked with a young girl who had been condemned by Nero to be torn to pieces by wild beasts and was devoured with her—because they were of the same faith.

The brass star in the marble steps of the Capitol in Montgomery, Alabama, will ever attest the unbounded esteem of the patriotic ladies for his faithfulness to the oath he took, as President, standing on that spot.

It was a fortunate circumstance for his future reputation that he was captured and imprisoned rather than allowed to escape. No man since Washington was ever so highly honored by the Southern people during all the years of his life, thereafter, and in his death and burial. The anniversary of his birth has been by law of some of the States made a public holiday, and a splendid monument erected to his memory in Richmond, Virginia.

He was a noble man, true to the cause and the people he represented in one of the greatest struggles of men in this world for the right to govern themselves.

CHAPTER XLVIII

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Lincoln's Early Life—Elected to the State Legislature—Mustered Into the Service of the United States by Jefferson Davis—Admitted to the Bar—How He Got the Soubriquet "Old Abe"—Sent to Congress As a Whig—His Debates With Douglas—First President Elected by the Republican Party—His Three Master Strokes—The Paramount Policy of His Administration—The Gettysburg Speech—Some Personal Anecdotes—His Assassination a Terrible Blow to the South.

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, about eight months after Jeff Davis was born in Christian County, both in the State of Kentucky. His parents were very poor, and illiterate. His mother's maiden name was Nancy Hanks. She could read, but could not write; his reputed father could not do either. He was sent to an oldfield school with his spelling book and arithmetic, in which his reputed father said he must learn to spell and to cipher, where, in his childhood, he had learned to do both.

When he was but eight years old his father and family floated down the river on a raft to Indiana, and toiled through the forest to Spencer County, where he grew up in a log cabin on a farm and aided in the support of the family. His parents were Quakers, and were able to give him but little education.

When he was twenty years old he worked for a short time on a flat boat upon the Mississippi at ten dollars a month. The story of his ever being a rail splitter has some truth in it, but he never was a professional in that line.

The elder Lincoln moved from Indiana and took up a homestead in the woods of Sangamon County, Illinois. Abe drove the ox team to the wagon which hauled all of the family movables. He was then about nineteen years old. After this he split a few hundred rails to fence in the yard around the log hut. Some one or two years later he left his father to seek his fortune elsewhere. All that he possessed was his clothing, tied up in a large bandana handkerchief, which he carried with a stick



A. Lincoln

through the knot, and with it on his shoulder he strutted away across the prairies with his all upon his back. He met with a cousin named Hanks, and they went in together and cut and split rails in partnership wherever they could get a job at so much per hundred. After a few month's work they hewed out the timbers and built them a flatboat on the river, loaded it with corn and other products, and floated it down from one river to another and finally down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Abe was the captain of the boat. They sold their load to advantage, their boat also, and returned by steamer. Lincoln worked his way back as a fireman on the boat. He was poor and it was greatly to his credit that he was willing to work at any honorable labor which would help him on in the world. He was healthful and strong, and notwithstanding his long legs and arms, angularity and ungainly looks, he was an athletic youth. Six feet four inches tall, he could out-jump, out-wrestle, out-lift and out-run anybody in the neighborhood. He was good-natured and fond of mirth.

After his experience in flatboating he turned merchant in a small way, clerked in a little store for a few months, then had an interest in the business a few months. His partner got to drinking, and insisted on selling liquor from a barrel in the back room of the store, which Abe opposed, as he never drank it and did not favor it in others. He withdrew from the business, his partner taking all the goods and assuming payment of all the debts. While in the store he studied surveying until he could run land lines, and then succeeded in getting appointed surveyor for the county. Within a few months his late partner in the mercantile business had made way with all his goods, but did not pay the debts. Lincoln had to work out and pay eleven hundred dollars, which he found hard to do, and felt that it would take him a lifetime. But a sympathetic friend aided him and he pulled through. He was fond of books and studied diligently at every opportunity. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the Bible, Shakespeare's Plays, Weem's "Life of Washington," and Weem's "Life of Marion" were his favorite books.

When in his twenty-fifth year he was elected to the State legislature, on his second race, having been once defeated. He was very attentive to his legislative work, but did nothing which attracted special attention. When the Black Hawk Indian War broke out he was elected captain of a company of militia, did no

fighting, but was willing to have done it. Singular to relate, it was a fact that Jefferson Davis, who was then a second lieutenant in the Regular Army, was the officer who mustered Captain Lincoln and his company into the service of the United States.

Lincoln, who knew nothing about military tactics, in after years used to tell it on himself that one day he was drilling his company the best he could and was marching by platoons, when he came to a gate which was not wide enough for them to go through, and he did not know what command to give to get through. He gave the command halt, and then, "Company, you are dismissed for one minute, then form on the other side of the gate."

He devoted all his spare time from surveying to reading law, and when twenty-seven years old was admitted to the bar. He rose rapidly in his profession, but always took a hand in politics. He was a Whig. He moved to Springfield in 1837, and soon became prominent at the bar and in politics. He ran for Congress in 1842, but was defeated. In 1844 he was an elector for the State at large for Henry Clay, whom he greatly admired. His speeches were very forceful, though delivered in plain language, his points frequently illustrated by apt and side-splitting anecdotes, and they made him a very popular speaker with those frontier people. His law practice grew and became quite lucrative. His awkward, comical appearance united with his shrewdness in extending his reputation.

His friend Elihu Washburn related that a large convention on rivers and harbors was held in Chicago and had drawn together a great number of the distinguished men of the State, and when a considerable number were sitting in the balcony of the Sherman House the accomplished orator Leslie Smith disturbed the conversation by exclaiming, "There is Lincoln," as he was passing along the opposite side of the street; "just look at old Abe!"

Tall, angular, and awkward, he had on a short-waisted, swallow-tail coat, a short vest of the same material, thin pantaloons scarcely coming to his ankles, a straw hat, a pair of red brogan shoes, with woolen socks. From that time on the lawyers, and then everybody else, called him "Old Abe," though he was then but thirty-six years old. He got into a scrap about a Miss Todd, who was also born in Kentucky, accepted a challenge on her account, and was about to fight a duel, but the matter was settled. Miss Todd then married "Old Abe."

His legs were of inordinate length. Some one asked him one time after he was President how long a man's legs ought to be. He replied without hesitation that they should reach from his body to the ground.

In 1846 he again stood for Congress as the Whig candidate of his congressional district, and was elected. He was for a long time a silent member, except to vote. But when he did make his maiden speech it was full of satire, wit, and ridicule, acquitting himself quite creditably. He was strongly in favor of Taylor for President. When he was inaugurated Lincoln attended the inaugural ball, which was his first experience in that line. He lost his hat and walked home bare-headed at two o'clock in the morning. It was bitter cold and his cloak was so short that it scarcely covered his shoulders. He lived at some boarding-house on Capitol Hill. The next inaugural ball he attended was his own twelve years thereafter. The whirling of time has wrought many astounding changes during the life of this nation. He tried at one time to be appointed Commissioner of Patents and failed. Had he got it, he would never have been President. Disappointment is frequently better than appointment.

His people were pleased with the record he made, but he absolutely refused to run for a second term in Congress. He resumed his law practice and rose rapidly, until considered one of the ablest lawyers in the State. He was ever companionable and entertaining, and the other lawyers were always pleased to see "Old Abe" at court. He used to ride the circuit when David Davis was the judge of the courts.

Lincoln was never as profound a lawyer as some others. He proceeded on common sense and rarely ever cited more than one or two adjudications as authority on any point, but he was a power before a jury, and remarkably successful.

His next political venture was for United States Senator, and in this he was defeated. Trumbull was elected. His next race was against Douglas, then called "The Little Giant." The Whigs in that State had gone into the Republican party. The rival candidates had seven joint discussions, which attracted attention throughout the United States. Douglas was a renowned orator, and Lincoln held his hand against him so much better than any one thought he could that it made him the leading man in the abolition anti-slavery party of the West. Douglas was reelected

to the Senate. But Lincoln had won his spurs and this contest gave him the nomination of his party for the Presidency in 1860; and the foolish split of the Democratic party in the Charleston convention that year elected him.

In the debate with Douglas in 1858, Lincoln having fully and honestly embraced the abolition doctrine, avowed it on the stump and supported his position by arguments in favor of the equality of human rights. This he asserted without regard to conditions, and ignored the benefit which slavery was to the negro race as a means of civilization. He asserted as an uncontrovertible principle that the man whose labor raised corn had a better right to eat that corn than the man who did not labor to produce it. That was a homely assertion that a slave, as a laboring man, should be free and enjoy to its fullest extent the fruits of his own toil. That free-labor argument, with his artful insistence that in the Declaration of Independence it was asserted that all men were created free and equal, were taking arguments with those Illinois people.

To more precisely define the issue between Douglas and Lincoln, the former claimed the nationalization of slavery—that the owner could take his slave into any of the territories of the United States and hold him as property; while Lincoln advocated freedom in the territories and everywhere except within the States where it existed, and contended that the Constitution gave no right to slavery extension and that Congress could exclude it from the territories. Douglas was neither avowedly in favor of nor opposed to slavery, but maintained its national constitutional character. He also advocated popular sovereignty, or, as he called it, squatter sovereignty—that the people of a territory (the squatters, it might have been) could exclude slavery from the territories as the people of the States could. On this doctrine the pro-slavery Democrats dissented from Mr. Douglas's views, and that was what broke up the Charleston nominating convention in 1860, and as a consequence Lincoln was elected President.

Lincoln was, however, not so rabid an abolitionist as many of the leaders of that party. While in Congress he introduced a measure to extend the fugitive-slave act to the District of Columbia, which had been omitted from the act. But that was only the 5th section of his bill, which read, "That the municipal authorities of Washington and Georgetown, within their re-

spective jurisdictional limits, are hereby empowered and required to provide active and effective means to arrest and deliver up to their owners all fugitive slaves escaping into said districts." Other sections of it provided for gradual emancipation in said districts.

When the news of Lincoln's nomination reached Massachusetts, Wendell Phillips, the great abolition orator, exclaimed, "The slave hound of Illinois!" This was on account of section five of that bill. But it was offered in Congress January 10, 1849, and Mr. Lincoln then belonged to the Whig party and was only a moderate anti-slavery man.

He received at the election in November, 1860, only a minority of the popular vote, but was legally elected by the majority of the electoral vote. He nominated as his Cabinet officers his competitors for the nomination and men who had been opposed to him. But they were able men.

He wrote his inaugural address at home and put it in a satchel, and his son "Bob," as he called him, carried the satchel and lost it on the way to Washington. He was greatly perplexed; what would he do without his address? He had no time to write another. It would have been worse with the entire address lost and more embarrassing to appear before Congress and a great audience without a carefully prepared address, than was Dr. Mitchell, the orator of the day, when he appeared before a convention of learned physicians with a finely prepared address, and in the midst of its delivery and at the most important point he found that he had left one page of the address at home. He apologized and went on to the next question considered. But after a careful hunt the satchel containing the inaugural was found among the baggage at the hotel. When delivered March 4, 1861, it was conservative, but not conciliatory in tone. It evinced a determination to enforce the laws of Congress and authority of the Union in the seceded States as well as elsewhere. He was firm and determined, and a few weeks thereafter he called for 75,000 volunteers to aid in the work of restoring the Union by force.

Lincoln's Cabinet officers did not always agree with him, and Secretary of War Stanton, a very determined and rash man, sometimes disobeyed the President's orders, usually in small things. When his attention was called to it he remarked, "It

seems I have but little influence with this Administration; but hope that I will have more with the next."

He was a very amiable man and an artful politician. He would yield to solicitations on practically immaterial matters, whether made by Cabinet officers, other officers, or private citizens, but on highly important matters he would respectfully here adverse views and then decide according to his own judgment of policy and conviction of duty. His generals often complained that he was too liberal in pardoning men under sentence of death, but when his kind and sympathetic heart was moved by the appeals for mercy he usually commuted to imprisonment or pardoned the convict. At one time, however, he was strongly appealed to to pardon the master of a vessel who had been convicted of bringing negroes from Africa and selling them into slavery. He read the convict's letter to him, admitting his guilt and praying to be forgiven and released from his life sentence which he was then undergoing, and a petition numerously signed, then replied: "I will not relieve him nor any other criminal convicted of that crime—he may lay in prison till he rots.

Hon. John B. Alley, a man of ability, conservatism, and fairness, who knew Mr. Lincoln intimately, long after his death wrote of him as follows:

Mr. Lincoln was, as a whole, the most unique character in all history. His quaint ways, humorous stories, always pertinent and illustrative of a point, and frequently furnishing in themselves a conclusive argument, made him an enigma to many people, even to those who knew him well and considered themselves fully competent to judge and measure him.

In small and unimportant matters Mr. Lincoln was so yielding that many thought his excessive amiability was born of weakness. But in matters of vital importance he was as firm as a rock. Neither Congress nor his Cabinet could in the slightest degree influence his action on great questions against the convictions of his patriotic judgment.

Some supposed that Seward, Secretary of State, controlled the Administration. From the evidence attainable nothing was further from the fact. When Great Britain was about to recognize the Confederate Government, and the Mason and Slidell capture and removal from a British ship was giving trouble, Secretary Seward prepared an elaborate letter to the British Premier through Mr. Adams, the American Minister, the defiant tone of which, had it been sent as written, would doubtless have provoked war with Great Britain, which would have assured the success of the Confederacy. Lincoln carefully inspected the docu-

ment written by the learned secretary, and the backwoods-man President brought his common sense to bear, erased some sentences, struck out some words and substituted others, and thus carefully extracting the sting soothed and placated the sensitive Briton, thus saving the Union and blasting the hopes of the young Confederacy from that source. That was the master-stroke of policy of his Administration. His cunning provocation of the Confederates to open fire on Fort Sumter, in the minds of the masses of the people North, threw the odium of beginning the war on the new government of the revolted States. These two, with the emancipation proclamation, were three master-strokes of policy, and did more to strangle and ultimately destroy the Confederacy than an army of three hundred thousand men could have done.

He was always studying and learning, and had but little pride of opinion, and when told that he had changed his opinion he replied, "Yes, I have, and I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday."

While he was very tolerant of the opinions of those who differed with him, his sagacity in harmonizing discordant elements and his politic treatment of his envious and jealous rivals exceeded that of any other man who was ever President. He had but little confidence in them, but made the country believe that he and his Cabinet officers were in harmony and on the best of terms. Therein he showed the skilful politician.

While the resources, activity, and vigor of the Confederacy remained unimpaired her armies won in nearly every battle. Lincoln removed one army commander after another and tried new men in the East while Grant was winning victories in the West. Some temperance divine called on the President and urged him to remove Grant on the ground of his drunkenness. Lincoln inquired if the informer could tell him what brand of whiskey Grant drank? He said that he wanted to order a barrel of it for each of his other generals.

During the first half of the war Lincoln was very much annoyed at the repeated failures of the Union armies. General Schenck relates: "Once, when conversing with me, the President, placing his hands upon my knees, said: 'You have little idea of the terrible weight of care and sense of responsibility of this office of mine. Schenck, if to be at the head of hell is as hard

as what I have to undergo here, I could find it in my heart to pity Satan himself.' ”

About the middle of December, 1862, he was sad and deeply depressed. He said to some friends who called to see him: “The rebel armies hold their own; Grant is wandering around in Mississippi; Burnside manages to keep ahead of Lee; Seymour has carried New York, and if many of his party carries and holds many of the Northern States we shall have to give up the fight, for we can never conquer three-quarters of our countrymen scattered in front, flank, and rear. What shall we do? Governor Seymour could do more for our cause than any other man living. He has been elected Governor of our largest State. If he would come to the front he could control his partisans and give a new impetus to the war.”

Then he told Thurlow Weed, to whom he was talking, that he had sent for him to request his interposition and to “Tell him [Seymour] that I do not wish to be President again, and now is his time. If he will stand for a vigorous prosecution of the war I will gladly stand aside and help to put him in the Executive chair. All we want is to have the rebellion put down.”

Mr. Weed saw Governor Seymour and laid the matter before him, and left him believing that Seymour would declare in his forthcoming message to the legislature in favor of that policy; but when it came it was thoroughly disappointing to Weed and Lincoln. The latter then instructed Weed to make overtures to General McClellan. Said he: “Tell the General that we have no wish to injure or humiliate him; that we wish only for the success of our armies; that if he will come forward, put himself at the head of a Union Democratic party, and, through that means, push forward the Union cause, I will gladly step aside and do all I can to secure his election in 1864.”

Weed said that he enlisted S. L. M. Barlow to aid him and that the General agreed to the scheme, but subsequently backed out and said that he forgot to attend the Union Democratic meeting and forgot that he agreed to preside over the meeting or to enter into the scheme. Had he done so he would have been made President. But in 1864 he ran as the peace candidate for the Presidency against Lincoln and was badly beaten.

From the repeated defeats of the Union armies and the election of Seymour for Governor of New York in 1862, Lincoln had become alarmed, and wanted to give up his job, if such

a descriptive term is admissible. He feared the Democrats. He was like the man who took his dog-skin to town to sell it when he heard they were commanding high prices, and when he failed to get a bid on it he tried to give it away and no one would have it. But in 1863 Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson turned the scales and secured his reelection in 1864, and General McClellan's utter defeat. He doubted for a time whether he could as a war measure emancipate the slaves in the Border States which were loyal, to wit: Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. In these States he could not treat the negroes as contraband of war. He knew that his proclamation was worthless except as enforced by his armies. He said that the case was like the boy who was asked how many legs his calf would have if he called its tail a leg—he answered "five," but that calling its tail a leg did not make it a leg. So proclaiming the emancipation of all slaves did not emancipate. The Union armies alone could and did enforce it.

Hugh McCulloch, who was a high Treasury official under Lincoln, said:

He was severely denounced, not only by the out-and-out abolitionists, but by men less pronounced in their anti-slavery views, such as Mr. Wade and Mr. Greeley, for his delay in emancipating the slaves under his war power, as it was called.

He doubted whether the public sentiment North was prepared for such a momentous and far-reaching measure. He hesitated also because he knew that the Constitution, which he had sworn to support, recognized and protected slavery as it existed within the States. He also feared that emancipation would retard, if it did not prevent, the restoration of the Union, which was dearer to him than anything else. To Mr. Greeley, Lincoln wrote August 22, 1862, saying:

My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do it.

The pressure of the abolitionists from all parts of the Union was intense. He was unyielding on one point. He insisted that there should be no compromise with the South which did not pro-

hibit slavery extension into the territories. In a letter to Seward dated February 1, 1861, he said :

I am inflexible. I am for no compromise which assists or permits the extension of the institution on soil owned by the nation.

Lincoln's heart was set at first on a restoration of the Union with slavery, as it existed in the States, but restricted to the States, and its extension into the territories prohibited. He at last said that the Union never could be restored with slavery, and then published his emancipation proclamation, excepting the Border States from its operation. But all knew, or should have known, if ever enforced it would be the death knell of slavery in all the States where it then existed.

Mr. Davis and the Confederate Congress lost a great opportunity when they did not meet this grand assault upon the institution of slavery by a counter-charge, putting the negro men into the army as soldiers under white officers, and declaring every man of them free on his honorable discharge and then giving him a homestead in the public lands, with gradual emancipation for the non-combatant slaves. Success most probably would have come to the Confederacy thereby, and if not, the Southern people would have made the negroes their friends forever after, have controlled them, and never would have known the horrors of reconstruction.

In his religious views Mr. Lincoln was a free-thinker, reflected and read much on religious subjects, and was quite familiar with the Bible, but seldom communicated or expressed his views on religion. Mr. Alley, his intimate associate and friend, said of him :

He had little faith in the popular religion of the times. He had a broad conception of the goodness and power of an overruling Providence, and said to me one day that he felt assured the author of our being whom they called God or Nature, it mattered little which, would deal very mercifully with poor erring humanity in the other, and he hoped better world. He was as free as possible from all sectarian thought, feeling or sentiment. No man was more tolerant of the opinions and feelings of others in the direction of religious sentiment or had less faith in religious dogmas. * * * While Mr. Lincoln was perfectly honest and upright, he was in no sense what might be considered a religious man.

Mr. Herndon, once his law partner, said of him that "Lincoln had the courage of a lion, but a tender, sympathetic heart."

Lincoln was not an orator, but a clear, forceful speaker. His speech at the battle-field dedication of Gettysburg, delivered on the field in November after the battle, was a master-piece of eloquence when judged from his point of view. The time, the occasion, and the circumstances were most favorable to such utterances. His speech was as follows

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have this far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Lincoln's assumption that the war was for the destruction of the government of the fathers was utterly untrue. Yet that was the basic idea of his entire speech.

Edward Everett, the great American orator, preceded Lincoln, but as soon as the latter concluded Everett turned to him and said, "My speech will soon be forgotten; yours never will be. How gladly would I exchange my hundred pages for your twenty lines!"

When in a reflecting mood Lincoln appeared very sad; at other times full of fun.

When Judge Advocate-General Holt presented to Mr. Lincoln, for his approval, a death sentence on a soldier, he never would approve it. He would take the papers and say, "Well, I will pass on it as soon as I have time to read the evidence."

In another case he said, "I must put this by until I can settle in my mind whether this soldier can better serve the country dead than living."

Judge Holt presented another case for approval, saying, "Here is the case of a man who would serve his country better dead than alive. He threw down his gun and ran away in time of battle.

He is also shown to be a thief and worthless; you can approve the sentence in this case. He admits his guilt and is not fit to serve among patriots, and he has no wife nor relatives to grieve after him."

Lincoln hesitated, then replied, "Well, after all, Judge, I will put this among my leg cases."

" 'Leg cases,' " said the Judge; "what do you mean by leg cases, sir?"

Lincoln replied, "Why, do you see the papers crowded into those pigeon-holes? They are the cases you call 'Cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them, for short, my leg cases. I put it to you, if Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he help their running away with him in time of battle?"

One evening when a courier hurried into the White House with a despatch that "The rebels have captured one of our brigadier-generals and ten of our mules," Lincoln looked at it, and then remarked, "How unfortunate! I can fill the place of the general in five minutes, but not the mules; their loss is serious—they cost two hundred dollars each."

He had the smallpox on one occasion, which did not depress him. He said to his attendants, "Tell all of the office-seekers to come and call on me at once, for I now have something I can give to all of them."

He was called "Honest Old Abe," but in politics he sometimes took a near cut on the road to success.

In 1864 he was told that it was probable General McClellan might carry his native State, Pennsylvania, and that he had better send a private message to General Grant, in an unofficial way, to furlough about fifteen thousand Pennsylvania soldiers so as to have them at home to vote in the Presidential election, as their presence would count more in influence than their mere votes if taken in the army. Lincoln was silent some moments, and then said, "I have never had any intimation from General Grant as to his feeling for me. I don't know how far he would be disposed to be my friend in the matter, nor do I think it safe to trust him."

His friends expressed surprise and asked it if were possible that the man at whose back he had stood and promoted to the highest military rank could not be trusted? He replied, "I don't know that General Grant would be my friend in this matter."

Meade was suggested, and he said nothing; then he was asked about General Sheridan. Lincoln's face brightened, and he said, "I can trust Phil; he's all right."

As a result of this conference a confidential messenger was sent to confer with Meade and Sheridan and over 10,000 Pennsylvania soldiers were furloughed, voted at home, and the State was carried for Lincoln.

Crooked methods in elections did not originate in the South.

Lincoln lived to see the "Rebellion," so-called, crushed, but unfortunately for the Southern people, on the 15th day of April, 1865, the assassin's bullet put an end to his existence and his most wonderful career. It was to the people of the South the next saddest calamity to that they had just suffered. Had he survived they would have escaped all the severity and harshness of reconstruction, insult, and humiliation.

Mr. Lincoln, elated by his success in crushing the Confederacy, would have extended his kind offices to reconciliation, aiding the Southern people to rebuild their ruined homes and resurrect their States, rather than to have adopted a narrow, spiteful policy. By that course he would have completely crowned himself with glory and made his great heart throb with joy. One of his first acts after the horizon was cleared of the smoke of battle would have been to pardon Jeff Davis and all others who would promise to be peaceable and submissive to the law and the national authority.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE LESSONS OF THE WAR.

The Personnel and Organization of the Confederate Armies—A Citizen Soldier—Their Morale, Discipline and Powers of Endurance—No Stimulus to Deeds of Daring but Patriotism—Was the Independence of the Confederacy Possible of Attainment?—A Mighty Struggle—Conclusions.

There never was greater enthusiasm or greater unanimity of sentiment than prevailed among the Southern people in favor of resistance when Mr. Lincoln had declared in his inaugural address that the seceded States must return to the Union, and followed that declaration, a few weeks later, by a call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to aid the Regular Army to coerce the seceded States to return to the Union. The people of these States agreed with Horace Greeley, who said in the *New York Tribune*, when opposing coercion—

We hope never to live in a republic where one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets.

When the new Administration unmistakably declared its purpose to pin the Union together with bayonets, the men of the South volunteered and raised regiments more rapidly than any kind of arms could be obtained with which to arm them. Several regiments were placed in camps of instruction and armed with wooden guns for the purpose of drill and learning something of the manual of arms, but many more should have been received than were, because in a camp of instruction volunteers became inured to camp life, and had measles, mumps, and ailments so common among soldiers in the formative or initiatory state. They could then have been cared for, and those who were unfit from unsoundness to become soldiers could have been discharged and sent home. A few months' experience, with a practice march of a few miles two or three times a week, would have prepared them for soldiering, would have saved the lives of thousands and thousands, and have given plenty of men to use all the arms the

Confederacy could have obtained, including those captured from the other side. When the battles came on in 1862, what a cherished and welcome relief it would have been to a regiment which had fought hard all day to be relieved by other fresh men, who could have taken the arms and accoutrements of the first and have used them again! Some men were sent within convenient distance of the scene of conflict and given arms as soon as they were captured. The enthusiasm of the religionists to enlist in the crusades to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the infidels did not surpass the Southern people in anxiety to enlist to fight for a cause which they all believed was just. The non-slave owner looked with horror upon the emancipation of four million of negro slaves in their midst. They believed that it was to be a fight for their homes and the inalienable and ancient right of local self-government. They were terribly in earnest. They felt that they were going to fight for home and its sacred precincts. The love of home has an abiding place in the breasts of all people and nowhere did it ever have more potentiality than among the Southern people. Men came from luxurious, palatial residences; merchants left their counting-rooms, the carpenter and the artisan left their benches, the lawyer laid aside his books and briefs, the doctor his pill-bags, the farmer abandoned his plow, the blacksmith laid aside his hammer and tongs, and the preacher threw aside his holy robe and donned the Confederate gray; the noble women gave cheering words and approving smiles, while everywhere the shrill peals of the fife and the roll of the drum were heard, and the school-children sang in chorus, "Follow Jeff Davis; he knows the way"

The people had no military training, but a large number of officers resigned from the Regular Army to go with their States, and they became drill-masters and teachers of tactics and army regulations to the volunteers. There were Adjutant-General Samuel Cooper, the Johnstons, Lees, Hills, Longstreet, Bragg, Beauregard, the Smiths, Joneses, Hood, Van Dorn, Holmes, Anderson, the Stuarts, Ewell, the Walkers, Field, Ramseur, Kirkland, Pickett, Wilcox, Pegram, Wheeler, Garnett, Armistead, McLaws, Johnson, Gracie and many others; while "Stonewall" Jackson, S. B. Buckner, D. H. Hill, Bishop Polk, Withers, Lovell, Early, and Trimble, who did not belong to the army, but were graduates of West Point Academy, joined the Confederate Army. These skilled men soon made soldiers out of the volunteers, and armies

were organized by superior methods, in several respects, to that which prevailed in the United States. There came men from civil life, to wit: Forrest, Hampton, Gordon, Cheatham, Cleburne, Rodes, Jenkins, Law, Martin, and Frank Armstrong, who soon became great leaders and skilful warriors.

In the ranks among the enlisted men were the equals socially and intellectually of the colonel of the regiment, and in some instances his superior. In nearly every company and regiment, among the privates, were a number of such men, whose presence stimulated the pride and gave tone and vigor to the organization. And what kind of men did they meet in battle? During 1861-62 the Union armies contained fine material—regular Americans, who were brave, patriotic, and had pride of character. In 1863 the recruits to the Union armies were generally of a lower type, and in 1864 they were largely “Bounty-jumpers,” “Coffee-boilers,” and hirelings picked up at Castle Garden and in the slums and purlieus of vice in the great cities of the United States and Europe. Hear what Wilkerson says in his book entitled “Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Union Army (pp. 186-189) :

When the Northern townships began to pay bounties for recruits to fill the quotas allotted to them, the criminal class of America quit preying on society at large, and turned their attention to swindling the Government. They accepted the bounty offered by the towns and enlisted. When the bounties were paid to them they deserted and enlisted in another town, to again desert. Bounty-jumping was the safest and most profitable business in the United States during those days. The boldest and most intelligent of the criminal class never appeared at the front. They escaped. The weak, the diseased, the feeble-minded joined the army. They were the scum of the slums of the great European and American cities. To these were added the rakings of rural almshouses and the never-do-wells of villages. The recruits were faint-hearted and stupid. Many were irreclaimable blackguards, wholly given over to numerous ignoble and unnamable vices. They were moral lepers. They were conscienceless, cowardly scoundrels, and the clean-minded American and Irish and German volunteers would not associate with them. * * *

I have seen these substitutes, many of them unable to speak English, vermin-infested, rough-skinned, stinking with disease, their eyes running matter, their legs and arms thin and feeble, their backs bowed, and their rat-like and idiot-like heads hanging low, join the army to be virtually kicked out of the decent commands they were billeted on. They were scorned, kicked, and cursed by the volunteers as mangy curs. These degraded men formed the “coffee-boilers.” * * *

They were, without exception, thieves. They robbed the dead. They stole from the living. They were strongly suspected of killing wounded men at night. More cowardly creatures were never clad in uniform of English-speaking peoples. They plundered houses. They frightened women and little children. They burned dwellings. To call a soldier of the Army of the Potomac a “coffee-boiler” was an insult to be promptly resented.

The organization of Confederate armies was ten companies to the regiment; to each company one captain and three lieutenants. Of the non-commissioned officers there were five sergeants and four corporals, and the formation of the men was in two ranks.

The field officers were one colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and one major to each regiment.

The staff, one quartermaster with the rank of captain. One commissary of subsistence with the rank of captain. One surgeon with the rank of major, one assistant surgeon with the rank of captain. One adjutant with the rank of first lieutenant. A sergeant-major, and one ensign or color-bearer with the rank of second lieutenant. One quartermaster sergeant. One commissary sergeant and one ordnance sergeant.

Two to six regiments constituted a brigade, and was commanded by a brigadier-general.

Two to six brigades constituted a division, which was the command of a major-general.

Two to four divisions constituted a corps, the command of a lieutenant-general.

An army was any number of troops commanded by an independent commander. A full general was usually assigned to that.

When a brigadier was assigned to the command of a brigade it was done by the Secretary of War, and he continued to command it until killed, disabled, resigned, promoted, or was relieved for cause. The brigade soon after his assignment took his name, and was known by that rather than by number. The same was true of divisions and corps.

There can be no doubt this was a superior organization to any ever made in the United States. The general, if a good one, soon gained the confidence and affection of his troops, and they then manifested pride in the command to which they belonged. Hardee's tactics were adopted and exclusively used in the Confederate armies. They were the best for the arms then in use. The rapid-fire, long-range guns now used make it necessary to fight in open order, about like our skirmish lines were in the Civil War.

One great oversight of the President and Congress was that too little attention was paid to promotions as a reward for deeds of daring and meritorious achievements. Such deeds were performed in many instances, but with no stimulus other than patriotism and a sense of duty. While this was noble and merited the highest praise, yet when promotion awaits the consummation

of deeds of daring it stimulates individual effort to a high degree. When honor beckons the daring soldier onward it aids patriotism; and being in the line of duty, makes the brave man braver and makes him put forth superhuman effort to overcome obstacles which seem impossible. The hope of promotion and higher honor make many men perform prodigies of valor when a mere sense of duty would not carry them half so far. Napoleon adopted this policy early in his military career, and it caused several of his marshals and best generals to rise from the ranks to great distinction, and made his army well-nigh invincible.

Neither the laws of the Confederate Congress nor any order from the constitutional commander-in-chief authorized any of the generals to appoint a soldier a lieutenant, or even to a sergeancy, for the performance of the most daring or heroic act, though done in his presence. All the power the general had was to mention it in his report and recommend the soldier's promotion, which frequently never came; and if it did, it was from the War Department, and so late after the performance of the deed that it was forgotten, or the poor, brave man had been killed in some subsequent engagement. It was seldom that an honor was thus conferred, and then it was usually on some staff officer who was near the general; and never on one of the men in the ranks and behind a gun, when they, above all others, deserved the closest attention and greatest consideration and received the least. The success of the Confederacy was more dependent on the men in the ranks than all other agencies combined. Had all others—President, Congress, generals, colonels, and officials generally—performed their respective parts near so well as the men in the ranks, the Confederate Government would have been a veritable reality today.

All honor to the enlisted men and faithful line officers. Their heroic steadiness under fire, their manly devotion and patient suffering under most trying circumstances, made the generals, and made a history of fadeless glory which will command the admiration of mankind while the world stands.

Honor the survivors while their ranks are daily being thinned by the scythe of time—as their gray heads and scarred bodies are consigned to mother-earth. And never forget, but preserve forever, the names and sad fate of the poor, brave men who fell upon distant fields and were buried in unknown graves; and those who breathed their last in camp or in hospital with no loving, tender

hand to smoothe their burning brows or moisten their parching lips; and those who, far away from kindred and friends, died in a miserable, overcrowded prison, and whose bones now sleep in some unknown dumping-ground. Let us exclaim with the late Father Ryan:

"The graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
Shall still be the footstool of liberty's throne."

The magnitude of the war when fairly contemplated is astounding. The lowest estimate made of the number of men engaged, as shown by the records of the War Department and all other sources of information, makes the total number of enlistments in the Union Army during the war exceed two million six hundred thousand men.

In the Confederate armies the total enlistments were a little in excess of six hundred thousand.

Two hundred and twenty thousand Confederate soldiers were taken prisoners during the war; two hundred and seventy thousand Union soldiers were taken—fifty thousand more than the Confederates.

The total of killed, died of disease, and disabled by wounds on both sides aggregated a million of men.

The total cost in money and value of property destroyed on both sides aggregated about eight thousand millions of dollars.

Alabama, my native State, had a white population of but 526,271—negro slaves, 436,000. The State sent 102,000 soldiers to the Confederate armies and 6,000 joined the Union Army. She had ten major-generals, to wit: Rodes, Clayton, Wheeler, Withers, Wilcox, Law, Clanton, John Forney, Slaughter, and Allen. Wheeler and Law are the only ones living at this date.

She had twenty-five brigadier-generals, to wit: Baker, Battle, Bowles, Deas, Holtzclaw, Kelly, Lomax, Hannon, Hagan, Henry, Forney, Fry, Leadbetter, Morgan, Pettus, Moody, O'Neal, Roddey, Sanders, Tracy, Shelley, Perry, Walker, Wood, and Gorgas—only six of whom are living at this date.

No people in the world's history ever made such herculean efforts to establish and maintain an independent government. No government on earth ever expended so much blood and money to prevent the establishment of an independent government as did the United States. As against any other people on earth the Confederates would have been successful.

In the battles between Unionists and Confederates the percentage of casualties was greater than in any war of modern times. The reason was that Americans were fighting Americans.

In every respect it was the mightiest war that ever rolled its purple flood across the track of time.

CONCLUSIONS.

Everything must have an end, and so must this imperfect narrative. I state my conclusions, which are in the main inferences or deductions from admitted premises. They are concisely stated so that they may not tax the patience of the reader, and still gratify that morbid curiosity so prevalent in the human mind which invariably after reading or hearing related a state of facts that verges upon a possibility of consummating some great event, inquires of the relater what would, could, or should have been done, or what do you think of it?

1.—Eight millions of intelligent people never undertook to establish an independent government when it was wholly impracticable. The independence of the Confederacy was practicable, but was three-fold more difficult of accomplishment than was apprehended.

2.—Had the Confederates not fired on Fort Sumter no damage would have resulted by this forbearance, and the other side would have fired on the Confederates in less than thirty days, because the Lincoln Administration had assumed the task of restoring to the Union the seceded States, and that would have cast upon it the odium of beginning a war for the coercion of seceded States, which had been condemned by popular assemblies and leading newspapers throughout the North. Firing by the Confederates united the North against them.

3.—If, instead of exhausting every means available to the Confederate Government during 1861 and 1862 to secure its recognition by European governments, Mr. Davis and the Confederate Congress had established a credit with those governments based on cotton, by the sale of Confederate bonds, payable in cotton at a fixed price, as they could have done and as they did do to a limited extent in March, 1863, they could have maintained the war on a gold basis and have made King Cotton win the independence of the Confederacy.

4.—If the emancipation proclamation of Mr. Lincoln had been met by Mr. Davis and the Confederate Congress, supported by Generals Lee and Johnston, in 1863, by putting a large force of negro men in the army under white officers, with freedom guaranteed and a gradual system of emancipation, the Confederacy would have been recognized by European governments and would have secured its independence.

5.—At the beginning of hostilities, the Union with twenty-five millions of population, the Confederacy with but eight millions, and nearly one-fourth of them sympathizing with or actively aiding the Union, which had the army and navy, the treasury, unlimited credit, exhaustless resources, unrestricted commerce with the world, the best arms and munitions of war extant, while the Confederate ports were blockaded, no commerce, no army, no navy, no arms nor munitions of war, no money and no credit; yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, the mistakes in civil administration, and lost opportunities in the military, had there been some great natural division between the Confederacy and the States which adhered to the Union, such as the English Channel, the Rocky Mountains, or had the Mississippi River flowed from east to west instead of from north to south, the Confederacy would most probably have won its independence.

6.—Had the Confederacy succeeded, could it and would it have maintained a united permanent existence as a nation? Without any natural division to mark distinctly the boundary line between the two nations the tendency to bloody conflict would have been greater than if such natural barrier had existed; but to have lived in peace with a mere ideal boundary was not impracticable. The German, Austria-Hungarian, and Russian empires, France, Italy, and other great nations of the world are separated only by geographical lines, without barriers or other great natural divisions.

As to the internal danger, a far more troublesome and poisonous serpent was imbedded in the folds of the permanent Confederate Constitution. The success of the Confederacy would have established beyond controversy—would have written in blood—the right of a State to withdraw or secede from any confederation or compact of union which might have been formed. As the Confederate Constitution did not, in this respect, differ from that of the United States, this right would have been established beyond controversy. Then the only cohesive power within the government of the Confederacy would have been the homogeneity of

its people, which would in all probability have been a sufficient guarantee to union for a time, perhaps for a series of years, but would have bristled with uncertainties and have been too fickle a standard for the basis of a great nation and stable government. Had the new Constitution, in order to guard against inconsiderate or hasty separate State action, contained a provision that no State should secede or withdraw from the Confederacy without the sanction of a majority, or two-thirds of the States composing the same, the germ of dissolution would have been forever blasted. But after the successful establishment of the Confederacy as a nation under its Constitution, as it was, it never could, in all probability, have been so amended as to dispel all doubts of its stability. Before the lapse of half a century the Confederacy would have become the richest nation on earth. But the complications and conflicts of interest developed would have militated against its uniform homogeneity, producing grave apprehensions of its disintegration; for it would have been probable that the vaulting ambition of political demagogues would have made it, as a nation, of short-lived integrity. The Confederacy's greatest security for perpetuity would have been, under its Constitution as it was, its congruity and the recollection of the masses of treasure, painful sacrifices, and the seas of blood it cost to establish and uphold it through the bloodiest war that ever occurred on the Western hemisphere, or in modern times.

7.—Would the permanent establishment of the Confederacy have been of substantial benefit or utility to the American people and to mankind? I believe that it would. Many now say that its failure was right and that it was for the best. That is a convenient consolation and easy disposition of a settled question which cannot be reconsidered. But the question being speculative, invites reflection and comment.

The vast area of territory, anomalous increase in population, the rapid accumulation of enormous individual wealth, the wonderful growth in manufacturing—fostered by government and culminating in mammoth trust combinations and vast corporation wealth—stifle individual effort and enterprise and are serious menaces to liberty itself. All these, with the fairness and honesty of elections to office questioned, official position bought and sold, corruption stalking abroad on stilts and bribery practiced in high places, are undermining the integrity and perpetuity of the nation. The acquisition of lands beyond the seas and the establishment of

a colonial system begets but temporary quietude of the restless American spirit of adventure and conscienceless commercialism. The difficulty of enacting uniform and equitable laws beneficial alike to antagonistic interests is more impracticable in proportion to the increase of area and multiplication of interests; these betoken that this great republic may ultimately break to pieces by its own weight and corruption, or from necessity assume the imperial or monarchical form.

Two rival republics beside each other, watchful and jealous of aggressions upon individual rights, the people of each almost unanimously homogeneous, the difficulties of acceptable congressional legislation minimized, would have modified and curtailed, if not suppressed, the evils now rampant and almost beyond control in this one vast government, and would have contributed to the longevity of republican liberty on the American hemisphere.

8.—As to the actual results of the great war, the Supreme Court of the United States—the most august judicial tribunal on earth—has held that it demonstrated that this is “An indissoluble union, composed of indestructible States; that the Union cannot be dissolved and that the States cannot be destroyed.” This conclusion was wrought out of the fiery crucible of war. It is settled. Let the errors and wrongs of that great conflict and the noble, chivalrous deeds and patient suffering of both sides live alone in history, and let all patriotically join in making and keeping the United States Government—in all the elements of justice, fraternity and durability—the greatest government on earth, and ever remain a blessing to mankind.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

By Father Ryan.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best:
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest.

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered:
 Broken is its staff, and shattered,
 And the valiant hosts are scattered,
 Over whom it floated high.
 O, 'tis hard for us to fold it;
 Hard to think there's none to hold it;
 Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
 Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousands wildly, madly
 Swore it should forever wave:
 Swore that foeman's sword should never
 Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
 Till that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low;
 And that Banner—it is trailing,
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
 Weep for those who fell before it!
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
 But, O wildly they deplore it;
 Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory;
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 'twill live in song and story,
 Though its folds are in the dust;
 For its fame on brightest pages,
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner softly, slowly!
 Treat it gently; it is holy,
 For it droops above the dead.
 Touch it not, unfold it never;
 Let it droop there furl'd forever,
 For its peoples' hopes are dead!



From a photograph as Brigadier-General, U. S. V., 1898-9.

Wm L Bates

CHAPTER L

THE WAR WITH SPAIN

Causes Leading Up to the War—Events Immediately Preceding—Resolutions of Congress—Battle of Manila—Arrival of Cervera's Fleet—Battle of Santiago—Fighting Around Santiago—General Wheeler—Terms of Peace Agreed Upon—The Organization of the Volunteers—My Attempt to Get Alabama Soldiers in My Brigade—Honorably Discharged.

The Island of Cuba was discovered by Columbus in the year 1492, and hence by right of discovery belonged to Spain, and was governed by that country for over four hundred years. The government by the mother country was nearly always unwise, and at times so tyrannical and oppressive, that it caused many of the people to rise in revolt and try to throw off the yoke of their oppressors. These revolutions were either suppressed by military force, or compromised by promises of better government, which Spain usually violated with impunity. In 1894 began a more formidable and serious revolution than any of its predecessors. To say nothing of the civilian revolutionists, such military leaders as Gomez, Garcia, and Maceo showed how formidable it was. Spain sent one ship load after another of her regular troops and occupied all the ports and seacoast towns with strong garrisons. The revolutionists avoided general engagements, but frequently issued forth from their hiding places, inflicting considerable damage upon the Spaniards, and then retreated to the forests and mountain fastnesses. The property and houses were destroyed and no crops made, until commerce was crippled and the people destitute of the necessaries of life. Then Governor-General Weyler adopted the policy of destruction of all the farm-houses and drawing the people within close confines, where starvation soon stalked forth as a gaunt spectre within their camps, and many died of hunger. The charitably disposed people and organizations of the United States sent supplies and provisions and undertook to feed the starving Cubans, many of whom were women and children. The Spanish

authorities so restricted the distribution that the starvation was but partially relieved. Sympathy with the revolutionists grew on apace. The Cuban Junta in New York and Washington agitated the public mind all they possibly could in favor of Cuba Libre. Sympathy with them was so pronounced that it was practically impossible to prevent extending to them assistance through filibustering parties. Indeed the frequent revolutions and the long continuance of this one seriously interfered with our commerce with the island, which was large, and its close proximity to the territory of the United States kept up a feverish excitement and seriously concerned the people of this government. When Congress acted it was inconsistent with the pride of the Spaniards to concede independence to Cuba, notwithstanding Spain's sad experience in losing one after another of her ancient and extensive possessions, and war resulted almost immediately. The pride of Spain made her go to war, though she knew that she would be whipped. She was like the rich Jew whom the King decreed should pay a large revenue to the government. He refused and the King decreed that he should lose one of his front teeth for every day of his refusal. When they were all extracted he paid the assessment; his pride was gratified. The Congress authorized the President to increase the Regular Army and to raise one hundred and twenty-five thousand volunteers, which was subsequently increased to nearly double that number. A large increase was also authorized in the navy, of vessels and men, and within an incredibly short time hostilities began by the capture of Spanish vessels. The cruiser *Nashville*, on April 23, 1898, made the first capture, the *Buenaventura*, a large merchantman. The cruelties of Captain-General Weyler and the sufferings of the Cubans rapidly developed sympathy for them in the United States, and superseding him with Captain-General Blanco came too late. Public meetings were held in many places and resolutions of sympathy passed, and enthusiastic speeches were made denouncing Spain and encouraging the revolutionists. A large majority of our newspapers took a similar position. It was quite natural for our patriotic people to sympathize with their neighbors, who were striving to throw off oppressive monarchical government and establish the right to govern themselves. The *New York Journal* sent one of its representatives to Havana, who planned and succeeded in extricating from prison Miss Cisneros, a young Cuban girl, who was im-

prisoned by the Spanish authorities for no other reason than that she was a revolutionist and had openly expressed her sympathy with her relatives and others who were engaged in rebellion against the Crown. She was brought in triumph to New York, then carried to Washington, Chicago, and other large cities, and exhibited to the public, feasted, and toasted as a heroine. Inflammatory speeches were made on such occasions and Cuban sympathy rapidly developed among the people.

The next source of irritation was in the month of February. On the 15th the United States battleship *Maine* was mysteriously blown up in Havana Harbor, where she lay at anchor. Two officers and 264 men of her crew were killed or drowned. The belief was general among the Americans that the ship was purposely blown up by some Spanish contrivance. The President, McKinley, demanded of Spain apology and reparation in damages. Spain disclaimed any knowledge or responsibility for the destruction of the vessel. The agitation in Congress became lively, and on the 19th day of April, 1898, they passed a resolution by a vote in the Senate of 42 yeas to 35 nays and in the House of Representatives 310 yeas to 6 nays, in the following language:

Whereas, abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the Island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christianized civilization, culminating as they have in the destruction of a United States battleship with two hundred and sixty-six of its officers and crew while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited; therefore,

Resolved, First—That the people of the Island of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent.

Second—That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the Government of the United States does hereby demand, that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the Island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third—That the President of the United States be and hereby is directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States and to call into actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such an extent as may be necessary to carry this resolution into effect.

Fourth—That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and assert its determination and when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

On April 24, 1898, Spain made a formal declaration of war against the United States and the next day Congress declared by resolution that a state of war existed between the United States and Spain and had so existed since April 21.

Great Britain, followed by all the other powers, proclaimed neutrality between the United States and Spain.

Congress passed an army reorganization bill April 26, and under it the troops called for by the President were raised in a manner somewhat different from that prevailing theretofore. The old method was that the States should each raise its quota of troops *and appoint the officers below the rank of brigadier-general, which was done by election. But under this act Congress transcended its powers in directing that the Governor of the State should appoint the officers of the companies and regiments.* The States, so far as I am aware, conformed to the act of Congress without complaint or protest. This showed that the result of the Confederate War was to destroy the last vestige of State pride and to cause them tamely to submit to the dictation of Congress under an unconstitutional law.

The next important event occurred May 1, when Admiral Dewey's fleet in Manila Bay, Philippine Islands, attacked and destroyed the fleet of Admiral Montejó.

The vessels of the Spanish fleet were the *Reina Christina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, General Lezo, Marques del Duero, Argas, Velasco, Manila*, and the transport *Isla de Mindanao*.

The American fleet consisted of the *Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord, Boston, McCullough*, and two transports.

Nine American sailors were slightly wounded, none killed, and no damage done to the ships. Spanish losses were 38 men killed and wounded, and all their ships.

In the first days of May the President decided to send an army to the Philippine Islands, and did so, in detachments, until large enough, with the co-operation of the native troops, to overcome the Spanish troops in those islands.

About the 19th of May Admiral Cervera's fleet arrived at Santiago de Cuba. That fleet had been the dread of the authorities of the United States. The flying squadron of Commodore Schley and that under acting Admiral Sampson were in the waters of Cuba and on the lookout for Cervera. He was reported at Martinique, then at Curacao, and then they knew not where to look for

him until they found him in the land-locked harbor of Santiago. His fleet was in there under the protection of the guns of the forts. He was in hiding, instead of seeking the foe for their destruction. Had he been a Paul Jones he would have gone to Boston and burned it with his shell fire from the harbor; to Fort Monroe, and have destroyed the navy yard at Norfolk and the ships that were being built; have sent his light-draft torpedo destroyers up the Potomac, which could easily have passed old Fort Washington, and on arrival have burnt up the Capitol, the White House, and other public buildings, which would have been glory enough for one man. What if our Navy had caught and destroyed his fleet after that? He foresaw that it would be destroyed sooner or later before he hid in Santiago harbor, and as a daring, enterprising sailor he should have made history for himself and his country while he could attempt desperate enterprises. Schley did not report finding him until May 29th.

On the 31st Schley bombarded the forts of the harbor. The next day, June 1, Sampson took command of the entire fleet at Santiago. The first thing he did, June 3, showed his incompetency to command it, and for which he should have been removed. He ordered Lieutenant Hobson, with a crew of six men, to sink the *Merrimac* in the mouth of the channel of Santiago harbor. Hobson and his little crew acted very bravely and sank the collier in the face of great danger and under fire from the Spanish forts. They were captured, none of them being killed or drowned. The people made a great hero of Hobson for performing a brave act, but which was not so desperate as some other adventures during the Civil War which passed with but little notice.

Lieutenant Dixon, from Mobile, went down in the little diving boat, notwithstanding they all knew that it had drowned two crews. The *Hoosatonic*, a warship in Charleston harbor, gave great annoyance to the Confederates. Dixon and six men obtained permission from General Beauregard, and in that little craft dived under the warship dragging a large torpedo, which exploded under and sank the *Hoosatonic*; but Dixon and his men never came up, and were suffocated at the bottom of the sea. Nothing could have been braver, nor of more reckless daring, with nine-tenths of the probabilities in favor of death.

Why Sampson should have desired to bottle up Cervera we cannot imagine. He knew, and the Spanish admiral knew, that the American fleet was greatly superior to his own. Sampson's

policy should have been to leave the way open for the Spanish fleet to come out on the high sea, where his superiority would have insured a great victory. The *Merrimac* was not sunk skilfully, nor directly across the channel, and did not prevent the fleet from emerging.

On July 3d the Spanish fleet came out and were destroyed by the American fleet under Admiral Schley, Sampson being off cruising around some miles away.

Every one can now see that Hobson's gallant act was a wholly unnecessary and foolish one. He is a brave young man, and executed cheerfully Sampson's orders, but it was no good to the service nor to the country. The six sailors with Lieutenant Hobson were perhaps as brave as he, but the style now is to give all the honor to the officers. Admiral Sampson was responsible for what was done.

The ships of Cervera's fleet which came out of the harbor were the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Viscaya*, *Cristobal Colon*, *Almirante Oquendo*, and the torpedo boats *Pluton* and *Furor*, a total of six. The American vessels engaged were the *Indiana*, *Oregon*, *Texas*, *Iowa*, and *Brooklyn*, and auxiliary cruisers *Gloucester* and *Vixen*, a total of seven. The Spanish casualties were about 350 killed or drowned, 160 wounded. Admiral Cervera and 70 officers and 1,600 men were made prisoners. The American loss was 1 man killed and 10 wounded, with no material injury to the ships.

Cervera left in the harbor a cruiser, the *Reina Mercedes*, which tried to escape the next night, July 4, but was sunk in the channel by the fire of the American ships. Why Cervera left that ship behind we do not know. It seems as though he should have taken it along with the others and have made the best fight he could. He protested against going out of the harbor, but was peremptorily ordered by the home government, whose whole course was characterized by a want of common sense.

Cervera's lodgment in Santiago harbor transferred the war to that point, otherwise the fighting would have been done mainly at and in the neighborhood of Havana, which was well supplied and fortified, with an army of Spanish regulars of at least 100,000. Much hard fighting would have been done there, and the United States would have found employment for the Southern troops. After considerable delay on account of Cervera's fleet, Shafter embarked at Tampa, Florida, on May 30, with 15,000 men for Santiago, and began disembarking on June 22, and the

next day all landed. The following day the battle of La Quasina was fought by some of the regular cavalry dismounted, and Wood's Rough Riders, under Maj.-Gen. Joe Wheeler, which was a skirmish preliminary to what was to follow.

Fitzhugh Lee, Wheeler, and ex-Senator Butler, of South Carolina, were the only generals of the Civil War, or so-called "Rebellion," who were appointed to the rank of major-general. Rosser, Gordon, Lincoln, and Oates were appointed brigadier-generals. Wheeler was the only one of his class who succeeded in getting to Cuba, or in getting into a battle, and the way he did it was through persistency and cheek, which in that case proved to be good sense. He saw that it was necessary to get to the front. All of the other old Confederates who had been appointed generals acted on their modesty and waited to be ordered, and in consequence had no opportunity to win any glory.

General Wheeler, without any command, boarded a transport without invitation or orders and went to Cuba with Shafter's army. He was among the first to land. Shafter at once invited every general in his command except Wheeler to meet him in conference on his ship before landing. He forgot to invite the intrepid little major-general. But Wheeler found it out and invited himself, and was among the first who had landed to return to the conference—and thus learned Shafter's plan of campaign.

Young's brigade of dismounted cavalry and Wood's regiment of Rough Riders were ordered cautiously to advance and develop the position of the enemy. General Wheeler mounted and went along. When they found the enemy and began to skirmish, Wheeler ordered a vigorous attack and drove them a considerable distance, without any order from or consulting Shafter. It was said that he intended to prefer charges against Wheeler for attacking without orders and prematurely, but Wheeler subsequently performed such gallant and important service in the battles near Santiago that all idea of charges was dropped. In fact, after the battle of Santiago Hill Shafter held another conference with his generals and was about to order his army to fall back and await reinforcements; but Wheeler was again present, and so vigorously opposed such a movement that Shafter abandoned it. By this act alone General Wheeler fairly won the honors which were subsequently bestowed upon him. Had he been modest and awaited invitation to Shafter's conferences, as I would have done, he never would have won any glory in that war. After peace

was made with Spain he was reduced to the rank of brigadier-general, sent to the Philippines, and served there without winning any distinction. There was no opportunity, and the Regular Army officers never would give him any. He returned in 1900, was appointed by the President a brigadier-general in the Regular Army, and in September, having reached the age of 64, was placed on the retired list of the Army, which was a complete gratification of his ambition.

Shafter's army slowly and cautiously advanced on the first and second days of July, and the battle of Santiago was fought, including El Caney, San Juan Hill, and Aguadores. Shafter's losses were 22 officers and 222 men killed, and 93 officers and 1,288 men wounded. The Spanish losses, gathered from best sources, were 17 officers and 107 men killed, 50 officers and 556 men wounded, and 7 officers and 116 men taken prisoners.

Shafter's army carried each point assailed, and the greater number of casualties on his side than on that of his antagonist is accounted for by the fact that the Spanish fought under cover and behind fortifications. The advantages gained by Shafter's men no doubt contributed to the causes which induced Cervera's desperate effort to run away on July 3. It is due to the Cuban troops under General Garcia to say that they participated in these battles to some extent and contributed to the general result.

On July 14 the Spanish General, Toral, surrendered the city and Province of Santiago and 22,000 officers and men, and on the 17th formal possession was delivered and the flag of the United States was raised over the city. These events practically ended the war. Most favorable terms were granted the Spaniards, which was a wise policy.

On July 20 Gen. Leonard Wood, who had been promoted from colonel of the Rough Riders, was made Military Governor of Santiago, and discharged the duties well. He was subsequently made Governor-General of the Island of Cuba.

The yellow fever was prevalent among the Spanish and American troops. About 3,000 cases were reported among the latter, and they were returned to a camp in New York harbor as soon as practicable. To hasten this transfer Colonel Roosevelt was instrumental in getting up the "Round Robin," which made him Governor of New York, and in 1900 elected him Vice-President; and by the assassination of President McKinley, in 1901, Colonel

Roosevelt, of the Rough Riders, became President of the United States, and was nominated by his party as its candidate for President in 1904.

On the 21st of July General Miles sailed from Cuba, with a considerable force, to Porto Rico, and captured that island without a struggle.

The United States continued to send troops to the Philippine Islands, where Major-General Merritt was then in command.

On July 26 Spain, through Cambon, the French Ambassador at Washington, proposed terms of peace. After preliminary correspondence a peace protocol was signed at Washington, D. C., August 12, 1898, and hostilities ceased.

After the peace protocol was signed commissioners were appointed, three by each government, to arrange for the evacuation of Porto Rico and Cuba.

A peace commission was appointed by the President on August 29, consisting of Secretary of State Day, Senator Wm. P. Fry, Justice Edward D. White, of the Supreme Court; Senator C. K. Davis, and Whitelaw Reid. Justice White declined the honor and Senator George Gray, of Delaware, was appointed in his stead. He was the only Democrat on the commission. His term as Senator was about to expire. He concurred with the other members of the commission, and of course voted for the ratification of the treaty. Soon thereafter he was appointed a judge of the Circuit Court of the United States. The following are the points of the treaty:

Spain relinquished sovereignty over Cuba, the United States agreeing to protect life and property there during its term of occupation.

Spain cedes to the United States: Island of Porto Rico and the other islands in the West Indies now under her sovereignty; Guam, in the Marianne or Ladron Islands; the Philippine Islands, the United States paying Spain \$20,000,000 for the latter.

Spain releases all prisoners of war and those detained for political offenses in connection with the Cuban and Philippine insurrections and the war with the United States. The United States releases all prisoners of war. Each nation returns at its own cost all such prisoners respectively to their own homes, the Spanish prisoners of the United States in the Philippines receiving their arms.

Each government relinquishes all claim for indemnity, national and individual, of either government, or of its citizens or subjects, against the other government, that may have arisen since the beginning of the late insurrection in Cuba and prior to the exchange of ratifications of the present treaty, including all claims for indemnity for the cost of the war. The United States will adjudicate and settle the claims of its citizens against Spain, relinquished under this stipulation.

Spanish subjects, natives of the Peninsula, residing in the territory over which Spain by the present treaty relinquishes or cedes her sovereignty, may remain in such territory or may remove therefrom, retaining in either event all their rights of property, including the right to sell or dispose of such property or its proceeds; and they shall also have the right to carry on their industry, commerce and profession, being subject in respect thereof to such laws as are applicable to other foreigners. In the event of their remaining in the territory, they may preserve their allegiance to the Crown of Spain by making, before a court of record, within a year from the date of the exchange of ratifications of the treaty, a declaration of their decision to preserve such allegiance, in default of which declaration they shall be held to have renounced it and to have adopted the nationality of the territory in which they reside.

The right of property secured by copyrights and patents acquired by the Spaniards in the Island of Cuba and in Porto Rico and the Philippines and the other ceded territories at the time of the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty shall continue and be respected. Spanish scientific, literary and artistic works, not subversive of public order in the territories in question, shall continue to be admitted free of duty into such territories for a period of ten years, to be reckoned from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty.

In the ports and other places of the territories, sovereignty over which has been either relinquished or ceded by the present treaty, the government of each country will for a term of ten years from the exchange of ratifications accord to the merchant vessels of the other country the same treatment in respect of all port charges, including entrance and clearance dues, light dues and tonnage duties, as it accords to its own merchant vessels not engaged in coastwise trade. This provision may at any time be determined on six months' notice given by either government to the other.

It is understood any obligation assumed by the United States with respect to Cuba is limited to the time of the occupation by the United States of that island; but the United States Government will, upon the termination of such occupation, advise any government established in the island to assume the same obligations.

The Democratic Senators, on the question of ratification of the treaty, were divided, as they usually are on every important political question. The main point of opposition was as to the Philippine Islands.

Col. Wm. J. Bryan, of whom it was then known that he would be the next nominee of the Democratic and Populist parties for President, used his great influence for the ratification of the treaty just as warmly as the President and his party. This was a great mistake on his part, as it was then apparent that one of the greatest issues of the next Presidential campaign would come out of that treaty. We said at the time that the vote for ratification of all except as to the Philippine Islands, and remit that clause to further conference and negotiation, would be the thing for the Democrats to do. To have voted thus would have relieved the Democratic party from the inconsistency under which they la-

bored in the campaign of 1900, and on which they did not deserve success because of such vote for ratification.

On the 28th of May, 1898, the President appointed me brigadier-general of volunteers, which I accepted at once, and was desirous of getting into a battle with the Spaniards; but the war ended without ever giving me an opportunity. I cannot say that I was pleased with the service. I think it could have been greatly improved in some respects.

I supposed that the Secretary of War would assign to me a brigade, but I found in the end that he, or rather the Adjutant-General in his name, assigned brigadier-generals to corps, and the corps commander, whenever they reported for duty, would assign them to brigades, and there was nothing permanent about it. They were subject to be changed any time at the will of the corps commander, as in the Regular Army.

The policy of organization was strictly in accord with the doctrines of the Republican party. It was intended as far as practicable to blot out State lines and State pride and to drill, mould, and fashion all volunteers as regulars, and to know no government but that of the Union. State pride is nauseating to Republican stomachs.

When I accepted the appointment I thought that it was understood that I was to have in my brigade the two white regiments from Alabama, and did all that I could to get them. I appealed to the President, and he said that was all left to the corps commander, but plainly showed that he was not in sympathy with my desire. I felt that old Southern State pride, which springs from love of home, the foundation of true Democracy, and which has given to the world some of the grandest heroes in war, orators in the forum, and statesmen in the legislative halls of the country. That love of home and its sacred precincts is hard to kill, and it will not die as long as any of the scarred veterans—or their immediate descendants—who followed Lee, Johnston and Jackson in the Civil War continue to live in the South.

All of the officers in the First and Second Alabama volunteer infantry regiments petitioned the President and War Department to be put in the brigade I commanded and to be made a part of it. I presented those petitions to the Secretary of War myself and told the President about them. It all did no good. I applied time and again for Alabamians to be appointed on my staff—able and capable young men—but not one could I get. I tried to have

some officers from Alabama regiments detailed as my aides-de-camp, but the War Department would not allow it, and there was no use to appeal to the President, for he approved the acts of the War Department, especially what was done and said by Adjutant-General Corbin.

I insisted on being given a brigade embracing the two Alabama regiments. They had not then, however, been brigaded together, and in fact never were. To satisfy me as well as he could, Secretary of War Alger assigned me to the command of a brigade, then encamped at Mobile, with the Fourth Army Corps, composed of the First Alabama and First and Second Texas regiments. I entered at once into telegraphic correspondence with Colonel Mabry, of the First Texas, who was in command of the brigade, to know what equipments were needed by the different regiments, and looked after the shipment of the same for two or three days, then went home, where I had to stop a few days to arrange my domestic affairs. I wrote to the corps commander informing him that I would, within a short time—as early as practicable—report for duty with the brigade to which I had been assigned by the Secretary of War, and that I hoped to have the Second Alabama, just organized, added to or placed within the brigade. He had left Mobile and was then at Tampa, Florida. He never answered my letter. I had not been able to obtain a uniform, and such was the demand everywhere, just then, that it was impossible to obtain one until some weeks later.

I sent a man to Tennessee to buy a pair of horses for me, and to ship them to Mobile, and proceeded, June 17, to that point, accompanied by my son, William C. Oates, Jr., then but 15 years of age, who insisted on going to the war with me.

When I arrived in Mobile there were but six regiments of troops, organized into two brigades, and Brigadier-General Wheaton had been assigned to the command of my brigade, General Gordon, of Georgia, had been assigned to the other, and Brigadier-General Schwan was in command of the division as the ranking officer present. I reported to him, and he said that he would report my presence to the corps commander at Tampa and await orders. I remained a week and accepted the invitation of that grand old man Bishop Wilmer, and spent that time at his house at Spring Hill, near which the troops were encamped. Col. Harvey E. Jones and his wife, who was a daughter of the Bishop,

and lived with him, were very kind to me and my son during our stay. To talk with the Bishop was time well spent.

After spending a week, visiting the troops every day, or Mobile, I took leave of the dear old Bishop, who has since departed this life, where his usefulness was unbounded, and returned to Montgomery. I still had no orders from corps headquarters. Before I left Mobile the troops had been ordered from their pleasant and healthful camps in the piney-woods near that city to Miami, Florida, a most undesirable sand-bed on the seashore, without fresh water, and swarming with mosquitoes and sand-flies, with no facilities for shipping troops from that point. No one to this day can account for it unless it was a desire to accommodate Flagler by a liberal patronage of his railroad, it being the only one to that place.

After awaiting orders several days, Major Powell, who had been assigned as surgeon of my brigade, reported to me at Montgomery. He was a Virginian, and a nice gentleman, who had succeeded in getting into the Regular Army, notwithstanding he was in the Southern Army during the Civil War. I had no brigade, and hence I had no duty for him to perform, and allowed the doctor to go at will until I needed him.

I went to Tampa to see Major-General Coppinger, the corps commander. I found him at his headquarters in the woods. He was an Irishman, and an intense Catholic, who had when young been an officer in the Pope's guard at Rome. During the Civil War he came to this country, joined the Union Army, and fought gallantly to the close, when he held the rank of colonel of volunteers. He then obtained a position in the Regular Army, and married a daughter of James G. Blaine, whose influence caused his promotion thereafter.

Coppinger wore a dirty, rusty-looking over-shirt, baggy-seated trousers to match, and a slouchy army hat. He smoked a short-stem briar-root pipe, which smelt like the woods when burning, and lisped badly in speech. His personal appearance was not calculated to inspire one with an idea that he was a great general. His adjutant-general, Cecil, seemed to be a nice gentleman.

I reported to the General and informed him of the assignment which the Secretary of War had made, and told him that I would like to have the brigade, and to exchange one of the Texas regiments for the Second Alabama. He asked me if the assignment of the Secretary was "in w'iting." I informed him that it was

not. He replied, "I will not obey it if not in w'iting." I said, "I tell you that he informed me that he had assigned me to the command of that brigade, and upon the honor of an officer in the Army I tell you so; do you doubt my word?" "No," he replied, "but I don't obey any orders not in w'iting." He had the right as corps commander to have made the assignment, and I told him that the President said that he would do it.

He offered to give me the command of a brigade composed of the First Ohio, Second Georgia and Sixty-ninth New York regiments, which he said would sail for Cuba at once. I told him that I would take it, but would have to return to Montgomery for my horses, clothing, and equipments, and would be absent only about two days. He objected, saying that the troops would sail before I could return. I asked where the transports were that were to take the troops to Cuba. He said that he was looking for them every hour. I told him if they were in sight he could not load the troops and their supplies on the transports before I would return. He said that I must go on duty at once, and had no time to return to Montgomery or to await anything from there. I saw that he was not disposed to treat me as a gentleman, and I told him plainly that I would not enter on duty instantly—that my health, comfort, and life were worth something to me. I saw plainly that he and I could not agree, and told him so, left him, and returned to Montgomery.

My estimate of General Coppinger was that his memory was treacherous, as he could not remember that I had written him before he assigned General Wheaton to the command of my brigade, although my letter was on file in the office of his adjutant-general. He was far advanced in a state of senility, and was utterly unfit to command a corps of troops or indeed any less number. He gave Wheaton my brigade because he belonged to the Regular Army and was not an old rebel. I resolved not to serve under him in any event, however anxious I was to go to Cuba. The "biguade" which he said would sail in less than two days never sailed at all. Like myself, it never got to Cuba.

I telegraphed to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee to know if he could assign me to a brigade in his corps, and received the following reply:

Three brigadier-generals have been order to report to me this week, which fills existing vacancies. It is possible I could assign you in the near future when additional troops arrive; would like to have you.

FITZ LEE,
Major-General Commanding Seventh Army Corps.

I then telegraphed Adjutant-General Corbin as follows :

You and the Secretary of War told me that I was assigned to the command of First Brigade of First Division, composed of Texas and Alabama Regiments. When I reported for duty June 17 Brigadier-General Wheaton, from the Seventh Corps, had command of the brigade, and still retains it. Please transfer me to Seventh Corps where that brigade now is, and give me command of it. I am entitled to it.

No answer came, and I still awaited orders. It seemed as though I never would receive any. I discovered that it was a scramble among the brigadier-generals to find commands. Whenever a corps commander found a brigadier hunting for a command, and he had a vacancy, he assigned him to it. I exhibited more modesty and independence, and refused to go begging for a brigade and watch chances. I awaited orders. When July came with no orders, I made a complaint to the President. I wrote him as follows :

MONTGOMERY, ALA., *July 2, 1898.*

MR. PRESIDENT :

A day or two after I qualified and was commissioned a brigadier-general I was ordered to report to the Fourth Corps, at my request, because the two Alabama regiments were then in it at Mobile. Adjutant-General Corbin told me that I was assigned to the command of the brigade composed of First Alabama, First and Second Texas regiments. This brigade was subsequently changed by an exchange of the Second Texas for the First Louisiana, which is not material. I left Washington the next day after my interview with you, stopped at home a few days to see my family, and while there wrote to General Coppinger, then and now at Tampa, informing him of the brigade to which I had been assigned, and in pursuance of a suggestion made to me by you I requested him to add to my brigade the Second Alabama, then about ready to be sworn into service, or to give me that regiment in lieu of either of the Texas regiments. Hearing nothing from my letter I went to Mobile on the 17th ultimo, the day after the Second Alabama was mustered into service. On arrival I found that regiment had been brigaded with Second Texas and Second Louisiana and Brigadier-General Gordon assigned to the command of it that day. I also found that some two or three days before my arrival at Mobile Brigadier-General Wheaton had taken command of the First Brigade, to which the Adjutant-General informed me that the Secretary of War had assigned me, and still retains it. General Order Number 63 shows that General Wheaton was assigned to duty with the Seventh Corps, and how he came to be in command of my brigade of the Fourth Corps I am not informed, and that is my status today. Having been given a brigade containing one Alabama regiment, I asked for the second also, and lost both of them. I have always been, and am now, willing to take a regiment from Ohio or any other State in the Union, with the two Alabama regiments, and treat it with the same consideration as the regiments from my own State. All parties and factions in Alabama rejoiced when your appointment of me was announced, not half so much on account of my preferment as because they felt that the soldiers from our State would be commanded by a man in whom they had confidence and would promptly obey. Wives, mothers, and sisters, as well as

gray-haired sires on crutches and cork legs, flooded me with congratulations and grateful expressions to you for having appointed me, and said:

"God bless the President! He has given us a commander for our sons who will take care of them in camp and on the march, and when they have to fight will put them in right and go with them wherever ordered."

Now, Mr. President, old Regular Army officers may think that this is all "bosh" and should receive no consideration, but you and I well know that the will and right of the people should always be respected. I have received letters and petitions from the officers of both the First and Second Alabama regiments, signed by all of them, from the colonels down to 2d lieutenants inclusive, praying me to get them in my brigade. I visited the camp of each regiment at Mobile and know that the men in the ranks are likewise desirous of serving under me. The confidence they have in me is one of the greatest compliments I ever received, and to disregard their wishes and not make a strenuous effort to get them into my brigade would be an act of base ingratitude on my part. To have no regiment from my State in my command is very disappointing to me and my people and greatly diminishes the pleasure which I anticipated from your kind benefaction. Give me a chance, and no troops, either volunteers or regulars, will be better soldiers—or carry the enemy's works more successfully than will the Alabamians under my command. We are all of the Union, but our State pride should not be repressed, for it aids more in making heroes than anything else, and is therefore the richest jewel in that crown. My people have learned to love you as a noble and just man and a wise President. Please don't disappoint them in this little matter—little in comparison with other great duties you have to perform, but great to the people and soldiers from my State; and to me you could not bestow a greater boon or one that I would more highly prize, than to give me the First and Second regiments with one from any other State as my brigade. I will be too old to ever engage in another war for our country, and while I intend to do my duty in any event, I want a brigade composed at least in part of troops from the State in which I was born and reared, whose Governor I have been, and in whose soil I expect to be buried when I die. Think of it—I presume you feel the same attachment to your great State of Ohio and its noble people. Those two regiments are at Miami, Florida, and have been transferred to the Seventh Corps.

Since leaving Mobile I went to Tampa and interviewed General Coppinger. You told me in our last interview that he could and would give me those regiments. I first wrote to him and applied in person and he declined to give me either of the regiments, assigning no reason except that they were already brigaded and that it would not be just to Generals Wheaton and Gordon to take those regiments out of their respective brigades. I think, Mr. President, that I should have the first brigade to which I was assigned and now commanded by General Wheaton, if I cannot get the two Alabama regiments and some other to make me a brigade. The Seventh Corps is not yet near full, and as other regiments arrive in Florida I know that General Lee would not hesitate to do either of these things for me if there was but an intimation from you, the Secretary of War, or Adjutant-General, to that effect.

My long and intimate acquaintance with General Lee makes me desire a transfer to his corps.

Begging pardon for the length of this communication and with highest regards for you, I am,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WM. C. OATES.

My letter was referred to the Secretary of War, and I was summoned before the War Department. When I went I had an interview with Secretary Alger and Adjutant-General Corbin, and at the instance of the latter gave them my opinion of General Coppinger. I told them of my interview, criticised him severely, and told them that I had served under only two corps commanders—Jackson and Longstreet; and that Coppinger was so inferior that he would not have made a good courier for either of them. They said that he had given the Department trouble theretofore, but that he would soon be retired, and he was.

The Secretary told me that he would see to it that I had a good brigade in a short time. I made a request to be transferred from the Fourth Corps to some other. I returned home and found my son dangerously ill with typhoid fever. Within a few days the Adjutant-General informed me that I had been transferred to the Second Army Corps, commanded by Major-General Graham, and stationed in Virginia near the city of Washington, and that I was assigned to the command of a brigade composed of the Fourth Missouri, Sixth Pennsylvania, and Seventh Illinois regiments. When I received this order I could not leave my son, and wrote to General Graham and asked for a leave of absence until my son's condition would admit of my absence from him. My request was granted.

The fever disappeared in August. The Second Corps was then encamped near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. I reported to General Graham, and found him to be a perfect gentleman. He showed me every consideration I could desire. He had within the corps about 20,000 infantry, and three brigades without a commander. The brigade assigned to me theretofore had been disbanded or rearranged. He gave me choice of the three brigades. I told him that I had none, as I did not know a man in either. He assigned me to the command of the Second Brigade in the First Division, which was then commanded by Major-General Young. The brigade was composed of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania, Third Connecticut, and Two Hundred and Second New York. I then raised the question with the War Department and tried again to obtain Alabamians for my staff officers, but my request was refused. State pride was rebuked. The Republican policy was to ignore the States and nationalize everything.

I could not select my aides-de-camp. As I could not obtain any Alabamians, I had to take any I could get to be detailed from among the officers of my command.

My son, Wm. C. Oates, Jr., though too young to be mustered into service, as soon as he was able joined me, and I made him my volunteer aide-de-camp, got him a uniform and a horse, and he acted without rank or pay as long as I remained in the service, soon learned to perform the duties of aide very efficiently, and received the praise of nearly all the field officers in the brigade.

I found General Graham very much of a gentleman. He was a brother-in-law of the late Gen. George G. Meade, who commanded the Union Army at the great battle of Gettysburg, and hence the camp was named Meade.

General Graham had been in the Regular Army from his earliest manhood. He visited me several times, and we rode over the surrounding country for many miles on Sunday evenings, and discussed the Civil War, many of the battles, and other topics. He held a review of the corps in honor of the Governor of Pennsylvania, and one preceding, for practice, which gave me an opportunity to see on the field together a very fine body of men.

In reorganizing the commands prior to moving South for the winter the War Department took out of my brigade the Two Hundred and Second New York Regiment, one of the largest and best in the corps, and in its stead gave me the Ninth Ohio colored battalion. I told General Graham that I would not submit to it. He said he would have my assignment changed. He then detailed me to go and inspect Summerville, South Carolina, as an encampment for the brigade for the winter. I took with me Lieutenant McLean, acting brigade quartermaster, and two other officers, and proceeded via Charleston and out to Summerville, 22 miles north of that city. I was not very much pleased with Summerville and its surroundings for the encampment of troops. The people of the ancient city of Charleston are full of genuine Southern hospitality, and treated me and the officers with me in a princely manner. I would have immensely enjoyed a winter with those people, but I was destined to have a different command. I was shown all over and around that historic city and given a ride down the bay to Forts Sumter and Moultrie, where the big shells disturbed the atmosphere all during the Civil War,

When I returned and submitted my report I found my brigade commanded by Brigadier-General Ames, of Massachusetts, who was a son-in-law of the late General (Beast) Butler, the carpet-bag Governor of Mississippi during the reconstruction times. He is in conversation a very pleasant and interesting gentleman. He graduated at West Point just before the beginning of the Civil War.

I was then assigned by General Graham to the command of the First Brigade of the Second Division, composed of the Fourth New Jersey, Second West Virginia, and Fifteenth Pennsylvania regiments, and commanded the same at the Philadelphia Peace Jubilee on the 30th of October. The sight of an old maimed Confederate soldier commanding Union troops raised in the Northern States was such an evidence of a reunited country that it produced applause from one end of the line of march to the other, a distance of seven miles.

A few days after my return to Camp Meade I was assigned by the War Department to the command of the First Brigade of the Third Division, composed of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, Third New Jersey, and Two Hundred and Second New York regiments. The staff officers assigned to duty with me were Capt. W. F. Horton, assistant adjutant-general; Capt. Thomas Cavinaugh, assistant quartermaster; Capt. Carroll Mercer, commissary, and Lieutenant Girard, aide-de-camp. A surgeon was assigned, but never reported for duty. Doctor Slack, surgeon of the New Jersey regiment, was the ranking surgeon in the brigade, and was detailed as brigade surgeon and performed the duties thereof very satisfactorily. The staff officers were fairly efficient, and the brigade a good one.

In the first days of November I was ordered with my brigade to Athens, Georgia, where we arrived in a drenching rain, which continued day by day almost incessantly, until the red soil in the town and for miles around was almost a sea of mud. It required several days to get tents erected, floored, and made comfortable. The people received and treated us very kindly. Officers and guards were detailed, and good order was maintained almost without exception during the continuance of that camp.

Athens is a center of learning and refinement, with the State University and the Lucy Cobb Female College, and a citizenship of unusual intelligence. A great number of handsome and attractive ladies visited the camp nearly every evening to witness

the dress parade, and their presence stimulated the pride of the officers and men to do their best on such occasions.

Mrs. Oates came to Athens in the latter part of November, and remained in camp with me for three weeks, partaking of camp fare with myself and staff officers, who messed together.

About the 13th of December the officers of the brigade gave a grand ball to the people of the town as an expression of their gratitude for the hospitalities shown them. Upon this occasion Mrs. Oates, still being young and handsome, was selected by the officers to preside, direct the ceremonial, and receive the guests. The occasion was a very enjoyable one. No town ever had prettier or more interesting girls than the Thomases, Lumpkins, Hodgsons, and many others, and they were all there.

About the time we were comfortably quartered for the winter—November 23—an order came to me directing in substance that I should go to Cuba at once with my brigade and take possession of the Western Province, with my headquarters and one regiment at Pinar del Rio, one regiment at Mariel, and one at Goneyay, and to report my arrival directly to the War Department, when I would receive instructions. I rapidly prepared to move. A large transport (the *Miniwaska*) was ordered from New York to Savannah to transport the brigade and supplies to Havana. Three days thereafter the order was superseded by another, which directed General Davis, commander of a division, to take one of my regiments, the Two Hundred and Second New York, and go to Havana, and thence to Pinar del Rio, etc., which he did. It was not very palatable to the Regular Army officers to see an old rebel and volunteer general precede them on such an important mission, and they ruled the War Department through the Adjutant-General, who was one of them. Who can blame them? I cannot.

I telegraphed the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to know why the order of November 23d had been superseded without explanation and one regiment of my brigade ordered to Cuba under the command of another officer, disregarding and ignoring me in the order. Instead of answering the telegram, in accordance with his reputation for fairness and courtesy, he referred it to the Secretary of War, who never answered, but pigeon-holed it, as papers in some other cases were disposed of in that office. The Secretary may never have seen it. General Corbin handled the papers of that Department.

The regulations and methods of the War Department went as far as possible toward breaking down customs which had always prevailed among volunteers and substituting therefor the rules and regulations of the Regular Army. During my actual service of six months I was assigned to the command of four different brigades. Before I would get fairly acquainted with one I would be assigned to another. The transfers were too frequent to please me; and had I known when appointed that I would not have been allowed to have either of the Alabama regiments in my brigade and no Alabamians on my staff, I would not have accepted the appointment as a brigadier-general.

On the 15th day of December I went, in obedience to orders, with my two remaining regiments to Atlanta to the Peace Jubilee, and marched in review before the President and members of his Cabinet. We returned to Athens that night and remained there, with no occurrence worthy of note, except that on January 1 I had a sham-battle fought between the two regiments, which attracted the people of the town and enlivened the camp. In the latter part of January an order came to muster out of service the two regiments, which could not be done until February, then near at hand. I was informed unofficially that I would be assigned to the command of another brigade, but as peace would be made with Spain, and having no disposition to engage in war with the Filipinos, I felt that my further service was not needed, and I tendered my resignation and requested to be relieved from duty, whereupon the following order was made, which ended my military career.

Special Orders
No. 8

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, January 11, 1899.

* * * * *

67. By direction of the President, Brigadier-General *William C. Oates*, U. S. Volunteers, is honorably discharged from the service of the United States by the Secretary of War, at his own request to take effect March 10, 1899, his services being no longer required. He is relieved from further duty with the Second Army Corps and will proceed to his home. The travel enjoined is necessary for the public service.

General *Oates* will relieve from duty the aide upon his staff and direct him to report by letter to the Adjutant-General of the Army.

* * * * *

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL MILES.

H. C. CORBIN,
Adjutant-General.

APPENDIX A

APPENDIX A

THE FIFTEENTH ALABAMA INFANTRY REGIMENT

The following contains the names of the company officers and enlisted men, with the record of each, as shown by the muster roll of each company, and other sources so far as the same ever came to the knowledge of the writer in his efforts to state things truly.

Whenever no mention is made of the date of enlistment it means that the man was an original member of the company, which was enlisted, or mustered into the service, on July 3, 1861, except Company L, which joined the regiment early in the spring of 1862.

The county in which each company was raised is given, and a small letter preceding the name of each man recruited from another county (as d for Dale County) will indicate the county of the soldier's residence at the time he volunteered. Brevity is observed from necessity, for to give a full account of the part performed by each officer and private would make a book of more than one thousand pages; besides, no living man possesses the necessary information to give a full account in detail. The names of the commissioned officers, sergeants, and corporals are given in the order of their rank and the names of the privates in alphabetical order.

The regiment was under fire of artillery, but did not sustain any loss, six times, to wit:

1. Rappahannock railroad crossing in April, 1862.
2. Front Royal, Virginia, May 23, 1862.
3. North of Strasburg, Virginia, five miles, on Romney Road, June 1, 1862.
4. Port Republic, Virginia, June 9, 1862.
5. Harper's Ferry, Virginia, September 15, 1862.
6. Bean's Station, Tennessee, December, 1863.
7. Bean's Station, Tennessee, December, 1863.

Battles in which it sustained casualties:

1. Winchester, Virginia, May 25, 1862.
2. Cross Keys, Virginia, June 8, 1862.
3. Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 27, 1862.
4. Malvern Hill, Virginia, July 2, 1862.
5. Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain, Virginia, August 9, 1862.
6. Rappahannock, Virginia, August 12, 1862.
7. Hazel River, Virginia, August 22, 1862.
8. Second Manassas, Virginia, August 28, 1862.
9. Second Manassas, Virginia, August 29, 1862.
10. Second Manassas, Virginia, August 30, 1862.
11. Chantilly, or Ox Hill, Virginia, September 1, 1862.
12. Sharpsburg, or Antietam, Maryland, September 17, 1862.
13. Shepherdstown, Virginia, September 19, 1862.
14. Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862.
15. Suffolk, Virginia, April 28, 1863. } Skirmishing.
16. Suffolk, Virginia, April 30, 1863. }
17. Suffolk, Virginia, May 2, 1863. }
18. Suffolk, Virginia, May 3, 1863. }
19. Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863.
20. Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863.
21. Battle Mountain, Virginia, July 17, 1863.
22. Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19, 1863.
23. Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863.
24. Mocassin Point, Tennessee, September 30, 1863.
25. Brown's Ferry, Tennessee, October 28, 1863 (morning).
26. Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863 (night).
27. Campbell's Station, Tennessee, November 15, 1863.
28. Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863.
29. Knoxville, Tennessee, November 29, 1863.
30. Dandridge, Tennessee, January 24, 1864.
31. Wilderness, Virginia, May 6, 1864.
32. Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 8, 1864.
33. Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
34. Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 11, 1864.
35. Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864.
36. North Anna River, Virginia, May 25, 1864.
37. Ashland, Virginia, May 31, 1864.

38. Second Cold Harbor, or Turkey Ridge, Virginia, June 3, 1864.
39. Chester Station, Virginia, June 17, 1864.
40. Petersburg, Virginia, June 19 to July 25, 1864. (Skirmishing.)
41. New Market Heights, or Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864.
42. New Market Heights, or Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 15, 1864.
43. Fussell's Mills, Virginia, August 16, 1864.
44. Fort Gilmer, Virginia, September 29, 1864.
45. Fort Harrison, Virginia, September 30, 1864.
46. Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864.
47. Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 13, 1864.
48. Williamsburg Road, Virginia, October 27, 1864.
49. Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9, 1865.

The regiment was in 48 battles in which it suffered loss. It was also at Appomattox, in which no one was killed or wounded, but it stacked arms and surrendered 172 men. The total membership, officers and men, during the war was

The total membership, officers and men, during the war was	1,612
Of these there were killed in battle.	279
Wounded in battle.	599
Died of disease.	459
Discharged for original disability	140
Deserted . . .	70
Those who went through two or more battles without being wounded (some of them went through more than twenty and were never wounded)	159

The same man frequently received more than one wound. The number who were captured is not given, but it did not exceed 200. They are named on the roll of each company which follows in alphabetic order.

COMPANY A.

Company A, known as the "Canty Rifles," was raised in Russell County, by James Canty, who was its captain until the organization of the regiment, when he was elected colonel. A further account will be given of him in another chapter.

Alexander A. Lowther was elected captain to succeed him, then at the age of 35 years. He was a fair drill officer and strict disciplinarian. On January 25, 1862, when encamped near Manas-

sas Junction, he was appointed major of the regiment by Colonel Canty, who at the time had no authority to do it, but after the conscript law of the Confederate Congress was passed in 1862 he became major by seniority as captain, which was conceded him at the organization by all the captains except Oates and Gardner. He had seen service in the war with Mexico, and for this reason was believed to be well qualified to command a skirmish company, and this one being armed with Mississippi rifles, it was thought should be Company A, for that reason, and its captain should hold the senior rank, which was not esteemed of much advantage at the organization, as all the commissions, at the instance of the colonel, were issued and signed by Gov. A. B. Moore the same date, to wit, July 3, 1861. Major Lowther will be further considered as a field officer in another chapter.

Wm. T Berry was elected first lieutenant, he then being 32 years old. He was captured at Cross Keys on the skirmish line in the second battle he was in. He was paroled within a few days. He was afterwards absent on furlough or sick until January 21, 1863, when he resigned. He died several years ago.

Wm. T Nuckolls was second lieutenant, 21 years old when commissioned, and died in Richmond, Virginia, of disease, November 4, 1861.

Thomas J. Nuckolls was junior second lieutenant, 30 years old when commissioned, and acted as adjutant of the regiment from April until September, 1862. He was present in five battles; was then absent three months and resigned December 30, 1862. He returned to his old home in Columbus, Georgia, where he resided up to his death, which occurred about fifteen years after the close of the war.

James H. Vann, first sergeant, was 19 years old when enlisted; died of disease at Centerville, Virginia, November 6, 1861.

Hugh Fields, second sergeant, was 19 years old when enlisted, was promoted to first sergeant in August, 1862, and soon thereafter to junior second lieutenant, and February 16, 1863, was promoted to first lieutenant. He was present with the regiment in thirty engagements, was wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, and at Fussell's Mills, Virginia, August 16, 1864. He was also wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863. He was a brave soldier, a faithful officer, and was always present for duty, except when absent wounded. He commanded his company for several

months before, and surrendered it at Appomattox. He resided after the war, for many years, at Livermore, Kentucky, and reared quite an interesting family. He died in the latter part of May, 1904, a citizen highly esteemed by all who knew him.

James H. Davis, third sergeant, was 24 years old when enlisted; was absent sick until he was discharged for disability July 17, 1862.

John B. Stratford, fourth sergeant, was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Manassas Junction, February 27, 1862.

Charles V. Smith, fifth sergeant, was 38 years old when enlisted. He was in four battles; was a very tall man, and acted as color sergeant. He was then detailed as forage master and so continued until July 14, 1863, when he was transferred to a cavalry regiment by an exchange with F. C. Hendry. His home was in Columbus, Georgia. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He died several years after the war.

Eben B. Edwards, first corporal, was 25 years old when enlisted; was promoted to sergeant March 1, 1862. He was in every engagement of the regiment until at the second battle of Manassas on August 28, 1862, he was wounded. He was then absent in consequence until the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and from thence continued present and manfully discharged his duty until at Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864, while fighting on the skirmish line, he was wounded in his left arm, which necessitated its amputation. He was afterwards honorably retired in consequence of this disability. He was a splendid soldier, and was living near Girard, in Russell County, esteemed by all who knew him, in 1904.

William A. Jones, second corporal, was 19 years old when enlisted, and at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, was severely wounded and did not return to duty until the following winter. He then returned and was present at each of the battles until May 24, 1864, when he was wounded on the skirmish line and permanently disabled.

Nathan H. Gillenwaters, third corporal, was 22 years old when enlisted; never rendered much service; was nearly all the time sick, and was discharged for disability July 12, 1862.

Benjamin L. Ryan, fourth corporal, was 29 years old when enlisted; was in several battles; was detailed for service several months as a teamster, but was reduced to ranks because of his

turbulent disposition, drunkenness, and gambling. He became offended because he was punished for disobedience of orders at Bunker's Hill in the Valley of Virginia, June 18, 1863, and deserted. He carried off with him a young man about 17 years old, named Hill, who would not have gone but for Ryan's bad influence over him. I saw the latter after the war in 1867. He was working as a common laborer in the construction of the railroad from Union Springs to Troy, but have never seen him since. He was a bad man, and while not afraid to fight, his presence, unless under the strictest surveillance, was very deleterious and demoralizing to the men.

James P Newberry was in his 14th year when enlisted, and was mustered as a drummer. He was the best regimental kettle-drummer I ever saw. He was faithful to his duty all through the war. In time of battles he made himself useful in waiting on the wounded. Several years after the war he was mail carrier between Abbeville and Eufaula. He afterwards went to Texas. The survivors of the old regiment all remember "Jimmie" Newberry, whose drum so many times beat tattoo for the men to put out lights and go to sleep, and reveille in the early morning for them to rise and answer roll call for the beginning of another day of hard soldier life. "Jimmie" was a faithful and patriotic boy. His death was reported in 1902.

Robert S. Wallack was 30 years old when enlisted; was mustered as a musician and was a splendid fifer. He served faithfully to the close of the war, and being a man of mature years had charge of the drum corps. He died in Seale, Alabama, in the year 1895.

James Aaron was 18 years old when enlisted. He served through the Valley campaign up to the battle of Cross Keys, in which he was severely wounded June 8, 1862. He was absent in consequence until just before the Gettysburg campaign. He went through that and fought well in the great battle, but on the return march, at Bunker's Hill, in the Valley, July 18, 1863, deserted, and the writer never heard of him again.

William Alford was 35 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Manassas Junction, March 2, 1862.

D. F. Averett was 23 years old when enlisted. He was one of the best soldiers in his company, and participated in all the campaigns and nearly all the battles in which the regiment was engaged. At the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, he was severely

wounded and disabled, and did not return to duty until about the 1st of 1865. He was promoted to corporal in 1862 and to first sergeant early in 1863, and remained at his post to the surrender at Appomattox.

Charles E. Averett enlisted February 6, 1864, at the age of 17. He was a faithful young soldier, and remained at his post until the close of the war, except the time he was absent in consequence of a wound received October 7, 1864.

Washington P Bass was 21 years old when enlisted, and was with his company and on duty in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged, up to Dandridge, Tennessee, when he was absent on furlough. At the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, he was detailed to command the ambulance corps and see to the removal of the wounded. In the discharge of his duty he was captured by the enemy and never exchanged or paroled until after the close of the war. He was promoted from the ranks to first sergeant August 14, 1862, and to brevet second lieutenant February 16, 1863, and to senior second lieutenant September 1, 1863. He was a faithful soldier and a good officer; survived the war, but the writer has not heard of him within twenty years.

Isaac Bassett was 17 years old when enlisted. He participated in every battle until, at Second Manassas, August 28, he was wounded, but soon rejoined the command and fought in the battle of Sharpsburg, September, 1862, in which he was again wounded. He was absent sick and not with the company at Chickamauga, nor during Longstreet's campaign in East Tennessee. At the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, he was again wounded, but after his recovery remained with his company faithfully to the surrender.

John J. Boswell was 18 years old when enlisted. He was detailed for a time as the colonel's orderly, but returned to the ranks and fought in five battles, and then, on September 6, 1862, was transferred to the Seventeenth Georgia Regiment.

E. C. Brock was 18 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability in December, 1861.

Jeptha Brown was 22 years old when enlisted, and was always present for duty until killed on the skirmish line, Sunday, June 8, 1864, near Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia. I was within ten steps of him at the time, and saw him shot. The bullet passed through his heart; he threw up one hand to his breast, cried out "God damn," and fell dead. His captain wrote upon the next muster roll, opposite to his name, "One of the bravest of the

brave," and it was truthfully said of "Jep" Brown, for there never was a braver or a better soldier than he. Who believes that the profanity he used damned him in eternity? I do not.

Henry H. Brown was enlisted March 1, 1863, at the age of 19. He served faithfully with his company through all the campaigns and battles up to October 28, 1863, when he was taken prisoner in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, and so held for the remainder of the war.

John J. Broughton was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and present in every battle except when on detail or absent sick. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, 1862, and again at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863.

Ely F. Broughton was 20 years old when enlisted. He was nearly always present for duty with his company; was wounded at Sharpsburg in September, 1862. He was a brave soldier, with but one blot on his record. He was charged by his captain with "skipping out of the fight" near Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864.

James J. Broughton was 21 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and was killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. He was a splendid young man, a good soldier, and his comrades mourned his death.

William S. Broughton was 18 years old when enlisted. He made a good soldier. He was promoted corporal in March, 1862, and promoted sergeant in February, 1863. He was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and captured at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. His captain rated him on the muster roll as "A very fair soldier."

W. L. Blackman was 18 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga on September 19, 1863, and again at Chester Station, Virginia, June 17, 1864. He was present in every campaign and participated in every battle, except when absent wounded. His captain, who was a fine, but exacting officer, wrote on the muster roll opposite this man's name, "A true and brave soldier—among the best."

Charles M. Broadwater enlisted December 17, 1862, and was then 27 years old. He had his first experience in the Suffolk campaign. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga, losing one of his legs, and was honorably retired in consequence. He was a brave and faithful soldier.

Thomas Bell enlisted September 14, 1863, he then being 30 years old. He said he was a tailor by trade, and joined this company as the regiment was passing through Augusta, Georgia. He only remained with it two months and twenty days; within that short time he had been under fire seven times, and some of them hard battles. He concluded that they came on too frequently and were rather unhealthy affairs, so he took to the mountains, and his comrades never heard of him again. He deserted near Morristown, Tennessee, December 5, 1863.

Charles Conway was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Front Royal, Virginia, December 6, 1861.

Edward W P Chapman was 28 years old when enlisted; was a good, faithful soldier, always present for duty when able. He was severely wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862, but returned as soon as able, and served through to the surrender.

Robert P Chambers was 17 years old when enlisted; was always present for duty when able, but was mustered "absent sick" a good part of the time, until at Knoxville, Tennessee, he was captured by the enemy, and never exchanged or paroled during the war.

James R. Chambers was 24 years old when enlisted; was wounded at Sharpsburg, September, 1862, and again at Knoxville, Tennessee, winter of 1863. He was a faithful soldier.

James D. D. Cureton was 28 years old when enlisted. He was nearly all the time on detail as a teamster, but went through three battles in the ranks. He could have been discharged at any time for disability, as he had double hernia; but he remained faithful to the cause to the last, for which he should ever be treated with great respect. He lived at Eufaula after the war, and I believe was a carpenter by trade.

(c) J. L. Gulifer was enlisted January 17, 1863, when 30 years old. He came out as a recruit to the regiment. His first service was in the Suffolk, Virginia, campaign. He was a faithful soldier, and nearly always present for duty until in Lookout Valley, near Brown's Ferry, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, he was severely wounded and permanently disabled for further service, though never put on the retired list. He returned to his old home near Clintonville, in Coffee County, where he formerly resided. He reared a large family of children, was a member of the Court of County Commissioners, and a highly respected citizen.

James H. Cooper was 23 years old when enlisted, originally in Company C of the regiment, but was transferred to A, March 1, 1864. He was a most excellent soldier and served through all the campaigns; was made a corporal for gallantry and was killed near the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864. He was one of the finest soldiers of the regiment, and fell in advance of his company, many of whom, and his captain, shed tears over his dead body.

E. L. Davidson was 30 years old when enlisted. Just after the battle of Cold Harbor he was sent to Richmond in charge of some of his wounded comrades, with whom he remained for a time. He was afterwards mustered as "absent sick," and served a tour of about one year in hospital. He was then detailed to work in the arsenal at Columbus, Georgia, but was returned to his company in the fall of 1864, and was present in the engagements of that fall on the north side of the James River. His captain classed him on the muster roll as "rather a poor soldier."

M. D. Doney was 42 years old when enlisted. He was appointed quartermaster sergeant as soon as enlisted, in which position he continued to be a faithful and efficient officer so long as he served. One of his duties was to pay the officers and soldiers, and take their receipts for the same. He died at his home in Columbus, Georgia, December 20, 1864.

George J. Eason was 18 years old when enlisted. He participated in nearly all the engagements, until at the battle of Gettysburg he was severely wounded and taken prisoner. He was exchanged in 1864, and participated in several of the engagements of that fall. He was an excellent soldier.

Rigdon Edwards was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, December 4, 1861.

Josiah Ellington was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, December 4, 1861.

George R. Fuller was 22 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability April 5, 1862.

Wesley Foster was 21 years old when enlisted; served faithfully through the Valley campaign, and was killed in the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862.

Arthur Frazier was 18 years old when enlisted. He was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and was one of the best soldiers in the company and nearly always present for duty. He was wounded at Knoxville, and was absent three months in conse-

quence. He served faithfully through the war, resides in Lee County, Alabama, and is a highly respected citizen, always a true Democrat in politics.

(d) Jackson Flowers was 27 years old when enlisted January 17, 1863. He was soon after taken sick and sent to hospital at Lynchburg, where he died one month after enlistment. His home was at Westville, in Dale County, Alabama.

Vincent B. Garner was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a faithful soldier, and after having served through fifteen engagements died at Hamilton's Crossing, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, February, 1863.

Robert L. Garner was 19 years old when enlisted. He was sick all the time after he had been in service two or three months. Was discharged for disability at Gordonsville, July, 1862.

John R. Garner was 17 years old when enlisted January, 1863. He was a faithful soldier, always present, until wounded at Dandridge, Tennessee, January, 1864. He was absent about five months in consequence, but recovered, returned to duty, and fought well until he was killed on the picket line, September 30, 1864.

Samuel Graves was 25 years old when enlisted. A month or two thereafter he became ill, and was never able to render any further service, and died at home, whither he had gone on a furlough, in January, 1862.

Richard Goolsbee was 32 years old when enlisted. He served through Jackson's Valley campaign; was discharged for disability from further service at Weyer's Cave, Virginia, June 14, 1862.

William C. Griffin was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, served through the Valley campaign, and was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, which permanently disabled him. He was honorably discharged in February, 1863.

Jeff Goins was 18 years old when enlisted March 29, 1862; became very sick a month later, was started to hospital at Lynchburg, and probably died on the way. His death never was officially reported, nor was he ever heard of again.

M. W. Hooper was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Mt. Jackson, Virginia, December 28, 1861.

Isaac Howes was 18 years old when enlisted, was discharged for disability in December, 1861.

Thomas J. Hatcher was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and fought bravely until, near Morristown, East Tennessee, December, 1863, he got too deeply in love with a girl to leave her, and deserted his company. He married, and still lives in Tennessee, and is regarded as a good citizen. He attended the Confederate reunion at Richmond, July 1, 1896, but did not bring his record with him. He seemed delighted to see me, and assured me that he had come to the reunion for no other purpose. I respected him for the good he did before he deserted, and suppose that, like many others, he had despaired of the cause and found no other way of getting out of it. The girl doubtless influenced him. The acts of Cæsar and many other of the greatest men have been influenced by love of woman. I forgive him.

James B. Hill was only 16 years old when enlisted. He was a brave boy, and fought well, but unfortunately became the intimate associate of Ben Ryan, who taught him to gamble, and caused him to desert at Bunker's Hill, July 18, 1863. He never was returned to the regiment, and if he ever returned to the State I never heard of it.

George W. Haynes was 24 years old when enlisted, never able to do much service, and discharged for disability in June, 1862, and after the war moved to Texas.

Joseph H. Holt was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a brave soldier, went through the Valley campaign unhurt, but was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

James C. Horn was 17 years old when enlisted March 1, 1863. He was wounded at Gettysburg, which was his second battle. When he recovered he returned and fought bravely at Chickamauga, Lookout Valley, and Knoxville, but was wounded at Dandridge, Tennessee. As soon as he recovered he returned and fought through all the engagements from the Wilderness, May 6, until, near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864, he was severely wounded, which disabled him from rendering any further efficient service. He accidentally shot himself while in Tennessee, but from this he soon recovered.

Lewis Harris was 18 years old when enlisted September 14, 1863. He joined the regiment when it was passing through Augusta, Georgia, going out to Chickamauga. He fought in the ranks of the regiment the first day of that battle, which sufficiently satisfied him with that fun, and the next day he deserted. Five days' service, and the last one a big battle, was military glory

enough for him. His comrade, the tailor, stood it a great deal better, and held out until he got to Morristown, Tennessee.

F. C. Hendry was 28 years old when enlisted, and was received in exchange for Charles V. Smith. He fought well, and remained at his post to the last; was wounded near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864.

Moses H. Hall was 24 years old when enlisted January 18, 1862. He was received as a substitute, and deserted in less than one month, February 14, 1862.

James O. Jewell was 41 years old when enlisted. He went through the Valley campaign in the spring of 1862, and then was absent sick until discharged. He was subsequently sent back, and accidentally shot himself in the foot; recovering from this he was detailed as a blacksmith, and then he accidentally burned his foot with a piece of hot iron, which laid him up for a long time. He was a poor soldier, and was mustered that way by his captain.

J. B. Johnson was 32 years old when enlisted. He went through the Valley campaign unhurt, but was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. He returned about January, 1863, and was detailed as a teamster until the next June, when he was returned to the ranks, and at the second battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, he was again wounded very severely, so that he was never able to return to the service.

Thomas R. Johnson was 24 years old when enlisted. He was present in five engagements, and then was mustered "absent sick" until late in the fall of 1864, when he returned to duty, and thus continued to the surrender.

Moses G. Johnson was 24 years old when enlisted; rendered but little service, and was discharged for disability in November, 1861.

S. Johns was 45 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability at Centerville, Virginia, November 11, 1861.

Asa M. Keeling was 18 years old when enlisted, and was one of the best soldiers in his company. He was nearly always present for duty, and went through practically all the battles in which the regiment was engaged. In the latter part of the war he was detailed and served as a scout, which was a compliment to his intelligence, bravery, and reliability. He escaped without a wound and surrendered at Appomattox.

John B. King was 18 years old when enlisted. There was no better soldier in his company. He was nearly always present for

duty, and in all the battles in which the regiment was engaged; but between Deep Bottom and Darbytown Road, in October, 1864, he was mortally wounded, and died the next day.

Julian C. Kersey was 16 years old when enlisted. He served in the ranks for a time, fought through the battle of Fredericksburg, and was then detailed as a drummer. He was twice reduced to ranks for insubordination, but soon again restored to the drum corps. He was a Virginia boy, enlisted at Bunker's Hill in October, 1862, and in November, 1864, after having served with the regiment more than two years, at his own request, was transferred to the Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiment.

Van Marcus was 25 years old when enlisted April 16, 1861, for twelve months, in the Second Georgia Regiment, and was transferred August 15, 1861, to this company, and made, by Colonel Canty, sergeant-major of the regiment, in which he served until the expiration of his period of enlistment, April 16, 1862, when he was discharged. Some time after the close of the war he was captain of a steamboat on the Chattahoochee River, and a few years thereafter died in Columbus, Georgia.

William Mathews was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and fought through the Valley campaign, but at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, he was severely wounded, which caused his right arm to be amputated at the shoulder joint. He was afterwards honorably retired on account of this disability.

Thomas G. McGhee was 21 years old when enlisted. He served through the first part of the Valley campaign, and was then mustered as "absent sick" for a time, and afterwards was detailed in the Confederate arsenal in Columbus, Georgia, where he continued until the close of the war.

A. M. McKissack was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and always present for duty when not disabled by wounds. He was wounded at Manassas, August 28, 1862; again at Shepherdstown, September 19, 1862—this time severely, which disabled him for a time. Severely wounded at Chickamauga on September 19, 1863, and again severely wounded at Fussell's Mills, near the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864, and never again able to do good service. He honorably won and highly merited a discharge.

Thomas A. Miller was 16 years old when enlisted. For a long time he was reported in bad health and on the sick list, but in the latter part of the war, after he had become accustomed to camp

life, he became healthy and made a good soldier. He was mortally wounded on the skirmish line at Spottsylvania, Virginia, May 11, 1864, and died on the morning of the 13th.

Michael Murray was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a native Irishman, and Colonel Canty detailed him to wait on him and take care of his horses, and he thus continued until about the first of 1863, when he returned and went to duty in the ranks, and so continued until the close of the war. He was a jolly, good-hearted Irishman, a true man, and at last accounts lived at Girard—in Russell County, Alabama. He loved a drink and his friends.

Seaborn T. Ogletree was 20 years old when enlisted. He went through the Valley campaign, but was mortally wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and died the next day.

James F. Phillips was 18 years old when enlisted; was in the Valley campaign, and captured at Cross Keys. He was paroled and absent on furlough for a long time before he was exchanged. He returned to duty in November of that year, fought bravely, and did his whole duty until at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, he was severely wounded. He returned to duty, and was again severely wounded at or near Darbytown, and fell into the hands of the enemy October 7, 1864. Do not know whether he survived the war, but presume that he never recovered from his wound.

Joseph Potee was 37 years old when enlisted. He was detailed as a teamster until September 28, 1862, when he was returned to his company and made a very fair soldier; was killed in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863.

James M. Purdue was 32 years old when enlisted December 25, 1862. His first service was in the Suffolk campaign in the early part of 1863. He went into the battle of Gettysburg, but was missing when the battle was over, and believed to have been killed.

Henry Quentin was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a Canadian Frenchman; served through the Valley campaign, was wounded at Cold Harbor, then he was absent until 1863. He was a good soldier and fought well when present, but a part of the time was mustered "absent without leave." He went through the battles of Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Lookout Valley, Campbell's Station, Knoxville, and Dandridge, and deserted soon thereafter in East Tennessee. During several months of his absence, apparently without leave, he had the smallpox and was in hospital

at Richmond. Many amusing stories are told of him during his service. He was thoroughly French in character.

F. Pope Rucker was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a professional stage driver, and hence was detailed as a teamster, and served in that capacity, with slight exception, through the whole war. He drove my headquarters wagon during the time I was colonel of the regiment. After my connection with it terminated, I think in January, 1865, he with two or three others were found away from the regiment without leave, and Colonel Lowther, then in command, sent them before a general court martial, charged with desertion. They were found guilty and sentenced to be shot, but on a review of the case General Lee reversed the finding and caused them to be returned to their command. Rucker was then in ranks, where he continued to serve. He now lives in Georgia, is nearly blind, and very poor. I sent him a certificate last winter to enable him to get a State pension.

Nathaniel E. Renfro was 38 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability in January, 1862.

Daniel Ramsey was 21 years old when enlisted; was received as a substitute for Moses H. Hall, and died of disease soon after.

R. Roberson was 18 years old when enlisted. Had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November, 1861.

Joseph Roberson was 20 years old when enlisted. He served well through the Valley campaign and the seven days' battles around Richmond; was then mustered "absent sick" for a long time. His captain noted on the muster roll that Roberson was present and in the line of battle when formed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, but when the advance began claimed to be wounded, and got off to the rear without examination, when he was not wounded at all. He succeeded in passing himself off as such and got back to Staunton, Virginia. His captain says, "He was perfectly no account, and a miserable apology for a man."

William Roberts was 44 years old when enlisted. Was rheumatic and unfit for a soldier, and was in hospital nearly all the time to his discharge in July, 1864.

L. S. Ragland was 17 years old when enlisted September 3, 1864. Court-martialed for shirking a fight October 7, 1864. He also skipped December 10, following, when a fight was expected, and was never seen afterwards by his company officers, and was mustered as a deserter

Frank Samuels was 18 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier and fought well through the Valley campaign and the seven days' battles around Richmond; was detailed provost guard, on which he served until the close of 1862, when he was returned to his company. He was frequently sent out on cooking details, and regarded as a reliable soldier until at Morristown, Tennessee, February, 1864, he deserted and never returned. He was a good soldier up to that time.

John W Screws was 18 years old when enlisted; served through the Valley campaign and the seven days' fighting around Richmond in the ranks. He was promoted to sergeant for gallantry on the field and sent to Richmond in charge of commissary wagons and to bring out baggage. He was severely wounded near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864, and never sufficiently recovered to return to service until early in 1865. He was a good and brave soldier.

John A. Smith was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good and brave soldier, nearly always present for duty. He was wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 29, 1863, and killed at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

Pink H. Smith was 20 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Gettysburg, but when he recovered returned to duty, and served to the surrender. His captain noted on the muster roll, "A good and brave soldier."

John H. Stringfellow was 25 years old when enlisted. He served well through the Valley campaign; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. He was so permanently disabled by his wound that he was honorably retired.

William Stringfellow was 18 years old when enlisted. He was taken sick and sent to hospital in November, 1861, and was never heard of by his captain afterwards. No doubt he died and was never reported.

Calvin Sulivant was 35 years old when enlisted January 17, 1863. He rendered good service, and at Chickamauga was severely wounded, from which he died in Atlanta, Georgia, March 15, 1864.

Francis K. Shaaff's home was in Columbus, Georgia. He was rather a wild young man, and some few years previous to the war joined the Regular Army and was a sergeant in the regular cavalry. Three years' service had somewhat steadied and sobered him. He applied for a discharge on the ground that he was a Southern man, and that it was against his conscience to fight his

own people. General Meigs, the Quartermaster-General, being distantly related to Shaaff, interposed and obtained his discharge early in 1861. Shaaff immediately proceeded to Harper's Ferry, where Jackson was collecting a few regiments, and enlisted as a private in the First Kentucky infantry. In the latter part of the summer or the first of the fall, 1861, he obtained a transfer to the Fifteenth Alabama and to Company A, as Captain Lowther was his brother-in-law. He had volunteered for twelve months, and when his time expired he reenlisted for the war. As soon as he arrived, Captain Lowther made him first sergeant of the company and August 14, 1862, he was promoted to brevet second lieutenant, and the same day, as shown by the muster roll, he was promoted to the captaincy of the company. He was 23 years old when enlisted, and his services in the Regular Army had taught him his duties and inured him to the life of a soldier. He was rarely ever sick and always present for duty. He went through nearly all the battles and never was wounded, except at Darbytown, Virginia, October 7, 1864, from which he soon recovered. He was a very remarkable man. He was slender, muscular, with a quick, nervous manner, and one of the best officers in the regiment. He would have made a splendid colonel. I saw him so often in the smoke of battle and always conspicuously doing his duty, that I often wondered how it was that he escaped unhurt. He was very quick to execute an order, and always did it as near exactly right as the circumstances of the case would admit, with one notable exception, at Gettysburg. When he could not capture the Union ordnance train he should have speedily rejoined the regiment in its assault on Little Round Top, where it was hotly engaged. Instead he remained with his company concealed in the woods but three hundred yards distant. He never complained of any hardships, but always seemed contented and cheerful. He would have been an ideal officer of the regular troops. When but one company was necessary at the front for skirmishing, Company A was most frequently sent, because of its efficiency and of its captain. He was not present at the surrender at Appomattox. He came home, and after spending a year or two in comparative idleness, returned to his first love and rejoined the United States cavalry as a private. Some few years afterwards his command, far out in the northwest, one very dry fall were nearly famished for water. From this cause several died, and poor Shaaff was among those whose existence was thus terminated.

George Turner was 62 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability November 24, 1861. He was too old to be a soldier.

Burrell H. Teel was 25 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability in the winter of 1861.

John W. Teel was 18 years old when enlisted, and was severely wounded June 8, 1862, at Cross Keys, which permanently disabled him. He was honorably discharged.

John P. Tillery was 18 years old when enlisted. Promoted corporal January 1, 1863. He was a good and brave soldier; was severely wounded near Fussell's Mills on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864, which permanently disabled him, and he was honorably retired.

James Turner was 22 years old when enlisted. He served through the Valley campaign and was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

Thomas E. Turner was 18 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862; afterwards his health was very poor, but he returned to duty and was captured in East Tennessee, January 25, 1864, while on detail guarding forage wagons. He never was exchanged.

John Taff was enlisted April 14, 1861, at Tuscaloosa, for twelve months, in the Fifth Alabama, and was transferred to this company in March, 1862; reenlisted for the war when his term expired. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and was killed at Spottsylvania Court House, May 10, 1864. He was a good and brave soldier.

Mathew D. Thompson was 18 years old when enlisted in December, 1862. His captain wrote on the muster roll: "Played off sick at Fredericksburg; was sent to hospital and procured a discharge February, 1863. He was no account."

A. J. Treadwell was enlisted November 25, 1864. He was a conscript, and the captain never learned his age. He never was in battle. His captain wrote on the muster roll: "He skulked or ran out when going into battle; was a bad egg, deserted, and was never seen by the company officers again."

John Thornton was 42 years old when he enlisted; rendered but little service, and was discharged for disability in 1862.

James M. Tate was 19 years old when enlisted, a man of poor health and delicate constitution. He was willing to serve and did the best he could. He tried hard to keep with his command and do his duty. He was finally detailed as a baggage

guard. His health at length improved and he was with his command in several engagements toward the close of the war, and was slightly wounded on picket in the latter part of 1864.

Isaac H. Tate was enlisted April 1, 1863, and was 17 years old. He fought bravely and well, was severely wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and was never able to return to duty. For some years after the war he was a merchant at Columbia, in Henry County, Alabama, in which business he failed, and consequently moved to Dallas, Texas, where he resided at last accounts. He was a good citizen.

Andrew J. West was 40 years old when enlisted. Discharged for disability on November 26, 1861.

James K. West was 42 years old when enlisted. Discharged for disability at the same time and place.

Benjamin Wooten was 40 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November, 1861.

Munro Warlick was 20 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November, 1861.

L. Watson was 22 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 9, 1861.

Thomas Wade was 21 years old when enlisted; had measles, and was discharged for disability early in 1862.

Jackson Wade was 17 years old when enlisted. He fought very well, and did his whole duty until wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, of which he afterwards died, date not known.

Wiley M. Whiteley was 18 years old when enlisted. He served bravely through the Valley campaign, was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. A good young soldier.

William G. Williams was enlisted when 18 years old. He was a splendid soldier until severely wounded at Turkey Ridge, or second Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864, which permanently disabled him, and he was honorably retired.

James H. Williams was 17 years old when enlisted March 1, 1863. He fought through several battles with his company, but his captain entered upon the muster roll the following: "Kept out of battle at Chester Station, June 17, 1864. Shot himself in the hand purposely, it is believed, and got off to hospital and then to home. A cowardly shirker."

Lock Weems was originally adjutant of the regiment, and never was enlisted or mustered as a member of this company. After Captain Lowther's promotion as major, Adjutant Weems was appointed, by order of Colonel Canty, captain of this company.

The Colonel had no right to make the appointment, and Weems was never confirmed or recognized as such by the War Department. He was a splendid officer and continued to discharge the duties of captain until at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, he was killed, while behaving most gallantly. He was very popular in the regiment, not only admired for his soldierly and gentlemanly conduct, but much beloved by officers and men.

Asbury Wooten was 21 years old when enlisted; was a splendid soldier until severely wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862, which permanently disabled him for further service, and he was honorably retired.

This company had a total membership, including Captain Weems, of 123 men.

Of these, 17 died of disease; 18 were killed in battle or mortally wounded, and died soon after; 57 were wounded in action, the same men sometimes being wounded in more than one battle; 19 were discharged for original disability; 11 men deserted; and 7 men went through two or more battles—and some of them through twenty—without ever receiving a wound.

One captain was killed, two were promoted, and three lieutenants resigned.

COMPANY B.

This was a volunteer company in existence some time before the war began. It was known as the "Midway Guards," and was raised at and in the neighborhood of Midway, then Barbour, now Bullock County.

John W. L. Daniel was its captain. At the organization of the regiment he was elected major. Isaac B. Feagin was elected captain to succeed him. He was at that time 27 years of age, and made a good officer. He was courageous and faithful, and commanded his company in every engagement of the regiment, up to a short time preceding the second battle of Manassas, when, being senior captain present, he commanded the regiment through the fighting at Manassas Junction, on the Plains, at Chantilly Farm, at Sharpsburg, and at Shepherdstown. At the latter place, on September 19, 1862, he received a painful wound from a fragment of a shell, which disabled him for several months. While at home on furlough he was married to a handsome young lady, whose tender care contributed to his early restoration. When he

returned to duty in the early part of the next year he found himself court-martialed by Gen. D. H. Hill. He was charged by the General with improper and unofficer-like conduct at the battle of Sharpsburg. General Hill rode up to him in the heat of battle, stayed but a minute, and did not understand the situation. He inquired for the regimental commander. He was told, and found him a short distance away behind some hay stacks, whither he had gone to hurry up a detail in getting cartridges out of the boxes of wounded men who had sought shelter there. Hill supposed that he was hiding there through fear, and did not seek any explanation. Feagin was a brave officer. The writer was the judge advocate of the court martial which tried him. As soon as the facts were laid before the court, Feagin was honorably acquitted, and there being no field officer present he again took command of the regiment, and thus remained until promoted lieutenant-colonel about the 1st of May, 1863.

Watt P Jones was first lieutenant, 24 years of age, when commissioned. He was a gallant officer, and always present for duty until at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862, he was severely wounded, which rendered necessary the amputation of one of his arms at the shoulder joint. He was never able to serve with his company thereafter, and died in Richmond, February 1, 1863, of smallpox.

Ben F Coleman was second lieutenant, 21 years of age when commissioned. He had very poor health, and resigned in May, 1862. After the war he became a practicing physician, and in 1903 was residing in Ozark, Alabama.

Richard E. Wright was third lieutenant, 22 years of age when commissioned. He was present in every campaign and battle until at Second Manassas, August 28, 1862, he was severely wounded. I think he was then second lieutenant. First Lieutenant Jones was in command of the company, but he was wounded and disabled very early in the action, and Lieutenant Wright commanded the company. Being on the left of the regiment his company was in a position which, under his intelligent and brave direction, was doing splendid execution, when he was wounded by a Minie-ball crushing the bone of his upper right arm just below the shoulder joint, and another ball passing through his left lung, from which he that night and at other times thereafter came very near dying. He was promoted to the captaincy of his company about May 1, 1863, although he had not been able

to return to duty. He came to the company after its return from the Gettysburg campaign in July, but finding that he was still unable to perform the duties of captain, at his request was put on the retired list, and went home. Captain Wright has at times ever since suffered from his wounds. He had four brothers in the company—one died of disease, one lost a leg from a wound, one was killed, and one discharged for disability, but reenlisted in another regiment, though never was able to render very efficient service. Captain Wright represented Barbour County in the lower house of the General Assembly in 1886-87, after which he removed from that county to Bullock, where he still resides at Midway, a highly esteemed and worthy citizen.

John J. Taylor, first sergeant, was 20 years old when enlisted, and served faithfully with his company; was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and on August 16 he put in Thomas T. Thompson as his substitute, and retired from the service. He lived at Midway, a highly respected citizen, until his death in 1902.

W. P. Gary, second sergeant, was 22 years old when enlisted. He served faithfully with his company, and at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862, was wounded, which kept him out of the service until about the first of the year 1863, when he returned and was present in all the campaigns and battles clear up to the surrender at Appomattox. He was elected third lieutenant May 12, 1863, and promoted to second lieutenant August 15 of the same year. He resides near Spring Hill, in Barbour County, engaged in farming—a good citizen and esteemed by all his neighbors.

Egbert Hill was third sergeant, and 24 years old when enlisted. He was a faithful man; died of disease at Centerville, Virginia, November, 1861.

T. J. Bass, fourth sergeant, was 19 years old when enlisted. He was appointed ordnance sergeant in April, 1862, and discharged his duties faithfully and well in that position until he died of disease at Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, October 9, 1863.

William Tarver, first corporal, was 20 years old when enlisted. He died of disease at Front Royal, Virginia, January 1, 1862.

W. M. Hall, second corporal, was 26 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Front Royal, Virginia, December 25, 1861.

J. L. Wright, third corporal, was 24 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier and nearly always present for duty until at the

battle of Hazel River, Virginia, August 22, 1862, he was severely wounded, and thereby disabled, and subsequently honorably retired, having lost a leg. He died in Texas in 1898.

C. A. Parker, fourth corporal, was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, on hand for duty, and participated in the greater number of battles until wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, of which wound he died on the 21st day of that month. He had been promoted to second sergeant for bravery and good soldierly qualities.

C. C. Blakey was 27 years old when enlisted. Had measles in 1861, and died of disease on July 10, 1862, at Richmond.

T. J. Beard was 19 years old when enlisted. He was sick the greater part of the time while in service, but was in six engagements with the enemy, and was captured at Wauhatchie, Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, and never exchanged. He survived the war, and moved to Texas.

J. C. Beasley was 26 years old when enlisted. He was in poor health, and never was in but two battles before that of Gettysburg, in which he was captured and never exchanged. I do not know whether he was wounded. He died in 1863.

T. S. Beasley was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and present in every engagement until severely wounded at Hazel River, Virginia, August 22, 1862, which disabled him for a considerable time. He returned to duty about the first of 1863, and fought bravely in every battle until wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864, after which he was never able to render efficient service. In 1904 he was living in Calhoun County, Alabama.

J. B. Bowen was 23 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, in consequence of which he was absent from the regiment until the Suffolk campaign early in 1863, when he was detailed as a teamster, and captured at Dandridge, Tennessee, February 1, 1864, and never exchanged. He died in Florida several years after the war.

J. T. Bledsoe was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, was wounded at second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862. He returned to duty and was in the Suffolk campaign, and at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, was captured and never exchanged. He died several years after the war.

Miles Bell was enlisted March 18, 1862, at the age of 20 years. He was in the battle of Lookout Valley, October 28, 1862, and

that made him sick. He was then mustered "absent sick" until returned to the company just before February 4, 1864, in East Tennessee, when he deserted.

Olin Bell was enlisted March 18, 1862, when 18 years old. He fought at Fredericksburg, at Suffolk, and at Gettysburg, where he was captured July 2, 1863, and never exchanged.

E. Berrell was 20 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability, February 1, 1862.

Tom J. Burk was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; fought well through the Valley campaign, and was killed at Cold Harbor, Virginia, July 27, 1862. Tom was a good boy and a high-toned young gentleman.

J. Y. Boyd was 30 years old when enlisted. Doctor Boyd was a good soldier, but was severely wounded in the hand at the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, which disabled him from further service as a private; he was detailed as a clerk in the hospital at Columbus, Georgia. He was a dentist by profession, and not well able to pursue it after the war in consequence of his wounded hand. In 1903 he was residing in Birmingham, Alabama.

J. T. Bradbury was 20 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 25, 1861.

J. H. Brooks was 17 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 9, 1861.

J. D. Calloway was 21 years old when enlisted. He was promoted to corporal in 1862, and to sergeant May, 1863, for meritorious conduct. He was a brave soldier, fought well, but was wounded and captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. He was exchanged October 30, 1864, but never able to render any further service. He became a physician, and was residing in Texas in 1903.

W. M. Calloway was 19 years old when enlisted. He was absent sick and on furlough until the fall of 1862, when his health was restored, and he was then present in every campaign and battle clear up to the surrender at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865, and was so fortunate as never to have been wounded. He became a physician and was residing in Texas in 1903.

Frank B. Calloway was enlisted March 18, 1862, at the age of 22 years. He was a brave soldier; was killed at Suffolk, Virginia, May 1, 1863.

Joseph Colwell was 28 years old when enlisted; was discharged for disability December 11, 1861.

Welburn Cope was 22 years old when enlisted, and died of disease near Fairfax, Virginia, October 10, 1861.

John Cosby was enlisted March 18, 1862, at the age of 26 years; was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

John Chatham was 17 years old when enlisted; died of disease near Fairfax Court House, Virginia, November 26, 1861.

John Cargill was enlisted March 15, 1862, when 26 years old; died of disease May 1, 1862.

John Frank Cain was 17 years old when enlisted. He was made fourth corporal for his gallantry in battle, and was killed by a sharp-shooter at Petersburg, Virginia, June 26, 1864. I was within fifteen steps of him when he was killed. We were behind breastworks. He made a little fire just in the rear of the line, and was making some coffee in a tin cup. I was looking at him, and saw him fall forward in the fire, before I heard the report of a gun, which was fired from a point at least three-quarters of a mile distant. The bullet passed through poor Frank's head. He was snatched out of the fire and turned over, when that boyish, beardless, manly young face showed that death was instantaneous. No better boy or finer soldier than Frank could be found in the regiment.

Thomas J. Coleman was 24 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; was detailed as a color guard August 16, 1862, and carried the regimental colors through several engagements, but did not have the colors at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863, where he was captured; not exchanged during the war. He resided in Pike County, a few miles north of Troy, Alabama, for several years after the war. He died between 1880 and 1890. His widow was a Miss Tarver, and the last account the writer had of her she was living in Atlanta, Georgia, and quite poor.

John Crews was 19 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Centerville, Virginia, November 12, 1861.

Alfred Denham was 28 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier, wounded at second battle of Manassas, captured at Gettysburg, and never exchanged.

George T Denham was 28 years old when enlisted; a good soldier, wounded at Cross Keys, and again severely wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863, which caused the amputation of one of his legs.

William A. Edwards was 20 years old when enlisted; was wounded at Cold Harbor, and again at Second Manassas; and at the battle of Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, on the night of the 28th of October, 1863, he was captured, and never exchanged during the war.

Robert Edwards was 18 years old when enlisted March 18, 1862; died at Charlottesville, Virginia, June 1, 1862.

Robert J. Eubanks was 17 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and fought all the way through the war to the surrender, and was so fortunate as never to have been seriously wounded. He died in Florida after the war.

Samuel J. Feagin was 20 years old when enlisted, and was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. He was a splendid soldier and a brave young man.

Noah B. Feagin was 17 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Hazel River, Virginia, August 22, 1862; again at Suffolk, Virginia, May 2, 1863, and again on the Darbytown Road in the fall of 1864. After having served as first sergeant of his company he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and finally to the captaincy August 15, 1863, with which rank he continued to serve to the close of the war. After General Lee had become President of Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, Captain Feagin attended that institution and graduated thereat. He then became a lawyer, and located at Union Springs, Alabama, where he practiced for several years with very fair success, and then removed to Anniston, from which he removed to Birmingham, where he still resides. In 1895 Governor Oates appointed him judge of the Inferior Court of that city, which position he filled with great ability and to the entire satisfaction of the public. He was continued in the judgeship. He has of late years been greatly afflicted with rheumatism, but is still able to attend to business. He is highly esteemed as a citizen and honorable gentleman by all who know him. He was an able, upright and popular judge, and was in office when this book was published.

Henry Fennell was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Warrenton, Virginia, December 15, 1861.

Thomas J. Ford was 22 years old when enlisted; was severely wounded at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, and died a few days thereafter.

Henry W. Glover was 24 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; was elected third lieutenant of his company in

March, 1863, and promoted to first lieutenant August 15, 1863. He was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and was mortally wounded between the Darbytown Road and Fort Harrison, October 13, 1864, and died a few days thereafter. By order of Colonel Oates he was assigned to the command of Company K in 1864, and was in command of it when mortally wounded.

Ferdinand Gresham was 18 years old when enlisted. He was absent sick until the beginning of the year 1863; his health having improved, he rendered good service, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

James G. Hitchcock was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier and nearly always present for duty. He was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, again at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, again near Fussell's Mills, Virginia, August 16, 1864. He was made first sergeant of his company September 22, 1862, for meritorious conduct. He served as corporal for more than twelve months prior to that time. At the battle of Wauhatchie, Tennessee, Hitchcock, with his company, was deployed to the left and front to fill a gap in the Confederate line. It was late at night when Howard's troops were passing across our front. A Federal soldier emerged from a thick copse of woods into the moonlight some ten or twelve steps in front of Sergeant Hitchcock, who brought down his Enfield rifle upon the Federal, took deliberate aim and fired. The latter, not moving out of his tracks, said, "You had better mind what you are doing there, or you may hurt somebody." Hitchcock, struck with amazement that he had missed the fellow, thought there was something miraculous about it, and that the man must be a spirit or have supernatural protection, or inspiration, and he fell back a few paces in good order. I doubt whether Hitchcock has ever yet changed his mind upon the subject, although he was a very brave soldier and an efficient officer. After the war he resided near Midway, raised a large family of children, and was always a much-respected citizen. Several years after the war he accidentally lost one hand in a cotton gin.

James Hancock was 25 years old when enlisted March 14, 1862, and died May 10, 1862, at Petersburg, Virginia.

John Huffman was 17 years old when enlisted; died of disease, February 1, 1862.

Berry A. Hughes was 23 years old when enlisted. He put in his brother, John W. Hughes, as his substitute February 15, 1862.

John W. Hughes was 20 years old when enlisted, and came in as a substitute for his brother Berry. John was a good soldier; was wounded at Sharpsburg, at Chickamauga, and near Fussell's Mills, August 16, and again at Fort Gilmer, September 29, 1864. He served through the war. He and Berry lived in Montgomery for a while, and John afterwards resided in Tallapoosa County, Alabama, as a teacher; he was a respected citizen. He was living in Shelby County, Alabama, in 1903.

Thomas Hutchinson was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; fought well until killed at second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862.

James Hutchinson was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; severely wounded at Hazel River, Virginia, August 22, 1862, which rendered necessary the amputation of one of his legs, after which he was honorably retired. In 1903 he was living in Chambers County, Alabama.

M. L. Harper was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, again at Second Manassas, August 28, and was killed at Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864. A brave and good man.

Thaddeus C. Harper was 20 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Mt. Jackson, Virginia, December 9, 1861.

Cincinnatus Harper was 17 years old when enlisted November 15, 1863. He fought through five engagements in the next year, and then was reported "absent sick," and was at home on furlough at the time of the surrender.

Henry H. Hodges was 21 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier; wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and mortally wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, which he survived about ten days. His captain entered up the muster roll the following: "Deserved much credit for gallantry on the field of battle."

Jackson Hicks was 25 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Mt. Jackson, Virginia, November 25, 1861.

William N. Johns was 20 years old when enlisted; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. He was promoted to third corporal in September, 1862, and to fifth sergeant May 15, 1863. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and left upon the field. He was lying on his back, unable to turn over, or to move. That night, after the battle, he nearly died for want of water; the next day a very hard rain fell all through the

afternoon and a part of the night. Sergeant Johns had not been removed. He said the only way he kept from drowning was by putting his hat over his face. He was within the Union lines, and that night they removed him to a hospital and gave him attention. He had thus lain upon the field, without having any attention whatever, for more than twenty-four hours after he fell. His wound was a very severe one in the hip and thigh, and made him a cripple for life. As soon as he was able to be removed he was exchanged and honorably retired. I met him once or twice after the war. He was a good young man and a gallant soldier, and was living in Texas in 1903.

Lewis Johns was 25 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862, and died of disease about the 1st of April, 1862.

William C. Jordan was 26 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He was absent sick and on furlough some time at first until he became somewhat inured to camp life, and then made one of the best soldiers in the regiment; was nearly always present in the full performance of his duty. He was detailed in August, 1864, as color-bearer, and carried the colors through two battles; was wounded at Fort Gilmer, September 29, 1864, but soon returned to duty, and continued to the surrender. He was not surrendered at Appomattox. When Longstreet's corps abandoned Richmond and withdrew from the north side of James River. Jordan and Hartsfield, of Company I, were guarding a private residence, and were not withdrawn or notified that the corps had gone. As soon as they learned it they passed north of Richmond and to Lynchburg and onward to Danville, in pursuit of the regiment, until they learned of Lee's surrender. They walked over 200 miles in search of the command to which they belonged. He returned home from the war and went to work manfully to rebuild his broken fortune. His slaves were all free, but he had a good plantation left. He was ever one of the most active, energetic, and prominent citizens. He raised a large family of children and all the time maintained the esteem and confidence of his neighbors. He was active in politics, always a thorough Democrat, served in the lower house of the General Assembly, and in the spring of 1885 was appointed by President Cleveland receiver of public moneys at the land office in Montgomery, Alabama. He was always a true man to the faith he professed, to his friends, and his country. He resided near Midway, Alabama, and was living in 1904.

Walter C. Jackson was 21 years old when enlisted; was one of the best soldiers in the regiment; was present in every battle, without exception, in which the regiment was engaged, until captured in the night fight of Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, and never was exchanged or paroled until after the war. He was very fortunate, considering his conspicuous gallantry, never to have been wounded. He was third corporal when captured. In 1903 he was appointed watchman at the Capitol, Montgomery, Alabama. Always a good, faithful man.

William Jackson was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease October 1, 1861.

Samuel Jones was 22 years old when enlisted; was transferred to Company D, of the same regiment, September 5, 1862. He was somewhat indolent as a soldier, but fought well. After the war he was a farmer, resident near Eufaula, Alabama, on the Glenville wagon-road.

John C. Jones was 28 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier; severely wounded at Second Manassas, August 28, 1862, from which he died six days thereafter. He was shot through one arm and his body, and died in the hospital.

William Johnson was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease near Fairfax Court House, Virginia, in the fall of 1861.

Robert Johnson was 26 years old when enlisted November 25, 1864. He was a conscript and rendered but little service.

Alsey Kennedy was 21 years old when enlisted and was killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. He was a good and brave soldier.

William B. Kendrick was 21 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier, always present for duty in all the battles in which the regiment was engaged, until elected junior second lieutenant in the Thirty-seventh Alabama Regiment in July, 1862. He served with his company in that regiment so acceptably that Lieut.-Col. A. A. Greene, commanding the regiment, complimented him by an order read at dress parade for his gallantry and general efficiency. By the voluntary action of all the officers and men of Company E, Forty-second Alabama Regiment, he was made captain of that company, in which he served most acceptably and gallantly; was several times wounded, and once quite severely. He resided at Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1903, and had won very considerable distinction as a teacher and

on the lecture platform. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Much more might be said of him, but space forbids.

Henry J. Kendrick was 24 years old when enlisted August 18, 1862; died of disease at Winchester, Virginia, October 20, 1862.

Benjamin E. Kendrick was 23 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier and fought bravely, but was killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Daniel L. Kendrick was 21 years old when enlisted; was discharged for disability December 15, 1861, but reenlisted in the company August 18, 1862. After he fought through three battles he was detailed on June 14, 1863, to drive an ambulance, and served faithfully through to the surrender at Appomattox. In 1903 he was residing in Phoenix City, Alabama.

Robert S. Kendrick was 18 years old when enlisted. He fought well until wounded and captured by the enemy at Gettysburg and never was exchanged during the war.

(d) Washington King was 21 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, rendered but little service, and died of disease at Gordonsville, Virginia, July 10, 1863.

(d) James King was 23 years old when enlisted. He rendered some service, but was usually sick, and died of disease at Richmond in March, 1863.

(d) La Fayette King was 20 years old when enlisted August 10, 1862, and died of disease April 30, 1863. The last three men were citizens of Dale County when enlisted.

James S. Kemington was 18 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, October 15, 1861.

Henry Kelly, was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was killed at the battle of Hazel River, Virginia, August 22, 1862.

Samuel D. Leary was 28 years old when enlisted. He was a newspaper man by profession, and was always saying that he was going to write up the history of the regiment. He had sufficient ability to have done it well, but never did. Was very fond of spirits and was discharged for disability in the summer of 1862, never having been in a battle, and died soon after the war in Elmore County, Alabama.

Elisha Lane was 21 years old when enlisted. He served through the Valley campaign and the seven days' battles around Richmond, then was absent sick several months, but returned and went through the first Maryland campaign and served well until severely wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, in

consequence of which he was sent to the hospital in Richmond, where he died of smallpox on March 6, 1864.

Eugene P Lane was 19 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He was one of the best soldiers in the regiment; was present in every campaign and battle, and was promoted second corporal in January, 1864, for his bravery and meritorious conduct as a soldier. He fought through the war to the surrender, returned home, and made a splendid citizen. He was residing in Russell County in 1904.

Andrew J. Lane was 25 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He fought well and was a good soldier until severely wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, which caused the amputation of one of his legs, after which he was honorably discharged from service. He went home to his family and did the best he could to make a living, but remained a very poor man. In 1894, when William C. Oates became Governor of Alabama, he appointed Mr. Lane a watchman, or Capitol policeman, where he served for two years, and until dropped from the roll by the succeeding Governor. He afterwards received an appointment, or was employed as a guard, or in some subordinate position, at the penitentiary at Speigners, Alabama. He died in Montgomery, in the year 1899.

Emery A. Lane was 19 years old when enlisted April 27, 1861, in a Mississippi regiment, and afterwards was transferred to this company. He was severely wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862, which greatly disabled him, but he sufficiently recovered so that he rejoined the company, and was again wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, but continued to serve with his company to the surrender. He was an excellent soldier. He could have been retired on his second wound, but patriotically refused to apply for it.

James Lee was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier and rendered good service until killed at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862.

John Little was 34 years old when enlisted. He was an Irishman; was never in a battle; discharged for disability September 15, 1862.

Jack McDonald was 46 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, but recovered, returned to duty and was again wounded at Gettysburg. He recovered and rejoined his company at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and gallantly continued to discharge his duty until his term

of service expired by his reaching the age of 48 years, when he was honorably discharged.

John McDonald was 20 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, and died of disease the following October, without ever having been in a battle.

Edward McMillan was 21 years old when enlisted. He fought bravely, and was a good soldier until killed at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862.

A. P. McMillan was 22 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He was a good soldier, but was absent sick about half his time, until at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, he was killed.

John McMillan was 24 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He was a brave soldier, but was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

Neal A. McCaskill was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, fought well, but was mortally wounded at Suffolk, Virginia, May 2, 1863, of which he died a few days thereafter.

Samuel B. McJunkin was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a fine young man, a school teacher by profession and local Presbyterian minister, and frequently acted as chaplain of the regiment, but continued to serve in the ranks. On Thursday night, August 28, 1862, when the regiment was ordered into the most terrific battle, Mr. McJunkin went in praying for his comrades and his country, and was very badly wounded in both arms, which disabled him for rendering any further service, and he was afterwards honorably retired on account of his wounds. He was a very brave man as well as a pious one. I never saw him any more, but learned that he went to Texas.

Daniel Mulligan was 26 years old when enlisted March 15, 1862. After serving through one little skirmish he deserted, two months after his enlistment, as is shown by the muster roll. He was a native Irishman.

William McWhorter was 26 years old when enlisted; discharged for disability February 1, 1862, and died since the war.

John C. McWhorter was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Centerville, Virginia, December 15, 1861.

J. W. McWhorter was 21 years old when enlisted; died of disease at Centerville, Virginia, December 10, 1861.

Thomas J. Mills was 24 years old when enlisted; was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland; served faithfully through the war up to the first day of January, 1865, and the muster roll of the com-

pany gives no further account of him. He resided in Phoenix City, Alabama, in 1903.

Samuel J. Ming was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and served faithfully all through the war, so far as the writer's observation extended or the muster roll informs him. He was detailed as a litter-bearer, removing wounded from the field at several battles. He survived the war and resided for several years after in Bullock County, a respected citizen.

Wm. J. Ming was 24 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Hazel River, August 22, 1862, but recovered and fought bravely with his company until severely wounded in the head at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1862. He so far recovered from this wound that he returned to his company, fought bravely in most of the battles of 1864, continued in the service, and was at the surrender at Appomattox. In 1903 he was living in Texas.

George M. Ming was 23 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 22, 1861.

Wm. D. Mosley was 20 years old when enlisted; was mortally wounded at the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, of which he died about one week later. A good and brave soldier.

Charles O. Newman was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier, always present for duty, but was captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and never exchanged or paroled until after the war.

Hardy R. Norris was 21 years old when enlisted, originally in Company C of the regiment, and transferred to this company. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, but soon returned to duty, and fought bravely until mortally wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and died upon the field in the hands of the enemy.

Isaac C. Owens was 22 years old when enlisted. He fought bravely and did his whole duty until killed at the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862.

George J. Owens was 21 years old when enlisted. He was absent sick a part of the time until wounded and captured at Gettysburg, and never exchanged.

Elijah W. Owens was 25 years old when enlisted. He was absent sick and did not participate in the Valley campaign, but was killed at the second battle of Manassas, August 29, 1862. He was a good soldier.

Alexander Osborne was 21 years old when enlisted; was discharged for disability in January, 1862.

James Philips was 21 years old when enlisted March 18, 1862. He was absent sick during the Valley campaign; was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 29, 1862, and again at Shepherdstown, September 19, 1862; was captured near Dandridge, in East Tennessee, February 1, 1864, and never exchanged. He was a very fair soldier, and was living in Barbour County, Alabama, in 1904.

Robert Philips was 20 years old when enlisted March 18, 1862; died of disease May 16, 1862.

Geo. W. Pope was 20 years old when enlisted March 18, 1862, and was transferred from Company L to B, January 1, 1863. He was taken prisoner at Gettysburg, and never exchanged.

Whitson Pugh was 23 years old when enlisted March 18, 1862. He was an excellent soldier, and fought through every battle until killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Jacob Pruett was 38 years old when enlisted. He fought well and was nearly always present for duty, when not absent on detail, until killed at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19, 1863.

John W. Posey was 18 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier when present, but was absent sick a good part of the time. He was severely wounded at Chester Station, Virginia, June 17, 1864, which disabled him for further service. He died in Florida after the war.

John M. Payne was 20 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, and at Harper's ferry, or Sharpsburg, and at Wauhatchie, Tennessee, and again at Spottsylvania Court House, May 8, 1864, and severely wounded at Darbytown, October 7, 1864, as shown by the muster roll. He was promoted second corporal and then fifth sergeant before his last wound, which disabled him from further service. He was certainly a good soldier. Wounded five times in different battles. His name should be inscribed on the Confederate temple of fame. In 1903 he was living at Curry, Alabama.

James O. Swinny was 18 years old when enlisted. He was nearly always sick, not a good soldier, and discharged for disability February 1, 1864.

Edward B. Swinny was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier, always present for duty until captured at the battle of Gettysburg. Afterwards, while a prisoner of war, he

got into personal difficulty with another young man named John McCloud, who belonged to another company in the same regiment, and who was also a prisoner. They had a fight, and Swinny, being the stouter man, got the better of it; but McCloud got hold of a piece of iron, struck Swinny on the head with it, and killed him, or he subsequently (it is alleged) died from the injury caused by the blow on his head.

Darby H. Swinny was 17 years old when enlisted December 15, 1863. He was in the engagement of Dandridge, January, 1864; was taken prisoner at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and never exchanged during the war. In 1903 he was residing in Texas.

Van Seay was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Pageland, Virginia, September 25, 1861.

Henry D. Stone was 25 years old when enlisted. Was wounded at Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain, Virginia, August 9, 1862, and was killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and left on the field.

Charles Stone was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Pageland, Virginia, September 20, 1862.

John A. Tarver was 19 years old when enlisted; was severely wounded at Second Manassas, August 28, 1862, and thereby disabled for further service, after which he was retired. After the war he studied law, was admitted to the bar, but was never very successful. He was always called "Bose Tarver." He lived, the last heard of him, in Georgia; was very poor, and drawing a pension from the State.

Theo. P. Thompson was 35 years old when enlisted August 16, 1862. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September, 1862, but soon after recovered, returned to duty, and was afterwards killed in a skirmish at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863.

William S. Wesley was 30 years old when enlisted; was one of the finest soldiers in the regiment. He was always present for duty; had been promoted to third sergeant, never had been wounded, though in all the battles; was killed at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864, by a shell from a gunboat in the James River. This is the statement on the muster roll, but Wm. C. Jordan says that he was killed in battle by a Minie-ball.

James H. Wheeler was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, fought well, was wounded at second battle of

Manassas, August 29, 1862, but soon returned to duty and fought well, being present in every battle until killed in the engagement on the Williamsburg Road, Virginia, October 27, 1864. He was a very gallant soldier and his loss was deplored by his comrades.

William Wright was 28 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Pageland, Virginia, September, 1861.

Henry C. Wright was 18 years old when enlisted March 18, 1862. He was sick all the time until discharged for disability January 25, 1863; was living in Texas in 1903.

Thomas D. Wright was 16 years old when enlisted March 18, 1862. From the date of his enlistment he was present in every campaign and every battle in which the regiment was engaged, and at Gettysburg, young as he was, he was promoted fifth sergeant for his gallantry displayed in battle. At Chickamauga he fought with his company on Saturday, September 19, and the next day through a very hard battle, and late that afternoon, the regiment having been separated from the brigade, was fighting on a ridge of Snodgrass Hill. The writer was in command, and had the regiment strung out in one rank, contending against three regiments of the enemy which were assailing us. I had the men to lay logs along the top of the ridge for their partial protection. As I passed down the line my attention was drawn to little Tom Wright, who had emptied his cartridge-box on the ground and was very busy loading and firing as rapidly as possible. I slapped him on the shoulder and said to him, "Tommie, my boy, give it to them." He turned up his beautiful blue eyes, which were slightly crossed, his young face all begrimed with powder, and smilingly said, "That is what I am doing, colonel." I passed on down the line to the left, and returned in one minute, when little Tommie was lying there, his brains shot out and he entirely dead. I could but drop a tear over him. He was the youngest brother of Capt. R. E. Wright, formerly of the same company.

Robert Q. Wright was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease near Fairfax Court House, Virginia, October 25, 1862.

James Willis was 42 years old when enlisted August 18, 1862. He fought through the battle of Fredericksburg and was killed in the next engagement, at Suffolk, May 2, 1863.

Jack Willis was 18 years old when enlisted August 10, 1863. He was mustered as a musician; was furloughed December 27,

after his enlistment, and never returned to duty during the year 1864, and there is no report that he ever did return.

Larkin Waldrop was 23 years old when enlisted; was discharged for disability December 17, 1861.

Thomas L. White was 18 years old when enlisted in the Sixth Alabama cavalry; was transferred to this company and mortally wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, the first battle in which he was engaged after his transfer—had one leg amputated, and died a few days thereafter.

W. H. Whatley was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease May 1, 1862.

This company had from first to last upon its rolls, including the officers, one hundred and thirty-three men. Of these, 33 were killed in battle, or mortally wounded; 36 died of disease; 62 were wounded, the same man frequently in different battles; 1 man killed in personal combat with a comrade; 11 were discharged for original disability; 4 deserted; 8 went through two or more battles without ever receiving a wound.

This was a good company, but not much, if any, above the average of those in the regiment, and I assert that no company in the Confederate Army can show a greater list of casualties in proportion to its membership. This gives some idea of the services rendered and hardships endured by that old regiment in the forty-eight battles in which it was engaged.

COMPANY C

This company was raised in Macon County and organized by the election of officers as follows:

Peter V. Guerry, captain, who was then 45 years of age. He was a gentleman of irreproachable morals, kind-hearted, good-natured and a very efficient officer. He commanded his company well, obeyed orders with alacrity and was in all the campaigns and battles of the regiment until at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, he was killed while leading his company gallantly forward. A Minie-ball passed through his head and killed him instantly. The entire regiment regretted the loss of such a good man and officer.

N. D. Guerry was elected first lieutenant when 37 years of age. He remained only until December 11, 1861, when at Centerville, Virginia, he resigned on account of ill health. He returned home

and survived the war for many years, when he died at his residence in Macon County, a highly respected citizen.

Joseph M. Ellison was elected second lieutenant when 27 years old. He was elected first lieutenant February 1, 1862. He served with his company in all its campaigns during that year until December 22, at Port Royal, Virginia, he resigned and returned to his home in Macon County, where he was living many years after the war, and regarded by his neighbors as a good man.

Benjamin F Lloyd was elected third lieutenant when 27 years old. He never rendered much service and died in Richmond of typhoid-pneumonia December 3, 1861.

Calvin G. W Shelton, first sergeant, was 49 years old when enlisted. He soon found that he was too old for service and secured Stephen H. Darnell as a substitute October 10, 1861.

William J. Murdock, third sergeant, was 24 years old when enlisted. He was not in any active campaign and died of disease at Manassas Junction, February 5, 1862.

William H. Hurt, third sergeant, was 16 years old when enlisted. He was promoted to second sergeant February 1, 1862, and to first sergeant the following September. He was a good and faithful soldier, until captured at Gettysburg, and was held as prisoner until after the close of the war. He was considered one of the best young soldiers and non-commissioned officers in the regiment, and all knew "Sergeant Billie Hurt." His career since the war is well worthy of note. He was for many years Probate Judge of Macon County and was a most excellent and acceptable officer and universally respected by the people. On the expiration of his term in 1898 Judge Hurt was elected to the Legislature, in which he was an active and useful member. He resides in Tuskegee and was always recognized as one of the best and most prominent citizens of Macon County.

Thomas L. Nelson, fourth sergeant, was 27 years old when enlisted. He died near Macon, Georgia, January 4, 1862, when on his way home upon sick leave.

Tillman H. Dozier, first corporal, was 21 years old when enlisted. He died of camp fever at a private house near Centerville, Virginia, November 29, 1861.

John E. Sugar, second corporal, was 22 years old when enlisted; was promoted fifth sergeant February, 1862; fourth sergeant the May following; third sergeant the next September,

and second sergeant September, 1863. He was a good soldier; was wounded and captured at Gettysburg and never exchanged.

William B. Lloyd, third corporal, was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and nearly always present for duty; was wounded at Hazel River, Virginia, August 22, 1862, but as soon as recovered returned to duty, and was again wounded by a piece of shell near Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864. Was promoted fifth sergeant, May, 1862; fourth sergeant the following September and elected third lieutenant in February, 1863, and promoted second lieutenant immediately thereafter; promoted first lieutenant, July, 1863. He survived the war and resided at Creek Stand, Alabama, in 1904.

Allen Crowley, fourth corporal, was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier. Was wounded at the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, Shepherdstown, September 19, 1862, and severely wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. He was promoted for his good soldierly qualities through the different grades of corporal to a sergeancy, but his last wound so disabled him as to render him unfit for further service, and he was honorably retired.

William T. Acrey was 20 years old when enlisted. During the greater part of the year 1862 he was absent sick, but was in several battles and was killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. He was a faithful soldier.

Samuel T. Acrey was 21 years old when enlisted, and died at Charlottesville Hospital of typhoid-pneumonia, June 7, 1862.

Morgan L. Atkinson was 16 years old when enlisted. He was reported "absent sick" for many months and was supposed to have died in hospital, but no official notice was ever given his captain.

Bailey L. Bibby was 33 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier, promoted to second sergeant and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

James Braswell was 22 years old when enlisted March 18, 1862; died of camp fever at Lynchburg Hospital, May 24, 1862.

John A. Burt was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier, nearly always present for duty, and in every battle. Was severely wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. He recovered, returned to duty and was again

wounded on the Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864, from which he never sufficiently recovered to return to duty.

William H. Burt was 23 years old when enlisted in March, 1862. He was discharged by order of the Secretary of War, May 31, 1862. The muster roll does not show the cause of his discharge.

Benjamin J. Burks was 22 years old when enlisted. He went through the Valley campaign and was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. The severity of his wound was such as to permanently disable him, but as he did not desire to be discharged, he was detailed for the performance of light duties. In the fall of 1864, when the ranks of his company were getting quite thin, he voluntarily returned to it and fought through to the surrender. He was a true man and a good soldier. Such a patriot cannot be too highly honored.

Joseph W Baker was 24 years old when enlisted; was wounded at the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, from which he recovered in time to rejoin his company for the battle of Fredericksburg in December of that year. From that time forth he was always present and in every battle, until at Turkey Ridge, or second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, he was killed by a shell from one of the enemy's guns. His name should live forever. He was a fine soldier.

Frank M. Baker was 20 years old when enlisted; was discharged for physical disability June 17, 1862.

William A. Baker was 27 years old when enlisted March, 1862. He was a very fair soldier; was severely wounded in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, from which he never fully recovered, but was subsequently detailed for light duty in Columbus, Georgia.

John H. Berry was 30 years old when enlisted, and as shown by the muster roll, deserted at Pageland, Virginia, September, 1861. It was reported that he subsequently joined an artillery company at Mobile, Alabama, but of this the writer has no proof.

Ephraim Bradshaw was 34 years old when enlisted, August 5, 1862. He rendered but little service; was sent to the hospital sick in October, 1862, where it is supposed that he died, but no official report was ever made of it to the captain.

J. J. Bradshaw was 32 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He rendered but little service, and was sent to the hospital the same time that Ephraim was and was supposed to have died, but no official report of it ever reached his captain. A

sad thought that the two Bradshaws rest among the unknown. How different the service in the army of the United States; if a soldier died in hospital in the Philippines it was soon in the press despatches and known all over the United States.

Joshua L. Chatham was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good and faithful soldier; was wounded at Chickamauga, September 19, 1863; was again severely wounded near Fussell's Mills, Virginia, August 16, 1864, from which he never recovered in time to join his command during the war.

James M. Conaway was 28 years old when enlisted and was wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. He was again wounded at the battle of Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863. He recovered and subsequently returned to the regiment, fought through three battles and was thereafter mustered "absent sick," and the muster roll gives no account whatever of what became of him.

Thomas A. Cargille was 23 years old when enlisted, and early in the Valley campaign, in 1862, he got himself captured and was exchanged the following August. He went through the battle of Fredericksburg the following December and thereafter was mustered "absent without leave," and his captain entered upon the muster roll the following: "A dead expense to the government for no profit." On the 1st of March, 1864, he was transferred to Company A of the regiment and survived the war.

James M. Cooper was 23 years old when enlisted; was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862, but soon recovered and returned to duty; was wounded and captured at Knoxville, Tennessee, November, 1863, and died in the hands of the enemy in that city, January 12, 1864. He was an excellent soldier.

David S. Cooper was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier and died in the hands of the enemy at Knoxville, Tennessee. It was believed that he was also wounded.

James A. Cooper was 23 years old when enlisted; died of measles at Haymarket, Virginia, November, 1861.

William H. Cooper was 20 years old when enlisted February, 1862; was wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863, and again on the Darbytown Road, October 18, 1864, from which he never sufficiently recovered to rejoin his company during the war.

Thomas J. Coleman was 42 years old when enlisted February, 1862; was mustered as sick for the greater part of the time; was

captured at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and died in Fort Delaware, June, 1864, while a prisoner of war.

Alfred Cooley was 40 years old when enlisted. He was mustered "absent sick" the greater part of the time he was in the service, but at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, he was killed in battle.

William Croley was 45 years old when enlisted September 20, 1861. He was received as a substitute for J. E. Ellison and discharged for disability the following December.

Frank A. Davis was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of camp fever in the hospital at Charlottesville, April 28, 1862.

Stephen T. Darnell was 18 years old when enlisted October 10, 1861; was received as a substitute for C. G. W. Shelton. He was reported "absent sick" or on detail all the time and was in comparatively few engagements, and on November 14, 1864, was transferred to the Fourth Georgia Regiment.

Hardy C. Draughon was 23 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was sick all the time after his enlistment and died in hospital at Resaca, Georgia, December 14, 1863, never having rendered any service.

John R. Draughon was 20 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" from the date of his enlistment until in the fall of 1863; then he did good service until severely wounded at Fort Harrison, Virginia, September 30, 1864, from which he never sufficiently recovered to rejoin his company during the war.

James T. Etheridge was 16 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier, always present for duty; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; when he recovered, returned to duty, was appointed fourth corporal and died of pneumonia at Charlottesville, May 3, 1864.

Abraham P. Ellison was 40 years old when enlisted; was discharged for disability November 8, 1861.

James E. Ellison was 38 years old when enlisted. He was a physician by profession, and on September 28, 1861, he put in William Croley as his substitute and was discharged.

James H. Ellison was 24 years old when enlisted. He was appointed first sergeant in October, 1861; was elected second lieutenant February 1, 1862; was promoted to the captaincy of his company on the first day of August following, and was killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863. I gave the command forward. The noise of battle was so great he did not understand me and put his

hand to his ear and inquired. I repeated it. The last words which passed his lips were, "Forward, my men, forward!" I was looking at him when a ball passed through his head, killing him instantly. He fell on his back, threw up his arms, clenched his hands, gave one quiver and was dead. I thought him one of the finest specimens of young manhood I ever beheld. His company gathered around him, notwithstanding they were exposed to the most destructive fire at the time. I ordered Lieutenant Guerry to place the men in line and order them forward. Captain Ellison was the son of the distinguished Methodist Minister Ellison, who was often a presiding elder in his church. The Captain was one of the most esteemed officers in the regiment. All regretted his death. He wore when killed a new and beautiful captain's jacket, trimmed with gold lace, which the writer presented to him before the Pennsylvania campaign began.

Jacob C. G. Funderburk was 26 years old when enlisted, August 15, 1861. He was an ordinary soldier and mustered as "absent sick" a large part of the time and finally "absent without leave," and no remarks appear upon the muster roll to show what became of him.

Benjamin Fowler was 30 years old when enlisted August 18, 1861. He rendered comparatively little service and died at home on sick leave in September, 1862.

Henry Floyd was 21 years old when enlisted September 9, 1861; was discharged for disability May 15, 1862.

LeGrand L. Guerry was 23 years old when enlisted; was one of the best soldiers in the regiment. He was appointed first sergeant February 1, 1862; promoted second lieutenant December 22, 1862; promoted captain September 3, 1863. He was always present for duty and yet, singular to relate, while taking a conspicuous part in every battle, never was wounded. He was a very moral and religious man and performed every duty, whether in camp or battle, with the same devotion that he said his prayers at night. There was no more sincere Christian than Captain Guerry, though of exceedingly quiet and passive disposition. He resided for a great many years after the war in Eufaula, Alabama. He was never very successful financially, but lived fully up to the requirements of Justinian's law—he lived honestly, hurt nobody (since the war) and rendered unto every man his due. He was the nephew of the first Captain Guerry of this company. In 1898 he suffered a stroke of paralysis, which disabled him for business.

He was quite poor and the writer made him some small contributions, which aided him to battle against want until the fall of that year, when he died—a brave soldier, a true Christian, an inoffensive and good man.

John E. Guerry was 16 years old when enlisted. He was a very fine soldier, nearly always present for duty; was promoted from fourth to first corporal for his good soldierly conduct. He served faithfully through to the close, but was "absent sick" a good part of the time in the latter part of 1864.

Thomas J. Guerry was 21 years old when enlisted March 10, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" the greater part of the time while in service, but was captured at the battle of Knoxville, Tennessee, November, 1863, and died January thereafter, a prisoner of war.

Douglass D. Guerry was 19 years old when enlisted April 28, 1861, in the Fourth Alabama Regiment of infantry, and was transferred to this company February 3, 1863; was appointed fifth sergeant in June thereafter, and promoted to first sergeant in September following. He was a good soldier and nearly always present for duty.

Joseph Guy was 28 years old when enlisted; went through the Valley campaign of 1862, but became sick and was sent to the hospital at Staunton, where he died November 29 of that year.

Blank S. Grantham was 24 years old when enlisted; died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 20, 1861.

John M. Head was 18 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier and always present for duty until wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863. He recovered from his wound in time to join his company before the opening of the campaign of the Wilderness, May, 1864, and then was present in every engagement until again wounded at Petersburg, Va., July 3, 1864. From that he recovered and returned to duty in the fall of that year. He was a faithful soldier and present at the surrender.

Miles Hurn was 35 years old when enlisted. He rendered but little service and was mustered as "absent sick" all the time and died in the hospital, but no official report was ever made thereof to the captain of his company—another evidence of inefficient hospital service.

Elijah Hunt was 40 years old when enlisted; was discharged for disability October 8, 1861.

Thomas Hunt was 19 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in hospital at Richmond, Virginia, December 8, 1861.

Luther W Hydrick was 14 years old when enlisted October 17, 1864. The muster roll shows that he was present and participated in the battle on the Williamsburg Road, Virginia, October 27, 1864, and gives no further account of him.

David J. Jackson was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; went through the Valley campaign, was in all the engagements, but at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, he was mortally wounded and died about the middle of July, 1862.

F. F. Jackson was 27 years old when enlisted. He died of pneumonia at Haymarket, Virginia, November 12, 1861.

Luther D. Johnson was 22 years old when enlisted March, 1862. He was a good soldier, but at the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, he was severely wounded, which caused the amputation of one arm, in consequence of which he was honorably discharged in July, 1862.

John G. Key was 35 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was severely wounded at second battle of Manassas, August, 1862, from which he recovered and promptly returned to duty, and was present in every engagement until on Longstreet's invasion of East Tennessee, at Loudon, he became so sick as to be unable to march, and was captured by the enemy in November, 1863, and was held as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

William B. Lee was 20 years old when enlisted August 10, 1864. He was a conscript; was assigned to this company, but never reported for duty.

Ivy M. McGrady was 16 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier; served faithfully through the Valley campaign, but was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

J. E. McGrady was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of camp fever in Virginia, October 5, 1861.

Richard M. McDonald was 16 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was wounded at Gettysburg, and, trying to make his escape back to Virginia, was captured with the wagon-train on July 4, 1863, and never exchanged during the war.

R. H. Mims was 30 years old when enlisted; died of measles in Virginia, October 8, 1861.

William H. Mansel was 20 years old when enlisted August 15, 1861. He was a fine, patriotic soldier; was severely wounded at

Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; was again severely wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and was left on the field of battle, captured by the enemy, and paroled in August, 1863, but never exchanged.

Amos P Mansel was 18 years old when enlisted. He was also an excellent soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. He soon returned to duty, and was always at his post, but was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

John E. Mansel was 19 years old when enlisted, and died of measles at Haymarket, Virginia, December 6, 1861.

Samuel J. Mansel was 28 years old when enlisted September 20, 1861, and died of disease in Virginia the following winter; the date not shown by the muster roll.

Samuel J. Murdock was 23 years old when enlisted March 7, 1862. He was a very good soldier, fought well, but was mortally wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862, from which he died the next day.

Elijah W Owens was 28 years old when enlisted August 15, 1861, and was transferred to Company B of the regiment in June, 1862.

Zachariah C. Pugh was 39 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier, was nearly always present for duty, and fought well, but died in the hospital at Richmond, Virginia, of dysentery, September 7, 1864.

James T Pugh was 44 years old when enlisted, and died of pneumonia at Pageland, Virginia, November 3, 1861.

Frank M. Rice was 25 years old when enlisted August 15, 1861. He was a very fair soldier, but was on detail the greater part of the time until December, 1863, when he was transferred to Company H of the regiment.

James M. Reeves was 35 years old when enlisted October, 1862; rendered but very little service, and died of disease at Abingdon, Virginia, April 17, 1864.

John S. Russell was 30 years old when enlisted March 17, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" during the greater part of the war, but was present at the engagement on the Williamsburg Road, Virginia, October 27, 1864, after which the muster roll gives no account of him whatever.

Richard W Russell was 35 years old when enlisted March 18, 1862, and died of typhoid fever at Gordonsville, June 1, 1862.

James M. Skinner was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, always present for duty until killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

John T. Skinner was 20 years old when enlisted. He was also a good soldier and was very severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. He recovered, returned to service, and fought well up to 1864; mustered thereafter as "absent sick" and no final account was ever given of him.

William J. Slaton was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of typhoid-pneumonia in Richmond, May 6, 1862.

James A. Slaton was 18 years old when enlisted. During the campaign in the Valley he was captured by the enemy June 2, 1862, and exchanged the following August. He was severely wounded and captured at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September, 1862, and exchanged in April, 1863. He was again wounded and captured at Gettysburg, and continued a prisoner of war until after the surrender. He was not able to procure an exchange on his third capture. He was a faithful soldier.

Andrew J. Shelton was 42 years old when enlisted. He was absent sick a large part of the time, but was present at the engagement of Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863; was taken prisoner and not exchanged during the war.

Simeon Strickland was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier. Was wounded in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, but recovered, returned to duty, but not until in the summer of 1864. He was several times mustered as "absent sick," but the muster roll fails to show whatever became of him.

Van Buren Strickland was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was mortally wounded at Malvern Hill, Virginia, and died July 7, 1862.

Lucius Springs was 30 years old when enlisted. He never rendered much service and deserted in East Tennessee in November, 1863, during the siege of Knoxville. He was a "shingle getter" by trade.

James Singleton was 42 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was killed by a grape-shot from a battery of the enemy at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862.

Thomas Singleton was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was several times promoted as corporal, and to fifth sergeant, but was mortally wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, from which he died about a month later.

Wm. S. P. Singleton was 23 years old when enlisted. He appears from the muster roll to have been a good soldier and to have fought in many battles, and was wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 29, 1863. He recovered, returned to duty early in 1864, and appears to have been present in several engagements, but from and after the battle of Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, he was mustered as "absent sick," and no further account was ever given of him.

Joseph Sorrell was 22 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He appears to have been present at only one battle, to wit, that of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862; some two months later he became sick with typhoid-pneumonia, and died at the hospital in Richmond, Virginia, March 21, 1863.

John Sorrell was 20 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He too was in but one battle, that of Fredericksburg, and was two months subsequently taken sick, and died in the hospital at Richmond, Virginia, early in April, 1863.

John T. Snipes was 30 years old when enlisted in March, 1862. He was a very good soldier; was severely wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862. His thigh-bone was broken by a Minie-ball and he fell into the hands of the enemy. His wound proved to be mortal, and he died some two or three weeks thereafter.

Thornton J. Streetman was 21 years old when enlisted. He never rendered much service; was nearly always sick, and died in Richmond in the hospital, July, 1863.

William Turner was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of measles at Haymarket, Virginia, October 24, 1861.

John B. Turner was 16 years old when enlisted. He made a good soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; returned to duty as soon as he recovered, and fought bravely until wounded at Petersburg, July 10, 1864. It seemed that he never was able to return to duty.

William Thompson was 49 years old when enlisted; was nearly all the time mustered as "absent sick," until discharged for disability March 16, 1864.

Elihu C. Talbott was 16 years old when enlisted. He was mustered as "absent sick" through 1861-62, but in 1863 was present for duty in every engagement until killed at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19, 1863.

John Tinnery was 48 years old when enlisted August 5, 1861, and deserted in less than a week thereafter.

Elisha P. Vinson was 27 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was promoted to first corporal, February, 1862, and killed at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862.

Green B. Vinson was 30 years old when enlisted in March, 1862. He made a fair soldier; was severely wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 29, 1863, and after his recovery served mainly on detail; the muster roll gives no final account of him.

Joel Wicker was 17 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was mortally wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and died soon thereafter.

Julius A. Wicker was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a pretty fair soldier, though mustered as "absent sick" the greater part of the time, but was present in all the engagements in 1863 until captured at the battle of Gettysburg, and never exchanged.

Bascom K. Wilkerson was 16 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier and present for duty in a good many battles, but was often mustered as "absent sick" and several times "absent without leave," and on the night of December 14, 1864, near the Darbytown Road, Virginia, while on outpost picket duty, deserted to the enemy.

Thomas J. Wheelless was 50 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability May 28, 1862.

Eugene B. Woodham was 18 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, and again at Second Manassas, August 29, 1862, but recovered and returned to duty, and was in the Fredericksburg battle in December, 1862, but at Suffolk, Virginia, April 15, 1863, he was killed upon the skirmish line by a shell which struck immediately in front of him as he lay on the ground, and exploded right under him, tearing him to pieces.

Silas Walker was 41 years old when enlisted in May, 1863. He was mustered as "absent sick" nearly all the time until the winter of 1862; then and thereafter, notwithstanding his age, he was present for duty nearly all the time. He survived the war and attended a reunion of the regiment, years afterwards, which was held at Blue Springs, Barbour County, Alabama.

Thomas R. Watts was 25 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He made a very fair soldier and was present at a good

many engagements. The muster roll fails to show what finally became of him.

This company contained, including officers, 108 men. Of these, 34 died of disease; 20 were killed in battle or were mortally wounded and died soon after; 43 the total number of wounds received; 9 were discharged for original disability; 7 went through two or more battles without receiving a wound, and 5 deserted.

The company had two captains killed, and three lieutenants resigned.

COMPANY D.

This company was raised in the neighborhood of Fort Browder, in Barbour County, was called the "Fort Browder Roughs."

Moses Worthington was elected captain at the age of 28 years. He was of feeble constitution and had very poor health in camp. He resigned October 20, 1861, and died soon after his return home. He was a physician by profession.

Blant A. Hill was elected first lieutenant at the age of 24 years. He was slightly wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 27, 1862. He was at that time captain of the company, having been promoted thereto on Worthington's resignation October 21, 1861. Captain Hill was a good officer and a brave man. He commanded his company skilfully and was much respected in the regiment. He was mortally wounded near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864, and died on the first day of September following. It was evidently more from the unskilful treatment of his wound than the serious character of it. It was so treated that it produced pyæmia, which culminated in his death. His company, the regiment, and the Confederate Army lost in him a valuable officer.

James Wilson was elected second lieutenant at the age of 28 years. He never rendered much service; was always sick; promoted first lieutenant October 21, 1861, and resigned December 5 following.

E. P. Head was elected third lieutenant at the age of 31 years. He was promoted second lieutenant, October 21, 1861. He was a good officer and rendered efficient service, but was killed at Battle Mountain, Virginia, July 24, 1863. We were on our return from the Gettysburg campaign. On the morning of the 23d of

July I was ordered with the regiment out of the line of march down the Warrenton turnpike to the east about one mile and a half from the road we were traveling, to guard against any attack in the flank of the Confederate column of march. I halted the regiment and formed it in line of battle in single rank along a fence upon a hill just in rear of a large creek, or run, where we met and repulsed the advance of a regiment of Federal cavalry. Just before day next morning we were relieved by Munford's Confederate cavalry, when we proceeded on our way toward Culpeper Court House. We soon came to an old field in which there were many ripe blackberries. Inasmuch as my men were out of rations and had not had anything to eat since the day before, I halted, stacked arms, and ordered them to break ranks for ten minutes. The order was obeyed with alacrity, and officers and men made their breakfast on the berries, which were delicious and temporarily satisfied hunger. The march was resumed and about 11 o'clock we approached Battle Mountain, when I found Kilpatrick's cavalry had possession of the road, with a battery blockading our way. I formed line of battle and advanced against them, cleared the road, and when driving them up the mountain, Lieutenant Head was killed. His dead body was placed in an ambulance and carried to Culpeper Court House, and there interred with military honors.

J. J. Hatcher, first sergeant, was 31 years old when enlisted. He was elected third lieutenant on October 21, 1861, and elected captain of Company L of the regiment, June 23, 1863. His record is given with that company.

Lewis Spence, second sergeant, was 24 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862. He was wounded and captured at Gettysburg, and never heard from any more. It is supposed that he died on the field, or in the hands of the enemy soon after his removal therefrom. He was a good soldier and always present for duty.

J. H. Williford, third sergeant, was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Pageland, Virginia, September 26, 1861.

J. A. Seegars was fourth sergeant, 20 years old when enlisted. He rendered but little service, and was reduced to the ranks in November, 1861. He was captured at Gettysburg, exchanged in September, 1864, but was never able to render any further service.

H. D. Cumbie, first corporal, was 33 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability June 15, 1862.

G. G. Hill, second corporal, was 46 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Lynchburg, December 1, 1861.

G. E. Spencer, third corporal, was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier, but was disabled by a severe wound at Gettysburg, for which he was honorably retired from further service. I was looking at him when he fell. He was struck by a piece of shell from a Union battery on Little Round Top.

W H. C. Irby, fourth corporal, was 16 years old when enlisted. He was killed at the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, "whilst displaying unusual bravery," said the captain, opposite his name on the muster roll.

Thomas Adams was 22 years old when enlisted. The muster roll shows that he deserted April 1, 1862, and afterwards joined the Confederate Army in Tennessee.

W H. Allbritton was 20 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862, and the muster roll states as follows: "Deserted, May 30, 1862, while at hospital."

Robert Beaty was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, but was mortally wounded at the battle of Cross Keys, Virginia, June 8, 1862, from which he died a few weeks thereafter.

G. W. Bailey was 20 years old when enlisted. He was seriously wounded at Cold Harbor, which kept him from duty a considerable time. He was wounded again at the battle of Fredericksburg, and again at the battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863, from which he never sufficiently recovered to return to duty, and was retired on account of disability caused by his wounds.

W F Bailey was 18 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability July 1, 1862.

R. L. Bonds was 25 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He was rather an inferior soldier, frequently absent without leave, and deserted April 1, 1864, at Bristol, Tennessee.

J. P. Bell was 24 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He was a fair soldier, but died of disease in November, 1862, at Mt. Jackson, Virginia.

C. W. Branton was 35 years old when enlisted August 20, 1862, and died of disease October 11 thereafter at Winchester, Virginia.

A. J. Blount was 19 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He made a very fair soldier until his thigh was broken by the accidental falling of a tree upon him when in camp at Bull's Gap, Tennessee, March 9, 1864, which disabled him from further service.

A. Benefield was 44 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability July 1, 1862.

W L. Brown was 35 years old when enlisted, and died of disease February 5, 1862.

D. D. Burkhalter was 22 years old when enlisted. He was mustered as "absent sick" for a long time after he entered the service, but finally regained his health, returned to duty, and was an excellent soldier. He was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. He was promoted to corporal, and then to a sergeancy, for his good conduct.

J. H. Cariker was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was mortally wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, and died a prisoner in the hands of the enemy soon thereafter. He had been promoted to a sergeancy for his good conduct.

J. V. Cariker was 16 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. He was promoted corporal for his soldierly conduct, and was mortally wounded on the Williamsburg Road, Virginia, October 27, 1864, of which he died the next day. Jack was a little red-haired, freckled-faced chap, but one of the best soldiers in the regiment. At Chickamauga we had fought on Saturday and were in another hard battle on Sunday midday, and again that afternoon we were closely engaged in front of Snodgrass Hill. In the midst of the battle Jack came to me and said, "Colonel, there is one of our men, a great big, strong fellow, hid behind a tree down there under the hill, and refuses to come up and fight." I replied, "Bring him to me." In less than a minute he drove the man up to me. What a spectacle! A ruddy-faced boy driving a giant-like six-footer into battle! A regiment of such boys as Jack Cariker could have been killed, but could not have been whipped. Poor little Jack, what a pity for such a boy to have been killed! And that in the last regular battle fought by the regiment.

W H. Cariker was 20 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862, and died of disease at Mt. Jackson, Virginia, December 1, 1862.

W R. Carter was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 20, 1861.

M. B. Cody was 22 years old when enlisted in September, 1862, and died of disease the 28th of the following October, in Winchester, Virginia.

J. L. Cooper was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier, and was killed at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862.

J. C. Cook was 25 years old when enlisted September 1, 1862. He never rendered any service, and was discharged for disability April 12, 1863.

Duncan Creel was 18 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability December 25, 1861.

John Campbell was 47 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability November 20, 1861.

Rufus Carroll was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease November 15, 1861, at Haymarket, Virginia.

J. D. Condrey was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 8, 1861.

J. W. Day was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier, nearly always present for duty clear up to the close of the year 1864, but the muster roll gives no account of him after that date. It fails to show that he ever was wounded.

Henry Day was 20 years old when enlisted March 1, 1864. He appears to have fought well during that year. The muster roll shows that at the close of it he was absent on furlough, and gives no further account of him.

A. W. Douglass was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, and killed at the second battle of Manassas. He had been promoted corporal for his good soldierly qualities.

W. L. Davis was 25 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862, and was discharged for disability May 20 thereafter.

J. R. Eidson was 21 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at the battle of Cross Keys, recovered, returned to duty, was wounded and captured at Gettysburg, and never exchanged.

J. W. Eidson was 23 years old when enlisted. He was not a good soldier; was mustered "absent sick" nearly all the time until captured at Gettysburg, and died a prisoner February 14, 1864.

M. Eidson was 22 years old when enlisted. He was mustered as "absent on detail" all the time until November 1, 1862; he was

reported as a deserter at Staunton, Virginia, and no further account is given of him on the muster roll.

W Eidson was 24 years old when enlisted. He was detailed as a teamster, and so continued until captured in Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, and never was exchanged.

J. J. Eidson was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, September 25, 1862.

W Garland was 17 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He was a good soldier, but was mortally wounded at the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, and died at Charlottesville, Virginia, three weeks thereafter.

R. L. Gillis was 26 years old when enlisted October 19, 1861. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, which permanently disabled him, and he was discharged or retired on account of the same. He had been promoted corporal.

F L. Gregory was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, nearly always present for duty; was severely wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1862, but soon recovered, returned to duty, and so continued until the surrender.

David Hall was 42 years old when enlisted. He fought well through the Valley campaign and through the seven days' battles around Richmond, but on September 15, 1862, he was discharged on account of disability.

W W Hall was 25 years old when enlisted. His health was poor in the camp, and he died of disease July 4, 1863.

J. T Hall was 21 years old when enlisted; was discharged by putting in a substitute, G. Thurman, December 12, 1861.

J. C. Hall was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, September 15, 1861.

Duncan Hall was 22 years old when enlisted September 20, 1861, and discharged for disability March 1, 1864.

Francis Hartzog was 35 years old when enlisted, and made an excellent soldier. He was wounded on the Darbytown Road, October, 1864, but recovered, returned to duty, and so continued to the end.

Daniel Hartzog was 27 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, was mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and died on the field in the hands of the enemy.

W T Helms was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a faithful soldier; wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, Decem-

ber 13, 1862; was nearly always present for duty until captured at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864, and was never exchanged.

Jesse Helms was 20 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862, and died of disease at Charlottesville, August 25, 1862.

W. C. Howard was 30 years old when enlisted August 20, 1862. He was sick nearly all the time after he entered camp, and died at Winchester, October 16, 1862.

W. C. Herrod was 24 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier, always present for duty until killed at the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862.

J. W. Hudgins was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier; was wounded at Shepherdstown, Virginia, September 19, 1862, and again wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and killed by a tree accidentally falling upon him March 9, 1864, at Bull's Gap, Tennessee—the same tree which disabled A. J. Blount of the same company.

S. R. Jackson was 20 years old when enlisted September 20, 1861, and died of disease at Mt. Jackson, December 1, 1861.

C. J. Jackson was 27 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and fought well until captured at Gettysburg. He was exchanged and captured again at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864, and never exchanged.

Frank Jeffcoat was 26 years old when enlisted. He never was much of a soldier. As shown by the muster roll he was present in some half dozen battles, the remainder of the time absent sick, and finally detailed as a nurse at a hospital.

A. J. Jeffcoat was 21 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland. Prior to that he had been a good soldier and always present for duty, but that seemed to demoralize him, and the muster roll shows that after his recovery he was mustered "absent without leave" the remainder of the war, and contains the following remark: "Last heard of in jail at Blakely, Georgia."

W. W. Johnson was 19 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Malvern Hill, July 2, 1862, but recovered in a reasonable time, returned to duty, and so continued to the close of the war. He was promoted to corporal and then to sergeant, after being an efficient and trustworthy soldier.

Felder Johnson was 20 years old when enlisted. He was promoted corporal and sergeant and was esteemed a good soldier.

He was always present for duty until captured at Gettysburg, and never exchanged.

J. T. Johnson was 28 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, May 20, 1862.

Sandy Johnson was 28 years old when enlisted, and deserted in South Carolina, August 10, when en route to Virginia.

R. Sam Jones was 21 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; recovered, returned, and participated in the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, and then was absent for a time, and after his return, until the close of the war, was present at all the battles. He had the reputation in his company of being quite indolent, but not afraid to fight when a battle came on. He engaged in farming after the war, two miles north of Eufaula, Alabama, and for some years was active in politics, first as an Alliance man, and lastly as a Populist of the most extreme type.

J. T. Lowmen was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Gainesville, Virginia, November 10, 1861. He was a good man, and had been promoted first sergeant.

W. R. Lewis was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

James H. Long was 21 years old when enlisted; was wounded at Chickamauga, but soon returned to duty; was promoted to first sergeant September, 1863, and was a good one. He was one of the best soldiers in the regiment. Always present for duty, except when wounded, he served faithfully up to the surrender at Appomattox. He returned to his old home at Cowikee in Barbour County, was a large farmer, and one of the most highly respected citizens of the county; reared an interesting family, and was living when this book was published.

J. B. Mathews was 27 years old when enlisted; was severely wounded at Chickamauga, which disabled him for further service in the field. He was detailed to serve in the A. Q. M. Department at Columbus, Georgia, in consequence of his disability for field service.

Thomas S. Moffet was 21 years old when enlisted; was captured at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862; exchanged, and fought well until wounded at Dandridge, Tennessee, January 16, 1864, of which he died the next day.

W. A. McGilvary was 21 years old when enlisted and died of disease at Warrenton, Virginia, January 7, 1862.

A. McGilvary was 23 years old when enlisted; was wounded at Malvern Hill, Virginia, July 2, 1862; recovered and returned early in 1863, and was captured at Gettysburg. He was subsequently exchanged, returned to duty and fought through the campaign of 1864 until killed at Petersburg by a sharp-shooter July 2, 1864.

A. A. McIntosh was 28 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent man; served through the Valley campaign, was elected third lieutenant of his company May 1, 1862; killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

T W McBride was 27 years old when enlisted; was mustered "absent sick" from the time he entered service until he died of disease at Richmond, September 1, 1862.

J R. Madden was 25 years old when enlisted; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, which permanently disabled him and caused him to be discharged from service May 3, 1864.

W A. Norton was 48 years old when enlisted and discharged for disability in December, 1861.

W C. Norton was 21 years old when enlisted; was a splendid soldier and present at every engagement of the regiment until killed at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862. He had been promoted to a sergeancy for his good conduct.

J. A. Norton was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier and never absent from duty, but was severely wounded in the knee at Chickamauga, which rendered him unable to march, but he was detailed to drive an ambulance, which he faithfully did.

James Norton was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a faithful soldier so long as he was able, but was discharged for disability in August, 1862.

Douglas Norton was 24 years old when enlisted and discharged for disability on December 16, 1861.

Solomon Patterson was 18 years old when enlisted and was mortally wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 29, 1862, and died nine days thereafter.

N. Patterson was 26 years old when enlisted and died of disease at Richmond, December 5, 1861.

Thomas Pate was 28 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He was one of the very best soldiers in the company, always

present for duty and participated in every battle until killed in the charge on Fort Harrison, Virginia, September 30, 1862.

W. H. Quattlebum was 18 years old when enlisted; was wounded at Cold Harbor and again at Chickamauga, but recovered, returned to duty and continued with his company to the surrender. He resides at Abbeville, Georgia.

E. J. Reaves was 18 years old when enlisted; was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862; recovered, returned to duty and was again severely wounded at Petersburg, June 18, 1864, which rendered him unable ever to return to duty.

W. J. Robinson was 18 years old when enlisted; was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, and never recovered in time to return to his company before the surrender.

G. W. Russell was 25 years old when enlisted February 1, 1862, and died of disease on May 20, 1862.

B. F. Streater was 30 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and subsequently discharged by putting in G. Streater as his substitute March 23, 1863.

Goodwin Streater was 26 years old when enlisted March 23, 1863, as a substitute for B. F. Streater. He was wounded at Chickamauga, but returned to duty and was captured near Deep Bottom, August 14, 1864, and never exchanged.

D. A. Stewart was 24 years old when enlisted November 10, 1861; was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; was captured at Gettysburg and died in prison. He enlisted as a substitute for his brother.

J. A. Stewart was 30 years old when enlisted August 20, 1861, and discharged upon receipt of his brother as a substitute, November 10, 1861.

E. A. Turner was 22 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 20, 1861.

Daniel Tucker was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 10, 1861.

G. Thurman was 33 years old when enlisted December 12, 1861. He was received as a substitute for J. T. Hall, and discharged for disability February 15, 1862, two months after his receipt. A poor tribute to the capacity or integrity of the surgeon who accepted him and certified to his soundness.

Solomon Tharp was 28 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability May 1, 1862.

Dozier Thornton was 21 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and was absent in consequence until the battle of Sharpsburg, and then he was absent on detail in command of the provost guard of the brigade, but was returned to duty with his company in the summer of 1863. He was promoted first sergeant of his company November 16, 1861; elected third lieutenant July 1, 1862; promoted second lieutenant January, 1863, and first lieutenant July 24, 1863. He was severely wounded on the Darbytown Road near Fussell's Mills, August 16, 1864, but recovered, returned to duty and continued to serve until the surrender. He was an excellent soldier and a faithful officer. Everybody about Eufaula knows Dozier Thornton. He was a cotton buyer and business man there for many years after the war. He got into some serious trouble growing out of his embarrassment in cotton speculation, but it was at length satisfactorily adjusted, and ever since Mr. Thornton has been trusted and honored about the same as he was before. He moved to Louisville, Kentucky, and engaged in business there. That place was still his home in 1904. At this time he is a Brigadier-General in the United Confederate Veterans of Kentucky.

Thomas Varnadore was 32 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, nearly always present for duty, but was severely wounded by a sharp-shooter June 4, 1864, at Turkey Ridge, near Cold Harbor, which disabled him for further service.

H. J. Williamson was 24 years old when enlisted; was severely wounded at the battle of Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain, August 9, 1862. He afterwards recovered, returned to duty and fought faithfully until again wounded at Deep Bottom, August 14, 1864, which permanently disabled him for return to duty.

C. W. Wellmaker was 22 years old when enlisted and deserted at Augusta, Georgia, August 10, 1861, on our way to Virginia.

James Wilson was 23 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas and killed at the battle of Chickamauga September 20, 1863. His captain marked on the muster roll opposite his name, "a good soldier." He certainly was, as he never missed but two battles, and that in consequence of wounds.

David Zorn was 32 years old when enlisted and was discharged for disability December 1, 1861.

D. H. Zorn was 20 years old when enlisted August 20, 1861. He was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, which

resulted in the loss of his left arm, and disabled him for further service; he was transferred, instead of discharged, to another regiment, in which he had been elected captain of a company. After the war he lived at Zornville in Henry County; engaged in the mercantile business, became a Republican in politics and was a gentleman of some local influence, and died in 1902.

There was in the company an aggregate of 106 officers and men. Of these, 26 died of disease; 21 were killed in battle or mortally wounded and died soon after; 46 were wounded in battle, counting all the wounds received; 16 discharged for original disability; 5 went through two or more battles without receiving a wound; 6 deserted; 1 was killed and 1 wounded by the falling of a tree.

One captain resigned, 1 was killed; 1 lieutenant resigned and 2 were killed in battle.

COMPANY E

This company was organized in Dale County and was called the "Beauregards."

Esau Brooks was elected captain at the age of 53 years. Captain Brooks was a prominent citizen of the county and every way a worthy, patriotic man, but he had no military training and was too old to learn. He was a courtesy or newspaper colonel and was called "Colonel Brooks." After undergoing the hardships of the camp for one fall and winter he became satisfied that his health was being impaired and that he was too old for active soldier life, and on the 6th day of March, 1862, resigned. He continued to reside at his old home in Daleville until his death, which occurred some fifteen or twenty years after the war.

William A. Edwards was elected first lieutenant at the age of 26 years. Upon the resignation of Captain Brooks he was promoted to the captaincy. He commanded his company through the Valley campaign and at the battle of Cold Harbor, after which he was mustered as "absent sick" until the following December, when he was present at the battle of Fredericksburg and continued with his company until after the battle of Gettysburg, when, on September 2, 1863, he resigned, stating in his resignation that he did not feel himself capable of commanding his company. The captain was a very good man, but became so excited in battle that he scarcely knew what he was doing. An order came from the War Department with the notice of the

acceptance of his resignation for his conscription; but deeming this rather harsh, Lieutenant Jones, with my approval, allowed him to go. Captain Edwards on returning home became a Methodist minister, joined the conference and was preaching, the last I heard of him, in Texas, and was stationed at Dallas in 1902. He was a very earnest Christian gentleman.

Daniel Bryan was elected second lieutenant at the age of 26 years and resigned November 15, 1861.

John E. Jones was elected third lieutenant at the age of 21 years. Upon the resignation of Captain Brooks he was promoted to first lieutenant. He served through the Valley campaign and part of the seven days' fighting around Richmond, and then was reported as "absent sick" until the battle of Fredericksburg the following December. From that date he was present in all the battles of the regiment until disabled by a wound. On the resignation of Captain Edwards, September 2, 1863, he was promoted to captain. At the battle of Chickamauga, on September 19, he was severely wounded, which rendered him unable to command his company, and on the 10th day of September, 1864, he was honorably discharged on account of his wound. Captain Jones was a very fair officer. For a good many years after the war he resided in South Carolina and was connected with the Southern Railroad.

Allen Bryan, first sergeant, was 28 years old when enlisted. Put in a substitute and was discharged November 12, 1861.

Samuel Hogg, second sergeant, was 23 years old when enlisted. He was present in every campaign and battle until at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, he was dangerously wounded; recovered, returned to duty and served through to the close of the war.

John W. Mizell, third sergeant, was 22 years old when enlisted and died of disease at Mt. Jackson, Virginia, November 6, 1861.

William H. Scroggin, fourth sergeant, was 21 years old when enlisted. He was promoted first sergeant on April 23, 1862, and promoted second lieutenant on July 25, 1862. He was captured at Battle Mountain July 24, 1863, and died in prison at Point Lookout, January 18, 1864. He was a fine soldier and a faithful officer.

Wesley B. Mills, first corporal, was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was promoted first sergeant on December 12, 1861, second lieutenant April 23, 1862, and was killed at the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862. The regiment was retreating under fire through a wheat field and had to cross a tall rail fence,

and when doing so he was killed by a shot from the pursuing enemy.

Richard A. Neil, second corporal, was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Camp Toombs, Virginia, September 28, 1861.

Andrew J. Brooks, third corporal, was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at his home in Daleville, Alabama, where he was on sick furlough, July 30, 1862.

James P. Martin, fourth corporal, was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and was promoted to a sergeancy. He was severely wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, and taken prisoner in hospital at Shepherdstown, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and if exchanged was never able to do any more duty. He resided at Ozark, Alabama, a prominent citizen and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

Albert Austin was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier; always present for duty until captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and never was exchanged during the war.

Cornelius V. Atkinson was 16 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He made a very fine soldier; always present for duty until captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and never exchanged during the war. He became a prominent citizen of Dale County and has been a member of the Court of County Commissioners, and in 1904 still resided at Newton, Alabama.

John Alexander was 17 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was a good soldier, nearly always present for duty, but at the battle of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, he was mortally wounded and died on the third day thereafter.

June A. Armer was 18 years old when enlisted. He went through the Valley campaign of 1862, and died of disease in Richmond on June 19 of that year.

Stevens Ammons was 16 years old when enlisted September 26, 1864, and the muster roll gives no account of him whatever after his enlistment.

John J. Aplin was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Lynchburg, June 3, 1862.

James S. Andrews was 28 years old when enlisted November 15, 1864. He was a conscript and assigned to the company, but never rendered any service.

Guilford Abbot was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond, January 19, 1862.

Rufus A. Athan was 27 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier and was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

Alpheus W. Brooks was 27 years old when enlisted. He was not a good soldier; was frequently reported "absent sick" or "absent on detail," but when present would go through a battle very well and do his duty. He deserted in East Tennessee, but afterwards rejoined his company. He deserted again August 16, 1864, and was returned to his company under guard. He was finally tried by a court martial early in 1865, found guilty of desertion, and shot. I was not in command of the regiment at that time, or I would have interposed and tried to save him from such a sad fate. He was a very weak-minded man, and scarcely responsible for what he did; should have been properly punished, but never have been shot. He was a son of Captain Brooks. Colonel Lowther should never have sent him before a general court martial.

Lawrence D. Brooks was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, and so disabled by his wound as never to return to the service, and was honorably retired August 18, 1864. He became a lawyer, lived in Crenshaw County, and was very much respected by the people.

Richard D. Byrd was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, was wounded at Cold Harbor, but soon recovered and returned to duty, but served on detail a great part of the time as a teamster until captured at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 29, 1863. He never was exchanged.

Joseph R. Breare was 28 years old when enlisted. He was first on detail as the clerk or assistant to the regimental commissary. On April 25, 1862, he was elected third lieutenant, went through the Valley campaign with his company and the seven days' fighting around Richmond, and continued to serve faithfully until captured at Gettysburg. He was exchanged in the fall of 1863, and went home and raised a company of cavalry, which many of the soldiers designated as "Buttermilk Rangers," because the company was only in service of the conscript department; but it rendered good service therein. Captain Breare was a native Englishman and a lawyer by profession. He was a bright, intelligent little man; genial, sociable, and full of good humor. After the war he resumed the practice of his profession at Newton, and in the year 1866 he was caught in a storm on the road east of

Newton, when a tree fell upon and killed him. His family are nearly all dead. One son, George Williams Brearè, in 1901 was judge of the County Court at Mayo, Florida.

Coleman Barnes was 18 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a good soldier, and did his whole duty until severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, on account of which he was honorably retired.

William Barnes was 20 years old when enlisted August 18, 1861, and died of disease at Gordonsville, Virginia, June 12, 1862.

Joseph H. Bell was 21 years old when enlisted. During the Valley campaign of 1862 he was mustered as "absent sick," but thereafter was present for duty all the time until near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864, he was mortally wounded, from which he died in Richmond some time after.

Benjamin F. Bigby was 24 years old when enlisted. He was on detached service in 1861 and the first part of 1862. At Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, he was wounded, but returned to duty as soon as able. He was captured at the battle of Gettysburg, never exchanged, and died in prison.

Thomas R. Bracewell was 28 years old when enlisted October 27, 1863. He was sick for some time after; was wounded and captured at Deep Bottom, Virginia. He lost one arm and died at home after the war.

Samuel Barker was 28 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Manassas Junction, December 11, 1861.

William Butts was 20 years old when enlisted March 29, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, August 20, 1862.

Edward Bachelor was 41 years old when enlisted November 5, 1864. He was a conscript, and assigned to this company by the bureau, but never rendered any service.

Micajah Bryley was 26 years old when enlisted March 28, 1862, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 10, 1862.

William H. Bryley was 23 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and in consequence remained absent from duty until December of that year. He was present at the battle of Fredericksburg. He continued present for duty and was in every engagement until in East Tennessee, April 21, 1864, he deserted. After the war he visited his old home in Dale County, and seemed unconcerned about his record, and had no explanation to make on account of his absence. He

went back on his record earlier than some of his comrades, who likewise, I am sorry to say, seem to feel proud of the fact.

John Brown was 22 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and was discharged for disability August 20, 1862.

William A. Baggett was 40 years old when enlisted November 5, 1864. He was a conscript, and never rendered any service worth mention. The same can be said truly of three-fourths of the conscripts.

James P. Cowen was 20 years old when enlisted and was a good soldier. He was wounded at the battle of Chantilly, or Ox Hill, Virginia, September 1, 1862, and captured at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864, and never exchanged. He lived in Coffee County and was much esteemed by his neighbors. He was a good citizen; was alive in 1904.

John I. Crim was 21 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Richmond, August 26, 1864. This is the only information which the muster roll gives of him. It does not mention him as ever having been in battle or as absent sick. The record is certainly very imperfect.

Newton Cureton was 20 years old when enlisted October 7, 1861; was wounded at Petersburg. He lived in Dale County, after the war, a respected citizen.

Elbert W. Cureton was 23 years old when enlisted August 8, 1862. He was a good soldier, and was wounded at Chickamauga so severely that he was permanently disabled and honorably retired in consequence.

Jasper Cureton was 18 years old when enlisted August 8, 1862. He was a good soldier; was killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Uriah Collins was 20 years old when enlisted October 7, 1861, and died of disease at Centerville, Virginia, November 16, 1861.

Wiley W. Collins was 28 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was absent sick for a good while, but regained his health and served well for a time, but died of disease at Gordonsville, Virginia, June 20, 1863.

Elbert A. Cotton was 39 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" for a good while after entering camp, but finally regained his health and fought well through to the surrender, and died at his home in Dale County after the war.

Joseph W. Cotton was 20 years old when enlisted October 7, 1861. He was a very good soldier, generally present for duty;

was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September, 1862, and again at Chickamauga, September, 1863, and severely wounded on the Darbytown Road, near Fussell's Mills, Virginia, August 16, 1864, which disabled him for further service. The last I heard of him he was residing in Dale County.

John Cotton was 22 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, October 10, 1861.

Carney Cotton was 27 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 20, 1862.

Henry Cameron was 26 years old when enlisted November 6, 1861. He was a good soldier and fought well. He came in as a substitute for Allen Bryan, November 12, 1861. He was promoted to corporal for his good soldierly qualities, and was killed at Suffolk, Virginia, May 3, 1863.

John W Chalker was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Centerville, Virginia, November 23, 1861.

Jesse M. Carmichael was 26 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was an excellent soldier, present in every campaign and every battle in which the regiment was engaged until wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, by which he lost his right hand and was honorably discharged from the service in consequence. He had been promoted to fourth corporal some months before he was wounded. After his discharge he went home to his young family and began anew the battle of life. He owned a little farm in the piney woods a few miles east of Newton. With his one hand he worked, made crops, supported his little family, and read law of nights by pine-knot fires for about two years, and then his father, who was Probate Judge of the county, took Jesse as a clerk in his office, where he became familiar with the forms and laws of procedure in that court. After the close of the war he was admitted to the bar, began practice as a lawyer, and did fairly well. In 1870 he was elected to represent his county in the lower house of the General Assembly, which he did with faithfulness and ability. In 1872 he was elected to the State Senate, in which body he served very acceptably for four years. Then Probate Judge Richards, of his county, having died, he was appointed by Governor Houston, Probate Judge for the unexpired term. In 1878, he was nominated and elected State Auditor for four years, which he served. He was afterwards appointed by the Governor to be Judge of the third circuit for the unexpired term of Judge Clayton, who had

resigned. He was twice nominated and elected to the same office, his fellow men sometimes. He is fanatically honest. In Jan-thirteen years on the bench as Circuit Judge. He reared a family of children consisting of three sons and two daughters, all being of the highest respectability and intelligence. The Judge is an excellent citizen, of the highest moral character and integrity. He bears his age well and looks to be at least a dozen years younger than he is. There is no better man or more useful citizen within the State. He is a thorough Democrat in politics and always manifests a deep concern in the well-being of the country and the happiness and prosperity of the people. He misjudges his second term expiring in 1898, making an aggregate of about uary, 1902, he was appointed by Governor Samford as president of the Board of Convict Inspectors, in which he rendered very efficient service, and was filling this office under Governor Jelks when this book was published.

Henry Clark was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and present for duty in a good many battles, but died of disease at Gordonsville, Virginia, in 1862.

Crawford G. Dillard was 29 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was an excellent soldier, and fought all the way through the war to the surrender without ever being wounded, then returned to his old home in Dale County.

Wm. T. Dillard was 20 years old when enlisted August 5, 1862. He went through the war without being wounded, and moved to Texas.

Thomas G. Dillard was 24 years old when enlisted August 5, 1862. He was a good soldier, and fought well until wounded near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864, which disabled him for further service that year.

James E. Dillard was 17 years old when enlisted August 13, 1864. He was a very good soldier during the short time he had to serve, and thereafter resided in Dale County.

Wm. Dooley was 26 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, fought well, and was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September, 1862. Returned to duty and was captured in the battle of Gettysburg, and died in prison at Fort Delaware. He was third corporal at the time of his death.

Wm. B. Davis was 18 years old when enlisted. He was mustered as "absent sick" during the greater part of the war, and

served the remainder on detached service, and never was in a battle.

La Fayette Davis was 16 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, June 17, 1862.

Benjamin Daughtry was 22 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was a very fair soldier and fought well; was severely wounded in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863. He was previously wounded at Frazier's Farm, Virginia, 1862, but recovered from his wounds, and appears to have fought well up to the 1st of January, 1865, when the muster roll gives no further account of him. We learn from private sources that he died in Virginia. Whether from sickness or wounds, is not known.

James H. Daughtry was 22 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Gordonsville, Virginia, June 20, 1862.

Jos. J. Dean was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, fought well, and was wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. He recovered from that and was wounded again near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864, which disabled him for further service. He was an excellent soldier, a good citizen, and resided in Dale County. He was one of the county's best citizens after the war.

Benjamin F. Dean was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier, but at the battle of Chickamauga, September, 1863, he was mortally wounded, and died therefrom at Griffin, Georgia, in the following November.

James Dean was 18 years old when enlisted August 5, 1862, and died of disease at Richmond, Virginia, May 19, 1863.

Andrew De Loach was 22 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Richmond, Virginia, May 16, 1862.

Tobias J. Darkes was 26 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, May 20, 1862.

James R. Edwards was 21 years old when enlisted. There was no better soldier in the regiment than "Jim" Edwards. He was never sick, and always present for duty; had the good fortune never to be wounded, though a hard fighter and always conspicuous in action. He was promoted fifth sergeant, December, 1863; second sergeant, June, 1864, and elected second lieutenant of his company on November 1, 1864. At the time of his election his company was without any officer, and immediately thereafter he took command of it, and so continued up to the surren-

der at Appomattox. Prior to his election he had been detailed as bearer of the regimental colors and had carried the flag through several battles. He returned home unscathed by the enemy's bullets, though as brave a man as ever went upon a battlefield. He went to work upon his father's farm, universally respected by all who knew him. He engaged actively in politics, opposed the harshness of the reconstruction measures, and became an intense working Democrat, and so continued until the Farmers' Alliance spread broadcast through the country, when he became one of them, and thenceforth opposed the Democratic party; he became a member of the Populist party, and one of its most extreme advocates, and in this way was alienated from a good many of his old soldier friends and brother Democrats. He has never been elected to any office, as he should have been while a Democrat. He continues a respected citizen of Dale.

Young M. Edwards was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland; recovered and returned to duty until captured at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 29, 1863, and was never exchanged. He moved to Texas after the war, but returned to Alabama and located at Enterprise.

Ambrose N. Edwards was 21 years old when enlisted. He was promoted second sergeant on May 16, 1862, and promoted to first sergeant on July 25, 1862. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862; was captured at Gettysburg and never exchanged. He moved to Texas after the war.

William Eason was 24 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, December 24, 1862, without rendering any service.

B. W. Fleming was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a first-rate soldier and always present for duty except when on detached service. He went through many battles without receiving a wound and was promoted to a sergeancy in July, 1864, for his good soldierly qualities. He resided after the war near Clintonville, Coffee County, Alabama, where he had a beautiful and valuable plantation, and was a good farmer. He is a sound Democrat in politics and served as a member of the Commissioners' Court in his county. Mr. Fleming is highly respected as a true man and good citizen by all who know him. He represented his county in the legislature in 1900 and 1901.

William C. D. Fleming was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and fought well until captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and was never exchanged.

George W. Fleming was 20 years old when enlisted and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 2, 1861.

William H. Faust was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, but was captured at Gettysburg and never exchanged during the war. He returned to his home in Dale and died there several years ago.

Henry Faust was 22 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He made a fair soldier, though mustered as "absent sick" a good many times; was wounded at Chickamauga, and after his recovery was mustered as "absent without leave," and is reported to have deserted in East Tennessee in October, 1863. We know nothing further of his record as a soldier.

Jesse Flowers was 25 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a good soldier, and was mortally wounded on the Darbytown Road, near Fussell's Mills, August 16, 1864, of which he died the next month.

Eason Flowers was 19 years old when enlisted February 1, 1863. He was a good young man and fought well, but was killed in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863.

Joseph Garner was 32 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was transferred to Company F of the same regiment, September 1, 1863.

Joseph Grimes was 20 years old when enlisted and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 12, 1861.

Daniel Grimes was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Mount Jackson, December 2, 1861.

John W. Griffin was 20 years old when enlisted March 3, 1863, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, in the month of April or May, 1863.

George F. Hogg was 27 years old when enlisted August 7, 1863. He fought with his company in several battles in 1864 and died of disease that fall.

Augustus C. Hayden was 30 years old when enlisted. He went through the Valley campaign in 1862 and after that was mustered as "absent sick" until the regiment was in camp near Chattanooga. He then rejoined his company, was taken sick again, and was captured at Knoxville, November 30, 1863, and not exchanged during the war. He was a painter and I knew him for several

years after the close of the war working at his trade at Abbeville, Ozark and other places in southeast Alabama. He died at Pinckard, Dale County, Alabama, in 1901.

A. M. Hughes was 40 years old when enlisted. He was a lawyer by profession and quite an eccentric character. I knew him well before the war. One day in November, 1862, I saw him standing guard in a cold, drizzling rain and inquired of his health. I found that it was poor and knew from his appearance that death would soon claim him for its own if he remained there. I advised him to apply for a discharge, when he indignantly replied: "No, sir; no, sir; I came out here to fight for my country and I had rather die in the effort than to return home without doing so." I advised him to consider it and passed on. He did so, and about a week afterwards called on me and said he believed he could not stand it and requested me to draw up his application, which I did, and he was discharged for disability at Centerville, Virginia, December 1, 1861. Everybody in southeast Alabama knew "Colonel" Hughes, as he was called, and knew that notwithstanding his intemperate habits he was always a gentleman and an honorable man. His eccentricities still cause laughter among those who knew him. He died about 1872.

William Harris was 21 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" during the first part of the war, but after regaining his health he fought well, and was killed at Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.

Charles Harris was 19 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862; rendered but little service and died at Lynchburg, May 2, 1862.

W. F. Howell was 26 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Gordonsville, Virginia, May 3, 1862.

Michael A. Henderson was 24 years old when enlisted; rendered but little service and died of disease at Gordonsville, Virginia, February 26, 1862.

Elvin Jones was 23 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a good soldier; was wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19, 1863, which disabled him for further service by the loss of one arm; but even after this he returned and did all he could with one hand in aid of the sick and wounded. I think he moved to Arkansas after the war.

M. W. Jones was 25 years old when enlisted. He was mustered as "absent sick" for a good while, but regaining his health made a fine soldier. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, but

recovering he returned to duty and was killed at Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863.

Simpson Jones was 28 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, and died of disease at Staunton, Virginia, October 7, 1862.

Charles C. Jones was 26 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier; was severely wounded at Hazel River, August 22, 1862, which disabled him to such an extent as to render him inefficient after that time. He survived the war and thereafter resided in Geneva County, a highly respected citizen.

Joseph G. Jones was 18 years old when enlisted August 1, 1861, and was a good soldier. He was severely wounded near Fussell's Mills on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864, which greatly impaired his efficiency as a soldier. He was a good citizen and resided in Coffee County.

W. F. Jones was 18 years old when enlisted March 5, 1862. He was a good soldier, but was mortally wounded at Gettysburg, left upon the field and died in the hands of the enemy July 16, 1863.

John H. Jones was 19 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, June 17, 1862.

Wyatt R. Jones was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Gordonsville, Virginia, April 28, 1862.

Oliver M. Jones was 28 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 10, 1861.

Marion W. Johnson was 26 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He seems to have fought well and been a very good soldier, but the muster roll gives no further account of him.

Randall J. Johnson was 36 years old when enlisted. He seems to have been a good soldier and fought well. Was promoted to third sergeant December 1, 1862, and died of disease at Petersburg, Virginia, July 3, 1864.

Calvin M. Johnson was 40 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability January 16, 1862.

William H. Jolly was 18 years old when enlisted August 12, 1861. He was a first-class soldier, nearly always present for duty and in every battle; never was wounded. He resided in Troy several years after the war.

Jackson Jernigan was 20 years old when enlisted October 11, 1861. He was "absent sick" a great deal during the war; was severely wounded at Suffolk, Virginia, May 3, 1863. After he recovered and returned to duty he was left at Morristown, Tenn.,

February 10, 1864, with the smallpox, and I do not know what became of him.

William Jernigan was 26 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Charlottesville, Virginia, January 12, 1863.

John Jackson was 28 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, October 6, 1861.

A. F. Jackson was 30 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability September 8, 1862.

Mathew Knight was 19 years old when enlisted October 7, 1861. The muster roll shows that he fought well and was nearly always present for duty, but deserted at Bristol, Tennessee, April 28, 1864.

Miles L. Keyhea was 28 years old when enlisted March 5, 1862. He was a good soldier and fought well and had the good fortune never to be wounded, but at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, he was captured and never exchanged.

Green W. Keyhea was 22 years old when enlisted March 5, 1862. He was a splendid soldier, in fine health, and always present for duty, but at Turkey Ridge, or second battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, he was killed.

James Keyhea was 18 years old when enlisted August 5, 1862. He was a good soldier and brave young man, but was killed in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863.

Robert L. Kennon was 19 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" a good deal, but was a brave soldier and was killed at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863.

Coleman Kennedy was 22 years old when enlisted March 5, 1862, and died of disease May 26, 1862.

N. O. Kelly was 25 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Columbia Bridge, May 9, 1862.

John Keath was 26 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability August 6, 1861.

James Latimer was 31 years old when enlisted August 3, 1862. He was a good soldier, severely wounded at Gettysburg and killed near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864.

James Lammons was 19 years old when enlisted August 3, 1862. He was "absent sick" for some time after he entered the army, but recovering his health, fought well through the latter part of it. He was wounded on the Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864, which disabled him for further service. He resided in Dale County after the war, a very respectable citizen.

James D. Lammons was 20 years old when enlisted August 3, 1862, and died of disease at Richmond, March 19, 1863.

John Landingham was 22 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He fought very well, but was often sick, and was captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and died of disease at Fort Delaware, October 25, 1863.

Benjamin Lanier was 28 years old when enlisted October 7, 1861. He was a splendid soldier; fought well, was promoted to a sergeancy, and was wounded in Lookout Valley, October 28, 1863. He recovered, returned to duty, and was again very severely wounded near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864, which disabled him for further service during the war. He returned to his home in Dale County, where he lived as a peaceable, quiet, good citizen.

Lewis L. Leath was 27 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability in October, 1862.

Wm. W. Mobley was 17 years old when enlisted. He was captured at the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, but soon after exchanged; returned to duty and fought well until severely wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863. He recovered, returned to duty, and was again wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. He soon recovered, returned to duty, and fought through to the surrender. For a good while after the war he resided in Henry County, and probably still resides there. He was a first-class soldier.

C. L. Mizell was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; always present for duty until captured at the battle of Gettysburg. He never was exchanged.

William C. Mizell was 17 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, which kept him out of service pretty nearly all of that year, but as soon as he recovered he returned to duty, and was again severely wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863; he recovered, returned to duty at the beginning of the great campaign of 1864, and was again severely wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 8, 1864; but he recovered, returned to duty that fall, and was always present, and fought faithfully to the surrender. There was no better soldier in the regiment than "Billie" Mizell. Since the war he has been one of the most prominent and highly respected citizens of Dale County. He has served one or two terms as county treasurer. He resided in Ozark.

Samuel Q. Mullins was 23 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was a splendid soldier, and according to the muster roll was always present for duty in every battle, and never was wounded. The muster roll does not tell what became of him, nor have we any private account.

John Mullins was 20 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was a good soldier; nearly always present for duty until captured at Gettysburg, and was never exchanged.

Benjamin Martin was 19 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; nearly always present for duty; fought through the war to the surrender without ever being wounded. He was promoted to second corporal on July 8, 1864.

Jesse R. Martin was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier; always present for duty until killed in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863.

Aaron Martin was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 10, 1861.

Jordan Merrill was 27 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was a poor soldier, and mustered, as the roll shows, nearly always as "absent sick." He was taken prisoner at Gettysburg, and never exchanged.

Thomas Morrill was 27 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was a fair soldier; was wounded at Second Manassas, August 30, 1862. When he recovered he returned to duty and behaved pretty well on most occasions, though was several times mustered as "absent sick." The muster roll shows that he deserted at Bristol, Tennessee, April 28, 1864.

John Murphy was 22 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" all through 1862, but regained his health, rejoined his company, and fought well until severely wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, which disabled him, and he was honorably retired.

Thomas Murphy was 19 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was a fine young soldier, and was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, or Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.

Richard Murphy was 20 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Richmond, December 12, 1862.

John Munn was 25 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. Munn was a good soldier, and was severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, and again on the Darbytown Road, October 13, 1864, which rendered him unable to perform further service. He returned to his home in Dale County

Joseph Miller was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Pageland, Virginia, November 10, 1861.

Thomas S. Mills was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a first-rate soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, or Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862, severely wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, again severely wounded at Gettysburg, and then again at Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864. He did his whole duty faithfully during the war, for which I honor him. He resided in the Southern part of Dale County, and was a man of considerable local influence. He was a Democrat in politics for a long time after the war, then joined the Farmers' Alliance, and from that became an extreme Populist and a political enemy to me because of his political changes. He died at home in March, 1902.

James Messer was 18 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He rendered no service, was all the time sick, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, October, 1862.

Wm. B. Moore was 25 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, May 15, 1862.

Thomas J. Meeks was 24 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 12, 1862.

S. F. McGhee was 18 years old when enlisted October 7, 1861, and died at Haymarket, Virginia, within one week thereafter.

John McSwain was 18 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 28, 1862.

Daniel McSwain was 40 years old when enlisted November 6, 1864, a conscript, assigned to this company, but did little service. But few of them did much.

Robert E. Newman was 27 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, August 19, 1862.

Hart B. Nevels was 40 years old when enlisted November 8, 1861, and died of disease at Richmond, Virginia, January 18, 1862.

John Noblin was 25 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease in Richmond, April 28th, 1862. All the recruits who were enlisted in March, 1862, with few exceptions, took pneumonia or camp fever and died. March was a terrible month, snows and rains alternating. There were no houses or huts, and

an insufficient number of tents for shelter. In this way the recruits to this and other companies were cruelly slaughtered.

John W Price was 18 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier, fought well, and was severely wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia. As soon as he recovered he returned to duty, and was again wounded on the Darbytown Road, near Fussell's Mills, August 16, 1864, which practically disabled him for further service. He returned home, moved to Texas, where he died several years ago.

William Rufus Painter was 20 years old when enlisted October 1, 1861. He was "absent sick" at the battles of Winchester and Cross Keys, but with these exceptions he was present for duty in every campaign and battle until captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. He was held as a prisoner of war until after Lee's surrender. He was a good soldier, resided in Ozark, made money and accumulated property, and was one of Dale County's prominent citizens, and is still living.

Thomas Pate was 28 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" or on furlough during the greater part of the war. But he was present at Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and several other engagements, and did his duty. After the year 1864 the muster roll gives no further account of him.

Jeremiah Pate was 30 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease in Richmond, April 20, 1862.

Tillman Parish was 20 years old when enlisted August 10, 1861, and deserted at Suffolk, Virginia, in March, 1863.

"Manuel" Parish was 19 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in Richmond, May 10, 1862.

Robert E. Patterson was 21 years old when enlisted August 8, 1861. He was a fine soldier, and did his whole duty wherever assigned until killed at Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864.

Allen D. Patterson was 28 years old when enlisted. He was a merchant at Barnes X-Roads and a man of fine character. He was elected second lieutenant on November 16, 1861, and died of disease in Richmond, January 27, 1862.

John Patterson was 16 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Gordonsville, Virginia, May 28, 1862.

Samuel J. Preston was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, most always present for duty. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga, and on the muster roll it is stated that

he was wounded three times, but none of the company witnessed it. The record does not account for him after 1864.

Silas B. Peters was 21 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. During the Valley campaign of 1862 he was "absent sick." When he recovered his health he was a faithful soldier until severely wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and thereafter he never rendered any service. He was a little, one-eyed man, by no means handsome, but had a considerable vein of waggish, dry humor in him. Peters returned to his home in Dale County at the close of the war, and resides near Dothan, Alabama.

"Bed" Peters was 18 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and discharged for original disability the following December.

John Peters was 27 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease twelve days thereafter, at Farmville, Virginia.

James Peters was 45 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, June 30, 1862.

James Peters, Jr., was 23 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, June 8, 1862.

Anderson L. Peek was 20 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a fair soldier, and was in service and present for duty until the close of 1864, but I know nothing more of him.

John Peck was 18 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, and died of disease at his home in Elba, Alabama, whither he had gone on furlough April 16, 1863.

George Powell was 21 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 15, 1862.

Abraham Powell was 21 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" a good deal at first, but regained his health and was then present in all the campaigns and nearly all the battles; was never wounded up to January 1, 1865, and thereafter we have no account of him.

James I. Powell was 18 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 23, 1862.

Dock F. Prim was 26 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and the muster roll says "deserted" at Suffolk, Virginia, in 1863. There is nothing else on the roll about this man, which is very unsatisfactory.

A. R. Roundtree was 28 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He had a good record as a soldier, but was captured at Gettysburg, and never exchanged during the war.

Thomas M. Sanders was 22 years old when enlisted August 10, 1861; was a splendid soldier, always present for duty until killed in the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862.

Frank I. Sanders was 28 years old when enlisted. He was mustered as "absent sick" nearly all the time until the latter part of 1862. He was severely wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, in consequence of which he was absent a good while, and then detailed, because not able to perform active service, in which state he remained during the war.

Julius J. Sanders was 23 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability February 20, 1862.

George W. Sanders was 20 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" a good portion of the time, but when present was a good soldier, and was promoted to first corporal in 1864 for his good record. So far as I am aware he was faithful to the cause clear up to the surrender.

John Stephens was 21 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was a faithful and efficient soldier. After serving through Jackson's Valley campaign he was killed at Cold Harbor, or Gaines' Mill, Virginia, June 27, 1862.

David Snell was 45 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was rather too old for active soldiering. He was "absent sick" a great part of the time, but he was patriotic, and did all he could for the cause of his country. He was killed in Lookout Valley, near Brown's Ferry, October 28, 1863. He fell by my side with a bullet through his head. Dale County never produced a braver soldier than David Snell.

John Skinner was 23 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was wounded at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862, from which he never sufficiently recovered to do further duty, and was discharged for disability May 1, 1863.

William Sellers was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was mortally wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, of which he died soon after.

Green B. Scoggins was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and again severely wounded in Lookout Valley, near Brown's Ferry, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, and never sufficiently recovered to return to duty.

John T. Scoggins was 56 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability October 8, 1861. He undertook to fight

with the boys, but found that he was too old. "Old men for counsel, young men for war," is a literally true maxim.

William Trawick was 53 years old when enlisted August 8, 1862. He never rendered any service. He was too old, and was discharged for disability in 1863.

John Trawick was 29 years old when enlisted August, 1861, and was mortally wounded in the battle of Winchester, Virginia, May 25, 1862, and died soon after.

William H. Thomas was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, October 27, 1861.

John G. L. Tomblin was 25 years old when enlisted August 10, 1861, and died of disease at Camp Toombs, September 26, 1861.

Augustus B. Tommie was 40 years old when enlisted. He was a conscript and never reported for duty. He shirked.

Waine Vance was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond, October 27, 1861.

Warren W. Vance was 26 years old when enlisted August 10, 1862. The muster roll fails to show that he rendered any service until he was severely wounded at Fredericksburg, December, 1862. He soon recovered, returned to duty, and did well up to January 1, 1865, and may have so continued, but I have no record thereof.

James M. Welch was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier, always present for duty in camp, on march, or in battle until captured at Gettysburg. He remained a prisoner until the close of the war.

Benjamin V. Waldin was 25 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was "absent sick" for a good while, but was present and severely wounded in the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862. He was elected to a lieutenancy in the Thirty-third Alabama Regiment, and transferred thereto. He survived the war, and then resided in Newton, Alabama, a much respected citizen.

James I. Waldin was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond, April 9, 1862.

James S. Waldin was 26 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, June 10, 1862.

James M. Williams was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier, always present for duty; was severely wounded at Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862, and again at New Market Heights, or Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864, from which he never fully recovered, but returned to his company and remained true to the flag of the Confederacy until

it was furled in smoke and blood at Appomattox. He returned to Dale County and lived near Ariosto Station until 1903, when he moved to Covington County, Alabama. No man in that county is truer to his country in war and in peace, nor a better citizen, than "Matt" Williams. If all would imitate his example we would have an earthly paradise.

Wm. H. Windham was 26 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. The muster roll shows him as "absent sick" over half the time, and finally as having deserted at Bristol, Virginia, April 27, 1864.

Harmon Windham was 24 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was a fine soldier and always present for duty; was severely wounded at Shepherdstown, Virginia, September 19, 1862, which disabled him so that he was honorably retired in consequence March 23, 1863.

James K. Windham was 28 years old when enlisted March, 1862. The muster roll does not show that he ever did any service, but shows that he was discharged for disability June 28, 1864.

Samuel Wade was 24 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was a good soldier, always present, and fought well until mortally wounded in the battle near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864. He died soon thereafter.

Steven M. Woodham was 28 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was a faithful soldier; severely wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862. He returned to duty as soon as able, and being quite sick was captured at Spottsylvania Court House, May, 1864. He was paroled in November, 1864, but never exchanged.

Jacob J. West was 20 years old when enlisted October 4, 1861, and died of disease at Warrenton, Virginia, December 28, 1861.

John B. Yelverton was 28 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was mustered more than half the time as "absent sick," but rendered the best service he was able to do. He was severely wounded on the Darbytown Road, near Fussell's Mills, Virginia, August 16, 1864. He was permanently disabled. He returned home, and although he ever afterwards had to go on crutches, he succeeded in making a good living for his family, and lived until 1895, when he died at home, respected by all who knew him. He educated his children fairly well. One of them, D. Yelverton, a little hunchback man, became an excellent book-keeper, and for many years has been an employee of the govern-

ment in the General Land Office at Washington, at a very fair salary.

This company, officers and enlisted men, had a total of 201. Of these, 75 died of disease; 25 were killed in battle or mortally wounded and died soon thereafter; 65 wounds received in action; 10 were discharged for original disability; 8 deserted; 23 went through two or more battles without a wound. Three Jones brothers went through many engagements uninjured; and some of the 23 participated in at least 30 battles and did not receive a scratch. Disease and sickness incident to camp life killed just three times as many as the enemy's bullets.

Two captains resigned, 2 were disabled by wounds and honorably retired; 2 lieutenants resigned, and 1 died in prison.

COMPANY F.

This company was organized at Brundidge, and in the neighborhood thereof, in Pike and Dale Counties, and was one of the original companies of the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment. All those from Dale are marked (d) in the margin.

Ben H. Lewis was the first captain, and was 34 years old when elected. He resigned on account of ill health January 18, 1862. After the war he removed to Coffee County. He was a millwright by trade, and some ten or twelve years after the war he was assassinated by one Bell, who fled the country, and never was punished therefor, unless it were done by private parties. Captain Lewis was a very eccentric man. He had measles at Camp Toombs in the fall of 1861. His mind was so affected by the disease that he was for a time slightly deranged, and took to the woods, but was looked up, brought back, and properly cared for. His health was not fully restored, and was the prime cause of his resignation.

George Y. Malone was elected first lieutenant at the age of 35 years. Upon the resignation of Lewis, Malone was promoted to the captaincy of the company. He was a fine officer, commanded his company all through Jackson's Valley campaign, and had the respect of all the officers and men. On the 27th day of June, the second day of the seven days' battles around Richmond, at Cold Harbor, he was severely wounded while gallantly leading his company in a charge. His wounds disabled him for further

service, and in March, 1863, he was honorably retired for disability. Though very impulsive, which sometimes made him seem a little harsh as an officer, yet no man had a heart more overflowing with human sympathy and kindness. He lived for several years after the war at Brundidge, Alabama, engaged in mercantile business. Then he removed to Troy and did business for a few years, and then removed to Geneva, Alabama, a place presenting a better field, as he thought, for his business, in which he has been fairly successful. He has reared a large family of children, all of whom are highly esteemed, and his sons are active, energetic, and successful business men, some of whom are merchants and bankers at Dothan. The captain still lives, and is now at Dothan, in Houston County. He and his sons are among the leading men of southeast Alabama at this time, 1904.

De Kalb Williams was elected second lieutenant at the age of 28 years. Upon the retirement of Captain Malone he was made captain of the company. He had commanded it as first lieutenant from the time that Captain Malone was disabled. He was a faithful soldier, nearly always present for duty. He was slightly wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, but soon recovered and returned to duty. He was also wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863; but his wound not being serious, he soon returned. He continued faithfully at his post and commanded his company up to the surrender. He was not a brilliant man, nor an officer of reckless daring, but of fair intelligence, and performed his duty cautiously, but faithfully. After the war he engaged in the mercantile business, first at Brundidge and then at Troy, until his death, which occurred about 1892. He was a gentleman of good morals and fine deportment.

T J. Prior was elected third lieutenant at the age of 24 years. He was a good man, of somewhat feeble constitution, and often mustered as "absent sick," but was present for duty whenever able. He was wounded near Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 8, 1864, but as soon as able returned to duty. He was promoted to first lieutenant on Captain Malone's retirement, March 18, 1863. I have lost sight of him since the war, and know not whether he be living or dead.

P W Nicholson, first sergeant, was enlisted at the age of 24 years. He was a good, faithful soldier, nearly always present for duty. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas on August 30, 1862. He was elected third lieutenant on April 26, 1862, and promoted to second lieutenant on March 18, 1863. He

was detailed with a squad of men to guard the wagon train, and was captured in East Tennessee, January 20, 1864, and kept a prisoner of war until after the surrender. The last known of him by the writer was that he was living at or near Longview, Texas.

G. L. Childs, second sergeant, was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was slightly wounded at Cross Keys and was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

W. D. Hough, third sergeant, was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier and was killed at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862.

A. W. Brazil, fourth sergeant, was 24 years old when enlisted. He was discharged for disability February 1, 1862.

R. C. Stanford, fifth sergeant, was 32 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond, December 11, 1861.

J. M. Calhoun, first corporal, was 34 years old when enlisted, and died of disease near Manassas Junction, February 20, 1862.

T. J. Seay, second corporal, was 27 years old when enlisted. He went through the Valley campaign of 1862, but after that was for some time "absent sick." He was a brave and faithful soldier. He was captured at Knoxville, Tennessee, November, 1863, and died while a prisoner of war, as shown by the muster roll.

Daniel Minshew, third corporal, was 26 years old when enlisted. He had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 9, 1861.

J. F. Ramage, fourth corporal, was 21 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability at Swift Run Gap, Virginia, May 2, 1862.

Stephen E. Andress was 22 years old when enlisted; was a dentist by profession. He was a good soldier, and was mortally wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and died about two weeks thereafter.

(d) A. N. Agerton was enlisted August 19, 1862, his age not given. He was a splendid soldier and always present for duty up to the close of 1864, and it is believed served to the surrender, but I have no muster roll for 1865.

William G. Amos was 21 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" nearly all the time until discharged for disability February 11, 1864. I think he still lives on the line between Pike and Coffee Counties, and is a good man and prominent citizen of the latter country.

Brantley C. Anderson was 21 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier and killed at the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862.

J. C. Adkins was 28 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was taken sick or wounded and left at Winchester, Virginia, in the hospital, where he died July 26, 1862.

Andrew Adams was 20 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, June 1, 1862.

John W. Adams was 22 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862. He was a fair soldier until wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, which disabled him for further service, and he was discharged at Bull's Gap, Tennessee, March 12, 1864.

Green C. Bray was 18 years old when enlisted August 3, 1863. Chickamauga was his first battle and in it he was wounded. He recovered and was afterwards wounded at Campbell's Station, Tennessee, November, 1863, which so disabled him that he never returned to duty.

John N. Bray was 20 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, also at the second battle of Manassas, and again at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. He was promoted to second corporal, then third sergeant. He was a faithful soldier and fought through to the surrender.

George W. Brazil was 27 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; was wounded at Cross Keys, Sharpsburg and at Spottsylvania Court House. He was promoted to first corporal and then to fourth sergeant and served through to the surrender.

Daniel C. Brown was 26 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 22, 1862.

Sampson Browning was 35 years old when enlisted. He had the measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 1, 1861.

James Bussey was 18 years old when enlisted December 19, 1861, and died at Richmond, Virginia, April 6, 1862.

Zachariah Bussey was 47 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He made a good soldier for a man of his age. He was wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, but returned to duty and fought well until discharged for disability at Charleston, Virginia, October 27, 1862.

Reddin Baxley was 30 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and was a very good soldier. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, and again at Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863. His last wound was a severe one,

and permanently disabled him, for which he was honorably discharged September 20, 1864.

D. C. Bowman was 35 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease May 27, 1862.

George W Barefoot was 33 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Mount Jackson, Virginia, June 3, 1862.

David Barefoot was 39 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was severely wounded at the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, which permanently disabled him, and he was honorably discharged from the service August 15, 1863.

(d) William R. Beasley was 22 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862. He was a good soldier, and fought well until killed at Spottsylvania Court House, May 8, 1864.

(d) James W Bridges was 20 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862, and died of disease at Mount Jackson, Virginia, November 11, 1862.

Nicholas Baker, usually called "Deck" Baker, was 36 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was captured at the battle of Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain, Virginia, August 9, 1862. He was exchanged and afterwards transferred to Company L of the regiment, March 1, 1863.

Thomas A. Collier was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier when present, but he had an unfortunate way of getting himself captured. He was captured at Sharpsburg, but was exchanged and served very well until at the Wilderness, May 6, while serving on a detail as litter-bearer, he was again captured and held as prisoner of war until after the surrender. He was a good citizen and lived at Brundidge, Alabama, until he died in 1903.

Joseph Crenshaw was 23 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier. He was wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, but soon recovered and returned to duty. He was again wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November, 1863, which permanently disabled him, and he was honorably retired from the service September 20, 1864.

James Crenshaw was 20 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 12, 1861.

Eli N. Cox was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier when present, but was "absent sick" a considerable time, and was captured in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, and held as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

William W Carter was 18 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was "absent sick" during the first part of that year, but regaining his health, returned to duty and was a good soldier. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and died five days thereafter.

Robert C. Cody was 19 years old when enlisted and was discharged for disability April 15, 1862.

Green F Carlisle was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier, but was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

William Crane was 25 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was another splendid soldier. He was wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. He recovered, returned to duty just in time to go through with the Gettysburg campaign, and on the return was wounded in the engagement on Battle Mountain, July 24, 1863. He soon recovered and was again wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19, 1863, which so far disabled him that he never returned to duty.

Jackson Crocker was 23 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 15, 1862.

Bethel Crocker was 18 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease some time in the spring thereafter—date not given.

William Jackson Chancellor was 30 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. When he arrived, with a large number of other recruits to the regiment, we were on the western side of the Rappahannock River. The weather was very inclement, with much cold rain and occasional snows, and a large number of the raw recruits, who had just been brought from comfortable homes, were made sick by the great change in method of living, and many of them died. It was most inconsiderate and cruel to have taken volunteers into the field under such circumstances; it killed three times as many of them as were slain by the enemy's bullets. They should have been drilled in a comfortable camp of instruction South. Chancellor was my cousin, and hence I noticed him more particularly than other men in the ranks of the companies other than that which I commanded. He contracted pneumonia soon after his arrival and was sent to Chimborazo Hospital, in Richmond, Virginia, where he died May 13, 1862.

A. M. Downing was 34 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, but was severely wounded in the hand at the battle of Cross Keys, which necessitated its amputation, and he was

honorably discharged from the service in consequence July 22, 1862.

William Downing was 30 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 9, 1861.

James Daughtery was 21 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability June 13, 1862.

Shadrick F. Dixon was 24 years old when enlisted. He had a very brief and inglorious career as a soldier. He deserted at Camp Pageland, Virginia, September 26, 1861. He soon got enough of it, without waiting to see how he could face the foe and their leaden messengers.

Miles Davis was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 21, 1861.

Columbus Driggers was 23 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died the fourth day of July, 1862.

Isaiah Elliott was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier; was slightly wounded at the battle of Cross Keys. He served through to the surrender. He was promoted to corporal and also to a sergeancy for his good soldierly conduct.

P. D. Everett was 21 years old when enlisted. He had measles, and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 9, 1861.

(d) Wm. Edwards was 25 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862. He was in but one battle—that of Fredericksburg. He was nearly all the time “absent sick,” and died of disease at Richmond, March 27, 1863.

(d) Wm. F. Ethridge was 18 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862. He died of disease at Richmond, March 21, 1863.

Francis Folks was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Culpeper, Virginia, December 18, 1861.

Wm. R. Faircloth was 22 years old when enlisted. He had measles and died at Culpeper, Virginia, November 9, 1861.

Wm. W. Flowers was 25 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was captured in the Valley of Virginia, probably at Winchester, and when exchanged was mustered as “absent sick” or “absent without leave” nearly all the time, and finally deserted in East Tennessee, March 1, 1864. He was a very inferior soldier.

Isom L. Flowers was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Centerville, Virginia, November 27, 1861.

David Farmer was 18 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a good soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, and killed at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863.

Agenton Farmer, Jr., was 17 years old when enlisted November 1, 1863. The little fellow joined the company just in time for Longstreet's Knoxville campaign; he was in the engagement at Campbell's Station, and was killed at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863.

Agenton Farmer, Sr., was 44 years old when enlisted November 1, 1863. He was present with his son at Campbell's Station, and then mustered as "absent sick" so far as the rolls give any account of him. He does not appear to have rendered any service.

David Frazier was 26 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was utterly no account as a soldier; he was nearly always "absent sick" or "without leave," and was transferred to Company L of the regiment March 1, 1863. In that company he made a better record.

Starling Fuquay was 18 years old when enlisted November 1, 1863. It does not appear that he rendered any service, but was mustered as "absent sick" all the time.

(d) James J. Farrer was 17 years old when enlisted March 25, 1864. He was wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, May 8, 1864, but soon recovered, made a good soldier, and served through to the surrender.

Joseph Garner was 30 years old when enlisted August 7, 1861. He was transferred to this company in September, 1863, and was mortally wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863, and died soon after.

(d) J. W. Greenway was 20 years old when enlisted. He was one of the finest soldiers in his company, and none better in the regiment. There never was a better soldier than Wilson Greenway; he was always present for duty. On the morning of the 28th of October, 1863, near Brown's Ferry, Tennessee, when the officers of his company were not visible, he stepped boldly forward toward the enemy under a heavy fire, and called to his men, "Come on, boys! It's a shame to lie back this way." Just then he fell severely wounded, and half a minute thereafter I fell wounded in like manner, near by him. He recovered, and returned to duty. He was promoted for his fine soldierly qualities, first to corporal, then to sergeant, and was elected a second lieutenant in the Fifty-ninth Alabama Regiment on September 25, 1864. He was well worthy of the promotion. I think he survived the war, but I have not heard of him in many years. I hope he still lives and is happy.

James E. Grice was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier, and was killed at the battle of Cedar Run, August 9, 1862, by a shell from the enemy's battery.

St. George W. Grice was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier, and was severely wounded at the second battle of Manassas on the night of the 28th of August, 1862. He was again severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, by which he was permanently disabled, and was honorably retired July 10, 1864, on account of such disability.

(d) John W. Gibson was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863, promoted to third corporal October, 1864, and served through to the surrender.

Benjamin H. Galloway was 18 years old when enlisted, and served all through the war as a teamster; was never absent and performed his work quite well. He resided near Brundidge after the close of the war.

James I. Galloway was 24 years old when enlisted. He served on a detail as a teamster until just before the battle of Sharpsburg, when he was returned to his company, and killed in that battle September 17, 1862.

Andrew J. Graves was 19 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in Richmond, January 5, 1862.

(d) Marshall V. Glenn was 16 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a good soldier, and was captured at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September, 1862, but soon thereafter was exchanged; made a fine soldier and served through to the surrender.

(d) Walter S. Glenn was 25 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a good soldier, but was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

(d) G. D. Glenn was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier, but was killed at the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862.

Edward A. Hutchinson was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, and again at Second Manassas, August 28, 1862, and was again severely wounded near Brown's Ferry, Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863; was left on the field, captured by the enemy, and held as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

Jas. B. Hutchinson was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier; was wounded at Sharpsburg, taken prisoner at Gettysburg, and not exchanged during the war.

Sam Howell was 46 years old when enlisted September 27, 1861. During the Valley campaign of 1862 and the seven days' fighting around Richmond he was mustered as "absent sick," but recovering his health, he was afterwards retired, as being over age, at Petersburg, July 22, 1864.

W. J. A. J. Hilliard was 28 years old when enlisted. He served through the Valley campaign of 1862, and was afterwards mustered as "absent sick" or "absent on furlough" until discharged for disability April 7, 1863. He was for many years the Probate Judge of Pike County, and represented his county in the lower house of the Legislature in 1900 and 1901.

W. W. Hughes was 18 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability August 20, 1861.

Jas. Hearn was 47 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, but was discharged for disability in the winter of 1861.

Willis J. Hancock was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; served through the Valley campaign, and was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

(d) Peter J. Hough was 21 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862. He was an excellent soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. Thereafter was nearly always present for duty and had the good fortune of not being wounded again. He was promoted to first corporal in October, 1864, and served through to the surrender, and thereafter resided in Bullock County.

(d) John B. Hough was 20 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862. He was a very fair soldier; served faithfully to the close of 1864, and probably to the surrender.

John W. Harter was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Mt. Jackson, Virginia, December 18, 1861.

George M. Hicks was 25 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability, I know not what date.

Thos. H. Holloway was 34 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862. He was wounded at Chickamauga, and was absent from duty for a considerable time, but returned and was present at the close of 1864.

Wm. Hussey was 30 years old when enlisted March 18, 1862. He went through the Valley campaign of 1862, but after that was absent for a good while "without leave," as appears on the muster roll. He then returned to duty and was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, and never returned. He was not much of a soldier.

Jefferson E. Hussey was 23 years old when enlisted March 19, 1862. He was captured on picket at Cross Keys and remained a prisoner of war a considerable time. He was severely wounded in the left arm near Brown's Ferry, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, and never returned to duty. His arm was disabled. I was wounded just after he was. I was shot through my right hip and thigh, and that leg disabled. Hussey, though wounded, with one Meredith, of the same company, aided me to get off the field. They were both my schoolmates when we were all boys in Pike County. Hussey lived in Coffee County in 1904. He will always have my kindest regards for his assistance in the hour of need.

Wm. Holmes was 22 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease the 15th day of May, 1862.

Wm. Hill was 28 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of pneumonia at Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond, Virginia, May 24, 1862.

Archibald Jackson was 26 years old when enlisted. He was mustered as "absent sick" all through the year. He was wounded at Knoxville, November 25, 1863; soon recovered, returned to duty, and fought bravely until killed in a skirmish about December 1, 1864.

John Jackson was 39 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" all through the year of his enlistment. He was wounded at Suffolk, Virginia, May 3, 1863. After his recovery he served on detail for a considerable time, then was returned to the ranks, and seems to have served through to the surrender.

Levi Jackson was 23 years old when enlisted; had the measles, and died at Haymarket, Virginia, September 17, 1861.

A. N. Jackson was 22 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was "absent sick" during the Valley campaign and the seven days' fighting around Richmond. He then, having regained his health, rejoined his company and fought well until killed at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862.

John D. Johnston was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond, May 5, 1862.

Rufus King was 44 years old when enlisted. He served well through the Valley campaign and the seven days' battles around Richmond, but after that was mustered as "absent sick" or "on detail" for a good while, and at the Wilderness, May 6, while act-

ing as a litter-bearer, was captured and held as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

(d) Wm. W Ketchum was 18 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862. He was a splendid soldier, always present for duty, until severely wounded in the hand and disabled June 3, 1864, at Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor.

(d) Bartley W Ketchum was 36 years old when enlisted January 1, 1863. He was a good soldier, was wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 8, 1864, which disabled him for a considerable time, and the muster roll fails to show whether he ever returned to duty.

(d) J. P Ketchum was 17 years old when enlisted May 13, 1864. He served well for a short time, but got sick, was furloughed, and the muster roll fails to show whether or not he rendered any further service. He was mustered "absent without leave."

(d) Leander Kidd was 34 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862, and died of disease at Richmond, November 15, 1862.

Samuel Knowles was 28 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability November 18, 1861.

L. S. Knowles was 25 years old when enlisted March 27, 1862. He was captured on picket at Cross Keys, but after his exchange made a very fair soldier. He was promoted to second sergeant in 1863, and first sergeant in December of that year, and served through to the surrender.

Thomas J. Lindsey was 17 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability June 25, 1862.

Wm. Lindsey was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and was severely wounded at Cold Harbor. As soon as he recovered he returned to duty, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Joseph Lindsey was 24 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, August 8, 1862.

Wyatt Lane was 30 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability April 20, 1862.

(d) David Logan was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Mount Jackson, Virginia, April 5, 1862.

(d) Frank M. Logan was 24 years old when enlisted August 8, 1861. He was a fair soldier, and appears to have served through to the surrender without ever receiving a wound.

Henry M. Lasseter was 24 years old when enlisted. He had measles, and died at Haymarket, Virginia, October 19, 1861.

James Lasseter was 22 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease April 28 of the same year.

James E. Lewis was 18 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a good soldier; was wounded by a shell at the battle of Cedar Run. When he recovered, he returned to duty and served through to the surrender.

Wm. Lewis was 22 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Charlottesville, Virginia, May 18, 1862.

(d) James A. Langford was 30 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga. He was captured at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and never exchanged during the war.

(d) James W Langford was 26 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862. He was severely wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and never returned to duty, unless it was after that year.

(d) Wm. J. Langford was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Winchester, Virginia, October 12, 1862.

G. B. Lecroy was 33 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" up to the battle of Gettysburg, where he was captured, and died in prison, exact date not known.

James P Moore was 19 years old when enlisted. He served on detail a good while as General Trimble's orderly; was captured at Gettysburg, and not exchanged during the war.

Simon G. Mobley was 32 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, which necessitated the amputation of his leg and his retirement.

Anderson Mobley was 22 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a fine soldier; was severely wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy near Brown's Ferry, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, and not exchanged during the war.

C. C. Minshew was 32 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, and again at Battle Mountain, Virginia, July 24, 1863. The wound so disabled him that he was retired from further service.

Phillip Q. Minshew was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier and was wounded at Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, but soon recovered, returned to duty, and served through to the surrender.

Alexander McDowell was 23 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability May 2, 1862.

John McDowell was 19 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability March 13, 1862.

Wm. D. McDowell was 24 years old when enlisted. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862; fell into the hands of the enemy and died October 16, 1862.

Dennis W Miles was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier. He was wounded at Gettysburg, and was killed at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863.

M. E. Meredith was 28 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was wounded at Gettysburg, and again at Chester Station, Virginia, June 17, 1864, which disabled him for further service during that year. He was a fine soldier and very faithful to duty. He helped me from the field when I was wounded at Brown's Ferry, Tennessee, and was my schoolmate in boyhood.

(d) Francis M. Metts was 26 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862. He never did much service. He was captured at Gettysburg, and retained as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

Jesse W Myhand was 35 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was "absent sick" for a long time, but regained his health and made a fine soldier. He was mortally wounded at Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, and died on the field soon after.

James R. Norris was 30 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier and a good man every way. He was captured at Sharpsburg, Maryland, but was soon exchanged, and promoted to a sergeancy. He served through the war to the surrender, and then went to Brazil, where he remained several years. He then returned to Alabama, and lived many years in Monroe County a very highly respected citizen. He was a very prominent Mason and a good man. He died in the year 1899.

Robert C. Norris was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a brother to Reese, and one of the best soldiers in the regiment. He was made sergeant-major and discharged the duties of that office splendidly. He was always present for duty in all the battles and was so fortunate as not to be wounded. He was elected to a lieutenancy in the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment, and discharged in consequence September 20, 1864. Soon after the war

he went to Brazil, where he was in 1904, engaged in the practice of medicine. He has reared an interesting family of children.

Edward Pippin was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease January 10, 1862.

John F. Prior was 20 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" the greater part of that year, but afterwards made a good soldier. He was severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, which disabled him for some time; but as soon as recovered he returned to duty, and served faithfully through to the surrender.

John A. Paul was 27 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a good soldier, was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, and again at Brown's Ferry, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863; as soon as he recovered he returned to duty and fought faithfully through to the surrender. He moved to, or near, Bristol, Florida, after the war.

(d) Noah D. Peacock was 23 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862. He was an excellent soldier after 1862; during that year he was sick most of the time. At Knoxville, Tennessee, he was severely wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy December 8, 1863. There he remained until after the war.

(d) James T. Perry was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a very fine soldier, but was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

(d) Abe Powell was 20 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862, and died of disease at Mount Jackson, Virginia, December 1, 1862.

David G. Ray was 20 years old when enlisted October 1, 1862. He was a good soldier; was wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia. As soon as he recovered he returned to duty, and was killed in the charge on Fort Harrison, Virginia, September 30, 1864.

George B. Reeves was 17 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier, but was captured at Gettysburg, and held as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

Wm. N. Reeves was 24 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and after his recovery was detailed as a ward-master in the Second Alabama Hospital at Richmond until March 22, 1864, when he was returned to duty with his company, and served through to the surrender.

James M. Reynolds was 25 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability near Manassas Junction, February 15, 1862.

(d) Wm. E. Rudd was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier; was captured at Gettysburg and held as prisoner of war until after the surrender.

(d) Jas. E. Rudd was 27 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier; was mustered as "absent sick" about half his time, but was so fortunate as never to have been wounded, and served through to the surrender; died in Texas, March, 1902.

(c) F. M. Rudd was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

(d) M. V. B. Rudd was 18 years old when enlisted October 1, 1862. He was a fine soldier; was wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864; was afterwards promoted to fourth corporal, and served through to the surrender.

Stephen J. Rodges was 26 years old when enlisted in October, 1861. He was wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, and was absent in consequence until toward the close of 1864, when he was again with his company, but the muster roll does not inform me what became of him.

Frank M. Roundtree was 21 years old when enlisted. He served in the ranks of his company very faithfully during the Valley campaign, but was then detailed to drive a brigade wagon. Was afterwards returned to duty for a time with his company and rendered good service, but was again put on detail, where he stayed until the surrender.

(d) W. J. Smith was 20 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at the battle of Winchester, May 25, 1862. He was again wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. As soon as he recovered he returned to duty and fought well until August 25, 1864. He had been promoted to third sergeant, but ran out of two fights and was reduced to ranks therefor, when he deserted at the date above given.

Francis M. Smith was 32 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" and "on furlough" for a good while at first, but when he regained his health he served faithfully through to the surrender. His captain entered on the muster roll opposite his name, "Never was a better soldier." He went to Texas after the war.

Andrew J. Smith was 26 years old when enlisted, and discharged December 19, 1861, by putting in James Bussey as a substitute.

Jordan D. Smith was 21 years old when enlisted. He had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 8, 1861.

S. J. Stallings was 43 years old when enlisted; was discharged for disability May 22, 1862.

William Seay was 24 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a fine soldier and rendered good service, remaining with his company to the surrender.

W. J. Seay was 22 years old when enlisted March 17, 1862. He was a fine soldier; was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862. He was again wounded at the engagement on Battle Mountain, July 24, 1863, and was again very severely wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, which disabled him for further service. There was no better soldier than he.

D. J. Stephens was 29 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862. He was again severely wounded at Battle Mountain, Virginia, July 24, 1863, which disabled him for further service, and in consequence he was afterwards honorably retired. He was a fine soldier and the last I knew of him he resided in Coffee County, Alabama.

Solomon N. Snead was 33 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. The severity of his wound disabled him, when he was placed on detached service, and was honorably discharged December 20, 1864.

M. S. Sellers was 30 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease May 11, 1862.

(d) John F. Sheffield was 28 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862. He seems to have made a very fair soldier, but the muster roll fails to account for him after 1864. He was in many battles.

(d) John W. Sheffield was 18 years old when enlisted August 19, 1863. He was a very fair soldier; was severely wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863, and fell into the hands of the enemy when Longstreet raised the siege of that place, December 8, 1863.

(d) T. B. Sheffield was 25 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862, and died of disease at Atlanta, Georgia, November 11, 1863.

L. E. Stafford was 33 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was captured on the return from Gettysburg and died in prison, date not known.

S. P. Tillman was 26 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier; died of disease at Richmond, July 5, 1864.

(d) W. J. Tillery was 30 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, but recovered and served for a considerable time, and died of disease, aggravated by the wound, at Richmond, June 25, 1864.

(d) William Trent was 27 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862, and died of disease at Winchester, November 2, 1862.

J. N. Wadsworth was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier and an intelligent man. His first promotion was to fourth sergeant in 1862, then to first sergeant, then he was elected third lieutenant on March 25, 1863. He served as an officer in the Division Provost Guard for a good while, but returned to his company in 1864, and remained with it to the surrender. I think he went to Texas after the war.

(h) J. J. Ward was 21 years old when enlisted. He was transferred to Company G of the regiment April 14, 1862, and killed in battle in 1864.

(d) S. M. Ward was 20 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862, and discharged for disability at Staunton, January 11, 1863.

J. J. Warren was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond, April 26, 1862.

Dempsey Warrick was 24 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Richmond, May 15, 1862.

Samuel W. Warrick was 22 years old when enlisted September 30, 1864, and rendered but little service.

(d) Joseph Watson was 17 years old when enlisted August 19, 1862, and was discharged for disability at Fredericksburg, August 5, 1863.

(d) W. H. Weaver was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Front Royal, Virginia, December 24, 1861.

C. K. Wood was 22 years old when enlisted December 14, 1861. He gave his occupation as that of a "loafer," and deserted at Manassas Junction, December 26, 1861. The loafer only wanted his grub for a time and had no disposition to be shot at. He stated that he was from Charleston, S. C. His period of service was limited to twelve days.

R. A. Wilson was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier, but was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. He had been promoted to first corporal for his good soldierly qualities.

John D. Wilson was 21 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability at Centerville, December 5, 1861.

Joseph Wilson was 17 years old when enlisted November 1, 1863. He made a fine young soldier, and was wounded at the battle of Darbytown, October 7, 1864.

S. D. Wilson was 24 years old when enlisted. He was detailed as a hospital steward July 8, 1862, and was shot accidentally October 13, 1864. He is not now living.

T. G. Whigham was 21 years old when enlisted. He got enough glory as a soldier in a very brief period and deserted on the 25th day of September, 1861.

Francis M. Williams was 27 years old when enlisted October 1, 1862. He served in but one battle, and died of disease at Richmond, March 24, 1863.

Elijah Young was 26 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was mortally wounded at Shepherdstown, Virginia, September 19, 1862, and died about one month thereafter.

The total membership of the company, officers and men, was 181; 51 died of disease; 26 were killed in battle or mortally wounded and died soon after; 76 the number of wounds received in battle; 18 served in two or more battles without receiving a wound; 16 were discharged for disability; 7 deserted; 43 were from Dale County; 1 from Henry; 1 from Coffee; 135 from Pike, and 1 from Florida.

One captain resigned and one captain was retired on account of wounds.

COMPANY G

This company was called "Henry Pioneers," and was raised in Henry and Dale Counties, to serve three years or during the war. Those from Dale County have a small (d) in front of their names.

William C. Oates, then in his 25th year, was not elected, but by common consent proclaimed captain of the company. He was the only officer when the company left for the seat of war. An election was held for the other officers on Sunday while ascending the Chattahoochee River on the steamer *Jackson*. The captain was a strict disciplinarian when on duty, but otherwise allowed his men the largest liberty consistent with proper discipline and the good of the service. He gave his men as good care and attention as any captain in the service possibly could. He always contended strenuously and doggedly for their rights. In this

connection he once flatly refused to obey an order of the lieutenant-colonel, for which he might have been court-martialed, but the latter officer understood and appreciated the spirit which prompted it and did not report the captain.

He participated in twenty-seven engagements, great and small, and was wounded four times slightly, for which he did not leave the field, and twice severely, as follows: Wounded slightly in the arm August 19, 1862, on the Rappahannock River; Chantilly Farm, or Ox Hill, Virginia, in the right leg below the knee, on the 1st of September, 1862; at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863, contusion by piece of shell in left hip; at Brown's Ferry, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, very severely through the upper portion of the right thigh; also very slightly on the head by a sharp-shooter, near Turkey Ridge, or second Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; and near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864, by which he lost his right arm near the shoulder joint. But two of these wounds were received by him while a captain.

In Jackson's march to Pope's rear, Captain Oates acted as major of the regiment, and so continued through the fighting at second Manassas, Chantilly Farm, or Ox Hill, the Maryland campaign, and until the capture of Harper's Ferry. He was sick and excused by the surgeon and left at a house near Shepherdstown on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and hence was not in the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, but was just across the river in hearing and nearly in sight of it—which he said was worse than being in the midst of the battle. Though not well, he came to the regiment immediately after the engagement at Shepherdstown, September 19, 1862, and found his first lieutenant, C. V. Morris, in command of it. Oates then took command of the regiment and retained it for about one month, when Major Lowther arrived, took command and retained it until during the first week of December, when the battle of Fredericksburg was impending. We were moving up and the artillery firing when he turned over the command to Oates and retired. The latter then commanded the regiment through the battle of Fredericksburg, which did not occur until a week later, and continuously until about the middle of April, 1863, when Capt. I. B. Feagin returned and was honorably acquitted by court-martial of the charges against him. He, holding the rank over Oates, took command again. In the early part of May, 1863, Oates was appointed a colonel in the Provisional Army of the Confederate

States, at the instance of Generals Law and Hood, and by order assigned to the command of the regiment. His connection with the company here ceased.

His service as colonel and as field officer will be given in other chapters.

Isaac T Culver was 19 years old when elected first lieutenant, and resigned February 29, 1862. After the war he became involved in a personal difficulty and killed a colored man named Buford Whitehurst, was tried at Abbeville, defended by his old captain as his lawyer, and acquitted. He then moved to Texas.

Cornelius V Morris was 44 years old when elected second lieutenant. Upon the resignation of Lieutenant Culver he was promoted to first lieutenant. Though a New Yorker by birth and education, he was an ardent Confederate and did his whole duty as an officer, and commanded the company with good ability in the absence of the captain. On January 1, 1863, he was appointed regimental commissary, with the rank of captain, and performed all the duties pertaining thereto until the office was abolished, which put him out of the service with a most excellent record. He lived in Fort Gaines, Georgia, where he engaged in mercantile business after the close of the war. Though about 85 years of age in 1904, he was active, well preserved and universally respected by all who knew him.

Henry C. Brainard was elected third lieutenant at the age of 21 years. When Morris was made first lieutenant, Brainard was promoted to second, and when Morris was made commissary, Brainard was promoted to first lieutenant, and when Captain Oates was appointed colonel, Brainard was made captain. He was a fine officer—patriotic, faithful and brave as any in the regiment, modest as a woman and somewhat diffident. I was surprised to see the presence of mind he displayed. We were retreating in double-quick under orders with a fire in our rear at the battle of Cross Keys and had to cross two tall fences in a wheat field. Lieutenant Brainard, seeing the obstruction and the danger in crossing them, ran ahead with others and threw down the fences. At the second battle of Manassas, when we were fighting in the night, the command came down the line, "Cease firing, our friends are in front," and was two or three times repeated. Lieutenant Brainard sprang over the fence, advanced to where he had seen some men fall and lighted a match to see that they were Yankees, and the firing was renewed and the enemy driven from the field. At Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, he

was killed while attempting to lead his company up a large ledge of rock, behind which the enemy were in great numbers. As he fell he exclaimed, "O God, that I could see my mother!" and expired.

First Lieutenant John A. Oates, by operation of law, at once became captain, but in less than five minutes he fell mortally wounded, several bullets having passed through him.

He first volunteered as a private in Captain Gordon's company, called the "Henry Grays," of the Sixth Alabama infantry, in May, 1861. He was transferred the following November to this company because the captain was his brother, and he was elected third lieutenant early in March, 1862, and had been regularly promoted to first lieutenant. He had not been removed from where he fell when the regiment, after sustaining heavy losses, was driven back; and he was left on the field. Some of the men of the company, without orders, penetrated the skirmish line of the enemy that night to try to remove him, and Lieutenant Cody, who also had fallen. They undertook it, but were discovered, shot at, and barely escaped capture. He fell into the hands of the enemy, was removed to a field hospital, where he died of his wounds on the twenty-third day after they were inflicted. Doctor Reed, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment, attended him very kindly, and had him buried in a coffin when he died. He says that he died happy and without regret, except that he was far from home and relatives, and among strangers and enemies in war. He was sick on the long march of the morning of the battle, and had fallen behind. I sent back one of my horses for him and brought him up. After the line of battle was formed I found him lying on the ground in rear of his company, with a high fever. I told him that when the line moved forward he was not to go, but to remain where he was. He raised up, and his black eyes flashing fire he replied, "No, brother, were I to do that it would be said that I avoided the battle and acted the coward. No, sir; I will go in with my company though I know it may cost me my life!" These were the last words ever passed between us. We were not only brothers, near the same age, but had been reared together, and no brothers loved each other better. He was a young lawyer, very bright and popular with all who knew him when he left for the war, never to return.

From a letter addressed to Gov. W. C. Oates, November 20, 1896, by Dr. G. A. E. Reed, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the following extract is made:

"Your brother, Lieutenant John A. Oates, after being wounded, was brought to the hospital of the Second Division, Fifth Army Corps. I found him to be severely wounded, and expressed a doubt regarding his ultimate recovery. Lieutenant Cody was brought in about the same time, and I had them placed upon separate cots in one of our hospital tents. Your brother suffered greatly at times. I was frequently brought to his bedside and it was at these visits I learned to know much of the nobleness of his character, and the intense love, affection, and respect he had for his own people, a quality I greatly admired. My wife, sister-in-law, and a lady friend of theirs came to see me at Gettysburg a few days after the battle, and on passing through the hospital their attention was called in some way to Lieutenant Cody and your brother; I think because of their apparent helpless condition and the fact of their being among strangers, far away from their home and kindred. This prompted them to ask a few questions, and opened the way for further acquaintance, and enabled them to show some kindness to the afflicted and distressed. Many little favors, in shape of such delicacies as could be procured in our camp or hospital, were given to your brother and his friend, thereby cementing a friendship so strangely begun. Your brother and Lieutenant Cody expressed their appreciation of these little acts. As time wore on it became evident to all of us that these two young men could not recover. Their new-found friends visited them daily, reading and talking to them, and for this attention they frequently expressed thanks, and spoke of their homes the cruel fate of war had torn them from.

My sister-in-law remembers that your brother died on a Friday evening as the sun was about setting [Lieutenant Cody died two days before]; that a short while before he died he requested my wife's lady friend and herself to sing for him; they sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." After singing they all joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer; feeling that his end was near, he said, "Tell my folks at home that I died in the arms of friends." These were his last words. Such was the end of a life of a devoted son and brother. Your brother's remains, as well as Lieutenant Cody's, were buried in a field very near to our hospital, along with many others who died at this hospital. Since that time a National Cemetery has been located nearer to the town of Gettysburg, and as many bodies as could be found have been lifted and reinterred in the new plot assigned. At your brother's burial we marked his grave with a board head-piece, placing his name and rank upon it. But I fear time has removed all this.

Barnett H. Cody went into service with the company when in his 17th year. He was a son of a distinguished Baptist minister. Barnett was well developed and strong for one of his age, and capable of enduring the hardships of soldier life, and he discharged every duty promptly without a murmur. He was first appointed fourth corporal and promoted several times until he got to be first sergeant, and then on recommendation of the colonel appointed by the War Department to a second lieutenancy. All these positions he filled with promptness, ability, and faithfulness. He was never sick but once, and that was when he had the mumps. At the battle of Gettysburg he fell mortally wounded just before his captain was killed. He also fell into the enemy's hands when the regiment retreated, and died on the 23d day of

July thereafter, as related above by Doctor Reed. I often expressed the opinion that Cody was one of the finest soldiers of his age I ever knew. He was barely 19 years old at his death. With the same opportunities he would have compared favorably with Latimer and Pelham.

Thomas M. Renfro was enlisted at the age of 19. He was nearly always at his post of duty, was full of fun and loved to tease his comrades. He was a good soldier, and was in 1863, on the recommendation of the colonel, appointed third lieutenant. He was the only officer of the company who survived the battle of Gettysburg. He thereafter commanded his company until we were about to engage in the battle of Chickamauga, and while there was no doubt of his courage and faithfulness, the colonel doubted his capacity, with his limited experience, to command the company through a great battle, and with Renfro's consent appointed the adjutant, Waddell, to command the company. Renfro had been promoted to first lieutenant and said he did not wish to go higher. In reconnoitering the enemy's position on Look-out Creek, near Chattanooga, September 26, he was shot through the arm and permanently disabled. He was afterwards detailed and served in the conscript department until retired in the fall of 1864. After the war he became a merchant at Fort Gaines, Georgia, and accumulated several thousands of dollars. He never married, and died about the year 1890. Tom was a good man and had many friends.

De Bernie Waddell was from Russell County, and was adjutant of the regiment, aged 27 years when appointed in the winter of 1862-63. He was a very fine officer, and I, as the colonel commanding the regiment, had him appointed by the War Department captain of this company September 19, 1863, as above stated. He continued to be captain until the surrender, but for some time before that event he was detailed to command the brigade sharpshooters. He would have made a fine colonel of a regiment. In the winter of 1863-64 he became quite religious. After the close of the war he was ordained as an Episcopal minister, and labored in the moral vineyard ever after. He is now stationed at Meridian, Mississippi. I always had great confidence in his religion, because, unlike some others, he continued as brave as he was before, and no officer displayed more genuine courage than Captain Waddell. Sometimes a dying soldier would call on him to pray for him. I have seen him comply while

under fire. The men had confidence in him, and he was well worthy of it. He never was wounded.

William Augustus McClendon was about 18 years old when enlisted. For his fine soldierly qualities he was in 1862 appointed second corporal for his gallantry, and subsequently, for similar reasons, was promoted through various positions to first sergeant, and to third, second, and first lieutenant, and was in command of the company at the surrender. He was present and participated in about thirty engagements, and was so fortunate as never to have been wounded. After he returned home he engaged in farming, and continued in that business. He resided in Henry County, near Abbeville, Alabama, and was sheriff of the county for the four year preceding August, 1896. He is a good man, true to his friends and his country under all circumstances. He still lives.

(d) Josiah Balkcom was 30 years old when enlisted. He was appointed first sergeant at the organization, and there never was a better one. He was always cheerful and lively, never sick, and had an iron constitution. He was always present for duty. He said to me after the second battle of Manassas and Chantilly Farm, "Captain, I have not missed a battle, and have been lucky not to get hurt, but a man can't hope for such luck to continue. I expect to be killed before the end of the year." I tried to convince him that he might go through the entire war without ever receiving a wound, but I could not. He was confident that he would be killed, and he was, at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862. He was shot through the head and killed instantly. With the experience he then had, intelligence and good judgment, he would have made a fine captain. Had he lived until after Gettysburg he would have held that office. The first sergeant is the most important officer of any in the company, except the captain. His loss was a great shock to his company and comrades.

John T McLeod was 25 years old when enlisted. He was appointed second sergeant and discharged his duties faithfully until killed at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863. He was very neat in his dress, proud of his little office, and a brave soldier.

Josiah J. Wofford was 44 years old when enlisted. He was appointed third sergeant. He was always present for duty and never missed a battle, and never received a wound. July 3, 1864, being then 47 years old, and having served three years, he was honorably discharged. He was a soldier in the Mexican War.

He resided near Gordon, in Henry County, Alabama, where he died at the age of 81 years.

James W Pound was 21 years old when enlisted. He was appointed fourth sergeant, which he lost in consequence of sickness and not being able to discharge the duties of the position. He was, early in 1862, detailed to drive an ambulance, and so continued to the close of that year. He was with his company at Suffolk and Gettysburg. At the latter place he was captured, and continued a prisoner of war until after the surrender. He died in 1897 at Shubuta, Mississippi.

Daniel McClellan was 33 years old when enlisted. He was appointed first corporal, which he first accepted and afterwards resigned. He was a faithful soldier, and participated in all the battles in which the company was engaged until May, 1863, after leaving Suffolk, when he was sent to the hospital, sick. He was thereafter always mustered as "absent sick" or "absent on furlough," and never rendered any further service. He was a North Carolinian and had the long, drawling voice of the uneducated mountaineers of that State, who made such splendid fighting records during the war. At Chantilly Farm, or Ox Hill, Virginia, Jackson's line gave way, beginning at our left, and when it came our turn to break to the rear, I, acting as major, failed in my efforts to hold the regiment, but made my company return to the little fence and continue firing. When the Union line of battle was within fifty steps, firing on us as they advanced, McClellan, in his North Carolina tone, said, "Captain, our company alone can't fight the whole Yankee army." Thereupon I ordered a retreat. He was discharged for disability in January, 1865, and died about the year 1886 at his home near Abbeville.

Lott W McMath was 22 years old when enlisted. He was appointed second corporal, and was a fine soldier, present in every campaign and battle until at Second Manassas he was wounded in the head on Thursday night, August 28, 1862. He was taken to the field hospital, where with a high fever from the wound he lost his mind, left the hospital unobserved, and never was seen again by any of his comrades. He wandered off and died on some other part of the field, and was buried, no doubt, by the detail after the battle as one of the "Unknown." But to avoid just such contingencies, and that the men of the company might be identified, I procured and placed on their caps "Co. G, Fifteenth Alabama," but probably poor McMath in his delirium had lost

his cap. It may have been destroyed by the bullet which wounded him in the head.

Frank M. Merrett was 22 years old when enlisted. He was appointed third corporal, but was discharged for disability November 25, 1861. He returned home and was still living near Abbeville, Alabama, in 1904; had reared two families, made money, and succeeded fairly well, notwithstanding he had all the time the same disability for which he was discharged.

Charles M. Abbott was 17 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability January 17, 1862.

James S. A. Abbott was 24 years old when enlisted. He did his whole duty, and was present in nearly every campaign and battle until September, 1862, when he was discharged for disability, which was a crippled hand, for which he would have been exempt from conscription; notwithstanding, he patriotically volunteered and served as above stated, but got tired and quit. I don't know what became of the Abbott brothers. They were the sons of a Canadian who died near Abbeville, Alabama, several years after the war.

(d) Oliver M. Adkins was 21 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, and died of disease November 29, 1862.

(d) William C. Alexander was 27 years old when enlisted. He was not much of a soldier, was usually sick. For some reason best known to them, the boys of the company called him "W. C. Oldpap." He was captured at Gettysburg, and died a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware in August, 1864. He was an inoffensive, good man.

(d) Thomas H. Acree was 30 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a fine soldier, always present for duty, and served through to the surrender without ever being wounded. He resided in Newton, after the war, a highly respected citizen. He was a justice of the peace and postmaster in his town after the war.

Carter Askew was 27 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, nearly always present, until mortally wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, of which he died two days thereafter.

(d) Larkin Bagwell was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and present at every battle except when on detached duty, until at the battle of Chickamauga, in which he was severely wounded September 19, 1863, which caused the amputation of one of his legs. He was honorably retired for this disa-

bility He lived in Dale County and was a Republican in politics. He succeeded in making a good living by his own labor, notwithstanding the loss of his limb.

(d) James A. J. Bagwell was 20 years old when enlisted April 15, 1862. He was a brave soldier and was killed at Gettysburg.

(d) John W Bagwell was 21 years old when enlisted March 10, 1862, and died of disease May 21, 1862.

(d) William R. Bagwell was 22 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease June 19, 1862.

Thomas M. Barnes was 32 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, nearly always present for duty, and was killed at the second battle of Manassas on Thursday night, August 28, 1862.

(d) Larkin M. Balkcom was 18 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was with the company in the battles of Fredericksburg, Suffolk, and Gettysburg, and in the latter was taken prisoner and so remained until the close of the war. After the war he became a dentist, and practiced at Newton and Dothan. In politics he was a Populist, and always my political enemy. He was a fair soldier, but as a man was not equal to his brother Joe, the first sergeant, whose memory I shall ever honor.

John M. Balkcom was 21 years old when enlisted February 28, 1862, and died of disease April 10, 1862.

Charles Blalock was 43 years old when enlisted. He was a kindly disposed, obedient soldier, but the change from his little farm to camp life, in all kinds of weather, was too great for a man of his age. He died of disease June 21, 1862.

Martin Van Buren Box was 20 years old when enlisted. There was no braver or better soldier. He was present on every march and in every battle until after the battle of Cold Harbor, or Gaines' Mill. He was with his company all through that engagement for more than three hours, became overheated, and then went to a spring and took a big drink of cold water, and died a few days thereafter. He was a good young man.

William S. Box was 22 years old when elisted. While he was mustered "absent sick" several times, he was a faithful soldier and fought well through many battles, but on January 29, 1864, when Longstreet broke camp at Morristown, Tennessee, and fell back toward Greenville, Box was left too sick to move and was captured. It is supposed he died while a prisoner of war.

Edward R. Brantley was 40 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862. He was left at Winchester sick, captured by the enemy, and never exchanged. He died in prison, but we had no official information of date and place of his death.

Wm. R. Brantley was 16 years old when enlisted February 16, 1864. He was a good soldier, fought well through five engagements, and was killed at Chester Station, Virginia, June 17, 1864.

George W. Byrd was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a faithful, brave soldier, and was mortally wounded at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, and died therefrom in August, 1862.

Maj. Ed Byrd was 20 years old when enlisted. He was also a good, faithful soldier; was killed at Gettysburg.

Richard L. Byrd was 19 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862, and died of disease at Farmville, Virginia, on June 30, 1862.

(d) Wm. E. Bowen was 22 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for original disability September 17, 1861.

(d) Thomas A. Burton was 30 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862, and died of disease on May 15, 1862.

Wm. N. Bullard was 16 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was severely wounded at Cross Keys, which rendered him unfit for active service in the ranks for a long time, but he recovered and served faithfully to the close of 1864. But early in 1865 he abandoned the service, it is supposed by desertion.

Thomas Benton Cannon was 17 years old when enlisted. He was sickly, and was discharged for original disability January 14, 1862.

David C. Cannon was 15 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent and brave soldier. He was always present and fully performed his duty as a soldier, except when absent wounded or on detail. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, and again wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864. He soon recovered, returned to duty, and served faithfully to January 1, 1865. Some time thereafter, despairing of the success of the cause, he deserted, but never joined the enemy. He returned to Henry County and resided there a few years after the war, and then went to Texas, where he was living when last heard from. He was small and young, at the same time very faithful. I used to call him "Dainty Davie," and had him detailed for some time as my orderly when commanding the regiment. I was sorry to learn that he marred his record after such long and faithful service. His aversion to Colonel Lowther aided him in reaching the conclusion to desert.

William Y Carr was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and though apparently of feeble constitution, he always kept in line with his comrades and was as faithful and true a man as any in the company. After the seven days' fighting around Richmond in the summer of 1862, he was detailed as a teamster, which place he filled so well that he was continued therein till the close of the war. He then returned home, got married and farmed, at which he succeeded fairly well, and reared a family of fine children. At the August election, in 1896, he was elected to the office of county treasurer, when most of the nominees on the Democratic ticket were defeated. No better man can be found in Henry County than William Y Carr. He is still treasurer.

Joseph J. Carr was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a first-rate soldier, always present for duty through all the hard fighting, until at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, he was mortally wounded, from which he died about October 1, thereafter.

James Cawdrey was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Front Royal, Virginia, March 4, 1862.

Alexander Cockroft was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and always present for duty; was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, but as soon as well, he returned and continued bravely and faithfully to perform every duty. After the battle of Chickamauga he was missing and no one could account for him. He was not heard of again during the war and did not return home afterwards. Neither his wife nor any of his friends could hear from him. Some of his comrades suspected that he deserted, and yet this was hard to believe of so faithful a soldier. Thus the matter rested until 1895, when the monument to the Confederate dead, erected in Chicago, was unveiled. A list of the prisoners who died in the prison near that city was published in the newspapers, and in looking over the names I found that of "Alexander Cockroft, of Company G, Fifteenth Alabama Regiment." I published this that his surviving comrades and relatives might know his fate and that he died a prisoner of war, the same true and patriotic soldier that he always was prior to his capture. Let justice be done to the memory of a brave soldier.

Allen Cockroft was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Staunton, Virginia, May 29, 1862.

Henry C. Cook was 16 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Manassas Junction on January 1, 1862.

William Cook was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in the winter of 1861-62.

(d) Joshua C. Creech was 26 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He mustered "absent sick" a good part of the time, but he regained his health, and all through the hard fighting of 1864 he was a good and brave soldier until killed in the assault upon Fort Harrison, Virginia, September 30, 1864. He was a son of the Hon. D. B. Creech, who represented Dale County in the legislature several times.

(d) Samuel Dickerson was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, served faithfully through Jackson's Valley campaign, and was killed at the battle of Gaines' Mill, or Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

John Draughn was 20 years old when enlisted in March, 1862. He was severely wounded in the charge on Fort Harrison, Virginia, September 30, 1864, and never recovered sufficiently to return to duty.

George L. Duke was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a faithful soldier; was severely wounded at the second battle of Manassas, but as soon as able rejoined the company; was captured at Gettysburg, and died a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware, September, 1864.

Augustus H. Dozier was 16 years old when enlisted. He was slightly wounded at Sharpsburg and again wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, but served through to the surrender. After the war he lived in Georgetown, Quitman County, Georgia, and was elected sheriff of that county. Not long after he came over to Eufaula, Alabama, and arrested a negro who had fled from Georgia under indictment, and started to the bridge to take him over, when the negro tried to escape and Dozier shot and killed him, which was in violation of the law, and made him guilty of murder. He resigned his office and went to Arkansas, where he died in 1900.

William I. Defnall was 23 years old when enlisted March 2, 1862. He was a splendid soldier and never missed but one battle from the time he enlisted until near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864, he lost his right arm. He was carrying the regimental colors when a cannon ball tore his arm off at the shoulder joint and carried the colors several yards away. His arm never was found. He was sent to Howard's Grove

Hospital, Richmond, where he died of secondary hemorrhage. His captain entered on the muster roll: "One of the most gallant soldiers, mortally wounded while carrying the regimental colors."

(d) James O. Dell was 28 years old when enlisted March 15, 1862. He was a patriotic and faithful soldier, and after going through several battles with his company, he was killed in the engagement at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863. He left a son, who is a lawyer residing in Dothan.

(d) Cornelius Enfinger was 22 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a fair soldier until severely wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, Georgia. For some time he was mustered as "absent wounded," and then "absent on furlough," and then "absent without leave," and finally as a "deserter." One severe wound was enough for him.

(d) William Enfinger was 17 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" for some time. The second battle in which he was engaged was Gettysburg, where he was taken prisoner and never released until after the close of the war. I never have heard of him since. He probably died in prison.

James S. Fears was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 11, 1861.

William Fears was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was severely wounded at Cross Keys, losing one eye. He was absent on account of it for some time, and then served on a detail until late in the spring of 1863, when he took his place in the ranks again and served through to the surrender. He died in Texas some years ago.

Francis M. Galloway was 18 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability at Manassas Junction January 2, 1862.

William M. Galloway was 24 years old when enlisted. He was one of the best soldiers in the company, and one of the most obliging, kind-hearted men I ever knew. He was always present for duty on the march and in battle. He never missed an engagement the company was in until near Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, on the night of October 28, 1863, he was mortally wounded, and died of his wounds at Atlanta, Georgia, November 17, 1863, which the muster roll recites.

James W Galloway was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a very fine soldier, always healthy and active; on the march from New Guilford to Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, he deserted, and I have never heard of him since. Another young man named

Sholar went with him. They were in the enemy's country and may have been killed by bushwhackers. If living, they certainly would have been heard of ere this.

Ransome J. Galloway was 18 years old when enlisted March 25, 1863. He was at Suffolk, Virginia, and at Gettysburg was captured and died a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware, August 25, 1864. He was a brother to William M. Galloway.

Alexander Gamble was 20 years old when enlisted February 28, 1862. He was mustered every time as "absent sick" or "absent on furlough," never rendered any service, and finally died of disease at home August 15, 1864.

John L. Gamble was 18 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862, and died of disease at Liberty, Virginia, May 27, 1862.

William A. Gamble was 24 years old when enlisted February 28, 1862. He was in but one battle—that of Fredericksburg. He was, though a large, able-bodied man in appearance, all the time sick. He was given a sick furlough, went home and died of disease June 2, 1863.

James T. Gentry was 19 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862, and died of disease at Charlottesville on the 17th of June, 1862.

(d) Henry Goodman was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a faithful soldier; died of pneumonia at Manassas Junction, January 26, 1862.

Daniel Griffin was 22 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability at Manassas, February 13, 1862.

James Griffin was 27 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, but was severely wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. He got home on furlough and lingered until March 23, 1863, when he died.

Alexander Griffin was 30 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Richmond, May 11, 1862.

Charles H. F. Harris was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a faithful soldier, though mustered "absent sick" a good portion of the time, yet whenever able he was at his post. He was wounded on the Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864, but soon recovered and returned to duty. He survived the war and returned to his home in Barbour County. He was a good citizen and patriot.

Joseph E. Harrell was 24 years old when enlisted. He was mustered as a musician, but he had the measles in the fall of 1861, as many others did, and did not regain his health, and was discharged for disability May 28, 1862. I think he lives in Georgia,

and served as a musician in a Georgia regiment the latter part of the war.

Augustus B. Harvey was 20 years old when enlisted March 9, 1862. He was a good soldier, and was severely wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862. Before he fully recovered he obtained a furlough, and when he reached Fort Gaines, Georgia, he was allowed to die in the street, October 12, and no one would go near him because it was understood that he had the smallpox. A cowardly shame.

Irwin Hicks was 20 years old when enlisted. He was an orderly, good-natured, and harmless man. It made him sick to make him go into battle, and I detailed him to work on the pioneer corps, where he served for a long time. In 1864 he was returned to his company and severely wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, May 8, 1864. When he recovered and was returned to his company, he deserted. He had enough of it. He was so constituted that he could not stand bullets. He lived near Abbeville.

Lewis Hicks was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a very tall man and was promoted to first corporal early in 1862. There was no better soldier. He was constituted very differently from his brother Irwin. Lewis was as cool and calculating under fire as in the quietude of camp. He was always present for duty, and in every battle until at Sharpsburg, Maryland, he was mortally wounded. He was shot through the face and his jaws broken, so that he could not take solid food. He was removed to Staunton, where he died in October, about one month after the battle.

Frederick Hickman was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Manassas Junction, December 28, 1861.

Jones Hickman was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, but was mortally wounded at the second battle of Manassas, Thursday night, August 28, 1862. He swore that he would not die, but he did die, at Middleburg, Virginia, to which place he had been removed, on September 24, lacking four days of a month after he was wounded.

Wm. R. Holley was 42 years old when enlisted. He went into Company K, and August 11, 1862, was transferred to this company, and November 20, 1862, was appointed second sergeant. He was a splendid soldier, brave, with fine judgment in battle, and always present for duty. He had an excellent idea of how to take the best possible care of himself and the men while doing fine execution. He was very provident, and carried with him more little

things calculated to aid a hungry and tired soldier than any other man in the company. One time we were on a night march down a long, muddy slope, with the rain drizzling and the night dark, and the enemy just in the rear and ready to fire at any noise. The men were slipping and frequently falling. One little fellow named Woodham slipped and fell three times, the last one sitting him down in a puddle of water. He declined to rise without help and exclaimed, "I be damned if I don't wish that the world would come to an end before day!" Sergeant Holley laughed at him and teased him, but in a very low tone. Before the company reached the bottom of the hill, Holley stumbled and took a long fall. He was a large, broad-backed man, and had on him a whole lot of cups, plates, and tinware, which made a tremendous racket as he fell. Some one in a company ahead spoke out, "Hello! What is that?" Woodham replied, "O, nothing; only Co. G's pot and spider wagon turned over." For a long time the boys teased Holley by calling him "the pot and spider wagon." Sergeant Holley was a splendid file closer, and aided greatly in keeping the men on the left of the company in their proper places. At Gettysburg, when the Second Regiment of United States sharpshooters were firing into our right flank, I gave the order to change direction to the right, and the Forty-seventh Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel Bulger commanding, double-quickened around to try to keep in line with my regiment, and in doing so got telescoped into our left and the men were mixed several lines deep. Sergeant Holley did his best to straighten the line as it moved forward under fire, and having but poor success he yelled aloud, "Colonel Oates, make Colonel Bulger take his damned concern out of our regiment!" At Knoxville the regiment constituted a part of a line of battle which lay behind a fence with open field in front. A line of the enemy advanced, and our people opened fire. The order was soon given, "Cease firing and let them come close up to us." Sergeant Holley cried, "Great God, men, fire on; the Yankees are nearer to us now than I want them!" At Brown's Ferry, below Chattanooga, the company was driving back a part of Turchin's Brigade before daylight. Holley sprang forward ahead of the line to a large tree to take shelter behind it, and there was a Yankee on the other side of it. Each was at once trying to make his gun reach around the tree to get the other, when Holley yelled out to his mess-mate, "Run here, Herrin! Run here, Herrin!" when the latter ran up, and they captured the enemy.

After the siege of Knoxville, Holley got sick and was mustered as "absent sick" all through that year. He was a man of extraordinary good sense. With the close of the disastrous campaign of 1863 he despaired of the cause of the Confederacy, and this had much to do with his "absent sick" record. He was at home with his family on his farm. After serving through twenty battles without receiving a wound he felt that he had done a good part by his country if he never fired another gun as a soldier. But in January, 1865, he returned to his company, and served through to the surrender. Holley was fond of spirits. We marched by a grocery store and went into camp for the night about half a mile beyond. He took some canteens, went back, and proposed to buy some liquor. The man of the store told him that he did not have any. After dark Holley went to the store with a bucket. He got an auger out of a wood shop near by, crawled under the storehouse, lay on his back, and bored a hole through the floor and into a barrel of whiskey. He filled the bucket and allowed the barrel to empty its contents on the ground. Holley was merry for two or three days, and none of the officers knew where he got his whiskey. He died at his home in Henry County about ten or twelve years after the war.

(d) Wm. R. Holloway was 38 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a fine soldier, and fought well until killed at the battle of Gettysburg. He stepped upon a ledge of rock beside me and remarked, "Colonel, I can't see them." I directed him to look under the smoke. He took deliberate aim and fired. As he took his gun down from his shoulder a bullet passed through his head. I caught him in my arms, laid him down, took up his gun and fired a few rounds myself, and then went to another part of the line. Poor Holloway was a good man. He was killed instantly.

Morris Holmes was 49 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Pageland, Virginia, September 29, 1861. He was patriotic, but too old to be a soldier. He could not stand the hardships of camp life.

Pulaski Holmes, his son, was 22 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 12, 1862.

William Holmes, another son, was 18 years old when enlisted, and made a splendid soldier, who uncomplainingly did his duty. He was severely wounded near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown

Road, August 16, 1864. He served through to the surrender and moved to Texas, where at last accounts he had made a small fortune farming.

Andrew J. Huggins was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier, was wounded at New Market Heights, in front of Deep Bottom, August 14, 1864, but soon recovered, returned to duty, and so continued to the end of 1864. In February, 1865, he deserted to get out of the service. He returned home and resided on a farm near Cureton's Bridge, in Henry County, for ten or fifteen years, and may be there yet, but I have not heard of him in many years.

Seaborn S. Hughes was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier. He was "absent sick" a good while, but when he regained his health he made a fine soldier. He was in many battles, but was so fortunate as to escape without a wound. He resided on a farm near Abbeville, Alabama, after the war.

Ephraim Hutto was 22 years old when enlisted, and died of disease near Manassas Junction, January 1, 1862.

George Hutto was 22 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He never did any service, but was mustered "absent sick" until discharged for disability at Farmville, Virginia, November 11, 1862.

George Jenkins was 26 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was wounded in the battle of Hazel River, August 22, 1862. He did not recover and return to the company until the following winter. At Gettysburg he was captured, and remained a prisoner of war until after the surrender. He returned to his home in Henry County, near Headland, and died some years ago.

John C. Jordan was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, or near Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862. As soon as he recovered he returned to his company, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Seaborn Jones was 40 years old when enlisted. He was nearly all the time sick, and was discharged for disability March 3, 1862.

Henry B. Johnson was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a faithful soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, which disabled him for service several months, and the first battle after he returned to the company was Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, in which he was mortally wounded, and died in Richmond some months thereafter.

James W Johnson was 19 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability March 3, 1862.

Samuel O. Kelly was 21 years old when enlisted. Though small and slender of stature, he was a good soldier, and withstood the fatigues of the march and battle quite well. He never was wounded, but was captured at Gettysburg, and was not exchanged until December, 1864. He served through to the surrender. After the war he married and moved to Texas. He was a good man and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

Charles S. Kincey was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier when he wanted to be, but he had an aneurism on his neck near the collar bone, and he could fool any of the doctors with that. He was in several battles, but when he got tired of camp life he could get off any time he wished to. He was very nearly a privileged character, and no doubt he could have obtained a discharge from the service had he desired it. Finally he had himself detailed for hospital work by keeping books and writing for them. He was a very fine penman and a professional bookkeeper. Resided in Abbeville, Alabama, after the war.

William T. King was 19 years old when enlisted, and died of disease near Manassas Junction, January 1, 1862.

Allen A. Kirkland was 18 years old when enlisted. He served faithfully in the ranks until the members of the regimental band were so decimated that Colonel Oates disbanded it and organized a drum corps, when he was made a drummer in June, 1863, in which position he continued until the surrender. He was notoriously the best-natured soldier in the regiment. There was more dry humor and fun in him then and ever since than in any of his comrades and associates. No one ever saw him mad. He was always in good humor. If any misfortune befell him, he would laugh at it and make fun of it. Everybody liked him. After the war he was a machinist and mill-wright. He went to Texas and resided there several years, but returned to his old home in Abbeville, Alabama.

Aaron S. Kirkland was 35 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was at Fredericksburg, Suffolk and Gettysburg, and at the latter place was severely wounded and captured. He was not exchanged until September, 1864. He was completely disabled for further service, and had ever after to go on crutches and was unable to maintain himself. He died in Henry County about 25 years after the war.

Calvin J. Kirkland was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier. He could get more sweet, soul-stirring music out of a violin after a hard day's march than any tired soldier in the army. He was killed at the second battle of Manassas, Thursday night, August 28, 1862.

Cicero Kirkland was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier, never sick and always present for duty. He was wounded at Gettysburg, but soon recovered, returned to duty and fought well clear through to the surrender at Appomattox. Several years after the war he went to Texas and lived a few years, but returned to Henry County, where he resided. Of late years he became an extreme Populist and took an active part in politics, which alienated from him several of his best old soldier friends.

Pulaski Kirkland was 16 years old when enlisted and small in stature for his age. He was a brother to Cicero and was quite as good a soldier. All that can be said of the high soldierly qualities of the one brother can be truly said of the other. Pulaski lived at Daleville in Dale County. There were no better soldiers in the company than these boys.

Thomas T. Lane was 40 years old when enlisted. He was a large man, of great strength, always in good health and a faithful, obedient soldier. He was good natured and Allen Kirkland delighted in teasing him. He was killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. After he fell he looked up at me, and in a most supplicating and pitiful tone exclaimed, "Oh, Captain!" I was then a colonel, but he always called me by the old familiar title. I replied, "Tom, I can't help you," and just then ordered a charge. I never saw the poor fellow any more.

Elijah W. Lingo was 25 years old when enlisted. When the regiment was at Camp Toombs, on the Alexandria Turnpike, opposite to Fairfax Court House, Virginia, in the fall of 1861, about one-third of the men took measles—the most dangerous disease that can infect a camp of soldiers. Some died in camp. An order came through Colonel Canty, I know not from whom above him, to send all the sick men away back to Haymarket, where there was no hospital, but only a camp, with some tents stretched, at an old church. A part of the order was that only the convalescents of each company should be sent with the sick to nurse them. I regarded this as a criminally foolish order and determined to disobey to the extent of sending a good, faithful, well man to take care of the sick from my company. I selected

Lingo and gave him a pass, which was worthless except to throw the blame on me if he were arrested for disobeying orders. He took his gun, knapsack and blankets, passed the guard successfully and intercepted the ambulances and wagons loaded with the sick men about a mile in rear of the camp. He had my instructions to stay with those sick boys and give them the best attention possible, which he certainly did. The consequence was that very few of my sick men died, while the number of deaths in other companies was appalling. Every sick man and the doctors spoke in high terms of Lingo.

At the battle of Cross Keys, when the blood was flowing freely, we were ordered to fall back down the hill to the edge of the thick woods. It was the first heavy engagement Lingo had been in. He did not understand that falling back meant to halt at the edge of the woods, and when he got to running he could not halt until he had gone four or five miles. He was not entirely alone, either. When he returned to the company he owned up to having fled, and was very much mortified and begged to be forgiven. I knew him to be a good man, and neither punished nor reported him. From that time on he made one of the best and bravest soldiers in that regiment. He was promoted to a sergeancy and was always present for duty and perfectly trustworthy everywhere. He was severely wounded on the Darbytown Road, October 13, 1864. He soon recovered, returned to his company and served through to the surrender at Appomattox. He resided in Georgia after the war, and there was not a more perfect gentleman, truer or better man in that great State.

(d) Nathaniel A. Long was 31 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He rendered but little service, and was discharged for disability May 29, 1863.

Moses G. Maybin was 20 years old when enlisted; was a splendid soldier, and was promoted to a sergeancy for his gallantry. He was somewhat eccentric and carried an old negro slave to wait on him. He was proud and dressed well, and would not mess with other men, but always wanted to go in with the officers, which was not hard for him to do, because his servant would cook for them. This tended to make him unpopular with the men. He could ask more questions than any man in the company, and knew something about everything. He was very fond of good living. At the battle of Cross Keys we were driving Blenker's brigade of Pennsylvania Dutch through the open woods and a good many of their dead and wounded were

scattered over the ground, their line falling back firing and we pressing forward. Maybin discovered one big fellow dead, with the strap of a very full haversack grasped in one hand. He sprang forward, notwithstanding the whistling of the messengers of death all around, saying, "Boys, I am going to take that haversack." He caught hold of it and gave it a jerk, and the big Dutchman, who was repeating the performance of Falstaff in Henry IV, at the battle in which Hotspur was slain, opened his eyes, reared up and cried, "Nau, nau!" Maybin dropped the sack, stepped back, raised his hat very politely and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you were dead." At Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, he was mortally wounded and died on the third day thereafter. He was a brave man and performed his part nobly in the theatre of war.

Thomas M. Maybin was 19 years old when enlisted. He took measles and afterwards camp fever, or pneumonia, and died at Lynchburg, Virginia, May 11, 1862. They were brothers of William H. Maybin, of Montgomery, Alabama.

Barney McArdle was 34 years old when enlisted March 11, 1862. He was the only Irishman in the company—a jolly, good fellow and frequently a source of amusement to his comrades. His health was poor all through 1862, but with the beginning of the new year he was on hand for duty. He fought through to the surrender, returned to Henry County, where his wife was, and resided in that and Dale County until his death in August, 1897. There never was a more genial or better-hearted Irishman than Barney. Peace to his ashes!

William McClung was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 13, 1861.

John J. McCoy was 17 years old when enlisted March 20, 1863. He was a fine young soldier; was wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863, and at Hanover Junction, Virginia, May 24, 1864; recovered and served through to the surrender. He moved to Texas after the war.

Robert S. McKnight was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier. At Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, a Minie-ball struck him right centrally in the forehead, broke the external part of the skull and flattened out as though it had struck a polished surface of hard wood. It did not break the inner lining of the skull, and hence did not reach the brain. The ball was extracted and he got well after several months, returned to duty and fought through to the surrender. He lived in Henry County up to his

death and was a highly respected citizen. He served his community as justice of the peace after the war.

William J. McKnight was 21 years old when enlisted. He was also a good soldier; was wounded in the hand at the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862, by which he lost two of his fingers. As soon as he recovered he rejoined his company and fought through to the surrender. He died in Dale County several years ago.

Christopher C. McLeod was 20 years old when enlisted. He was very sickly, rendered but little service and was discharged for disability July 27, 1862. After he returned home he regained his health, joined McRae's cavalry company and served with it through the war. He moved to Louisiana or Texas, probably the latter. The McLeods were all patriotic soldiers.

Covington B. McLeod was 18 years old when enlisted May 9, 1862. He was "absent sick" about one-half of his time, but when present was a very fair soldier and served faithfully through to the surrender. He moved to Texas.

Henry W. McLeod was 16 years old when enlisted August 25, 1862. He was wounded on the Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864. He was soon back with his company and served well up to the surrender. I believe that he also went to Texas.

Neil E. McNeil was 30 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He rendered but little service before he was transferred to Company H of the regiment.

Robert L. Medlock was 23 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He served very well for a time and then deserted, went home, and never returned. Became a moss-back.

Bryant Melton was 27 years old when enlisted November 7, 1863. He did his duty as a soldier quite well. Near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, on the 16th of August, 1864, he was severely wounded, which caused him afterwards to be honorably retired. He resided in Henry County until his death in June, 1904.

James M. Melvin was 18 years old when enlisted May 8, 1862. He was a good soldier and served faithfully through to the surrender. He was in many battles, but was never wounded. He is a farmer and local Populist politician, and has been the superintendent of education of Henry County.

John Melvin was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a good, faithful soldier. In the battle of Cross Keys he was severely wounded in the foot, which disabled him for any further service.

He was honorably retired, and returned to his home in Henry County. He suffered greatly with that foot and could not walk without the aid of his crutches. He was a good man.

John T. Melvin was 20 years old when enlisted May 8, 1862. He was wounded at Gettysburg. He was absent on account of it a good while. At Knoxville he was sick in hospital when Longstreet raised the siege and retreated, and Melvin was captured and held a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

Stewart Merrett was 17 years old when enlisted. The muster roll shows that he deserted June 28, 1862, which was during the seven days' fighting around Richmond. It was said by his friends that he afterwards was mustered into the service and killed in a fort in Charleston Harbor. But it was a mere rumor and not traceable to any responsible source. He never returned to his old home and his people, which he most likely would have done if living.

David W. Merrett was 31 years old when enlisted April 3, 1863. He was in jail at Abbeville for killing John Talley in a fight. Lieutenant John A. Oates was at home on recruiting service and he got Merrett bailed out and took him to the army. His health was poor for a time, but soon it improved and he rendered good service until in January, 1865, he heard unpleasant reports about his domestic relations, and having despaired of the success of the Confederacy, deserted. Soon after the surrender he came home, stood his trial for murder and was acquitted—his colonel acting as his lawyer. He got a divorce from his wife and married again. Served several terms as a deputy sheriff and died at his home in Abbeville in 1895.

James H. Miller was 22 years old when enlisted. He was one of the most faithful soldiers in the company, always present and did his whole duty without complaint. He never missed a battle and was never wounded until the battle of Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864. He was so severely wounded that it disabled him for further service and made him a cripple for life. He was able, however, to work at his trade—that of a shoemaker. He lived in Abbeville and was respected by all who knew him.

Thomas J. Miller was 17 years old when enlisted July 15, 1863; was a good soldier, but was wounded at Chickamauga, his first battle. He soon recovered and rejoined his company while on its way to Knoxville; was then present for duty that winter and spring, but got sick and was allowed a good long leave at home

during the summer. He returned to his company in the fall and soon thereafter was killed on the Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864.

Wm. B. Mitchell was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease near Manassas Junction, December 29, 1861.

George W. Moman was 20 years old when enlisted. He rendered but little service, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, April 29, 1862.

Wm. G. Moore was 22 years old when enlisted. He was mustered as "absent sick" all through 1862, to the battle of Fredericksburg, which was in December. He fully regained his health, and was all the time present, and an excellent soldier, until on Sunday, September 20, 1863, at Chickamauga, he was killed.

Benjamin D. Morris was 18 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; recovered from his wound, but died of disease at Richmond, December 1, 1862.

James R. Morris was 41 years old when enlisted. His appearance indicated that he was much older. He was a native New Yorker and a local Baptist preacher. He was faithful and honest. When in camp and stationary he frequently held divine service, especially on the Sabbath. When the fighting began in earnest he was detailed to carry the medical knapsack and to aid the surgeons with the wounded, and he so continued to the close of the war. He was a good old man. He lived several years after the war, and died in Henry County. He was a brother to Capt. C. V. Morris, who lived at Fort Gaines, Georgia.

Andrew J. Murphy was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier—none better. He fought through Jackson's Valley campaign, and in the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, a very warm afternoon, he overdid himself. He was a powerful man physically, but became overheated, and when the battle was over he lay down at a spring of cold water and took a big drink of it, and died from the effects two or three days thereafter. He was called "Needham Murphy."

William Y. Murphy was 25 years old when enlisted, and died of disease near Culpeper Court House, Virginia, April 1, 1862.

James N. Nobles was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Fairfax Court House, October 12, 1861. He was a member of the color guard, because so tall and manly in appearance.

William W Oliver was 25 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862, and died of disease at Stanardsville, May 12, 1862.

(d) Henry Ott was 35 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a faithful soldier. At Chickamauga he was severely wounded, resulting in the loss of one of his arms. He was honorably discharged, and returned to his home in Henry County, where he lived ever after.

John S. Parish was 22 years old when enlisted March 5, 1862. He was a very fair soldier, and did his duty until in East Tennessee, along in December or January, 1863-64, he mysteriously disappeared, and as no account whatever was received of him, after waiting some months, his captain mustered him as a "deserter." Had he in fact deserted, in all probability something would have been heard of him before now. He had a wife at home, with whom he lived happily, and neither she nor his nearest relatives have ever heard of him. There were many Union men in that country, and I think it more than probable that he was killed by some of them than that he deserted.

Wm. J. Parish was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier. At the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, he was wounded severely in the hand, losing two of his fingers. He was absent in consequence until about the beginning of 1863, when he returned to his company, and notwithstanding his crippled hand, rendered most efficient service in the ranks. At the battle of Chickamauga he was most severely wounded in the thigh, near the hip joint. When he fell he cried out in great agony of pain that he would never be able to serve with his company again. The thigh bone from the joint was crushed completely, downward for about two inches, and it is exceedingly rare that any one ever recovers from such a wound, but he did, after a long time, and was honorably retired from the service. That leg was stiff, which rendered him lame, but he made his way through the world very well. He resided in Henry County, a few miles from Abbeville, Alabama, with his family on his farm, and was a Primitive Baptist. He took an active part in politics; used to be a Democrat, then for several years was a Populist, and again a Democrat, and several of his army friends who esteemed him highly thought some less of him than formerly on account of his vacillation, but he was always a good man, and was living when this book was published.

Robert Parker was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier; was captured at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September, 1862,

but soon after exchanged. At Gettysburg he was wounded and taken prisoner. He recovered and succeeded in getting himself exchanged the following winter. He rejoined his company in 1864, and at Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor, he was severely wounded by a sharp-shooter, June 4, which resulted in the loss of one arm. He recovered, returned to Henry County, where he lived. He was a teacher of country schools for many years, by which means he earned a living. He was farming in 1904.

William Phillips was 21 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" and "on furlough" through a good part of 1862, but at Fredericksburg he was wounded in the hand. He rejoined his company as soon as he was able, and served faithfully until at Chickamauga he was severely wounded. As soon as he recovered he returned to duty, and served through to the surrender. He was a fine soldier. He was a farmer in Henry County, a good citizen, and respected by all who knew him. He died in 1900.

Charles W Raleigh was 17 years old when enlisted, and of very youthful appearance. He served through Jackson's Valley campaign, but after that he had a way of getting detailed or avoiding the hard service, which would have had him present in battle, but he was not mustered as present. He was a very smart, cunning boy, and he kept himself out without getting into trouble about it. He was finally captured during the Gettysburg campaign, but no member of the company seems to remember that he went into the battle. Some months later a letter was written to the captain of the company from the fort in which Raleigh was in prison, saying that he was dead. It was believed by the captain and other officers and men of the company that the letter was written by himself, and the captain mustered him simply as "absent" from that time on. He never returned to the company, and claimed to have been held as a prisoner of war until after the surrender. He was not much of a soldier, but had a remarkable career after the war. He lived in several places, principally in Texas, and led a roving life for some years. He then returned and went to Coffee County, and changed his name to Ben M. Stevens, and claimed to be an Irishman, and a ditcher by trade. He adopted the tone of voice and manners, and had the appearance, as he was of light complexion and was large and strong. He could tell those people down there all about the bogs of Conenaugh and many good old Irish tales. He cut some ditches and did his work well. He then taught school for them, and they thought well of the bright,

smart young Irishman. Then he read law and was admitted to the bar, and soon thereafter defeated Captain Laird before the people for the office of county solicitor, in which he gave great satisfaction. At the next election the people elected him to represent their county in the General Assembly. He filled this position with great ability and to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. Soon after the Judge of Probate of the county died, and Governor Houston appointed Stevens to the vacancy. When his term as judge was drawing to a close he became a candidate for it again. His opponent ascertained his former history—that he was reared in Henry County; that his name was Raleigh, and that he was indicted in Texas for horse-stealing. Then he had the sheriff come after him with requisition papers. The judge went along, and carried the late Major Waddell, of Russell County, with him as his attorney, stood his trial, and was found not guilty. He returned, and at the election he received nearly all the votes. He served that term, six years, and during this time was ordained a Baptist minister, and caused that denomination to build a nice brick church in Elba for him. He wanted to be reelected for Judge of Probate, but that fickle mistress political public opinion had changed. That wonderful order, the Farmers' Alliance, had come along with its foolish sub-treasury and other impracticable schemes, and Stevens was a thoroughbred Democrat and they had no use for him, although he had not changed from what he was six years before, except perhaps that he was a wiser and better man. They forced him into retirement, and he died of heart failure about one or two years thereafter. A remarkable man in many respects.

Charlton L. Renfroe was 21 years old when enlisted. He served through Jackson's Valley campaign, but had an affliction or enlargement of one of his legs which incapacitated him for marching, and he was detached and placed in the ordnance department, where he served until the close of the war. A few years after he moved to Texas, where he lived at last accounts.

Green C. Renfroe was 23 years old when enlisted May 15, 1861, in a Barbour County company which went into service with the Fifth Alabama, and in the winter of 1861 he was transferred to this company to be with his brothers. He was a large, strong man, and a good soldier, and for these reasons, and further that he was an intelligent man, he was detailed in 1863, and served the remainder of the war, as one of General Longstreet's corps of

sharp-shooters. They were armed with Whitworth rifles, which no ordinary man was able to carry continuously on account of their great weight. They would do effective work at a distance of over a mile. After the close of the war Mr. Renfroe resided in Henry County for ten years or more, and then went to Texas, where he died in 1896 near Longview.

(d) Gillum Riley was 34 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" a good part of the time; was severely wounded on the Darbytown Road, near Fussell's Mills, August 16, 1864. He never returned to duty.

Edward Riley was 19 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, and died of disease October 20, 1862.

(d) John Riley was 23 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a very fair soldier until the close of the year 1864. In February, 1865, he tired of the war and deserted.

(d) George Riley was 20 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He rendered but little service, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, June, 1863.

(d) Samuel Riley was 30 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, and died of disease at Richmond, June 3, 1863.

(d) Daniel Riley was 28 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He served well until severely wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. He recovered, but never returned to the company, and deserted in 1864. He was several years ago elected tax collector by the Republicans of Dale County

Alfred Roney was 19 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. He was "absent sick" the greater part of that year, but was present and participated in the battle of Fredericksburg in December. At Gettysburg he was severely wounded, and was captured a day or two after. He was afterwards exchanged, I know not what date, and served through to the surrender. He returned to his old home in Henry County.

Morris L. Roney was 25 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 9, 1862.

James A. Roney was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier; was severely wounded at second battle of Manassas. When he recovered, he returned, but was rarely present for duty. About January or February, 1865, it has been stated by the commander of the company, and the muster roll shows, he deserted. But he did not do it to fight on the other side. It has been stated that he and two other deserters from the company went to Hilton

Head, South Carolina, and worked on the Union fortifications for forty dollars per month until after the surrender.

John W Roney was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 9, 1862.

Joseph Roney was 19 years old when enlisted March 8, 1862, and died of disease at Orange Court House, April 3, 1862.

Herrin F. Satcher was 23 years old when enlisted. He was an intelligent man and one of the best soldiers in the company, and none better in the regiment. He was always at his post and did his whole duty; was killed near Petersburg, Virginia, April 2, 1865, just before the surrender.

Lewis M. Sasser was 22 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was sick a good while at first, but regained his health and made a good soldier when present, but was absent a good deal. Early in 1865, despairing of the cause, he deserted, not to fight on the other side, but to get out of fighting. He lived in Geneva County after the war, and was a respected citizen. Belongs to a camp of veterans.

John D. Sowell was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid and faithful soldier. He served through to the surrender and was promoted to first corporal for gallantry. He was in nearly all the battles of the regiment, but was so fortunate as never to be wounded. He became a minister of the gospel, but I do not know where he is now located.

Alexander M. Stone was but 16 years old when enlisted March 1, 1864. He was wounded at Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor, but returned within a few days, and served faithfully through to the surrender.

Christopher Columbus Stone was 21 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and did not recover sufficiently to rejoin his company until 1863. In that year at the battle of Gettysburg he was taken prisoner, and was not released until after the surrender. He resided in Henry County.

John M. Stone was 20 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, but soon recovered, and was again at his post of duty. He was killed in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. I saw him fall.

John Sauls was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier, always present, and fought bravely; at the second battle of Manassas he was severely wounded, on the night of August

28, 1862. We were behind a little old fence under a heavy fire from the "Iron Brigade," as it was called, not more than twenty-five steps from our front; I saw Sauls standing up firing, and mistook him for Cicero Kirkland, and called to him at once, saying, "Cicero, get down!" but he did not obey, and a minute later he fell, shot through the head. The bullet entered between his eye and his nose and came out behind his ear on the opposite side of his head. I thought he was killed, and every one else near him thought the same. He was carried back to the field hospital and remained insensible for several days, but at last recovered. The eye on the opposite side from which the bullet entered lost its sight, and the ear on the same side its hearing, and his face on that side was partially paralyzed and considerably drawn. His mind was somewhat impaired, as well as his physical manhood, but he was still living at Eufaula, Alabama, in 1904, and worked a good part of the time at his trade, that of a painter. The bullet certainly passed under the brain along its base. There was no more remarkable recovery in that regiment, and probably none more so within Lee's army.

Tolison N. Shepherd was 20 years old when enlisted February 28, 1862. He was a fine soldier; was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, and severely wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November, 1863, permanently disabling him. I have not seen him since the war, and do not know what became of him. Louisville, Barbour County, Alabama, was his post office when enlisted.

James N. Shepherd was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a first-rate soldier, was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, but as soon as able returned to his company and was always present for duty. At Gettysburg he was mortally wounded, of which he died within a day or two. All the company regretted the loss of "Nick" Shepherd.

John D. Shepherd was 24 years old when enlisted. He was one of the best soldiers I ever saw. He was a tall, spare-made man, of reddish complexion. He never was sick; was always present for duty, which he performed in camp, on the march, or on field of conflict without a word of complaint. His clothing was frequently perforated by bullets, but he escaped unhurt until the thirty-seventh engagement he was in, on the Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864, when he was wounded. Within a few weeks he recovered and rejoined his company. He had been promoted first corporal and then to fifth sergeant for his gallantry. He had

fired at the enemy two or three times his weight of lead. In the winter of 1865 he despaired of the Confederacy ever establishing its independence; he saw the numbers in the different companies become less and less; no more recruits for our shattered commands and attenuated lines; rations were scarce and difficult to obtain; the forces of the enemy growing stronger and more insolent and aggressive day by day. He thought of his mother and sister in their humble little hut of a home near Otho, Alabama, with no one to provide or care for them if he were gone. If he remained he probably would be killed, and with the cause lost, there would be no government to pension his dear mother for the services of her dead boy. These reflections made the gallant fellow resolve to leave the service and save his life. How could he do it in honor? He was not a commissioned officer, and hence could not resign, yet he must go. He was a non-commissioned officer, and he felt that it would be highly dishonorable to go while holding a position of confidence, and he went to his captain and resigned his sergeancy. He talked with Sasser, one of his messmates, who felt pretty much as he did. They agreed to go together. A few nights thereafter it was their turn, with others, to go on the picket line to guard against any surprise by the Yankees. It was a cold, clear, moonlight night, and at a late hour they abandoned their posts and made for the enemy's line. The next nearest post was that occupied by Pulaski Kirkland and A. B. Skipper, two boys who went out as volunteers before either was 16 years old. They saw Shepherd and Sasser going, commanded them to halt, and when instead of doing so they ran, the boys fired on them, notwithstanding that Shepherd and Sasser had been their comrades and messmates for three and a half years. One of the shots wounded Shepherd in the heel, but his friend aided him into the lines of the Yankee army. They did not go to the enemy to fight against the South. It is said they got down to Hilton Head, South Carolina, and found employment until after the war was over, when they returned home. Shepherd went to the humble home of his mother, rented land, and made a crop for her, then moved to Florida, where he was living in 1902, near Bronson Post Office. During the year he never went anywhere, nor attempted to call upon any of his old comrades and friends. Poor Shepherd was a deserter, but should never have been treated as one. I forgive his error, if it were one, and honor his memory. For those who left their hearthstones and loved ones, and toiled,

suffered, and shed their blood for four immortal years, and then saw that the cause was inevitably tottering to its fall, and that soon all would be lost, and got out in the only way they could in order to save their lives to their families, I have no harsh words.

Allen W Sholar was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and fought well; was wounded at Chantilly Farm, or Ox Hill, September 1, 1862; recovered and returned to duty about the first of the next year. On the march from New Guilford Court House to Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, he and Jim Gallo-way, another young man, went to the spring with canteens to fill them with water, and neither returned. They were mustered as "deserters," but as they were in the enemy's country and none of their Southern friends have ever heard a word of either since, it may be that they were killed by bushwhackers. That is the most charitable view to take of it, though they are numbered here as on the muster roll with the deserters.

Richard Short was 30 years old when enlisted; was a fine soldier, was always present in camp, on the march, and in battle, but was captured in the battle of Gettysburg, and died a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware, August 15, 1864.

A. B. Skipper, usually known as "Bryant Skipper," was but 15 years old when enlisted March 20, 1863. Though so young, he was never sick, endured all kinds of hardships, was always present, and fought bravely clear up to the surrender, and never was wounded. Since the war the people of Henry County, remembering this noble conduct on his part, elected him as sheriff of the county, and he served his four-year term. He lived in Abbeville, Alabama, and was known by all men in the county.

Aaron Smith was 19 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862, and discharged for original disability on the 2d of April, 1862.

John N. Smith was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was severely wounded at Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain, August 9, 1862. He recovered and returned to duty about the first of the next year, and was killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.

(d) William Smith was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier and fought well for about three years, but when the regiment was in East Tennessee, February 9, 1864, he deserted and joined the enemy. He served with the First Florida cavalry regiment, composed mainly of deserters from the Confederate Army, and in 1865, after the surrender, he was with Carroll's

company, which pretended to be carrying the mails from Montgomery to Eufaula, and doing a large amount of raiding and stealing horses from the people in the country between the two towns. On one occasion when crossing Pea River at Hobby's Bridge, some of the people who felt outraged at their conduct were concealed near the bridge and fired on the squadron, killing some and wounding many others. Smith was among the latter. I saw him when he was being carried to Montgomery escorted by Bill Owens, of Pike County. Smith had received a good load of buckshot, but recovered, and the last I knew of him he was residing in Dale County. Some dozen years after the surrender the survivors of the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment had a reunion at Blue Springs, in Barbour County. Smith came there and wanted to join, but I advised him not to present his name. I do not remember to have seen him but once since.

John R. Steeley was 48 years old when enlisted. He was a faithful, patriotic man, but too old for service. After remaining several months the fact became apparent that he could not endure the hardships incident to a soldier's life, and he accepted a discharge for disability and went home. But the old gentleman was not so enfeebled by age as was then apparent, because he lived twenty years after the war.

Edward Sumner was 22 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862, and died of disease in Luray Valley, Virginia, May 10, 1862.

George W. Sumner was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease near Manassas Junction, December 15, 1861.

James Trawick was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, usually present, and fought well. At Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863, he was severely wounded, by which he lost an eye. When Longstreet raised the siege and retreated from Knoxville Trawick was left in the hospital, captured, and held as a prisoner of war until after the surrender. He lived in Henry County. At times he suffered greatly in the head from his old wound. He was fishing in 1903, became dizzy, fell into the river, and was drowned.

Rathbone Trawick was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Front Royal, Virginia, January 20, 1862.

Wm. Trimner was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, was wounded at Fredericksburg, recovered, and re-

turned to duty the first of the next year, and was killed in the battle of Gettysburg.

Young J. Vickars was 18 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was "absent sick" through the greater part of that year, but returned and was in the battle of Fredericksburg in December; was a good soldier, always present for duty from that time forward until the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, where he was severely wounded through both legs, which permanently disabled him. He lived in Henry County, could walk and attend to business very well, but frequently suffered from his old wounds. He was a good citizen and much esteemed by his neighbors, and was living in 1904.

Benjamin R. Wadsworth was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond, May 23, 1862.

Edward J. J. Ward was 18 years old when enlisted, first in Company F and subsequently transferred to this company. He was a splendid specimen of manhood and a fine soldier. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, but soon recovered and returned to his company. He was mortally wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864. He was brought to Howard's Grove Hospital, where I was and died the next day. At his father's request I obtained a suitable burial case, had his remains properly prepared and transmitted home to Abbeville, Alabama, where he was buried.

John T. Watson was 29 years old when enlisted and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, October 25, 1861.

Thomas J. Watson was 24 years old when enlisted and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, December 15, 1861.

William Alonzo Watson was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a fine specimen of physical manhood and an excellent soldier, never sick, always present for duty; at the second battle of Manassas, Thursday night, August 28, 1862, he was killed.

John C. Whatley was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier, nearly always present for duty. His greatest absence was when he had measles, which resulted in the loss of his voice so that he could not speak above a whisper, but he returned to duty and fought well, and the first time his voice returned to him was in the heat of battle when some man in his rear fired close to him and Whatley turned and swore at him. This was the first time he spoke after having the measles. His voice stayed with him all right thereafter. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga and absent in consequence the remain-

der of the year 1863. He returned and was killed at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

John H. Whatley was 19 years old when enlisted. He too was a fine soldier; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and permanently disabled thereby and honorably discharged. At last accounts he was still living in Henry County, though very feeble.

George M. Wiggins was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier, very respectful and obedient, and always at his post in the discharge of his duty. At the second battle of Manassas he was very severely wounded and permanently disabled. He was afterwards honorably discharged and returned to his home in Henry County, where he was a highly respected citizen. He was a good man in every respect.

Jacob Whitehead was 34 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862. The day he arrived Heintzelman's division threw a few shells across the Rappahannock and made a demonstration as though he intended to cross and give us battle. Ewell put us in line on the west side of the river. Two or three shells came fluttering through the air above us. Jake looked wild and said, "Look here, men, I am going to leave this place," and suiting his action to his declaration, he started to leave. I stopped him and told him that I would have him shot if he fled in the presence of the enemy. It just then broke upon his mind that a soldier had to obey orders, however perilous or disagreeable. He made a very fair soldier, but was severely wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862. His wound so disabled him that he was honorably discharged from service. He resided in Geneva County at last accounts.

James R. Woodham was 19 years old when enlisted. He made a very fair soldier; was severely wounded at Gettysburg and absent in consequence for several months. He then returned to the company, but rendered little service, and on February 17, 1864, in East Tennessee, deserted. He joined the so-called First Florida cavalry regiment of Confederate deserters and served in that until the surrender.

(d) Samuel E. Woodham, his brother, was 20 years old when enlisted in Company H and subsequently transferred to G. He was a very fair soldier; was captured at Gettysburg and remained a prisoner of war until after the surrender. The first time he met his brother Jim after the war was in Newton. Sam was clad in his old dingy Confederate uniform and Jim in his Union

uniform. Sam was an intense Confederate, and when they met the first word brought on a fight between them. Sam lived in Houston County in 1904.

(d) John A. Woodham was 26 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a good soldier and fought well, but was captured at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and held a prisoner of war until he died, the date of which is unknown.

(d) Uriah Woodham was 30 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was also a fine soldier, but was severely wounded at Chickamauga and permanently disabled by the loss of one foot, and honorably discharged in consequence. He resided near Newton, in Dale County.

(d) Edward C. Woodham was 40 years old when enlisted October 11, 1863. He was a conscript, rendered but little service, and finally disappeared. He put his son John in as a recruit, and obtained a thirty days' furlough therefor and never returned.

(d) John Woodham, the son, was 18 years old when enlisted August 15, 1864. He came in as a recruit for his father, Edward C. Woodham, and deserted as soon as he learned that his father was at home. The father, it was said, met the son at Pensacola, and that they remained within the Union lines until after the surrender

The total membership of the company, officers and men, was 190; of these there were from Dale County, 32, and from Henry County, 158; total, 190.

Of those killed in battle and mortally wounded, who died soon after, there were 38; number of wounds received in battle, 66; number of wounds which permanently disabled, 16; number who died of disease, 57; number discharged for original disability, 14; number who were in more than two battles and never wounded, 20; number of those who deserted, 19.

One captain promoted to colonel; 1 captain killed; 1 lieutenant promoted to regimental commissary; 2 lieutenants killed; 1 resigned and 1 permanently disabled and retired; 1 captain and 1 lieutenant served through to the surrender.

COMPANY H

This company was organized in Glennville, then Barbour, now Russell County, called the "Glennville Guards," and composed of men from these, Dale and Henry Counties. Opposite each

name, except Barbour and Russell, is an indication of the county from which the soldier came.

John F. Treutlin was instrumental in organizing this company and was elected its captain, but never served with it, because at its organization he was elected lieutenant-colonel of the regiment; thereupon William N. Richardson was elected captain of the company and obtained his commission of the same date as those of the other captains. He was 35 years old at that time. He was a bachelor and wealthy farmer residing near Glennville. He was very eccentric; was an officer of great courage, but very little disciplinary power. In November, 1862, when we were crossing the Blue Ridge on our way to Fredericksburg some of the men found a distillery and obtained whiskey. Captain Richardson was fond of it, and got full. Several officers and men fell by the roadside. The captain came staggering into camp that night, and to prove his sobriety he looked at me and said: "The drunken man falleth by the wayside; the sober man passeth over the mountain and sleepeth in the valley beneath." In the battle of Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, on the night of October 28, 1863, he was taken prisoner and was not exchanged during the war. When he returned home and found all of his slaves free, his plantation sadly out of repair, and everything so changed it made him sad and lonely. He continued on his plantation for a few years, when he became insane and was sent to the asylum at Tuscaloosa, and was still there in 1904. In 1896, as Governor, I visited and closely inspected the inmates of that institution. I endeavored to make myself known to the old captain, but he did not recognize me; his mind seemed to be entirely gone. He is of good family and his old friends and comrades were made sad by learning of his condition.

(d) William D. Wood was elected first lieutenant at the age of 25 years. He was a fair soldier and was wounded slightly at the battle of Gettysburg, at least he was so reported on the muster roll. He resigned soon after, in August, 1863, joined a company of cavalry and served with it. He resided in Dale County many years after the war, engaged in the practice of the law, but died several years ago.

(d) James H. Metcalf was elected second lieutenant at the age of 35 years and resigned December 31, 1861.

(h) S. D. Stanton, Jr., was elected third lieutenant at the age of 25 years and resigned in June, 1862.

(d) William L. Wilson, first sergeant, was 24 years old when enlisted. He was promoted to second lieutenant July 25, 1862, and on the resignation of Wood to first lieutenant. He was severely wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863, which resulted in the amputation of one leg below the knee, for which he was honorably retired from the service. He was a gentleman of fine intelligence and a good officer. After the war he resided in Troy, Alabama, for several years, engaged in mercantile business, but afterwards removed to Texas, where he was living at last accounts.

(d) John T. McLeod, second sergeant, was 21 years of age when enlisted. He had measles in the fall of 1861, which greatly disabled him for a long time; was reduced to ranks in consequence of the disability thus caused. Was a brave soldier and fought well when able to be present. He was captured at Gettysburg and remained a prisoner of war until after the surrender. While in prison he had a fight with "Ned" Sweeney, of Company B, who was the stouter man. McLeod got hold of a piece of iron and struck Sweeney on the head with it, which, it was alleged, caused Sweeney's death several weeks afterwards. After his return to Dale County he married and lived on a farm. He got into a fight with a man and killed him under circumstances largely in justification of himself. He left the State and went to Florida, where he was living when last heard from by the writer.

Alexander Tew, third sergeant, was enlisted when 23 years old. He had measles and died in the fall of 1861.

Daniel H. Thomas, fourth sergeant, was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier, nearly always present for duty; was wounded at Fredericksburg and again at Chickamauga, and again at Knoxville, and very severely wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. From the latter wound he did not sufficiently recover to return to duty. After the surrender he resided at and about his old home at Louisville and Blue Springs, in Barbour County, Alabama. He was a brave soldier, fine non-commissioned officer and a good citizen. He died at Cottonwood, in Henry County, now Houston County, Alabama, in 1902.

J. D. L. Henly, first corporal, was enlisted when 20 years old. He was slightly wounded at Cross Keys and taken prisoner. He was exchanged, returned to duty, again captured—this time at Gettysburg—and remained a prisoner of war until after the surrender. He was reduced to ranks in consequence of his enforced absence.

(d) H. James Gary, second corporal, was enlisted at the age of 33 years. Was reduced to ranks May 10, 1862; captured in June thereafter; exchanged September, 1862, and transferred to Thirty-fifth Georgia Regiment on March 6, 1863.

(d) Arch Carmichael, third corporal, was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was mortally wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, and died soon after.

Michael McGuire, fourth corporal, was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier; was captured at the battle of Gettysburg and held as a prisoner of war until after the surrender. He resided after the war at Hatchechubbee, Russell County, until 1902, when he moved to Montgomery, Alabama. He is a good citizen.

Wm. Addeway was 24 years old when enlisted, and died January 18, 1862, near Manassas Junction.

Henry Andrews was 20 years old when enlisted February 5, 1862. He was a fine soldier; was killed at Knoxville, November 25, 1863.

Jno. G. Archibald was 46 years old when enlisted. He was the finest soldier of his age in the regiment; was severely wounded at Sharpsburg, from which he soon recovered and returned to duty. He was again severely wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. He was promoted to ensign on account of his age and gallantry as soon as that office was created. He carried the colors all the time when he was not suffering from wounds. All the officers and men in the regiment respected him for his great courage and good qualities. He was present at the surrender at Appomattox, took the colors off the staff and hid them under his shirt, brought them home with him, and the last time I saw him he said he would keep the old flag until he died, and request that it be put under his head in his coffin when he was buried. I have not heard of the old gentleman in many years, and suppose that he long since died. He was a mechanic and painter by trade, and once resided at Eutaw, Greene County, Alabama.

Robert Barker was 30 years old when enlisted, and the muster roll fails to give any account of him. It is supposed that he died in the hospital and never was reported.

(h) Joseph Barentine was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in December, 1861.

(d) James Barentine was 26 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in January, 1862.

(d) William L. Bailey was 19 years old when enlisted. He was mortally wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 30, from which he died several months afterwards at the hospital.

Necy Benton was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and was killed at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

(d) James F. Benson was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Culpeper, Virginia, December 25, 1861.

(d) Robert Byrd was 26 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, and died of disease at Liberty, Virginia, January 23, 1863.

(d) Ira Byrd was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond, Virginia, November 16, 1861.

John T. Berry was 18 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; nearly always present for duty until captured at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and was not exchanged during the war.

(d) Ira Blackshire was 21 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability August 18, 1861.

(d) John E. H. Bartlett was 22 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability in August, 1861.

(d) Frank L. Boothby was 23 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. He was a good soldier, and was promoted to third lieutenant on September 21, 1862, and promoted to first lieutenant in August, 1863, and died in Richmond, December 15, 1864, never having fully recovered from his wound, and probably his death was caused by it. He was a fair officer and much respected.

(c) Thomas J. Brooks was 22 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Suffolk, Virginia, May 3, 1863, and was absent a good while in consequence. Was wounded again in the charge on Fort Harrison, Virginia, September 30, 1864, and did not return to the service to the close of 1864. He returned to his old home in Coffee County after the war. He was a good soldier and citizen; became a Baptist preacher, and was living in 1904.

Samford Brown was 29 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was mortally wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, and died six days thereafter.

James H. Brown was 22 years old when enlisted April 8, 1862. He was wounded on the Williamsburg Road, October 27, 1864. In the winter of 1862 he was court-martialed and punished for wilful disobedience of orders at the battle of Fredericksburg. He was thereafter a good soldier. In fact, there was no better in the

company. He resided for several years after the war in Texas, but afterwards moved to Columbus, Georgia.

John Brown was 30 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability April 20, 1862.

(d) Thos. Carter was 26 years old when enlisted August 10, 1861, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, August 31, 1861.

(d) Wm. M. Carroll was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease December 10, 1861, at Centerville, Virginia.

(d) Jno. Carroll was 19 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in June, 1862.

(d) Jno. W. Cowart was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a good and faithful soldier; was captured at Gettysburg, but exchanged and returned to duty, fought well, and was wounded on the Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864, and was absent in consequence the remainder of that year.

Richard Coleman was 24 years old when enlisted March 4, 1862. He was transferred from the First Alabama, and mortally wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, of which he died on the fourth day thereafter.

Wm. A. Crews was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862; was detailed as ordnance sergeant, and on July 18, 1864, was assigned to that office permanently. He was a faithful and reliable young man. After the war he resided several years in Pike County.

Jas. M. Crews was 17 years old when enlisted June 29, 1864, and served faithfully through to the surrender.

(h) Jas. W. Crawford was 19 years old when enlisted October 18, 1862. He was a good soldier, but was captured at the battle of Gettysburg and retained as a prisoner of war until after the surrender. He was on the water detail, followed the regiment in action, but by mistake walked into the enemy's lines. He returned to his home near Lawrenceville, in Henry County, where he resided, when he was elected county treasurer by the Democrats of the county; removed to Abbeville, where he resided in 1904, and was one of the reliable and esteemed citizens of that town.

(d) Martin L. Curry was 30 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" nearly all the time, and died of disease October 20, 1864, at his home, having returned on sick furlough.

Jas. Cunningham was 14 years old when enlisted September 15, 1863. He was a drummer-boy, and served in that capacity very faithfully.

Abb Dean was 36 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability in May, 1862.

(d) Green Eason was 33 years old when enlisted. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862; fell into the hands of the enemy, and died a prisoner of war about the 1st of November, 1862.

Shadrick H. Ethridge was 28 years old when enlisted, and died of disease November 13, 1861, at Haymarket, Virginia.

(d) Wm. Gafford was 22 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability June 18, 1863.

Wm. Gill, Sr., was 50 years old when enlisted. He was too old for a soldier, and died of disease at Charlottesville, Virginia, May 17, 1862.

Wm. Gill, Jr., was 24 years old when enlisted March 14, 1862, and died of disease at Warrenton, December 18, 1862.

Augustus Gill was 19 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain, August, 1862, and was absent a good while in consequence. He was again wounded in the charge on Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864, and never returned to duty during that year, and I know not whether he did in 1865.

George W. Gill was 20 years old when enlisted, and was killed at Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864. He was shot through the head by a sharp-shooter.

Wm. Gillenwaters was 24 years old when enlisted March 3, 1862. It appears from the muster roll that he was killed in battle, but it does not state where, nor do I know

(h) Jas. Gilmore was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, November 30, 1861.

Thos. B. Gray was 26 years old when enlisted March 14, 1862. He was from Madison, Virginia, and was a very fine soldier; was wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, but returned to duty as soon as able. He was again wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864. He was made first sergeant of his company, which office he filled quite well until October 12, 1864, when he was transferred to the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment.

Wm. H. Hammock was 20 years old when enlisted; was wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863, and when

Longstreet raised the siege and fell back, December 8, 1863, he was captured in the hospital and held a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

William Henderson was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease December 23, 1861, at Front Royal, Virginia.

(h) B. Jeff Hendley was 20 years old when enlisted. He was mortally wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and died July 4, 1862.

(h) William R. Hendley was 19 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He deserted July 30, 1863. It was reported that he joined a cavalry regiment and served in that capacity, but I do not know as to the truth of this.

(d) T J. Herring was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, October, 1861.

(h) Alvin Holmes was 23 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; was a fair soldier and served through to the surrender. The last I knew of him he resided in Henry County.

(h) Abner Holmes was 21 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, captured at Gettysburg, and died a prisoner of war at Point Lookout, Maryland, March, 1864.

(h) Augustus Holmes was 19 years old when enlisted March 16, 1862. He was not much of a soldier; was captured at Gettysburg, and continued a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

Welcome L. Holly was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.

(d) Mitchell B. Houghton was 18 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Ox Hill, or Chantilly Farm, September 1, 1862, but soon recovered and returned to duty; was captured near Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, and held a prisoner of war until after the surrender. He was one of the best young soldiers in his company, always faithful and reliable. A few years after the war he located in Union Springs, and went into the mercantile business, where by energy, prudence, and close attention to business, he was remarkably successful for several years. He then sold out his business and moved to Montgomery, where he thereafter resided, and was one of the most prominent business men in the city, and accumulated a handsome

fortune. At the publication of this book he was chairman of the board of revenue of the county.

Mark M. Halsey was 30 years old when enlisted February 1, 1862. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; was detailed in government service at Macon, Georgia, where he remained until after the surrender.

(d) A. M. Hughes was 46 years old when enlisted. He was transferred to Company E of the regiment, November 1, 1861. A fuller account is given of him in connection with that company.

(d) Alford M. Jones was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a faithful soldier, but mustered as "absent sick" a good portion of his time. He was absent sick in the hospital, I presume, in Knoxville, Tennessee, when Longstreet abandoned that town. He was captured and not exchanged until after the surrender. He returned to his old home in Newton, Alabama, but I don't know where he now resides or whether he is still living. He was a kind-hearted, good man.

(d) John J. Jones was 30 years old when enlisted. He was very severely wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and again at Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor, and did not sufficiently recover therefrom to return to the service during the year 1864, but I think he returned in 1865 and served through to the surrender. I knew him quite well personally. He resided in Clopton. When he went to the army he was a consumptive, and informed me that he went because he had no idea of living long, and preferred to die in the service. It had the contrary effect on him; his health improved all the time. In his first wound the bullet struck him in the chin and split it open; the wound was very severe, but he recovered from it and returned to duty. His health became so robust that he weighed 180 or 190 pounds. It remained good during the war except on account of wounds. After the close of the war he returned to his old home in Dale, and within a few years his health again declined and he died of consumption. It seemed that camping out in the open air cured him, but as soon as he returned to civilization and lived within doors it brought back the disease and ended his life. He was a fine soldier and a good man in every way.

(d) Geo. W. Jones was 19 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond in February, 1862.

Ransome Z. Josey was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease February 26, 1862, at Front Royal, Virginia.

John Keels was 32 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; was severely wounded at the second battle of Manassas, and at Gettysburg he was mortally wounded July 2, 1863, and died that night or the next day at the field hospital. The bullet cut his throat, and he ran across the mountain breathing at his neck.

(d) Carter A. Lee was 20 years old when enlisted August 10, 1861. He was a fine soldier and was transferred to Company E of the regiment January 1, 1865, and served through to the surrender. He was so fortunate as never to be wounded, though in many battles.

Timothy C. Lee was 18 years old when enlisted August 10, 1861. He was wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. On December 25, 1862, he was discharged on account of deafness produced by the explosion of a shell near his head.

Judge D. Loveless was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, captured at Gettysburg, and retained a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

David J. Lunceford was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier, and although in many battles was never wounded, but served through to the surrender.

(h) Mathew W Lynn was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was present in many battles, but was never wounded until the engagement on the Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864.

(h) Alexander Lynn was 19 years old when enlisted October 12, 1863. He was with his company in several engagements that fall, but was left at Knoxville, Tennessee, sick, and captured December 8, 1863, and not exchanged during the war.

Marshall N. Lynn was 17 years old when enlisted July 19, 1863. He was a good soldier, and participated in several battles, but got sick and died at Morristown, Tennessee, February 11, 1864.

Thomas Lauflin was 34 years old when enlisted, and died of disease September 10, 1861, at Haymarket, Virginia.

(d) John C. McEntire was 25 years old when enlisted August 10, 1861. He was a first-class soldier; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and again on the second day at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, and again very severely wounded at Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, Virginia,

August 16, 1864. He was a faithful soldier; survived the war, returned to Dale County, a good citizen, and was honored with the office of tax collector of his county. He was living in 1904.

(d) Thomas J. McEntire was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier; was wounded at Chickamauga, but when he recovered, returned to duty and fought through to the surrender. He was also a good citizen of Dale County

(d) James A. McEntire was 23 years old when enlisted May 5, 1862. He was wounded at Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain, Virginia, August 9, 1862, and captured at Gettysburg and retained as a prisoner of war until after the surrender, when he returned to his old home and friends in Dale County.

(d) Newton McLeod was 21 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, and died of disease in November, 1862.

(d) William A. McLeod was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a fine young soldier; was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

(d) N. E. McNeil was 30 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He rendered but little service; was captured at Gettysburg, and died a prisoner of war at Point Lookout, Maryland, December 2, 1863.

Henry Manning was 19 years old when enlisted, and was killed at the second battle of Manassas on the third day, August 30, 1862.

McKinney A. Melvin was 22 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Gettysburg, and after his recovery never returned to the company, but was mustered many times as "absent sick" after September, 1863, and was reported to have deserted and joined a regiment from Mississippi. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement. He was properly mustered as a deserter.

John Melvin was 20 years old when enlisted, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and died August 7, 1862.

(d) A. L. Milligan was 34 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier. He had been Probate Judge of Dale or Coffee County, and was a man of considerable prominence. He carried the regimental colors in several battles, and did it well. He was a brave man. He was elected first lieutenant in the Fifty-fourth Alabama Regiment, and commissioned as such May 28, 1863. He became captain of his company in that regiment, and made a fine record, I am informed. He survived the war, lived

several years thereafter, and was a very prominent citizen of Dale County. He was a lawyer by profession, and left two sons who were lawyers, residing at Geneva, Alabama.

Charles A. Moody was 18 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at the second battle of Manassas. When he recovered he returned to the company and fought bravely until mortally wounded near Petersburg, Virginia, of which he died June 25, 1864.

(h) Henry J. Murfee was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier; was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, also at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, and was again wounded on the skirmish line upon the North Anna River, Virginia, May 31, 1864, which disabled one of his arms so that he could render no further service. He was residing in 1903 in Coffee County, Alabama.

Joseph Ollifer was 55 years old when enlisted, and died of disease October 28, 1861, at Haymarket, Virginia.

(d) Levi Palmer was 18 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability in February, 1862.

(d) Samuel H. Peacock was 21 years old when enlisted. He was mustered "absent sick" a good part of the time; was captured at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and not exchanged during the war. He resides in Houston County.

(d) Jeff Parish was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier until about August, 1863, when he deserted.

(d) John Parish was 28 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability in November, 1863.

(d) John Pierce was 19 years old when enlisted, and died of disease May 18, 1862, at a private house near Luray, Virginia.

Thomas Payne was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease January 2, 1862, at Charlottesville, Virginia.

(d) Calvin Pope was 25 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, and captured the next day; was duly exchanged and severely wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864. He recovered, returned to duty, and was again wounded on the Williamsburg Road, October 27, 1864. He survived the war, returned to his home in Dale County, and was a fine citizen.

Alexander Pope was 18 years old when enlisted October 29, 1863. He rendered such service as he was able to do, though mostly on detail, until the surrender.

(d) Arch Pope was 22 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was always present until wounded near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, August 16, 1864, and again October 27, 1864. He survived the war and the last I heard of him was residing in Geneva County, an excellent citizen.

John B. Ray was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease March 1, 1862, at Culpeper Court House, Virginia.

Thomas Ray was 19 years old when enlisted March 10, 1862, and died in May, 1862.

(d) Frank M. Rice was 24 years old when enlisted August 10, 1862. He was a very fair soldier; was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg and again at Gettysburg, but served through to the surrender.

(d) Barton S. Reneau was 30 years old when enlisted August 10, 1861. He was a very fine soldier; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and was absent a long time in consequence, and disabled for rendering regular and efficient service in the ranks, but served on details until the surrender. He was a citizen of Dale County until his death in 1902.

(h) William E. Reynolds was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was killed at the second battle of Manassas on the first day, August 28, 1862.

(d) William Reynolds was 24 years old when enlisted August 10, 1861. He was also a fine soldier; was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

(h) John W Russ was 29 years old when enlisted March 10, 1862. He was a fine soldier; was badly wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, by which he lost one leg and was retired as disabled.

Joshua L. Smith was 19 years old when enlisted. He was mustered as "absent sick" principally through 1862, but was afterwards nearly always present for duty; was a good soldier and served through to the surrender, and never was wounded.

John N. Smith was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and was appointed third sergeant in October, 1862, and was captured near Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, on the night of October 28, 1863, and held as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

"Isa" Smith was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was severely wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, and one leg amputated in consequence.

(d) John D. L. Smith was 29 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was wounded at Gettysburg so badly that he could not be removed and fell into the hands of the enemy. He recovered and was exchanged in August, 1863. He returned to duty and was appointed corporal December 6, 1863.

(d) Lamuel C. N. Smith was 27 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was wounded on the Darbytown Road, October 13, 1864, and did not return to duty during that year.

(d) James M. Sims was 17 years old when enlisted. He was one of the best soldiers in the company; was wounded on the second day of the battle of Chickamauga, was wounded again at Knoxville, November 25, 1863, and again at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and a fourth time in the charge on Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864. He was appointed third corporal in June, 1864, and promoted third sergeant in September, 1864. He was a very faithful and reliable young soldier, served through to the surrender, and for many years after the war was a merchant at Georgiana, Butler County, Alabama, and afterwards moved to Evergreen, Conecuh County, and engaged in the same business. There was no better citizen than Jim Sims. He was alive and vigorous in 1904.

(d) Jasper Sims was 23 years old when enlisted March 10, 1862. He was a good soldier; was killed at the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862.

(h) T King Searcy was 22 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond in March, 1862.

(h) Abner D. Shearley was 34 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, but went home on sick furlough, and died October 30, 1862.

Benjamin Spivey was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a fine young soldier; was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

(d) Micajah Smothers was 25 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a good soldier, and seems to have served through to the surrender; never was wounded.

David Spurlock was 27 years old when enlisted March 10, 1862, and was mortally wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, from which he died seven days later.

Green Spurlock was 25 years old when enlisted March 10, 1862, and died of disease May 1, 1862.

Thomas Shepherd was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond, March 15, 1862.

Joel Tew was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier; was wounded at the second battle of Manassas. When he recovered he reported for duty and served faithfully through to the surrender. After the war he resided in Henry County, near Dothan, Alabama.

John Tew was 21 years old when enlisted. He was left in the hospital sick, at Knoxville, Tennessee, when Longstreet raised his siege, December 8, 1863; was taken prisoner and died soon after.

Jesse Taylor was 23 years old when enlisted. My recollection about this soldier is very indistinct, and there is no entry upon the muster roll and no remarks opposite to his name nor that of John Tew. This I do not understand, but think that Taylor died of disease without having rendered any service. The captain of the company was greatly at fault for not giving any account of these men.

(h) Elisha J. Thomas was 22 years old when enlisted, and died of disease December 22, 1861, at Culpeper Court House, Virginia.

(h) William H. H. Thomas was 19 years old when enlisted; discharged for disability in May, 1862.

(d) James S. Williams was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was severely wounded at Chickamauga and one leg had to be amputated.

John W. Williams was 26 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Chickamauga and afterwards returned to duty, and then was mustered as "absent without leave" from February, 1864, and probably deserted.

(d) John F. Williams was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was killed at the second battle of Manassas on the third day, August 30, 1862.

W. S. Williams was 35 years old when enlisted August 20, 1862, and discharged for disability in October, 1862.

(h) Cornelius Williams was 33 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in August, 1862.

Abb B. Williams was 24 years old when enlisted March 14, 1862, and died of disease in June, 1862, at Charlottesville, Va.

(h) Thomas H. Walding was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in June, 1862, at Charlottesville, Virginia.

(d) Daniel S. Walker was 28 years old when enlisted, and was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

(d) John R. Woodham was 33 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier; was severely wounded and captured at

Gettysburg and exchanged the following August. Then was absent on furlough a good while, but was not able to march in consequence of his wound, and was detailed to do such service as he could render, and in that connection served through to the surrender. After the war he went to his old home in Dale County. He was a faithful soldier and a good citizen. All remember Bob Woodham. He died about thirty years after the war.

(d) Samuel E. Woodham was 22 years old when enlisted, and was transferred to Company G of the regiment June 1, 1862. An account of him is given in connection with that company.

(d) John Windham was 24 years old when enlisted. He was mortally wounded at Malvern Hill, July 2, 1862, and died the next day.

(d) J. R. Windham was 53 years old when enlisted August 10, 1861, and died of disease at Haymarket, Virginia, in November, 1861.

W W B. Weston was 26 years old when enlisted March 27, 1862. He was severely wounded at Cold Harbor. After he recovered and returned, his first battle was Gettysburg, where he was captured and held a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

Alley Weston was 23 years old when enlisted March 27, 1862, and discharged for disability in May, 1862.

(d) James M. Whitehead was 22 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, from which he had a leg amputated. This, of course, disabled him for further service and he was subsequently honorably retired. He had quite a political career thereafter. He returned home and went to Greenville in Butler County, Alabama, to live, where he established a newspaper. The people sympathized with him on account of his loss in the service and made him county solicitor. He sold out his first paper and subsequently established two others. He was a Democrat in politics for several years and got to be quite a strong writer. Finally he broke from his party, and was an independent candidate for Congress in the Second District, being supported mostly by Republicans. Afterwards he became an Alliance man and third party leader. He was proprietor and editor of *The Living Truth*, one of the great lights in the Peoples' party. He wrote well, but was so much of an enemy to his old party that he rarely gave it, or any one who belonged to it, credit for any good act. His political prejudices ran so high at times as to impair the accuracy of his memory. In 1892, in a speech at Elba, in the presence of a very reputable gentleman, who was

a member of the regiment, Mr. Whitehead said that, "Oates was a tyrant to the men when in command of the regiment. Why, fellow citizens, when I was suffering from a wound which caused the amputation of my leg, he tyrannized over me and treated me cruelly." The truth is that I never had command of him, nor did I ever have command of the regiment until three months after he was wounded, and I did not then see nor speak to him for many months, and when I did, and always after for many years, whenever I came in contact with him I spoke to him and treated him kindly, and once had my vote as a delegate cast for his nomination for Congress on account of his physical disability incurred as a gallant soldier. He died in Greenville in the year 1898.

(d) Stephen E. Wiggins was 20 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, and died of disease October 27, 1862, at Mount Jackson, Virginia.

(d) H. C. Yelverton was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier, was severely wounded at Chickamauga on the second day, September 20, and was absent in consequence of his wound all the time thereafter, so far as the muster roll shows. He returned home, and ever since the war has been one of the prominent and highly respected citizens of Dale County.

This company had an aggregate membership, officers and men, of 145; of these 44 died of disease; 23 were killed in battle or mortally wounded, and died soon after; 61 wounds were received in battle; 14 went through two or more battles without being wounded; 12 were discharged for original disability, and 5 deserted. Three lieutenants resigned, 1 died of a wound, 1 was retired by the loss of a leg, 1 captain held by the enemy as a prisoner of war, and the record at the close of the year 1864 does not show that any commissioned officer was with the company.

There were from Dale County, 58; from Henry, 22; from Barbour and Russell, 65.

COMPANY I.

This company, one of the originals, was organized in Pike County, and was called the "Quitman Guards."

Benjamin Gardner was elected captain at its organization, when he was 52 years old. He resigned at Centerville, Virginia, December 5, 1861, on account of the death of his wife. He was a

lawyer by profession, and pretty well known in Alabama politics. Just after the close of the war he claimed to have been an intense Union man and condemned secession. He then claimed to be a Democrat. During the period of reconstruction he became a Republican, and in 1872 was elected Attorney-General on that ticket. He was a candidate for reelection two years thereafter, but was defeated. Several years afterwards he moved to Texas, resided with his son, Howard, and died at the age of 90 years.

Frank Park was elected first lieutenant at the age of 33 years. On Gardner's retirement he was promoted to captain. He was a physician by profession, located at Orion. He was elected a representative in the General Assembly soon after he went to the front, and in the winter of 1861 he went home on a furlough to attend the session of the General Assembly, and hence his promotion to the captaincy was delayed until his return in May, 1862. Captain Park was a fine officer, splendid disciplinarian, and commanded the respect and confidence of his men. He had as much cool bravery as any officer in the regiment, was nearly always present for duty, and was so fortunate as to escape injury until the battle of Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863, at which he was killed, or was mortally wounded and died soon after.

Wm. H. Stricklan was elected second lieutenant at the organization of the company, when he was 25 years old. He was promoted first lieutenant in May, 1862, when Park was made captain, and was promoted to the captaincy of the company March 1, 1864. He was a fine officer and a very brave man. Though he could not see at night, if his company went into battle he would detail a good man to lead him, go in with them, and command as though he could see everything. At Spottsylvania Court House, when we were engaged in battle at night, he inquired of his sergeant if two of his men, who usually skulked when they could, were doing their duty, and on being informed that one was not, he told the sergeant to bring that man to him. He got hold of the man's collar and slapped him several times with the flat side of his sword, and ordered him to his place in ranks and to firing, and instructed the sergeant to watch him and see that he did it. At the battle near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864, he was severely wounded through one hand and the lower part of one ear was shot off. A large number of the bones of his hand had to be taken from it, and I do not believe that he ever sufficiently recovered to return to his com-

pany. After the surrender he was elected sheriff of Pike County, served out his term most acceptably, and was then elected tax assessor of the county. During his term, or soon after its close, he became afflicted with cancer of the tongue, which killed him. He was a fine officer and trustworthy citizen.

A. W. Starke was elected third lieutenant at the organization of the company, at the age of 32 years. He resigned on account of failing health at Swift Run Gap, Virginia, May 1, 1862. He returned home and lived only a few years after the war, when he died of consumption. He was a lawyer by profession and took active part in politics as a Democrat, and was kindly regarded and highly esteemed by the people who knew him. He was a native of Virginia, an educated man, and thorough gentleman.

W. R. Arnold, first sergeant, was 29 years old when enlisted. He was reduced to ranks October 11, 1861, on account of general disability, for which he was discharged from the service January 20, 1862. He went home, assisted in raising the Fifty-seventh Alabama Regiment, and organized a company, of which he was captain. He was promoted to major, and killed at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, near Atlanta, in 1864.

George A. C. Mathews, second sergeant, was 23 years old when enlisted. He was promoted first sergeant on October 11, 1861; elected third lieutenant, October 1, 1862; promoted second lieutenant, September 1, 1863, and promoted first lieutenant, March 1, 1864. He was detailed in September, just before the battle of Chickamauga, as adjutant of the regiment, and served in that capacity until after he was promoted first lieutenant. He was then detailed to command Company E of the regiment, and soon thereafter promoted to the captaincy of that company by order of the War Department on the recommendation of Colonel Oates. At the battle of Chester Station, Virginia, June 17, 1864, in a charge on the enemy's second line of works, he was severely wounded through one shoulder near the neck. He bled profusely, but by the very timely presence of Doctor Brown, the assistant surgeon, the bleeding was stopped and his life saved for the time. The wound disabled him for further service, and he never entirely recovered from it. He returned home, lived several years, but his arm on that side withered away; he never got well, but finally died from the effects of his wound. Small of stature, he was one of the gamest officers in the regiment. He was very intelligent and trustworthy in every relation of life, and was elected

tax assessor or collector, and served out his term, but died soon after.

George W Logan, third sergeant, was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier, and had been promoted to second sergeant; was nearly always present for duty, but was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, by concussion, one of the enemy's shells having exploded near his head.

Isaac H. Parks, fourth sergeant, was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a very fine soldier; was promoted first sergeant on October 1, 1862; elected third lieutenant, September 1, 1863, and promoted second lieutenant, March 1, 1864. He was always healthy and present for duty, and served through to the surrender at Appomattox, he then being in command of the company. After the war he became a lawyer and located at Rutledge, in Crenshaw County, where he was highly esteemed by the people. He represented that county in the State Senate and in the Constitutional Convention of 1875. He died in 1897, universally respected by all the people in the circle of his acquaintance.

Hiram A. Thompson, first corporal, was enlisted at the age of 19 years. He was a good soldier, promoted to second sergeant February 1, 1864, and wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864; soon recovered, and served through to the surrender.

Alsey F Sanders, second corporal, was enlisted at the age of 25 years. He was a fine soldier; promoted to third sergeant on February 6, 1864, and wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. He returned to duty as soon as able, and served through to the surrender. He died several years ago.

C. N. Mallett, third corporal, was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, always present for duty, but was "absent without leave" at the battle of Fredericksburg, for which he was reduced to ranks, January 1, 1863. At Gettysburg he was very seriously wounded, and appears to have been absent in consequence up to the close of the year 1864. I do not know whether he ever returned to duty, but think he did. In 1904 he was living and a highly esteemed citizen of Pike County.

Randolph C. Smedley, fourth corporal, was 22 years of age when enlisted. He was appointed fifth sergeant on January 1, 1863; was promoted to first sergeant, January 1, 1864. He was never sick and was always present for duty. He was certainly one of the finest soldiers in that or any other regiment, and per-

formed his duties nobly clear through to Appomattox. He returned home, was taken sick, and died of fever in the fall of 1865. How remarkable that he went through the war and every battle the regiment was engaged in without ever being wounded, and was never sick a day, or absent from duty a single time, yet so soon after he returned home, laden with honors, that he should be seized with fever and taken away. Nearly every old soldier in that regiment knew Randolph Smedley, and it was with universal sorrow that they heard of his death.

Isaac N. Andress was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and was absent in consequence a long time, but finally returned to duty and fought through to the surrender; was promoted to first corporal on January 1, 1864. He survived the war, and returned to his home in Pike County, where he continued to reside, a highly respected citizen.

Pulaski H. Brown was 26 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; a physician by profession, he was often detailed to act as assistant surgeon of the regiment. On June 27, 1863, he was transferred to Company K of the regiment and made a lieutenant therein, serving efficiently as such for some time, and was then appointed assistant surgeon of the regiment. While acting in that capacity at Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor, on June 4, 1864, he was wounded in both hands, furloughed in consequence, and afterwards assigned as assistant surgeon to post duty till the close of the war. Thereafter he returned to his old home in Troy, where he has practiced medicine ever since with great success, and where he still resided in 1904, the oldest, most experienced, and leading physician in that place, if not in the county.

Wm. J. Brown was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of measles at Haymarket, Virginia, November 18, 1861.

Jas. P. Ballard was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a first-class soldier; nearly always present for duty, served through to the surrender, and never was wounded. He moved to Texas and died at Copperas Cove.

Jefferson F. Beecher was 61 years old when enlisted, and discharged at Centerville, Virginia, November 26, 1861. He was said to have been a near relative of the distinguished Henry Ward Beecher. He returned to his home and died many years ago. He was too old for soldiering.

Brantley G. Barnett was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was promoted to third corporal on August 3, 1862, and fourth sergeant on June 1, 1864. He served through to the surrender without ever receiving a wound, and was still living in 1904.

V B. Burgess was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease January 21, 1862.

Squire H. Burgess was 19 years old when enlisted, and served through the war without ever having received a wound, and was living in 1904.

Jos. Bell was 23 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at the second battle of Manassas on the third day of the conflict, August 30, 1862, which disabled him for active service for a great while, but he served on detail, and was returned to the ranks in the winter of 1864-65, and served through to the surrender. He was a fine soldier, and was living in 1904, engaged in mercantile business.

Levi Blair was 28 years old when enlisted, and died of measles at Charlottesville, Virginia, June 5, 1862.

K. N. Blair was 17 years old when enlisted May 1, 1864. He was a fine young soldier; present for duty in every battle fought that year after he enlisted, and appears to have served through to the surrender.

Casper W Boyd was 29 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier; was mortally wounded at Cross Keys, of which he died twelve days thereafter.

Julian D. Bond was 25 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability December 20, 1861.

Wm. F. Brantley was 27 years old when enlisted, and died of measles at Haymarket, Virginia, October 13, 1861.

Isaac Beaman was 19 years old when enlisted, and died of measles at Haymarket, Virginia, November 21, 1861.

John Bennett was 16 years old when enlisted March 20, 1864. He was a good young soldier, and appears to have served through to the surrender.

James F. Cargille was 22 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Centerville, Virginia, October 6, 1861.

J. E. Carter was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier, wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862; elected third lieutenant May 24 preceding; promoted to second lieutenant June 1, 1863, and resigned August 28, 1863, because

disabled for further service by the wound he had received. He came home and lived for several years.

Frank D. Champion was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good, faithful soldier; was detailed as colonel's orderly for some time and often on other duty, because faithful, but was captured at Gettysburg and retained as a prisoner of war at Point Lookout, Maryland, until May 20, 1864, when he made his escape and got back into our lines. He faithfully continued to serve the Confederacy until the surrender, and after the war was one of Pike County's best citizens, and was living in 1904. His son, Ira Champion, is a prominent newspaper man of Montgomery, Alabama.

John A. Champion was 25 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a good soldier; was mortally wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and died therefrom on the 27th of that month.

Thomas W. Craig was 28 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier, and killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

J. V. Craig was 28 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in hospital December 3, 1861.

Israel Catrett was 40 years old when enlisted; was discharged for original disability at Manassas Junction in 1862.

William Catrett was 35 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability January 18, 1862. The two gentlemen last named died several years ago.

William Monroe Catrett was 26 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability February 6, 1862, and was living in 1904.

John M. Catrett was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a very fine soldier; was wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863, and at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 8, 1864. He served through to the surrender and was still living in Pike County in 1904.

Coleman N. Carpenter was 20 years old when enlisted. He was not much of a soldier; was captured at Gettysburg and remained a prisoner of war until after the surrender. He returned to Troy, where he died several years ago.

William A. Carpenter was 28 years old when enlisted. Pretty early in the war he was struck on the head with a pole in the hands of a comrade, which rendered him unfit for service in the field, and he was detailed as a guard in Richmond, and served there during the war. He came home and subsequently died.

Walter S. Coleman was 16 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and served through to the surrender without ever having been wounded; returned home and was still living in Troy at last accounts.

William P. Coombs was 17 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier, nearly always present for duty except when "absent wounded." He was wounded at Sharpsburg and again at Chickamauga on the second day, September 20, 1863, and was killed by a sharp-shooter at Hanover Junction, Virginia, May 25, 1864. I saw him fall. He was a fine boy.

Jasper Devane was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was killed in the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862. His body was never seen after he fell, as the regiment was falling back.

Nathan T. Dukes was 26 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Mount Jackson, Virginia, in January, 1862.

William M. Dukes was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Charlottesville, Virginia, March 11, 1862.

William K. Duck was 21 years old when enlisted, and was a fine soldier. He served faithfully and gallantly until killed near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864.

Green W. Davenport was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was wounded at Hazel River, Virginia, August 22, 1862, and was killed at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

J. Quilla Deese was 16 years old when enlisted. He was very much afraid of Yankee bullets, but he managed to stay and fight until wounded in a skirmish near Fort Gilmer, Virginia, October 3, 1864. He returned home and was still living in Pike County in 1904. A man who was very much afraid of Yankee bullets was entitled to a great deal of credit for serving with his company through to the surrender.

Frederick A. Dean was 18 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability at Richmond, January 20, 1862.

Francis R. Downs was 28 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and was killed at the battle of Cross Keys, Virginia, June 8, 1862.

Henry Dorris was 16 years old when enlisted July 1, 1864. The little fellow was killed in his second battle soon after his enlistment, near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864.

John C. Evans was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, by which he lost one eye, and was afterwards honorably discharged in consequence.

Lorenzo J. Edwards was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Greenwood, Virginia, June 17, 1862.

Phillip J. Faulk was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of pneumonia at Culpeper Court House, December 13, 1861.

Alexander T. Farmer was 27 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and died July 8, 1862.

Andrew J. Folmer was 18 years old when enlisted, and died of measles at Pageland, Virginia, September 25, 1861. He was the first man of the company to die after going into service.

Isaac P. Folmer was 23 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a very fair soldier, and I believe served through to the surrender.

Jas. Flowers was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Front Royal, Virginia, December 17, 1861.

Bailey F. Freeman was 17 years old when enlisted; was one of the best soldiers in the company, nearly always present for duty; served through to the surrender, and was so fortunate as never to be wounded. He survived the war and returned to his old home, and was an excellent citizen.

Columbus W. Foster was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and a member of the color guard; was wounded at Chickamauga, and was transferred to the Confederate Navy immediately after that battle, in which he served until the surrender. He returned home and was alive when last heard from.

Angus Gillis was 22 years old when enlisted; was promoted to third corporal October 3, 1861, and discharged for disability at Lynchburg, May 12, 1862.

Roderick L. Gillis was 25 years old when enlisted; was transferred to Company D of the regiment on October 17, 1862, with which company his record is given.

Samuel H. Gardner was 16 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, soon recovered and returned to duty, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. He was promoted fourth corporal on October 1, 1861. There was no better soldier in the company than Sam Gardner. He was a son of Capt. Ben Gardner.

S. D. Gardner was 24 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease in the hospital at Lynchburg, June 25, 1862.

Alfred B. Graham was 19 years old when enlisted. He was on detail the greater part of the war; was returned to the ranks and wounded at Chickamauga on the first day, September 19, 1863; soon recovered and returned, but was again detailed for service, in which he continued to the close of the war. He returned home and lived in Pike County.

Thos. A. Gray was 18 years old when enlisted; was mustered as "absent sick" a great part of the war; not much of a soldier.

Burrell W. Griffin was 26 years old when enlisted. He came home on sick furlough and died of pneumonia on March 12, 1862.

Wm. H. Gilmer was 26 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He served with the company through the Valley campaign; was transferred to Company L of the regiment on August 8, 1862.

Geo. W. Hammill was 17 years old when enlisted, and died of measles at Haymarket, Virginia, October 5, 1861.

Richard D. Hootin was 19 years old when enlisted, and discharged for original disability at Centerville, November 5, 1861.

James T. Hightower was 19 years old when enlisted. He was detailed as teamster, and served as such through the greater part of the war; was in a few battles, and then again detailed; served through the war, came home, and was living the last heard from.

Richard Hale was 40 years old when enlisted. He was absent without leave a long time, and mustered as a deserter from April 11, 1862, until September 25 of that year, when he was returned to his company. He was captured in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, on the night of October 28, 1863, and remained a prisoner of war until the surrender. He was a very inferior soldier.

John Wiley Hanchey was 17 years old when enlisted. He served on detail until the fall of 1862, and was captured at Harper's Ferry, September 13 of that year; was soon exchanged and took his place in the ranks of the company. He was a fine young soldier, and was promoted to first sergeant in September, 1863, and was killed in the battle of Dandridge, Tennessee, January 17, 1864. I am at a loss to account for the entry, on the muster roll, that this soldier was captured at Harper's Ferry. The Confederates captured that place, and did not lose any men.

Thomas J. Holland was 39 years old when enlisted. He and Hanchey both belonged to the brass band, but when required to

serve in the ranks they did it. Holland made a fine soldier, and was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.

Seaborn N. Harris was 19 years old when enlisted; was an excellent soldier; was wounded at the second battle of Manassas on the third day, August 30, 1862. He was mortally wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, and died of his wound in December.

Richard Harris was 15 years old when enlisted March 1, 1864. He served as a musician.

Joseph Harris was 16 years old when enlisted September 15, 1864. Though he came in late and at an early age, he made a good soldier and fought through to the surrender.

James F. Hartsfield was 22 years old when enlisted. He also belonged to the band while it existed. He was severely wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, in consequence of which he was absent a good while, and when he returned served on detail as a teamster. He and W. C. Jordan were on detail guarding a private house when Longstreet abandoned Richmond, and walked 250 miles to rejoin his regiment. He returned home and died several years ago.

Jeptha P. Hill was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a very reliable and faithful young man, and was detailed as commissary sergeant early in the war, and so continued through to the surrender. He lives in Brownwood, Texas.

James Hill was 18 years old when enlisted January 1, 1862. He was a good soldier and fought well; was detailed as a courier May 14, 1864, served through to the surrender, and returned to his home in Troy, Alabama, and was living in 1904.

John Helms was 31 years old when enlisted September 1, 1862. He was a good soldier; was wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864; soon recovered, and served through to the surrender.

James D. Jones was 17 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier, nearly always present for duty, and was wounded in a skirmish at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 29, 1863, and again on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864; soon recovered, and served through to the surrender. He returned home, and was still living in 1904.

Bird Jones was 18 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability at Fairfax, Virginia, in the winter of 1861.

Marion J. Jeter was 21 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, during the same year.

George W. Jeter was 23 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" for a long time, and then "absent without leave." He shot himself in the hand in 1862, and was sent to the hospital in consequence; after recovering, he deserted, as might have been expected.

Wm. C. King was 31 years old when enlisted; returned home on sick furlough, and died on February 9, 1862.

Patrick Lynch was 31 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; was an Irishman, and transferred to Company K of the regiment on October 19, 1862, because it was an Irish company. His further record is given with that company.

John N. Little was 22 years old when enlisted, and died of measles at Pageland, Virginia, October 7, 1861.

Geo. Washington Linton was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier; was very severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, which disabled him for active service for a long time; then rejoined his company and served through to the surrender. He returned home, resided in Pike County several years, then moved to Hamilton, Texas. He married my youngest sister.

Wm. T. Linton was 26 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, which caused him to be absent a long time, and when he returned he was detailed as a teamster; was captured during the siege of Knoxville, Tennessee, and retained as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

Jas. B. Long was 32 years old when enlisted March 14, 1862. He was a good soldier; served on detail until in 1864, then took his place in the ranks of his company and fought through several battles until taken sick with camp fever or typhoid, when he was sent to Richmond to Howard's Grove Hospital in the fall of 1864, where he died. He was my brother-in-law, and his last words to me were to take care of his wife and children.

Wm. McLeod was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, which disabled him for a time, but he returned to his company and served through the war, and was living the last I knew of him.

Neil McLeod was 21 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862; was a good soldier; was severely wounded at Gettysburg, which disabled him for further service.

Hugh McLeod was 37 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862, and again in the charge on Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864, but soon recovered, and fought through to the surrender.

Geo. W. McCormick was 24 years old when enlisted; was a fine soldier; was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, and was killed by a sharp-shooter at Mechanicsville, Virginia, June 1, 1864.

John C. McCormick was 26 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" for a good while after the Valley campaign, but was severely wounded and captured at Gettysburg, and lost his right arm, which of course incapacitated him for further service, and he was honorably discharged.

Jas. W. McAllister was 16 years old when enlisted. He was a very fine soldier; served through the war to the surrender, and was so fortunate as never to be wounded; was promoted to second corporal on June 1, 1864.

Roderick Morrison was 30 years old when enlisted; was a faithful soldier, and early in December, 1863, when Longstreet raised the siege and abandoned Knoxville, Morrison was left there sick, fell into the hands of the enemy, and was retained as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

Jas. M. Morrison was 18 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Liberty, Virginia, July 2, 1862.

Daniel B. Murphree was 26 years old when enlisted. He belonged to the band until that was dispensed with, when he took his place in the ranks, and was severely wounded in the foot at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, which disabled him as a soldier. He came home and resided in Troy, Alabama, a highly respected citizen until his death several years after.

Thos. Martin was 32 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862; was a fair soldier; was wounded and captured at Gettysburg. The wound disabled him for further service after he was exchanged.

Robert E. McMoy was 25 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, was absent a long time in consequence, but returned to his company, and served through the war; but that one wound slightly demoralized "Bob" and

made him afraid of bullets always afterwards. He died some years ago.

O. J. Motes was 22 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was captured in the Valley of Virginia before he ever got into battle, but was exchanged soon after. In the march from Richmond toward Chancellorsville, about the 1st of March, 1863, he shot off the end of one of his big toes, it was alleged by accident, but his captain charged him with having done it on purpose. He was made to march the remainder of the day in the snow as a punishment, but next morning had to be sent to a hospital. I do not know whether the shot was accidental or not. After his toe got well he was sent to his company, and always shot at the Yankees afterwards instead of his toe, until at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863, he was severely wounded, and was mustered as "absent wounded" thereafter until the close of the war.

John McLendon was 22 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a good soldier, fought well, and was never wounded.

Green A. McLendon was 20 years old when enlisted March 23, 1863; was wounded at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863, but soon recovered, and fought through to the surrender.

Ben Wright Mosley was 31 years old when enlisted September 1, 1862; was "absent sick" for a good while, but when he recovered his health he fought bravely until killed in the charge on Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864.

Williamson McCarra was 17 years old when enlisted March 1, 1864. He fought in three battles, and then was furloughed as sick, and I do not know whether he ever returned.

Larkin J. Norris was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier; was mortally wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and died June 15 thereafter.

Thos. N. Nordan was 19 years old when enlisted; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, from which he did not recover for about eighteen months, and then was transferred to the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment on March 18, 1864.

Isaac N. Newman was 17 years old when enlisted June 23, 1864. He never rendered any service, and was reported sick.

Henry J. Ozburne was 31 years old when enlisted. Soon after he went to Virginia he was put on detached service, and so remained till the close of the war. He was a teamster.

Isaac Marion Owens was 42 years old when enlisted; was a fair soldier; fought in several battles, and never was wounded. He returned home after the war and was living at last accounts.

Wm. H. Oliver was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of measles at Haymarket, Virginia, December 16, 1861.

Absalom J. Ogletree was 26 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He served on detail as a teamster until the latter part of 1862; was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Suffolk, but was captured at Gettysburg and remained a prisoner of war until the surrender.

Clem Orom was 18 years old when enlisted March 1, 1863; was a good soldier and rendered fine service until taken sick and sent to the hospital in Richmond, where he died of disease on June 20, 1864.

J. J. Orom was 17 years old when enlisted January 28, 1864. He rendered good service for a short time, when he was taken sick and sent to the hospital at Richmond, where he died of disease on June 23, 1864.

Jas. E. Page was 17 years old when enlisted; was a very fine soldier and present up to the time when we left Knoxville, Tennessee, but during the winter of 1863 he deserted.

John W. Park was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier, was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

Benton W. Peters was 19 years old when enlisted. He was also a fine soldier; was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and again at Chickamauga, on the second day, and severely wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864, from which he did not recover in time to render further service.

Noah J. Peters was 19 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a fair soldier; was captured at Gettysburg and not exchanged during the war.

S. Perry Pitts was 27 years old when enlisted; was captured at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, but was exchanged, and killed on the second day at the second battle of Manassas, August 29, 1862.

K. P. Powell was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was wounded on the second day at Chickamauga, and again wounded very severely near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864, which disabled him for further service that year, and I do not know whether he ever re-

turned to duty. He was living near Troy, Alabama, in 1904. He preserved the bullet which disabled him.

George E. Powell was 19 years old when enlisted. He served on detail as a teamster for a good while; was returned to the ranks and wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, again at Chickamauga, and was killed at Spottsylvania Court House, May 11, 1864, by a sharp-shooter.

Wilson Powell was 32 years old when enlisted September 1, 1862. He was a good soldier until captured at Dandridge, Tennessee, January 16, 1864, and was retained as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

H. C. Powell was 18 years old when enlisted September 1, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" a good part of his time, but was severely wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864, which disabled him for further service.

William P. Powell was 21 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. Was a good soldier; killed May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness.

N. D. Pugh was 17 years old when enlisted March 20, 1864. He was wounded in his first battle, the Wilderness, May 6, 1864; after his recovery was taken sick and sent to a hospital at Richmond, where he died June 25, 1864.

Joseph T. Rushing was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid young soldier; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, and was absent some time in consequence. When he returned I took him for my orderly and kept him with me as long as I commanded the regiment. He was a brave and faithful young man; was wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864, but returned to duty and so continued to the surrender. He came home, but I have not heard of him in many years.

Joseph D. Reddock was 20 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability December 16, 1861.

David L. Rotten was 23 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 14, 1861.

John Redmon was 16 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier; was wounded at Chickamauga, but soon returned to duty, and was killed on the Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864. The following appears on the muster roll opposite his name, "This soldier acted with distinguished gallantry the day of his death."

George M. Russell was 26 years old when enlisted September 15, 1861. He was wounded at Cross Keys, which seems to have satisfied him with the war, and he deserted October 1, 1862.

Thomas B. Railey was 22 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" a good while, then returned to duty and fought through to the surrender without ever being wounded.

John B. Simmons was 19 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 1, 1861.

James W Satcher was 16 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and was severely wounded in the right leg at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863, which caused its amputation. He fell into the hands of the enemy and was not exchanged until after the close of the war. I had him appointed postmaster at Union Springs over a competitor who served in the same regiment. I did it because he was a faithful soldier and was a good deal worse wounded than the other applicant, and I thought him entirely worthy, but he proved utterly ungrateful and afterwards, without cause, became my political enemy. He moved to Texas.

M. J. Segars was 16 years old when enlisted March 28, 1864; was wounded May 6, 1864, and served through to the surrender.

S. B. Smyth was 21 years old when enlisted. He was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, which disabled him for a long time. He was again severely wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864. I know nothing further of his record.

William N. Smyth was 17 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a brave boy and was killed at the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862.

Capel S. Smedley was 18 years old when enlisted March 1, 1863. In his second battle, at Gettysburg, he was captured, but exchanged December 13, 1863, rejoined his company, and served faithfully through to the surrender and never was wounded.

James W Scarborough was 23 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, from which he was absent for a long time, and then was transferred to the Thirty-seventh Alabama Regiment, March 1, 1863, in which he was elected a lieutenant. Some time after the war he was elected sheriff of Pike County and served his term. He was a good citizen.

Calvin Soles was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in camp at Centerville, Virginia, December 12, 1861.

James L. Soles was 19 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability July 17, 1862, having rendered but little service.

Sidney A. Stewart was 21 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, was captured at Gettysburg and died in prison at Fort Delaware. He had been promoted to third corporal on January 3, 1863.

Benjamin F. Stewart was 19 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 15, 1862.

David Stroud was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, nearly always present for duty, and fought well until detailed as a teamster, in which he served through to the surrender.

John Stricklan was 18 years old when enlisted; was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, which caused him to be absent from duty the remainder of that year. He was afterwards captured at Suffolk, Virginia, and not exchanged during the war.

Seaborn Stricklan was 23 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease in August, 1862.

Blackman Stricklan was 18 years old when enlisted September 23, 1863, and was wounded in his first battle, the Wilderness, May 6, but soon returned to duty and fought well to the surrender.

E. R. Thomas was 18 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier; was severely wounded at Cross Keys, which disabled him for further service, and he was honorably discharged October 7, 1862.

Asberry Tucker was 23 years old when enlisted; was a brave soldier, and was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

D. M. Thigpen was 25 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862; never rendered much service, and was discharged for disability at Gordonsville, Virginia, July 15, 1862.

John J. Underwood was 18 years old when enlisted, and fought bravely until killed at the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

Joseph H. Urquhart was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a brave boy, and served well until killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

James B. Willis was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Gordonsville, Virginia, March 21, 1862.

James F. Whatley was 20 years old when enlisted; was a brave soldier, and was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

Alfred Whatley was 25 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862, and died of disease at Gordonsville, Virginia, May 31, 1862.

William J. Weaver was 27 years old when enlisted, and died of disease May 1, 1862.

Hayne L. Wolfe was 21 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier, and served through to the surrender without receiving a wound.

Jacob H. Wolfe was 31 years old when enlisted. He was a most excellent soldier, always present for duty, and served through to the surrender without receiving a wound.

Willis H. Wolfe was 20 years old when enlisted, and deserted September 30, 1861. His period of service was short and inglorious.

William E. Walters was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Warrenton, Virginia, February 6, 1862.

Thomas A. Walters was 27 years old when enlisted, and was severely wounded at the battle of Cross Keys. He recovered and was again severely wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, which disabled him for further service, and he was honorably discharged June 4, 1863.

John J. White was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a remarkably fine soldier, and was promoted first sergeant on January 1, 1864; was killed at Spottsylvania Court House on May 11, 1864, under very painful circumstances, which I have hitherto related.

Jefferson G. White was 27 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a good soldier; was killed at the battle of Hazel River, August 22, 1862.

Simion D. Wilson was 24 years old when enlisted. He served a part of the time on detail as a teamster and the remainder in the ranks. At Chester Station, Virginia, June 17, 1864, he was severely wounded, which caused the loss of his right arm and retired him from the service. He returned to his home in Troy, Alabama, where he died several years ago.

Bryant Wilson was 41 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; was wounded near Brown's Ferry, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, but soon recovered and returned to duty; was promoted to second corporal and then to fifth sergeant; served faithfully throughout to the surrender. He returned to his old home in Pike County, where he resided several years, and from thence he removed to Texas, where he was living when the writer last heard from him. He was a good soldier and fine citizen.

Bradley B. Wilson was 21 years old when enlisted. He was captured at Cross Keys on a scouting expedition, June 7, 1862, and exchanged in August following; was killed at Petersburg, June 19, 1864. He was a good soldier.

Thomas Wilson was 17 years old when enlisted October 28, 1864. He served through to the surrender, but came in too late to do much service.

Richard Walker was 18 years old when enlisted March 1, 1862. He was a good soldier; was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

William Youngblood was 22 years old when enlisted. He served through the Valley campaign and was in the battles of Winchester and Cross Keys, then was absent on furlough all the remainder of 1862. He was present with the company at Suffolk, but on June 22, 1863, was detailed as a courier for General Longstreet, and served in that capacity during the remainder of the war. He used to be called by his comrades "Pike" Youngblood. In reconstruction time he moved to Union Springs, became a Republican in politics, and was elected sheriff of that county. For several years he resided in Bullock, at Birmingham, and in Montgomery, Alabama. He then was called "Colonel" Youngblood, instead of "Pike," for he was for several years national committeeman of his party and then Third Auditor of the Treasury at Washington. He was the recognized leader of the Republican party of the State. After 1901 he was a private citizen, residing at Birmingham, Alabama, having lost his grip upon the Republican administration.

The membership of this company, officers and enlisted men, was 171, 32 were killed in battle or mortally wounded and died soon after; 55 wounds were received; 36 died of disease; 30 were in two or more battles and never wounded; 13 discharged for original disability; 6 deserted.

One captain and 2 lieutenants resigned; 1 captain killed; 1 captain and 1 lieutenant wounded.

COMPANY K.

This company was one of the original composing the regiment, and was organized at Eufaula, and called the "Eufaula City Guards." Its membership was from Barbour, Dale, and Henry Counties. The names of those from Dale are preceded by (d) and those from Henry by (h).

Henry C. Hart was elected captain at the age of 31 years. He was an intelligent gentleman, who had always been a merchant, accustomed to indoor work and high living, and the rudeness of a soldier's life went rather hard with him, but he was of a genial

nature and made little complaint. He went in command of his company through Jackson's Valley campaign, and was in the battles of Cold Harbor, or Gaines' Mill, and Malvern Hill. He was then reported as "absent sick" until September 13, 1862, when he resigned. He was then appointed, and served, as post quartermaster at Eufaula the remainder of the war. After its close he carried on a large business in merchandising, warehousing, and banking, and did much in the erection of business houses and building up of Eufaula until his death some fifteen or sixteen years after the war.

George A. Roberts was elected first lieutenant when he was 35 years old. His health gave way while in camp near Manassas Junction in the winter of 1861, and he resigned. He afterwards raised a company of cavalry and served as its captain until the close of the war. Then he settled down again at his old home, where for many years he was an active business man. He reared a large family of sons and daughters, who, like the captain, were all people of the highest respectability. He died some twenty years after the war.

Alexander R. Baugh was elected second lieutenant at the age of 22 years. He was with his company at Winchester, Cross Keys and Cold Harbor. At the latter battle, while sheltered behind a tree, he shot himself in the hand with his own pistol. He never returned to his company, but sent in his resignation in September following. The writer never heard of him again. He was a coward, and shot himself to get out of the service.

Wm. J. Bethune was elected third lieutenant when he was but 17 years old. He was made captain of the company in the fall of 1862, all of the officers who ranked him having resigned. Though not very popular among his men on account of the rigidity of his discipline, he was brave, and never absent, except on account of sickness, until at Gettysburg he was severely wounded in the face, from which it required several months to recover. He did not return to his company for four or five months; in the meantime applying for assignment to post duty. He returned late in October, and commanded his company in the engagement near Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, on the night of October 28, 1863. Immediately thereafter his papers detailing him to service in the conscript department arrived, and he bade farewell to his company and never served with it any more. After the war the young captain resided in Eufaula some years, and then

went to Tennessee, where he married. In 1904 he was living in Fort Smith, Arkansas, in feeble health and quite poor.

Fred M. Porter was 24 years old when enlisted; was appointed first sergeant, and was a good one. He was always present for duty; was wounded at Hazel River, Virginia, August 22, 1862, and was absent in consequence until the following winter. He was present in all the battles the regiment was engaged in down to September, 1863. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, on Saturday evening, the 19th of September, and died a day or two thereafter. He was promoted to first lieutenant in September, 1862, and was a good officer.

William Toney was 18 years old when enlisted; was appointed second sergeant and was a faithful non-commissioned officer. He was a very bright, cheerful young man, and everybody liked him. He was present all through Jackson's Valley campaign up to the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, when he was mortally wounded, from which he died six days thereafter. Poor Will Toney, he was indeed a lovable young man. My wife is his youngest sister. She was born after his death. The kind things he said of me in his letters to his parents was the beginning of that friendship between that family and myself, which nearly twenty years later culminated in the more intimate relation.

Richard Morris, third sergeant, was 40 years old when enlisted. He was a bookkeeper by profession, and was very useful in preparing official papers. He was nearly always present for duty, and was promoted to first sergeant, and then to second lieutenant, September 30, 1862, and resigned June 14, 1863. He resided at Eufaula for a long time after the war, and died some twenty years after its close.

James H. Gray, fourth sergeant, was 26 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, and killed at the battle of Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863. He had been promoted to second lieutenant.

Robert W. Brannon, first corporal, was 21 years old when enlisted. He was an intelligent, fine-looking young man; was promoted to fifth sergeant and subsequently to first sergeant, but his health was poor and he was reduced to ranks at his own request, and served on details or light duty and spent a good deal of his time in hospitals. He rejoined his company just before the battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, and called on me when our lines were

forming for battle, requesting that a gun and cartridge-box should be given him. He said that he never would be well, that his disease was incurable, and that he had been in hospital until he was very tired of it, and had come to participate in the battle in the hope that he might be killed. He was very earnest about it. He went in, and two or three hours after the conversation he was mortally wounded, September 19, 1863, and died soon after. There was no necessity for those who were tired of life in those days to commit suicide. If any one desiring death would go into battle and expose himself recklessly, he would, in all probability, soon "shuffle off this mortal coil" and be no more in this world. But poor Bob Brannon had much to make him reckless of life. I was sorry for him.

George W Spurlock, second corporal, was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and made a good record until we entered on the first Maryland campaign, when he was taken sick and sent to the hospital in Richmond, where he died of disease March 7, 1863.

Clark J. Faulk, third corporal, was 35 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier, but was reduced to ranks November 1, 1862. I know not the cause, for he was always obedient, was a fine fighter, and never missed a battle. He was severely wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864, and was one of the best soldiers in the company.

Thomas O'Harra, fourth corporal, was 22 years old when enlisted. He had measles, and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 10, 1861.

Asa Alexander was 25 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in camp near Centerville, Virginia, November 2, 1861.

Henry M. Allen was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; always present for duty in every march and battle until killed in the second battle of Manassas, August 28, 1862.

(d) Barbour W Anderson was 23 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, and died of disease at Richmond in December, 1862.

(d) Irwin L. Anderson was 27 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a good soldier, fought through many battles, and was never wounded.

(d) Manly S. Anderson was 18 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a very ordinary soldier; was captured at

Gettysburg, and remained a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

(d) Thomas J. Albritton was 25 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He served very well through the fall and winter of that year and until the battle of Gettysburg, where he was captured, and retained as a prisoner of war until after the surrender. I have no record of him since.

(d) John Anderson was 24 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He never rendered any service, and was mustered as a deserter.

John R. Boone was 18 years old when enlisted, and was a very fine soldier. He was present in every battle the regiment was engaged in unless absent on detached service. He was wounded at Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864, returned as soon as well, was promoted to a sergeancy for brave, soldierly conduct, and served through to the surrender at Appomattox. He lived in Troy in 1902. He was one of the men who richly deserved to be considered a "Confederate Veteran." Sergeant Boone no doubt is well remembered by his old comrades. That title of "sergeant," won by hard fighting in the ranks, is more honorable than that of all the Sunday colonels in the State.

Jesse W. Blackshear was 18 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for original disability in November, 1861.

(h) James H. Benton was 40 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability in November, 1861.

William L. A. Bell was 30 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 4, 1861.

Columbus C. Bell was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier; was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and was absent some time in consequence, but when well he rejoined his company and fought through to the surrender.

Amos Bush was 34 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

Wm. F. Baley was 32 years old when enlisted. He was a very good soldier, and always present for duty until the spring of 1863, when he went home on sick furlough, and died May 5, 1863.

James J. Baley was 22 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 10, 1861.

William Brazel was 34 years old when enlisted, and died in camp near Manassas, March 20, 1862.

James M. Brown was 21 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; was wounded at Fredericksburg and killed at Gettysburg.

Pat Brannon was 13 years old when enlisted at the organization; was a drummer. He was born in Columbus, Georgia, of Irish parents, and was a very intelligent, manly boy. He was never sick, always at his post, and a great favorite with the men. He became well versed in the arts of gambling. He had one trick called "the string game," and by it he won large sums of Confederate money from the soldiers. I saw that he was becoming too much infatuated with gambling and feared that it would ruin him, and ordered him to quit it and not engage in it any more. Some time afterwards I caught up with him violating the order, and as punishment I tied him for about two hours. If he ever violated the order again I never found it out. I think he quit gambling. Pat served through the entire war, returned to Columbus, clerked in a family grocery store a few years, then read law in the office of the late General Benning, was admitted to the bar and went to New Orleans for a time. While residing there he was married to a handsome and intelligent young girl. He then emigrated to Texas, and located at Weatherford, a frontier town, which by the extension of a railroad to and beyond it grew to be a lively, hustling Texas city. Here he practiced his profession with fine success, and was elected mayor. He had become a devoted member of the Catholic Church and was quite popular with his people. His wife sickened and died, and he was heart-broken. He resigned his office, disposed of a part of his property, took his children to Baltimore and put them into the Convent school, and then entered the Catholic Theological Seminary and became a priest. He returned to Weatherford, where as Father Brannon he was the pastor of the Catholic Church. There is no more earnest Christian, and he has become quite distinguished in the service of his church. I have read in the newspapers several of his sermons, and heard him deliver others, which were able, broad, and charitable. He is doing great good, this same soldier boy whom I once tied for gambling. I honor and love him. In 1902 he attended a reunion of his old regiment, and delivered an original poem, which is published elsewhere in this volume. It was appropriate and of great merit. His comrades and all of the veterans and vast audience who heard it, after his introduction by his old colonel, greatly appreciated it. No

poem ever delivered in Montgomery, Alabama, was more enthusiastically received.

Thomas Brannon was 30 years old when enlisted April 16, 1862. He was a fine soldier, present on every march and in every battle until killed at the second battle of Manassas, on the third day, August 30, 1862.

(d) John C. Beasley was 29 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was taken sick soon after he joined the company and sent to hospital in Richmond, where he died April 15, 1863.

(d) Daniel Beasley was 25 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a good soldier, nearly always present, and did his duty; at the battle on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864, he was supposed to have been killed, as he went into the battle and afterwards was missing. I have never heard of him since the war.

William T. Bynum was 18 years old when enlisted April 1, 1863. He was a good soldier; was wounded at Gettysburg and absent a good while in consequence. He rejoined the company early in 1864 and participated in all the battles of that year which the regiment was engaged in until November 26, when he was sent to the hospital sick. I think that he recovered and served through to the surrender, but I do not know; have no reliable information of his movements after 1864.

William A. Bryan was 16 years old when enlisted April 21, 1864; was taken sick in less than a month thereafter, and the last I knew of the boy he was in the hospital sick.

Arthur Bennett was 16 years old when enlisted July 23, 1864. He, like Bryan, was enlisted as a recruit, but did not render any service; was taken sick and sent to hospital in September, where he was when last reported.

Dr. P. H. Brown. A full account of him was given with his old company, I. He served several months with this company as a lieutenant.

John C. Bray was 38 years old when enlisted November 16, 1864. He was a conscript, sent out from Camp Watts, and like nearly all of his class at that date, was utterly no account, and never rendered any service.

Daniel G. Canady was 19 years old when enlisted; had measles and died in Richmond, December 1, 1861.

Reuben J. Craft was 22 years old when enlisted. He was mustered as "absent sick" a good part of the time, but was a fair sol-

dier when well. He was captured at Gettysburg and not exchanged during the war.

Pat Clark was 28 years old when enlisted. He was an Irishman and fought well for a time, but got tired, and at the battle of Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain, deserted to the enemy.

James L. Cade was 25 years old when enlisted, and fought bravely until severely wounded at Hazel River, Virginia, August 22, 1862, which disabled him for further service.

John Clemmons was 19 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" half his time, but when present was a fair soldier. He was sent to Lynchburg to hospital, where he died of disease on September 20, 1862.

Owen Cherry was 19 years old when enlisted. He was another Irishman who went through the Valley campaign of 1862 very well; but that satisfied him with soldiering, and he deserted.

John J. Carter was 17 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier until 1863. He was promoted corporal on May 19, and deserted July 2, near Gettysburg. A few days thereafter he was arrested by the provost guard, was reduced to ranks, and deserted again on July 25, 1863, as shown by the muster roll. He was again captured in April, 1864, and imprisoned in Castle Thunder, in Richmond, and afterwards returned to his company. He was a hard case.

(h) Benjamin F. Culpepper was 27 years old when enlisted November 1, 1861. He was a good soldier; was slightly wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, and again wounded at Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, but soon recovered, returned to his company, and served faithfully through to Appomattox. He returned to Henry County, where he resided for several years, and then removed to Texas.

James H. Caison was 21 years old when enlisted November 1, 1861. He was a fine soldier; was wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, but soon returned to his company; was nearly always present, and participated in every battle until at Brown's Ferry, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, he was captured and I believe wounded. He remained a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

Nelson Cummings was 34 years old when enlisted April 11, 1862. He was a fine soldier, nearly always at his post; was wounded at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, and again at Chickamauga

on the first day, September 19, 1863. Served through to the surrender.

George W Dudley was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a good, faithful soldier until taken prisoner at Gettysburg, and was not exchanged during the war.

Robert M. Espy was 23 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier, healthy and always present for duty; was in all the battles except Sharpsburg and Shepherdstown, until at the night engagement near Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, he was captured and remained a prisoner of war until after the surrender. He thereafter resided in Henry County. There was no better citizen than Bob Espy. He attended the reunion of the survivors in November, 1902.

William W Evins was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

(h) George W Frederick was 40 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for disability December 14, 1861.

Richard Farmer was 49 years old when enlisted June 9, 1864. He never rendered any service, but was sent to the hospital sick, where it is supposed that he died, but no report of it was ever received.

(d) Zinniman L. Garner was 18 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was usually "absent sick" until the winter of that year. He was present at Fredericksburg and was in all the battles his company was in thereafter until Longstreet raised the siege of Knoxville and went farther up into East Tennessee, where Garner found too many pretty mountain girls without beaus, and remained with them from and after the middle of February, 1864, and never returned. It was desertion.

(h) James H. Grice was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

(h) Evan Grice was 18 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; was wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, but soon returned to the company and served through the war. He resided in Henry County, a respected citizen.

Steven R. Grice was 24 years old when enlisted April 4, 1862. He was a brave soldier, and was mortally wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, and died soon after.

William Grice was 22 years old when enlisted April 4, 1862. He was sick the greater part of the time, but when able was a

willing soldier. He was sent to hospital at Richmond, where he died of disease in April, 1863.

William C. Ginwright was 25 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 16, 1861.

(d) Marion W Green was 21 years old when enlisted. He was one of the best soldiers in the company; did his duty manfully and without complaint and was nearly always present. He was severely wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864, which disabled him for further service during the war. I never have heard of him since. He went out from Clopton, Alabama.

(d) Robert G. Godwin was 27 years old when enlisted in November, 1862. He rendered but little service before he was taken prisoner July 9, 1863. At that date he must have been captured in Maryland, unless he straggled away from his company before it left Pennsylvania. Lee left Gettysburg July 5, and on the 9th he was backed up in a big bend of the Potomac. However, this soldier was exchanged November 1, 1863, and during the year 1864 he was with his company in several engagements and behaved well.

William Holl Harrell was 27 years old when enlisted. He was a very sound, stout man, never sick, and fought well until along in the summer of 1862, when he had seen so many good men killed and wounded that it slightly demoralized him and made him dodge, and he did not fight as a brave man should; but he stuck to it until taken prisoner at Gettysburg. He never was exchanged during the war. He lived in Eufaula, Alabama, many years after the war, and was nearly all the time either a policeman or constable. I think he died in 1895.

Joshua C. Harrell was 24 years old when enlisted. He served in the ranks until September, 1862, when he was detailed as a regimental fifer. He was better at that than fighting, and could play on the fife and sing war songs, in which the drummer boys joined at night when we were in camp, thus driving dull cares and war rumors away, and putting me to sleep many times at peace with the whole world. Harrell lived about Eufaula for many years after the war, but I don't know whether he be now living or dead.

Arch B. Hooper was 21 years old when enlisted. He was in four or five battles, but was "absent sick" a great deal. He was promoted corporal and then reduced to ranks September 30, 1862, for his absence, I suppose, as the muster roll gives no reason. On

March 23, 1864, he was discharged for disability. I believe that after the war he lived near Dothan in Henry County.

Andrew J. Ham was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in camp near Manassas in the winter of 1861.

Woodruff F. Hill was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and was promoted corporal in April, 1862; wounded seriously on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864.

Daniel C. Hobbs was 22 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Pageland, Virginia, October, 1861.

William H. Hall was 19 years old when enlisted. He did fair service and was in several engagements and some hard battles; at Gettysburg he was captured and kept a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

——— Harper, whose age is unknown, fell overboard and was drowned as the company was ascending the Chattahoochee River on a boat from Eufaula to Fort Mitchell, where the regiment organized.

(h) William R. Holley was 42 years old when enlisted, and served in this company until August 1, 1862, when he was transferred to Company G, with which an account of him is given.

John Ingram was 23 years old when enlisted April 13, 1862. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; captured at Gettysburg and retained as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

Josiah Johnson was 20 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 12, 1861.

(d) Samuel C. Johnson was 25 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was mustered in by a recruiting officer, but never reported for duty, and was dropped from the rolls.

Pat Jennings was 18 years old when enlisted; was transferred to a South Carolina regiment in September, 1861.

Dennis P. Kinney was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a brave Irishman and a good soldier; was killed at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862.

Jesse Langston was 23 years old when enlisted, and died of disease in Lynchburg, December 20, 1861.

Robert Langford was 26 years old when enlisted April 12, 1862, and died of disease at Richmond, August 25, 1862.

(d) William M. Loyd was 19 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was a good soldier and possessed as much cool bravery as any man in the company. He was wounded at Suffolk in the spring of 1863, but soon rejoined his company; was severely

wounded at Knoxville, November 25, 1863, by which he lost one leg. After the war he resided in Ozark for several years, and for a time was town marshal, and although a bad cripple he was considered too ready to knock down any boisterous character. He was then for a long time jailer. On one occasion there were three prisoners in one room who, when Loyd entered to bring their dinner, made a break for liberty and ran over the one-legged jailer. He seized one, jumped astride of him and rode down the stairway, when he got out his pistol and shot one of the others as he ran, bringing him down, and continued to ride until that one gave up the effort. So but one of the three succeeded in their plot. I think he continued to live in Dale County.

(d) John Loyd was 24 years old when enlisted April 15, 1862. He was nearly always mustered as "absent sick." On November 18, 1862, he wounded himself in the right hand. After the war he could show his wound and pass for a "Confederate Veteran." He was utterly no account, and never rendered any service.

James M. Loffin was 16 years old when enlisted August 5, 1864. The little fellow was sick for a while, but the latter part of the year he got well and fought through to the surrender.

Pat Lynch was 30 years old when enlisted, and fought very well until captured at Gettysburg. I never heard of him afterwards.

Burrell V McKlevane was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier; was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, which disabled him for the remainder of that year. At Gettysburg he was captured and remained a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

Wm. A. McKinny was 19 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 10, 1861.

Pat McEntyre was 26 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier, and fought well until at Chickamauga, Georgia, on the first day, September 19, 1863, when Lieutenant Porter fell mortally wounded, McEntyre remained with him, was taken prisoner, and not exchanged during the war. It was foolish in him to remain with his lieutenant, as he might have known that the enemy would not allow him to wait on his officer. He returned to Eu-
faula after the war, but I have not seen him in many years. He was a jolly Irishman.

Wm. A. McGehee was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at hospital in Richmond, March, 1862.

Seaborn F McGehee was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a fair soldier; was mortally wounded at the second battle of Manassas, first day, August 28, 1862, and died a few days thereafter.

O. McMurry was 30 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability in October, 1861.

Cicero Madden was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier until captured at Gettysburg and retained as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

James H. Murdock was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, but was taken prisoner at Gettysburg and retained as such during the war.

Ambrose Murphy was 18 years old when enlisted September 12, 1861; had measles and died at Haymarket, November 12 of same year, having lived but two months after volunteering.

(d) Elijah Mims was 25 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was nearly all the time "absent sick," and died in camp at Raccoon Ford, on the Rapidan River, May 26, 1863.

(d) John W Myers was 26 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862, by a recruiting officer, but he never reported for duty and was dropped from the roll.

John C. Moore was 31 years old when enlisted November 25, 1864. He was a conscript, never reported for duty nor did a day's service.

John Nelson was 23 years old when enlisted. He was an Irishman, and one of his most prominent characteristics was his desire to fight. He would fight any of the men personally, and would go into every battle, and then at the first opportunity would run out of it. At Gettysburg, Captain Bethune detailed Sergeant O'Conner to hold Nelson to the work. When he undertook to break for the rear O'Conner collared him and held him to his place until he was killed. O'Conner was also an Irishman, and one of the bravest. Nelson died trying to flee instead of bravely facing the foe. As O'Conner let him down he said, "Now I guess you will not run away"

Pat O'Herrin was 30 years old when enlisted. He fought well until Malvern Hill, where the numberless shells from McClellan's batteries demoralized him, and he deserted.

Pat O'Conner was 23 years old when enlisted. He was one of the finest soldiers in the company; was always at his post, and never missed a battle. A large percentage of this company were

Irish laborers. O'Conner was a tinner, and more intelligent than any of the others. He was made third sergeant in October, 1862; first sergeant in May, 1863; promoted to the third lieutenant in December of the same year, and was killed near Ashland, Virginia, June 1, 1864.

James T. Patterson was 20 years old when enlisted April 14, 1862. He was a good soldier, served through the war, and had the good fortune never to be wounded.

Jack Quick was 34 years old when enlisted April 4, 1862. He rendered but little service, because sick in hospital at Winchester, where he died some time during the year, date unknown.

Mack Redmon was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Orange Court House, Virginia, June 1, 1862.

James M. Rhodes was 37 years old when enlisted. He was never sick, and was present in every campaign and battle until wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, but he soon recovered and rejoined the company. He was a unique character and really liked the life of a soldier. After a great battle he would slip away from his place in ranks at night to plunder dead Yankees, and next day on some occasions he would have so many watches on him that the ticking reminded those who came near him of being in a jewelry store. His officers could never catch him at it, but all were aware that he got his watches, trinkets, and greenbacks that way. Once when we were on salt rations he got two of his comrades to aid him, and they killed a fine milk cow for beef. Her owner complained to me about it, and I paid the man for his cow and stopped that much of the pay of Rhodes and his comrades. I do not think they ever killed another milk cow for beef. In 1864, when the lines were closely drawn, about the same hour every night firing would begin on the picket lines and extend along the Yankee line of battle, sometimes for miles, and continue for many minutes. The excitement caused by it would keep our generals and colonels wide awake for hours looking out for a night assault on our lines. After three nights' repetition they instructed the colonels to try to discover the cause of it. I saw it start that night on the skirmish line in my front. Rhodes was not on duty, but about midnight he came to our line and told some of our men, where he passed through the line, to get behind trees. He advanced several yards beyond, got behind a tree, and holding a pistol in each hand (he generally had them by capture) pointed around toward the enemy, gave the command,

“Forward, guide center!” and began firing with each pistol. It created the impression on the Yankees that they were being charged by a great column of rebels, and their fire was rapid and continued several minutes. When it ceased, Rhodes came tripping along, chuckling with laughter, remarking that it was a good one. I arrested him and inquired what he meant by such conduct. He said, “Why, Colonel, that is the best way to whip them. Break them of their rest, d——n them, and we can wear them out and whip them in a short time.” He never thought that it would break the rest of his comrades as well as of the other side. He served through to the surrender, and the last I heard of him he was in Pike County, many years ago.

Sidney Rodgers was 18 years old when enlisted, and was discharged for original disability December 12, 1861.

Andrew J. Roberts was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier and did his entire duty; was wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, but soon recovered and served through to the surrender. He is now in the Soldiers' Home.

James Rutledge was 34 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier, and nursed me faithfully when wounded in my hip and thigh, while I needed him; he then rejoined his company and fought faithfully. He was wounded at Gettysburg, and absent some time in consequence. Returned to duty and was captured at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and not exchanged during the war. Jimmie Rutledge was a very faithful Irishman.

Edmond Sheppard was 70 years old when enlisted. Doctor Sheppard was a Northern man and a well-educated physician. He was detailed to attend the sick of the regiment, and in the latter part of 1862 was appointed a surgeon in the Confederate Army and assigned to post duty. He was at Andersonville to the close of the war, or until it was abandoned. The old Doctor lived some ten or twelve years after the close of the war, and died at his home in Eufaula, Alabama. He was an eccentric man, and many of his bright sayings are still extant among his old acquaintances. He never would give a direct answer to any question. After the war Doctor Sheppard became a cotton buyer. He had made a bid on a wagon-load of cotton from the country. The farmer went off with the sample to get the bid raised. He returned to the Doctor and said that a merchant had raised the bid a half-cent a pound if “I will take it out in trade.” The old Doctor said, in his feeble voice, “Oh, oh! I will raise his bid an

entire cent a pound if you will take it out in trade with me." The farmer thought he had it then, and said, "All right, but what kind of goods will you pay me in?" The response was, "Pills, pills, sir! I have plenty of them."

James A. Spurlock was 22 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier, and fought bravely through all the battles up to November 25, 1863, at Knoxville, Tennessee, where he was killed.

Ras Spurlock was 18 years old when enlisted. He was discharged for disability December 1, 1861.

Wm. E. Skinner was 29 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was captured at Sharpsburg, Maryland, but soon exchanged, and was faithful to duty. He was promoted fourth sergeant on December 13, 1863. He got sick in the summer of 1864, came home on sick furlough, and died October 6.

James E. Sylvester was 18 years old when enlisted; was promoted third sergeant, and killed at Second Manassas, August 28, 1862. He was a fine soldier

L. M. Snow was 22 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, October 10, 1861.

Evin Strickland was 28 years old when enlisted April 4, 1862. He fought well for a good while, and went through several battles without being wounded. He was then sick in hospital until June 12, 1864, when he was discharged for disability

(d) James Stevens was 22 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862; was promoted corporal in September, 1862, but was nearly all the time sick, until he died of disease on April 5, 1863.

(d) Lee Stevens was 18 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was sick all the time, and died at hospital in Richmond, April 25, 1863.

P. K. Thweatt was 18 years old when enlisted, and discharged for disability in December, 1861.

Joseph B. Thornton was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a physician; died of disease at Pageland, Virginia, October 13, 1861.

James F. Tate was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was wounded at Sharpsburg in 1862, captured at Gettysburg in 1863, and retained as a prisoner of war until after the surrender.

James R. Towler was 28 years old when enlisted in April, 1862. Was not much of a soldier. He had a way of getting captured too frequently. He was taken at Cross Keys, was exchanged,

and captured again at Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864, when there was no necessity for it

Randolph W Wellborn was 18 years old when enlisted. He was a good young soldier; was wounded at Cross Keys, and absent in consequence a long time, but returned as soon as able, about the first of 1863. He was promoted a corporal, and then to a sergeancy, and was killed at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863.

Charles M. Worthington was 22 years old when enlisted. He was wounded at Cross Keys in 1862, which disabled him for a good while, and he served the remainder of the war on detached service.

Henry W Wicker was 40 years old when enlisted. He was sick nearly all the time and unable to do soldiering; was discharged for disability on October 5, 1864.

Julius C. Wicker was 18 years old when enlisted February 12, 1863. He did very good service for a time, and then was sick, sent to the hospital in Richmond, August, 1864, and I have no further record of him.

John Wilkins was 23 years old when enlisted; had measles and died at Haymarket, Virginia, November 10, 1861.

(d) James H. Woodall was 30 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was sick all the time, never rendered any service, and was discharged for disability March 5, 1863.

(d) Elijah Woodard was 28 years old when enlisted August 15, 1862. He was sick nearly all the time. Started with the company on the Pennsylvania campaign, but straggled off, got captured June 21, 1863, and was not exchanged during the war.

James R. Watts was 24 years old when enlisted. He had not been in the South six months when the war began. He was one of the best soldiers in the company, was always on hand, and no dodging. He was wounded at Chickamauga, the first day, September 19, 1863, but as soon as well rejoined the company and fought through to the surrender. At Gaines' Mill one of the field officers came upon Watts considerably in the rear, and desired to know what he was doing back there. Watts saw that the officer's manner in substance charged him with having abandoned his post in the face of the enemy, and he explained that he had been carrying a certain company officer who was badly wounded off the field. He lisped, and spoke so softly that the field officer was convinced that he was making a mistake. Then he knit his

brow severely and said, "I am driving back the stragglers who have run out of battle. Sir, do you know where my regiment is?" Watts softly replied, "Yes—it is away yonder about a mile from here, just a fighting and charging, and I am hurrying to get back to it." After this deliverance, feeling somewhat relieved, he pushed on, and left the officer wondering what that "cunning Yank" meant by that answer. I never heard of Watts after the war.

The total membership of this company, officers and men, was 125; 32 died of disease; 17 were killed in battle or mortally wounded and died soon after; 31 were wounded in battle; 16 served through two or more battles without ever being wounded; 13 discharged for original disability; 14 permanently disabled by wounds; 23 were taken prisoner by the enemy; 7 deserted.

One captain and three lieutenants resigned; one captain put on detached service because disabled by a wound; Lieutenants Porter, Gray, and O'Connor were killed.

COMPANY L.

Was organized at Perote, then Pike, now Bullock County, and was called the "Pike Sharpshooters," and was mustered into the service on March 15, 1862. It joined the regiment at Brandy Station, Virginia, in the latter part of March, in terribly bad weather for men just from comfortable homes.

Doctor Robert H. Hill was elected captain. He was 26 years old, and an intelligent young physician; was a good officer and all the time at his post; was killed in the battle of Cross Keys, Virginia, June 8, 1862.

Lee M. Bryan was elected first lieutenant when 19 years old, and commanded the company after the battle of Cross Keys until June 27, at Cold Harbor, when he was severely wounded and disabled. When he returned to duty he was promoted to the captaincy of his company, and honorably retired March 28, 1863.

D. L. Hooks was elected second lieutenant when 24 years old, and died at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 8, 1862.

Robert Paul was 32 years old when elected third lieutenant, and died of disease at Richmond, Virginia, May 24, 1862.

G. W. Peach was 22 years old when enlisted. He was made first sergeant, went through the Valley campaign, was mortally wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and died July 4, 1862.

L. F. Ritche, second sergeant, was 26 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 25, 1862.

G. W. Grider, third sergeant, was 25 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, May 28, 1862.

Leven Vinson, fourth sergeant, was 35 years old when enlisted, and was present for duty until killed at Gettysburg. The muster roll says, "A good and brave soldier."

E. A. Ritche, fifth sergeant, was 24 years old when enlisted, was reduced to ranks for disobedience of orders, but was a fair soldier until captured in East Tennessee out on a detail foraging, and not exchanged during the war.

Mike Crowley, first corporal, was 26 years old when enlisted, and mustered "absent sick" half of his time; was reduced to ranks August 31, 1864, for "absence without leave." He was present in several battles.

C. H. Bonner, second corporal, was 18 years old when enlisted; a good soldier, and promoted to a sergeancy on December 31, 1862, and killed at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863.

John Green, third corporal, was 27 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Orange Court House, Virginia, April 30, soon after his arrival.

David A. Kelly, fourth corporal, was 26 years old when enlisted; was mustered "absent sick" two-thirds of his time, reduced to ranks for disorderly conduct, and captured at Gettysburg; not exchanged during the war. He returned to Alabama, and some years after moved to Texas.

A. T. Abercrombie was 20 years old when enlisted; was "absent sick" until he died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, August 29, 1862.

G. W. Allen was 23 years old when enlisted; was "absent sick" in 1862 and the greater part of 1863; was in three or four battles, then detailed to drive an ambulance, which he did to the close of the war.

W. R. Allen was 18 years old when enlisted December 3, 1863. Served on a detail for a while, was then returned to his company, and mortally wounded near Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864, and died the next day.

Amos Arrington was 30 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 20, 1862.

Nicholas Baker was 36 years old when enlisted in Company F March 1, 1862, and transferred to this company March 1, 1863. He was a good soldier until severely wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19, 1863. After recovery he was on detached service the remainder of the war; was captured August 9, 1862, and soon after exchanged. In 1904 he was living at Georgiana, Alabama, and was a Baptist preacher.

G. W. Banks was 24 years old when enlisted; was an inferior soldier, nearly always sick, as the muster roll shows.

B. Bass was 30 years old when enlisted; was a poor soldier, all the time sick, and never rendered any service.

James Bassett was 18 years old when enlisted. He never rendered any service; was all the time sick, until he died at Lynchburg, Virginia, June 25, 1862.

David Bates was 20 years old when enlisted; was all the time sick, and died in Charlottesville, Virginia, May 1, 1862.

W. Bates was 18 years old when enlisted; never rendered any service, and died at Richmond of disease, May 20, 1862.

J. F. Bean was 18 years old when enlisted; was "absent sick" a good while, but when he regained his health was a good soldier; was wounded at Campbell's Station, Tennessee, and again at Fussell's Mills, on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864; was promoted to a sergeancy in December, 1864, and served through to the surrender.

J. F. Boswell was 25 years old when enlisted; did not render any service; was all the time sick, as shown by the muster roll.

D. D. Bonner was 24 years old when enlisted; was a good soldier, nearly always present for duty; was wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, and at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 8, 1864; was again wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864, but served through to the surrender. He was made first sergeant on October 31, 1862, and was a good one.

W. A. Bonner was 30 years old when enlisted; was always sick up to his death at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 6, 1862.

R. A. Bonner was 18 years old when enlisted; was sick all the time until his death at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 15, 1862.

James Bonner was 27 years old when enlisted; was sick, and died of disease at Petersburg, Virginia, March 28, 1862.

J. J. Botts was 48 years old when enlisted; was discharged for disability January 20, 1863.

J. J. Brooks was 35 years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier; always present for duty until at second battle of Manassas he was killed on the third day, August 30, 1862.

M. L. Brooks was 22 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" for about three months, but was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, which permanently disabled him, and he was honorably discharged.

W. A. Brown was 23 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, was prompt in the discharge of every duty. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Cedar Run, Virginia, August 9, 1862.

James E. Croswell was 25 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" for about one year, but after regaining his health he was a fair soldier; was wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864. He was afterwards transferred to the Twenty-third Alabama Regiment.

T. P. Croswell was 22 years old when enlisted. He died of wounds inflicted by a citizen, who shot him while stealing beegums, May 24, 1862.

Thomas Cope was 20 years old when enlisted. He was mustered "absent sick" for about a year, and then was detailed as a hospital nurse at Augusta, Georgia.

Joseph Cope was 23 years old when enlisted; was "absent sick" until he died of disease at Richmond, June 28, 1862.

Thomas R. Collins was 16 years old when enlisted. He was a fine young soldier; was in every battle, and was wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, but soon recovered; was promoted corporal in January thereafter, and promoted sergeant December 1, 1864, and served through the war.

J. J. Cole was 24 years old when enlisted; was sick, and died of disease at Charlottesville, Virginia, May 15, 1862.

C. K. Dean was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, nearly always present for duty; was wounded on the Darbytown Road, but soon recovered, and served through to the surrender.

Wm. Dorn was 20 years old when enlisted. He was sick, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, May 5, 1862.

P. R. Eddins was 29 years old when enlisted May 5, 1862. He was a fair soldier; was wounded on the Darbytown Road, Vir-

ginia, October 7, 1864, but soon recovered and returned to duty, and served faithfully to the surrender.

F. M. Emmerson was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was promoted to second lieutenant on July 20, 1862, and was mortally wounded in the battle of Second Manassas, August 30, and died September 12, 1862.

J. M. Emmerson was 22 years old when enlisted. He never rendered any service, got sick, was sent to hospital, and died at Charlottesville, Virginia, May 21, 1862.

J. J. Emmerson was 20 years old when enlisted. He never rendered any service, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 8, 1862.

J. F. Foster was 30 years old when enlisted. He was nearly all the time "absent sick," and never rendered any efficient service in consequence.

David M. Frazier was 26 years old when enlisted in Company F, March 13, 1861, and was transferred just one year thereafter to this company. He was a fair soldier, usually present for duty; fought in several battles, was wounded on the Darbytown Road, Virginia, October 7, 1864, recovered, and served through to the surrender.

G. W. Garrett was 30 years old when enlisted. He was a fairly good soldier; fought well, was sick and captured at field hospital at Gettysburg, July 5; escaped October 1, 1863, and returned to his company. Was wounded at Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864, but served through to the surrender.

Turner Garrett was 21 years old when enlisted. He never rendered any service; was sick, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 25, 1862.

G. S. Gause was 30 years old when enlisted. He was mustered "absent sick" all the time, but the muster roll shows that he was killed at the battle of Hazel River, Virginia, August 22, 1862.

A. W. Gillmore was 28 years old when enlisted; was sick, sent to hospital at Richmond, where he died of disease May 14, 1862.

W. H. Gillmore was 28 years old when enlisted in Company I when organized, and transferred to this company August 19, 1862. He was a splendid soldier; was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, very severely, August 28. He did not return to duty until 1863, but was then in every battle in which the regiment was engaged until killed by a shell fired from Moccasin

Point, opposite the north end of Lookout Mountain, October 31, 1863. Honor to the poor fellow's memory

L. Green was 20 years old when enlisted. He never rendered any service, but died of disease at Orange Court House, Virginia, April 15, 1862.

G. M. Gay was 25 years old when enlisted. He was sick, sent to hospital in Lynchburg, and died August 1, 1862.

J. D. Glisten was 22 years old when enlisted August 20, 1862, and deserted January 1 thereafter. Four months without rendering any service was glory enough for him. Like Falstaff, he wanted no further honor, and concluded to *Glisten* elsewhere.

T. S. Hardy was 27 years old when enlisted. He went through Jackson's Valley campaign, was afterwards mustered as "absent sick," until detailed as a shoemaker, and worked at Montgomery, Alabama, until the close.

Allen F. Harp was 49 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" for some time, and then detailed as a litter-bearer to aid in removing from the field the wounded during a battle, and served faithfully to the close of the war. He was a good man.

J. W. Hicks was 40 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" the greater part of the time, until discharged for original disability January 2, 1864.

G. W. Hicks was 19 years old when enlisted. He was mustered "absent sick" until just before the battle of Slaughter's Mountain, August 9, 1862. He then made a good soldier until severely wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863, in consequence of which he was absent until late in 1864. He served through to the surrender.

Joseph Henderson was 24 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier; was promoted corporal on July 1, 1863, was captured the next day in the battle of Gettysburg, and died in prison at Fort Delaware, March 1, 1864.

Mathew Henderson was 26 years old when enlisted. He went through Jackson's Valley campaign. He was "absent sick" a few months, returned to his company and was detailed as a litter-bearer in August, 1862, at which he served until the next May, and was then detailed as a hospital nurse, serving at Columbus, Georgia, to the close of the war.

G. R. Henderson was 18 years old when enlisted March 20, 1863. He fought at Suffolk and at Gettysburg was wounded and captured, being exchanged May 1, 1864. He was absent for

a time, but returned and fought at Deep Bottom, August 14, 1864, and was thereafter mustered as "absent sick."

J. E. Hough was 47 years old when enlisted. He served through the Valley campaign, was then detailed as a baker for a hospital and so continued.

W. A. Haynes was 25 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" until midsummer, when he was detailed to drive a brigade ambulance, and so continued until the fall of 1863, when he was returned to his company; was in the battles in Lookout Valley, Tennessee; served until the surrender and was a good soldier. After the war he moved to Texas.

Reubin Hart was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 14, 1862.

John Hendrix was 30 years old when enlisted. A week after he deserted, March 20, 1862.

J. T. Hooks was 36 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 15, 1862.

C. C. Johnson was 22 years old when enlisted August 20, 1862, and died of disease at Mount Jackson, Virginia, January 15, 1863.

James T. Kelly was 26 years old when enlisted; was "absent sick" a great part of the time, but was present and fought through several battles in the latter part of the war. Served through to the surrender, and died in Texas several years after the war.

W. L. Lewis was 27 years old when enlisted. He was sick for a while, but thereafter was a splendid soldier. He was wounded at Slaughter's Mountain, August 9, 1862, and again at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, was on detail service at Atlanta, Georgia, for a while after his recovery, then returned to his company and fought through to the surrender.

Levi Lloyd was 19 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier, always present for duty, was never wounded, and served through to the surrender.

J. B. Lloyd was 27 years old when enlisted. He was transferred from some other command to this company October 25, 1864, and was in the engagement two days thereafter on the Williamsburg Road, Virginia.

Phillip McMorris was 25 years old when enlisted; was sick a good while, but when he regained his health he returned to his company; was captured at Gettysburg, and died in prison December 1, 1863.

James McLaney was 28 years old when enlisted. He served through the Valley campaign, and was severely wounded at Cold

Harbor, June 27, 1862, and absent a long time in consequence; was then elected tax collector of Pike County, and discharged in consequence, October 8, 1862. He resided in Bullock County for many years after the war.

H. McLendon was 28 years old when enlisted. He was sick during the Valley campaign; was mortally wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, and died three days after. He was a good man.

Robert McGrady was 23 years old when enlisted. He served but a short time, and died of disease at Honeytown, Virginia, June 4, 1862.

G. C. McWhorter was 21 years old when enlisted; was sick, sent to hospital, and died of disease in Richmond, May 14, 1862.

J. L. Mathews was 25 years old when enlisted May 5, 1862. He was mustered as "absent sick" for a long time, but when returned to his company he was a good soldier until severely wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; was mustered the remainder of that year as "absent wounded," and there is no evidence that he ever returned to duty.

E. Mathews was 27 years old when enlisted May 5, 1862. He was a good soldier; served through the Valley campaign, fought in the battles around Richmond, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, August 29, 1863.

J. D. May was 20 years old when enlisted, and discharged for original disability May 1, 1862.

Eli Meredith was 28 years old when enlisted. He went through the Valley campaign, was severely wounded at Cross Keys, and was absent in consequence the remainder of that year; was then detailed as a hospital nurse at Charlotte, N. C., where he remained until the surrender. He was still living in Pike County in 1902.

D. Mims was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond, May 1, 1862.

Z. G. Moore was 23 years old when enlisted. He rendered but little service, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, June 4, 1862.

J. F. Moore was 26 years old when enlisted May 20, 1862. The muster roll does not show anything of him until December 13, at the battle of Fredericksburg, where he was wounded. He was present at Suffolk; was captured at Gettysburg, exchanged November 1, 1864, and no further account is given of him.

Hugh Morris was 38 years old when enlisted. The muster roll shows that he was "absent sick" during the entire war, but he was in the battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, the first day, and the next day on detail, and mustered as "absent sick" the remainder of the war.

W Norris was 21 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Orange Court House, May 8, 1862.

J. L. Newton was 30 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" the greater part of 1862, but fought in the battle of Fredericksburg, and was wounded December 13, 1862; was again wounded and captured at Gettysburg and exchanged October 1, 1863. He returned to duty and fought bravely until again wounded on the Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864. The muster roll does not show whether he was ever able to return to the company.

H. Nelms was 38 years old when enlisted. He was mustered "absent sick" the greater part of the time, but was all through the Valley campaign, and fought well in many battles, but at Norris-town, Tennessee, he was discharged for disability January 2, 1864.

M. A. Osburn was 24 years old when enlisted May 5, 1862. He was a fine soldier, nearly always present for duty, in many battles, and never wounded; yet, June 10, 1864, he died of disease at Richmond.

J. L. Osburn was 17 years old when enlisted May 5, 1862. He was a fine soldier, always present for duty, and fought bravely; was wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, but soon returned to his company and served faithfully until the surrender.

W B. Outlaw was 28 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" nearly all the time until he died of disease at Huguenot Springs, Virginia, May 12, 1863.

W Owens was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; was wounded at second battle of Manassas, August 28, but recovered and fought bravely through to the surrender.

Frank Paul was 21 years old when enlisted. He died of disease at Richmond, May 19, 1862.

W S. Perkins was 17 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" until the battle of Sharpsburg, at which he was wounded. He recovered, and was in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and thereafter he was mustered as "absent sick" during the remainder of the war.

G. W. Pope was 18 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" a good part of 1862, but was wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13; on February 1, 1863, he was transferred to Company B of the regiment, with which a further account of him is given.

Simeon Post was 38 years old when enlisted. He went through the Valley campaign and was mustered as "absent sick" for several months; was detailed as a teamster for a good while, then returned to the ranks and fought through five battles; was detailed again, and so continued to the close of the war, after which he returned to his home in Pike County, where he lived for several years.

Noah Post was 25 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" the greater part of the time. He was once promoted corporal. The muster roll says that he was captured at Harper's Ferry, which is a mistake. The Confederates captured the place with 11,000 prisoners, and none of our men were captured. He was in the fighting at Suffolk, and after that was mustered as "absent sick" for a while, was then detailed as a teamster, in which place he served to the close of the war.

A. H. Posey was 27 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" until January 1, 1863, when he was discharged for original disability.

Richmond Powell was 48 years old when enlisted November 20, 1862, as a substitute for J. H. Strome. He never rendered any service and was discharged for original disability on February 1, 1863. Such a substitute was a fraud upon the service.

Joseph Prichett was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Lynchburg, Virginia, May 15, 1862.

Emmet Renfroe was 24 years old when enlisted. He served faithfully until wounded at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, by which he lost one foot, permanently disabling him for further service.

Thomas Renfroe was 22 years old when enlisted. He never rendered any service; was all the time sick, until he died at Charlottesville, Virginia, October 4, 1862.

N. Renfroe was 34 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Charlottesville, Virginia, July 1, 1862.

R. W. Rowell was 29 years old when enlisted. He was sick a good while, and then made a fair soldier; was in several battles; wounded at Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863. He returned, and was with his company through 1864.

John Riley was 26 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 17, 1862.

B. C. Riley was 24 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Stanardsville, Virginia, May 5, 1862.

P. Raford was 34 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Danville, Virginia, June 8, 1862.

G. W. Rogers was 30 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Richmond, May 1, 1862.

W. E. Robertson was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a very fair soldier; was severely wounded at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, and was a long time absent in consequence. After he returned to duty he was captured at the battle of Chickamauga, but soon after exchanged, and on July 20, 1864, was honorably retired on account of his wounds. He lived in Bullock County a good many years after the war.

Elijah Smith was 20 years old when enlisted. He was a splendid soldier. He was "absent sick" for a few months, then present in every battle until killed at Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862.

Wesley Smith was 23 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" for nearly a year. When his health was restored he was always present in every battle until killed at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863.

J. T. Smith was 32 years old when enlisted August 30, 1862. He died of disease in Richmond soon after his arrival.

E. A. Sellers was 22 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" through 1862, and having regained his health, was an excellent soldier, present in every battle until captured at Gettysburg. He was not exchanged during the war.

W. P. Sellers was 20 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" all of 1862. He returned to duty, was at Suffolk, and was captured at Gettysburg, and died in prison on December 1, 1863.

E. B. Sellers was 20 years old when enlisted, and died of disease at Lynchburg, May 27, 1862.

J. L. Simmons was 27 years old when enlisted. He was in two battles—Cross Keys and Suffolk. All the rest of the time he was on detail, until he was made assistant surgeon and discharged for that reason October 1, 1863.

Jacob H. Stough was 39 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" during 1862, until the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. He continued present then; was a good sol-

dier; was at Suffolk, and captured at Gettysburg, and not exchanged during the war. After its close he resided in Pike County a few years, and then removed to Limestone County, in north Alabama, where he was living in 1894, an excellent citizen.

M. M. Stough was 40 years old when enlisted. He marched with his company to Winchester, Virginia, where the battle was fought between Banks and Jackson on the 25th of May, 1862. Stough was sick, and died of disease two days later.

D. J. Stough was 25 years old when enlisted. He was a good soldier, and was killed at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.

J. H. Strome was 23 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" until the battles of Cedar Run and Second Manassas, and was then "absent sick" until discharged by putting in a substitute in November, 1862.

Joseph Strome was 21 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" most of the time until his death on September 1, 1862.

J. F. Stewart was 18 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" for several months, but when he regained his health, was a good soldier; was present in every battle until captured in the battle of Gettysburg, and not exchanged during the war.

J. L. Traywick was 30 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick," and died of disease in Richmond, July 8, 1862.

T W. Willis was 25 years old when enlisted. He was "absent sick" nearly all the time; was present and participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and died of disease at Raccoon Ford, Virginia, June 1, 1863. The poor fellow was anxious to serve his country, but disease contracted when he first went out denied to him that pleasure.

John Williamson was 20 years old when enlisted; was sent to hospital, and died of disease May 1, 1862, but his death was never officially reported.

Robert Wicker was 21 years old when enlisted. He was a fine soldier; served through Jackson's Valley campaign, and at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, was severely wounded, and was absent in consequence about two months; but returned, and was at the surrender of Harper's Ferry, in the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, and was thereafter present in every battle until captured at Gettysburg, and not exchanged during the war. He was promoted to second lieutenant in October, 1862. He was as brave a man as any in that regiment. Colonel Chamberlain, of the Twentieth Maine Regiment, said in his report of that battle, "That he in

person captured Lieutenant Wicker; that the latter stood his ground until he came on him, and that Wicker fired his pistol in his face, and then surrendered." The colonel said that his gallantry was such that he protected the lieutenant from violence.

J. J. Hatcher was 31 years old when enlisted in Company D of the regiment. He was elected second lieutenant and served with that company for a good while. After Gettysburg, when this company had no officer, on the advice of Colonel Oates, commanding the regiment, the company elected Hatcher captain. He was wounded at Chester Station, Virginia, June 17, 1864. He made a good officer, and commanded the company to the surrender at Appomattox. After the war he was elected tax collector of Barbour County, served through one term, and soon after became sick and died, very highly esteemed by the people among whom he had lived.

The total number of officers and men in the company was 127; killed in battle, or mortally wounded and died soon after, 14; wounded, 37, captured, 13; died of disease, 50; discharged for original disability, 7; deserted, 2; retired on account of wounds, 4.

One captain was killed in battle; one captain was disabled by wounds and was retired, and two lieutenants died of disease.

APPENDIX B

APPENDIX B

AN EPITOME OF THE ORGANIZATION AND SERVICES DURING THE WAR OF THE OTHER FOUR REGIMENTS OF LAW'S ALABAMA BRIGADE.

THE FOURTH ALABAMA REGIMENT

This regiment was organized at Dalton, Georgia, April 28, 1861, as follows: Egbert J. Jones as colonel, E. M. Law as lieutenant-colonel, and Charles M. Scott as major. Jones was killed, and Law and Scott were both wounded at the first battle of Manassas. Scott resigned. He had been a member of Congress from California. Under President Cleveland's first administration he was minister of the United States stationed at Bogota. He was a citizen of Monroe County, Alabama.

Law became colonel of the regiment, was then promoted to brigadier-general, and in the winter of 1864-65 to major-general. He now lives at Bartow, Florida, and is engaged in teaching.

The regiment was composed of the very best material. It was the only regiment I ever saw that would fight about as well without officers as with them. The discipline was not of a high order, nor did it seem to be necessary. L. R. Terrell, second lieutenant in Company D, was made General Law's adjutant-general until the summer of 1864, when he was made lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-seventh Alabama, and in the fall of that year was killed while leading that regiment in a charge.

Doctor Wm. O. Hudson, first sergeant of Company D, was made regimental surgeon, and then brigade surgeon, in which he served with great success and distinction. He aided in the amputation of my arm August 16, 1864.

The late Wm. M. Lowe, who died in October, 1882, a member of Congress from the Eighth District, was a private in Tracey's company from Huntsville. Many other men who became distin-

guished served in the ranks of this regiment. It was indeed an honor to belong to it in any capacity.

The companies were all volunteers for twelve months only, but at the expiration of their term of service a majority of the men reenlisted for three years or the war. This is the reason why such an unusually large number of discharges occur in the account of each company. A remarkable thing in the casualties is that the proportion of killed to the number wounded is greater than usual. I attribute it to the daring and reckless individual exposure of the men. Such a result is more likely to occur in a regiment wherein there is great independence—individualism, and correspondingly slacker discipline, than in one where the latter is enforced and the fighting done by order. Great bravery and intelligence frequently make a volunteer-citizen regiment overcome and drive one of regulars; but if so, you will find the greater number of casualties in the volunteer regiment. The regulars are trained to the work with the regularity and precision of machinery. A regiment without strict discipline fights by pride and courage of the individual members.

Another remarkable feature in the statistics of this regiment is the small number who died of disease when compared with the number killed in battle—243 were killed and but 90 died of disease, 27-10 to 1—whereas in most regiments a greater number died from disease incident to camp life than from the bullets of the enemy. I think that one reason why there were so few deaths from disease in this regiment was that nearly all the companies were from the towns and composed of young men accustomed to irregular habits. Company K, from Jackson County, was mainly composed of young farmers, and had nearly twice as many deaths from disease as any other in the regiment.

COMPANY A

Thomas J. Goldsby, captain, was raised in Dallas County, and mustered into the service April 26, 1861. It contained during its existence an aggregate membership, officers and men, of 129. Of these there were killed in battle, 21; wounded, 13; died of disease, 9; discharged, 41; captured, 8; deserted, 0.

Captain Goldsby was elected lieutenant-colonel, October 28, 1861, but did not serve long as such. Reuben V. Kidd and Jack-

son M. West, it seems, succeeded to the captaincy, but the old muster roll is so dim that it is not legible through a magnifying glass.

COMPANY B

Evander McIvor Law, captain, was raised in Tuskegee, Macon County, and mustered into service April 28, 1861, and contained during its existence an aggregate membership, officers and men, of 124. Of these there were killed in battle, 25; wounded, 18; died of disease, 10; discharged, 34; captured, 14; deserted, 7.

Captain Law was elected lieutenant-colonel at the organization of the regiment, and Thomas B. Dryer became captain, and resigned April 21, 1862. E. Jones Glass became captain of the re-enlisted company, and resigned May 16, 1863. He was succeeded by Boyles E. Brown, who was killed at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. He was succeeded in the captaincy by John P. Breedlove, who served through to the surrender.

COMPANY C

N. H. R. Dawson, captain, was raised in Dallas County, and was mustered into service April 26, 1861, and contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 136. Of these there were killed in battle, 18; wounded, 25; died of disease, 9; discharged, 29; captured, 5; deserted, 7.

Captain Dawson resigned April 21, 1862, and was succeeded by Alfred C. Price, who died of a wound in July, 1862. He was succeeded by M. P. Sterrett, who resigned January 1, 1863, and was succeeded by Frank C. Robbins, who served through to the surrender, as shown by the muster roll.

COMPANY D

Richard Clarke, captain, was raised in Perry County, and mustered into service April 25, 1861, and contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 172. Of these there were killed in battle, 28; wounded, 34; died of disease, 14; discharged, 62; captured, 6; deserted, 4.

Captain Clarke resigned April 25, 1862, having served one year to a day, and was succeeded by Thomas K. Coleman, October 3, 1862. He was succeeded by James T. Jones, who served

through the war, was some years thereafter a Representative in Congress from the Mobile District, and then judge of the First Judicial Circuit until his death in 1894.

COMPANY E

Pinckney D. Bowles, captain, was raised in Conecuh County, and mustered into service April 25, 1862, and contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 156. Of these there were killed in battle, 31; wounded, 39; died of disease, 7; discharged, 24; captured, 10; deserted, 11.

Captain Bowles was promoted major, August 27, 1862, and thereafter to lieutenant-colonel, and then to colonel; served gallantly through the war, and after it was Probate Judge of his county. He was succeeded in the captaincy of the company by William Lee, who was killed at Gettysburg, and was succeeded by Archibald McInnis, who was honorably retired on account of wounds received. James W Darby then became captain, and served through to the surrender.

COMPANY F

Egbert J. Jones, captain, was raised in Huntsville, Madison County, and mustered into service April 26, 1861, and contained during its existence an aggregate, officers and men, of 139. Of these there were killed in battle, 31; wounded, 33; died of disease, 5; discharged, 50; captured, 11; deserted, 12.

Captain Jones was elected colonel at the organization of the regiment and killed in the first battle of Manassas. He was succeeded in the captaincy by G. B. Mastin, who was killed at Seven Pines, and was succeeded by W W Leftwich, who was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, and was succeeded by J. H. Brown, who served through to the surrender.

(Deduct the number discharged, died of disease, killed, captured, and deserted, and four officers who resigned, and there were left in the company of officers and men only 25, one-half of whom were probably disabled.)

COMPANY G

Porter King, captain, was raised at Marion, in Perry County, and mustered into service April 24, 1861, and contained during

its existence a membership, officers and men, of 133. Of these there were killed in battle, 20; wounded, 35; died of disease, 5; discharged, 37; captured, 4; deserted, 2.

Captain King served one year, when his commission expired, and Wm. M. Robbins was elected captain, and was promoted major of the regiment October 3, 1863, to succeed Major Coleman, who was killed in the battle of Chickamauga. Major Robbins served through to the surrender, and after the war was a Representative in Congress for several years from North Carolina, and is now one of the Gettysburg battle-field commissioners, a gallant old soldier. He was succeeded in the captaincy of his company by Henry H. Mosely, who served through to the surrender.

COMPANY H

R. McFarland, captain, was raised in Florence, Lauderdale County, and mustered into service April 28, 1861, and contained during its existence an aggregate membership, officers and men, of 136. Of these there were killed in battle, 31; wounded, 34; died of disease, 6; discharged, 36; captured, 4; deserted, 12.

Captain McFarland's term expired in one year; he then went out of service. He was succeeded by Heslop Armstead as captain of the reenlisted company, who was killed near Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862, and was succeeded by William F. Karsner, who seems to have served through to the surrender.

COMPANY I

Edward D. Tracy, captain, was raised at Huntsville, Madison County, and contained during its existence an aggregate membership, officers and men, of 135. Of these there were killed in battle, 17; wounded, 20; died of disease, 6; discharged, 28; captured, 4.

Captain Tracy was elected major of the Thirteenth Alabama, August 1, 1861, and then appointed brigadier-general, and killed at Port Gibson, May 1, 1863. He was succeeded in the captaincy by C. C. Sale, who died of disease in September, 1861. He was succeeded by L. H. Scruggs, who was promoted to major September 30, 1862, and subsequently to lieutenant-colonel, and served through to the surrender. He was succeeded in the captaincy by W. Harris, who seems to have served through to the surrender.

COMPANY K

Lewis E. Lindsay, captain, was raised at Larksville, Jackson County, and mustered into service April 27, 1861, and contained during its existence a total membership, officers and men, of 129. Of these there were killed in battle, 21; wounded, 24; died of disease, 19; discharged, 32; captured, 5; deserted, 22.

Captain Lindsay was killed in the first battle of Manassas and was succeeded by James H. Young, whose term was one year. He was succeeded by William H. Robinson, who was elected captain of the reenlisted company, resigned August 4, 1862, was succeeded by James H. Sullivan, who was killed at Sharpsburg, Maryland, in September, 1862. James H. Keith succeeded him and was killed at Fredericksburg in December, 1862. John D. Ogilvie then became captain and died of disease February 29, 1864. Then Alexander C. Murray became captain and was killed July 28, 1864, at Petersburg. R. P. Jones was then made captain and served through to the surrender. Eight captains—most unusual.

Col. P. D. Bowles, just before the surrender, was promoted to brigadier-general, but I do not know that he ever received his commission. He returned to his old home after the war and became Probate Judge of his county. He was a brave officer and is a good citizen.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Scruggs, from Huntsville, had by his courage and faithfulness well earned promotion to the rank of full colonel, but I don't know that he received it before the bottom dropped out of the Confederacy at Appomattox. He now lives in Nashville, Tennessee.

Battles in Which the Regiment Participated.

First Manassas, July 21, 1861, heavily engaged.
 Seven Pines, May 30, 1862, actively engaged.
 Gaines' Farm, June 27, 1862, actively engaged.
 Malvern Hill, July 2, 1862, under artillery fire.
 Warrenton Springs, August 24, 1862, skirmish.
 Second Manassas, August 30, 1862, actively engaged.
 Boonsborough, Md., September 14, 1862, actively engaged.
 Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, actively engaged.

Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862, under artillery fire only.

Suffolk, from April 11 to May 3, 1863, skirmishing.

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2 and 3, 1863, heavily engaged.

Hazel River, Virginia, July 27, 1863, skirmish.

Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19 and 20, 1863, heavily engaged.

Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, October 28, 1863, actively engaged.

Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25 and December 1, 1863, actively engaged.

Dandridge, Tennessee, January 16, 1864, heavy skirmishing.

Wilderness, Virginia, May 6, 1864, heavily engaged.

Spottsylvania Court House, May 8 to 12, 1864, actively engaged.

Hanover Junction, May 25, 1864, skirmishing.

Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, actively engaged behind works.

Chester Station, or Hewlett's House, June 17, 1864, engaged.

Deep Bottom, August 14, 1864, skirmish.

Fussell's Mills, August 16, 1864, actively engaged.

Fort Cooper, September 29, 1864, lively skirmish.

Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864, charged and repulsed.

Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864, active but brief engagement.

Charles City and Darbytown Road, October 13, 1864, active skirmish.

Nine Mile Road, October 27, 1864, skirmishing.

From Petersburg to Appomattox the regiment was sometimes under skirmish or artillery fire, but not engaged, and at the surrender stacked but few more than one hundred muskets.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the regiment was in twenty-eight engagements, some of them small affairs, but many of them the hardest battles of the war. It was also engaged in some skirmishes which are not designated as battles.

The regiment contained from first to last, officers and men, 1,389. Of these there were killed in battle, 243; died of disease, 90; wounded in battle, 275; discharged from service, 373; captured, 63—about half of this number were taken at Gettysburg—deserted during the war, 79.

THE FORTY-FOURTH ALABAMA REGIMENT

This regiment was raised in the counties of Dallas, Wilcox, Shelby, Bibb, Calhoun, and Chambers, and mustered into service for three years or the war, and organized May 17, 1862, by the election of James Kent, colonel; Charles A. Derby, lieutenant-colonel; William F. Perry, major; Benjamin F. Watkins, surgeon; John F. Blevius, assistant surgeon; Robert Lapsley, quartermaster; G. M. McConico, commissary; Thomas A. Nicoll, adjutant; William G. Perry, chaplain.

The regiment left Selma for Virginia on June 17, 1862. Some time after its arrival in Richmond it was placed in Wright's Georgia brigade.

Colonel Kent resigned September 1 and Lieutenant-Colonel Derby succeeded him, and was killed in the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17. William F. Perry then became colonel, Capt. John A. Jones, lieutenant-colonel, and Captain Carey became major. In February, 1865, Perry was made a brigadier-general. These last-named field officers of the regiment survived the war, but have died since, except the gallant Carey, who resides in New York.

COMPANY A

Richard J. Dudley, captain, was raised at Pleasant Hill in Dallas County, and was mustered into service in March, 1862, and contained a total membership during its existence, officers and men, of 101. Of these there were killed in battle, 12; died of disease, 25; wounded, 52; captured at Suffolk, the entire company present, and exchanged soon after, 38; discharged for disability, 7; captured thereafter and never exchanged, 4; deserted, 4.

Captain Dudley resigned after one year's service and was succeeded by David L. Bozeman, March 8, 1863, who was mortally wounded and died at Spottsylvania Court House, May 16, 1864. He was succeeded by Daniel B. Edwards, who served through to the surrender.

COMPANY B

John A. Jones, captain, was raised at Scottsville in Bibb County, and was mustered into service about the middle of March, and contained during its existence a total membership, officers and men, of 113. Of these there were killed in battle, 15; died of

disease, 23; wounded, 28; discharged for disability, 6; captured and not exchanged, 9. The entire company present, officers and men, were captured at Suffolk, April 19, 1863, and exchanged soon after, 42; deserted, 6.

Captain Jones was promoted to major on September 1, 1862, and afterwards to lieutenant-colonel, and served through the war. He was succeeded by Lewis D. Brown, who resigned March 18, 1863, and was succeeded by Joab Goodson, who served through to the surrender.

COMPANY C

John W Purifoy, captain, was organized at Snow Hill, in March, 1862, and composed of men from Dallas and Wilcox counties, and had during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 120. Of these there were killed in battle, 10; died of disease, 24; wounded, 21; captured, 4; deserted, 12.

Captain Purifoy resigned February 2, 1863, and was succeeded by Robert Powers, who served through to the surrender. Richard C. Jones, late president of the State University, was third lieutenant and promoted to second and then to first lieutenant of this company, and as such served through to the surrender.

COMPANY D

William T King, captain, was raised in Shelby County, and organized at Lime Kiln on April 7, 1862, and contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 104. Of these there were killed in battle, 11; died of disease, 12; wounded, 12; discharged for disability, 15; captured, 10; deserted, 9.

Captain King was killed in the first battle in which the regiment engaged, the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862. He was succeeded in the captaincy by Thomas L. Morrow, who resigned July 12, 1864, and was succeeded by James Oakes, who commanded the company to the surrender.

COMPANY E

George W Carey, captain, was organized in Shelby County, April 5, 1862, and composed of men from that and adjacent counties, and contained during its existence an aggregate membership, officers and men, of 112. Of these there were killed in battle, 14; died of disease, 20; wounded, 14; discharged for disability, 10; captured, 8; deserted, 22.

Captain Carey was promoted major of the regiment, September 17, 1863. He was succeeded in the captaincy by John H. Neilson, who was killed in the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, May 8, 1864. Thomas C. Furguson then became the captain, and commanded the company to the surrender.

COMPANY F

Henley G. Snead, captain, was raised in Bibb County, and organized March 28, 1862, and contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 109. Of these there were killed in battle, 22; died of disease, 18; wounded, 19; discharged for disability, 6; captured, 5; deserted, 8.

Captain Snead resigned June 18, 1863, and was succeeded by William N. Green, who was retired November 29, 1864, on account of disability from a wound. Then John B. Fondren, who had a year previously been transferred from the Eleventh Alabama, became captain, and as such served through to the surrender.

COMPANY G

Thomas C. Daniel, captain, was organized April 18, 1862, in Dallas County, with several of its members from Bibb and Autauga. It contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 108. Of these there were killed in battle, 16; died of disease, 19; wounded, 20; discharged for original disability, 14; captured, 10; deserted, 4.

Captain Daniel was killed in the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862. He was succeeded by B. W. Brown, who resigned December 9, 1862. He was succeeded by William A. Dunklin, who was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. W. P. Becker then succeeded to the captaincy and so continued to the surrender. Lieut. R. H. Croswell, then in command, made out the muster roll to January 1, 1865.

COMPANY H

Francis M. Goode, captain, was organized at Randolph, in Bibb County, May 1, 1862, and contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 89. Of these there were killed in battle, 8; died of disease, 16; wounded, 10; discharged for disability, 4; captured, 8; deserted, 8.

Captain Goode resigned November 1, 1862, and was succeeded by Joseph S. Johnson, who served through to the surrender. John S. Gardner, who has since the war been Probate Judge of Bibb County several times, was a lieutenant in his company, and always present for duty, until he resigned September 1, 1864.

COMPANY I

Absolem W Denman, captain, was organized at Arbacoochee, Randolph County, May 1, 1862, and contained a total membership during its existence, officers and men, of 106. Of these there were killed in battle, 19; died of disease, 16; wounded, 24; discharged for disability, 4; captured, 8; deserted, 5.

Captain Denman served through to the surrender, as did First Lieut. John T. Tweedell, but Second Lieut. John L. Heaton and the other lieutenants were not so fortunate—were killed in battle.

COMPANY K

Patrick T. Riddle, captain, was organized May 6, 1862, at Fairplay, in Calhoun County, and composed of men from that and adjacent counties, and contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 97. Of these there were killed in battle, 17; died of disease, 20; wounded, 21; discharged for disability, 0; captured, 10; deserted, 10.

Captain Riddle died of disease August 3, 1862, and was succeeded by Jas. W. Downs, who resigned August 30, 1862. He was succeeded in the captaincy by John M. Teague, who was killed at Gettysburg, and was succeeded by John B. Adrian, who was killed on Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864. Martin H. Fowler was then made captain, who, more fortunate than his four predecessors, served through to the surrender.

Battles in Which the Regiment Participated

Second Manassas, August 30, 1862, actively engaged.
 Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, actively engaged.
 Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862, not engaged.
 Suffolk, Virginia, from April 12 to May 3, inclusive, occasional skirmishing, but no regular engagement. Companies A and B

were actively engaged at an old fort on the Nansemond River, supporting our blockading battery; were not properly supported, and were captured April 19, 1863, and exchanged on the 22d.

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2 and 3, 1863, heavily engaged the first day, skirmished and under artillery fire second day.

Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19 and 20, 1863, heavily engaged both days.

Near Chattanooga, Tennessee, October 12, 1863, skirmish only.

Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, night engagement.

Knoxville, Tennessee, November 29, 1863, actively engaged, but loss light.

Dandridge, Tennessee, January 16, 1864, a lively skirmish.

Wilderness, Virginia, May 6, 1864, actively engaged.

Spottsylvania Court House, May 8, 10, 12, 1864, actively engaged.

Mechanicsville Road, June 1, 1864, skirmishing only

Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, fought behind works, but actively engaged.

Chester Station, near Bermuda Hundred, June 17, 1864, heavy skirmish.

Petersburg, Virginia, in the trenches from June 18 to July 28. Occasional shelling and sharp-shooting, but no regular engagement.

Deep Bottom, August 14, 1864, a skirmish only

Near Fussell's Mills, August 16, 1864, actively engaged.

Fort Gilmer, September 29, 1864, actively engaged for a short time.

Fort Harrison, September 30, 1860, actively engaged for a short time.

Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864, lively skirmish.

Between Darbytown and Charles City Roads, October 13, 1864, active skirmishing.

Williamsburg Road, October 27, 1864, active but brief engagement.

On the retreat of Lee from Petersburg to Appomattox the regiment was at times under fire of artillery and in line of battle, but not engaged. Its ranks were very thin at the surrender.

The regiment contained from first to last, including field and staff officers, 1,074. Of these there were killed in battle, 144;

died of disease, 193; wounded, 229; discharged for disability, 80; captured and not exchanged, 76, captured and exchanged, 80; deserted, 83.

THE FORTY-SEVENTH ALABAMA REGIMENT

This regiment was organized and mustered into service, for three years or during the war, at Loachapoka, on May 22, 1862, with the following field and staff officers: James M. Oliver, colonel; James W. Jackson, lieutenant-colonel; J. Y. Johnson, major; J. R. Burton, surgeon; M. A. Ridgeway, assistant surgeon; L. H. Dawson, quartermaster; J. W. Herron, commissary; H. A. Garrett, adjutant. The regiment was sent to Virginia.

On August 11, Colonel Oliver resigned. Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson succeeded him as colonel.

On July 10, 1863, Colonel Jackson resigned. Michael J. Bulger succeeded him as colonel.

Major Johnson resigned in the latter part of August, and was succeeded by Capt. James M. Campbell as major, and he was killed May 12, 1864.

Lee R. Terrell, General Law's adjutant-general, was then made lieutenant-colonel. He was mortally wounded in the fall of 1864, and died soon after. He was a fine officer, and none braver.

Adjutant Garrett was wounded at second battle of Manassas, and then resigned. W. H. Keller succeeded him, and resigned. R. E. Jordan was then appointed, and served to the surrender.

COMPANY A

Michael J. Bulger, captain, was raised in Tallapoosa County; organized, March 22, 1862; mustered into service, May 26, 1862, with an aggregate, officers and men, of 82. It is supposed in the absence of any record, for none has been found, that recruits to this company numbered 10, making a grand aggregate of 92. Of these there were killed in battle, 10; died of disease, 13; wounded, 23; discharged for disability, 5; captured, 5; deserted, 5.

Captain Bulger was promoted lieutenant-colonel, August 23, 1862. John H. Ham succeeded to the captaincy. When mustered into service W. A. Herrin, J. H. Ham, and James Bradley were the lieutenants.

COMPANY B

Joseph Johnston, Jr., captain, was raised in Tallapoosa County, and was organized and mustered into service in May, 1862, with an aggregate, officers and men, of 102. Probable number of recruits received was 10, making a grand aggregate of 112. Of these there were killed in battle, 12; died of disease, 15; discharged for disability, 8; wounded, 25; captured, 7; deserted, 8.

Captain Johnston was killed in the battle of Gettysburg; was succeeded by Tom McDonald, who commanded the company to the surrender. J. Y. Johnston, Henry Simmons, and ——— Howell were the lieutenants at the time the company was mustered into service.

COMPANY C

Joseph T. Russell, captain, was raised in Tallapoosa County, and mustered into service May 26, 1862, and contained at that time an aggregate, officers and men, of 86. Probable number of recruits received was 8, making a grand aggregate of 94. Of these there were killed in battle, 9; died of disease, 11; wounded, 18; discharged for disability, 6; captured, 6; deserted, 5.

There is no record showing changes in company officers. Benjamin P. Young, William Ballard, and John H. Ward were the lieutenants when mustered into service. Captain Russell resigned, and Ballard succeeded him; was wounded and captured at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

COMPANY D

Albert Meniffie, captain, was raised in Tallapoosa and Chambers Counties, and mustered into service May 26, 1862. It contained at that time, officers and men, 78. Probable number of recruits was 7, making a grand aggregate of 85. Of these there were killed in battle, 8; died of disease, 10; wounded, 17; discharged for disability, 8; captured, 5; deserted, 6.

H. C. Lindsay, Nathan Crawford Kimbal, and W. W. Jemison were the lieutenants when mustered into service. Captain Meniffie was killed at Cedar Run. H. C. Lindsay succeeded him as captain, served to the surrender, and removed to Waco, Texas.

COMPANY E

James M. Campbell, captain, was raised in Cherokee and Calhoun Counties, and was organized April 30, 1862. It contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 116. Of these there were killed in battle, 19; died of disease, 18; wounded, 33; discharged for disability, 16; captured, 9; deserted, 6.

Captain Campbell was promoted major, August 23, 1862, and was succeeded by Robert R. Savage, who resigned November 10, 1862. F. S. J. Brandon was then made captain. He resigned September 1, 1863, and was succeeded by Joseph H. Hood, who resigned in consequence of the loss of one arm at the battle of Chickamauga; was succeeded by James A. Gaskin, who was killed in the charge on Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864. Lieutenant Cobb was then made captain, who was the sixth, and more fortunate than his predecessors, served through to the surrender.

COMPANY F

Eli D. Clower, captain, was raised in Tallapoosa County, and organized May 13, 1862, and contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 84. Of these there were killed in battle, 15; died of disease, 19; wounded, 35; discharged for disability, 6; captured, 10; deserted, 3.

Captain Clower continued with his company until the surrender, when he was commanding the regiment.

COMPANY G

J. V. McKee, captain, was raised in Tallapoosa County, and organized May 14, 1862. It contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 70. Of these there were killed in battle, 4; died of disease, 17; wounded, 19; discharged for disability, 9; deserted, 10.

Captain McKee died of disease June 11, 1863, and was succeeded by James Whitaker, who was severely wounded and captured at Gettysburg. He was exchanged and retired, his wound having disabled him. He was succeeded by J. G. Drummond, who was also retired on account of disability from a wound, November 1, 1864. He was succeeded by First Lieut. H. W. Wells, who surrendered the company at Appomattox. At last accounts he was residing at Columbiana, Alabama.

COMPANY H

John T Fargurson, captain, was raised in Chambers and Tallapoosa Counties, and organized May 23, 1862. It contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 93. Of these there were killed in battle, 17, wounded, 32; died of disease, 14; captured, 6; discharged for disability, 10; deserted, 3.

Captain Fargurson resigned November 18, 1862, and was succeeded by Joseph Q. Burton, who served through to the surrender. First Lieut. W. C. McIntosh was disabled by a wound received at Cedar Run, and resigned. He was succeeded by J. F. Berry. Second Lieut. L. H. Carlisle resigned, and was succeeded by E. B. Coggin, who was mortally wounded at Chickamauga. Third Lieutenant Turner resigned, and was succeeded by J. F. Bentley.

COMPANY I

James W Jackson, captain, was raised in Chambers County, and organized April 18, 1862. It contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 113. Of these there were killed in battle, 10; wounded, 38; died of disease, 19; captured, 6; discharged for disability, 15; deserted, 6.

Captain Jackson was elected lieutenant-colonel of the regiment at its organization. James W Kellum succeeded him as captain, and resigned October 31, 1862. He was succeeded by Albert Towles, who was dropped from the rolls February 28, 1863, by sentence of court martial. He was succeeded in the captaincy by Ike H. Vincent, who served through to the surrender. He was afterwards the noted State Treasury defaulter, who went to the penitentiary for his crime, and died in Texas in the year 1897.

COMPANY K

James M. Oliver, captain, was raised in Tallapoosa and Chambers Counties, and organized April 29, 1862. It contained during its existence a membership, officers and men, of 110. Of these there were killed in battle, 17; wounded, 32; died of disease, 24; discharged for disability, 4; captured, 3; deserted, 6.

Captain Oliver was elected colonel at the organization of the regiment, and was succeeded in the captaincy by Jas. W Herrin, who resigned August 12, 1862. He was succeeded by James A.

Sanford, who was killed at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. James A. Todd then succeeded to the captaincy, and commanded to the surrender. Four captains, all of whose first names were James—an unusual coincidence.

The regiment was not throughout blessed with good officers, but there was no regiment in the Confederate Army composed of better material for efficient service and hard fighting. All honor to the brave officers and men who served with it and did their duty so well.

Battles in Which the Regiment Participated

Cedar Run, August 9, 1862, actively engaged.

Second Manassas, August 30, 1862, actively engaged.

Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862, actively engaged.

Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862, under artillery fire but not actively engaged.

Suffolk, Virginia, from April 12 to May 3, 1863, skirmishing, but not otherwise engaged.

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863, actively engaged.

Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19 and 20, 1863, actively engaged.

Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863, actively engaged.

Knoxville, Tennessee, November 29, 1863, a siege and skirmishing.

Dandridge, Tennessee, January 6, 1864, a lively skirmish.

Wilderness, Virginia, May 6, 1864, actively engaged.

Spottsylvania Court House, May 8, 10, and 12, 1864, actively engaged.

Hanover Junction, May 25, 1864, skirmishing and artillery fire.

Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, actively engaged, but fought behind works.

Chester Station, near Bermuda Hundred, June 17, 1864, actively engaged for a short time.

Petersburg, from June 18 to July 28, in trenches under fire of sharpshooters, but no regular engagement.

Near Fussell's Mills, August 16, 1864, actively engaged.

Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864, actively engaged.

Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864, actively engaged—charged and took lines of enemy's breastworks, and in charging the third time Colonel Terrell was killed. A greater loss than would have been one hundred men.

The regiment was not in any other engagement, but was with Lee on his retreat, and surrendered at Appomattox, but was not then larger than one good company at the beginning of the war. It stacked about 100 muskets.

The regiment contained from first to last, officers and men, 969. Of these there were killed in battle, 110; wounded, 256; died of disease, 160; discharged for disability, 81; captured and not exchanged, 57; deserted, 58.

THE FORTY-EIGHTH ALABAMA REGIMENT

This regiment was organized and mustered into service for three years, or during the war, at Auburn, on May 22, 1862 (it is worthy of note that on the same day, at the next station, but six miles distant, the Forty-seventh Alabama Regiment was organized and mustered into service), with the following field and staff officers: James L. Sheffield, colonel; A. A. Hughes, lieutenant-colonel; J. J. Aldridge, major. Thomas B. Harris, adjutant, wounded at Cedar Run and resigned. J. T. Eubanks succeeded him, but was transferred to the line.

H. S. Figures was appointed adjutant and killed at the battle of the Wilderness. F. M. Kitchell was then appointed and served to the surrender.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes resigned October 15, 1862. Major Aldridge succeeded him as lieutenant-colonel, but soon after resigned.

William M. Hardwick was promoted to major, and then to lieutenant-colonel; was captured and remained a prisoner of war.

Col. William C. Oates, while in command of the Fifteenth Regiment, a good part of 1864, also had command of the Forty-eighth and was with it when he lost his arm. On his recommendation, Captain Wigginton was promoted to major in the fall of 1864, and ever after commanded the regiment. He lived in Cleburne County and died about twenty-five years after the close of the war.

COMPANY A

A. J. Aldridge, captain, was raised in Blount County, and mustered in on April 7, 1862, and contained during its existence an aggregate, officers and men, of 106. Of these there were killed in battle, 11; died of disease, 16; wounded, 28; discharged for disability, 6; captured, 6; deserted, 7.

The captain resigned July 15, 1862, and was succeeded by J. J. Aldridge, who was promoted lieutenant-colonel and R. Graves succeeded to the captaincy of the company.

COMPANY B

Thomas J. Burgess, captain, was raised in Marshall County, and mustered into service on April 7, 1862, and contained during its existence an aggregate, officers and men, of 99. Of these there were killed in battle, 8, died of disease, 20, wounded, 16; discharged for disability, 6; captured, 5; deserted, 7.

The captain resigned July 20, 1862. The muster roll does not show who succeeded him, but does show that Lieut. G. W. Chamley was commanding the company on January 1, 1865.

COMPANY C

W. S. Walker, captain, was raised in Marshall County, and mustered into service on April 7, 1862, and contained during its existence an aggregate, officers and men, of 97. Of these there were killed in battle, 15; died of disease, 16; wounded, 12; discharged for original disability, 5; captured, 22; deserted, 12.

The captain resigned October 1, 1862, and was succeeded by J. M. Bedford, who resigned August 11, 1863, and was succeeded by H. C. Kinebrew.

COMPANY D

Samuel A. Cox, captain, was raised in Marshall County and mustered into service on April 7, 1862, and contained during its existence an aggregate, officers and men, of 81. Of these there were killed in battle, 9; died of disease, 9; wounded, 25; discharged for disability, 5; captured, 7; deserted, 9.

The captain died of disease April 28, 1863, and was succeeded by T. J. Eubanks, who was killed at Wauhatchie, in Lookout

Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863. Muster roll does not show who succeeded him as captain.

COMPANY E

Samuel K. Raybun, captain, was raised in Marshall, Jackson and DeKalb Counties, and contained during its existence an aggregate, officers and men, of 127. Of these there were killed in battle, 16; died of disease, 19; wounded, 32; discharged for disability, 10; captured, 28; deserted, 21.

The captain resigned, having been elected brigadier-general of militia. He was succeeded by Phillip B. Gilbert, who resigned, and was succeeded by Isom B. Small, who died of disease on June 24, 1864. Roll fails to show the successor.

COMPANY F

Reuben Ellis, captain, was raised in Blount County, and mustered into service on April 10, 1862, and contained during its existence an aggregate, officers and men, of 87. Of these there were killed in battle, 4; died of disease, 10; wounded, 20; discharged for disability, 10, captured, 9, deserted, 6.

The captain was severely wounded in the battle of Cedar Run, and resigned. The muster roll does not show who succeeded him. Lieut. Jeremiah Edwards was in command of the company at the close of the year 1864.

COMPANY G

John S. Moragne, captain, was raised in Etowah and Cherokee Counties, and mustered into service on May 10, 1862, and contained during its existence an aggregate, officers and men, of 97. Of these there were killed in battle, 9; died of disease, 18; wounded, 31; discharged for disability, 8; captured, 2; deserted, 2.

The captain resigned August 15, 1862, and was succeeded by A. L. Woodliff, who likewise resigned, and was succeeded by N. H. McDuffie, who appears by the record to have served during the war.

COMPANY H

R. C. Golightly, captain, was raised in Cherokee County, and was mustered into service on April 29, 1862, and contained during its existence an aggregate, officers and men, of 109. Of these there were killed in battle, 13; died of disease, 11; wounded, 27; discharged for disability, 11; captured, 12; deserted, 2.

The captain was killed at Sharpsburg, Maryland, and was succeeded by Wm. M. Hardwick, who was, in the fall of 1862, promoted to major for his gallantry in the second battle of Manassas, and the next spring to lieutenant-colonel, and then captured. He lives at Hardwickburg, in Henry County, Alabama. T. J. Lumpkin succeeded Hardwick as captain.

COMPANY I

J. W. Wigginton, captain, was raised in Cherokee, a part of which is now Cleburne County, and was mustered into service on April 26, 1862, and contained during its existence an aggregate, officers and men, of 107. Of these there were killed in battle, 15; died of disease, 18; wounded, 27; discharged for disability, 6; captured, 8; deserted, 7.

Captain Wigginton served until promoted major in the winter of 1864, when R. T. Ewing succeeded him. He served through to the surrender, and has of late years represented Cherokee County twice in the General Assembly.

COMPANY K

Moses Lee, captain, was raised in Calhoun County, and was mustered into service in May, 1862, and contained an aggregate, officers and men, of 96. There is not extant any accurate account of its casualties, but the following is an approximately correct statement, to wit: Killed in battle, about 12; died of disease, 16; wounded, 25; discharged for disability, 6; captured, 8; deserted, 7.

The regiment contained from first to last an aggregate, officers and men, of 1,006. Of these there were killed in battle, 112; died of disease, 153; wounded, 243; discharged for disability, 73; captured, 107; deserted, 80.

Battles in Which the Regiment Participated

Actively engaged and suffered considerable loss, Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain, Virginia, August 9, 1862.

Actively engaged, with considerable loss, Second Manassas, August 29 and 30, 1862.

Under fire, but not very actively engaged, Chantilly Farm, near Germantown, Virginia, September 1, 1862.

Under fire, but not engaged, Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862.

Actively engaged, with a good many casualties, Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 17, 1862.

Actively engaged, with slight loss, Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862.

Actively engaged, with some loss, Suffolk, Virginia, siege of two weeks; engaged May 3, 1863.

Actively engaged, with severe loss, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2 and 3, 1863.

Actively engaged, with considerable loss, Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19 and 20, 1863.

Actively engaged, with some loss, Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, Tennessee, October 28, 1863.

Actively engaged, with but slight loss, Campbell's Station, Tennessee, November, 1863.

Actively engaged, with some loss, Knoxville, Tennessee, November 25, 1863.

A skirmish with but slight loss, Dandridge, Tennessee, January 16, 1864.

Actively engaged, with considerable loss, Wilderness, Virginia, May 6, 1864.

Actively engaged, with considerable loss, Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 8, 10, 11, 1864.

Actively engaged—fought behind breastworks, and hence loss was slight, while that of the enemy was heavy—Turkey Ridge, or Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

Actively engaged, with some loss, near Bermuda Hundred, Chester Station, Virginia, June 17.

Under fire nearly every day for weeks, with some loss, Petersburg, Virginia.

Under terrific fire of a gunboat in James River, with some loss, New Market Heights, Virginia, August 14, 15, 1864.

Very actively engaged in the thick of the fight, with very heavy loss, near Fussell's Mills, on Darbytown Road, Virginia, August 16, 1864.

In the battle, but with small loss, Fort Gilmer, Virginia, September 29, 1864.

Charged the fort, but were repulsed with loss, Fort Harrison, Virginia, September 30, 1864.

Actively engaged, with slight loss, Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864.

Engaged, but with small loss, Darbytown Road, October 13, 1864.

Engaged, with small loss, Williamsburg Road, October 27, 1864.

Under fire and in skirmish several times in 1865, but in no regular engagements up to the surrender at Appomattox.

Maj. J. W. Wigginton was in command at the surrender, and the regiment stacked less than one hundred muskets.

No soldiers ever did better fighting on any field than did those hardy mountaineers on the 16th day of August, 1864. They killed and wounded of the enemy as many as their own numbers, and captured a greater number of prisoners than there were of themselves—a rare achievement for any regiment ever to accomplish. On that field a monument should be erected to their memory by the State of Alabama.

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