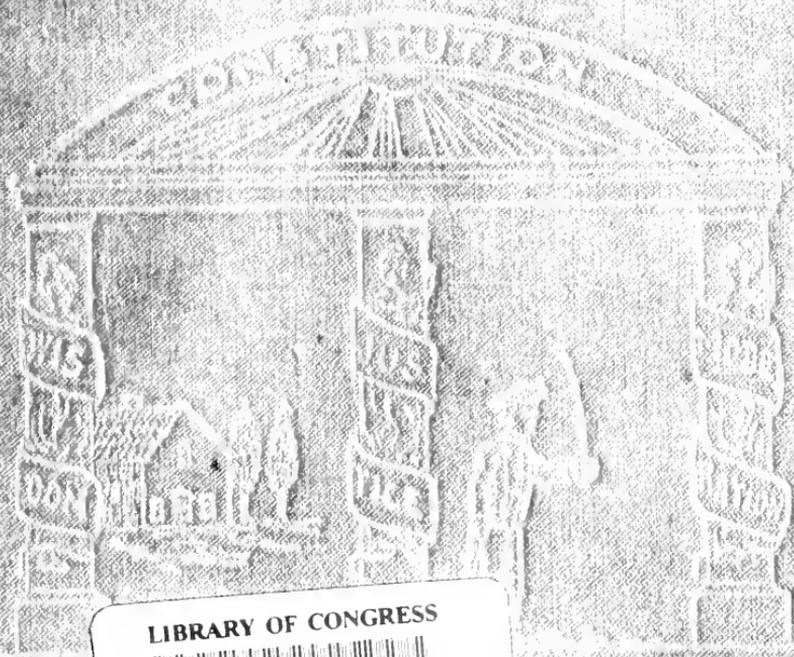
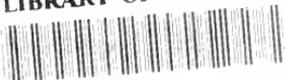


FOUR YEARS ON THE FIRING LINE



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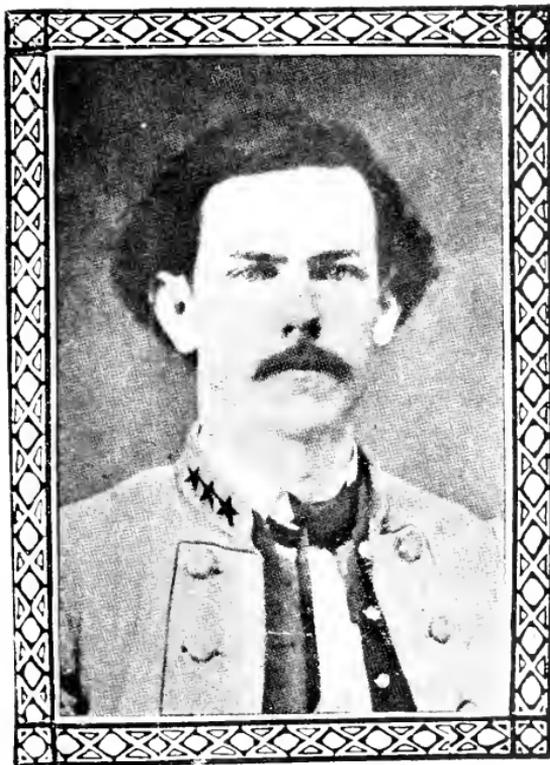


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Captain Company H, 21st Georgia Regiment, Trimble's Brigade, Ewell's Division, Jackson's Corps, 1861-1863 Colonel 66th Georgia Regiment, Wilson's Brigade, Walker's Division, Army of Tennessee, 1863-1865.

FOUR YEARS ON THE FIRING LINE

BY
COL. JAMES COOPER NISBET



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“Here is naught unproven, here is nothing hid,
Step for step, and word for word, so the old kings did.”

—*Kipling.*

W. B. E. 1314

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FOREWORD.

It is conceded that the Southerner put up his fight for his principles. Inherited experiences of the price of a principle were in him. His Huguenot, Covenanter, and Cavalier ancestry had waded hip-deep in blood for "what they then believed to be right!" "*Dieu et mon droit.*" It had the pull of a planet with the Southerner.

This book is a tribute to the Confederate Soldier.

Its pages are written in the interest of historic truth.

They record personal impressions and observations of the stirring times prior to and during the Civil War: and of the stormy Reconstruction Era: following the cessation of hostilities in the field. These stories of courage, fortitude, sacrifice, deal with the human side of the struggle: the pathos—the laughter—the tragedy—and even the comedy of four frantic years.

The campaigns and battles through which the writer passed are herein set down. All important facts mentioned are verified from the statements and records of "our friends, the enemy." Brief accounts are given of soldiers under whom and with whom I served: and of certain leaders of the opposing forces: with a full and free criticism of everybody and everything concerned.

"The fear of offending established views, destroys the powers of investigation." I write without fear or favor: with the unhindered pen of limpid candor: moved by "the fighting soul of a fighting man, proved in the long ago."

When the passions engendered by the Civil War are an extinct volcano, may some new Macaulay arise!—to give the world an unbiased history of the War Between the States: compiled from data furnished by the men who fought its battles.

THE SCOTCHMAN IN AMERICA.

Said Edmund Burke: "Those will not look forward to their posterity, who never look back at their ancestry." The posterity of the Southern colonist had to be reckoned with in the Southern Soldier. What was behind him? Emigrants driven to America by oppression, who taught their children to resist tyranny.

The Scotch people, imbued with the doctrine of "final perseverance" carry the idea into every undertaking: and Scotch persistence, bred in the bone, has created history "wherever they have made their mortal fight. Under great difficulties, against overwhelming odds, the Scotch succeeded in establishing Presbyterianism as the religion of Scotland. And for centuries, the Covenanter's immovable moral principle—moral dominance—made him a target for every shaft.

Execrable Jeffreys, "link'd to one virtue and a thousand crimes," vociferated in the assizes: "I can smell a Presbyterian forty miles!" which was possible, since the vulture does scent its prey for that distance! Taine cast this saying in the teeth of the prolific De Foe: "When he approaches fiction, it is with low ideals and moral aims:—like a Presbyterian and a plebian."

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Old Hudibras was hardly unfair to the Covenanters:

“For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant-saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun!”

In this our day, corrosive Ingersoll is moved to say: “Of all the ‘isms’ that ever afflicted mankind Presbyterianism is the worst.”

And a sharp-toothed critic whose bark is not worse than his bite, attacks James Lane Allen’s poetic style with the old gibe: “But behind the poet lurks the Presbyterian!”

Nevertheless, the faith of the Covenanters has withstood for centuries—always and everywhere—the onset of infidelity and oppression.

In America these people are spoken of as Scotch-Irish: a misnomer, if Scotch-Irish implies a graft of Scotch blood on Irish stock. Apart from the thousands of Scotchmen who came direct to America, what of the Ulstermen?—the Scotchmen who made a stepping-stone of the north of Ireland on their way to independence?

In the year 1609 was inaugurated a settlement of the plantations in Ulster by Scotch gentry from the “lowlands” around and between Glasgow and Edinburgh. They were selected by his Majesty James I for “their probity, intelligence, and industry.” The lands in Ulster—a million acres, or more—had been forfeited to the Crown. The earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel having carried on internecine wars—we call ‘em feuds in Kentucky!—for many years, found their possessions in ruins, taxes unpaid, and lands desolate. The English government put a stop to further fighting. Presto, the plucky Irishmen—branded as outlaws—took ship with some of their retainers, and sailed away to the Continent: taking with them the glorious memory of “illegant fight-

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thin" and leaving their paternal acres to King James.

To the Scotch settlers these lands were sold on favorable terms and conditions, as Indian lands are sold here. History sets forth that the new comers and their descendants were thrifty: improving the soil, building churches, schools, cities. A London colony had a grant of 210,000 acres near Derry. They settled there, and the town became in time Londonderry. About this time came the Huguenots; skilled artisans who escaped to these shores from France, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Later a large body of Hollanders were sent out by William of Orange: settling about Belfast. With these immigrants the Scotch intermarried: retaining, however, their racial characteristics and form of faith. With the native Irish Catholics it does not appear that the Scotch *did* intermarry. Between these two peoples existed a deadly hostility: irreconcilable differences in belief. Except in isolated instances, social contact was avoided. So the Scotch-Irishman was a Scotchman born in Ireland: not a man of Scotch and Irish parentage. One old historian, who was out of this stock, observes: "They formed a distinct race from the native Celts: and were distinguished for enterprise, intellectual capacity and love of liberty."

It was the non-conformist laws begun under Elizabeth in 1558, and continued under the Stuarts, and even under William of Orange, which drove so many people of Scotch descent to America in the two hundred years prior to the Revolution. Notwithstanding the heroic defense of Londonderry, and the successful battle of the Boyne, the English ecclesiastical laws continued to burden the Scotchmen. So, in the century and a half from 1620 to 1775, there occurred a still greater tide of emigration from the Lowlands of Scotland, and from the "stepping-stone" in Ireland, Ulster, to America. They came hating the English government. Oppo-

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sition was bred in the bone of their children. Landing, for the most part, at Philadelphia, they pushed inland: western Pennsylvania receiving the first great accession from this invasion. On, through the Cumberland Valley to the Potomac rolled the tidal wave of Covenanters. When the Virginia House of Burgesses granted them an Act of Religious Toleration, they overspread the Valley of Virginia from Harper's Ferry to Staunton: excepting that portion of Rockingham county settled by German protestants: and they also occupied the Piedmont country from Leesburg to Charlottesville.

This tide, turning south at length, was met by a similar invasion of Scotch Presbyterians coming from the ports of Wilmington and Charleston: to people the counties of middle North Carolina and northern South Carolina. Here was "The Fore-loper:"—come to gouge a home out of the wilderness.

"The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave
break in fire,
He shall fulfil God's utmost will unknowing His
desire:
And he shall see old planets pass and alien stars
arise:
And give the gale his reckless sail in the shadow
of new skies.
Strong lust of gear shall drive him out, and hunger
arm his hand
To wring his food from a desert nude, his foothold
from the sand.
His neighbor's smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices
break his rest.
He shall go forth till south is north, sullen and
dispossessed;
And he shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall
bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people and
a king:

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And he shall come back in his own track, and by
his scarce cool camp
There he shall meet the roaring street, the derrick
and the stamp:
For he must blaze a nation's ways with hatchet and
with brand,
Till on his last-won wilderness an empire's bul-
warks stand."

In the day of the musket and frying-pan—and conscience!—outfit, the preacher was not without authority. How did he use it in these Southern colonies? Bending across the little pine table which held The Word of God in the log meeting-house, the Covenanter delivered to his spell-bound congregation this message: "*We must fight!*"

"Sorely have our countrymen been dealt with: until forced to the declaration of their independence. Our forefathers in Scotland made a similar declaration and maintained it with their lives. It is now our turn to maintain this."

This was the sermon the old Covenanter, Martin, thundered into the ears of his flock at the Rocky Creek meeting-house on the Catawba river, in the rumble of the tempest—the American Revolution.

His listeners were "the descendants of the most vigorous and worthy Irish, Scotch, English and Welsh." Every mother's son of them believed "No man's authority is greater than any man's right."

Lo, the breed of the Southern Soldier! From these armies of Covenanters turned loose in America sprung up, in the fullness of years, the bigger part of the army of the Confederacy. From these undismayed souls—law-abiding, God-fearing, hard-fighting fellows—came forth The Man in Gray:—he whose doings shook the world.

The mass of Scotch Presbyterians was always aglow with "that very fiery particle" the Irish Presbyterian. After the Revolution he became the hornet of Education. He stood for attainments and

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"the hickory." He thrashed an education into the young Southerners.

Governor Gilmer, in his history of the settlement of Georgia, remarks: "The schools, in almost every instance, were taught by educated Irishmen: and the highest ambition of an Irish Presbyterian was to have his eldest son become a preacher."

The severance of the colonies from Great Britain, in numberless cases, meant the severance of the individual from the ties and claims of consanguinity: from rights, titles and inheritances more or less considerable. When the President of the United States wore leather shoe-strings as an item of "straight Democracy," he set the pace for other people. To be American a man must disdain lineage and noble forbears. If he were a younger son out of titled family,—there were then, as now, plenty of them in America—few persons were the wiser for it. Who cared? The aristocrat had become the poor pioneer. As a result of this state of things, The Man in Gray was, in thousands and thousands of instances, a scion of historic and noble families. Many a time he knew it. Many a time he didn't even know it. The wilderness smudges away distinctions. Howbeit, into the "melting-pot" of the Southern colonies went not only the "simple faith," but the "Norman blood." Specifically, the rank and file of the Southern armies boasted some of the best blood on earth. And plenty of it! As for the private—God bless him!—there were privates in our ranks whose pedigrees, as a matter of fact, are pointed out in Burke's Peerage. So, we are reminded of the Irish witticism: "Faith, every man is as good as every other one,—an' bet-ther too!"

In the Scotch output *via* Philadelphia in the year 1730 was one antecedent of the Southern Soldier that I know most about. His name was John Nisbet. He was a descendent of that historic religious turbulent, Murdoch Nisbet, of Hardhill, London parish, Scotland. Murdoch Nisbet—born in the

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year 1500—was one of those religious precursors of the Reformation who suffered exile for his principles. He left behind him, at his death, his translation of the Scriptures from the original, and a great-grandson who became—at the conjunction of the Man and the Hour—a martyr to his faith. This was John Nisbet I. He was Captain John Nisbet of the Army of the Covenant. He, too, was born at Hardhill, Scotland: in 1627. He saw military service abroad, before he became an officer in the Army of the Covenant. After the battle of Bothwell's bridge, he was captured by Claverhouse's cavalry. He was tried by the infamous Jeffreys at "the bloody assizes" in Edinburg: "with the Duke of Argyle and other prominent Scotch leaders, he was convicted of treason against the English government, and executed December 4th, 1685. Hume mentions his as "gallant John Nisbet." Lord Torfoot, in his memoirs—Edinburg Library—refers to him in the same manner. And "honest old John Nisbet" was the tender name given him by Sir Robert Hamilton, his commander-in-chief.

Afterward, when the cause of the Covenanters had prevailed, John Nisbet's son, James Nisbet, became Governor of Edinburg Castle; and wrote and published (1749) the life of his father: (Edinburg Public Library) from which volume these facts are derived. James's son, John Nisbet II, was born 1705, and came to America in 1730. Landing at Philadelphia, as already mentioned, he finally settled in Bladen County N. C.—afterwards Rowan County—about 1735. There, in "Thyatira Cemetery" he is buried, with "Sarah, his faithful wife; who departed this life in ye month of October 1764." The son of these two people.—John Nisbet III—was born 1738. He married Mary, the daughter of Colonel Alexander Osborne, and "was a man of distinction in his day: prominent in the Revolutionary struggle." Of him, one of the histories of North Carolina says: "He was a man whose brains, wealth, and activities

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were employed in the service of his country. His death was lamented." (Statesville, North Carolina, 1813.)

"His son, James Nisbet, after graduation, took his diploma in medicine from Jefferson College, Philadelphia. He moved to Georgia, with his negroes and settled a plantation near Union Point in Greene County. He married Penelope Cooper; daughter of Captain Thomas Cooper, who had come to Georgia from Virginia in 1793; settling a plantation in the newly acquired Creek-Indian Lands, known as Hancock County. Captain Cooper had been a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses; an office then scarcely inferior in dignity, and superior in influence, to that of delegate to the Continental Congress. During the Revolution Thomas Cooper held a captaincy in "George Washington's Own." He died in 1779. James Nisbet and his wife, Penelope Cooper Nisbet, reared a large family; five sons and four daughters: several of whom became distinguished Georgians: notably, Eugenius A. Nisbet; whose decisions as judge of supreme court are still quoted as high authority. Judge Nisbet was an active trustee of the State University, member of the U. S. Congress, afterwards of the Confederate Congress, and an Elder in the Presbyterian Church. Another son was Franklin A. Nisbet: cotton-planter, legislator, and man of letters. He married Miss Arabella Alexander of Alabama. Their children and grand-children do honor to the name they bear. A third son was James A. Nisbet. He married Frances Rebecca, daughter of Dr. John Wingfield: of Madison, Georgia; a distinguished and highly cultivated gentleman. James A. Nisbet practiced law successfully in Macon, Georgia. He was a leading citizen in building up that section of the state. James Alexander Nisbet and Francis Wingfield Nisbet were my parents.

In May 1775 we find these people—Scotch-Americans—assembled in Charlotte, North Carolina, pro-

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mulgating "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence:" more than a year before others in the Colonies were ready to take such a step.

The "Declaration" was written by Dr. Ephraim Brevard, a relative of the Nisbet family; and the document read to the crowd assembled at the Charlotte Court House, by Dr. Brevard's brother, a lawyer of that place. The meeting at the Court House was called together by Col. Thomas Polk: a great-uncle of President Jas. K. Polk. President Polk's grandfather, Ezekiel Polk, was one of the signers of this momentous instrument:—an instrument in the most literal sense of the word; since it was meant "to instruct" and "to build up".

The authenticity of "The Mecklenburg Declaration has been questioned. Thomas Jefferson wrote a jocular letter to John Adams in which he expresses a doubt of its authenticity; saying: "I never heard of it until twenty years after." However, the legislature of North Carolina took the matter up; and appointed a committee of investigation. The British archives, and the Colonial archives of North Carolina were searched. It was ascertained that the Loyalist governor of North Carolina, Governor Martin, had obtained a copy of *The Cape Fear News*, in which The Mecklenburg Declaration was published, and had forwarded the inflammatory sheet to the British officials with a letter denouncing the "Declaration" as "infamous;" and recommending that the men who had signed it be seized for treason.

There were about thirty "signers".

And every man of 'em was a Presbyterian!

Governor Gilmer, a man of the highest character and cultivation, contributes his testimony regarding the Mecklenburg Declaration, in his History. It is new light—and lime-light—on old doubts. Those who would impugn the precedence of the movement for Independence, should read Gilmer's statement, here quoted *for the first time*.

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"The rumors about the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, so excited the Scotch-Irish of Mecklenburg that on the 10th of May 1775, they assembled in the little village of Charlotte to agree upon what they would do. They made the following Declarations of their opinions and purposes." (Then follows a copy of the instrument.) "There are still living some whose parents were in that assemblage." the old historian continues "and heard and read the resolutions; and from whose lips they learned the circumstances and sentiments of this remarkable Declaration. When the chairman of the meeting put the question: "Who will carry our resolves to the Congress of the Confederation?" James Jack, a bold, enthusiastic man, answered: "I will."

Immediately after a lone horseman might have been seen pressing his horse on through the country toward the north. When James Jack arrived in Philadelphia, he attended the Congress and delivered his message to some of its members. That body took no notice of it in its proceedings. The majority were not then prepared to jeopardize their lives and property by doing what was treasonable.

While the Declaration of Independence made by the Congress of the Confederation, on the 4th of July, 1776, has been upon the lips of every American upon every return of its anniversary, the Declaration of Independence made more than a year before, by the Mecklenburg people, remained for a long time unknown to fame. The fact that such a "Declaration" had been made, was unnoticed in history; unknown to the public; and denied when asserted:—until placed beyond dispute by the production of two copies which had continued in the possession of persons present when it was made: and by the finding of a copy which was sent to his Government by some British officer in the Southern Colonies, and deposited in the Colonial Office of London".

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It is unfortunate that Gilmer's *transcription* of The Mecklenburg "Declaration of Independence" is undated. *He testified that the date was May 10th, 1775.*

At that pregnant period there were few Methodists. Before the Revolution, Wesley sent out two ministers to America. (1769) In 1773 there were in the Thirteen States a membership of 1,160 Methodists. This number was reported at their first American Conference: Baltimore, 1772. This consisted of ten Methodist preachers: all born in England or Ireland. Being unable to take the oath of allegiance to the Colonies, or to sympathize with things American, these men all returned to England, except one: Asbury. By May 1773 there were 24 Methodist preachers and 4,921 members. Of these, seven preachers and one thousand members returned to England at the outbreak or hostilities.

In Rhode Island Roger Williams had a big backing of Baptists: and there were a few scattered throughout the Colonies. In 1727 a church was organized in North Carolina, with a small congregation. In Virginia, about the same time, the Baptist Church was increased considerably by accessions from England. In 1770 Brown University, of Providence, was founded. The Baptists in the South though weak in numbers, were for Independence and religious freedom: and took an active part in the Revolution. Just before, and just after the war with Great Britain, there were Baptist revivals: and a phenomenal increase in the numbers of this church. After the Revolution both denominations—Baptists and Methodists—grew in numbers, rapidly. Our forefathers were embracing forms of church government better suited to pioneer life. Hence, during the Civil War the Presbyterians were in the minority, albeit the majority of the population was of Scotch stock.

It appears that the Episcopalians about Charlotte—that North Carolina village was the Oracle of

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American Independence:—at the inception of the Revolution were English; and loyal to the crown. English Episcopalians held inviolate the doctrine of Church and State: believing in prelacy. They had no quarrel with Great Britain; but loved the Mother-Country. At the outbreak of war, the Churchmen in the Northern States generally held with the British Government. Southern Churchmen, when the fight was on, were, for the most part, enlisted in the cause of the Great Rebellion.

There were a vast number of Loyalists. John Adams estimated that at the close of the struggle with Great Britain, "one third of the total population of three millions, were opposed to the measures of the Revolution." During the conflict many Loyalists fled to England, or to some of the British Possessions. A large number enlisted for active service, against their fellow-colonists: in regularly organized British regiments. Thousands took refuge in Canada; where, between forty and fifty thousand are said to have gone prior to 1786.

The reminiscences of these people record vicissitudes and disruption. History, as they made it, was a fierce experience. Their prolonged wanderings are an Odyssey of stirring interest. The fidelity of these people to the English Crown was unflinching. It was by these emigrants that the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were settled. The British Government made liberal provision to cover their losses.

The very spirit of the initiative, we find the Scotch-American on the Wautauga and Holston: always bound for the frontier; always,—where new land could be had—entering in to possess it: always the Prologue to Civilization. On, to middle Tennessee he pressed; making that state the stronghold of the Scotch-American breed in the United States. The richest lands became theirs by right of discovery and occupation. The settler of a later and safer period might take what his bold predecessor had no

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use for. After the Revolution, emigrants from the Carolinas, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, settled the "middle West." Still pushing westward with Sam Houston, Crockett and Fannin, the "Lone Star State" was added to our Republic. This was the breed of men that under the leadership of "the Lewises of Augusta County, Virginia," broke the backbone of Indian power at Point Pleasant, and opened up the Ohio River. Under the same leaders they saved Braddock's army at Fort Du Quesne: and it was Daniel Morgan's regiment from the Valley of Virginia that secured victory at Saratoga. When Morgan was presented to General Burgoyne, the latter exclaimed: "My dear Sir, you command the finest regiment in the world;" Morgan was made Brigadier-General and sent to Greene's assistance in South Carolina, and was the hero of the "Cowpens." He died at his beautiful home "Saratoga" and is buried near Winchester, Virginia.

At Brandywine; Cowpens; King's Mountain; Guilford Court House; Yorktown, The Scotch-American was the chief factor of success to the American arms. And still later, in the person of General Andrew Jackson at New Orleans and in the make-up of his army. The Scot in Scotland, in Ireland, in America, never loses his racial identity. "Semper Eadem" is the motto that fits the man. That which he was at Derry and the Boyne, and in the battles of the Civil War, that will he be whenever his country calls. Wheresoever he makes his "mortal fight" he is always the first to start, and the last to stop.

Ex-Governor Joseph Johnston of Alabama, says: "In the war between the States, the two most largely populated by the "Scotch-Irish" race, led all the rest in the splendor of their achievements; and the greatest loss occurred when the Iron Soldiers of North Carolina, and Western Pennsylvania, descendants of the same race and stock, met on the field of battle, and locked arms in the embrace of death."

FOUR YEARS ON THE FIRING LINE

The greatest loss sustained by any regiment during the Civil War, was that of the 26th. North Carolina at Gettysburg. It went into the fight 800 strong; its loss in killed and wounded was 580:—over seventy per cent. This loss was sustained in fighting the 151st Pennsylvania, and Cooper's Battery."

The Light Brigade at Balaklava, immortalized by historians and poets, lost, in that "wild charge they made," only thirty-three and a third per cent.

In 1861 the voting population of North Carolina was only 115,000, yet the state furnished the Confederate army 125,000 soldiers.

14,552 North Carolina troops fell in the field. The number of those who died from wounds, was 20,602. Total loss 35,124.

North Carolina resisted secession, but was first at Bethel—Col. D. H. Hill's North Carolina Brigade firing first shot—and last at Appomattox—Coxe's North Carolina Brigade firing the last shot.

When this Scotch blood gave its impulse to the Union Armies after 1862,—it poured in from Western Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois and the other middle-western states—it did more to turn the tide of battle, which had at first set in favor of the South, than the Puritan, German, or any other strain.

This stock has given eight Presidents to the United States. Of the Secretaries of the Treasury, one half the number are of this blood: as are one third of the Secretaries of State. Among them we find the names of Louis McClean, Thomas Ewing, John C. Calhoun, Thomas Corwin, Henry Clay, James Guthrie, Jefferson Davis, Salmon P. Chase, John C. Breckinridge, Hugh McCulloch, Jas. G. Blaine. The Puritan in America has received generous recognition, and so has the Cavalier. It is high time that justice be done the Scot, who has played the most prominent part in American Civilization.

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Among Revolutionary statesmen and orators, Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, and Patrick Henry led the van. Of Washington's 22 Brigadiers, nine were of Scotch descent. Andrew Jackson and his men gave us peace with the Indians and Great Britain, and wrested Florida from the Spaniards. Sam Houston, Crocket and Fannin gave us Texas. In the Civil War the names of such Unionists as Grant, McPherson, McDowell, McClellan, Gilmore and Frank Blair became salient. Among the Confederates of imperishable fame, were Jos. E. Johnston, James Longstreet, J. E. B. Stuart, and how many others?—all of the self-same breed. And there is yet another name which in itself is enough to shed an undying lustre over the ranks of the Lost Cause:—over the whole race of Scotch-Americans;—*Stonewall Jackson.*

In the field of invention, the American Scot bulks large. Henry and Morse, evolvers of the telegraph; Edison, the Avatar of Electricity; and Alexander Graham Bell, come first. Bell was born in Edinburg.

In manufactures, Cyrus McCormick is the genius of the harvest. The wheat-fields of the West are brought to our doors with his reapers. As for the iron-masters of Ohio and Pennsylvania, Scotch-Americans,—all. From Grant and Campbell—the first to use the Hot-Blast—to Andrew Carnegie: in whose colossal operations the iron and steel manufactures seem to culminate.

In transportation, the great Penn. R. R. system has been continuously in the hands of men of Scotch extraction: Edgar Thompson; McCulloch; Scott; McRee; Piteairn; Andrew Carnegie, A. J. Cassatt.

The fast printing-presses were developed by Gordon and Campbell.

The most notable editors in the United States were Bennett and Greely: one a Scotchman; the other an Ulsterman. Bennett is credited with the conception of the modern newspaper: a universal newsmonger.

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Greely, "our later Franklin," as he was termed by Whittier, made the newspaper the most efficient force ever used in the propagation of political conceptions.

In literature, the Scotch-American is eloquent. That patriarch of American Letters, Washington Irving, was the son of Scotch parents who had been but two years in America when the coming author—came.

Against the background of the world the Scotch-American stands in bas-relief:

II

PREMONITIONS OF WAR.

In 1856 I was preparing for college at a high-school in Rome, Georgia. There, I first met Algeron Sydney Hamilton, a son of Dr. Thomas Hamilton of Bartow,—then Cass County—Georgia. We were related through our common ancestor Captain Thomas Cooper.

Hamilton had just returned from “Bloody Kansas,” and had many stirring tales to tell of his adventures. He and his brothers, Charles and Peter, had taken their negroes there,—as authorized by the Kansas-Nebraska Act—and entered land. When the agitation over slavery had culminated in bloodshed, the Hamiltons had joined and fought with the “Missouri Ruffians,” under United States Senator Atchison, against the “Kansas Jay-Hawkers”. The pro-slavery men were at first successful, and organized the territory under the Le Compton Constitution: which authorizes slavery. This Constitution was rejected by Congress. Another election was ordered.

In the meantime, the crusade begun in the North by Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith and others, was equal to that begun by Peter the Hermit, when his proclamations aroused Europe to rescue the Holy Sepulchre.

The Eastern States were in a ferment. Much money was raised, and thousands of desperate men were sent into Kansas, armed with Sharpe’s rifles. The Southern men were overpowered by numbers, and many left the territory. Consequently, the Free-

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Soil party carried the next election. This party adopted a Constitution forbidding slavery.

With others, the Hamiltons left for Texas, with their negroes and teams; passing through the Indian Territory.

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise measure, adopted by Congress in 1822 through the efforts of Senator Clay, which had fixed the status of slavery in the Territories, now opened up anew the agitation which had been allayed for thirty-one years.

The admission of Missouri into the Union of States had been effected through compromise. This compromise-law admitted the state into the Union with a pro-slavery constitution, but provided that slavery should never be lawful north of latitude 36 deg. 30 min.—the Southern boundary of Missouri.

The Hon. Ben. H. Hill, of Georgia, regarded Stephen A. Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska Bill as "ill advised and in bad faith toward the North." In a prophetic speech, he said: "Take care, my fellow-citizens, that in endeavoring to carry slavery where nature's laws prohibit its entrance, and where your solemn faith is pledged it shall not go, you do not lose the right to hold slaves at all."

Rhodes, the historian says: "It is safe to say that in its scope and consequences, the Kansas-Nebraska Act was the most momentous measure from the organization of the Union of States to the outbreak of the Civil War. It sealed the doom of the two old parties. It aroused Lincoln, and gave a bent to his *ambition*. It made his election possible.

Hamilton, when twitted about having retreated from Kansas, answered that he and his brothers had "welcomed a fight in the open," but "when the desperadoes commenced to do secret murder,—slaying sleeping households in their beds;—then we threw up the sponge."

He mentioned one John Brown, and his sons, as very desperate characters; on the Free-Soil side. Little did we then know that this man, Brown,

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would thereafter acquire by his monstrous deeds, a world-wide infamy. To him, it will be necessary to refer again.

In the summer of 1859 I finished my college course; and that autumn I settled Cloverdale Stock Farm, in Lookout Valley, Dade County Georgia. The anti-slavery agitation had grown fiercer from year to year; fanned by the intemperate utterances of ultramen on both sides. At the North, Sumner, Seward, Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, etc. were loud-mouthed. At the South, Toombs, Yancy, Brooks, Ruffin, etc. gave tongue.

After the Dred Scot decision, Seward—or Garrison—announced that “The United States Constitution was a league with Hell and a covenant with Satan.” And he proceeded to proclaim a “Higher Law.”

Most of the Northern states passed “Personal Liberty Laws” as to escaped slaves: thus *nullifying* the Supreme Court decision. In the halls of Congress Toombs cast this saying in the teeth that were on edge. “I will yet call the roll of my slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument.”

October 17th, 1859, the whole country was startled by the news that the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry had been seized by one Capt. John Brown and sixteen others from Kansas, five of whom were colored men; that they had killed a negro porter, and held sixty prominent citizens prisoners: Brown giving out that his object was, to free the slaves.” This affair created intense excitement throughout the country, especially in Virginia. The old citizens remembered that it was near the scene of “Nat Turner's Insurrection,” twenty-eight (28) years before, in which the negroes, led by Turner, killed fifty-eight (58) white persons in forty-eight hours. (See Bryant and Gays' History of the United States Vol. 4) “Surreptitiously without loss to the insurgents.” John Brown and his party were captured by Col. Robt. E. Lee and his United States Regulars, and one of Brown's four sons was killed in taking the arse-

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nal. John Brown was tried under the laws of Virginia for murder, and inciting slaves to insurrection, found guilty and executed. Of this F. B. Sanborn author of the "Life and Letters of John Brown," says "From the Crucifixion at Jerusalem a light sprang forth that was reflected back without obstruction from the ugly gallows of Virginia. John Brown took up his cross and followed the Lord, and it was enough for this servant, that he was as his master" (Life and Letters of John Brown page 118) Now that he has been canonized, and by many almost deified, it is well to enquire into his life and deeds: especially as an Ex-President of the United States "who has undoubtedly read the thirteenth and fifteenth verses of the twentieth chapter of Exodus," with all the facts before him, essays to hold John Brown up, "As representing the men and generation who rendered the *greatest service ever rendered* this country: A man of heroic valor, grim energy, and fierce fidelity to big ideals. "What were Brown's "big ideals"? How got he his halo? What is the essence of evidence concerning this man? What are the statements of his own friends? One of his admirers, Oswald Garrison Villard in his biography of John Brown styled "Fifty years After"—speaking of some of Brown's business transactions says, "June 15, 1839, Jno. Brown received for the New England Woolen Co., the sum of \$2,800 through its agent Geo Kellogg for the purchase of Wool, which money he used for his own benefit and was unable to redeem it. At his death in 1859 his debt was still unpaid and John Brown bequeathed \$50 toward its payment by his last will and testament. A late letter of the eminent physician and surgeon John A. Wyeth L. L. D. of New York to the *New York Sun* says: F. B. Sanborn, author of the "Life and Letters of John Brown," declares, "One of the men killed at Ossawatimie, Kansas, was Mr. William Sherman, a member of the Territorial Legislature. He was surprised in his bed about two o'clock in the morning,

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May 20th, 1856. Those who accomplished it were under John Brown's orders and were directed in all their movements by John Brown." (See page 258). Sanborn also says, "the men who composed this party were John Brown, his four sons, and his son-in-law Henry Thompson, a Mr. Weiman and James Townsley." James Harris in his testimony before a committee of Congress, swore: "I took Mr. William Sherman out of the creek and examined him, Sherman's skull was split in two places. A large hole was cut in his breast, and his left hand was cut off." Sanborn says "when the bodies of the dead were found there went up a cry that they had been mutilated." Dr. Wyeth says, "ordinarily two gashes through the skull would suffice, without lopping off a hand, however the director was a man of 'high ideals,' and mutilation seemed to be necessary." Another of the victims was a Mr. Wilkerson who was the postmaster at Shermanville, also a member of the Legislature. Mrs. Wilkerson, in her testimony before the Congressional Committee said that she was sick in bed with the measles, that she begged them to let her husband stay with her, as she was helpless." "The old man, (Brown) who seemed to be in command looked at me and then around at the children, and replied, 'you have neighbors.' Then they took my husband away. One of them came back and took two saddles. The next morning Mr. Wilkerson was found. I believe that one of Capt. Brown's sons was in the party that murdered my husband. My husband was a quiet man, and was not engaged in arresting or disturbing anybody." Three Doyles, father and two sons, both of the lads under age, were also murdered. This done the horses and saddles of the dead men were "taken along" (according to Sanborn) to Northern Kansas and traded off. This author styles the killing of these persons 'executions' those killed in retaliation by pro-slavery men "murders."

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As to the Doyle family, the following letter taken from the original now in the Archives at Richmond, Virginia, where it was deposited with other of the John Brown documents, will be of interest:

“Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 25th, 1859.

“JOHN BROWN, Sir:

“Although vengeance is not mine, I confess that I am gratified to hear that you were stopped in your fiendish career at Harper’s Ferry. With the loss of your two sons, you can now appreciate my distress in Kansas, when you entered my home at midnight and arrested my husband and two boys, took them out of the yard and in cold blood shot them dead. This was in my hearing. You can’t say you did it to free the slaves: we had none and never expected to own one. You made me a disconsolate widow with helpless children. While I feel for your folly, I trust you will meet your just reward. O, how it pained my heart to hear the dying groans of my husband and children! N. B. My son, John Doyle, whose life I begged of you, is now grown up, and very desirous to be at Charlestown on the day of your execution; that he might adjust the rope around your neck if Governor Wise will permit it.

(Signed)

“MRS. M. DOYLE.”

John Doyle, mentioned in the above letter, is now a good citizen of Chattanooga, and a Confederate Veteran. He says, “I obtained permission from Governor Wise, of Virginia, to “adjust the rope,” however a “*Washout*” on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad prevented my reaching the scene of ‘execution’ in time.”

III.

A Protest from Tennessee.

Mrs. May Doyle Saunders, daughter of John Doyle, says: "In the year 1855 the Doyle family left East Tennessee to settle in Kansas. They travelled across the country in wagons. They arrived in Franklin County, Kansas, in November. My grandfather, Jas. P. Doyle, staked his claim for one hundred and sixty acres. They built a house and settled down to live.

My grandfather did not own any slaves, his idea of moving to Kansas was not for any political purposes, but he had a large family of boys and thought they could do better there than in this section of country. After my grandfather and two uncles were murdered, my grandmother gathered up the remnant of her family and came back to East Tennessee to live. My father, John Doyle, (the boy who was spared in Kansas), is the last one of the Doyle family; seventy-two years old. He is well and hearty, and does not look his age by ten years. He served through the Civil War under General Joe Wheeler; Second Tennessee Cavalry, Ashby's Brigade. I was reading an article in "*Life*" signed "Constant Reader" entering a protest against John Brown's statue being placed in the "Hall of Fame." I entered my protest, which "*Life*" published under the head of "A Protest from Tennessee."

(Signed)

MRS. MAY DOYLE SAUNDERS,

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 26th, 1910.

John Brown led an expedition into Missouri, and forcibly took from their owners, slaves, horses, and

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other property; and killed one man who resisted the taking of his effects; and as a result of these and other unlawful acts, he (according to Sanborn) left Kansas pursued by United States troops, (page 340), and to escape arrest and punishment lived in various places under different aliases. In a letter to Eli Thayer, dated April 16th, 1857, this man of "High Ideals, Heroic Valor, and Grim Energy," says, "I am advised that one of Uncle Sam's hounds is on my track." (Page 382). Of the "high idealism" which was rampant at this period, this letter from Theodore Parker, a great divine of Boston, may be an indication: "My Dear Judge Russell: If John Brown falls into the hands of United States Marshall from Kansas, *he is sure of the gallows*, or of something worse. If I were in his position, I would shoot dead any man who attempted to arrest me for those alleged crimes. I would be tried by Massachusetts jury and acquitted." (Page 512). The next we hear of John Brown was at Harper's Ferry, September, 1857. He captured the Government arsenal, which was treason: he killed a negro porter who was running away. This was murder. He had one thousand pikes to arm the negroes of the neighborhood when they should rise and murder all the whites: including women and children: as Nat Turner did. The pikes were paid for out of \$4,000 contributed for this expedition, by George L. Stearns, Dr. Howe, Theodore Parker, Col. Higginson, F. B. Sanborn, (author), Gerritt Smith and others. Sanborn (page 523) says, "out of a little more than \$4,000 in money which passed through the hands of the *secret committee* in aid of his Virginia enterprise, at least \$3,000 was given with a *clear knowledge* of the use to which it would be put." Brown, himself, according to Sanborn (page 572) said, after he was a prisoner, "If I had only got the thing fairly started, you Virginians would have seen sights that would have opened your eyes." Prof. John W. Burgess, of Columbia

A PROTEST FROM TENNESSEE

University, Rooseveltian professor at Berlin, in his work on John Brown, refers to his career in Kansas, and concludes by saying: "Some men have professed to find virtue in this *noxious compound*; but such minds *have lost their moorings*, and are roaming without *star or compass* over the *borderland* between *reason* and *insanity*."

IV.

A Protest from Massachusetts.

In the *Sunday Telegram* of Worcester, Massachusetts, September 18th, 1910, we find another protest, as follows: "Miss Eva Alden Thayer, of 10 Hawthorne street, has removed the picture of former President Theodore Roosevelt from the reception room of her home, and placed it *in the cellar*, as a mark of her disapprobation of some of his recent utterances as to ante-bellum conditions in Kansas. Miss Thayer is the daughter of Eli Thayer, former member of Congress from the Worcester district, who was associated with Dr. Charles Robinson in a successful endeavor to make Kansas a free state. Roosevelt, in his speech at Ossawottamie, Kansas, totally ignores the work of both of these men, and yielded the palm to John Brown. Miss Thayer contends that Brown, instead of working to secure the admission of the state into the Union as a free state, was *murdering the inhabitants thereof*, and his presence in the state was *greatly deplored*; as his object was to promote clashes with the lawless people of Missouri, and those who were trying through peaceful measures to make Kansas a free state. Miss Thayer points out that President William Taft, at Topeka, May 30th, 1904, (then Secretary of War), speaking to fill an appointment of his chief (President Roosevelt), declared, that 'the credit for the admission of Kansas as a free state is due to Eli Thayer and Dr. Charles Robinson.'" Taft spoke at Topeka to fill an appointment for Mr. Roosevelt, and it is reasonable to suppose that the War-Secretary

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voiced the sentiments of his chief. It is an historical fact that it was Eli Thayer and Dr. Charles Robinson who are responsible for the admission of the state, January 29th, 1861, as a free state: and it is certainly the height of impertinence and audacity for the man who says he believes in the "Square Deal" to give this credit to John Brown, the Harper's Ferry insurrectionist. Eli Thayer, before he died, 1899, wrote a book which he called the "Kansas Crusade" and former President Roosevelt, in numerous letters, bestowed upon this work "lavish praises." Miss Thayer offers the speech of Mr. Taft at Topeka, May 30th, 1904, when Mr. Taft said, among other things: "When the enactment of the Kansas bill, 1854, presented the issue, 'Shall Kansas be free or slave?' a few men, hardly a dozen, determined to make her free by peopling the state with citizens who would forever exclude slavery. It is a noteworthy fact that the professed and prominent abolitionist scouted the idea that this could be a successful movement; *they refused* to engage as allies, because it did not *appear* with sufficient clearness that they were *casting themselves upon the altar in declared and open sacrifice* for the cause of the negro., The theorists seemed not content with the bringing in of the state of Kansas as a free state. They demanded that it must be brought in on the avowed *principle of love for the negro and in his interest*. Eli Thayer travelled from time to time in the North soliciting aid for his Emigration Society, and recruiting the ranks of the small bands of settlers already in Kansas. When it became necessary to have guns Thayer obtained and sent them.

There are no greater heroes in the history of this country than Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, and Dr. Charles Robinson, of Kansas." Says Miss Thayer, "In 1860 my father was a member of the convention that nominated Lincoln, he being sent as a delegate from Oregon.

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The convention adopted resolutions in effect, that *'John Brown' was one of the greatest criminals the world ever saw.*"

In the summer of 1860 I attended my sister's graduation from Abbott's College, Spingler Institute, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street, New York. Afterward, we visited Washington, the Northern and Eastern States, and Canada. The Presidential canvass between Lincoln Douglass, Breckinridge and Bell, was on. I heard much political discussion and hot utterances. Party spirit ran high.

When I returned home in the Fall I told my Southern friends the political uproar would end in Lincoln's election, on account of the split in the Democratic party.

Some of them retorted: "Well, we won't stand that. We will leave the Union!" "Then," I said, "there will be war: For *that* is evidently what the Abolitionists want. Don't you remember the prophesy made by Cobb, of Georgia, years ago, in the United States House of Representatives in regard to this same slavery agitation? 'This day a fire has been kindled which seas of blood will not serve to extinguish!'"

The agitation which had been going on for sixty years culminated in the election of Lincoln: November 6th, 1860.

The Abolitionists looked upon their victory as a "casus belli." They had thrown down the gauntlet. Now let the South pick it up,—by committing some overt act which could be construed as treason. This pretext was soon found in the Acts of Secession of the Southern States.

V.

A SOUND CHESTNUT.

The Constitution sets forth that "all men are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed: that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government; laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Thirteen years after this Declaration was penned the Thirteen States met to form a Union. In adopting a Constitution, several of the States insisted on a clause allowing them to withdraw from the Union should the Union of States prove to be opposed to their interests.

To further this provision, the ninth and tenth amendments were adopted; with the adoption of the original Constitution; which expressly recognized slaves as property that should be surrendered to the owner, in case of the escape of such property into a free State.

That the Constitution recognized the right of a State to secede from the Union, was strongly asserted and insisted upon by all the New England States when they met in convention at Hartford, in 1814, to protest against a continuance of the war with England. Their ablest lawyers and business

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men were delegates to that convention; and they declared "that said States would exercise their *Constitutional Rights* to secede from the Union, if the war with England did not cease."

When the war of 1812 was declared, the South went into that contest in the protection of Northern interests and to vindicate the commercial rights of New England: for the South "had neither ships to search nor seamen to be impressed."

Under a pretended opposition to the "Embargo Acts," the New England States ignobly backed out of the conflict, and left the South and West to bear the brunt of it. Soon after, our arms on land and sea were victorious; England sued for peace; and *this outcome* kept the New England States in the Union.

As a logical sequence to these facts, when the question of secession came up in Georgia, in the winter of 1860-61, the Constitutional Right of a State to secede from the Union, was admitted by such able Union men as Alexander H. Stephens; Ben Hill; and Herschell V. Johnston. They plead against secession on the ground of expediency. Revolutionary and Mexican War memories. Mutual interests. It was impolitic to dismember the Government for the sake of slavery. The south should wait for some "Overt Act" on Lincoln's part. Thus the oracles.

Inestimable importance attaches to the clarity of one fact: viz, The Constitutional Right of any State or States to secede.

By this basic right, is the South's place in history determined.

Without that right, we were insurgents and rebels. With it, we were a great people in revolution for our rights.

This truth is now being conceded by fair minds at the North.

VI

THE CALL TO ARMS

In January 1861, Georgia, "carried away by the emotion of the hour," followed South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana in seceding from the Union. Other slave-states followed Georgia, in quick succession.

President Lincoln was inaugurated March 4th, 1861. His inaugural address was very conciliatory. He promised that the "statu quo" should be preserved at Fort Sumter. The Citizens of Charleston pledged themselves to furnish the small garrison there, with such provisions as they required. Beef sent by the city to the garrison, was returned by Major Anderson.

In violation of his promise, President Lincoln proceeded to send provisions and re-enforcements to Fort Sumter. South Carolina's very existence was at stake. The State offered resistance; and reduced the Fort. Lincoln at once issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops for ninety days, to put down a rebellion declared to exist in certain states.

The Northern States, in hypocritical frenzy over the usurpation of New England's *prerogative rights to Secession*, responded to Lincoln's call.

The States of North Carolina; Virginia; Arkansas; Missouri; and Tennessee joined the other States in refusing to furnish troops for coercion. Delegates were appointed from all the seceding States to meet in Montgomery, Alabama. They met: and a Constitution was adopted, modelled after the Constitution of the United States.

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By this body Senator Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was elected President of the Confederate States of America. The Confederate Congress called on the seceding States for certain quotas of troops to repel invasion.

It was thought at the time, that the South was peculiarly fortunate in having as President a man who was at once a Statesman and trained soldier. Mr. Davis was a graduate of West Point; had seen service on the Plains as an officer in the United States Army, and had distinguished himself in the Mexican War. He made a record at Buena Vista, as Colonel of the 1st Mississippi Rifles: afterwards as Secretary of War during Pierce's Administration. He had always been conservative. As a debater and parliamentarian he had stood in the United States Senate in significant prominence.

Certain border-states, especially Virginia, Kentucky and North Carolina, were trying to prevent the disruption of the Union: and to secure peace. The Virginia Legislature refused to call a state Convention, but called a "Peace Convention," to meet in Washington in December; inviting delegates from every state in the Union.

The Peace Convention met. Twenty-one States were represented. The effort failed. Why? Because of the opposition of the abolitionists;—led principally by Horace Greely, editor of the *New York Tribune*, and Abraham Lincoln, President-elect of the United States.

In the meantime, the Union men of the South were doing all they could to stem the tide, and stay disruption. The above-mentioned States with Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, were still standing fast for the Union.

The efforts and procedures of the different States were much the same. The action of North Carolina may be mentioned as showing how rapidly events advanced and policies changed.

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On a vote for delegates to meet in Convention, North Carolina elected eighty-two Union men and thirty-eight Secessionists; and the popular vote was *against secession*. On the 12th of April, hostilities commenced at Charleston. On the 15th of April, Lincoln issued his proclamation for coercion; calling on each state for her quota of the required seventy-five thousand troops. On the 17th of April, Governor Ellis of North Carolina, who had been struggling for the Union cause, issued his patriotic rejoinder; and called the Legislature to meet in special session the 1st of May. On the 18th of April, the leading union paper of the state contained the following editorial:

“It is needless to remind our readers how honestly and earnestly we have labored to preserve our once great, glorious and beneficent Union. But with all these opinions unchanged, there is a change in the condition of affairs: a change with which neither we, nor the people of North Carolina, have or had, aught to do: and over which we have no control. President Lincoln’s Proclamation is “the last feather that breaks the camel’s back.” It proves that the professions of peace were a delusion and a cheat. A Civil war, whose end no man can see, is upon us. We can see nothing for our country but woe, woe, woe: Thank God, we can say that we have labored for peace; with no wish but to avert dire calamities in a way honorable to both sections.”

North Carolina declared for the Union on February 28th, but was an armed camp for resistance to invasion in less than fifty days later:—April 18th. On May 23rd, this state without waiting for the form of a legal secession, hurried her regiments to Virginia.

General Scott had planned to invade Virginia by four lines of approach: from Washington; from Fortress Monroe; from Harper’s Ferry; and from Ohio by the Kanawa river into West Virginia.

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Fortress Monroe was the obvious one. There, Gen. Ben Butler was sent with a brigade which included the crack Seventh Regiment of New York City.

The first North Carolina Regiment (Colonel D. H. Hill) —pronounced by military critics, as it marched through Richmond, “the best regiment ever seen,” was sent to Yorktown. Colonel Hill occupied a point between Yorktown and Fortress Monroe, known as Big Bethel Church.

On the 6th of June, Butler with his brigade and a regular battery, attacked Hill; and was defeated. Hill had with him Randolph’s Virginia Battery; which, on the approach of the Federals, opened on them. A shell from one of the howitzers struck the head of the advancing column—7th New York—killing a man. The regiment was thrown into confusion, and disappeared in the swamp. Hill had only one man killed: Wyatt, of the Edgecomb Company. He was the first Confederate killed in the Civil War.

In the hour of disruption the Old North State had clung to the Union. Driven into war by the acts of the United States Government, North Carolina’s troops were destined to open the conflict. This State furnished one-fifth of the South’s army in the Civil War. Official history shows that at Appomattox North Carolina mustered more men bearing arms than any other Confederate State.

When Joseph E. Brown called for volunteers to fill Georgia’s quota of twelve months troops for Confederate service, companies responded promptly; were ordered into camps of instruction; and formed into regiments.

John B. Gordon was then operating a coal mine on Raccoon Mountain in Dade County, Georgia. At the first summons he raised a company, the “Raccoon Roughs,” composed largely of miners and mountaineers.

The Gordons were our neighbors and intimates. My cousin, Dr. Jas. Le Conte had married Miss

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Mary Gordon, and had a summer home near the brow of the Raccoon Mountains, overlooking the Tennessee river.

I offered to enlist with Gordon: but he advised me to raise a company. In that way I could be of more service to the Confederacy.

Gordon was then about twenty-seven: tall and handsome. He was a brilliant orator: but without military education. By nature, he was a commander among men. Amid his mountain surroundings he suggested Rhoderick Dhu.

And the crags of old Lookout called across the beautiful valley to the beetling cliffs of Raccoon.

“Shall we not mate the mountain and the man?

The Granite Dome and the great Georgian;”

Gordon was a graduate of the University of Georgia. He studied law; and practiced as a partner of his brother-in-law, Logan F. Bleckly; who, after the war, was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia. Preferring other pursuits to his profession, he was in charge of his father's coal-mine at Castle Rock, when hostilities were at hand.

In '60 and '61 I was not infrequently a visitor at the home of the Gordon's. Their domestic life was ideal: Christian principle was its corner-stone. General and Mrs. Gordon were both fond of field sports, and spent much time in the saddle. Both were musicians. How well I remember the familiar old songs of that day, which we loved to sing; “The Lone Rock By The Sea” is linked in my memory with the music of Mrs. Gordon's piano.

Gordon's military ardor was shared by his wife. Each time that he was wounded, she was with him quickly.

Gordon infused wonderful courage into the multitude. As a soldier and legislator he was eminent. Too great a man to give rigid attention to commercial duties, he was not a money-maker.

After the war his big enterprises which did not enrich him, aided in developing the state. He en-

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tered the army solely to defend the South, and to uphold the constitutional rights guaranteed to his native state. He did not think himself a military genius: nor dream of military glory. He was satisfied to command well his "Raccoon Roughs". That he rose to his subsequent military prominence—the command of one wing of Lee's army—was an outcome of the great struggle which developed men equal to emergent conditions.

As no regiment was forming in Georgia, Gordon took his command to Montgomery, Alabama, and joined in the organization of the sixth Alabama infantry. He was elected major, and his brother Gus Gordon, became captain of the company. In the meantime another company commanded by Captain John G Hanna went into service from Dade County and served gallantly until the surrender as Company "A" Sixth Georgia Infantry: a regiment commanded by Col Alfred H. Colquitt; who was afterwards promoted to the command of his brigade.

I soon raised my Company consisting of eighty-five men, who elected their officers as follows:

J. C. Nisbet, Captain, Stock Farm

Charles B. Easley, 1st Lt Stock Farm

Isaac Hicks, 2nd Lt. Merchant

Frank Daniels, 2nd Lt Sheriff

Leonidas Evans, 1st Sergt. Blacksmith

George W. Boulden, 2nd Sergt. College Student

J Wesley Blevins, 3rd Sergt. Farmer

Sam'l C. Lowery 4th Sergt Teacher.

The usual number of Corporals were appointed and the Company met for drill each Saturday through the months of May and June at Easley's Store. I had notified Governor Brown that my company was ready to report to the "camp of instruction" and was informed that other companies were ahead of mine, that I would have to wait. It took a political pull in those early days of '61 to get off to war. I should have used my father's in-

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fluence. Later it was not so *hard* to get on the firing line."

The uniforms of gray, made to order, had been shipped by E. Winship, Macon, Georgia, for which I paid. The bowie knives, scabbards and belts had been finished in Colonel Ben Easley's shops at his expense, and presented to the company.

The Clans were gathering in the Virginia valley, and at Manassas. And now, when we met at "Easley's" to drill, uniformed and armed Cap-a-pie (as we thought) the company was still more impatient to get off and have a chance for glory before the war should end. In the meantime, I received a letter from my friend, Algernon Hamilton, of Rome, Georgia, (already mentioned) saying that he had raised a company in Floyd County and would take it at once to Richmond Virginia to form a regiment: under orders received from Major Daniel S Printup of Rome and Capt. James Morrison of Cedartown, Georgia.

I offered my Company to Printup. It was accepted, and ordered to proceed to Richmond at once. There was no Post Quartermaster at Chattanooga. I wired Alexander H. Stephens to send me transportation. He answered, "Capt. J. C. Nisbet: Report at Richmond with your company at once; very urgent. (Signed) A. H. Stephens, Vice-President."

I marched my Company at once to Lookout Station, N. & C. Railroad, where we had a flag presentation, and enjoyed a bountiful dinner furnished by the citizens of the neighborhood.

In the afternoon we went in to Chattanooga on the N. & C. train. This was on the 21st of July, 1861. That night we read of the victory at Manassas. Chattanooga then was a village, with no facilities for feeding my men. The young Confederate Government had not yet established Commissary or Quartermaster Departments. We had no cooking utensils.

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The Crutchfield House stood across the street from the N. & C. passenger depot, on the lot where the Read House now stands. I requested my friend, Tom Crutchfield, the proprietor, to feed my men, offering to pay him in gold. He said: "I will not feed common soldiers."

A short time before President Davis had stopped there on his way to Richmond, and by request made a brief speech to the soldiers and citizens assembled in the office. Mr. William Crutchfield (a brother of Tom) was present, and jumping up on the counter replied to Mr. Davis in a rather violent way. The newspapers had reported the incident as an insult to President Davis; so just at this crucial moment, although we had been friends, I was not in a very good humor with the Crutchfields. After the war our friendship was renewed, and I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Tom Crutchfield and family at their beautiful farm, Annicela. And often met the Hon. Wm. Crutchfield, who ably represented the Chattanooga district in the United States Congress. The incident I am about to relate, however, was never referred to.

After Crutchfield's refusal, I went over to the Depot and called my Company to attention, and said that I would march them over to the hotel when the "gong" sounded for supper; that they could take seats at the tables and eat, but they must preserve order.

Each man was armed with the aforesaid bowie knives, worn in leather scabbards. The men, uniformed in gray, presented a good appearance. The Lieutenants were uniformed in home-made blue jeans. My uniform was of regular United States Army blue, tailor-made; a present (with my sword and belt) from my sister, Mrs. George H. Hazellhurst, of Macon, Georgia, who was spending that summer on Lookout Mountain.

When the gong sounded the Company was marched into the dining room and a sergeant de-

THE CALL TO ARMS

tailed to see that the cooks and waiters got a move on them. That was one time the "little pot was put in the big one at the Crutchfield House!" And, also, that was one time when the obsessive bowie knives were not inutile.

I offered to pay Mr. Crutchfield for the meal he "did coldly furnish forth" to the Georgia Volunteers; but he refused to accept my money; and was quite hot about the whole transaction.

The Company was marched over to the depot, and boarded the East Tennessee and Virginia passenger, for Bristol. When the conductor came round for the tickets I showed him the telegram from Vice-president Stephens, saying that I had no transportation, as there was no Quartermaster at Chattanooga. I was certain I could secure it at Bristol, on arrival. He said this would not do. I must pay him then and there, or the Company would be put off the train. I had the money in my pocket, but thought the boys would need it when we got to Richmond. I told him the news from Manassas had just reached us; we were needed in Virginia. And I ordered the Company to keep their seats. The train proceeded.

When the conductor came into the ladies' car again he was less aggressive, some of the men having threatened to throw him and his brakeman off the train.

"Say, Cap," said he, "you know I must have some sort of a showing." "Yes," I said, "you keep quiet until we reach Bristol, then I will march the Company to the Quartermaster's office, and get you transportation for eighty-five men and the officers." This was done, and at the same time I got transportation to Richmond, and drew rations for the men.

At Bristol we saw the first wounded soldiers. They were members of the 7th and 8th Georgia Regiments; Bartow's Brigade passing through to their homes, from Manassas, or Bull Run.

VII.

"THE TWENTY-FIRST GA."

Arriving at Richmond, we were met by a courier and escorted to the Fair Grounds, where all the other Companies, but one, had preceded us. The 21st Georgia Infantry was then organized and mustered into service "for three years; or, during the war."

The Line Officers recommended as Field Officers for the Regiment those whose names are appended. They were duly commissioned by the War Department:

Col. Jno. T. Mercer, First Lieutenant Dragoons U. S. Army, Polk County, Ga.; Lieutenant Colonel Jas. J. Morrison, ex-Capt. U. S. Army, Polk County, Ga.; Maj. Thos. W. Hooper, U. S. Navy, Cass (Bartow County), Ga.

Hooper was first appointed Adjutant, but Alexander Wallace, of Atlanta, and Printup, of Rome, selected alternately for Major of the Regiment; not accepting, Hooper was appointed Major. Thomas J. Verdery, of Augusta, Ga., who was First Lieutenant of Capt. Borders' Polk County Company, was made Adjutant.

Col. Mercer had resigned his commission, First Lieutenant U. S. Dragoons, and come on to Richmond from the Plains. He was a tall, handsome man, and a brave officer. Educated at West Point, he had seen considerable service in the United States Army, and would have attained high rank had it not been for booze, the bane of the old Army.

Lieutenant Colonel Jas. J. Morrison, formerly Captain U. S. Cavalry, was from Kentucky. He had married into a prominent Polk County,

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Georgia, family, and resigned from the service to look after his large planting interests. He served with us until March, 1862, when he received orders to raise a Cavalry Regiment in Georgia. He raised and commanded the First Georgia Cavalry; was promoted Brigadier. He had command of a brigade of Cavalry under Major General Joe Wheeler. Major Thos. W. Hooper was a Lieutenant in the United States Navy when the war commenced. Col. Mercer was killed at Plymouth, North Carolina, and Hooper was promoted Colonel and served with distinction until the surrender. For a long time after the war he practiced law in Arkansas, and there died.

Adjutant Thos. J. Verdery made a fine officer: handsome, urbane and efficient. He was killed at First Fredericksburg. Capt. Thos. C. Glover, Company "A," raised his company at Campbellton, Georgia; was at the time a physician of large practice. He was first promoted Major and afterwards Lieutenant Colonel, when Hooper was promoted Colonel. After surviving several severe wounds, he was killed in the second battle of Winchester, Virginia, September 19th, 1864, in what is said to have been his 107th engagement.

We claim it to be a fact that the 21st Georgia was in more engagements than any other Regiment, and Major Glover always commanded the skirmish line, which accounts for the above remarkable statement. At any rate, I believe he was in more fights, that is, oftener actually on the firing line, than any other man.

Chas. Camp, Assistant U. S. District Attorney, served as a private in Glover's Company "A," 21st Georgia Regiment. In his history of the Regiment published as a part of the history of the "Dole's-Cook Brigade," he says: "One important fact should be recorded here: Of all the regiments engaged in the war between the states, North and South, the 21st Georgia was third in num-

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ber of men killed and wounded in battle. The regiment that lost the greatest number was the 8th New York and they were killed and wounded by the 21st Georgia." "Lieutenant Colonel Thos. J. Glover was to the 21st Georgia what Stonewall Jackson was to his Corps." The other regimental officers were:

Capt. D. M. Hood, A. Q. M., (a very efficient officer), Rome, Georgia.

Capt. R. O. Barrett, Commissariat, Rome, Georgia.

Dr. Cicero Holt, Surgeon, Virginia.

Dr. Louis E. Gott, Surgeon, Fall's Church, Virginia.

Dr. LeGrand Capers, Surgeon of the U. S. Army, Charleston, South Carolina.

Dr. A. E. McGarrity, Assistant Surgeon.

Dr. W. F. DeWitt, Assistant Surgeon, Georgia.

Dr. C. E. Cowherd, Assistant Surgeon, Virginia.

The Regiment always had the very best medical attention. The above named served at different times, as only two surgeons were allowed to a Regiment at a time.

Space will not permit me to give the names of every one of these gallant heroes, therefore I can only give the Companies and their original Commanders.

"A," Cambell County, Capt. T. C. Glover.

"B," Floyd County, Capt. A. S. Hamilton.

"C," Fulton County, Capt. J. S. Waddail.

"D," Polk County, Capt. S. A. Borders.

"E," Floyd County, Capt. J. R. Hart.

"F," Troup County, Capt. J. T. Boykin.

"G," Gordon County, Capt. Wesley Kinman.

"H," Dade County, Capt. J. C. Nisbet.

"I," Stewart County, Capt. Mike Lynch.

"K," Chattooga County, Capt. J. B. Akridge.

"E," ———, Capt. Edward Smith.

This latter Company was assigned to the Regiment after Capt. Hart's Company "E" was transferred to Cavalry. Capt. Smith was in command of the Regiment at the surrender. After Adj. Verdery

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was killed at First Fredericksburg, Capt. Lee F. Blakewell, by request, was assigned to the Regiment as Adjutant. He was a very gallant and efficient officer.

The History of the Dole's-Cook Brigade says of him: "Lee F. Blakewell was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, July 30th, 1829. In 1849 he went to New Orleans and clerked in a commission house until the war began. He was foreman of the Volunteer Hook and Ladder Company of the New Orleans Fire Department. He was a member of the noted Washington Artillery of New Orleans, and remained with that command until after the battle of Shiloh, when he was elected Captain of the *La Zouaves* of Wheat's Battalion of "Tigers."

When Wheat was killed at First Cold-Harbor, his Battalion having been nearly annihilated was disbanded, and Capt. Blakewell was assigned to the 21st Georgia. He was killed at Fort Steadman, Petersburg, Virginia, March 25th, 1865. He had a sixty days' furlough in his pocket, but refused to leave while the Regiment was daily fighting.

A more courteous gentleman, or braver man, never lived. Capt. Michael Lynch, Company I," was promoted Major April 18th, 1864. He, like most Irishmen, was a born soldier and a very efficient officer. He surrendered with Lee, and is now living near Atlanta, engaged in the dairy business.

A biographical history of all the officers of this gallant Regiment should be written and preserved in the Archives of Georgia. I can mention the deeds of only a small number.

However, I shall, as we proceed, make particular reference to one, a soldier of especial prominence. Our close association before and during the Civil War and after, enables me to embody in these pages a sketch of the military and Civil life of Col. Algernon Sydney Hamilton, of Rome, Georgia. Of him it might be said in the words of General Nathaniel

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Greene's tribute to Colonel Howard, of Maryland: "His memory should be perpetuated as the Greeks preserved the memory of their heroes; in a statue of gold!"

After the 21st Georgia Regiment was organized, we drilled in the New Fair Grounds. I was not very proficient in "Hardee's Tactics." A sergeant of the 1st Kentucky Infantry, by permission of his officers, was employed to drill my Company and their officers daily, for which service I paid liberally. I went into the ranks with a musket, and was obedient unto the drillmaster's orders.

He was a big, fine-looking fellow from Louisville, Kentucky, onto his job, and a strict disciplinarian.

My country boys held him in great awe. Afterwards, when they had become veterans of many campaigns,—heroes of a hundred fights,—I heard them say that never at any time did they feel half as scared of the "Yanks," as they were of that redoubtable sergeant, who would slap a raw recruit on the stomach, with his sword, did the r. r. stick out that member instead of his chest, at the command: "Right dress! Assume the position of a soldier!"

He stuck hay and straw in the mouths of their brogans, that they might not mistake the right foot for the left, in marking time. Instead of ordering: "Mark time! Right. Left. Hep, hep!" he'd say, "Mark time! Hay-foot! Straw-foot!" Hep, hep: ketch the step!" and woe to the poor fellow who lost it, and kicked a front-rank man on the shins. And oh, the fierceness of his eye when he caught a man in the ranks slyly scratching, and knocking mosquitoes off his nose. It is almost impossible to give a fine military deportment to a company of country plow-boys. Their work fixes their carriage; their muscles "gang their ain gait": they have yokel postures. But they submit to discipline, learn to drill, and, in fact, make the best soldiers, on the march, and in the fight.

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Who has not heard the famous military command: "Gentlemen of the Banks County Guard! Will you please shoulder arms?" Then and there, was this unique order issued. The 2nd Georgia Infantry was camped on the Fair Grounds. Its Companies were all well drilled, save one, the Banks County Guards, commanded by old Captain Candler, a gentleman of the old school, and a planter.

His company was composed of his old neighbors' sons, his personal friends and social equals. He could not bring himself to speak to such as these abruptly. Unfamiliar with military manoeuvres the good old Captain often got the Guards "tangled up" with other Companies. So, one day, he determined to move his men outside on the commons, where they might have more "elbow-room." They were marching in line. He, facing them, was back-stepping as they approached the gate, opening on the commons. "By the right-flank, file left!" did not occur to the Captain. The advancing columns soon had him jammed up against the fence. He hastily ordered, "Gentlemen of the Banks County Guards! Will you please halt?" They halted. Said he: "Gentlemen, we will now take a recess of ten minutes. Break ranks! and when you "fall in," you will please reform on the other side of the fence."

The Candler family is numerous and influential in Georgia. Capt. Candler's son, Allen D. Candler, who lost an eye in the service, was a gallant soldier. After the War he jumped into politics, and was sent to Congress. His political soubriquet was "the one-eyed plow-boy of Pigeon-Roost." He was twice Governor of Georgia, and after his last term compiled a "Colonial History of Georgia."

The 2nd Georgia Infantry was commanded by Colonel Paul J. Semmes, West-Pointer. He was a brother of Admiral Raphael Semmes. After resigning from the U. S. Army, Col. Semmes practiced law in Columbus, Georgia. He was Captain of the Col-

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umbus Guards, one of the crack Companies of the State, and of his regiment. He was soon promoted Brigadier-General and made a brilliant record. Semmes' Georgia Brigade was as good as the best. General Semmes was killed at Gettysburg.

There were many other commands encamped on the New Fair Grounds. One of these was a regiment of Creoles: Colonel Camillio J. Polignac. He was a thorough military man. His troops, always addressed in French, were very admirably drilled, moving like clock-work.

My country boys had never been far from their valley homes before. They didn't realize there were so many people, un-American people at that in the world. Nor did they dream that any language but English was in working use in the United States. To them the sight of soldiers who understood French was a spectacle. They listened in wonder to Colonel Polignac on "Battalion Drill."

"That-thur furriner *he* calls out er lot er gibberish, an them-thur Dagoes jes mannevers-up like Hell—beatin'—tan-bark! Jes' like he wuz *talkin' sense!*" said one of my mountaineers.

At that moment the tongues of all the countries of Europe were used in drilling countless regiments composing the Yankee Army! Afterwards, Col. Polignac was promoted Brigadier and assigned to the "Trans-Mississippi Department." General Dick Taylor says: "I assigned him to the command of a Texas Brigade who swore that "a dam-frog-eating Frenchman whose name they could not pronounce, and whose orders were as Greek to them, should not command them," and mutiny was threatened. I promised, if they were still dissatisfied after a conflict with the enemy, I would give them another Commander. In the first week of 1864, the enemy sent a gunboat expedition up the Washita. The expedition was defeated and boats driven off. Polignac, by his judgment and coolness under fire, gained the confidence and

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respect of his men; he made capital soldiers out of that Brigade, who ever afterwards swore by him."

After surrender, General Polignac returned to Europe, but he did not take part with France against Germany in 1867. He was "persona non grata" with Louis Napoleon, and retired to his estate at Rodmansdorf, Podwein, Austria, where he was still living at last accounts.

August 1st we were ordered to Manassas, and on our march to Fairfax Court House, passed over the battle field. Signs of the conflict were still visible, especially about the "Henry House."

We halted to view the spot where Jackson's Virginia Brigade made their remarkable stand, and won for their commander and themselves the soubriquet "Stonewall," which will be linked with their names throughout the ages, or until, in the phrase of Carlyle, "the Eskimo shall sit on London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's!"

Little then did we think that it would be our good luck to share the fortunes of this "gray-eyed man of destiny," Stonewall Jackson, until his glorious sun set in his crowning victory at Chancellorsville.

Gen. Bee, as he rallied his Brigade that had been driven back, said: "Rally men! There stands Jackson like a stone wall." Here Bee was killed, and here Bartow fell, as he formed his Georgia Brigade on Jackson, for that supreme effort which broke the Federal lines, capturing Rickett's and Griffin's Batteries and stampeding the Federal Army. (In this charge Col. Fisher, of the 6th N. C. Regiment, was killed.) This, with the help of Elzey's Brigade, which came up just in the nick of time. President Jefferson Davis, who had at that moment reached the field, said: "The gallant Elzey was the Blucher of the day."

We passed over the "Stone Bridge," where the Warrenton Pike crosses Bull Run on its way to Centerville. Just above this bridge Sherman's division forded, and got on the flank of Evans', Bee's and

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Bartow's Brigades, driving them back in disorder.

It was thought that Beauregard was outgeneralled here. Many of his Regiments were held at Mansassas Junction on account of the Federal feint near there, on the 20th and 21st, at Blackburn's ford; and the battle was only saved by the arrival of some of General Joseph E. Johnston's Brigade from the valley of Virginia. The victory was complete, but there was very little advantage realized. The forces actually engaged numbered, Federal, thirty-four thousand; Confederate, thirteen thousand. General Johnston being the senior in rank, took command after the battle and ordered pursuit. President Davis, however, as commander-in-chief, ordered the pursuit stopped. On account, it was said, of the exhaustion and confusion of his army; and it was also said, it was because he believed the North would be willing to let us "go in peace," if Washington was not attacked.

I know this was the opinion of many at the time. It was well known that Davis and Johnston were not on friendly terms. How often trivial matters determine big events. During Pierce's administration, Davis was secretary of war and afterwards during Buchanan's administration he was a senator from Mississippi. Joe Johnston was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Army, stationed at Washington, acting Quartermaster General, with the brevet rank of Brigadier General. The wives of these men were social leaders. There was social jealousy between them, which culminated in hostility. Each husband espoused the cause of his wife, consequently Davis and Johnston were not on speaking terms. It has been charged that Davis always cherished this feeling of dislike, and could not realize Johnston's ability, or do him justice, and that he gave him command only in obedience to public opinion and the clamor of the army.

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There were two Brigades at Blackburn's Ford which had not been engaged; one commanded by Brigadier General Bonham, the other by Brigadier General James Longstreet, the former being the senior officer. Longstreet, in his memoirs, says: "General Bonham was ordered to march these brigades to Centerville and attack the enemy there, who were only one Brigade strong, commanded by Brigadier General Miles. Bonham halted before reaching Centerville, saying the fight was going on all right, and he was afraid of jeopardizing things in case he failed. So, in spite of my urging, he would not attack." If Bonham had carried out his orders, Beauregard's tactics here perhaps would not have been subjected to so much adverse criticism. The small Federal force at Centerville were said to have been in a state of panic on account of the fugitives from the battlefield and probably would not have successfully resisted twice their numbers of men, inspired by the news of victory; and then the way of Federal retreat would have been closed. The Cavalry force available was small, but there were many Regiments of Infantry which had not been engaged. These troops, by swift pursuit, could have captured at least many more prisoners, artillery, teams and supplies, not to mention Congressmen and their ladies.

General Richard Taylor, who arrived on the field just after the battle closed, says: "There can be little question that with *one* strong Brigade of soldiers Johnston could have gone into Washington and Baltimore." There is no doubt that confusion reigned in the Confederate camps that night after the battle, but Napoleon held that "No matter how great the confusion and exhaustion of a victorious Army might be, the defeated one must be a hundred-fold worse, and action should be based on this."

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By the same token, Bragg should have listened to Forrest and Longstreet, and followed into Chattanooga (by the Chattanooga-Valley Road) that Sunday night after Thomas retreated from Snodgrass Hill to Rossville.

The first battles and skirmishes of the Civil War demonstrated that as an untrained soldier the Southerner was a better fighter than the Northerner, for many reasons. His early environments made him self-reliant and dominating, a practiced horseman and skilled in the use of fire-arms. However, patient instruction and discipline of the Northern troops finally tended to equalize differences.

The country squires, under Prince Rupert and the Duke of Newcastle, at first rode rough-shod over the Yeomanry of England's Eastern counties and swept the London train-bands from the field. But fiery, impetuous valor was at last overmatched by the disciplined purpose and stubborn constancy of Cromwell's "Iron-sides."

Colonel John S. Mosby says: "General E. P. Alexander, who was serving on Beauregard's staff that day, in the battle of First Manassas, told me that Johnston and Beauregard made no effort to cross Bull Run with Infantry in pursuit, and stopped the pursuit of the Cavalry." He adds: "Dr. Edward Campbell, a Brigade surgeon, informed me that he was dressing Jackson's wounded hand at a field hospital soon after the Federal retreat began, when Jackson said: 'I wonder if Generals Johnston and Beauregard know how badly the enemy are whipped! If they will let me, I'll march my Brigade into Washington *tonight!*'" General Alexander heard the same declaration made by Jackson to President Davis on the battlefield.

Edwin M. Stanton wrote to ex-President James Buchanan July 26, five days after the battle: "The capture of Washington now seems to be *inevitable*. During the whole of Monday and Tuesday it might have been taken without resistance. The

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roul, overthrow, and demoralization of the Army is complete."

Thus early was begun the policy of frittering away the fruits of Southern valor!

General Joseph E. Johnston was probably the most accomplished and skillful soldier of the struggle. But he was always at a disadvantage for want of support from Richmond. There was much criticism because greater results did not come of the Bull Run victory. Johnson assumed the responsibility, saying this was because he did not have sufficient Cavalry on the field. Having served under his command and studied his methods, I feel assured that Johnston's great abilities, under happier conditions, would have distinctly modified if they had not mastered the movements of events.

We arrived in the vicinity of Fairfax Court house and pitched our tents on a field we called "Camp Teombs" for the illustrious Georgian. There we drilled in the August sun, and disciplined our men as nearly as possible to the standard of regulars.

Many of our men fell ill, and there were deaths not a few from typhoid fever, as is usual with unseasoned troops. One night when the Regiment was on picket duty—we were in sight of Washington and close to the enemy's pickets—there was an alarm. Muffled drums beat the "long-roll." Each company fell into line promptly, with orders to keep very quiet.

Colonel Mercer was inspecting cartridge boxes to see, personally, that every man had forty rounds of dry ammunition. When he reached my Company, a tall, lank fellow named Hawkins threw his hand back to open his cartridge-box, whereupon an old hen he had tied to his belt gave an unearthly squawk. Everybody laughed, which relieved the dreadful suspense, but I was chagrined at making such a bad showing on our first alarm, and reprimanded him severely. I wanted to redeem myself in the opinion of our West-Point Colonel, so I said

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further to the soldier: "Here, sir, we are on the eve of a battle. Wouldn't you make a pretty spectacle lying shot on the field, with that ancient fowl, squawking, and flapping all over you?" He answered, "Oh! No, Captain, I'll live to crack her old bones yit." He did live, to finally desert, and join the enemy's home-guard at home, where he helped plunder my stock farm.

Before he deserted, however, I got him into three fights by putting him in a file with good men and ordering them to watch him, and see that he did not drop out. At Winchester he was sent with the canteens for water, and did not return. After the fight he caught up, and had a big tale to tell about getting lost from the Regiment, and going into the battle with the Louisiana Brigade, so when we were going into battle at Cross-Keys, I placed him in a file of three good men, and ordered them to get him into the fight. I would not let him stop on any excuse. When the firing commenced, he started back. I grabbed him by the collar and ordered him forward, threatening to shoot him. He said, "Captain, my gun's stopped up." In the meantime a charge was ordered. I sprang before my company, and, he seeing that the enemy was in retreat, rushed ahead and it was all I could do to keep him from bayoneting the poor Germans who lay before us. There were a few such men in most every Company.

In the meantime I was getting acquainted with the officers of the regiment. In the arrangement of the camp, Company "E" was adjacent to my Company, "H." After supper, all duties over, the men would loll around on the grass, in the twilight.

Talk and laugh, wrestle and play games; and sometimes "cuss" in their sport. I had noticed that the captain of Company "E," before his men were dismissed after roll call at night, required them all to kneel in prayer. He had been their preacher at Sardis church, Floyd County, Georgia. Most of his men were members of that church or the sons of

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members. They had elected the Rev. Hart their captain, and he was for keeping them in the straight and narrow way, war or no war. After a few days, he sauntered over to see me. I invited him to take a camp stool. We talked about the Regiment, the war and one thing and another. Finally he said: "Captain Nisbet, you have a man in your company I want you to put in the guard house." "Why?" I asked. He said, "The man insulted me by using profane language in my hearing and you know that the Army regulations make that a punishable offense." I said, "If the man was over on his own Company ground and did not curse you, I decline to punish him." He carried his complaint to Col. Mercer, who, although a very strict "West Pointer," declined to interfere, saying, "Most all good, lively soldiers will 'cuss' a little at times." "It may be," he observed, "that fellow Hart is most too good to hold out!"

Soon after, our preacher-captain, unable to endure swearing soldiers, said he was sick, and was sent back to Sudley Church hospital. One of my men returned to camp and reported that Capt. Hart was staying at a farm house near the hospital and got into trouble about playing off as a single man, and engaging himself to the daughter of the farmer. The girl's father, having found out from some of Hart's men that he had a wife and kids at home, it got too warm there for the preacher, and so he turned up at camp.

In the meantime Hart had obtained an order from Richmond to raise a Cavalry Regiment in Georgia, and he and his company soon left us, and we heard no more about his courtship. We will hear of him again as Colonel of the 6th Georgia Cavalry.

With most of the Southern soldiers there was from the start a disposition to obey regulations: prompted by pride, zeal, and a sense of duty. They were born fighters! A spirit of emulation induced them to perfect themselves in the drill; pride and patriotism kept them true to the last! But they could

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not have been made by punishment or the fear of it into machine soldiers.

In other words our creed was that troops of the Rough Rider type must always excel the Tommy Atkins make.

In October we were camped at Centreville, near Colonel Francis Bartow's Georgia Brigade. Here I received ill news. Colonel Tom Cooper had just been killed by his horse. Cooper succeeded Bartow in the command of the 8th Georgia Regiment. Prior to the war he was a leading lawyer of Atlanta. He entered the service as Captain of Atlanta's crack Company, the Gate City Guards. He passed through the hottest part of the battle of Bull Run, only to meet his fate as described.

He was a man of noble physique, and a high order of mentality. His military skill was a hostage for advancement. He bade fair to become a leader of prominence. Colonel Cooper was a son of one of Georgia's illustrious men—Hon. Mark A. Cooper, of Bartow county; thus bereft by war of two brilliant sons. Captain Fred Cooper, the second son, commanded a Company in the 7th Georgia Regiment—same Brigade. He was wounded in the first battle of Manassas, and died in a private house near the battlefield. His death occurred the day I arrived there.

Captain Fred Cooper married the sister of Major Chas. Smith, of Rome, Georgia, where his Company was recruited, and where he was practicing law when he answered the call to arms. The brothers were both "first honor" men at the University of Georgia. Fred Cooper and his chum, Vallie Mason, of Alabama, "tied" for the first honor at College. The contestants were both my cousins.

In November we went into winter quarters two miles from Manassas Junction. We built log cabins, in lines, with wide streets between, as per army regulations. The officers' quarters were some distance away. The Confederacy adopted the old

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United States Army regulations and tactics, as well as the Constitution of the United States—merely substituting, "Confederate States for United States."

At no time were we in opposition to that document as it was formulated by our "great forbears," nor to the interpretations of the Supreme Courts as to our Constitutional rights.

Here many officers and men were detailed or furloughed to go home and enlist recruits for their companies. The army drilled, had snow-battles, read, played games and wrote letters. Letter-writing was the soldier's resource. I was put under arrest for going to Manassas Depot to get boxes of clothing which had been sent to my men from home. Colonel Mercer gave me verbal permission to take an army team from the Quartermaster's Department and go for the goods. I was placed under arrest on my return for having been absent without leave.

Colonel Mercer said he did not remember giving me permission to leave camp, which may have been true, as he was under the influence of the "rosy" at the time. This and other misunderstandings with line officers caused a measure of estrangement, continuing until his death. General Crittenden, of Kentucky, commanding our Brigade, who had been a prominent officer of the United States Army, was soon promoted Major General and transferred. Brigadier General Isaac R. Trimble was given the command of our Brigade (7th), composed of the 21st North Carolina, 21st Georgia, 15th Alabama and 16th Mississippi Regiments. The 12th Georgia Regiment was assigned to this Brigade, after the seven days' fights around Richmond. We formed a part of Major General R. A. Ewells Division.

All spirituous liquors were forbidden. The railroad and express companies had strict orders to transport no intoxicants to the army. However, much whiskey found its way there. "Twas ever

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thus," etc. Taylor's Louisiana Brigade of our Division, being mostly city or river men, "knew the ropes," and could get it from Richmond. Our men could not. One snowy day I was reading by a comfortable fire in my quarters, when I heard a tremendous racket down in the company quarters. On looking out, I saw a fight going on between ten or twelve Zouaves and men of my company. I ran down there and commanded the peace, which the sergeants restored after much difficulty. Several of Wheat's Tiger Rifles of Taylor's Brigade were lying on the ground, having been knocked down by my men. They said they had been robbed of their whiskey, by some boys of that Company, who met them, and asked for a drink, and then ran off with the bottles; that they had followed them to get satisfaction. I said, "You seem to have gotten it, from the looks of your bloody heads." I ordered the sergeant to take them to my quarters and give them water and towels, and after they had washed, I gave them a drink all round, and said I was sorry they had been robbed; that if such disorders were reported to me, I would punish the perpetrators, but to come into that Company for a row, was a dangerous business." These men would have killed some of you if I had not stopped 'em," said I. And they went off, saying, "We are much obliged, sor; but Wheat's Battalion kin clean up the whole dam-Twenty-first Georgia any time." They were Irish; and, of course, loved a scrap.

When General Johnston evacuated Manassas to meet McClellan's army at Yorktown, Ewel's Division was left on the Rappahannock, at the crossing of the Orange and Alexandria Rail Road, as a corps of observation. Here we had our "baptism of fire."

The Federal Cavalry, and Meagher's Irish Brigade advanced and drove our cavalry back. They formed near the river. I had been ordered that morning, to take my company across the river on a freight train, and load the train with bacon stored in the

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depot there. I was engaged in this work when the Yanks advanced a battery, and opened fire upon us. Shells were bursting around us: the Engineer wanted to retreat, fearing his engine would be disabled; but I held him until all the bacon was loaded. In the meantime General J. E. B. Stuart rode up. He asked what I was doing there, and why I did not get the train out of range. I told him I was there to carry out General Ewell's orders, and I was going to do it. He said "all right, go ahead, but look out you don't get captured."

This was my first sight of General Jeb Stuart; afterwards the greatest of cavalry leaders. I had heard him called the Confederacy's "Harry of Navaarre"; the "plumed knight"; but never have I seen such a magnificent looking soldier. Faultlessly dressed, grandly mounted, with long, silky, auburn locks curling beneath his plumed hat, he rode away to join his cavalry legions: "he rode as Alexander; he looked a demigod."

When we had emptied the depot, we boarded the train. The Engineer was ordered to back across the river, and then according to orders, we set fire to the bridge. General Ewell afterwards regretted his destruction of this bridge. It gave notice to the enemy of our purpose to abandon that vicinity, and we found as did one of Napoleon's young officers, "it was easier to defend one bridge, than many fords."

Ewell's Division was drawn up in line on the south side of the Rappahannock; Stuart's Cavalry on the north side; and the bridge was burning. Just then the railroad train from Richmond arrived, bringing Lieutenants Easley and Countess with forty-five recruits for my company. They came down to the line of battle and reported to me, but in the excitement I did not take much notice of the recruits, who were standing there under the shelling, unarmed. At length one of them, a tall, lank,

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mountaineer, named Christopher, a typical looking "wild-catter" (who the boys afterwards called "Christopher Christ") stepped up to me, and said "Capt. Neasbet, we-uns are as ready to fight as anybody, but we kaint fight them fellows over thar, without weepens." I told the Lieutenants to take them back to the wagon train out of range, and to feed and arm them. All of these recruits, (most of whom were from Island Creek Cove, Jackson County, Alabama), made splendid soldiers.

The Yanks made no further advance, and so we went back to camp where we remained until April, 1862. I lost several good men here from the effects of measles. This disease caused a greater loss to our unseasoned troops than the bullets of the enemy.

It was here I had my first scouting experience. General Ewell wanted accurate information as to the force of the enemy. He said "Captain Nisbet, you select any number of your men, cross the river, pass through their videttes, without collision if possible, and learn all you can." I selected two of my men. We wore our uniforms under overcoats of bluish gray, which concealed good 7 shooter Colts (44) self-cocking pistols. Crossing the Rappahannock River at night into Fauquier County, we passed through their pickets and found they had only one brigade: encamped at Warrenton Springs Junction. We called to see Dr. Beale at Bealton Station. Learned from him more about the enemy's numbers etc. Went down near the enemy's camp and heard them call roll and make details. After they had had their breakfast, the details got their axes and set out for the woods in which we were hidden.

It was now daylight, and we could see new cross-ties scattered around. I ordered a retreat. During that day we saw several go into a house, unarmed. My men wanted to capture and take them as a present to our old General. To have captured them would have been easy, but I feared it might lead to our capture; and *information* was what General

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Ewell wanted. Hence I resisted the temptation.

That night we returned safely to camp. Ewell, acting on my information, commenced to build a temporary bridge; intending to cross over and attack the enemy, but before he got ready, received orders to report to Jackson in the Valley.

In a few days, a young son of Dr. Beale's came to see me. He said the servants reported to the Yanks my visit to his home, and that the Yanks had called his father to the door and shot him dead. Young Beale was on his way to join the "Black Horse Cavalry." I told him that was the right thing to do. I charged him to avenge his father's murder. He said he would not fail if he was so lucky as to capture any of that brigade.

We marched to Jackson by way of Madison, C. H. and went into camp in Swift Run Gap, on the Blue Ridge Mountain. The engagement at McDowell near Stanton, between General Edward Johnston's Division and Milroy's Federal force, was plainly heard.

The 12th Georgia Regiment bore the brunt of the fight; and they were gallantly supported by the 52nd, 58th and 49th Virginia Regiments of their brigade; and by Taliaferro's and Winder's Virginia Brigades. Milroy retreated, burning his wagon train and stores.

From men of Jackson's old Division, we learned how Jackson's ascendancy over his troops—as well as his military fame—had withered after First Manassas. The winter campaign—January, 1862—to Bath and Romney, was a huge blunder: causing some loss, and terrible suffering.

Like Napoleon in Russia, Jackson was the victim of the elements. The best Generals, the finest troops, may be routed by the forces of Nature. Jackson's retreat from West Virginia was followed by his resignation. This, fortunately, the authorities at Richmond refused to accept. After the miseries of a campaign among mountains in a bliz-

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zard, came Kernstown,—another misfortune. Misinformed by Ashby as to the enemy's numbers at Kernstown, Jackson there experienced a repulse.

But after McDowell, Jackson stood to par. So things stood when we joined our leader,—as the budding leaves in The Valley were beginning to prattle of Spring.

How transient is military glory!—"As variable as the shade" of the Spring leaves in the Virginia Valley.

It was here, then, in the Spring of 1862 that I heard from men of Jackson's old Divisions, certain sombre facts,—not to be withheld.

I give these truths in the words of Mr. Samuel Watkins, of Columbia, Tenn., whose reminiscences of the 1st Tenn. Reg. is an imperishable record of the endurance and fidelity of the Southern troops under incredible sufferings.

He says: "Our march to Romney, W. Va., near the Pennsylvania line, was made in January, 1862,—the coldest winter ever known there. We had captured Bath: and were camped near the little village of Hampshire Crossing. Our Regiment was ordered to go to St. John's run, to relieve the pickets of the 14th Georgia and 3rd Arkansas Regiments.

"We found the picket guard. * * * * * There were eleven of them. Some were seated: some were lying down: some were standing: But each and every man was as hard-frozen as the icicles hanging from their guns, clothing, hair—Dead!

"They had died at the post of duty.

"Two of them, a little in advance of the others, were standing sentinel: their loaded guns in their hands: watching over the camp of their sleeping companions in the rear!"

* * * * *

It was the coldest winter known to the oldest inhabitants of those regions. * * * * * The Storm King ruled in all his majesty and power. Snow,

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rain, sleet and tempest, seemed to ride, laugh, shriek, howl, moan and groan in all their fury.

The soldiers on this march got very much discouraged and disheartened. As they marched along, icicles hung from their clothing, guns and knapsacks: many were badly frost-bitten, and I heard of many freezing to death along the roadside. My feet peeled off like a peeled onion on that march, and I have not recovered from its effects to this day. The snow and ice on the ground being packed by the soldiers' tramping, the horses of the artillery-wagons were continually slipping and sliding;—falling and wounding themselves, and some times killing their riders. The winds—whistling with a keen and piercing shriek—seemed to freeze the marrow in our bones.

The soldiers in the whole army got rebellious—almost mutinous—and would curse and abuse Jackson. In fact, they called him "Fool Tom Jackson." They blamed him for the cold weather: they blamed him for everything: and when he rode by a regiment they would take occasion to abuse him *sottol voce*: calling him "Fool Tom Jackson"—loud enough for him to hear it. Soldiers from all the commands would fall out of ranks stop by the roadside, and swear they would not follow such a leader any longer.

When Jackson got to Romney, and was ready to strike Banks and Meade in a vital point—a movement which would have changed, perhaps, the destiny of the South, his troops refused to march any further. He turned, marched back to Winchester, and tendered his resignation. But the great leader's resignation was not accepted. It remained for him to do some of the hardest fighting, and display the greatest generalship of the war.

One night at Romney I was sent forward with two other soldiers across the wire bridge as picket. One of the men was named Schwartz, the other Pfifer: both full-blood Dutchmen, belonging to

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Company "E," or the German Yagers, Captain Harsh; or, as he was more generally called, "God-for-dam."

When we had crossed the bridge and taken our station for the night, I saw another snow-storm was coming. The zig-zag lightnings began to flare and flash, sheet after sheet of flames seemed to burst right over our heads, and were hissing around us. * * * * * Streak after streak of lightning pierced each other. * * * * * The white clouds rolled up, looking like huge snow-balls encircled with living fire. * * * * * I remember that storm now as the grandest picture that ever made any impression on my memory. As soon as it quit lightning, the most blinding snow-storm was on, that I ever saw. * * * * * I was freezing. The winds sounded like sweet music. I felt grand; glorious; beautiful things began to dance and play around my head. I suppose I must have dropped asleep, when I felt Schwartz grab me, and give me a shake, and at the same time he raised his gun and fired, yelling at the top of his voice, "Here's your mule!" The next instant a volley of minnie-balls was scattering the snow all round us. I tried to walk, but my pants and boots were stiff and frozen, and the blood had ceased to circulate in my lower limbs. But Schwartz kept on firing and at every fire he'd yell, "Yer yer mool!" Pifer couldn't speak English; I reckon he was saying, "Here's your mule!" in Dutch. About the same time we were hailed by three Confederate officers coming right toward us at full gallop: "Don't shoot!" As they galloped up, and thundered across the bridge, we discovered it was General Jackson and two of his staff. The Yankee cavalry charged us; and we, too, ran back across the bridge

* * * * *

To this memorable record of Western Virginia, the battlefields of Georgia add a piteous postscript.

Our historian continues:

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"After the battle of Peachtree Creek, while camped near Atlanta, I went to a farm house. The old farmer and his wife were engaged in making clay pipes to swap the soldiers, for rations. They were glad to see me: saying I looked exactly like their son "in the army." I asked to what regiment he belonged. The old lady, her voice trembling, answered: "The 14th Ga." And she began to sob. Said her husband: "Yes; we have a son in the army. The last time we heard from him, he was with Stonewall Jackson: away up in the mountains; toward Romney. We *did* hear that while standing picket—on a little stream—called St. John's Run, he, and ten others were frozen to death!"

The speaker was walking up and down the room—trembling with excitement, "These wars are terrible, sir! *We have never heard from him since!*"

I rose and buckled on my knapsack, to go back to camp. I shook hands with these good old people and they said, "God bless you! God bless you!" I said, "Good-bye; may God bless and comfort you."

Is there any commemorative marble in any Hall of Fame, that outvies the record of the pickets on guard at St. John's Run? "Greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his life for his friends."

Jackson having prevented Milroy's junction with Banks, did not pursue him far. After capturing some army supplies and prisoners, he returned to the Shenandoah Valley.

The battle of McDowell was fought on the 8th of May, 1862. Dr. Dabney says: "This battle is especially note-worthy as the first of a series of victories which has forever joined the names of Stonewall Jackson and the Shenandoah Valley."

We remained in camp in Swift Run about two weeks. My boys enjoyed the company of the mountaineer families; it was so homelike. They visited; had dances and "singings." The "square-note"

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hymn books were popular. These books were borrowed from the country-girls, and thumbed around the camp-fires:—thousands of soldiers joining in the songs. And many a fellow was off in a bee-line for Kite's apple-brandy distillery, when chance offered.

The Captain of each company was allowed to detail one man as cook, and exempt the cook from Company duty. In my Company were many Blevins—good soldiers, they—and of all makes and sizes. There were three named William, "Little Bill", "Short Bill" and "Long Bill." My detailed man was known on the rolls as "Long Bill". He was astonishingly long and thin. He was a good cook; and gloried in the business. He asked for the job, saying; "Captain, I cant stand the shooting, and I'm afraid I might run,—and disgrace my name." He was proud of his knowledge of cookery and excelled in making light-bread. On one occasion having secured some "yeast-cakes" he busied himself with baking rolls. The oven, however, was not large enough to hold risen bread for my whole mess: the "sponge" overflowed the oven in the baking; and the bread did not turn out well.

Long Bill went to the Brigade Blacksmith and had a four-inch iron ring fitted on the oven. He was bound to have room for those rolls. Lying in my tent, my presence quite unsuspected, I watched Long Bill come up against light rolls. A chip fire was under the oven and on the oven-lid. The bread was rising,—rising. Big beads of sweat stood on poor Bill's anxious face. "Comin' up: she air sho' comin' up;" he muttered. The crisis was at hand. The oven-lid was lifted by the bread under it. In dismay, Bill brought a fence-rail and laid it across the "resky" lid. The half-baked dough exuded from the oven. The man stared desperately. He backed off twenty steps—resolution in every line of him; and his lines were long;—then, back he came, running

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and "cussing" and jumped on the blazing oven;—mashing it down into the ashes. "NOW, come up; Dam-yer; *Come up,*" he ejaculated.

There are some things about war that are "powerful straining" on a fellow's religion.

VIII

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

As a rule, the private soldier voted against secession but believed in State's Rights. His love of section was stronger than any feeling he entertained for the Union of States. Many Union men turned cold to the Union after the John Brown Raid. Not because it was an attempt to bring on a war between the races; but because of the manner in which Brown's death was received by the anti-Southern states. He was regarded as a martyr. By certain fanatics he was almost deified. From this fact Southern Union men drew grave conclusions. "If" they reasoned "our liberties and rights are to be preserved, it must be out of, not in, the Union."

After enlisting in the Confederate Cause the private soldier was not furnished by his government with adequate clothing or rations.

His pay, eleven dollars per month, is depreciated currency, was not equal in the average of four years to \$3.00 per month in gold.

He did not own slaves; nor hope to do so. But he believed in the right to hold negro slaves as a thing established by Biblical endorsement.

In a well-organized regiment he soon became imbued with *esprit du corps* and it is now conceded that a better fighter than the Southern private the world never saw.

Had he been lacking in intelligence, bravery, endurance, or patriotism, we could not have resisted, for four years, the strongest Government, financially and numerically, in the world. A Government,

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moreover, having all of Europe from which to recruit its ranks.

The "high private" in his own eyes, was the defender of the women, children, and property of the South, against savage invasion. When and where did he ever falter in his duty?

Many and many a "letter from home" written to private soldiers by relatives was brought to me to read. Usually, these letters were patriotic and encouraging. The families of these men—the great majority of them—made crops: raising corn enough to "bread" them and to feed the horse, the cow, a few pigs, and so on;—and a supply of sorghum. The latter was a big item. I have heard it seriously asserted that in the final year of the war sorghum kept the Confederacy on its legs!

The superiority of the Southern soldier was recognized by England in the old Revolutionary war.

Edmund Burke, the most accomplished and philosophical statesman England ever produced, in his speech on "Conciliation with America," declared: "Where slavery exists, those that are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is: And these people of the Southern colonies are much more strongly, and with higher and more stubborn spirit attached to liberty, than those to the northward. Such were all the Ancient Commonwealths. Such were our Gothic ancestors. Such in our day, were the Poles. And such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines it self with the spirit of freedom; fortifies it and renders it invincible."

Says General Jno. B. Gordon: "Probably in no military organization that ever existed were there such cordial relations between officers and private soldiers as in the Confederate army.

This was due, doubtless, to the fact that in our ranks there were lawyers, teachers, bankers, mer-

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chants, planters, college professors and students.

Many of these became thereafter, Chief Justices, Governors, and occupants of the highest public stations: some of the Northern, as well as in the Southern states. Some of these privates have told with great relish about an old well-to-do farmer near Appomattox who decided to give employment, after the surrender, to any of Lee's veteran's who might be willing to work for a few days for food and small pay. He divided the Confederate employees into squads, with regard to their respective rank in the army. A neighbor questioned him about the different squads.

"Who are those men working over there?"

"Them's privates; from Lee's Army."

"Well, how do they work?"

"Very fine, Sir. First rate workers:"

"Who are those in the second group?"

"Them's Lieutenants en Captains. Works fairly well, yes. But not as good workers as them there privates."

"See you have a third squad; who are they?"

"Them's Colonels, Sir."

"Well, what about 'em? How do the Colonels work?"

"Now neighbor, you'll never hear me say nary word agin any man that ever fit in the Southern Army:—But I aint a-gwine ter hire *no ginerals*:"

The Rev. Randolph H. McKim, in an article in the *Review of Reviews*, observes lucently: "The sons of the plain farmer, and the sons of the wealthy slave-holder, served side by side, in the ranks of the Southern Army.

In 1860 there were in the South only six million whites, half being females. There were only three million males including infants and old men. Allowing one-third of these to have been able-bodied and capable of military duty the whites of the slave-holding states could only have mustered one million fighting men. But with such large sec-

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tions of these states disaffected to the South, and attached to the North, the entire Confederate force could not have numbered more than seven hundred thousand men; *if that many*. According to careful estimates of the students of this subject there were only about four hundred thousand slaveholders—one-half of whom were women and children—leaving two hundred thousand adult male slaveholders. Of these not more than seventy-five thousand were in the army. The sons of the rich in the South went to war in larger numbers than any similar class had ever done; yet facts and figures point to the inevitable conclusion that a large majority of the Confederate soldiers came from the non-slaveholding class."

Some communities, of course, furnished Companies largely composed of slaveholders.

My Company, "H" 21st Ga., was recruited in the valleys of North-west Georgia and Alabama. The muster rolls of this Company—including recruits—show one hundred and eighty-five names. All of these men could read and write except four; and they—those four—were "crackers" who finally deserted. All were non-slaveholders except myself. The parents of four of the men owned one or two slaves. The father of my 1st Lieutenant, Easley, owned forty or fifty. Six or Eight of Company "H" had attended college. This was the average of the 21st Georgia Regiment; and the 21st North Carolina Regiment was about the same. These two Regiments made the best record of any in Jackson's Corps.

Says Prof. Hosmer—Vol. 16. page 76. "American Nation."—"It was a perplexing thing to the Northern mind that these people who owned no slaves, who were put out of the pale of slave-holding society (as they thought) should have accepted with so little question the leadership of the slave-holder."

But it seems even more perplexing and strange that these people—described by Professors Hart,

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Hosmer and other northern historians and writers, as "illiterate, dirty, indolent, shiftless; men who will not work on any terms"—should have made such indomitable soldiers!

And when the conflict was done, these men built up the South.

It is amazing how eastern pens spill ink over this paradox about the non-slave-holding whites of the South, and their descendants. The five hundred and eighteen thousand illiterates Hart, Elson, and others refer to—obsessively—must be the crackers. Their existence we do not deny.

One word more about our private soldier. A later proof of the appreciation of his worth. In the year 1898 when Theodore Roosevelt patriotically raised his "Rough Riders", his ambition to make a salient and brilliant military record led him to recruit his regiment from this identical fighting stock. Leaving his northern home, he made San Antonio his headquarters, and the rendezvous for his companies raised in the states and territories of the southwest. The southern privates who went west in great numbers, at the close of the Civil War, had peopled the plains with their cowboy sons.

These in great part composed the Rough Riders. Of the twelve companies composing the first Regiment United States Vol. cavalry (Rough Riders) Arizona furnished three (A, B and C) New Mexico four; (E, F, G and H.) Oklahoma two; (D. and I.) Indian Territory one (L.) Texas one; (M.) New York one (K) This last, Capt. Woodbury Kane 319 5th Ave., was authorized to raise. He recruited its ranks in the East and West. Col. Roosevelt had so many applications for enlistment from his personal friends, he was compelled to place some of them. Capt. Kane Tiffany and the gallant Hamilton Fish (111) whose death was deplored north and south, are unforgettable figures of that epoch. It may be mentioned

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that the response of the Millionaire-University fellows to the call for volunteers in the Spanish War, was a spectacle;—and no mean one.

IX

OUR SUBMERGED TENTH

Northern writers appear to regard the cracker *per se* as an insubstantial thing. A myth. Non-existent. His entity is very plainly proved by a collation of historical facts. History records that after Queen Elizabeth emancipated the "villians" who were similar to the Russian serfs of our day, vagabondage in England became a great nuisance just as negro vagabondage afflicted Southern towns "After Freedom".

Laws were enacted to arrest all persons who were unemployed, and if found vagrants, they were to be publicly whipped, and put to work. But they could avoid the punishment, as the law gave them the choice of signing a contract to come to America to work for the tobacco-planters: and this included certain persons condemned for other crimes.

They were called "Indentured Servants" and their contracts were from three to seven years. The women and children were under contract also, and when they had worked out their passage and expenses as per agreement, the planter was bound to give them a certain small outfit

The "Economic history of Virginia in the seventeenth century," Phillip Alexander Bruce secretary Virginia Historical Society" after giving the operation of the plantation with "Indentured Servants" says: "Towards the close of the seventeenth century, negro slaves became very numerous; and as they were stronger and more desirable they supplanted the whites as laborers on the plantations."

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The ancient English law which bound certain people to the land on which they were born called the "Villainage" and compelled them to work for the land owners, was enforced in England for hundreds of years. This class from service, and poor food, became enfeebled: degradations for generations, had deprived them of all ambition. Sir Walter Raleigh, the "Virginia Company", "London Company" and other corporations were granted permission to send them to the colonies. Thousands were sent over to Virginia and the Carolines: and later Gen. Oglethorpe sent shiploads to Georgia.

These people, not wanting to work after completing contract, trekked back, West and South, to the thin land of the "piney woods" and mountains where they "squatted" undisturbed until the Revolutionary war: when they sided with the British, and harrassed the American patriots sorely at times by bushwhacking and robbing.

They were dubbed "Tories" and when the Revolution had ended successfully, they were in such bad repute that many flocked to Georgia, East Tennessee and Kentucky, from whence they migrated to Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and some even to Texas. Their descendants, later, true to their Tory blood and instincts, were quick to turn against their own section and neighbors, in favor of the stranger and the stronger side: in whose service they went in roving bands, avoiding the fighting, labor and discipline incident to the regular soldier; but always ready to plunder the helpless. They would inform against their neighbors to curry favor with the invader.

There were some honest Union men in the South, but it is ridiculous to dignify these "Tories" as Union men; although some of them were enlisted in the Federal army. They have no principles and

Emily P. Burke, a New Hampshire lady who taught school in various parts of Georgia between 1840 and 1850, has published a book of

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know nothing of governments and law. her experiences. Of the "Crackers" she says: "These people are known at the South by such names as "Crackers", "Clay-Eaters" and "Sand-Hillers." They are called Sand-hillers from the ground they occupy. This part of the population of Georgia and contiguous states, are descendants of the paupers brought from England. The same crushed spirit that will ever suffer one to accept slavery, or a home in the alms-house, seems to have been transmitted down to the present posterity of these emigrants. They are not treated with half the respect by the better class that the slaves are; and the slaves have great contempt for them; calling them "Buckra", the only native word they have retained, standing for "White."

They were called "Crackers" by the people of Savannah on account of the deftness with which they cracked their whips on coming into the city, in long caravans of two wheeled carts, drawn by little steers or donkeys in shafts. The crack of their whips could be heard a long distance. Whole neighborhoods visited the city together, once or twice a year to exchange pelts, hides, and "yarbs" for articles of actual necessity.

They were not all poor. I know of some exceptions. In the mountain region, they sometimes enter land from the Government that cost them only \$12.00 per land lot of one hundred and sixty acres. After living on it five years, they can "make proof" and get a good title. I have known of cases when timber, minerals or coal was found on their land, for which big prices were paid. But I never knew of a case when they attained more than a bare subsistence *by labor*. When enriched by fortunate chance, as per the coal or timber route, there have been marriages into better stock; but the ear-marks of the cracker are well-nigh ineradicable; cropping out for generations.

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When living near a city, they sell "light-wood" (kindling) for a living. I recall seeing two of them one day, as their little tow-head donkey struggled to mount a steep street of Macon, Georgia, one of the boys—about twelve years old—was standing on the shaft "laying a hickory" on the donkey. When the older boy "caught up" he exclaimed with furious indignation, "Jeems, *git off'n* the dash; Ye think the ole Jinny kin *pull Hell en damnation*;:— S-a-a-y-?"

We get a British view of the "cracker" from the strong, honest pen of Anthony Stokes; who, in 1773, was Chief Justice of the Georgia Colony. He lived in Savannah until his return to England in 1789: when he published a treatise on the "Georgia Colony." "He wrote much more sense than was usually written in those days." Stokes viewed with alarm the invasion of Georgia by "a swarm of men from the Western parts of Virginia and North Carolina distinguished by the name of "Crackers".

"Many of these people are descended from convicts who were transported from Great Britain to Virginia, at different times, and who inherit so much profligacy from their ancestors that they are the most abandoned set of men on earth.

"During the King's government these "crackers" were very troublesome in the settlements, by driving off gangs of cattle to Virginia; and committing other enormities. They also occasioned frequent disputes with the Indians, whom they robbed and sometimes murdered."

"During the Revolutionary war the Americans lost much of that apprehension which they had formerly entertained for the Indians; for "the crackers" destitute of every sense of religion which might withhold them from acts of perfidy and cruelty, have been discovered to out do the Indians in bearing hunger and fatigue, and in the arts of bush-fighting."

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Thus honest Anthony Stokes: His Majesty's Chief Justice. But the hand of commerce has tamed the Indian's rival in savagery. A strange conjunction has come about. The cotton-factory, the cotton-field and "the cracker." Lo, a trilogy which spells power. What a metamorphosis! The cracker has become a thorn in the side of New England Mill owners. He is cheap labor. He is competition. Competition moves the New England conscience! The New England conscience, of which we hear so much and see so little! Except, indeed, in the works of John Brown, Tecumseh Sherman, and the like. The New England conscience is the spirit of persecution. It is the nightmare of Creation!

And once more, it is *busy about the South!* This time, it is concerned for "child labor in the cotton mills of the South!"

"Child labor!" they squall. "The Cry of the Children." Go to! For the cracker child, the loom-room is evolution. The negro owes a debt to slavery he can never pay. It was "Up from the Jungle" with *him!* Slavery was the vestibule of *his* civilization! And as for the "Clay-Eaters" and the "Hook Worm contingent," the cotton mill is the door of escape from eviller conditions: the vestibule of Civilization for them.

X.

THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

After the battle of McDowell, Jackson concentrated his troops, consisting of the Stonewall and Ewell Divisions, and Ashby's Cavalry, near Swift Run Gap. Soon came the order to march.

Our tents were sent to the rear. Jackson did not believe in tents. They were breeding places of typhoid fever. So he needed but few wagons to convey supplies only. Like Caesar, he viewed wagon trains as "impedimenta."

Two of Ewell's Brigades advanced on Luray turn-pike, but Trimble's Brigade followed a trail on the crest of the Blue Ridge until opposite Front Royal, where we debouched onto the Valley pike, and joined the other Brigades. Lying between the Blue Ridge and North Mountain, the famed Valley of Virginia was before us, in all its beauty. Fields of wheat and clover spread far and wide, interspersed with woodlands, bright in their tender green. But "the glory of the Valley was Massanutten!"

Rising abruptly from the plain near Harrisonburg, this picturesque mountain extends for fifty miles, and as abruptly terminates, near Strasburg. Midway is a gap, with good road between the towns of New Market and Luray.

Jackson was advised that the enemy, occupying Front Royal, was prepared to oppose us. Trimble's Brigade was leading the Division, but just before entering the town we were halted, fronting the pike.

Then, here came General Dick Taylor's Louisiana Brigade, over three thousand strong. Each man, every inch a soldier, was perfectly uniformed, wear-

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ing white gaiters and leggings, marching quick-step, with his rifle at "right-shoulder-shift," while the band in front played "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The blue-gray uniforms of the officers were brilliant with gold lace, their rakish slouch hats adorned with tassels and plumes. Behold a military pageant, beautiful and memorable. We stood at "present arms" as they passed. It was the most picturesque and inspiring martial sight that came under my eyes during four years of service. Here, for the first time, I saw Stonewall Jackson. He passed us at a gallop, leaning forward with uplifted cap, as we cheered. I afterwards found that he always went at full speed when on the road. "The very demon of energy" he.

When in camp, he sat silent; sucked a lemon, ate hard-tack and drank water. "Praying and fighting" appeared to be his idea of "the whole duty of man," as old General Dick Ewell said.

Being advised that there was a large open common adjoining Front Royal, he chose to show the Yanks how his troops could manoeuvre under fire.

Taylor marched his Brigade in by the flank; in files of four, and went into line at double quick, under a heavy fire, at the command "On the right, by file into line." (Hardee.) As men fell wounded, the ranks closed up. As each Company faced the enemy, they commenced firing. Trimble's Brigade following, performed the same movements, forming the second Brigade or supporting line, but before we had completed our alignment, the Louisiana Brigade charged and captured the battery, and the town, the Federal Infantry being in full retreat.

The Federals set fire to the bridge over the Shenandoah, which we saved. There was some delay, but in the meantime Ashby's Cavalry swam the river, which was quite deep, and dashed on, overtaking and capturing most of the garrison as they fled towards Winchester. We followed, capturing

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many of the First Maryland (Federals) who came out to the pike from the cedar thickets. The First Maryland (Confederates) was attached to Taylor's Brigade and they had the pleasure of capturing a good many of their acquaintances of the First Federal (Maryland) Regiment. Taylor's Brigade was put in front on that account by special request.

As Ashby's Cavalry charged down the pike, led by Major Davis, Quartermaster of Taylor's Brigade, who had volunteered to lead the pursuit, some of the retreating foe jumped over a fence and fired. Major Davis fell, and was lying there covered with a blanket when we came up.

He was buried near by, with military honors; General Taylor reading the burial service, and testifying to his high character and efficiency.

I never heard of any other Quartermaster, Commissary man or Chaplain being killed; so this circumstance made an impression on memory's palimpsest.

When a battle was imminent the soldiers became very serious.

Testaments were taken out of their breast pockets, placed there, perhaps, by the tender hand of wife, sister, or dear old mother. Playing cards, thrown to the winds, were scattered along the line of march.

After the fight, cards were in demand again, and were sold at a premium by the sharp fellows who, following behind, had picked them up. Did religion sustain the soldier in the hour of battle? I think it did. But "doctors will differ." It is reported that the great soldier, Wellington, said: "A man of fine christian sentiment is totally unfit for the position of a soldier." General James Longstreet endorses that idea.

The christian life of both Lee and Jackson furnish an eloquent rebuke to such suggestions, and there were many others like them: notably Generals John B. Gordon, D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, Leonidas Polk, and

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Jeb. Stuart, Heth, all men of deep religious convictions. A religious life must exalt the soldier, as it does the citizen, to a higher conception of duty. The Christian Religion, after all, in its last analysis, is *character*.

From the Commander-in-Chief to the private in the ranks there was a deep religious feeling in the Southern Armies. Whenever it was convenient and practical, these hungry, but unyielding men, were holding prayer-meetings. These soldier meetings were called by some, "emotional morality." They were momentarily solemn, but occasionally had their humorous sides.

At one of these gatherings for prayer was a private who had a peg-leg. Unable to kneel, he sat with bowed head, while another brother led in prayer. The brother was earnestly praying for more strength and more courage. The brave old one-legged Confederate, down on his only knee, called out: "Hold on, thar, Brother Jones! Hold up, with that-thar prayer! Why don't you pray for *more provisions*? We've got more courage now than we's got any use for!"

General John B. Gordon relates: "At a point near Petersburg where the left of A. P. Hill's corps touched the right of my corps, a threatened attack brought together for counsel a number of officers. After agreeing upon a proper disposition of troops for defense, we withdrew into a near-by cabin to unite in prayer to Almighty God for His guidance. As we assembled, one of our Generals rode by. Major-General Harry Heth, of Hill's corps, stepped to the door and called to him to join us in prayer. The officer misunderstood the invitation, and replied: "Thanks, General; no more at present. Just had some."

On one of these revivals of religious feeling among my troops, one of my old soldiers, the hero of many battles, and a man in whom was no guile, professed religion, confessed his sins, and declared

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with rejoicing that he had received forgiveness.

He was a long, lank fellow:—But, Oh, you reliable Sergeant! His favorite self-coined superlative was “Ovial.” He was a lively fellow, by nature, and took to soldiering like a duck to water. He had felt the *gaudium certaminis* that comes to every gallant soldier on the firing-line, with the boldest. But the humility—the meek and lowly spirit proper to a “professor,” well, he didn’t know how to assume *that!*

Not long after his conversion, some of the boys brought in a gallon of that mellow old apple brandy which made the beautiful valley “famous,” and offered the Sergeant a jigger. The temptation to liven-up, that drizzly day, was not to be withstood. Brother Sam thought it not inconsistent with his professions, so he took a little for the stomach’s sake, and soon showed he was feeling good.

Passing through the quarters on inspection I noticed that Sam was not drunk—but happy. He was stepping round “like a blind dog in high oats.” “How do you feel today, Sergeant?” I asked. He came to the position of a soldier, and saluted: “Ovial, Captain! Ovial, sir!” As I passed on, one of his “brethren in the Lord” came up, and noticing the Sergeant was not as meek as he thought he ought to be, gently asked: “Brother Sam, didn’t you profess religion, here, a little while back?” Sam, taking the question as a quiet rebuke, spoke up: “Yes, I did! And I think as much of religion as any man. But there’s such a thing as having too dam-much of it!”

During my four years of service, I do not recall meeting an avowed infidel. Fifty years ago, in the Southern States, the people participated in religious services, not as thinking and enquiring minds, but as members of a God-fearing community. A man’s Christianity was something inherently his; something that had been handed down from his believing ancestors—a precious, if intangible heritage.

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At that time it was considered heresy even to question the validity of "the old landmarks" of Religious Belief. Vainly did the scientists, at that period, endeavor to prove an analogy between the revelations of stupendous accomplishment and the Scriptures.

Christian folk frowned at the daring motto: "Omnes Colchis." And who wanted to claim kin with an oyster? Nowadays, the wranglers are getting together. Individual thought refuses to be suppressed. The conflict amounts to a struggle between the individual and the collective mind, for freedom. "The Theologues are discovering that man has a body; the M. D.'s that he has a soul."

But the Old Landmarks! Where are they?

When the Jews rejected Christ, Paul said: Lo, we turn to the Gentiles." Some of the ideas of the new converts were inevitably incorporated with their new belief. For its first five centuries, the Christian Religion was stamped with Greek attainments—and Greek myths, as well.

"The dark Plutonian shadows," of the Greek Hades, has beclouded nineteen centuries; the Greek Hell standing in the relation to the Christian Religion, that the Pacific ocean does to our physical earth: "Its great volcanic floor!"

As a "handy" dogma, Hell took on new force in the 12th century, when Dante's "Inferno" was endorsed by the Church and the poet canonized! The Romish Church was now "ace high."

In the 16th century when Luther and Calvin kicked out of the Church of Rome, they took *that* tenet with them. The Reformation took its "material Hell" on the march—as Hannibal marched with the Sacred Chickens of India, along—to devil him on his campaign.

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That 16th century—big with advanced thought—suggests Coleridge's idea:

“Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals
Never, alone!”

Intellectual Europe awoke. Galileo's pen was Ithuriel's spear. It touched Dogma, and revealed the Devil. The Copernican Theory had escaped the eyes of the Church, but Galileo's able treatise on the subject did not. The works of Copernicus were denounced; and Galileo twisted on the rack until he was ready to swear the earth stood as still as the Church! Yet his writhing lips left the world the immortal whisper: “It moves,—for all that!”

The year he died, Newton was born; to elucidate gravitation; to show that the planetary system was controlled by fixed natural laws, and not by the direct interposition of the Deity; and thus Science set Theology by the ears again, and smudged away more Churchly opinions.

Cuvier, born 1769, was dangerously illuminating, but he taught in Paris, and the Doctrinaires looked upon him as a frog-eating Infidel. Hugh Miller's “Testimony of the Rocks,” and “Old Red Sandstone,” awoke a storm of religious controversy! His proof that this old world is millions of years old, instead of the six thousand which had been one of our Articles of Belief—swept away another ancient landmark.

Then came the trumpeters of Evolution, Darwin and Agassiz, and the pulpits shook. It was Godless! So the people with souls said!

I have a boyish remembrance that when “The Origin of the Species,” with other new books, appeared on our library table, it received much the sort of treatment a rattlesnake might have done. My mother, a woman of convictions, as well as a graduate of eastern colleges, took up the unclean thing in a pair of tongs!—and cast it forever out of sight. She forgot that I had been listening to the lectures

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of Prof. Joseph Le Conte, my teacher at Oglethorpe College, before he was called to the chair of Science at the University of California.

Said this sincerest of Christian men: "Every one of us, individually, became what we now are by a slow process of evolution from a microscopic spherule of protoplasm, a fact that should not interfere with the idea of God as our Individual Maker, nor of Adam as being selected by God as the most perfect type of man, to become the progenitor of the race which was to produce Our Savior, Jesus Christ."

Said Le Conte: "Evolution as revealed by Science, does contradict the old accepted belief in the age of the world, and the unity of the races." The supernatural seems to be slipping away. Old truths, in a new form, strike us as paradoxical, impossible. Yet do we ask of Science, as Pilate asked of Christ, "What Is Truth?"

Evolution was on the lips of Aristides, 407 B. C. But in this our day, it threatens dogma. We look for the Old Landmarks, and find them not. In their stead—Darwin and Huxley!

If we could only keep the geological busy-bodies from digging up the skull of some pre-historic Yorick half a million years, or so, old—like the Pilt-down skull out of Pleistocene strata—the preachers could be left in peaceable possession of Genesis, and the Sunday School teachers would not be moved to assemble, four thousand strong, in Washington, D C., and resolve that Hell is not!

"Out, damned spot!"

By popular vote, then, the language of the New Testament relating to the lake of everlasting fire, is to be accepted as Oriental figures of speech. Hereafter Hell is to be dropped on poor old Milton's shoulders, as a show-place of the Greek imagination! En avant!

"There is no doubt that Science clears religious thought. It removes from our minds all thoughts

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of God as a material being. It spiritualizes us. The essentials of religious faith it does not, it cannot touch! It purifies and enobles our conceptions of the Deity, and thus elevates the whole plan of Christian belief."

There is a divine mystery surrounding the veriest commonplaces of existence, which is not to be solved by finite minds. Said Edison: "Show me how I am able to crook my little finger; explain to me the combination of will and intelligence that enable me to crook my finger, and I will tell you the secrets of Eternity."

On the march to Winchester, Jackson passed us again, at a gallop—riding awkwardly. He seemed never to tire. Carlyle's expression typifies the man: "A fulgurous impetuosity almost beyond human." He rode bridle in one hand, the other hand pointing upward. Some considered this an act of devotion. But probably the position assisted the circulation in his wounded hand. On the eve of a battle, it was his habit to wrestle in prayer long into the night. However, he always observed Crockett's motto: "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry!"

Jackson was a predestinarian from inheritance, environment, observation and experience; still there was a considerable dash of "Free Will" in his methods and practices. He never lost sight of the fact that God Almighty is on the side of the fellow that "gets thar fust-es with the most-es men!" as General Bedford Forrest observed. Napoleon's idea, in the frontiersman's mouth!

That night, May 23rd, we were near Winchester. We threw out a strong picket line near the town—but the 21st Georgia regiment went into camp as usual. Our Quartermaster and Commissary wagon came up and we were made comfortable. The 21st Georgia Regiment was very fortunate in its field and staff-officers, and particularly in having Captain D. M. Hood for a Quartermaster.

He was the soul of energy in caring for his regi-

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ment, . . . seeing that they got their share of supplies; often by his alertness getting ahead of the other Quartermasters in time of scarcity, procuring for us clothing, blankets, shoes and hats. And as to beef! Why, he could "find cattle" as the Texan said, "Whur thar wuzn't no cattle!" "He was a genial gentleman, and kept his camp lively. After the war, he was one of Rome's progressive citizens. He married Mrs. Cuyler, a sister of Lieutenant Colonel A. S. Hamilton. One of her daughters married Capt. Henry Hunter Smith, a noble Confederate soldier of Williamson County, Tennessee, a brother of Brigadier-General Preston Smith, who was killed leading his Tennessee Brigade, at Chickamauga. Mrs. H. H. Smith now resides on her magnificent cotton plantation, "Clower House," Jones County, Georgia.

To return to narration. The next morning we advanced against Winchester, occupied by General N. P. Bank's Army. Trimble's Brigade going in on the Front Royal pike, from the east; and Taylor's Brigade, charging in on the Strasburg pike from the South.

The 21st North Carolina regiment preceded us, marching by the flank in columns of fours, The 21st Georgia was formed in line of battle, and was advancing, when a battery on a hill in the town opened upon us, wounding Lieutenant Green Butler, of the Rome Company ("B") and one or two men. At this instant a Regiment of Federals lying behind a stone wall, fired on the 21st North Carolina at close quarters, wounding all their field officers, and a few men. The Regiment was caught between two stone fences, and in trying to deploy were thrown into some confusion. Seeing their condition our Colonel (Mercer) filed us at double quick to the right, flanking the Yanks and pouring volleys into them as they retreated from behind their stone fence.

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This movement relieved the Twenty-first North Carolina, who were fighting at a disadvantage, but showing no symptoms of giving back. We received a volley from another Regiment behind a fence at right angles to the first, which volley wounded Lieut. Charles Easley through the lip, and several other men of my company received slight wounds. Strange to say they were all hit with buckshot. We kept going to the right, until we got in the rear of the enemy, who retreated through the town.

This relieved the Twenty-first North Carolina, as stated, from a very critical situation. Now, from our elevated position—on a high hill—Taylor's Brigade could be seen advancing along the Strasburg pike under a galling fire from the enemy's battery and infantry, posted on a strongly fortified height.

Moving as if on parade, with alert bearing, rhythmic steps, eyes on the foe, they swept smoothly on over ledge and fence, to possess the heights from whence "suddenly" the enemy had melted away. Warm-hearted General Dick Ewell cheered until he was hoarse, as he led forward his men with renewed energy, and charged into Winchester, a quaint old town of some five thousand inhabitants.

The two columns met in the street, as we came in from the eastern side of the town. General Taylor said of this attack: "In truth, it was a gallant feat of arms; worthy of the pen of him who immortalized the charge of the 'Bufs' at Albuera." He mentioned also an incident of the moment.

"A buxom dame with bright eyes and dainty ankles and not unconscious of her attractions was very demonstrative in her expressions. To the advancing soldiery, she exclaimed: "Oh, you are too late! Too late!" Whereupon a tall creole from the Tech sprang from the ranks of the Eighth Regiment, just passing, clasped her in his arms, and impressed a kiss on her ripe lips. "Madama! Je n' arrive

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Jamais trop tard!" There was a loud laugh, and she escaped in confusion.

We captured all of Bank's army trains and supplies, with many of his men; and would have captured his army had we not been halted.

By forming across the pike leading to Harper's Ferry, Trimble's Brigade might have cut off the retreating foe.

It was unmilitary in Col. Kirkland, a West Pointer, to march his regiment into the town by the flank into the midst of an enemy protected by stone walls. The movement had been made successfully at Front Royal, and Kirkland thought to try it here. Here he was badly wounded; and when he got back to his Regiment, he was a Brigadier.

An incident: As the 21st Georgia flanked to the right at double quick, we were passing a high stone wall. In the upper window of the house stood a lady frantically waving her handkerchief to us and pointing to a wall just beyond. We divined the meaning of the signal, and closed in under the wall just as a Yankee Regiment raised up and fired a broadside. Most of us were protected, but several were wounded, as already mentioned.

Our loss would have been much more severe but for the flutter of that sweet little handkerchief. Many a gentle hand signalled hope and cheer, and God-speed, to us in those days; but *this* little handkerchief flutters in memory yet; with the tremor of an angel's wing. Nor was Desdemona's dainty 'kerchief "broidered with strawberries" more fateful.

While Bank's army retreated through the streets, a Winchester lady exclaimed to some of his soldiery, "You can insult women, but you can't stand your ground before our men." A Federal officer drew his sword and struck her in the face. This atrocity aroused our men to vow vengeance. Ashby's cavalry overtook and captured most of that regiment.

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As for the man who used his sword on a woman, why, . . . *they lost him!*

On our way to Harper's Ferry, we met the cavalry guard going back to town with the captured Yanks. This was a Massachusetts Regiment, and every one of its officers was carrying "a nigger baby," as described by John Esten Cooke in "Surrey of Eagle's Nest." It was vitriolic ridicule. We taunted the "white nurses" as they passed. Their mortification was severe.

This N. P. Banks, whose army we thus defeated, was from Massachusetts; and a noted Abolitionist. He was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives during Buchanan's administration. We shall have to mention him again.

Jackson followed Banks to Harper's Ferry, but could not remain to capture the place, as Fremont and Shields were converging in his rear; threatening to capture the vast amount of army stores we had taken.

The object of alarming Washington and preventing McDowell from co-operating with McClellan had been accomplished.

In the meantime Shields had reached Fort Royal with two Brigades and captured the town. We marched back through Winchester and on to Strasburg. We found Fremont at Strasburg; threatening the wagon-train moving toward Staunton. (twelve miles of wagons, containing two million dollars worth of supplies.)

Taylor's and Winder's Brigades were thrown into line of battle. Their skirmish lines drove Siegel's Division (Germans) back, pell-mell, to North Mountain. General Ewell wanted to follow them; but Jackson, who was back at Strasburg, forbade it.

Said Ewell: "Old Jack, sticks to the captured stores. He thinks there's some lemons in some of the sutler-wagons!"

Jackson had Shields to guard against, and Lee's grand strategy against McClellan must be promoted.

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Dubbing Fremont's Army the "flying Dutchman," we resumed our march down the pike. Herewith Fremont lost his opportunity to re-capture the wagon-train. He had some good men. He should have remembered Washington's injunction: "Put none but Americans on guard tonight."

The Louisiana Brigade was in the rear of the Division, and it was dark before they moved out of the town. When they were fairly out on the pike, and away from the town, we heard a great fusilade of small arms. We halted. Soon a courier came dashing by who said the 6th Louisiana (Irish Regiment) had repulsed a charge of cavalry, inflicting on them considerable loss.

This cavalry of Fremont's showed great dash: in marked contrast to his infantry. In fact as one of our Irishmen remarked, "it was a foine night for divarsion, intirely."

The next day the Stonewall Brigade, commanded by General Chas. Winder, relieved Taylor, and brought up the rear. They were hard pushed, until the arrival of General Ashby with his cavalry from Luray Valley, where he had been burning bridges to impede Shields. The enterprise displayed by the cavalry of Fremont and Banks was very creditable. In the absence of these two Generals, their forces were much more effective. It was an instance of the efficacy of "absent treatment!"

Massanutton Mountain lies in the Shenandoah Valley, between Harrisonburg, and Winchester. We were marching in the main valley on the west side.

On the *East Side* of Massanutton, General Shields was moving in the Luray Valey, parallel to us. Fremont rallied his forces and followed us with energy and overtook our rear guard early on the 6th of June.

Jackson's column had abandoned the main valley pike at Harrisburg, turning to the left. His long, captured train was then well on its way and out of danger. It was thought our General intended

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to attack and overwhelm Shields, and then turn on Fremont, but we had to fight the latter at Cross-Keys.

Ashby's Cavalry was skirmishing with Fremont's advanced guard of cavalry, and had been quite successful in resisting a charge of one of their brigades, capturing the officer commanding, and a large number of prisoners; among them was Lieutenant Colonel Kane, of Philadelphia, son of the Arctic explorer.

Pressed heavily by the enemy's Infantry, which had come up, Ashby asked for support. General Ewell sent him the 48th and 49th Virginia Regiments, and the 1st Maryland Infantry (Col. B. T. Johnson). In placing them in position, Ashby was killed.

In the affair of the rear guard at Harrisburg, 6th of June, 1862, the 1st Maryland Regiment (Col. Bradley T. Johnson) was ordered by General Ewell to charge through the woods to the left. A volley from the enemy killed the horses of Johnson and Ashby, and a second later, Ashby was killed.

Johnson disentangled himself from his dead horse, and led his regiment on, capturing many of the enemy and their commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Kane, who was wounded.

When, on June 8th, the 1st Maryland was moving into the battle of Cross Keys, General Ewell directed Colonel Johnson to carry one of the buck-tails captured from the enemy affixed to his colors, as a trophy. It was borne aloft in triumph, as Johnson's men drove three regiments from the field! The 1st Maryland, (Confederate Infantry) was unsurpassed.

General Dick Taylor was an eye-witness of one of the fleers of Fortune and War on the field where Ashby fell.

As the body of the Federal horse just captured was passing to the rear—under guard and dismounted—there strode by with the rest of the prisoners, a very distinguished-looking General officer.

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Says Taylor: "I noticed a stalwart man with huge mustache, cavalry boots adorned with spurs worthy of a caballero, slouched hat and plume. He had been dismounted, and strode along with the nonchalant air of one who had wooed Dame Fortune too long to be cast down by her frowns.

They reached my (Taylors) Brigade, and were passing on. Suddenly Major Wheat, of the Tiger Battalion, sprang from his horse with a cry of: "Percy, old boy!" "Why, Bob?" was echoed back; and a warm greeting was exchanged. Colonel Percy Wyndham, an Englishman in the Federal service, commanding a New Jersey Regiment, had last parted with Wheat in Italy, where the pleasant business of killing was going on under Garibaldi.

They now fraternized as has been described. Poor Wheat! A month later, and he slept his last sleep on the bloody field of Cold Harbor!

The 21st Georgia was resting on the road when Ashby's body was brought by us on a litter. Of him, Jackson said: "As a partisan officer, I never knew his superior." Said Taylor:

"He was the most daring and accomplished rider in a region of horsemen. With proper organization and discipline, the bold riders under him might have accomplished all the lamented Nolan claimed as possible for light cavalry."

John Esten Cooke, his personal friend, said of him: "Ashby was dead! He came and went like a dream. He was born king of battle. It kindled the "gaudium certaminis" in his clear brown eyes. He was plainly, then, in his chosen element. He combined the virtues of Sir Philip Sidney, with the dash of Murat. His fame will live in the Valley of Virginia as long as its hills and mountains shall endure."

We Georgians had learned to love him. All the world must have admired him! Ashby was like Claverhouse, his was a face that "painters loved to limn, and ladies loved to look upon."

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In truth the passage of this funeral cortege was a sight that went to our hearts. We longed for the opportunity to avenge his death. It came soon at Cross Keyes, 8th June, and right well did we use it.

General Ewell, learning that the enemy was trying to pass around his right flank, to connect with Shields, ordered our General, Trimble, to ascertain their direction, and intercept them.

Trimble selected the 21st Georgia. By a circuitous route through the woods, parallel to the route his scouts informed him the enemy was taking, we marched. He formed our regiment in line, and ordered them to lie down concealed behind a fence, on the edge of a wood, skirting a clover-field.

Through this field the unconscious enemy was advancing without a skirmish line. Colonel Mercer waited until they got in forty yards of our fence. Then we fired. The blue-coats halted, and tried to return the fire; we gave them two more rounds, then charged over the fence.

We were armed with old-fashioned muzzle-loading muskets, that had been changed from flint fire, to percussion cap. Of course black powder was used, and in the cartridges was a round ball and three buckshot. Some of the men said they fired cartridges containing twelve buckshot that they had got from the cavalry-men who were armed with shot-guns. It was a mighty destructive weapon at close range.

The smoke and fog prevented my seeing the effect of our fire until I mounted the fence. I then noticed that the enemy were in great confusion; but when we reached their line, we saw a most appalling sight. There, lay in the clover, most of the 8th New York Regiment, either dead or wounded, all Germans.

The remnant were retreating to a ditch at the foot of the hill, where we captured them, as we advanced to the aid of the 16th Mississippi Regiment.

We went at double quick, and met the litter-bear-

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ers taking Colonel Posey, of that Regiment, to the rear, badly wounded.

The 16th Mississippi was fighting Blenker's Brigade and were at a disadvantage when shooting at a distance as they were outnumbered. We charged right over them into the woods; the Germans broke and we followed, firing and capturing until ordered to stop.

Fremont's army was in full retreat on Harrisonburg. We followed them a mile or two, but the pursuit was stopped, because Shields had taken possession of Port Republic bridge. Fremont's force consisted of six brigades, viz: Blenker's, Milroy's, Stahl's, Steinwher's and another, and one brigade of cavalry.

Ewell had three brigades: Elzey's, Stewart's and Trimble's; Taylor not having come up in time. We were marched back to the initial point of our battle.

Trimble's Brigade was resting, where we had fought the 8th New York in the morning, near the Cross-Keys (Dunkards) Church. The Louisiana Brigade marched up in quick time, by the flank, each "fours" in perfect line. Arms at "right shoulder shift." The 6th Louisiana was near us. Their old Colonel (Seymour), a martial man, with long, silvery locks, whirled his horse and gave the command, "Battalion Halt". "Front! Right Dress! Every rifle was quickly brought to "Shoulder Arms" (Hardec) and the alignment perfected without a wobble. At the command "Order Arms" the rifles of 800 men struck the ground as one man, "Fix Bayonets". Stack Arms!" "Break Ranks!"

The Captains ordered their men not to wander far, as they would resume the march in a short time. Many of these men seized the opportunity to loot. My men had not yet got hardened enough to rob the dead, so they were looking on. One of these Irishmen was asked "if they were going to meet Shields, and if they knew he was an Irishman and had Indiana and Irish regiments with him?" "Yes,"

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said he, "we know of his proximity," and as he turned a Dutchman over to relieve him of his unneeded personal belongings, "These German-bounty-men are poor creatures, but Shields' boys will be after fighting; this fellow will not need his watch where he has gone, as time is nothing there, and the burial corps will soon get everything that's left. These dom non-combatants get too much already; they don't fight for."

They had heard of General Shields and that he had Irish and Indiana Regiments with him. Since the time of Arminius, the Germans have been a brave people; today in military renown they lead the van of the nations; but they require a cause. In our Revolutionary struggle, the Hessians (who were hirelings) were unfortunate at Saratoga, Bennington and Trenton. There were good German soldiers in our Civil War in regiments mixed with Americans, and there were many good officers like Carl Shurz and Rosecrans, and Siegle, and Steinwehr.

Doubtless there were German Regiments who were exceptions to the sweeping charge that they were not dependable. General Richard Taylor tells of one. He says: "In the fighting at Mansfield and other places in Louisiana, that resulted in the defeat of General N. P. Bank's Red River Expedition, none of my regiments did better than Colonel Buchell's regiment of Germans; raised around New Braunfels, Texas.

They had been in Texas for some years and had caught the spirit," had an idea they were fighting for their adopted country, not for bounty. In contrast to Seigle's division in the valley. But to return to the charge on the 8th New York. As we jumped over the fence, I heard the sharp crack of a small pistol, and saw the weapon in the hand of 1st Lieutenant Kinch R. Foster, of Company "K." Just then one of his men (a mere boy) turned and said, "Lieutenant, you shot me." His captain, John Akridge, accused Foster of shooting the boy. The Lieutenant

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denied it, and the boy's Captain appealed to me. I said, "That can be attended to hereafter; we have plenty of Yanks to fight now, come on!" After the battle Akridge took up his charge against Foster. As I witnessed the affair, Captain Akridge insisted on my going with them back to where the surgeons were operating. When we reached the spot, there lay the boy, Tate, against a tree, waiting for his turn to be put on the "table." When the wound was examined, it proved to be slight, and in the fatty part of the back. The surgeon's probe extracted the ball, which was a .22 calibre, *rifled to fit Foster's little pistol*. Then old Akridge swore like the "Army in Flanders" and his remarks about Foster made things look blue, and gave the atmosphere all around there a bluish tinge. He said Foster was so scared he didnt know his own men from the Yankees; and divers other things about "an officer that would carry such a damnable little weapon!" There would have been a serious personal encounter between these two but for the Yank's proximity.

Old Captain Akridge's affection for his men, especially for this boy Tate, reminded me of Uncle (Captain) Toby's for his men in Flanders, particularly for "Corporal Trim."

In his report of the battle of Cross-Keys, fought June 6th, 1862, Major-General Ewell says: "Brigadier Trimble's Brigade (7th) bore the brunt of the action and is entitled to most thanks." Trimble's Brigade was left at Cross-Keys to watch Fremont, who had halted at Harrisonburg.

On the 8th we fell back, and as we crossed the little stream at Port Republic on the 9th, Winder's (Virginia) Brigade and Taylor's (Louisiana) Brigade were hotly engaged, and we took position in support.

Shield's force had been driven from the town of Port Republic and had taken a strong position on the Lewis farm two miles away, his line extending from the foot of the mountain across the

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river—bottom fields, to the Shenandoah. Shields, himself, was back a few miles off at Conrad's store with two Brigades of his Division.

The two Brigades fighting were commanded by Brigadier General Tyler. One was Indiana and the other Connecticut troops, (I believe). He advanced them and checked Winder's and Taylor's charge on his battery. The Lewis House was his center; situated on a plateau overlooking the field.

Here he placed his artillery which raked our lines on all sides. Jackson soon saw that the battery would have to be taken by a flank movement. Taylor had just commenced this movement with the 6th Louisiana and Wheat's Battalion, as we arrived. They climbed the side of the Mountain unperceived and gained a position where they could reach the battery with their small arms. As soon as their fire took effect, they charged and captured the battery. In the meantime, General Tyler (Union) had sent additional supports, who charged, after a desperate struggle, recaptured the battery. Taylor rallied his 6th, and the 7th Louisiana coming up, led them in another charge. The battery was again recaptured for the second time. The supports were retreating. The captured guns were turned on them, Major-General Ewell serving one of the guns. General Shields could be seen marching up with the rest of his Division, but was too late to stop the rout, as all of Jackson's Corps was then up and in line.

General Taylor, in writing of this fight, said: "As the Argyle to the Tartan, my heart has warmed to an Irishman, since that day." The fighting in and around the battery was hand to hand, and many fell from bayonet wounds. Even the artillery-men used their rammers in a way not laid down in the manual; and died at their guns. 'Twas claw for claw, as Conan said to the Devil. Jackson rode up just as the guns had been turned on the retreating enemy;

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his eyes glistening with the excitement of the battle and *ambition*.

“An ambition that would climb to the stars; a *piety* that would humble his spirit down into the dust.” “Apollyon and Christian in ceaseless combat!” He presented the battery to General Taylor.

Shields retreated, pursued by Ashby's Cavalry, who captured four hundred and fifty prisoners and another piece of artillery. They had made a gallant fight like true Americans, and fell back in good order to form another line four miles away, in marked contrast to Fremont's precipitate flight two days before. Shields says he had eight thousand men, but not all engaged. Jackson had four thousand engaged; Winder's and Taylor's Brigades. While this fight was progressing, Fremont advanced to the heights across the little river, looked on, and threw a few shells at us; but never offered to help poor Shields, who afterwards complained about his inaction, in a report which Shields says was suppressed. *It is not in the Government Reports.* Fremont and Banks being pets of the administration. What a sorry spectacle did these two make—as Generals! A part of Shields' Division fought at Port Republic, but Shields himself was not on the field. This man was the hero of Kernstown, and a skilled soldier. During the Mexican War he was three times wounded; winning great honor, and promotion to the rank of Brevet Major-General. He then commanded the Indiana troops. During the Civil War, wherever stationed, he did his whole duty. As a politician he was a remarkable figure. Represented three states, California, Illinois and Missouri, in the United States Congress at different times. He became poor, and died a few years ago; soon after his defeat for Door-keeper of the House of Representatives. A gallant, noble, Irish soldier! A successful, but honest, politician! Peace to his ashes.

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But the hero on the Federal side in the battle of Port Republic was Brigadier General Daniel Tyler. He was an old acquaintance of mine, and now after many years we had met under peculiar circumstances. When I was a kid in the forties, a railroad from Macon to Atlanta was projected. Daniel Tyler, an ironmaster of Pennsylvania, was President of the construction company, and for a time was about Macon a good deal. After the railroad was finished it was called the Macon and Western Railroad, and Isaac Scott, a banker of Macon, was made President, and Alfred Tyler, a son of Dan Tyler, was superintendent.

Alfred married Annie Scott, daughter of the President of the railroad. She was my neighbor and schoolmate. Daniel Tyler returned North, and the next I heard of him was as commander of one of McDowell's brigades at "Bull Run." After that he did not figure prominently, but finally turned up here with Shields. He was a good officer, educated at West Point, appointed from Connecticut, but resigned to go into the iron business in Pennsylvania. After the Civil war General Tyler and his son, Alfred, joined with the Nobles of Rome, Georgia, and built an iron furnace and cotton factory in Calhoun County, Alabama; on the Georgia Pacific, and Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroads.

They called the station Anniston—after Mrs. Annie Scott Tyler, and now, as is well known, the place has grown to be a big manufacturing city: the outcome, mainly, of the force and energy of Tyler and Noble.

The fact that General Tyler was identified with Southern progress before and after the war and the Federal hero of this fight, causes me to stop in my narrative to give him this well deserved notice.

The hero par-excellence of this bloody little battle was Dick Taylor. He designed the plan that resulted in the capture of the strong position, and finally held it against all odds and persistent cour-

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age: and because he accompanied the assaulting force, and was in the thickest of the fray. Because too, he trained the Brigade that could successfully accomplish that heroic feat of arms.

He was a son of President Taylor, "Old Rough" and Ready". Born in Virginia, reared in Kentucky, a graduate of West Point, he served with distinction on his father's staff in Mexico; and received promotion. After that war, he resigned from the army and operated a sugar plantation in St. Charles Parish, Louisiana. He was a member of the Louisiana State convention in 1861 and took a stand against secession. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he was appointed Colonel of the 9th Louisiana Infantry. After Bull Run he was promoted Brigadier-General. His Brigade consisted of the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th Louisiana regiments Infantry, and Wheat's Zouave Battalion, and was assigned to Ewell's Division.

General Taylor was promoted Major General in 1862, and sent to the command of the Red River district of Louisiana, where he defeated the Banks and Porter expedition on the Red River. He was made a Lieutenant General in 1864 and was in command of the Department, Alabama and Mississippi, when the Confederacy collapsed. He surrendered Mobile, and the forces of his department, to Major General Canby. Gallant, polished, scholarly, his mental gifts were of the highest order. And he was a diamond of repartee!

On one occasion, at a dinner in New Orleans, the prosy host lugged in a topic as heavy and hopeless as a snow-man. The dinner-table became a lecture-platform. The guests were reduced to silence. The profound monologue rolled on: "Yes, gentlemen; science has made such strides that we now take Mercury in our arms; measure his weight, and span his form!"

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Taylor's arrow was in the air. He rejoined:—hastily enough—“We do, indeed, sir. And we take *Venus* in our arms, *and do the same thing!*”

Amid a burst of applause, the snow-man fell with a dull thud: and tongues were loosed.

While in London, at one time, General Taylor made one of the party accompanying the Prince of Wales to the Ascot races. Some question about the score coming up, the Duke of Buckingham said to Taylor: “See what the score is, Taylor;” “Send your groom, Duke:” responded the Southerner. Whereupon his Royal Highness said quietly to his guest: “I'm glad you did that, Taylor. Buckingham has such a lot of cheek!”

It was at Port Republic that Jackson came so near being captured. Of this episode, various accounts are given. Then and there it was said that after the Cross Keys fight Jackson and his staff rode over into the town to reconnoitre: remaining there for the night. At a still later hour Shields' cavalry arrived; and occupied the village: unsuspecting of Jackson's proximity. Very early next morning Jackson rode out to recross the bridge which lay between the Confederates and their camp. He found it guarded by men in blue, and a piece of artillery. Seeing that he was cut off, Jackson advanced; and rising in his stirrups he called sternly to the Federal officer commanding the gun: “Who ordered you to put that gun there, sir? *Bring it here!*” It was the voice of command. The officer saluted and limbered up the gun. As soon as the piece was in such a position that it could not be quickly fired, Jackson put spurs to his horse and galloped across the bridge, followed by his staff. The fog was dense, and consequently it was hard to discern friend from foe. The officer, however, managed to send three shots after him and his party. Galloping forward he ordered up a piece of artillery and Winder's brigade. The artillery was rushed down to the bridge, shotted and swept it;

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as the 37th Virginia, following, charged across the Federal Cavalry was dispersed and their gun captured. The enemy advanced (Carroll's Brigade). They were driven back by Jackson's battery; and retreated as I have stated, to the Lewis farm.

Freemont's force was twenty thousand, Shield's (at Conrad's store) eight thousand. McDowell was at Front Royal with eight thousand more. Total, thirty-six thousand Infantry, and two brigades cavalry; with orders to bag Jackson, recapture the train and supplies he had taken from Banks—worth over two million dollars—with several thousand prisoners.

Now, however, these had passed over the mountain and were safe in Charlottesville. Although Kernstown was a defeat to Jackson, Shields having eleven thousand men present, instead of three thousand, as Ashby had reported to Jackson, still the fight had a good effect. The defeat of Banks, Fremont and Shields neutralized a large part of the force that was to operate with McClellan.

After Winchester, President Lincoln countermanded McDowell's advance from Frederickburg to unite with McClellan, and directed him to put twenty thousand men in motion for the valley. General McDowell remonstrated. But Jackson had created the panic at Washington that was to break up the designs against the Confederate capitol. In one month we had marched over five hundred miles. The march from Harper's Ferry to Strasburg, fifty miles, was made in twenty-four hours. We needed a rest and a general wash-up, so "Old Jack" put us into permanent camp near Wier's Cave, the famous natural wonder at the foot of the Blue Ridge.

The delightful repose after this arduous campaign, "how sweet the memory still:" all of our foes in retreat, we—resting on our laurels—the Valley redeemed.

"Once more the Golden Horse Shoe Knights,

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Their 'Old Dominions' keep,
Her foes have found enchanted ground
But not a Knight asleep".

As to results in this exciting month's campaign, Jackson made great captures of stores and prisoners: but this was not its chief result. Without gaining a single sweeping victory, he had yet achieved a great strategic success; for by skillfully manoeuvring fifteen thousand men, he succeeded in neutralizing a force of sixty thousand. It is perhaps not too much to say that he saved Richmond. As to results at Washington, says a northern writer: "General Panic was at the head of the military advisers of the President: who can number the lives, who can estimate the money, *the rule of that commander ultimately cost the country?*"

During this interval of rest, I had the opportunity to study the surrounding country. Conversant with ex-Governor Geo. R. Gilmer's "Reminiscences" of this locality, its historic associations were of the utmost interest to me. Speaking of this Lewis Homestead, Gov. Gilmer wrote, "When the painter's art does justice to the beautiful and sublime scenery of the romantic valley of the Shenandoah, *this place*, will become celebrated as one of the most picturesque in our country". As Gov. Gilmer and my grandfather, Dr. Jno. Wingfield, of Madison, Georgia, were close personal and political friends, I had heard the Governor's book discussed, and became familiar with the Gilmer, Meriwether and Lewis family history in Virginia, and afterwards on Broad River in Georgia.

The battle of Port Republic was a victory with a historic setting. We had no time to waste on history, then. But today, this battle is looked upon with added interest because the storm center of the conflict was around the "Lewis House", built by General Chas. Lewis and owned then by that family. No family of Colonial and Revolutionary times established a more enduring record than that

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founded by John Lewis. He was a native of "County Dublin", Ireland; his grand-father having moved there from Wales, during the Civil Wars of the time of Charles the First.

What a fine stock of people did old Europe give up to the United States, or the American Colonies I should say, in the Century and a half from 1620 to 1775, the outcome of religious intolerance and Persecution! Fanaticism became a feeder!

John Lewis settled in Augusta County, near Staunton; was a surveyor, and acquired much land of value. The Warm and Sweet Springs belonged to him. At that time any one could secure from the Government as much land as he could pay for. He had four sons, Thomas, Andrew, Charles and William Lewis. Thomas, the eldest, became the Colonial surveyor of Augusta County, which then included in its limits, most of what is now known as West Virginia.

A part of General Washington's great wealth was obtained by surveys of land made by Lewis, or under his authority.

Washington and Lewis were associates in this work. These lands are said to have embraced Blennerhasset's Island in the Ohio River off the mouth of the Little Kanawha, two miles below Parkersburg. Blennerhasset bought the island and gave it his name; it became historic in connection with the Aaron Burr conspiracy.

After the Revolutionary War, General Washington passed several days at Lewis House, arranging their land claims: "A visit as well remembered as King Charles" to "Tillietudlum". Says Gilmer, "My father then a youth of nineteen, returning from my grand-father Lewis' where he had been visiting my mother, met General Washington fording the Shenandoah River, in the dusk of the evening. General Washington asked him how he should go to Col. Lewis's. My father, mistaking him for some big Dutchman of the neighborhood who was pok-

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ing fun at him for his frequent visits to his sweetheart there, (Miss Lewis) answered, 'Follow your nose'. General Andrew Lewis was in command at the important battle of Point Pleasant, October 1st, 1774, fought at the junction of the Kenawha River with the Ohio; where the town of Point Pleasant now stands. He had two Virginia Regiments, one of which was commanded by his brother, Col. Chas. Lewis, who was killed. This decisive battle broke the power of the Indians, and compelled a peace which enabled the veterans of the Colony of Virginia to go with Washington in the Revolution.

Andrew Lewis commanded a brigade at Valley Forge, in the Jersey campaign and at Yorktown. The Lewises' were related to the Jeffersons, Randolphs and Washingtons.

But the best known man of this celebrated family was Meriwether Lewis, President Jefferson's private secretary. President Jefferson appointed Lewis chief of the survey to lay off the boundary line between Canada and the Louisiana Purchase. Capt. Rogers Clark of the United States Army was selected to assist him.

The surveying party started at St. Louis, Mo. They ascended the Missouri River to its head in Montana. Discovered the Shoshone Indians; who guided them across the Rocky mountains to the Columbia river, which they descended to the Pacific Ocean. The Lewis and Clarke expedition is Homeric. The line established by them was accepted by Great Britain. Hitherto the British Government had laid claim to Oregon.

Meriwether Lewis was afterwards appointed by President Jefferson Governor of the territory of Missouri. Whilst traveling to Washington, D. C., on business, by private conveyance, he was assassinated and robbed by unknown parties, at a small wayside Inn in Middle Tennessee, where he had stopped for the night. He was buried there. The State has erected a monument to his memory and named the county "Lewis" in his honor.

XI.

“ON TO RICHMOND.”

We were encamped near Wier's Cave until about the 17th of June, when we commenced our march to reinforce Lee at Richmond. Crossing the Blue Ridge at Brown's Gap, we marched to Charlottesville, where our Brigade bivouacked in the campus of the University of Virginia.

Again, a digression: or as Lawrence Sterne stops to say, “Will your worships give me leave to squeeze in a story between these two pages?” By the way, is it not largely for the sake of his lively digressions that the world still loves to read old Plutarch?—who held that digression should be used “as side-lights, that truly illuminate.” “On a few occasions it is considered a not unworthy practice for the Chronicler to mention other matters, for the sake of the interest in them, and as bearing upon his point.”

So, Plutarch writing of Alexander's invasion of Asia, gossips of General Haspuler who had been left as Governor of Macedonia: of his planting certain flowers and vines in the palace grounds of the capital—spite of the opinion that they could not flourish in such a northerly climate—and of how well they grew. It is a *legende de siecle*; but gives us a glimpse of the aesthetic side of the fierce Macedonian.

From the campus of the Virginia University, Monticello was in full view. The home of Thomas Jefferson is perched on the side of Carter's mountain; a suar-loaf shaped eminence, rising five hun-

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dred and eighty-five feet above the plain. Monticello was the pride of the author of the Declaration of Independence and third President of the United States. He, and members of his family are buried there. The name—Italian for “little mountain”—is pronounced by Virginians in the Italian manner, “Montechello.” The estate lies three miles from Shadwell, birthplace of Jefferson, and four from the town of Charlottesville, seat of the University of Virginia; founded by Jefferson. It is sixty miles from Richmond, and about a hundred miles from Washington. Monticello commands one of the finest views in Virginia. Some of our troops manifested enough interest in the Father of Democracy to visit the sacred spot. They knew of him as the author of the Declaration of Independence; the President of the United States; but had not read his works. A few days later, as we marched through Orange County we passed the birth-place and old home of General Zachary Taylor. He, having been a military man, as well as President, interested the men more. The hero of the masses is the military hero.

Albeit, Jefferson is the greatest man America has ever produced, save Washington. What testimonials to his genius the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of Virginia! “Religious Freedom.” “Abolition of the Laws of Primogeniture.” “The Law of Entail.” And lastly, “States Rights,” and “States Sovereignty.” In the two latter—basic Democratic principles—he was opposed by Hamilton, Adams, and even Washington; who feared that to grant too much liberty to the people might lead to anarchy. But the chart that Jefferson left us, will ever be the protection of our liberties

He secured countless benefits to the people, and the “Louisiana Purchase” is a monument to his administration.

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On his death-bed he requested that he be buried at Monticello; with no other inscription on his tomb than this:

“Here is buried

Thomas Jefferson

Author of the Declaration of American Independence.

Of statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom.

And Father of the University of Virginia.”

“The civil deeds of statesmen and lawgivers, in establishing and forming institutions, are far less apt to attract and hold the attention of mankind than the achievements of military life. The name, indeed, may be forever associated with the work of the hand, but the mass of mankind do not study, admire, or respect the deeds of the lawgiver as they do those of the hero. Yet he who has formed a law, or fashioned an institution in which some great idea is made practicable, is to be accounted among the greatest benefactors of mankind.”

Jefferson stood for the happiness and freedom of the individual against a too-absolute Government. Today, the threat is not so much from Governmental powers as from the influence of money-combinations upon the Government.

I was familiar with the history of the University, as three of my Wingfield uncles were educated there. I recalled a story they told—the sensation of their college days—about the professor who was killed by one of the students, Joe Semmes, of Georgia. The parties to the affair were all wealthy and influential; and there was no end of a row. Semmes was a brother of Admiral Raphael Semmes. The father of these salient sons, many years before the bloody tragedy, had gone from Virginia to Georgia, and settled a plantation in Wilkes County.

It was found when we reached Charlottesville that there had been much straggling, as many of Jackson's corps were still footsore as a result of

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the Valley Campaign. It was determined to establish a temporary camp on Meacham River; and I was detailed to take command of it and collect the stragglers as they caught up. I formed a guard and put them on the roads; with orders to halt all that came along and march them to camp.

The poor fellows were glad to find a good resting place and rations. I soon had over one thousand men, among them were many professional stragglers who stayed behind to live on the fat of the land. Citizens complained that they were committing depredations.

I let them recuperate three days, and not being able to stop their foragings, concluded they were well, and found that I had orders to go to Gordonville at once.

I secured a train, struck tents, and ran them down there. I drew them up in line, made them an affectionate farewell talk, and dismissed them with instructions to find their regiments, which were nearby, do their duty, and help to save Richmond.

The stragglers from my own Brigade I organized into a company and marched them to Ashland, where they found their regiments. As we hurried thence, the fight at Mechanicsville, Ellison's Mill, and Hanover Court House, could be plainly heard. Richmond could be seen from the two first named points

McClellan was getting up uncomfortably close to his objective point, and it looked as if his promise that Lincoln should dine in Richmond with him on July 4th, would be *fulfilled*.

“Cold Harbor,” June 27, 1862.

On June 27th, Ewell's Division was in the rear of McClellan's right wing. We found Fitz-John Porter's corps fortified at Cold Harbor. They occupied a plateau steep enough for their artillery to shoot over his three lines of infantry, placed in rifle pits

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on the slope. It was an ideal place for defense, from a frontal attack.

Trimble's Brigade occupied second line, supporting Taylor's Brigade. That brigade, after a gallant charge, failed to carry the position and were compelled to retire. We were in an old field, waiting to be ordered in. Our colonel had been imbibing freely of the *ardent*, and had dismounted and gone to sleep in a pine thicket, and it was impossible to arouse him.

The line officers sent for General Trimble, who, on seeing our colonel's condition, ordered Lt. Col. Hooper to take command of the 21st Georgia Regiment, and instructed his adjutant to put Col. Mercer under arrest when he aroused.

Just then we were ordered in. We met the Louisiana brigade coming out in good order. One said, "Boys, you are mighty good, but that's h—ll in there." We got to a ridge in close rifle range to the entrenched enemy. Their three lines were firing and their artillery played on us, and over Federal heads. We were suffering terribly, and should have been ordered back to get the shelter of the hill. Lt. Easley and six of my company had been killed, and about ten men wounded.

Lt. Col. Hooper came down the line, his arm broken, and bleeding profusely. He said he would go back to the surgeons, and placed me in command of the regiment, saying, "Captain Waddail," (Co. "C") "waives his seniority in your favor."

I hastened down the line, ordering the officers to draw their companies back so as to be sheltered by the crest of the hill, and at the command, "Forward!" to advance over the hill, in double quick time, to the ravine just under the enemy's first line of rifle-pits; then, to lie down. This was done; the men firing from there with better effect. Soon a charge was ordered and as we sprang forward, I noticed that the enemy was retreating up the hill towards their battery. We followed closely, pour-

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ing into them a steady fire, and had our innings for the loss they had inflicted on us.

The battery continued to fire until we got well up to them. A shell bursting just as it passed me, the concussion blew me up in the air six or eight feet. I turned a complete somersault, but lit on my all fours, as the men passed me towards the battery. As I sped through the air, I thought my legs had been cut off by the shell and that the upper part of my body was flying through space. I instinctively felt for my limbs, and found they were all right before I came to the ground.

We were so close to the cannon that grains of unburnt powder had stung my face, and that, with the dense smoke, nearly blinded me. Fragments of that same shell, wounded two of my company severely.

Our division line captured twenty-six guns on that hill. We loaded the six pieces we captured and turned them towards a regiment we saw coming up a ravine behind us.

It was now dusk, and the smoke of the battlefield enwrapt us in a black pall. Hood's (Texas) and Stiles' (Georgia) Brigades hurried by us, going in pursuit. We could not tell whether the regiment we saw coming from behind were friends or foes. They halted as if in doubt as to who we were. I ordered Sergt. Joe Glover, our color bearer, to step forward and unfurl his flag, which he did, and was shot through the calf of the leg by some one in that regiment. It was all we could do to keep our men from opening on them with small arms and artillery. However, we waved a handkerchief, and they did the same; and on finding out that they were surrounded, surrendered.

We did not rejoin our brigade that night, but bivouacked right there, looking after our dead and wounded before lying down to rest.

We had captured the camp of the Pennsylvania "Buck-tails," intact: so we had plenty of rations,

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including the "gen-u-ine," unadulterated coffee. There was a yellow vegetable in fifty pound caddies, the men would not eat. They said it was something the Yankees had poisoned. I knew it was pressed carrots, and had some of it put in my beef soup. The men finding that I had not died from its effects during the night, "jumped on it" voraciously the next morning. I had a wagon loaded with the stuff.

That night I had roll call. Many good men did not answer, and of course it made us sad. Such is war. One of my men, Jim Tinker, came to me and said his brother, Bill, was missing, and that he and his brothers wanted to go back and take another man and look for him; said he saw Bill start in the charge. They hunted over the ground of our advance, but could not find any trace of him; and the litter-bearers said he was not back with the surgeons. Finally Tinker concluded to seek in the swamp off of our line. He had a torch, and by its dim flicker saw a young man sitting on a log. His brother! "Why Bill, what are you doing here?" "Well, Jim, I was tired, and I thought I would sit here and rest." Jim saw a little blood on his brother's cap and said, "Bill, let's go to the boys; they've captured that battery." He brightened up, and asked "Did they?" Tender arms carried him to the surgeons, and as they laid him down, he gasped once, and "passed over the river."

Many such pathetic incidents came under my observation in the battles herein described. I don't like to dwell on them.

The casualties incurred in this victory were quite serious to Ewell's Division. Col. Seymour, of the 6th Louisiana, commanding Taylor's Brigade, was killed. He was born in Georgia and lived in Macon when I was a kid. He was a veteran of the Seminole and Mexican Wars, and a thorough military man. He moved to New Orleans, and was the editor and proprietor of *The Picayune* when he received his

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appointment of Colonel-General. Taylor said of him, "Brave old Seymour! Georgia has been fertile of worthies, but has produced none more deserving than Col. Seymour. He was sacrificed on the altar of the bloodiest of all Molochs, Ignorance!"

Lt. Col Bob Wheat was also killed. General Dick Taylor, who arrived on the field just at the close of the battle, in an ambulance, sick, said: "In the early summer of 1846, after the victories of Palo Alto and Resacca de la Palma, the United States army, under Genl. Zach Taylor, lay near the town of Matamoras. Visiting the hospital of a recently-joined volunteer corps from the states, I remarked a bright eyed youth of some nineteen years, wan with disease, but cheery withal. The interest he inspired led to his removal to army headquarters, where he soon recovered his health and became a pet. This was Bob Wheat, son of an Episcopal Clergyman and Professor in the University of North Carolina. Bob had left school and his North Carolina home, to come to the war. He next went to Cuba with Lopez, was wounded and captured, but escaped the garrote to follow Walker to Nicaragua. Exhausting the capacities of the South American patriots to "pronounce," he quitted their society in disgust and joined Garibaldi in Italy. Whence his keen scent of combat summoned him home, in convenient time to receive a bullet at first Manassas."

I cannot tell why Jackson did not turn Fitz John Porter's right, as he finally did, before sending us in to that "death trap."

Ewell's Division had never lost any ground or failed to accomplish what they were ordered to do, and more; but here we rubbed defeat mightly close.

In 1864, when Grant attacked Lee here, the positions were exactly reversed. Lee's men occupying the rifle pits from which we drove Porter's Corps. Grant was repulsed with great slaughter, after making many desperate assaults.

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It is said his officers refused to move forward in obedience to his command to make another assault.

After the war, General Grant said: "ordering those assaults at Cold Harbor was the greatest mistake of my military career." We were aided by a flank movement of Winder's Brigade and Hood's Division, on our left.

When we charged we caught Porter in the act of retreating and followed him so closely he could not save his artillery and camp equipment.

This battle of Cold Harbor was fought June 27th, 1862. McClellan reported Porter's Corps and Syke's Division of Regulars, thirty-six thousand men; reinforcements during the action increased their number to fifty thousand. Lee says he had forty thousand men on the field. That night McClellan was in full retreat; his campaign to take Richmond a failure

The greatest generals seem to have lost their judgment at times; Lee at Malvern Hill, and Gettysburg. Stonewall Jackson at 1st Cold Harbor, 1862. Grant at Cold Harbor, 1864, and in the Wilderness. Sherman at Kennesaw Mt. Thomas was forced by Longstreet from Snodgrass Hill, after he had failed in the direct assault. By flanking around to his left, Longstreet found a weak place, or gap, in Thomas' line. It is impossible in this day of improved arms to drive a brave enemy from a fortified position by attacking in front

Notwithstanding all these fatal object lessons, poor Hood comes along towards the end, and decimates the splendid army Joe Johnston turned over to him, by assaulting works at Peach-Tree Creek, Jonesboro, Franklin, Tenn. And since our Civil War the thick headed English generals failing to profit by our experience, decimated their armies in South Africa, assaulting the Boers in fortified positions; until Lord Roberts took command, flanked their fortified positions and captured Pretoria.

XII.

McCLELLAN'S RETREAT.

The next morning we rejoined our brigade and took up the pursuit of McClellan, who was in full retreat, but making a gallant resistance.

If McGruder had obeyed Lee's orders and formed his divisions across the road at Grape Vine and Bottom's Bridges and *fortified*, a large part of the Union army would have been captured or destroyed, for McClellan's army was divided by the Chickahominy River, which could not be crossed except at the bridges. Thus, our brilliant victory of the day before, would have had its legitimate conclusion. But Huger and Holmes' Divisions lay idle, asleep in the swamp, whilst Fitz John Porter's Corps passed close to them, in retreat.

Huger's Division had been stationed near Norfolk since April, 1861, and had not been engaged in battle or seen active service in the field.

We passed them the second morning as we followed McClellan on the 29th of June.

I stopped to see my brother who was a member of the "Floyd Rifles", 2nd Georgia Battalion. His company was one of the crack commands sent from Macon. I had not seen my brother since we parted fifteen months before.

I was acquainted with many men of the battalion, composed as it was of old historic companies from Macon, Columbus and Griffin. After I had chatted with my relatives and many other old friends, and was about to start to catch up with my regiment, I was hailed by an old friend, who stood apart, looking very depressed and gloomy.

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Bill Tooke was a rich young slave-holder, who, like many others, had gone into the war under the idea that it would be no more than a "breakfast spell" to "wipe the Yanks off the face of the earth," and that there would be lots of fun and frolic in the process. Although volunteering early, he, by good fortune, had been spared the fatigues, dangers and hardships of war, so far; his company being stationed at Sewell's Point near Norfolk, but *now* he was brought to *realize* what actual warfare meant.

He had a protruding underjaw, made prominent by his constant laugh when talking. It may be said that soldiers like "all Gaul" were "divided into three parts," (*omnia Gallia tres partes desisa est.*) There *were optimists, pessimists and fatalists.*

Now the aforesaid Wm. Tooke, Esq., was ever a pessimist, even when enjoying the most felicitous of circumstances, he was prone to look on the dark side of things. On this particular June morning, and the day previous, McClellan in protecting his rear had been careless about where he dropped his shells. "Hello, Bill!" said I, as I shook his hand, "how goes it, my boy?" "Badly, Nisbet, damn badly!" "Why the enemy's retreating and you haven't yet been engaged." "No, but I tell you what's a fact, the whole of McClellan's artillery have been shooting for two days, right at Bill Tooke." Just then a shell burst not far away. "See that! they are going to kill Bill Tooke right here in this Chickahominy swamp; and he's going back to Macon in a pine box. It's old "Rose Hill cemetery" for William! I tell you, Cooper Nisbet, it's just my luck! If there was a million men in this swamp, and but one mosquito, t'would light on Bill Tooke's nose, by G—d!" It's no use to try to comfort a pessimist, so I rode on, and soon caught up with my regiment.

We reached Savage Station, one of McClellan's supply depots, (Richmond and York River Rail-

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road). One of General McGruder's brigades had just charged the Yanks there, in their breastworks, and been repulsed. He had better have struck them with one of his divisions the night before, on the retreat.

We passed on around the station, and tore up the railroad; thus preventing their retreat, that way, to the White House on the Pamunkey, which was McClellan's chief base of supplies.

It was in this White House that Washington paid court to, and married Mrs. Martha Custis, the owner of the estate, and it is thought that the residence of the President at Washington took it's name from the fact that Mrs. Washington's old home was so called.

When the army of the Potomac occupied Arlington as a camping ground, March, 1861, General Lee's family moved to the "White House on the Pamunkey." Pollard, in his *Life of Robert E. Lee*, says: "When McClellan's army advanced up the Peninsular and reached the "White House", Mrs. Lee had fled to Richmond, but left a note asking that the property be spared for its historical association. McClellan respected the request, and protected the property from all ravages of his soldiery.

McClellan was a gentleman and opposed to all private spoliation. Mrs. Lee's note left on a table in the parlor, was as follows: "Northern soldiers who profess to reverence Washington, forbear to desecrate the home of his first married life; the property of his wife, now owned by her descendants."

General McClellan occupied a tent and forbade any of his soldiers to enter the premises. I mention the incident because it was a memorable exception to the usual conduct of Federal officers, and in honorable contrast to what afterwards ensued in that war of incendiarism, plunder, and wanton destruction.

In Congress, at Washington, an attempt was made to condemn McClellan for his forbearance in

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this instance. His loyalty was impugned by a violent party clamoring for measures of savage revenge. They would have obliterated all respect for the landmarks of history, in a wild scene of indiscriminate ruin.

As is well known, Robert E. Lee was the son of Col. Henry Lee, "Light-Horse Harry", the distinguished cavalry leader of the Revolution. Of him, General Nathaniel Green said: "He rendered more valuable service than any other officer in the Southern Department."

His son, Robert E. Lee, was born at "Stratford," Westmoreland County, Virginia, in 1806. He was appointed to West Point by Andrew Jackson. In 1832 Robert E. Lee married Mary Randolph Custis, daughter of Geo. Washington Parke Custis, adopted son of George Washington. Mrs. Lee was the granddaughter of Martha Washington, and through her, inherited "Arlington" and the "White House" on the Pamunkey River.

Ewell's Division followed the retreating enemy from Savage Station and caught up with McClellan's rear guard at "White Oak Swamp". The following day we found his whole army at "Malvern Hill" on the James River, a position ideal for defense. The military advantages of this spot were recognized by La Fayette in 1791.

The slope was gradual from all sides, McClellan's right and left flanks resting on the river, and his gunboats there, in support.

Lee, Jackson and Longstreet, after surveying this position, opened a terrific artillery fire upon it, which was replied to with interest. We were in reserve, supporting Courtney's Virginia Battery, which was attached to our brigade. The 21st Georgia was lying down behind a hill. Colonel Jno. T. Mercer, who had been under arrest since Cold Harbor, came up, and requested General Trimble to release him from arrest and allow him to take command of his regiment in this fight: saying, "Gen-

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eral, I want a chance to redeem my reputation." His request was granted and I turned the command of the Regiment over to him, as per order, and took command of my company.

I had kept up with the Regiment with great difficulty, as my hip was blue from the concussion received at Cold Harbor, so as it seemed we were to be stationary for a while, I lay down behind my company and slept for an hour or more, with shells bursting around, and a battery of six twelve pound Napoleon guns firing a few steps away. I was awakened by the adjutant, with orders to march. Soon we were following the brigade to reinforce some other part of the field. It was then dark, and as we hurried on, Col. Mercer allowed a Virginia brigade, that was going across our way, to cut his regiment off from the rest of our brigade, which preceded the 21st Georgia Regiment and had gone on; we, therefore, had to wait until the Virginians passed. We then marched and counter-marched a long time, but could not find the rest of our brigade. Finally Col. Mercer halted the regiment in a ravine and sent for the captains to come to the front. We found him dismounted, lying down, his head leaning against a tree. He seemed to be suffering from nervous prostration. The regiment was in a depression; batteries on each side of us playing fiercely over our heads, and the shells from the gunboats coming occasionally into our lines, and sometimes dropping among the Federals. Bigger than army wagon hubs, they tore great holes in the earth when they struck. We could hear one coming sometime before it arrived. The boys would say, "Here comes another lamp-post." The firing of small arms was keeping up an unceasing roar.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "I am too sick to go any further, and I wish to turn over the command of the regiment to the senior officer present. Capt. Waddail, you will take command as senior officer." "Old Buck" said he didn't want the re-

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sponsibility, and *didn't feel qualified*, and said, "I waive my seniority again, in favor of Capt. Nisbet."

The colonel then said, "Well, Capt. Nisbet, you take command." He didn't like me, I had preferred the charge against him which caused his arrest for getting drunk at Cold Harbor. He had evidently lost his bearing, but said "The Regiment is just where I want it, and I want you to charge that battery on the right."

I said, "Colonel, I will first find out, precisely, our location; and do what I think best." I selected two men, and told them to crawl up close enough to find out what battery it was on our right. Whilst they were gone we stood there in the ravine and witnessed one of the grandest pyrotechnic displays ever seen, more than two hundred cannon in action. The night was inky dark, and the burning fuses could be seen from the time the shell left the muzzle of the cannon until it exploded.

To add to the incessant din, if that were possible, the gunboats were in action. Their huge mortar shells came on slowly, with a roaring noise like that made by a foundry. When one was heard coming my men would say, "Here comes another wagon-hub; hug your clay-root, boys." The "hubs" seem to have been thrown at random, dropping into the Yankee lines as often as into ours, tearing great holes in the ground when they burst. But as luck would have it, none fell very near us.

After a while my scouts returned and reported that the battery on our right, (which our Col. Mercer wanted us to charge,) was *Confederate* and supported by infantry. Thereupon, as we were not out for that kind of a fight, and not being responsible for our position, I ordered that the men lie down and rest, until further notice. Soon the tired fellows, heedless of "wagon-hubs and foundry noises", were fast asleep.

Many officers expressed the opinion that our nervous colonel had hurried us through a part of

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the Yankee army that night in hunting for his brigade.

The firing ceased, McClellan was retreating to Harrison's Landing to get under better protection of the navy, leaving to General Lee the field of battle, a very costly victory.

General McClellan did not realize his advantage. He was too timid, and should have taken the aggressive instead of relying on the navy to save him.

General Francis Adams, a distinguished Federal officer, says: "We lean to ascribing to the navy the larger share in undermining the power of resistance on the part of the South. The gunboats cut the Confederacy in twain, and neutralized Texas and the Trans-Mississippi Department, both as to men and supplies. They captured Nashville and Memphis without a blow, and sustained the army of the Potomac. *Without their aid Richmond would have never fallen.* And it was the *blockade* rather than the ravages of the army that sapped the industrial strength of the Confederacy."

No orders reached us that night, and the men slept on until morning, when we soon found our brigade and went into camp. That day the surgeons came around on inspection, to ascertain who were fit for duty and who should be sent to the hospital. They found that I had malarial fever, and that my hip was in too bad a condition for me to march on foot or do camp duty.

I consented to go to Richmond and was assigned to 2nd Georgia hospital. In going there, I had the ambulance to stop a while at our field hospital, near Cold Harbor. I found my poor wounded men cheerful and patient under their sufferings, and glad to see me.

I told them about our movements and the battles since they were wounded, and promised to see to it, that they should be furloughed and sent home as soon as able to travel, and that made them happy.

Sergeant Matt Amos came in. He had a slight

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wound in the arm, not serious enough, he said, to keep him from picking blackberries "to make the boys some pies." I cautioned him about keeping out of the hot sun. He contracted erysipelas and died. The seriously wounded all recovered. I believe it was Henry Ward Beecher who said, "Yellow fever is God-Almighty's opinion of dirt;" and so it may have been said then of gangrene and erysipelas; but now cleanliness, sterilization and antiseptics have vastly ameliorated the conditions.

At that day sterilization of hands, instruments and clothes was not *understood*. A surgeon often probed wounds with soiled fingers, and in many cases rendered slight wounds fatal by the introduction of germs. People who know of war as a thing of hearsay, have but a feeble conception of the horrors of field surgery in the '60's, especially in the crippled condition of Confederate resources. Medical supplies were scarce. Sanitation and the Red Cross were not in existence

A terrible light is thrown on actualities, in the testimony of an eminent physician and surgeon, Dr. Jas. Robie Woods, of New York City, in his recent address to the survivors of the 2nd Georgia Battalion, Wright's Brigade. Dr. Woods is full of genius, and direct as a sun-ray. From this remarkable address, delivered at the Confederate Veterans Reunion, Macon, Ga., May, 9th, 1912, I quote some facts.

"After the battle of the Wilderness, I remember—in the awful stillness of that night—the sad cry of the wounded begging for water. The air was so still that I carried an open candle in my hand as I went about the woods seeking for water. After the two armies had retired, I was left with a large number of dangerously wounded who, could not be removed:—our own men, and prisoners. So, I took charge of them, and tried to keep the slightly wounded prisoners to help me care for the others.

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There, I was left alone with fully twenty-five absolutely helpless wounded. I not only had to dress their wounds, prescribe medicine—principally morphine—but also keep them clean, and was even obliged to cook and serve all their food. At last Jim Price appeared; and he helped me by his work and cheerful company. When in despair of getting help, a body of North Carolina Dunkards came along. At first they said they were not allowed to take part in war, but I told them to take hold and help, as the care of the wounded was mercy, not war. They proved splendid help in my work, until all the wounded were removed, or had died. General Wadsworth, (Federal) died in my tents. After this I was transferred to the Georgia Hospital at Richmond, where I had care of all the malignant diseases in the separate tents away from the main buildings. Besides diptheria, typhoid fever, small-pox, hospital-gangrene came under my special care.

Day and night I watched over the soldiers, usually sleeping beside the worst cases. Sometimes I was called suddenly in the night, and going to one of the tents would find that gangrene had eaten through an artery and blood was spouting to the top of the tent. I don't know how I controlled those fearful hemorrhages, but I did.

The frightful odor of the gangrene I could not remove from my hands, so it was a constant distress to me in the act of eating.

Upon the evacuation of Richmond, General Lee left with me some army wagons, with orders to go to the medical stores and get everything I needed for the sick and wounded. Large quantities of nitrate of silver were destroyed that night while I was taking the needed stores.

When the northern surgeons appeared, I turned over the wounded to them, but when they saw the cases of hospital-gangrene, they requested me to remain in charge—which I was glad to do, but refused the compensation offered by them. I was

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satisfied with the gratitude of the wounded, which I had—from many a noble fellow in the hospital. Soon the surgeons brought all the cases of gangrene from the various Richmond hospitals, and placed them in my tents. I would hardly dare to tell you how many I had charge of, but the number was enormous; brought about by the half-cleaned bandages, etc., to which we had to submit in those unfortunate days.

The antiseptic and stimulating power of precious turpentine proved of immense value in the gangrene cases. I personally packed every crevasse of every wound with lint saturated with turpentine. I had the satisfaction of having results which were as nearly perfect as possible. Every patient recovered except one soldier, poor little Gilchrist, of South Carolina. In his case, the gangrenous wound had already eaten its way completely around from a wound in his back, to and through the abdominal walls into the bowels.

General Lee sent his own daughter to cheer and comfort the soldiers in my tents. General Ewell's niece, also, was in constant attendance, and the Ball's of Virginia, and many other Richmond ladies—so our soldiers were kindly cared for by them.

Before I left, General Lee sent me four of his photographs, all of which he personally signed for me, in recognition of my poor services. Of course I tried to do my duty by our soldiers, especially as the Northern surgeons had given me full charge of them.

Upon going to New York City, I slowly struggled into a medical practice. During the year, 1875, after I had been appointed as visiting physician to Ward's and Blackwell's Island hospitals, I began a series of experiments, carrying contagious diseases through the lower animals, and from them preparing a serum with which I inoculated patients, especially the cases of consumption. My work was looked upon as criminal, or else ridiculed in those

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early days, but many years afterward, when Pasteur, Koch, and others did precisely the thing that I had done in 1874, their work was lauded throughout the whole civilized world, while my work and name were forgotten."

Latterly, the "Red Cross" has greatly alleviated the horrors of war.

Then, each company had two men detailed as "litter bearers", who were excused from all company duty and the regimental drill. Their principal duty was to pick up wounded men and carry them back to the surgeon, and to assist the surgeons after the battle. The captains selected the strongest and bravest men for this duty. Often each litter-bearer had to carry a man on his back or in his arms, which called for great strength, and to return to the firing line was more trying than to stay and shoot. I had two of the very best. If any of the old 21st Georgia see this, they will remember Charley Warren and Paddy Carney.

My route to Richmond took me from Malvern Hill over McClellan's line of retreat. This gave me the opportunity to study the campaign. I passed Frazier's farm, through White Oak Swamp, Savage Station, Cold Harbor, Gaines' Mills, Ellison's Mill and Mechanicsville.

Gen. Lee is reported as saying, "Jackson made me fight the battle of Mechanicsville when there was no need of it, he didn't come up as he should have done". It seems old Stonewall wanted his men to rest and pray.

We were holding a big camp meeting at Ashland when promptness was imperative. You see it was this way, Lee had moved out, and uncovered Richmond. It was almost unprotected. Only Huger's and Holmes' divisions were left between McClellan and the city. A. P. Hill moved out, and crossed the Chickahominy, expecting Jackson to advance on the 25th of June, as promised, to turn the Federal right and force McCall's division to the position of

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Porter at Gaines' Mill. In the meantime, Longstreet and D. H. Hill had moved out of the city's fortifications.

Hour after hour passed, but Jackson was absent. Richmond was almost denuded of defenders, without any movement to distract Federal attention from its weakness. Finally when we did come up on the 27th, at Cold Harbor, our victory over Fitz John Porter was complete, and McClellan was in full retreat.

Gen. Lee had ordered McGruder to keep a close watch on McClellan's movements, but he did not discover the retreat until the morning of the 29th. The safe retreat of McClellan was due to the advantage thus gained. Our generals, (except Gen. Lee) had no maps of the roads, and were ignorant of the topography of the country in sight of their own capitol. Gen. Lee had no opportunity to supply these maps, they should have been furnished by the topographical bureau at Richmond. Therefore, while Gen. Lee was conversant with the country, his generals did not execute his orders; were constantly getting lost; losing time, and giving the Federals the opportunity of fortifying their positions.

McGruder finally overtook Sumner's Corps at three o'clock on the 29th, and found them in breastworks at Savage Station; and while he was attacking, we (Ewell's Division) arrived, and went around and tore up the York River railroad, leading to the "White House" On the Pamunkey.

Gen. Sumner destroyed a vast amount of military stores at Savage Station, and retreated—through White Oak swamp.

We followed the next day. About three o'clock Gen. Lee, with the divisions of Longstreet and A. P. Hill struck the Federal column at Frazier's farm and gained some advantage after a fierce struggle, attacking breastworks, but the enemy continued their retreat safely.

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Again, Lee expected Jackson's help, but it is said "Old Stonewall" was so exhausted he laid down to take a short nap, and his aids disliked to arouse him, as ordered.

I remember our column lying in the road near White Oak swamp waiting for orders to move on. We could hear the guns at Frazier's farm, the fight was over when we reached there.

I give the result of the Richmond Campaign in justification of the line officers and private soldiers whose fighting would have captured McClellan's army had they been well managed.

It was because human endurance has its limit, that Jackson was overcome with sleep at that critical hour. Had our Genius in Gray been in the saddle at that moment, the outcome would have been different. I have not words to express my admiration of this matchless infantry leader. He held the destinies of our troops in the hollow of his hand.

Arrived at the 2nd Georgia Hospital, I reported to Dr. Jas. M. Green, surgeon in charge, who had been our old family physician at Macon, Ga. The doctor was very kind, offering me a private room, but I declined, preferring to stop at a hotel. He dressed my injured hip, and by my request, gave me a permit to stop at the "Spotswood", the principal hostelry, and rendezvous of army officers.

The physician's signature prepared me for the certain inspection of the provost guard who paraded the streets with orders to arrest all officers and men who could not show in writing a good reason for being away from their command.

It is still a matter of pride with me that I served four years in the army, and was at no time an inmate of a hospital. It at any time I had been severely wounded or very sick and helpless I might have been taken there, but never on my own initiative. There were officers and men who were forever feigning disability, that they might avoid the march and the battle. "Hospital rats", these, and objects

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of contempt. I registered at the "Spotswood", ordered my new uniform brought from the tailors; bought some fine underclothing, shirts, etc., took a bath, got a shave, and then enjoyed the biggest dinner I had seen in twelve months; lit a "Henry Clay" (smuggled through Florida, I suppose), a pure Havana cigar, and felt better. I sauntered out on Main Street to idly view the passing throng, when who should I behold but my pessimistic friend, Bill Tooke, 2nd Georgia Battalion, late of the Chickahominy swamp. He wore his usual grin. Said I, "William, my boy, how goes it, now? Allow me to congratulate you on being alive, yet you seem depressed. How is the world serving you?" "Badly, Nisbet; damn badly; I got here yesterday, drew all my money, \$700, out of the bank and last night tried my luck at Faro. I wooed the fickle goddess too long. I backed the queen to win, and the old huzzy flunked me! And here I am dead broke!" I agreed to stake him for a small amount, until he could get a remittance from home. Just then the bus arrived, and out stepped my father and my cousin, the Rev. Samuel Boykin, of Macon, Georgia. They had come on to see about me, and were, of course, much relieved to find that I was neither killed nor badly wounded, as had been reported.

They stayed with me two days, and I enjoyed their visit very much. War is demoralizing. Richmond was sure a wide-open town. The theaters played "broad vaudeville," and operated a bar and gambling table up stairs; the demimonde mixing freely with the soldiers. The better class of citizens didn't go out to any kind of entertainment. Nearly every family was in mourning. As good blood as the world ever produced was being freely spilt, *but never did these people desire to stop the war, save with honor!* The churches were kept open day and night for prayers. At some one church, daily, all would meet, praying for the success of the Confederate cause; and that Richmond might be saved.

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Similar meetings in behalf of the Federal cause were being held in the North. They must have *out-prayer us, for they certainly didn't outfight us.*

I was rooming with an old Ante-Bellum friend, Captain Ben Russell, from Baker County, Georgia, then of the 6th Georgia Infantry (Colquitt's Brigade), who was slightly wounded. We, with other congenial spirits were having a delightful time, when we noticed in the papers that Jackson's corps had moved up to Gordonville. Major Gen. John Pope, who had succeeded McClellan, was concentrating his army about Warrenton Springs with his advance, under Major Gen. N. P. Banks, eight miles north of Culpepper Courthouse. Pope's appointment was notice that all semblance of a conciliatory policy had been abandoned. His first order to the troops *licensed them to plunder and murder citizens.* His grandiloquent address to the army of the Potomac had been published, saying: "I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies, henceforth my headquarters will be found in the saddle, etc."

The insinuations in this order gave great offense to the brave army of the Potomac.

Gen. Robt. E. Lee is credited with the repartee, "then his headquarters will be where his hindquarters ought to be" After reading the telegram, Russell looked up and said, "Nisbet, old Stonewall will have all sorts of fun out of that fool. If we don't want to miss the frolic we had better go back to our companies." Said I, "Ben, old boy, it seems "young Lochinvar has come out of the West" sure enough; now we will see whether "through all the wide border his steed is the best." "If not, "old Jack" will knock him out of his headquarters. So we will return to the army and help give him a jolt. I want to return via Lynchburg, and take back to my regiment the men that were sent to the hospital there from the Valley of Va. "We tried to get orders and transportation from the War Depart-

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ment, via Lynchburg, but there being no railroad then direct, we failed. Next, we thought of going by the canal boat, but on every one there was a guard. Russell said, "Here are two blank applications; we will write them up *"approved"*. I said, "That's forgery", but he insisted that "the end justified the means," that we were returning to the army and were going to reinforce with at least one hundred men, and that it was a patriotic effort." So as neither one of us were mollycodles, Miss Nancys, or soldiers of the over-righteous sort, the papers were fixed up, and we went down to meet the passenger boat coming in that evening.

When it arrived we introduced ourselves to the lieutenant in command of the guard. He was a Virginian, and, of course, a courteous gentleman. We invited him to dine with us at the Spotswood that evening, and when we had him in a good humor over his wine and cigars, mentioned that we thought of going to Lynchburg in the morning to get some men and take them back to the army. He said he would be pleased to have us take his boat.

The next morning we were off on *the raging* James River canal.

XIII.

SECOND MANASSAS CAMPAIGN.

Capt. Russel had his violin and banjo; there were pretty girl passengers, and many beauties came down to meet the boat at Farmville and other stations, casting mischievous glances at the two young captains. A gray uniform was a passport to the best society in "old Virginia", so t'was easy for us to get acquainted. Maybe I was more susceptible to female charms then, than now, but it does seem to me those Virginia lassies were the sweetest, fairest, plumpest, rosiest girls I have ever seen.

"There is no where, a land so fair,
As in Virginia;
So full of song, so free of care
As in Virginia;
And I believe that Happy Land
The Lord's prepared for Mortal man
Is built exactly on the plan
Of old Virginia.

The days are never quite so long
As in Virginia;
Nor quite as filled with happy song,
As in Virginia;
And when my time has come to die,
Just take me back, and let me lie
Close where the James goes rolling by,
Down in Virginia."

On arriving at Lynchburg, our clever lieutenant introduced us to the officer commanding the Provost Guard, mentioning our business, so our or-

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ders were not examined critically.

I called at the hospital and informed the surgeon in charge that I had orders to take every man of Trimble's Brigade fit for duty, back to the army. He had an examination, and notified those that must go, and gave me a list of the names, and I lined them up and ordered them to meet me at the station next morning.

I then went to the Post Quartermaster and got transportation. We found our regiments camped near Gordonsville, this was the 6th day of August, 1862.

The next day we received orders to prepare rations for three days. August 8th our cavalry drove the enemy's cavalry north of the Rapidan River. On the 9th we struck Bank's Corps, the vanguard of Pope's army, at Cedar Run, eight miles northwest of Culpepper Courthouse.

The "Stonewall Division" (Virginia) and Early's Brigade (Virginia) and Taylor's (Louisiana) Brigade, were soon hotly engaged.

Trimble was ordered to occupy Slaughter Mountain, an eminence lying in the valley about the height and size of "Cameron Hill," Chattanooga, and named for the owner, who was the rector of the Episcopal Church at Culpepper Courthouse.

The eastern side of the hill was a gradual slope, the opposite side precipitous and rocky. The enemy held the sloping side.

In getting our battery up the steep side it was necessary to pull up the guns and caissons by hand, using ropes. In the meantime our skirmishers drove the enemy from the crest. It was a very hot day (August 9th), the soldiers over-exerted themselves from that and the excitement of the battle, several suffered sun-stroke, and several were wounded by shells that the enemy were throwing there, trying to keep us from getting that position.

Lt. Will Wright of Captain Henry Battle's Company (Polk Co.) received a wound in the groin

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from a fragment of shell. He was apparently dead when placed on a litter and sent to the rear.

Captain Latimer and his gunners had gone ahead and located the situation of the two batteries he had to fight, and calculated the distance so as to know how long to cut the fuse. We got the guns up, already shotted, and ran them out from the rear of the residence into the lawn of Rev. Slaughter, the guns passing over at least a thousand books.

I noticed some in the original Latin, Greek and French, and there were the *New Englander's* favorite authors, Emmerson, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes. Old Plato said long ago: "The house that has a library has a soul". The Yankees were determined that nothing of that nature should be left in old Virginia; they trampled and destroyed the library, when a house that had one, fell into their lines. They seemed to have a spite against culture and refinement "down South."

Now this poor non-combatant preacher, what had he done, save good works? Spending his life trying to save souls; and now at last to have his library, the very soul of his own house (according to Plato) ruthlessly scattered and destroyed by those barbarous iconoclasts.

As we advanced, I fain would have picked up a copy of the Iliad to refresh my memory about the "direful wrath of Achilles", but the direful wrath of Pope was enough for me, just then.

When Rosencrans advanced against Chattanooga his troops burnt a storehouse at Trenton, Georgia, simply, as they said, to destroy a library that my father had deposited there awaiting shipment to Cloverdale farm.

The enemy opened upon us with twelve pieces, Latimer replying with six twelve-lb. Napoleon's. Here our infantry support in the rear, from behind protections, saw the prettiest artillery duel ever witnessed during the war. This Virginia battery of our brigade were Jackson's pets, every man a crack

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shot, and picked for efficiency, so ere long the enemies caissons commenced to blow up and several guns were put out of commission. Our battery had the advantage of position. The shells used were some furnished Jackson by Banks in the Valley, and they, like his commissary and quartermaster supplies, were good. In fact, Banks was a "good provider."

About the time the explosions were going on below, Old Stonewall rode up to view the situation, and ordered an advance down the mountain.

"I see him now, the old slouch hat
Set o'er his eye askew;
His speech? so dry, so shrewd, so pat,
So kind, so brave, so true!
The blue-light Elder knows 'em well;
He says, "That's Banks. He's fond of shell.
Lord save his soul! We'll give him—well!
That's Stonewall Jackson's way!"

From the crest of Slaughter's Mountain the whole scene of the battle was before us—a grand, moving diorama. The firing was at its height. The roar of artillery stunned our ears like protracted thunder. The whole valley was a boiling crater of dust and smoke. We advanced and captured one or two guns which had been disabled, and caissons and limbers left behind in the enemy's retreat.

Banks was falling back on Culpepper Courthouse. We followed him only a short distance, as Jackson had "other fish to fry." In the battle of Slaughter Mountain we lost an officer of pre-eminent worth, Brig. Gen. Chas. Winder. He was a Marylander, graduate of West Point (1850) and was regarded as one of the very best officers in Jackson's Corps.

The following day we were busy burying the dead, and sending captured property to the rear. The succeeding day we marched back to Liberty Mills. The Northern papers received soon after contained Pope's report of the battle, claiming that he had met Jackson *and defeated him!*

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This was the impression Jackson wanted to make on Pope.

On the 16th of August, Ewell's Division moved from Liberty Mills to Mountain Run. On the 20th we crossed the Rapidan River at Cunningham's Ford. On the 21st passed Brandy Station on the Orange and Alexandria's Road. On the 22nd, we crossed Hazel River—Stewart's Cavalry being between the enemy at Warrenton Springs, and our infantry to conceal movement. On the 25th of August the Rapahannock was crossed; we passed Salem and went on through Thoroughfare Gap on the 26th and moved to the right—capturing Bristow Station. We now had Pope cut off from his base of supplies at Manassas Junction.

The men had just loosened a rail when a freight train hove in sight. Suspecting that there was something wrong, the engineer put on a full head of steam and ran through at full tilt, escaping many bullets, sent after him. By the time a second train came, the track was torn up, and there was a wreck. The engine turned over on her side, but was not much injured. Her engineer said there was a third train following, and under compulsion, gave the signal for it to "come on". The train came in sight. One of our men, an engineer, blew the signal to "come on". She ran into the wrecked train, and the two were piled up together. It was then about eight o'clock p. m. Ewell's Division had marched forty miles that day, and had covered one hundred miles in three days, living on roasting-ears and fat bacon. Said to be the greatest number of miles marched by any infantry division in that length of time. Gen. Trimble requested that he "be permitted to capture Manassas Junction at once, as it was only seven miles away, and that post might be reinforced from Alexandria before morning." "Old Jack" said, "That's what I want to do, but I fear our men are too exhausted to go further tonight." But, said he, "General Trimble, if you think your men can stand

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any more, take your brigade and go ahead." Old Trimble answered, "I don't need all my brigade, just give me my two-twenty-ones, and I can storm and capture h—ll, 'tself!"—the 21st Georgia and the 21st North Carolina.

Dick Taylor relates that in the charge at Winchester, he was using some words not down in the catechism and that Jackson came up behind him. The elder laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Taylor, I am afraid you are a bad fellow."

"Where Jackson was, there Trimble was, also." And where Trimble was, there were his "Two Twenty-firsts."

The 21st Georgia at that time was commanded by Major Thomas J. Glover (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel) who was the most daring, desperate fighter I saw during the war.

After being severely wounded in several engagements, he was killed in the second Winchester battle in 1864, two years after, in what is said to have been his one hundred and seventh time under fire. He always went out with the skirmish line.

The 21st Georgia was in more fights than any other regiment, (I make this statement advisedly) and Col. Glover was in more than any other man in that regiment.

He was an enthusiast in the Confederate cause, and was never so happy as when in a scrap with the enemy.

There was no better company than his ("A.") composed of well-to-do farmer boys, thoroughly drilled and disciplined. Georgia's superb yeomanry.

After the war in 1867, Col. Glover's widow, Mrs. Lizzie Glover, called together the survivors of her husband's old company, and all ex-Confederates of Campbell Co., Georgia, to meet in reunion at Campbellton.

It was the first conception of the great Confederate reunions at which the Confederate Veterans are now entertained each year by some Southern

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city; each trying to excel in doing honor to the "Old Guard" they love so well.

But to return to the second Manassas Campaign. After supper our old general started with his two 21's. The 21st North Carolina was commanded by Lt. Col. Fulton, a most excellent officer, who was killed a few days afterwards at "Chantilly", (Ox Hill.)

On approaching the junction, the 21st Georgia was formed on the left, and the 21st North Carolina on the right of the railroad.

The enemies' pickets had been driven in, and their guards around the immense commissary and quartermaster buildings fired, and ran.

The night was very dark, and it was impossible to locate the enemies' batteries or works; but as we got well up in the town, they opened upon us, with a battery on each side of the railroad, close range, with canister. This revealed their position, and the order was "Charge!" "Each regiment captured a battery of four field pieces, eight pieces in all, before they could reload. There were no casualties except in my Company ("H,") which was advancing formed across the public road. Lt. Isaac Hicks and Private Gillam Oyler were killed, and Privates Stephen Blevins and Cheeks Jones each lost a leg.

The garrison, including the Colonel commanding, was captured, and also millions of supplies. Our hungry men feasted on luxuries.

After the first fire the Colonel commanding ran up to his battery, as we got there, and said, "Give 'em another round, boys, it's only some of Mosby's d—m guerillas." Then Lt. Washington Boulding of my company tapped him on the shoulder and said, "I reckon, Colonel, you have got in the wrong crowd." Just then a light was obtained, and the Colonel said, "I believe the Rebs have got me," and surrendered his fine sword and pistol to Lt. Boulding.

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The next morning Pope sent a brigade of cavalry to disperse Mosby, and to recapture the junction, evidently still thinking that it was only cavalry in his rear, but he soon found that it was Jackson's Corps. This cavalry brigade was composed of raw recruits, Pennsylvania Dutch, mounted on Connes-toga horses. Our commanding cavalry general, Jeb Stewart, drew up one of his brigades, and charged into their flank as they galloped by.

The 21st were in the breast works, as they came through, all mixed up. The Yankee brigade, having never been under fire before, and unused to riding, could not control their big horses. It was a stampede as they passed us, we could not shoot; a good many were unhorsed by the Virginia cavalrymen's sabers and some captured who could stop to surrender. The scene was very amusing to us. I had heard that a Pennsylvania draft horse weighing two thousand pounds couldn't run, but rabbits had to get out of their way that day, and as for *wind!* I after wards learned that some of them passed through Centerville and Fairfax Courthouse twenty miles off at full speed, and some never took up until they went over the long bridge at Washington. I admire a good cavalryman, but oh you Pennsylvania Dutchman!

The Pennsylvania Infantry, especially the "Buck-Tails" were considered the best in the Army of the Potomac. The next morning, seven a. m., a New Jersey Brigade, commanded by Colonel Taylor, came out from Alexandria on the cars, debouched near Blackburn's Ford, drove in our pickets, advanced across Bull Run Creek and attacked us gallantly and vigorously. They would reform after each repulse and come again, in true American style. Their Commander and his son who was on his staff, were killed. One half of Col. Taylor's officers, including his nephew, were killed or wounded. They fell back in retreat. I suppose they re-

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turned to Alexandria. I did not see or hear of them any more.

That day Jackson (whose whole corps was then up) after loading the captured teams and many of our own, with commissary and medical supplies, destroyed the rest, and crossed Bull Run at the Blackburn Ford, marching up that stream to the Stone Bridge on the plains of Manassas.

The army supplies we captured at Manassas Junction, exceeded in amount those we captured from Gen'l. Banks at Winchester, but our means of transportation were not so good. It nearly broke our hearts to destroy any of the needful food and clothing. But a Regiment of infantry and their equipment, two batteries and their equipments, four hundred extra horses, two hundred negroes, ten locomotives, two long freight trains loaded with stores and many large warehouses full of army supplies of all kinds and sutler shops galore were a part of the spoils. This was the greatest amount captured by two Regiments only during the Civil War; unless it was when these same two Regiments captured Plymouth, N. C., and ran up the total by including several gunboats. Old Trimble knew whereof he spoke when he told Gen'l. Jackson what his "Two Twenty-ones" could do. To see our half-starved men, tattered and barefooted, filling up on canned goods and other dainties, and washing them down with fine old wines, as they strutted around in new shoes and "store-clothes", was a very amusing and satisfying sight. After this feast the balance of our Brigade (16th Miss., and 15th Ala. Regiments and Latimer's Battery) came up, they and the rest of Jackson's Corps which was arriving, were amply supplied with all they wanted. Pope's plan now, was to crush Jackson's twenty thousand with his 100,000 army, before Longstreet could come to our relief. So he put his corps in motion. On the 28th of August we struck King's Division of McDowell's Corps, on the march to Centerville,

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where Pope thought he would find Jackson. The Federals occupied a line of new railroad. It was necessary that we capture their position. Ewell's Division had a desperate fight with them, driving the Federals back, and occupying the line, enabling us to hold out against Pope's whole army; which was pouring down upon us. Lt. Boulding and his brother and a good many others of my company were killed and wounded. The Bouldings died from their wounds at Dudley Church hospital, near where they fell. Capt. Joseph F. (Buck) Waddail, Co. "C", from Atlanta, and Lt. Tom Attaway, Co "B", from Rome, were killed that evening. Many others of the Regiment went down that 28th of August, 1862. *Braver men never went into battle.*

Late in the afternoon Major Gen'l. Ewell received a severe wound in the knee. His leg had to be amputated. This was near Groveton, and we were not far from the Warrenton Pike.

Next day, (the 29th) Hooker's, Kearney's, and Reno's Divisions assaulted our lines, and were repulsed; our Brigadier General, Trimble, was wounded. Grover's Brigade, of Hooker's Division made the most gallant charge. General Glover reports that, "bayonet wounds were given and received, one Confederate Colonel was struck in the head with a musket." Trimble's Brigade occupied the cut. General Bradley Johnson's 1st Maryland Regiment (Stewart's Brigade) in his report of the battle, says: "I saw men standing in line, in front of the deep cut, *fighting with stones.*" He also reports, that "I noticed a Federal flag hold its position, for half an hour, in ten yards of one of the Regiments in the cut (21st Georgia) and go down six or eight times, and after the battle, one hundred dead men were lying in twenty yards of the cut, and some in two feet of it."

During these assaults on our lines, the most reckless daring was shown on each side. Every man was doing his duty, credit should go with the per-

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formance of duty, and not with what is very often "the accidents of glory."

Private Latham of Company "C" from Atlanta (21st Georgia Regiment) climbed up on the "cut" and put up our flag that had been pulled or shot down, and the Federal flag planted there. He stood on top of the cut in full view of the assaulting column and fired gun after gun into them, until he was shot through by a Federal soldier whose gun was not more than two feet from his breast; he rolled back to the bottom of the cut, imploring his comrades never to give up their line. Latham recovered and did much more valiant service for the Confederacy.

In the life of Jackson, John Esten Cooke says: "All day long they threw their masses upon us, only to fall back shattered and shrieking. When the sun went down their dead lay heaped in front of that incomplete railway. Without ammunition, the piles of stones were used."

These individual acts of gallantry ought to have been suitably recognized, but there were no medals to bestow; no "Victoria Crosses" with which to honor our brave men.

November 22nd, 1862, an act (No. 27) was passed by the Confederate Congress authorizing the granting of medals and badges of distinction as a reward for courage and good conduct on the field of battle. This act authorized the President to bestow medals with proper devices, upon officers who had been conspicuous for courage, and to one soldier of each company "who shall be named by the men of his company." Nothing was done to carry out this laudable act. I suppose Mr. Davis was too busy mapping out campaigns for his Generals, to attend to such small matters.

Evidently our Congress felt mean that this plain duty had been neglected. Accordingly on October 3d, 1863, an order was issued stating that the medals could not be obtained, and providing that the names

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of those worthy of such honors be reported to Adjt. General's office and the Roll of Honor be read at the head of each Regiment, at dress parade.

Knowing that the medals could have been bought with cotton in Liverpool, and brought in on a "Blockade Runner" in a few weeks, only a few Regiments took any notice of the order; preferring to fight on in the consciousness of duty well done. And now, after all, the Confederate soldier is treated as a Pauper by the Pension Acts of the Southern States, which is a crying shame! These disgraceful Pension Acts should be wiped off the Statute-books. By simply passing a Service Act, as the Federal Government has done for its veterans. Of course there would have to be a property qualification, the financial condition of the States requiring this. But the States can now afford to be more liberal in that matter, and also as to making *proofs*, as many veterans have passed away. For instance, a veteran may own a house and small farm and some stock, and yet be unable to work, and produce anything for his support. This thing can be fixed up right, if law-makers *will do it!* I wouldn't vote for a man to go to the Legislature who did not pledge himself to do all he could to this end. The State of Kentucky has recently passed an Act giving *every Confederate soldier* ten (\$10) dollars per month pension, without *any restriction*.

But to my narrative. The evident intention of Pope was to turn Jackson's flank and overwhelm him before Longstreet was in position to strike. On the next day (the 30th of August) Gen'l. Pope massed King's Rickett's, Reynold's and a part of Sigle's Divisions, in a final effort to crush Jackson, who had only three depleted Divisions. Pope was notified by Fitz-John Porter that Longstreet had arrived, but he did not believe it, and ordered Porter to assist in the assault. Porter refused, and held the Henry House hill and the road, open for Pope's retreat to Centerville.

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McDowell sent Syke's Regulars to the Henry House against Longstreet, instead of sending them to assist in the assault on Jackson, as Pope had ordered.

Fitz-John Porter was put under arrest, afterwards, by General Pope. After many years, Porter was exonerated by a Court of Inquiry and restored to his rank in the army by act of Congress.

As to Pope's retreat from the battle field, Capt. Wm. H. Powell of the 4th United States Regulars, says: "That night as we withdrew from the battle-field and filed into the turnpike, we came upon a group of officers. One of them said: "What troops are these?" "The Regulars, 2nd Division, 5th Corps." This officer said, "God bless them, they saved the army." It was General McDowell. Says Capt. Powell. "As we reached the "Stone bridge", everything was in confusion, the defeat of the army was complete, until we reached our fortifications at Centerville, where we found the 2nd and 6th Corps had arrived from Alexandria."

Longstreet says: "On the 29th Pope was away from the active part of his field, and in consequence failed to have correct advice of my arrival. On the 30th he was quite misled by reports of his officers and others to believe the Confederates were in retreat, and planned his movements upon false premises."

The results of the second battle of Manassas were nine thousand Federal prisoners, thirty pieces Artillery, and thousands of small arms. Federal losses between Rappahannock river and Washington were fifteen thousand; Confederate loss, eight thousand.

This last charge of these divisions massed against Ewell's Division, as described, was also repulsed, and Longstreet seeing their attack fairly broken, ordered his troops to advance on the right; this movement in such force, was not expected by Pope, and McDowell was pushed back, and Pope's road of retreat to Centerville would have been lost, if McDowell

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had not thrown a Brigade of Regulars across the Henry House hill, which checked Longstreet's victorious onslaught.

Pope's great mistake was in ordering McDowell to fall back from Thoroughfare Gap; thus letting Longstreet through.

We were fighting fiercely in the Railroad cut as General ("Tige") Anderson's Georgia Brigade rushed by, and became engaged. Capt. Tomlinson Fort, commanding a Company in the 1st Georgia Regulars, of that Brigade went down; severely wounded in the leg. He recovered, and served until the end. A brave, efficient officer! He was born and reared in Milledgeville, Georgia; and enlisted from there; After the war he practised law in Chattanooga successfully, until his death, which occurred recently. He was a public spirited citizen and did much for the up-building and philanthropies of his city.

Benning's Georgia Regiment (17th) followed Anderson's Brigade in the charge. Benning's men called him "Old Rock". Some of our boys shouted to him as they hurried by: "*Go it Rock, old Tige has treed!*"

The Federals contended fiercely for possession of the "Henry House Hill" but Longstreet's whole line advanced. Jackson's Corps joined in the forward movement; the Yanks retreating pell-mell towards Centerville, on the pike the Regulars had held open for them.

During the battle the opposing lines were so near each other they became intermingled. Both armies used "Sudley Church" for a hospital. Federal and Confederate surgeons operated there together, during the battle. Ambulances from each army came and went, delivering their wounded.

Before following up Pope's retreat, I will mention some other things about the second battle of Manassas. There was no man more conspicuous in this war than General Robert Toombs of Georgia.

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Always on the field, yet through his impetuosity, he would often put his Brigade into the fight without orders. In this instance his Division Commander, Major General D. R. Jones, (a very slow, methodical West Pointer) caught up with Toombs, as his Brigade was pushing forward, following up their success, and reprimanded him for advancing without orders. Toombs replied hotly, saying among other things, "The fact is, Sir, "I refuse to be tied to a Corpse!" After the battle Jones preferred charges against Toombs, which eventuated in his retiring from the army, and antagonizing President Davis' policies for the rest of the war.

On the 28th, General Dick Ewell lost his leg. We regretted losing our able Division commander. When he recovered, he was promoted Lt. General. Born in Virginia, he was educated at West Point, and served in Mexico with much distinction as an officer of the 1st Dragoons. He was a queer man. Often went in with the skirmish line. Always spoke of Jackson, as "Old Jack", the latter was several years his junior.

He said he admired Jackson's genius, but was certain of his lunacy. He had heard Jackson seriously declare he never ate pepper, because it produced a weakness in his left leg. Which confirmed Ewell in this opinion. Ewell was dyspeptic and nervous, which prevented him from taking regular sleep. So he often passed the night curled around a camp stool. It was enough to dislocate an ordinary person's joints. But he was a bold horseman, and with all his oddities was popular with officers and men.

In the fight at Groveton, we were deprived of both our able Brigade and Division commanders, by wounds. Trimble afterwards was promoted Major-General. After it was known that General Ewell was severely wounded, Mrs. Campbell Brown, a widow and owner of the "Spring Hill" Stock farm, Maury County, Tennessee; came on to nurse

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him. It was said they had been old Ante-Bellum sweethearts, and were distantly related. Ewell had remained single. The old flame revived and they were married. Mrs. Brown was the daughter of the Hon. Geo. W. Campbell of Nashville, who was a member of Monroe's cabinet, and prominent in many ways. His home was on the hill where the State House now stands.

After the war General Ewell lived many years, and conducted that celebrated home of the "Hal" stock of Pacers and could often be seen driving a team into Nashville.

Our Brigadier, Isaac R. Trimble, was a Marylander; he was also a West Pointer, and saw service in the United States Army. He had resigned and at the outbreak of the War, was superintendant of the B. & O. R. R. Too severely wounded to be moved from the field hospital, he fell into the hands of the enemy after we moved into Maryland.

He was promoted Major General after Second Manassas.

Jackson, as usual, was ordered in pursuit. We followed the retreating foe close to Washington. When we reached "Chantilly" Jackson, learning that the enemy was advancing on him from Centerville, threw his corps into line across "Ox Hill". Hill's Division on the right, Ewell's Division in the center, and the Stonewall Division on the left.

The Federals came upon us and attacked fiercely. Kearny's and Stevens' Divisions (Fed'l.) contested the ground until Major General Phil Kearney and Major General Stevens were killed, when their Divisions retired from the field.

We lost our Brigade Commander, Capt. Wm. F. Brown, of the 12th Georgia Regiment, a very capable, gallant soldier. He had been recommended for promotion by General Jubal Early, who said in his report after the battle of Cedar Run. "Capt. Wm. F. Brown, commanding that gallant fighting Regiment, the 12th Georgia, who is over sixty years

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of age, displayed great courage and energy. He is eminently deserving the command of a Regiment and I recommend him for promotion."

There was no more distinguished soldier in the Federal Army than Maj-Gen Phil Kearney. His death was a great loss to the Federal Army, and so was that of Maj.-Gen. Stevens, who also stood very high as an efficient Division commander.

The Federal Army had made a splendid fight—though losing the battle of 2nd Manassas. The stand of Ox Hill (Chantilly) was severe, so that our army of North Virginia should have held in profound respect its formidable adversary, "seasoned by many bloody fields".

XIV.

CHANTILLY.

But enough of battles for the present, let us digress. This historic place, "Chantilly" was the estate and home of Richard Henry Lee, who played such a prominent part in the American Revolution as a parliamentarian. Born at "Stratford", the old Lee estate nearby, Jan. 20th, 1732, died at Chantilly June 19th, 1794. He was educated in England. In his 23rd year, when Braddock came to Virginia, Lee raised a company of volunteers in Westmoreland Co. for his expedition against Fort Duquesne. Gen'l. Braddock had a contempt for Colonial Militia and declined their services. So Lee had to march his men back home, and disband. As it turned out Braddock would better have kept them.

Lee was sent to the House of Burgesses, where he made a speech strongly opposing the importation of slaves. He wanted to place a tax upon them large enough to stop the trade. He originated the plan of

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a general Congress of the Colonies, which was adopted; and he was a delegate to the first Colonial Congress that met in Philadelphia in 1774. He also represented Virginia in the 2nd. Congress which met at Philadelphia in 1775. He was chairman of committee appointed to draw up commission and instructions of Gen'l. Washington, who had just been appointed commander-in-chief, Armies of America.

In May, 1776, Lee moved "that these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

The resolution was strongly seconded by John Adams, and Lee made a great speech in advocating it: but the matter was postponed until the first Monday in July.

In the meantime a committee was appointed to draft a Declaration of Independence. Lee would have been Chairman of this committee, but receiving intelligence of the illness of his wife, he had to return to Virginia.

Next day the committee met, and appointed Thos. Jefferson Chairman. Through this trivial incident the glory of the Authorship of the Declaration of Independence was transferred from Richard Henry Lee, to Thomas Jefferson. Lee signed the Declaration and was returned to the Congresses of 1779-80-84, when he was elected President of that body.

He was also elected to the Congress of 1786, and when the constitution was adopted was one of the first two Senators from Virginia.

The British, knowing the agency which Mr. Lee had in the Declaration of his Country's independence, made several special efforts to secure his person. On two occasions he but barely escaped his enemies.

His brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee, also served in Congress from Virginia and signed the Declara-

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tion of Independence. He was a second cousin of Harry Lee, the cavalry leader known as "Light-horse Harry"!

After the Revolution, the Marquis La Fayette, re-visiting the thirteen States of the Union, was entertained from Boston to Savannah. Congress showered honors, pensions, and lands upon him. At this time he was entertained in the most sumptuous manner at "Chantilly" by Richard Henry Lee.

And so it seemed, that in The Old Dominion, we could never even get into a skirmish without setting foot on "History's enchanted ground!"

XV.

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

On the 5th and 6th of September, as our columns approached Leesburg, "Maryland, My Maryland" was in the air. It was said that the defeat of Pope's Army, and our proximity to Washington, gave "Old Abe" such a scare that he sent his household goods aboard a transport, which was kept steamed up ready for departure at a moment's notice.

After resting a few days, we took up the march, and on the 5th of September crossed the Potomac at "White's Ford" into Maryland. On the 6th we reached the B. & O. bridge over the Monocacy. Here, Col. Jas. A Walker of the Stonewall Brigade, was placed in command of Trimble's Brigade. He was a good soldier. Served gallantly until the war ended. He died recently at his home, Wytheville, Virginia, greatly honored and loved, by all.

On the 10th of September, we moved up to Frederick City. This was the home of Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner". There he was buried. It was also there that Admiral Schley "the hero of Santiago", was born and reared.

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Schley says: "I knew Barbara Fritchie. She was a kind hearted old lady who made famous ginger-cakes and gave them liberally to the children. She was strongly Union in sentiment, *but the incident mentioned by Whittier was a poetic fancy.*" As we marched, the bands played "Maryland, My Maryland". Some Confederate flags were flying in the town, but many more Union flags, expressive of the prevailing sentiment of *that* part of Maryland!

The children waved "Old Glory" but we paid no attention to such demonstrations. Jackson had bigger game in view, than to fuss with old women. The story of Barbara Fritchie, as related by Whittier in his poem of that name, *is a myth.* No such incident occurred as Whittier described.

She lived, I am told, on a side street. We marched on the main street leading to Hagerstown. Jackson rode at the head of our column.

If anything had occurred to stop him, I would have noticed it. I never heard of Barbara until I read the poem. It's a pity to spoil a pretty fable, and poetic tale, but let us have the truth. "Fiat-justitia, ruat coelum."

Maryland furnished the Confederacy many splendid soldiers. They were the flower of her chivalry. But the State did not ardently declare itself for either the Confederate or the Federal Government. She contributed troops to each army. Randall's splendid appeal shook our hearts like a trumpet!—

"She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb!" * * *
But Maryland remained a "mute, inglorious" Maryland! The State was sandwiched between the upper and the lower mill-stone! The Eastern Shore—or old Cavalier stock—were Southern sympathizers. Western Maryland was for the Union.

We moved towards Hagerstown, but turned to the left, and crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, camped at the North Mountain Depot, and tore up the track of the B. & O. Railroad, heating and twisting the bars. Passed through Martinsburg next day,

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driving the garrison to Harper's Ferry, which lies at the confluence of the Shenandoah river with the Potomac.

On the 14th of September, we advanced against Harper's Ferry in three columns, Ewell's Division occupying School House Hill. The next morning, we moved up, and opened fire with artillery. Our Gen'l. McLaws was firing from Maryland Heights, (Elk Ridge,) and the Stonewall Division from Bolivar Heights, a foot-hill of the Blue Ridge, where it comes down to the Potomac. We could see that this enfilading fire was distressing the Federals, but they made no signs of surrender.

Jackson could not wait, for McClellan was pushing Longstreet at Sharpsburg. Ewell's Division was ordered to charge the works, and were in motion when we saw the white flag go up. Our artillery on the Virginia side stopped firing, but General McLaws could not see the signal for the smoke, and kept firing. A piece of one of these shells struck the Federal Commander, General Miles, causing him to lose his leg.

Leaving A. P. Hill's Division to receive the surrender of sixteen thousand men, and many munitions of war, Ewell's Division, commanded by Brigadier General Lawton, marched to Boteller's Ford that night.

Early next morning, while it was yet dark, the Division crossed the Potomac and marched towards Sharpsburg; but before entering the town, we turned to the left and were halted in a grove at the "Dunkard Church". I asked, "Who are the Dunkards?" A citizen informed me, "They are German Baptists," he said; "This is a German settlement." This church proved to be the storm center of the battle. The battle of Antietam, as it is called by the Northern States, or Sharpsburg as General Lee called it in his report, after the town of that name. The Northern Generals were wont to name battles after some natural object. We, for some town or

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church. We say, "the battle of Murfreesboro," they term it "Stone River". We say, "Shiloh", they call it "Pittsburg Landing" and so on.

We went into line of battle. Lawton's Georgia Brigade on our left and Ripley's Brigade of D. H. Hill's Division, on our right. A part of the "Sunken Road" was, I think, the right of Hill's line.

At daylight, the 17th, our skirmishers became engaged. Lt. Colonel Glover discovered a fence in front of the 21st Georgia with a rock underpinning, and obtained permission to advance his Regiment there, which was in rifle range of the woods in front. Just at daylight the enemy advanced in heavy force, drove in our skirmishers, and their line of battle advanced to the edge of the woods. We opened fire on them. In the course of two or three hours, the enemy twice, brought up fresh troops against us, but they melted away.

Whilst lying behind this low, loose-rock foundation, I was near a red-headed, white eyed fellow of my company, He would say, each time he turned over from his back to shoot, "I got another of the "Blue Bellies", that time!" I said, "Take care, Smith, they'll get you." He had taken about twenty shots when a ball glanced through a crack in the rocks, and struck him in the stomach. He fell over, calling lustily for the litter-bearers, saying, "I'm shot through the paunch". I noticed blood in front and rear, as the litter-bearers took him up. I picked up his rifle, and shot the cartridges that remained in his box. That was the only time I fired a rifle at anybody during the war, except at Kennesaw Mountain. I used my Colt's Navy pistol, sometimes, at close quarters.

Did you ever hear the wh'st-wh'st, the zip-zip of rifle balls as they passed your head? You don't hear the one that hits you. The enemy discovered that three of their lines had melted away, and that our rock ledge was a dangerous point to tackle. They did not come out of the woods any more in

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our front. We lay behind the fence, about one hour, watching the battle rage; our men firing sometimes, to their right and left, but the distance was too great, we thought. Lt. Col. Glover at length informed Col. Jas. A. Walker, commanding the Brigade, that the 21st Georgia could no longer be effective, in its position, as the enemy could not be reached; and received permission to change front forward on the left, swinging around into the "Smoke Town" road, so as to get on the flank of the fellows fighting Lawton's Brigade.

The enemy had twice brought up fresh troops, and Lawton's Brigade seemed to be badly used up. Lawton, Gen'l. Com'd'g Ewell's Division, had been wounded, and Col. Douglas, Com'd'g Lawton's (Ga.) Brigade, had been killed. Our Lt. Col. Glover was shot through the body as the order for us to advance was sent down the line.

I took command, being the senior officer present. I instructed the Regiment to go at double quick, open order, until they got to the fence across the Smoke Town road. As soon as we left the rock fence, our object was divined; the enemy, in the woods in our front, opened on us, and the left Regiment fighting Lawton's Brigade, commenced to fire at us left-oblique. A number of our men were hit. As I threw my leg over the top rail of the last fence, a minnie ball went through the rail, the folds of my blanket and oil cloth, striking me squarely on the sword clasp. I fell into the road unconscious, lying upon elevated ground. I recovered my senses in a few minutes, and the men seeing the earth around me cut by the bullets, called to me, "Crawl down here, Captain". I crawled down to where the men were firing through the rail fence. Just as I got there Lt. Jno. Wesley Blevins, a gallant soldier of my Company, was shot through the shoulder, and fell. I helped him up, and told him where he would find our surgeons. Poor fellow, he had a bad wound. He hobbled out and found the surgeons,

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and finally recovered. He was sheriff of Dade County after the War, and a prominent Mason and church member until his death.

Captain M. T. Castleberry, Company "C", started to ask me about Blevins' wound; a ball went into his mouth, and through his head, he fell against the fence, his head lying low, and bent back. I pulled him around so as to elevate his head, and put a cartridge-box under it. As I did so, I heard our boys crying out, "They are running!" Looking over the fence, I saw that the Yankee line was falling back into the woods. I sent word to Lawton's right Regiment, that we were going to advance in their front. I then ordered the 21st forward.

When we reached the woods, the enemy was gone. We pressed forward through the woods, until we were near its extremity. Mansfield's Corps could be seen advancing. We also observed a Regiment advancing towards us through a field.

I deployed the 21st "open order" and ordered every man and officer to take cover, (a tree or any kind of shelter they could find), and to open on them as soon as they got in range. I said to my officers: "If we draw their fire, and they stop to shoot, we can hold our position. If, however, they continue to advance, we will fall back skirmishing, as we are a half-mile ahead of the rest of our line."

Did the officers take shelter? Yes, you bet they did! We had learned to conserve our strength, and that at times "discretion is the better part of valor". It is the fortune of sharpshooters to experience all the romance and glamour of war, and to these was added enough of danger to make the service exciting and exhilarating. Placed between the lines of two great armies, they saw at least the beginnings of all movements, and had the first intimations of that pleasurable feeling, the "gaudium certaminis" which battle ever brings to the heart of the true soldier.

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When the enemy had advanced in easy range from our position, I ordered the Regiment to open on them. Our firing drew theirs. They halted, and seemed to be in great confusion, as they fired volleys at random. I have since learned through correspondence with Lt. Geo. M. Gould of Portland, Me., Adjutant of the Regiment, that this was "the 10th Me. Infantry". He wrote to me, saying that "General Jas A. Walker, of Wytheville, Virginia, had given him my address, saying that he thought I could give him the information as to the Regiment he was fighting, etc. That I had gone ahead of the Brigade by order, and became detached." Gould's letter says "Maj. General Mansfield rode up with his staff, and ordered the 10th Maine to cease firing, saying, "You are shooting your friends; there are no Rebs. so far advanced". Gould adds, "I replied, "I know they are Rebs., General, by their hats," and at that moment General Mansfield and his horse were shot." I helped bear him to a branch in the rear, where in a few moments he expired."

I have Adgt. Gould's correspondence paying high tribute to the gallantry of the 21st Ga. Regt. in this advanced position.

The 10th Maine retired and our firing ceased. About this time, eleven o'clock a. m., as nearly as I can remember, Walker, Hood and Early advanced their Divisions nearly up to this position, and drove Mansfield's Corps off the field, and back across Antietam Creek. But the advanced position of the Confederate Divisions exposed them to an enfilade fire from artillery, and their ammunition was getting low.

Finally General Lee, finding his line too long for the number of men he had, withdrew them to the Dunkard Church line. After this, for more than an hour, firing ceased. Then the 2nd Corps, under General Sumner, advanced. Sedgwick in the lead. General Sumner testifies: "On going upon the field I found that Gen. Hooker's Corps had been dispersed

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and routed. I passed him some distance in the rear, where he had been carried, wounded; but I saw nothing of his Corps at all, as I was advancing with my Command on the field. There were some troops lying down on the left, which I took to belong to Mansfield's command."

"In the meantime, General Mansfield had been killed and his Corps thrown into confusion" (Report of Congressional Committee, part 1st, page 368.)

Then McLaws' Division arrived from Harper's Ferry, vigorously attacked Sedgwick's Division, and drove him pell-mell back to the Roulette House, where they (McLaws' Division) encountered the rest of Sumner's Corps, under French, and a part of the 12th Corps. This was far in advance again and the Confederates were once more drawn back to original line. The 21st Georgia Regiment was relieved by the 4th Alabama Infantry about one o'clock p. m. and ordered to report to General R. E. Lee's headquarters, on the Sharpsburg and Shepards-town pike.

As we went to the rear, the spot was passed where we had fought in the Smoketown road. I said to the men of Company "C", "Let us take Captain Castleberry's body out and send it to Atlanta for burial," but we found it had been removed.

Reporting to General Lee, whom I found viewing our right-field through his glasses, and giving orders to couriers as they arrived, I was ordered to form my Regiment across the pike, and halt all stragglers coming out of the town.

Burnsides had massed and made his terrific onslaught across the "Stone Bridge", similar to Napoleon's Charge at the "Bridge of Lodi". His first charge with two Brigades was repulsed. His grand charge was about one o'clock. He carried the bridge, with General Ferrero's Brigade, supported by a considerable force. At the same moment Rodman's Division crossed the Antietam at a ford lower down

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The 9th Corps led by Cox and Burnsidés, (both of whom bravely exposed themselves) occupied the heights between Sharpsburg and the river, along the side of which wound the Rohersville road.

Burnsidés halted for two fatal hours, waiting for two more of his Divisions to cross over. This made it three o'clock when A. P. Hill's Division arrived from Harper's Ferry, and fell suddenly upon his left flank.

Col. H. W. Kingsberry, who was killed near the Burnsidés Bridge, gallantly leading the 11th Connecticut Regiment, was a brother-in-law of Maj. General D. R. Jones, who commanded the Confederates opposing. Wright's and Toombs' Georgia Brigades and Pender's Virginia Brigade of D. R. Jones' Division, had resisted until the enemy pressed over them by sheer weight of numbers. Longstreet said: "That night, I met Gen. D. R. Jones, in tears, over the death of Colonel Kingsberry—who was his brother-in-law."

My cousin, Col. R. B. Nisbet (Eatonton, Georgia), commanding the 3rd Georgia Infantry (Wright's Brigade) received three severe wounds and fell into the hands of the enemy. He was taken off the field and sent to Baltimore, where, by permission of the officer in charge of the ambulances containing the wounded prisoners, he was taken to the private residence of Col. Robt. Brent, a prominent lawyer of that city; furnished the best medical attention, and tenderly nursed back to health by the daughters of Colonel Brent. Col. Nisbet was finally exchanged, returned to his Regiment, and was wounded again. He rose from the rank of Captain. There was no better soldier! After the War, he practiced his profession of medicine, except when called to represent his constituents in various positions of trust. He died a few years ago, at the age of seventy-five. Handsome, brilliant, chivalrous, this was one of Nature's noblemen.

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To that particular afternoon when under General Lee's immediate command, I look back with pleasure. I conversed with him several times that day. He was the only man I ever met who measured up to my conception of Washington. The manly grandeur of his appearance is beyond my powers of portraiture. He is ineffaceable.

The sight of passing stragglers from Longstreet's Corps, pouring out of the town—there were numbers of 'em—worried General Lee. He came in person out to the pike, several times; and said to me: "Captain, don't let any pass but wounded men. Halt all others, and form them into line, in your rear. Let the wounded go on to Sheppardstown."

The result of the battle seemed doubtful until A. P. Hill's Division, from Harper's Ferry arrived. They were in good condition, and cheered General Lee as they hurried on. The old General's worried look left him as he noticed the enthusiasm of Hill's Division. He raised his hat to salute each passing Regiment. I saw them pass and go into the fight. General Lee looked and seemed, much relieved, after couriers had reported their success, and that Burnside had been driven back across the Antietam, and the battery recaptured.

General Longstreet rode up, "Ah, here is my old War Horse at last", General Lee exclaimed, throwing his hands affectionately on Longstreet's shoulders. General Lee had notified Hill by courier, as he was marching from Harper's Ferry that D. R. Jones' Division was threatened by overwhelming numbers; that the Ridge was the key to the battlefield. Hill sent forward McIntosh's Battery. They came by at full gallop, passed through the town, and went into action on the Ridge, just as Burnside made his final charge on Jones' Division, which was overpowered, and the Battery captured.

Of this, Major General A. P. Hill reports: "I sent forward McIntosh's Battery to aid D. R. Jones and my troops were not a moment too soon. The enemy

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had already advanced in three (3) lines, broken Jones' Division, captured McIntosh's Battery, and were in full tide of success. Archer's Brigade (Tennessee) charged them, retook McIntosh's guns and drove them back pell-mell. Branch and Gregg pouring in destructive volleys; the tide of the enemy surged back and breaking into confusion, passed out of sight. The three Brigades of my Division engaged, did not number over two thousand men present, and these, with the help of my splendid Batteries, and the men who had rallied from the Toombs, Wright's and Pender's Brigade that had been routed, drove back Burnside's Corps of fifteen thousand men."

Brigadier General L. O. B. Branch, of North Carolina, was killed; Gen. Gregg, of South Carolina, wounded; Major Pegram, commanding artillery, wounded. Loss, sixty-three killed, two hundred and eighty-three wounded.

We lay upon the field that night, and the next day, and until ten o'clock the next night, when we withdrew, covering the retirement of the army, crossing the Potomac at five o'clock next morning (19th).

In the American Nation—A History "edited by A. B. Hart, Prof. of History, Harvard University, Vol. 20, Page 198—we find the following in regard to this conflict: "The battle of Antietam was over, Jackson wanted to advance, and striking out beyond the Federal right, to double up the Federal army, but Longstreet advised against it, and the intended movement was abandoned. Lee, therefore, held the battlefield defiantly throughout the 18th, then withdrew his army unmolested across the Potomac."

Jackson's Corps had struck McClellan's right wing a terrible blow, defeating Hooker's Mansfield's and Sedgwick's Corps; driving them from the field. McClellan was impressed. He says, "I held Porter in reserve to cover retreat. My reserves had

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all been sent to hold Jackson in check, who was doubling back at my right." (see War Records).

McClellan overestimated Lee's strength, which was only one-half the number of the Union Army, or less, as was claimed. Lee's Regiments were only skeletons, from straggling, and losses at Second Manassas, a few weeks previous. General McClellan's Official Report says he had eighty-seven thousand five hundred officers and men engaged.

Colonel Taylor, Lee's Adgt. General, says, "Lee had only thirty-five thousand officers and men for duty, the morning of the battle." These were reinforced during the day by McLaw's and Hill's Divisions, which made the total engaged about forty thousand men. General Lee, in his report claimed he had only thirty-three thousand engaged, the morning of the battle."

"The rapid movement which had brought Lee's army from the Rapidan to the Potomac, had not been performed without great sacrifices. The main body of the army had marched forward; but like those comets which we are told leave a portion of their substance in the region of space, it had left a swarm of stragglers behind which had increased every stage.

Every army is followed by such a tail, but in this respect Lee had the advantage, that his lame and sick, animated with the desire to join their more able-bodied comrades, in order to participate in their glorious labors, were helped on by food and shelter and the care and encouragement calculated to renew their strength. Their gray coats were a passport which secured them the sympathies of all the inhabitants. They could not follow us into Maryland, but Lee had left orders for them to rally at Winchester. So, for a few days the passes of the Blue Ridge were thronged with twenty thousand of these men struggling to reach the rendezvous. Of no use, however, as long as the campaign was prosecuted in Maryland.

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The United States War Reports say: "McClellan received fifteen thousand fresh troops the next day (18th) from Washington and elsewhere." Yet he did not venture to attack. We were in line, ready,

The battle of Antietam was the most fiercely contested conflict of the War. The records show that more men were killed and wounded in the ten hours' fighting there, than in any other one day's battle.

Chickamauga was a three days' fight, Second Manassas, three, and Shiloh, two. When the battle ended at night-fall, I was still at General Lee's headquarters. The excitement over, I felt sick from the bullet-blow I had received on the solar-plexus that morning. I laid down by the pike, considerably nauseated.

One of my old County friends, Bill Stewart, of Company "A", 6th Georgie Regiment, Colquitt's Brigade, came along, slightly wounded. He offered to help me, by loosening my clothing, and taking off my blanket and rubber cloth. As he unfolded the blanket, the flattened bullet dropped out. After going through the folds of my blanket and rubber cloth, it had struck my sword clasp and recoiled. Said Bill: "Your old Macon friend, Maj. Phil. Tracey of our Regiment was killed, and also my Captain, Jno. Hanna."

He reported many other casualties in his Company and the Regiment. Said they occupied a point near the "sunken road," a salient in our line which was enfiladed by Richard's batteries. There were five of these Stewart brothers in Captain Hanna's Company. One was killed: the others served through the War and are now living on their farms, in Dade County, Georgia; temperamentally young as they approach the Octogenarian mark, with their great-grandchildren playing around them. Good citizens, highly respected, always firm in upholding the right, they enjoy the esteem of all who know them.

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Our surgeon, after examining my wound, ordered me to the hospital at Shepperdstown, across the river, as I was unfit for duty, and it was expected the fight would be renewed next day. I agreed to go across the river, as I wanted to look after my wounded men. The ambulances were all in use, conveying the badly wounded across the Potomac. All the slightly wounded were passing over on foot.

That night, in company with Captain Henry Battle (Polk County), Company "D", 21st Georgia, who was shot through the calf of the leg, I forded the Potomac river. We found private quarters at Shepperdstown, and the next morning we went to a church where the wounded of Trimble's Brigade had been carried. The citizens were devoted in their attentions to the wounded, and the young ladies angelic in their ministrings.

My red-haired man was there; greedily consuming all the chicken and jellies he could get. One of the pretty, dainty girls asked him, "Where are you wounded?" he answered, "right through the paunch", as he rolled his white eyes around on some other delicacy, carried by a servant. The girls said to the servant, "Give that soldier something very delicate," and quickly passed on, "giggling", as they cut their eyes at me! The surgeon informed me that the glancing ball had run around under the soldier's skin and come out at his back. He soon got well.

In my rounds I came to the wounded of the Atlanta Company, and after seeing to their comfort, I asked what became of Captain Castleberry's body? "They said, "He ain't dead, he's up in the "organ loft". I went up there. He was lying on a mattress, his head very much swollen, his tongue, cut by the bullet, protruding so that he could not speak. I asked him if he knew me. He nodded. To encourage him, I said, "I think, Captain, you will recover." Again he nodded his head. In two or three months he was well and back in command of his

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Company, but I think he finally had to resign from the effects of his wound. Capt. Sam Hazlett was in command of that Company at the surrender, with Lts. Jones and Rucker.

For many years after the War Castleberry was a successful contractor in Atlanta, and active in the upbuilding of the city and its government. One of the prominent streets there is named for him.

Gen'l. Lee's object in going into Maryland was to gain a good moral effect, from the defeat he had just given Pope, by carrying the War away from Richmond and, of course, he expected to get some recruits, and if successful, invade Pennsylvania.

When we reached Frederick City, the opportunity to capture Harper's Ferry was offered, and seized; after this, it would have been best for him to have reunited his corps on the Virginia side. If he had wanted to fight in Maryland, it would have been better for the battle to have been fought on the Beonsboro and Crampton Gap line, where Lee would have had the advantage of position, and as it turned out, McClellan had the advantage at Sharpsburg.

Before dismissing my account of this battle, I will give a brief synopsis of some of the General's reports:

Stonewall Jackson's report says, in part: "Ewell's Division arrived at Sharpsburg late at night, Feby. 16th, and slept on their arms near "Dunkard Church." Lawton's and Trimble's Brigades advanced to the front to relieve Hood's Division. Trimble's Brigade on the right of Lawton's, and next to Ripley's Brigade of D. H. Hill's Division. Federal Battery posted so as to enfilade my line. Battle opened at dawn, and at close of the day my troops held the ground which they had occupied in the morning.

In the afternoon, by order of Commanding General, I moved to left to turn enemies right, but the bend of the river there, the nature of the ground, and the position and numbers of his batteries made

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it inexpedient to hazard the attempt. Lt. Gen'l. Jeb. Stuart accompanied me, and so advised; as did Longstreet. After noon the enemy again advanced to Dunkard Church line; Early and McLaws arrived and drove them back. That ended the contest on our left. All regimental commanders of Hays', Lawton's and Trimble's Brigades were either killed or wounded. Gen. A. R. Lawton, commanding Ewell's Division, was wounded; Col. Douglas, commanding Lawton's Brigade, killed; Col. J. A. Walker, commanding Trimble's Brigade, wounded. The next day we remained in position, awaiting another attack. Early in the morning of the 19th. we recrossed the Potomac."

Lt. Gen'l. James Longstreet's report, in part, is as follows: "Gen'l. McClellan's plan of battle was not strong, and the handling of his troops was less so. The best tactical moves at Antietam were made by McLaws and A. P. Hill's Confederate Divisions, and Gibbons', Patricks' and Barlow's Federal Divisions.

Referring to Sumner's advance in the afternoon, he said: "Passing in, he left Dunkard Church to the left, as McLaws approached with Cobb's and Semme's Georgia Brigades; Kershaw's South Carolina and Barksdale's Mississippi Brigades. As Kershaw filed into line his command opened fire, the other Confederate Brigade coming into line, caught Sedgwick in a circle. Gen'l. Sumner ordered his rear Brigade to about-face, to give more room; but the Brigade interpreted the order to retreat, the other Brigades following.

McLaws pushed his success and drove them pell-mell a half mile to the position we had driven Hooker in the morning, to the post fence (Roulette House). And there, McLaws encountered French's Division of Sumner's Corps. After quite a hot contest, French's Division gave way. But in face of fresh Federal troops that were coming up, McLaws withdrew from his advanced position. McClellan

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came up in person, and ordered Sumner not to advance again, saying, 'It will not be prudent to advance'.

Gen'l. Sumner says: "Just then the Rebs. came pouring into the woods with infantry, and planted a battery there, which opened a severe fire upon us. This was about two 'oclock p. m."

Longstreet, in his report, adds: "All of the lost ground on our right was recovered by the defeat of Burnside's by A. P. Hill's Division; aided by Tombs' Wright's and Kemper's rallied Brigades—before the slow-advancing night dropped her mantle upon this field of the bloodiest strife of the War; seldom squaled by any fight of modern times."

Lt. Gen'l. John B. Gordon (who was severely wounded) says: "The Confederates place it among the drawn battles of the War. McClellan was the aggressor and declined to renew his efforts, notwithstanding his numerical superiority, made larger by the arrival of fresh troops from Washington and elsewhere; although the Confederates invited him to renew his attack, by flying their flags in his front during the whole of the following day; although the battle tide swayed to and fro, with alternate onsets and recoils, on the different portions of the field, yet in the main, the Federal assaults were successfully repelled.

With the capture of Harper's Ferry and McClellan's terrible repulse on the 20th, at Shepperdstown, the honors of the campaign are due Gen'l. Lee."

In his report, Gen'l. Lee claims only a "drawn fight", and after congratulating his army for its heroic stand against such odds, concludes with a eulogy to Col. Cocke of the 27th. North Carolina Regiment, and to Capt. Miller and Sergeant Ellis and their men, of the Washington artillery. "They were heroic."

Notwithstanding all this evidence (Union and Confederate) now comes Gen'l. Nelson Miles, in a series of articles on "Antietam" in late numbers of

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the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, claiming a victory for the Union forces and that the Rebels were swept from the field. Seeing his bald statement, *unsustained by any facts*, has caused me to give the details of this conflict more at length than I intended.

An abstract statement from such high authority as General Miles, in the face of conceded facts, unless accompanied by concrete experiences, have little value. And so it is interesting to see what General Miles' Compatriots say about this part of the battle.

Brigadier General Thomas Francis Meagher, commanding the "Irish Brigade"—of Richardson's Division, Sumner's Corps—says in part: "When we arrived, *French's Division, as well as Sedgwick, had given away.*

My Brigade went in, was badly cut up, and could not proceed, but held their ground until Caldwell's Brigade relieved us, (Barlow and Miles' Regiments) we retired to the *second line of defense.*"

Major General Wingfield Scott Hancock, commanding Richardson's Division (after General Richardson was wounded)—Sumner's Corps—reports: "On the 17th, moved forward to ravine behind Roulette House, Meagher's Brigade advanced to Piper House under heavy fire from enemy in "sunken-road," directly in its front. Brigade suffered terribly, and was relieved by Brigade of General Caldwell; which advanced to crest of hill overlooking sunken-road." He adds, "*We held our ground and kept the enemy in check.*" "The enemy's skirmishers and sharpshooters annoyed us the next day, (the 18th)." *That was strange, after all of them had been driven off the field by Miles!* It appears from the reports of Col. Francis C. Barlow and Lt. Col. Nelson A. Miles that their two Regiments did gain an advantage at the "sunken-road", but it was only temporary. Miles, in his report, (see Govt. Report, Series 1, Vol. 30) does not make the claim of victory contained in his late magazine article, but says:

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"Finding we were ahead of the other part of our line. I reformed to the left, in line with the 81st Pennsylvania, and was not engaged again that day." As to that second position, Maj. H. Boyd McKeen, 81st Pennsylvania Infantry, reports: "We formed in rear of 2nd Delaware Regiment, which gave way. We halted them and they returned to the front line, etc."

It seems that the 81st Pennsylvania was in the second line, in rear of 2nd Delaware, and that when Miles, as he says, formed in line with that Regiment (81st Pa.) *it was a retreat from his advanced position.*

General E. V. Sumner, in his report does not claim to have "driven the enemy from the field," merely to have "kept the enemy back, or held them in check." Maj-Gen. Wm. B. Franklin (6th. Corps) who had been held as *reserves*, throws more light on the situation. His report says: "*They*" (Sumner's Corps) "*had all disappeared when my Corps came up. We were only slightly engaged.*"

The Comte de Paris, who was one of McClellan's staff, in his history of the "Army of the Potomac," says: "*Tactically and strategically, McClellan was defeated at Antietam. Politically, it was a victory.*" It gave Lincoln a pretext to issue his Emancipation Proclamation; which, as Rhodes, the Historian, says, "if further postponed, might never have been issued."

The Northern troops, at Second Manassas and at Sharpsburg, fought with a gallantry that extorted our admiration. They were led by Generals of the coolest courage and the highest abilities.

On the 27th. of September Jackson's Corps retired to Bunker Hill, near Winchester, where we passed the month of October, recuperating.

McClellan advanced across the Potomac, and occupied Martinsburg, Shepperdstown and Harper's Ferry.

Stuart's Cavalry gallantly resisted their further advance down the valley.

XVI.

RESTING.

Throughout the bright October days, the army rested and recovered health and spirits. It was the season when all nature is glorious with that beauty which seems to attain perfection just ere it is gone; when the fields and forests are resplendent translations of color:

“The pregnant fable left half told,—
A fading blush of morning gold.”

The bracing air made us boys again; filling every pulse with life. Our men had few duties to perform. For them, just then, it was eating, sleeping, frolicking; to say nothing of preaching and praying. Big revival-meetings were held in every Brigade.

As the Rev. Jos. Stiles was conducting the services for Trimble's Brigade, it was my good fortune to see “Old Jack” nearly every day. He would come through the woods from his Headquarters, walking, and take a seat in our midst, on a log or stump. On one occasion a camp-stool was offered him, but he waved it away. He was always carefully dressed; often in a new uniform presented him by one of his officer friends. His appearance was scrupulously neat; except when on a hard, dusty march. On foot, he had a military carriage; he was erect and alert. His manner was always kind and considerate.

Five days after Antietam we saw Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. Of this, Woodrow Wilson's History says: “For eighteen months Mr. Lincoln had waited upon opinion, with a patience which deeply irritated all who wished radical action taken. Lincoln, when the time was ripe, wished by transforming the contest from a war waged against

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states fighting for their independence, into a war against states fighting for the maintenance and extension of slavery; by making some open move for emancipation as the real motive of the struggle. Lincoln had come into office declaring he had no intention whatever to molest slavery in the states; and he knew he must wait for the people at his back to change their temper, under the stress of fighting, before he openly turned about to accept a revolution and seek emancipation as the object of the war. He gave the Southern States one hundred days to return to their allegiance. On the 1st. of Jan., 1863, accordingly, he put forth a definite Proclamation of Emancipation. The fight was now on for the negro, and was ever after pushed on that line.

This Proclamation was one of the decisive political events of the war, and at once put the great struggle outwardly and openly upon the basis where it had before rested only by tacit and covert understanding."

On the 30th. of September and 13th of October Lincoln was urging McClellan to advance, but he remained inert; although reported to have one hundred and one thousand men. Lincoln got out of humor, and said: "It isn't any longer the Army of the Potomac: it's just McClellan's bodyguard." McClellan pleaded want of supplies. General Halleck in reply, said: "No armies in the world, while in campaign, have been more promptly or better supplied than ours." and finally said: "The President directs that you cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy, or drive him south." So, now, at length McClellan had to move his army forward. He decided to advance against Richmond by the Piedmont route, southeast of the Blue Ridge. He crossed the Potomac south of Harper's Ferry, and advanced to Warrenton; where he found Longstreet's Corps in his front. The newspapers were enquiring "Where's Jackson?" To all appearances

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Jackson's Corps was lost. We just went on with our athletic games, our revivals, frolicking and courting, and left the papers—North and South—to guess.

Thirty-five years after the battle of Antietam was fought, I received a letter from Major General Carman, Chief of the Antietam Park Commission, asking about the position of the 21st. Ga. Regiment in that battle. He wrote: "General Jas. A. Walker, of Wytheville, Va., who commanded Trimble's Brigade that day, has referred me to you, as one who can inform me about the movements of the 21st, Georgia Regiment after it had become detached from the rest of the Brigade." He added: "The Commission is putting up iron tablets to note the position of each Brigade and Regiment there, Union and Confederate."

We corresponded at intervals for two years, and General Carman's final letter says: "I find that your recollections as to the movements of your Regiment are perfectly clear and correct; and the Commission has ordered the marker for the 21st. Ga. Infantry Reg. placed in the advanced position testified to by you and Federal officers."

Before the war General Carman was a professor with Bushrod Johnson in the Nashville Military college of which Kirby Smith was president. Johnson and Carman were both Northern men, but espoused opposite sides in the War between the States. As a Division Commander, Bushrod Johnson had no superior in the Confederate Army.

Major-General E. A. Carman became a distinguished officer in the Union Army. After the death of Gen. Jas. A. Boynton he was appointed chief of the Chickamauga Park and Missionary Ridge Commission. He came on to Chattanooga, and at the first meeting of the Park Commission, the question of correcting certain tablets which had been erected on the battlefields was under consideration. I had submitted an application to the effect that the tab-

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let erected to mark the position of Wilson's Georgia Brigade on Missionary Ridge, be changed to conform to a Roster of the Brigade's commanding officers, which Roster I submitted. On taking up my application, General Carman asked, "Who is this Colonel Nisbet? I had a long correspondence with a Captain Nisbet, who commanded the 21st. Georgia Regiment at Antietam. He insisted that we should erect the tablet for that Regiment half a mile in advance of Trimble's position—and there we put it! Now, *what Nisbet is this?*"

Captain J. Polk Smartt answered that it was one and the same Nisbet. "Well," replied the General, "he was a ubiquitous fellow. And he certainly knew "where he was "at!"

The Commission ordered the tablet erected near the tunnel over Sherman Heights: with the Roster as I submitted it: my name appearing as Brigade Commander.

In the clover fields and groves of the Shenandoah, deep in the recesses of the Blue Ridge, the frolics and revivals went merrily on. From New York to Jupiter's Inlet the press echoed "Where's Stonewall Jackson?" Go to: We were making hay while the sun shone. How often had the "foot-cavalry" marching over the pikes, gazed awesomely at those beautiful, rosy-cheeked, valley girls, who, from the doors of their homes waved Confederate flags to us; or flocked forth to tender the passing infantryman "light-bread and apple-butter,"—with what sustaining words of cheer and encouragement!

Hitherto, our troops—in the bonds of military discipline—had been as intangible as a gray cloud in the eyes of the Virginia girl. Now, we became individuals. Now the tender eyes that had shone, or filled with tears, at the sight of marching thousands, smiled upon "him"! "But why talk of a man in love? Rather, say a man possessed! To be possessed by the devil is the exception; to be possessed by a woman, the rule." What a sorceress

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is a pretty woman. Sometimes in those high tides of feeling, we would fain have poured out the story of our overflowing heart. We yearned for sympathy. But McClellan had moved his army from our front, crossed the Potomac south of the Blue Ridge and advanced to Warrenton Springs, where he established his headquarters. Very soon thereafter, he received an order to turn the command of the Army of the Potomac over to General Ambrose Burnside.

It seemed as if McClellan's military life had at last ended, and we were glad of it; because he was a skillful organizer and engineer officer, and inspired his troops with more enthusiasm than any other Federal officer.

How he held their confidence even after defeat, can't be explained, if it be true that he stayed away from the firing line. Certain of his Northern enemies charge that he did not cross the Chickahominy until Fitz-John Porter's fight at "Cold Harbor" was over. That at Malvern Hill, he was down at the Transports during the fighting—and at Antietam (most of the day) he was "way back on a high hill," with two telescopes strapped to the top of a fence, watching the battle. They assert, too, that had he galloped along the line at Antietam after Hooker's and Mansfield's repulse, it would have revived the spirits of his troops.

McClellan was displeased with the promulgation of the Emancipation Proclamation, and Lincoln was afraid he would not be zealous in executing the negro policy. It was charged in the Democratic papers of the North that Lincoln feared that McClellan would compromise with General Lee and stop the war: restoring the Union on the plan of the Northern Democrats. At any rate we knew he was superior to Burnside; and in that, the change suited us. We liked him because he made war like a gentleman; *and we loved him for the enemies he had made!*

XVII.

FREDERICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

When McClellan reached Warrenton he found Longstreet's Corps on the Rappahannock facing his army. Burnside said he did not feel qualified for the job, but Lincoln, Stanton and Halleck insisted that he was, so accordingly, he assumed command, and moved his army down the Rappahannock river opposite Fredericksburg, and extended his line twenty miles below, opposite Port Royal.

On November 21st, we bade the valley girls good-bye; promising to come back; and commenced our march down the valley. Through Winchester to New Market, where the head of the column turned towards the Blue Ridge, on to Columbia Bridge, which spans the eastern branch of the Shenandoah, and thence to Luray Court House.

When our pike road leading across the Blue Ridge turned up the Hawks-bill Valley, our boys struck a lively gait. Capt. Hamilton was commanding the Regiment. We were halted for a ten minutes rest, as was customary with Jackson's Corps, after marching two miles. My company requested me to make a detail to take the canteens, and buy apple brandy for all that wanted it. Capt. Hamilton consented; so each company made a detail. When we made the Valley Campaign in the Spring, our men had found Kite's still-house at the head of Hawks-bill Valley, at the foot of the mountain. When the detailed men went through the big apple orchard, and got to the still-house, they were halted by a cavalry guard, who said that General Jubal Early commanding Ewell's Division had forbidden Kite selling brandy to his men. This being reported, the Regiment led by Capt. Hamilton broke ranks and went

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over there. Capt. Hamilton asked the Lieutenant of the Guard if General Early got any brandy as he passed? He answered. "Yes, he had his canteen filled, and the keg behind his ambulance." Capt. Hamilton said, "Then we will buy what we want," and told old mate Kite to use certain men to draw the liquor, and to receive the money. When we had bought what we wanted, other Regiments were served, as they arrived.

The pike road leading across the Blue Ridge to Madison Court House winds up the mountain by easy grade. It was a cool November afternoon, the brandy warmed the boys up, and made them hilarious. They sang corn-shucking songs. One of my men, Riley Thurman, who had a remarkably fine voice, led. The whole Brigade joined in the chorus; which they could do well, as the leading Regiment was often close to the rear of the Brigade, on account of the windings of the road.

General Jackson caught up with us, and in trying to pass on was caught in the jam; and had to listen to some very *risque* couplets. The austere Presbyterian Elder could not hide his amusement at the cheek of the fellow leading. He did not seem to be worried, that his twenty thousand (20,000) veterans felt happy and light hearted.

Lt. Jno. B. Countiss and several men of my company asked permission to stop and call on some girls on top of the mountain, whose acquaintance they had made in the Spring, during the Valley Campaign. I granted the request with the understanding that they must come to camp that night by roll-call.

Brig. General Wm. Kirkland, temporarily commanding our Brigade, came up behind us, to look after stragglers. Seeing soldiers at a house in sight of the pike, he rode over there, accompanied by his staff. The men had 21st Georgia on their caps. He asked Lt. Countiss what they were doing there "straggling." Countiss informed him that they were not *stragglers*, that they had permission to

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stop. Kirkland ordered them to go on and catch up with their Regiment. Countiss refused, and some hot words passed,—not down in the Sunday School books. Countiss came down to camp that night much excited, said General Kirkland had insulted him, and that he was going to challenge General Kirkland to meet him in mortal combat the next morning. He asked me, “to act as his second.” I tried to dissuade him from such an idea; told him to wait until morning; that maybe all of us had too much of Kite’s good old apple-brandy, and that he would lay himself liable to be courtmartialled, for sending a challenge: and I would be also, for carrying it. He insisted on sending the challenge, saying “he didn’t care what the army regulations said about it.” “No damn *West Pointer* could run over him.” Finally I ordered one of my men to deliver the challenge. A sheet of paper and a white pine board were found. The apple-brandy and the imperfect light of a pine torch caused his writing to over-run the paper. Some of it appeared on the board.

The challenge demanded that General Kirkland meet him in the morning at daylight, outside the camp, in mortal combat, and give him satisfaction for the insults offered. The man carried the message to Brigade Headquarters, and on being halted, announced to the guard, “A communication from the 21st Georgia Regiment.” General Kirkland received the message, and after trying to read it, said, “What in the hell is all this?” My man told him that he would have to adjust the paper in such a manner that the lines would correspond with the lines on the board. He did so, and after he and his staff had enjoyed a hearty laugh over the contents, he said, “That is the Lieutenant we saw on the mountain,” and to the messenger said, “Go tell him, I will meet him.”

The next morning at daylight the corps was on the march to Fredricksburg, where General Kirk-

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land commanded another Brigade, and was wounded. I heard no more of the incident.

As to our march to Fredericksburg. The inhabitants of this favored region through which we passed, were worthy of their inheritance. The devotion of all to the Southern cause was wonderful. No oppression, no destitution, could abate their zeal! The women sent husbands, sons, lovers, to battle as smilingly as to a marriage feast. With the Virginian, patriotism was stronger even than the ties of blood. Through all the towns we passed, and along the pikes, we were greeted with enthusiasm. They met us at their doors and gates with the best of food and words of encouragement; mid smiles and tears, they waved Confederate flags—brought forth from their hiding places. It was ever thus with these noble women. Although insulted and plundered by the invader, they never faltered in their loyalty to old Virginia and the South. "Ere the war closed the Valley was ravaged with a cruelty surpassing that afflicted on the palatinate two hundred years ago. That foul deed smirched the fame of Louvois and Turenne; and public opinion, in what has been deemed a ruder age, forced an apology from the "Grand Monarque."

Yet we have seen the official report of a Federal General wherein are recounted the many barns, mills and houses destroyed; concluding with the assertion that "a crow flying over the valley must take his rations with him." "Moreover this same officer, General Sheridan, many years after the close of the war, denounced several hundred thousand of his fellow-Americans as "banditti" and solicited permission of his Government to deal with them as such. May we not well ask whether religion, education, science and art combined have lessened the brutality of man since the days of Wallenstein and Tilly?

I must say something more of my Lieutenant,

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Jno. B. Countiss, as he was such a good type of the Southern soldier.

He was raised on Sand Mountain, Ala., where he now resides; a hale and hearty Octogenarian. On account of some youthful escapade he went to Memphis. The beginning of the war found him running on the Mississippi river as second mate of a St. Louis and New Orleans packet. He enlisted in my company in 1861, to be with his brothers. He soon became conspicuous for his bravery, and was promoted to the Lieutenancy and to the Captaincy, when I was promoted, January, 1863. The "History of Doles-Cook Brigade" says of him. "He was a man who feared nothing on earth, and was always a leader when danger threatened. No better soldier served the Confederacy." He was a "Hard-shell Baptist," and of course very tenacious of his opinions. At one time in camp I was discussing some matter with him, on which we disagreed. We agreed to abide the decision of three men. They decided with me, when Countiss said, "Should the whole world decide against me, my opinion on this question would be unshaken." I said, "Countiss, your head is so hard, if a Yankee bullet ever hits it, *it won't go in!*"

Sometime afterwards in the battle of the second Winchester, (1864) a bullet struck him in the forehead. He was picked up by the litter-bearers, and as they bore him off, he recovered consciousness and asked, "What are you doing?" They replied, "You have been killed and we are going to bury you." He retorted, "Not by a damn-sight, I can't die till my time comes; take me to the house of— (mentioning the name of a family living near—). "They promised to care for me if I was wounded."

Our surgeon found that a glancing conical ball had struck his forehead, run under the skin, and come out at the back of his head. He was kindly nursed, and soon recovered.

When Jackson's Corps was at Carlisle, Pa., just

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before the Gettysburg battle, July 1st, 1863, Capt. Countiss was ordered to arrest about one hundred negroes who were runaways from Virginia, and bring them to headquarters. As he was returning he was met by an officer, with an order from Major General A. P. Hill, (who was Provost Marshal General of the town) to turn the negroes over to him, to be taken to the Provost Guard. Countiss refused, saying he had been ordered by his Brigadier Commander to take them to Brigade Headquarters. The officer and Countiss had some hot words. Countiss drew up his company and threatened him and his posse! — —, and they withdrew.

The officer reported the matter to General Hill, who preferred charges, and ordered Countiss' arrest. He was tried by a court-martial at once. Cashiered for insubordination, he was broken of his commission. He was entitled to leave the army, but the next day at Gettysburg took his rifle, went thine ranks and fought with conspicuous bravery through the two days' engagement, with his company.

After the battle, he was restored to his former rank, on the recommendation of *every officer of the Brigade present*. During the winter of 1864-5 Capt. Countiss was ordered to recruit a Battalion in North Alabama. Col. Salm-Salm, who was commanding a Federal Regiment at Bridgeport, Alabama, (well known as Prince Salm-Salm of Austria, who afterwards figured prominently with Maximilian in Mexico) made a raid over into Lookout Valley. Having heard that a portion of the Third Confederate Cavalry was camped at Gwin's Spring, he surprised them while they were asleep, and opened fire on their camp. Countiss was stopping with the 3rd Confederate Cavalry for the night. He and a few others seized rifles and returned the fire, but whilst so engaged they were surrounded and captured. Col. Salm-Salm treated his prisoners as guerillas, and said he was going to have them shot.

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He had been Lieutenant Colonel of the 8th New York Infantry Regiment, mentioned in connection with the battle of "Cross-Keys".

When he was informed that Countiss was a Captain in the 21st Georgia Regiment, Jackson's Corps, he sent for him, put him on parole, and invited him to his mess.

But to return to my narrative. After reaching Fredericksburg, Ewell's Division went on to Port Royal, twenty miles below on the Rappahannock; as it was thought the Federals might cross there; but December 12th we received orders to march with all haste back to Fredericksburg.

It was a very cold night. However; the dry cedar fences that were burning on each side of the road, gave us light and warmth as we marched.

The 21st Georgia was leading the Brigade. Col. Robt. Hoke, of North Carolina, (uncle of Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia) had just been assigned to take command of Trimble's Brigade, and was riding at the head of our Regiment. Capt. Hamilton commanding the 21st, was riding with him.

Hoke wanted to know about the Brigade; said he: "I am a stranger to your Brigade. They have the reputation of being good fighters, but I wish to know whether they are impetuous, or stolid in action."

Capt. Hamilton said, "We dash right into them, we either promote our commanders, or get them shot."

"I hear Burnside is crossing the river. If you are the right kind of stuff and will lead, we will make you Brig-Gen'l. Hoke tomorrow, or get you killed", Col. Hoke said, "That's the kind of talk I like to hear."

Arriving near Hamilton's Crossing, four miles below Fredericksburg, two hours before day, we were halted, stacked arms, and were informed that we formed a part of the 2nd line. At daylight the enemy commenced a furious shelling from their

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batteries across the river on Stafford heights, which awoke me "from a deep dream of peace."

Just then I heard some one say, "Adj't. Verdery is killed". I arose and went to where he was lying. It seems he was reclining on a pile of blankets, when a shell struck the limb of a large tree, ricocheted straight up and dropped on him, without bursting. He was killed instantly. His death was greatly lamented. A handsome, brave, genial gentleman, there was no better regimental officer. He came to our Regiment as 1st Lt. of the Polk Co. Company (Capt. Borders), and was promoted Adjutant when Tom Hooper became Major. He was a native of Augusta, Georgia; and I think was buried there.

The firing with small arms in our front became very heavy, and kept getting nearer. The Regiment was called to attention. We were standing in line, awaiting orders when I saw Rebs. pouring out of the woods. I ran forward, and recognized my old schoolmate, Col. Jack Hutchins, of the 19th. Georgia Regiment, Archer's (Tenn.) Brigade. He said, "Cooper, stop those men." We ordered them to form in the rear of our line. I asked, "Jack, what's the matter?" He answered. "We were in a rifle-pit: had just repulsed an attack from the front, when the enemy came up on my left flank, and were getting in my rear. I had to order my men to fall back. They have captured half of my Regiment. The woods there are full of them." Captain Hamilton said, "We will recapture your men, and take the Yanks, too, in a few minutes." We ran down our line, ordering the 21st to pass over Rebs and Yanks, and not to stop to capture or shoot until they got in the rifle-pit.

Just then an officer came dashing down the line, crying out "Second line forward!" which we did with a rush; recapturing the men of the 19th Georgia, and of course their captors fell into our lines. We reached the rifle-pit which was at the foot of

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the hill. (Marye's Heights), and fired into a Brigade that was advancing.

After a few rounds, the Brigade fighting us fell back into a long, deep railroad cut. Col. Hoke ordered a charge of the whole Brigade, which he led gallantly. We went into the railroad cut, capturing many prisoners. I emptied my self-cocking Colt's, (the fine weapon captured from the Colonel commanding Manassas Junction) as we advanced.

I ran up in front of my men and jumped into the cut; landing on a big Captain's head, ramming it down in the mud. The men piled in after us, and seeing that we were outnumbered, were inclined to be rough, which we stopped, as the Yank's wanted to surrender.

A detail of three boys was made to show the prisoners where to go, and they were ordered to get out quick, to give us room, as another line was approaching. We drove back that third line, and silenced their battery, which was firing into Lawton's Georgia Brigade; that had charged with us on our left, and had no protection.

The enemy fell back to a sunken road in the river bottom, which was in rifle shot of the battery, and thus prevented us from getting it off the field. There was all along this sunken road, running up to Fredericksburg, a burdock or osage-orange fence, which we could not get through. A splendid protection it was, *which saved Burnside's army!*

After dark we made the railroad our line. We were in the deep cut. The Federal wounded had not all been removed. One lay on the railroad track covered with a blanket. One of our men thinking he was dead, was fumbling over him, hoping to get a watch, money or other valuables, as was the wont of some soldiers after a battle. The man called out, "Boys, this Yank is alive; and *he's a Mason!*" "Let's take him back to our Doctors." A litter was brought, and he was taken out, and his wound dressed. He said he was the Adjt. General of the

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Brigade we fought when we first advanced, and that he was from Wheeling, West Virginia.

He was shot through the lung. He wore a diamond ring, which he requested the surgeons to send to his sister, thinking he was going to die. He offered his watch to the soldiers who succored him, but they would not take it. I was glad to hear that he recovered sufficiently to be paroled, and sent through the lines. His Brigadier General (Jackson) had been killed, and was lying in the cut when we charged in.

Stonewall Jackson, on learning that his first line at Hamilton's Crossing, was broken, galloped there in time to witness the charge just described. Major General D. H. Hill was with him, who, after the battle, meeting his friend, Hoke, said, "How are you, General Hoke?" Hoke said, "General Hill, you are poking fun at me". Hill said, "No, I am not, Jackson witnessed that charge!". Col. Hoke was promoted Brigadier General and assigned to command a brigade of North Carolina Regiments, in which was placed the 21st North Carolina.

The Regiments that winter were all brigaded by States. Col. George Doles, of the 4th Georgia Infantry, was made a Brigadier, and assigned to command a brigade; made up of the 4th, 44th, 12th and 21st Georgia Regiments, known as Dole's Brigade, until he was killed: July 2nd, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia. Then Phil Cook, Colonel of the 4th, was promoted, and the brigade was known as the Doles-Cook brigade, until the surrender.

Since then it has kept up its organization, and meets yearly in reunion; the only brigade that has a complete history published in book form. This history is recognized by the State of Georgia as good authority in granting pensions to men of that command.

To return to the battle of Fredericksburg. Of course we were elated by the news of our armies' success all along the line, but General Thos. R. R.

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Cobb's death cast a gloom over the triumph of victory. There was no better soldier than this eminent lawyer and Christian gentleman, of Georgia. And there were no better fighters than "Cobb's Georgia Legion", on this planet!

The next day, the Union Army was drawn up in line of battle in full view of us. We hoped they would renew the attack, but they declined; and that night recrossed the river. Thus ended another "on to Richmond".

We were fighting around the little city where General Washington's mother lived, and died, and where she lies buried; over hallowed ground, the home of the father of his country in his youth; in the vicinity of his home in later life, (Mount Vernon).

We were fighting for the self-same principles for which he fought: "*The inalienable right of self-government.*" That which he foresaw, and feared; that which he, by timely councils, had endeavored to avert, had yet come to pass: A war between the Northern and Southern states.

That night our men were lying on the slope of the deep cut, expecting an attack at any time. I was walking the railroad track behind my Company, trying to keep from freezing. I heard a groan, then another. I asked, "Who's that?" the man said, "It's Fred Oyler, Captain; it's mighty hard to stay here in the frozen mud without shoes, and no fire. My old shoes came off in the fight, and I am bare-footed." I said, "Why didn't you go back on the battlefield and pick up a pair, when I told the sergeant to allow a certain number to go at a time?" He said, "I hate to." I said, "We can't have fires; the enemy will open on us with a hundred cannon, and interfere with our work of removing the wounded."

I ordered him to go back and secure a pair of shoes or boots for his freezing feet, and an overcoat or anything he could find to protect himself from

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the cold. Very reluctantly the man obeyed the order. I had dismissed the occurrence, when I heard some one roll down into the cut, crying and groaning: "O Lordy! O Lordy! *O Lordy!*"

"Who's that?" I exclaimed. "Stop that noise!"

"Captain," Oyler had materialized again. "*I told you, Captain, I didn't want to go back yonder!*"

"What happened to you, Oyler?" I asked.

"I went over *yonder*"—shuddering—"and was trying to get me a pair of boots. And when I got one half-off a mans foot—the fellow *came to life!*—and grabbed me! Oh, he *did*, Captain!—*He's pulled out nearly all of my hair!*"

The boys all round us were laughing. I answered my good private—he was a fine soldier, if he did have ghost-nerves—

"Now, see here, Oyler: that's a queer story! You've got to show me. Come ahead!" and we went back to the spot he had evacuated so suddenly:—passing over the ground where Archer's men had driven a Union Brigade back into the railroad cut; and over which we, too, had fought. Our ambulances were slipping along very quietly, taking up the Yankee wounded. Hazardous work, this! The Yankee pickets were firing in the direction of every sound that indicated a Reb. Many dead lay upon the field.

Dimly enough the moon was shining, through that sleety November drizzle. My man stood looking about him in the uncertain light for some time. At length he muttered, "*There's the feller!*"

There he was!—wrapped in a blanket—sitting up in the moonlight—surrounded by dead men. He had overheard us, and exclaimed:

"Wonder what dam-rascal that was, that tried to steal my new boots?"

"Who is that?" I demanded.

"Is that you, Captain Nisbet?" promptly. "This is Jim Beckham."

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“What are you doing out here, Beckham? Every man was ordered to return to the cut as soon as he had supplied his needs.”

“Yes, sir; and now you’ve caught me, I’m going to tell you all about it, Captain. I came out here and got an overcoat and blanket, oil-cloth and a good pair of boots; and then as it was so muddy in the crowded cut, I thought I’d lie down here and sleep some—I was that tired and tuckered out. Expected to run and jump in the cut, if the firing commenced. Well, I was dreaming about Sally and the children, at home,—when I felt something tugging at my boot. I peeped over my blanket and saw a fellow stooping over, hard at work. Had my boot nearly off! I raised up and seized his hair. I’ll tell you, he gave the most unearthly shriek I ever heard—and fell backward!—leaving his hair in my hands, as he ran.”

“Here he is!” I said, pointing to Oyler. “And now that you have disobeyed orders, you take Oyler and get him a pair of boots, overcoat, blanket and anything else he wants, and bring him back to the cut.”

Beckham said, as he jumped up, “Yes, Captain, I’ll get him what he wants, and keep the spooks off’n him, too.” Which he did.

There were four Oyler brothers in my Company, “H”, 21st Georgia; all good soldiers. They weren’t afraid of live Yankees, but this one was sure afraid of spooks!

Many good soldiers plundered after a battle to relieve their necessities; and there was many a “Jean Val Jean”, who crept over many a Yankee Waterloo, undiscovered by any Victor Hugo pen!

We went into winter quarters near by, at Guinea Station. In January, 1863, whilst in camp here. I was ordered to Richmond, by the War Department, to consult about my promotion, which had been recommended and which was contingent upon my raising a Regiment. Colonel John T. Mercer yet

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commanded the 21st Georgia, and there were other officers with that Regiment who were my seniors in rank, and all good soldiers.

I had previously corresponded with my old friend, Major-General Howell Cobb, about recruiting a Regiment in Georgia for his Department of middle Florida, (seeing that he had authority to raise troops,) and received his recommendation to the War Department. With this and my other credentials, I was ordered to Georgia to raise a regiment for General Cobb's Department.

XVIII.

PROMOTION.

I went to Georgia and established my headquarters at Macon. I published my authority in all the daily papers of the State, inviting men wishing to raise Companies, or parts of Companies,—especially ex-soldiers anxious to re-enter the service as commissioned officers—to correspond with me at Macon. Soon the letters came pouring in. I authorized many of these applicants—for the most part ex-soldiers—to recruit Companies and squads to be formed into Companies.

I visited many counties in Georgia to settle questions concerning commissions: as to who should command certain Companies, and who were to be Lieutenants—paying my own expenses, except for transportation.

Many complaints came to me about the interference of the conscript officers with the men who had volunteered under my authority. Finding the trouble continued, I went to see General Howell Cobb, at Quincy, Florida, and explained the matter to him. He wired the War Department asking that

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they would order the conscript officers to respect my authority.

However, the necessity of adjusting this matter, finally took me to Richmond. Moreover I had become convinced that it was necessary to appoint the commissioned officers. The former method of electing officers could not be relied on at this stage of the struggle (1863).

To have an efficient regiment, it was necessary that the commissioned officers should be veterans, and otherwise qualified. The vicious system of election of officers struck at the very root of that stern discipline, without which new recruits cannot be converted into efficient soldiers.

Arrived at Richmond, I conferred with my Uncle Judge Eugenius A. Nisbet, M. C., from the Macon, Georgia, District. Together we called to see Judge J. A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War. He consented to issue an order to the conscript officers of Georgia to respect my authority and to aid me in every way possible: however, the Secretary would not consent that I should make the appointments of the commissioned officers, to be confirmed by the War Department: because said he, "the law requires that they shall be elected by the men."

Judge Eugenius Nisbet had served in the United States Congress, with President Davis. They were personal friends. Judge Nisbet said, "I will take you tomorrow morning to see President Davis. We will lay this matter before him." We called the next day by appointment.

I told Mr. Davis I wished to select soldiers, or ex-soldiers, for commissioned officers of my regiment, and if any of them were in the army, to have them detailed for recruiting service. Mr. Davis asked me what service I had seen. I answered, "I have commanded a company in the 21st Georgia Regiment, and frequently that regiment, Trimble's Brigade, Ewell's Division, Jackson's Corps; I have participated in every march and

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engagement, after we joined Jackson in the Valley, in the spring of 1862." Mr. Davis was interested. He said, "You certainly have seen hard service, and had much military experience." "But," said he, "you are very young for such a high command."

Turning to my uncle, he said, "Judge Nisbet, do you think the young man can raise a Regiment in Georgia, at this time? Governor Brown and others there are fighting the conscription. We are not getting many men from Georgia now. I have two men, Captains Jno. L. Hardee and Evans, who have been trying to raise Regiments in Georgia for some time, and so far, have failed." My uncle said, "Captain Nisbet has a good war record, energy, and family influence; if he can get the order he wants, I believe he will soon raise the Regiment."

The President then turned to his private secretary, and told him to write a note to Mr. Seddons, Secretary of War, asking him to give me such authority as I wished. Having obtained the authority to appoint my officers, I forthwith took an order for the detail of Capt. Algernon S. Hamilton, Company B, 21st Georgia Regiment, to assist me in recruiting the Regiment.

I went to Guinea Station, where the 21st was still in winter quarters, and delivered the order. Hamilton was happy. No more weary marches on foot—and soon to see his good wife, and home!

We bade the old 21st good-bye. It was sad to part from the noble fellows, with whom we had stood shoulder to shoulder for so long, and under such tremendous ordeals. We went up to Richmond, where we tried to get our old companies transferred to go with us, as a nucleus of the new Regiment.

In this we failed; as Col. Mercer had forestalled us with a communication forwarded to the War Department through the regular channels, saying his Regiment, (the 21st Georgia,) had then only nine companies, and to take two more out, would reduce it to a battalion; so all we could do was to go to

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Georgia, and get busy recruiting the ten companies.

I needed the assistance of another efficient man, as Major of the Regiment. I found many who ought to have been at the front, unwilling to enter active service. I offered the above-mentioned commission to a handsome, bright young fellow, well versed in military affairs. He was on post-duty. He had entered the army early in '61: with the enthusiasm of ultra Southern opinions.

Although his regiment was not on the firing line at Manassas, it was near enough for this young man to hear the thunder of the guns and see something of the deadly effects of artillery. It sufficed! He promptly resigned his commission; went to Richmond, and obtained a bomb-proof position. Vainly, did I urge him to go in with us:—accept the promotion, and help to defend old Georgia: leaving the old men to attend to all affairs in the rear. He said he didn't think that at *that* time, a Regiment could be raised in Georgia. I assured him that already I had the evidence that it could. Appealing to his patriotism, pride, ambition, I said: "After the war, you, doubtless, will seek political advancement: when the fighting-men will be preferred." He answered: "Cooper Nisbet, you've been in more fights than any man I know. If you go into another, you're a dam-fool!" Said I: "Maybe Hamilton and myself will be knocked out; we can't expect to escape always; and then you would command the Regiment. Perhaps you may be made a Brigadier." His answer was: "I had rather be a live commissary Captain than a dead Colonel."

The shirk hath said in his heart, "There is no hero." If the man could have rhymed, he would have written:

"If war should come tonight I have no fear.
My form would occupy a hero's bier;
I'd sooner lie at home—safe in my bed;
Than on a battlefield a hero dead.

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For me would be no stricken widow's sob,
I'd stay at home, and get some fellow's job,
And gobble all the coin there was in sight
 If war should come tonight.

If war should come tonight, my sweetheart dear,
Would not be at the train to shed a tear,
I'd let another fellow go to the front,
And if, perchance, he lost an arm or leg,
I would not be the one that had to beg,
But safe at home, I'd yell with all my might,
 If war should come tonight."

After the conflict the man of whom I write was defeated for high office by a "fighting soldier" because he *was* a fighter! Howbeit, time and money has enabled more than one of these sham soldiers to build up political affiliations and come to the front, *for the first time!* The generations that have come on the stage since the volcanic period of Civil War, pay small heed to the record of the individual man, though their reverence for the Lost Cause is inviolate.

There be those who regard, not the man who dared danger in the past, but the fellow who swaggers—bold in his self-sufficiency—before their eyes, as the hero!

Many of these non-combatants have been quick to recognize this fact; and now they may be seen at the General Reunions; around the hotel parlors and at all great functions: clad in costly Confederate Gray, with General's stars and wreaths on their coat-collars: hobnobbing and carrying on *War conversations* in a *General way, but not specifically*, with sentimental women. To some men the Civil War, with all its horrors, was a boon. The South's calamity was their opportunity. However, in spite of these non-combatant soldiers, and speculating citizens (with substitutes in the ranks) who would have "freely sacrificed every able-bodied rel-

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ative they had in the world rather than see the Southern cause fail." In spite of these, and other discouragements, our ranks were soon filled.

The rendezvous of the Companies was at "Tatnall Square," now known as "Hugenin Circle", Macon, Georgia: the present site of "Mercer University", the great Georgia Baptist Institute.

Lt. Col. A. S. Hamilton assisted men actively in organizing the Regiment. One of my companies, Capt. Redd's, of Columbus, was taken from me by the War Department, and given to Col. Evans to complete his regiment that was being organized.

Not long after I had published my authority to raise a regiment, I received a letter from Capt. John Redd, of Columbus, Georgia, saying he had been trying to raise a company under authority from Evans, but he had failed. Mainly on account of the interference of the conscript officers, and that he had notified Evans of the facts; asking for authority to raise a company for my Regiment. He added that he preferred to go in with me, as we were related and old College chums.

I went over to Columbus, gave him the authority and our numerous relatives and friends there took up the matter with him, and soon the ranks of his company were full, and ready for service. Then Col. Evans, finding he needed another Company to organize his Regiment, went on to Richmond and got an order for Redd's Company to report to him. Captain Redd had to obey the order.

Col. Evans' Regiment, the 64th Georgia, was mustered in and sent to Virginia, where it made a good record. It occupied the salient on the Petersburg line, which was blown up by Grant with four or five hundred barrels of powder. Here, Captain John Redd was killed: either by the explosion, or in the fighting that followed. This point on the line was afterward known as the Crater; and was defended to the last.

Captain John Redd was a loveable, great-hearted

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young man. No nobler—no braver man—laid down his life for the Southern cause.

The divergence of Redd's Company explains why the 26th Georgia Battalion had only three Companies. Only thirteen Companies reported at Tattall Square. The army regulations required ten Companies to form a Regiment. This number was selected, and my Regiment organized. I carried the muster-roll to Richmond. The Regiment was accepted as organized, and numbered the 66th Georgia Infantry.

The Roster of the Field and Staff is as follows:

Colonel James Cooper Nisbet, Cloverdale, Dade County, Ga.

Lieutenant-Colonel Algernon Sydney Hamilton, Rome, Ga.

Major Newton Hull, Camden County, Ga.—killed Benacer's Bridge, S. C., 1865.

Adjutant Lieutenant Wm. Lewis Le Conte, Macon, Ga.

Commissary Department Captain John Cameron, Rome, Ga.

Quartermaster's Department Captain C. C. Hammock, Atlanta, Ga.

Surgeon—Dr. J. S. McCain, Mississippi.

Assistant Surgeon—Dr. Bowen, Jones County, Ga.

The Companies composing the 66th Ga. were as follows:

Company "A"—

Briggs Moultrie Napier, Captain, Macon, Ga.

Jas. Comer, 1st Lieutenant, Macon, Ga.

E. H. Hull, 2nd Lieutenant, Camden Co., Ga.

J. H. Rogers, 3rd Lieutenant, Savannah, Ga.—

Killed in the battle of Atlanta.

Company "B"—

C. M. Jordan, Captain, Troup County, Ga.—Killed at Resacca.

J. A. Wright, 1st Lieutenant, Decatur, Ga.

A. H. C. Walker, 2nd Lieutenant, Decatur, Ga.

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Jas. W Jolly, Jr., 2nd Lieutenant, Bartow County,
Ga

Company "C"—

Henry F. Parks, Captain, Covington, Ga.—Killed
at Peachtree Creek, July 20th, 1864.

A. J. Summers, 1st Lieutenant, Newton County,
Ga.

J. T. Terrell, 2nd Lieutenant—Killed at Jonesboro,
August 31st, 1864.

J. N. Smythe, 3rd Lieutenant, Covington, Ga.

Company "D"—

Chas. J. Williamson, Captain, Macon, Ga.

W. C. Massey, 1st Lieutenant, Macon, Ga.

W. R. Ross, 2nd Lieutenant, Macon, Ga.—Killed
at Jonesboro, July 22nd.

Nathan C. Monroe, Jr., 3rd Lieutenant, Macon,
Ga.

Chas. Holmes, Jr, 2nd Lieutenant, Macon, Ga.

Company "E"—

Moses L. Brown, Captain, Decatur, Ga.

Osborne M. Stone, 1st Lieutenant, Augusta, Ga.

Jno. F. Smith, 2nd Lieutenant, Decatur, Ga.

James F. Brown, Jr., 2nd Lieutenant, Decatur, Ga.

Company "F"—

Alex H. Reid, Captain, Etonton, Ga.

A. H. Coates, 1st Lieutenant, Etonton, Ga.

I. Flournoy Adams, 2nd Lieutenant, Etonton, Ga.

J. O. Rosser, 3rd Lieutenant, Etonton, Ga.

Company "G"—

G. A. Hall, Captain, Greensboro, Ga.—Resigned;
Ill health.

W. Morgan Weaver, 1st Lieutenant, Greensboro,
Ga.—Promoted Captain.

Isaac W. Reese, 2nd Lieutenant, Madison, Ga

Thos. J. P. Atkinson, Jr., 2nd Lieutenant, Madi-
son, Ga. •

Company "H"—

C. D. Belisle, Captain, Decatur, Ga.

J. M. Raspberry, 1st Lieutenant, Decatur, Ga

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J. H. Mead, 2nd Lieutenant, Atlanta, Ga.—Promoted.

W. H. Quillian, 2nd Lieutenant, Decatur, Ga.

Daniel O'Rear, 3rd Lieutenant, Decatur, Ga.

Company "I"—

Jas. Thornton, Captain, Augusta, Ga.

A. C. Patman, 1st Lieutenant, Athens, Ga.

J. H. McDade, 2nd Lieutenant, Athens, Ga.

T. J. Kernagan, 3rd Lieutenant, Augusta, Ga.

Company "K"—

T. L. Langston, Captain, Atlanta, Ga.

Jas. W. Herndon, 1st Lieutenant, Atlanta, Ga.

Benj. F. Hammock, 2nd Lieutenant, Atlanta, Ga.

Chas. W. Gray, 3rd Lieutenant, Graysville, Ga.

S. J. Davis, 3rd Lieutenant, Atlanta, Ga.

W. T. Williams, Cadet.

As I had recruited the three extra companies I had in camp, or rather as they had been raised under my orders, I was permitted to organize them into a Battalion of Infantry. It was so recorded at Richmond, when I delivered the Muster-Rolls of the Companies. Said Battalion was numbered 26th Battalion Georgia Infantry. It was made a part of my command. My brother, Jno. W. Nisbet, was promoted Major of the Battalion; and duly commissioned. He was serving as private in an old organized City Company called the "Floyd Rifles" (from Macon, Ga.) in the 2nd Georgia Battalion Infantry, Army N. Virginia. He entered the service April, 1861.

The following is the Roster of Field and Staff Officers of the 26th Georgia Battalion Infantry:

FIELD AND STAFF.

John W. Nisbet, Major, Dade County, Ga.

Charles Du Bignon, Adjutant, Milledgeville, Ga.

Dr. Oakman, Surgeon, Augusta, Ga.

Dr. Julian Ravenel, Jr., Assistant Surgeon,
•Charleston, S. C.

This 26th Georgia Battalion was in some respects a very unique organization, made so by its com-

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mander, Major Jno. W. Nisbet. He was my only brother. We were near the same age, and had never been separated for any length of time, until the breaking out of the war. We were in business together, after we left college, and in April, 1861, "drew straws" to decide which one should go into the service first. He drew the long one, and I remained a while to attend to our large stock farm and other interests. My desire to be with him, and his wish to be near me, brought about his promotion.

He wanted to fight the common enemy, but was quite satisfied with his position of private; its duties and absence from care and responsibilities,—in a company composed of his boyhood friends, and relatives.

As an officer, he discharged his duties on the firing line patriotically, and fearlessly; and his men would follow him as they said to the "jumping off place". In camp he let them do pretty much as they pleased, and they idolized him. However, he felt but little interest in the "pomp and circumstance" of glorious war. He did not "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," but he didn't mind charging a battery if ordered; unless the order interfered with his perusal of some metaphysical work.

While I was still in Richmond, pursuant to receiving my new commission, the command had been ordered to proceed to the mouth of the Appalachicola river. Colonel Hamilton took the 66th down the rivers from Fort Gaines, Georgia, and assumed command of Fort Cobb.

I returned from Richmond and reported to General Howell Cobb at Quincy, Florida. Colonel Hamilton had written me that the men were nearly all suffering from malaria on account of the swamp around the fort, and the season of the year, and asked that I would apply for active service in the field; or that the troops might be sent to one of the

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principal armies. In going over to see General Cobb, at Quincey, about this matter, I left the steamboat at Chattahoochee Landing, where I was agreeably surprised to meet my old friends from the Virginia Army, the 1st Georgia Regulars; who had been sent there to rest and recruit.

I knew personally most of the officers of that gallant regiment. Colquitt's brigade had also been sent to Florida, from Virginia; therefore, it was found that we could be spared to re-enforce Bragg.

The enemy was threatening to invade Florida, which they soon did,—with negro soldiers. They were met by these two commands, and the Florida troops, under General Finnegan, and routed with great slaughter, in the battle of "Olustee", "or *Ocean Pond*".

General Finnegan's young son was on his staff; the boy, Irishman-like, plunged into the thick of the fray, his anxious father equally exposed, said to him, "Go to the rear Finnegan, me B'ye, go to, the rear! me B'ye! *"Ye know ye are ye mither's darlin'."*

At Quincey, I received orders through General Cobb, to report with my command to Lieutenant General Hardee at Chattahoochee, as quickly as possible. I sent Hamilton orders to take first boat for Fort Gaines, Georgia, on the Chattahoochee, and I went to Macon via Albany to get a special train to take us through to Atlanta. It was in September, and the boat was delayed by low water. At Macon I had much trouble in getting a train, which was finally sent down, and I met the regiment in Macon.

We were trying to re-enforce Bragg before the battle of Chickamauga: but when we reached Atlanta, September 20th, (Sunday) the last day's fight was about ended, and we were stopped there to guard prisoners, arriving in large numbers.

We went into camp out on Whitehall street, now West End, and remained there drilling, until October 21st; when I received orders to report with my

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Regiment and Battalion to General Hardee commanding Corps Bragg's Army. We left the railroad train at Chickamauga station, W. & A. Railroad, where we were met by an aid de camp and courier, who escorted us to Hardee's headquarters on Missionary Ridge. Colonel Hamilton and myself were introduced to General Hardee by Major Newton Hull, of the 66th Georgia Regiment, who was General Hardee's nephew.

The old General was very genial, courtly, and kind. He assigned us to Wilson's Georgia Brigade, Walker's Division; which was camped at the foot of Lookout Mountain; a place now known as St. Elmo.

General Hardee invited his nephew, (Major Hull), to dine with him Sunday, and said he would inspect my command Sunday afternoon. On the march that night, across Chattanooga Valley, we passed a portion of Bragg's Army investing Chattanooga. They looked strange to us, (coming from Lee's Army), dressed in all sorts of colors, with no shelters except the crudest kind. After being there six weeks, they still lacked comforts which disciplined soldiers would provide for themselves in a very short time.

We passed Cheatham's Division of Middle Tennesseans, a splendid body of troops, (in spite of all), as good natural material for soldiers as the world ever saw.

Colonel Hamilton, himself a thorough soldier and disciplinarian, said "My God, Colonel Nisbet, is this an army, or a mob?" "A collection of untrained men is neither more nor less than a mob, in which individual courage goes for nothing. In movement it is ignorant, and incapable of direction, every obstacle creates confusion, liable to be converted into panic by opposition." But in this instance, the want of discipline was largely atoned for by the strong individuality of the Units of the Column. 'Twas after supper time, and these old

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veterans of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro and Chickamauga, came out to the road to see the reinforcements pass. My Regiment and Battalion being new and all the companies with an average of one hundred men, numbered as a whole about fifteen hundred. "What brigade is that?" was frequently asked. Some of my men not being familiar with military nomenclature, answered "the 66th." "Ha! Ha! the old 66th is a whopper. Bet she runs first fire!" Afterwards when we passed, I could hear them say, "There goes that bloody 66th brigade!"

I reported to the commanding officer, Wilson's Brigade, Colonel James Boynton, of the 30th Georgia. General Claude Wilson had died after Chickamauga, and Colonels Young and Mangham of the 29th and 30th Infantry, respectively, were absent on account of wounds. We were assigned to our proper place and pitched our tents (brought from Florida) on a hill overlooking Tennessee river. I found that I was the ranking officer of the brigade, and requested Major Hull to call General Hardee's attention to that fact, when he dined with his uncle the next day.

Sunday afternoon General Hardee inspected the Regiment and Battalion. We presented a very creditable appearance, being well uniformed and equipped. I met him and his staff at the head of my regiment and we rode down the line, the men having been brought to "present arms" by Colonel Hamilton. The General said he was very much pleased with the military appearance of the Regiment and Battalion, and observed: "My nephew, Major Hull, tells me, that you are the ranking officer of the brigade present for duty. I will put you in command, if you desire it?" I replied: "General, I wish to assume any responsibility to which my rank entitles me." He answered: "This is the largest brigade in my corps, and you look very young for such a command; what service have you

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seen?" I said: "I have been with Stonewall Jackson for nearly two years, commanding a company, and sometimes my Regiment. I am qualified." "That's the way for a soldier to feel," said the old General. He issued the order for me to relieve Lieutenant Colonel James Boynton and assume the command of the Brigade. Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton took command of the 66th Georgia Regiment.

My pickets were posted along Chattanooga Creek, with orders not to fire, unless the enemy who were in plain view on the other side, should attempt to cross. We were facing Carlin's Brigade, Palmer's Division; who had similar instructions, I suppose, as everything was so peaceful down there. In fact the conditions were so amicable, the opposing men swapped tobacco for coffee, on the sly. 'Twas the calm that precedes the storm.

In the United States Arsenal at Chattahoochee Landing in Florida, I had found a number of old-style Sibley tents, which had been seized by the authorities before Florida seceded: an act of treason.

I obtained the tents by requisition, and loaded them on the boats as my Regiment passed up the Chattahoochee. The old "Sibley's" having never been used, were in good shape. When we got them put up, each company's in regulation order, our camp looked pretentious; and was the envy of the old troops. Except the General's headquarters, Bragg's whole army boasted no tents but our "Indian Wigwams". We found that Bragg's men had no confidence in him as a leader; he had failed to reap the fruits of their victories. He inspired no enthusiasm when he passed; as did Lee and Jackson when they rode by their men.

Most all of the officers of the Brigade called to make our acquaintance, and bid us welcome. That brigade had borne a very prominent part in the recent battle of Chickamauga, on Bragg's right, under Major General Walker's, near the Reed's Bridge

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road. On one of the days (19th) they had captured and recaptured two batteries after desperate fighting; losing heavily, including two Colonels, who were badly wounded. They were finally forced by overwhelming numbers, to fall back and leave their trophies, because they were not sustained by timely reinforcements. In truth theirs was a gallant part! Borne on the 18th, 19th and 20th of September. Their Brigadier General, Claude Wilson, had recently died of sickness contracted by the exposures of the campaign. He was from Savannah; had been Colonel of the 25th Georgia Regiment, and had the reputation of being a brave, efficient officer.

Colonel Tom Mangham (Griffin) of the 30th Georgia Regiment, was badly wounded in the hip and Colonel Young (Thomasville) of the 29th Georgia, received a severe wound through the shoulder; both were at their homes and neither were ever again fit for military duty. I met them in Atlanta frequently after the war; but they both soon died from the effects of their wounds. So, when I arrived, there was no Colonel present for duty, and the brigade was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Boynton of the 30th Georgia Regiment. He soon after was promoted Colonel of his Regiment on the resignation of Colonel Mangham.

Boynton was a lawyer and a good one; he had a judicial mind. A man of peace, he was in the army entirely from a sense of duty. The glory of the contest had no charms for him. After the war he was given many honorable positions. "President of the Senate." "Governor of Georgia," and Judge of his (Griffin) circuit, until his death; which was greatly lamented by all. It may be truly said of him that he died leaving many friends, but not one enemy.

Wilson's Georgia Brigade was composed of the following commands: 29th, 30th, 25th, and 66th Georgia Regiments Infantry, Ferguson's Battery, commanded by Lieut. Beauregard, the 26th Georgia Battalion, and the 1st Battalion Georgia Sharpshoot-

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ters. This latter was commanded by Major Arthur Shoaf, a West Pointer of the old navy. The other officers of that battalion were educated military men from the Georgia Military Institute or Savannah Volunteer Companies, and the drill and discipline of their companies was that of regulars; their efficiency was not excelled by any organization of the army. Major Arthur Shoaf was well qualified to command a Brigade and most any of his officers, a Regiment.

XIX.

CHICKAMAUGA.

The battle of Chickamauga has been commemorated by the Government in the conversion of this Aceldama into a military park and post; extensive and beautiful. Iron tablets and markers describe the position of the contending armies during the three days' conflict. These inscriptions, established under the able supervision of the Chickamauga Battlefield Commission, with General H. V. Boynton as chief, give a fair history of the battle from beginning to end. Errors were made at first, but these have been corrected.

Living in the immediate vicinity, for forty-six years, I have constantly compared the evidence entrusted to the keeping of these bristling bronzes and ghostly marbles. I have studied the reports and reminiscences of officers and privates who were engaged in the fight.

When my command was ordered to join Bragg, I, on reaching the field of Chickamauga, was hard on the heels of the dead, and surrounded by the living participants in that bloody struggle. Then and there, I received a tremendous impression of the

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everlasting truths relating to the conduct of this battle—the culmination of American valor. Beginning with the facts recited to me on the field—as we walked about in the bloody mud of the conflict—by men who had borne the brunt of the three day's slaughter, and ending with the Reports of Federal Generals, I have some testimony to add to the story of Chickamauga which is not unauthoritative.

The contest was, in the main, between Southern men and men of the Middle West.

The numbers engaged on either side were nearly equal; or, in round numbers, about sixty thousand each, of all arms.

Bragg's conduct of the campaign is here reviewed in justification of the gallant soldiers of the Army of Tennessee. Even-handed Justice demands severer strictures on Bragg at Chickamauga than I am able to pen.

BOYNTON'S REPORT ON BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

General H. V. Boynton (Union), in his Report, says: "Rosecrans moved across the Tennessee River at Caperton's ferry and Bridgeport, Alabama; and by the 8th of September, Thomas had moved on Trenton, Georgia, and seized Steven's Gap on Lookout Mountain, overlooking McLemore's Cove, Walker County, Georgia.

McCook had advanced to Winston's Gap, crossing Lookout valley to Valley Head, Alabama; and from thence on to Alpine, Alabama. Crittendon had crossed to Wahatchie, N. & C. Railroad, connecting with Thomas' left. Bragg, finding he was flanked, and his communications to the South threatened, evacuated Chattanooga on the 9th of September, his army moving out to LaFayette and holding the gaps of Pigeon Mountain, overlooking McLemore's Cove.

Crittenden immediately occupied Chattanooga on

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the 9th. General Rosecrans directed his march against LaFayette and Rome, Georgia, his main body was opposite the passes of Pigeon Mountain on the 14th of September, where they had some skirmishing, but his army at the time was scattered from Lee and Gordon's Mill, where Crittenden's Corps had moved out to, from Chattanooga; under orders to *pursue Bragg* via Ringgold, *and cut off his retreat* to Alpine, Alabama, (forty miles) where McCook's Corps had advanced.

When McCook's Cavalry, scouting towards LaFayette, reached Summerville, Georgia, they learned that Bragg was not retreating as Rosecrans supposed, but was concentrating at LaFayette and that Longstreet's Corps had reached Atlanta.

McCook reported this information to Rosecrans on the 13th of September, and was ordered to join Thomas at once. Leaving two Brigades to hold the Dougherty Gap on Lookout Mountain, McCook's Corps, after some delay on account of taking the wrong route, closed up with Thomas on the 17th, and Thomas moved down the Chickamauga towards the Lee and Gordon Mill.

On the next day, 18th of September, 1863, skirmishing commenced between Forrest's Confederate Cavalry and Minty and Wilder's Federal Cavalry at Leet's Spring. The latter were driven back and the Confederates advanced; and after some fighting, crossed the Chickamauga Creek at Jay's Mill, and the Reed and Alexander bridges and fords.

They found Crittenden's Corps, the left of Rosecrans's army-line, facing east along the Chattanooga and LaFayette road; also the Corps of McCook and Thomas, (20th and 21st Corps). Minty's Cavalry formed on the left of Crittenden and Wilder's Cavalry on the right of Sheridan's Corps.

The Confederates, after crossing the creek, formed facing the Union line; and on the morning of the 19th, advanced, and there was fierce fighting. Rosecrans put every available man into the fight, except

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Post's and Lytle's Brigades; but his line was forced back in places.

At night the Union Army had the best position, being on higher ground and the Confederates compelled to attack. The next morning the Union line throughout was covered by rough barricades of rail, logs, stones, rocks and stumps. These barricades around the Kelley field were of considerable strength.

About 9:30 a. m., 20th, Bragg's right charged the Union left and were repulsed and a second charge under Breckeuridge was also driven back.

While VanDeveer was driving back, Stovall's Adam's and Helm's assaults, and clearing the Union left, Longstreet, with his column of three divisions, was moving from the forests east of Brotherton's, through the Union center, and dire calamity there seemed unavoidable.

Negley's Division, which held the line west of the Brotherton field, had been replaced by Wood's Division. At this moment Longstreet's attack was delivered. Bushrod Johnson's Division burst through the opening left by Wood, and Buel's Brigade was caught in the flank and broken up.

Rosecrans rushed to the Glenn House, and hastened Sheridan's Division up, but the disaster could not be repaired. Longstreet then bore down against Brannan and forced him to back off the field. In the meantime Wood, seeing Hood's force moving north in the Dyer field, advanced to meet him.

Law's Brigade was forced back, and retired except the 15th Alabama under Colonel W. C. Oates, which joined Kershaw's advance. This check enabled Brannan to form in rear of Harker on Snodgrass Hill. Hooker having been pushed back by Kershaw's Division, Snodgrass Hill became the Union right.

On the right of Harker was Stanley's Brigade, and then Brannan's. *All to the right of Brannan on the original line had been swept off the field.* Davis'

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and Sheridan's Divisions, which came up, were swept away by Hindman's and Bushrod Johnson's Divisions. General Lytle was killed. This *right* composed of *five Brigades* continued their flight to McFarland's Gap. General Rosecrans, Crittenden and McCook were cut off by this break in the center. They were borne off the field in the confused retreat of the right. Rosecrans put Thomas in command and continued on to Chattanooga.

While Hood's Divisions were sweeping northward towards Snodgrass Hill, Bushrod Johnson's Division turned to the right towards the ridge, capturing fifteen (15) guns. Then Longstreet's line, as reformed to assault Snodgrass Hill, was Johnson's Division on the left at the Vidatooe House and Hindman's Division on his right. Kershaw's Division formed the right of the assaulting lines.

On the Union left Forrest had moved forward and captured the Hospital at Cloud's Spring, but was forced away when Granger came up. Cleburne and Stewart had fought bitterly, but unsuccessfully, until one o'clock. Gist had assaulted our left at noon, when Helm had been killed, and his attack repulsed, Colonel Peyton Colquitt, 46th Georgia, had been killed. Liddell's Division had advanced and his leading Brigade was also driven back. The fighting then ceased along the Kelley field. The eight Divisions, four on a side, facing each other there, but quiet. The Confederate reserves listening to Longstreet's repeated assaults of Snodgrass Hill. At three o'clock Bushrod Johnson's Division, of Longstreet's left wing, had advanced and was crossing the crest which Negley had vacated on the right. Then help came, Granger's, McCook's, Stedman's and Morgan's Divisions arrived; also Vandever's Brigade.

A general advance of Bragg's right had been ordered (three o'clock p. m.). It did not begin until nearly sundown. Thomas' retreat was going on, and Palmer's and Reynolds' divisions, the last on the line, bore the brunt of this attack. Left by Thomas

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to bring up his rear, they were thrown into confusion, fired upon from the front and flank."

Comments on General Boynton's Report.

Chattanooga had been occupied by Rosecrans' Army ten days (from the 8th to 18th of September) and was the base of the Federal supplies, and operations. The face of the Union Army, when they moved out in pursuit of Bragg, were towards *Atlanta*. The battle induced Rosecrans to about face, and go in the opposite direction, yet our good old friend, General Boynton has always contended that the *retreat* to Chattanooga was really an *advance*, and has published a book to prove it. As to this claim, General Jno. B. Gordon says "From like premises the Confederates might claim a victory for Lee at Gettysburg, and that his movement to the rear was an advance. General Pope might, in like manner, claim that his route at second Manassas was a victory, and his retreat to Washington an advance that saved the Capitol.

To my mind such victories are similar to that achieved by the doctor, who was asked: "Well, Doctor, how is the mother and the new baby?" "They are both dead," replied the doctor, "but I have saved the *old man*."

What are the facts: Bragg assailed Rosecrans in his chosen stronghold; drove him from the entire field, and held it in unchallenged possession. At the end of the two days' battle, which in courage and carnage has scarcely a parallel, as the two wings of the Confederate Army met on the field, their battle flags waved triumphantly above every gory acre of it; and their ringing shouts rose to heaven a mighty *anthem of praise and gratitude for the victory*. Bragg did not reap the fruits of the victory, *but that is another question*.

What are the conclusions that any fair-minded, competent military man is compelled to arrive at from General Boynton's report? It is this: Rosecrans, after two days of hard fighting in which all

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of his force was engaged, was driven from the battle field. Retreated the afternoon of the 20th with part of his force to Chattanooga, and *dispatched Washington that his army had been defeated!*

He left Thomas in command, but thinking he would be driven at once from Snodgrass Hill, sent him an order by General James Garfield at four o'clock p. m. to fall back to Rossville. Thomas, however, decided to hold his position if he could until nightfall, when he could retire more safely. But Bushrod Johnson's persistence in passing around his right with Preston's and Kershaw's help in front and Longstreet's enfilading battery of eleven guns, caused Thomas to change his mind, and give the order to fall back at five thirty o'clock.

The Confederates charging his line all along, left, center and right just at that time, made his move awkward and caused some loss and more celerity than was consistent with the *dignity of a victorious retreat!* However, Thomas' force reached Rossville as ordered. His position there was strong against a direct attack, but could be easily turned by a concentration in force against his right in Chattanooga Valley. Thomas saw this, and advised General Roscerans to withdraw all of his army to Chattanooga, which was done the next night.

In the meantime, if Bragg had listened to Forrest and Longstreet and sent all of the cavalry into Chattanooga, the night of the 20th, by Chattanooga Valley road, followed by Longstreets Corps, whilst Polk's and Hill's Corps held Thomas at Rossville or attacked him if he moved to the relief of Chattanooga, what then? Thomas' line at Rossville extended from the gap to Chattanooga Creek, from there to Lookout Mountain (a long way) was held by only two Brigades of demoralized cavalry and Post's Brigade Infantry, which had not been engaged. There was no reason why this force should not have been brushed aside by a concentrated effort, and the town captured with all the force there.

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The Federal army on the last day (20th September) had the advantage of a fortified position; (on higher ground) from whence it was finally driven by the Confederate onslaught; the Federals losing six thousand prisoners, and much of their artillery, small arms, and ammunition. There has been more contention over this fight as to who were the victors than any other.

Northern men will readily concede 1st and 2nd Manassas, Chancellorsville, Fredricksburg, the battles of the Valley Campaign, and the fights around Richmond, and others. Southern men will concede Gettysburg (July 3rd), Vicksburg, Atlanta, Nashville and other fights as Federal victories; but when Chickamauga is mentioned, well, "that brings on more talk." So it is well to see what are the facts, "for verily you cannot take the *truth away* from a strong mind by simply declaring something else is *truth*." It will be seen that General H. V. Boynton, (who fought in this battle under Rosecrans, and to whose vigorous pen and wise labors much credit is due for the success of the great battle park of Chickamauga, and who is one of the ablest and fairest commentators upon that remarkable struggle,) admits that the Federal army was driven from the field, but he has a theory that, although Rosecrans abandoned the field after two days' desperate fighting to hold it, yet his retirement was not a *retreat*, but an *advance*!

LONGSTREET'S REPORT ON BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

What is General Longstreet's testimony? Lieut. General Jas. B. Longstreet says:

"I left the train at Ringgold late in the afternoon of the 19th of September, mounted and hurried to the battlefield. Met General Bragg at 11 p. m., who informed me that his troops had been engaged during the day in severe skirmishing while endeavoring to get into line of battle.

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In the alleged skirmishing, some of the brigades on both sides had lost at least one-third their numbers. On the morning of the 20th, before Bragg engaged his battle, he found the road between the enemy's left and Chattanooga, open; which gave him opportunity to interpose, or force the enemy from his works to open battle, to save his line. But he preferred his plan of direct attack by his right wing.

He was there, and put the Corps of Lieut. General D. H. Hill to the work at 9:30 a. m. (20th). Breckenridge's and Cleburn's Divisions on the right. They crossed the Chattanooga and LaFayette road, changed front and bore down upon the enemy's works.

After a gallant fight they were repulsed. Johnson's Brigade of Cheatham's Division, and the reserve Corps under W. H. T. Walker, Liddel's and Govan's Brigades, all were ordered in as supports.

These troops, without exception, made a brave and gallant fight, but were uncessful, and forced to suspend aggressive work.

As the "*grand wheel*" to the left did not progress, I sent at 11 o'clock A. M. to say to General Bragg, that my column of attack could probably break the enemy's line, if he cared to have it go in. Before answer came General A. P. Stewart, commanding my right division, received a message from General Bragg to go in and attack by his division, and reported that similar orders had been received by all my division commanders.

General Stewart was in hot engagement before word reached me that the battle had been put in the hands of Division Commanders, but my orders reached General Hood in time to hold him and the commanders on his left.

The Divisions of Bushrod Johnson and Hindman were ordered to follow in close eschelon, on Hood's left. Buckner's pivoting Division, under Preston,

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was left to the position the Confederate chief had assigned it.

In our immediate front were the parts of the 20th and 21st Corps in two lines covered by rail defenses and well posted batteries.

A bold push of Hood's Division at the Brotherton House gave us the first lines of the enemy, and a large number of his guns and prisoners. As we approached the second line, Johnson's Division charged upon it, capturing some more guns. Hood and Hindman's Divisions pressing in close connection with this attack forced the 20th and 21st Corps from that part of the field back over the ridge in disordered retreat; and a part of Negley's Division of the 14th Corps by the same impulsion.

At this juncture Hindman reported his left Brigade had been struck by cavalry and forced back in disorder. Trigg was ordered to the relief of Manigault's Brigade. It seems that two brigades cavalry struck Manigault on the left and rear; but this brigade rallied on Trigg.

Trigg and Manigault then advanced and put the attacking force of cavalry back until they found it necessary to retire behind the ridge, and cover the withdrawal of trains left exposed by the retreat of the 20th and 21st Corps.

Calls were repeated for our cavalry to ride in pursuit of the retreating forces and guard the gap of the ridge. It was now one o'clock p. m., I rode with General Buckner and staff to view the changed conditions of the battle. We marked the ground line of his field works as they were spread along the front of the enemy's right wing. My artillery, having not yet arrived, General Buckner was asked to establish a twelve-gun battery on my right, to enfilade the enemy's works and line.

I rode off to enjoy my lunch, but before we had half finished, our pleasures were interrupted by a fragment of shell that came tearing through the woods, passed through a book in the hands of a

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courier who sat on his horse hard by, reading, and struck down my chief of ordnance, Colonel P. T. Manning, gasping as was supposed in the struggles of death.

Friends sprang forward to give aid and relief. In his hurry to finish his lunch he had just taken a large bite of sweet potato, which seemed to be suffocating him. We first relieved him of the potato and gave him a chance to breathe. This done, he revived and was soon on his feet.

General Bragg, at this juncture, sent for me. The change of the order of the battle was explained, and what we had done. That we had captured thirty-odd cannon, etc. He was informed of orders given General Bushrod Johnson for my left; and to General Buckner for a battery on the right. I then offered as a suggestion of the way to finish our work, that he abandon the plan for battle by our right wing, draw off the force from that front that had rested since my left wing took up the battle; join them with my left wing, move swiftly down the Dry Valley road, pursuing the retreating force, occupy the right and call that force to its own relief.

He was disturbed by the failure of his plan, and the severe repulse of his right wing, and said: "There is not a man in the right wing who has any fight in him." He did not wait, nor did he express approval or disapproval of the operation of the left wing, but rode for his headquarters at Reid's Bridge. There was nothing for the left wing to do, but work along as best it could.

Preston's Division was pulled away from its moorings on the river bank (Chickamauga) to reinforce our worn battle.

The battery not opening promptly, as expected, Johnson was finally ordered into strong, steady battle. He pushed through part of the woodland, drove back an array of artillery and the supporting infantry, and gained elevated ground.

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The sound of battle attracted General Granger of the Federal Reserve Corps. He marched towards the noise, passed by the front of Forrest's Calvary and the front of our right wing, but *no report of his march was sent us.*

The day was on the wane, our foot scouts reported that there was nothing on the road taken by the enemy's retreating columns, but squads of footmen.

Lieutenant Colonel Claiborne reported that the cavalry was not riding in response to my calls. I dispatched as follows:

Battlefield, Sept. 20th, '63—5:09 p. m.

General Wheeler:

Lieutenant General Longstreet orders you to proceed down the road towards the enemy's right and, with your artillery, endeavor to enfilade his line with celerity.

By order of Lieut. Gen. Longstreet,

THOS. CLAIBORNE,

Lieut. Col. Cavalry.

General Preston reinforced us by his Brigade, under Grace, pushed beyond our battle, and gained a height and intervening dell before Snodgrass Hill. But the enemy's reserves were on the hill and full of fight, even to the aggressive. We were pushed back through the valley and up the slope until General Preston succeeded in getting his Brigade, under Trigg, to the support. Our battery got up at last, under Major Williams, and opened its destructive fire from eleven guns, which presently convinced General Thomas that his position was no longer tenable. He drew Reynold's Division from its trenches near the angle, for assignment as rear guard.

Lieutenant Colonel Sorrel, of my staff, reported this move, and was sent with orders to General Stewart to strike down against the enemy's moving forces. It seems that at the same time Liddell's

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division of the extreme right was ordered against the march of the reserves.

Stewart's division got into Reynold's line and took several hundred prisoners. Meanwhile Reynolds met the attack and drove back Liddell's division. That accomplished, he was ordered to position to cover the retreat.

The entrenched line of Thomas was crumbling faster than we supposed, and their reserves were engaged in hot defensive battle to hold secure the Gap, while there was yet two hours of daylight.

Had the four Brigades of Cheatham's Division, that had not been in action, gone in at the same time as Liddell's Division, it is hardly possible that the Confederate commander could have failed to find *the enemy's empty lines along the front of his right wing, and called both wings into a grand final sweep of the field; to the capture of Thomas' command. But Bragg was not present and the condition of affairs was embarrassing to the subordinate commanders.*

When Liddell's division was passed beyond the enemy's entrenchments to strike Grainger, a vigilant chief, present and advised that the enemy was on his last legs—could well have sprung the right wing into the opening beyond his right, securing crushing results.

The contention by our left was maintained as a separate and independent battle. The last of my reserve, Trigg's Brigade, gave new strength, and Preston gained Snodgrass Hill. The left wing swept forward, and the right sprang to the broad Chattanooga highway. Like magic the Union army had melted away in our presence.

A few hundred prisoners were picked up by both wings, as they met; to burst their throats in loud huzzas. *The army of Tennessee knew how to enjoy its first grand victory!*

The dews of twilight hung heavy about the trees, as if to hold down the voice of victory; but the two

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lines nearing as they advanced, joined their continuous shout in increasing volume, in a tremendous swell of heroic harmony that seemed almost to lift from their roots the great trees of the forest.

Before greetings and congratulations upon the success had passed, it was night, and the mild beams of the quartering moon, were more suggestive of Venus than Mars.

The haversacks and ammunition supplies were ordered replenished, and the Confederate army made its bivouac on the ground. It had gained the first pronounced victory in the West, and one of the most stubbornly contested battles of the war.

Rosecrans' order to Thomas at four o'clock was a suggestion more than an order. It was given under the conviction that the Confederates, having the Dry Valley road, would pass the ridge to the west side, cut General Thomas off and strike his rear at pleasure. That General Thomas so construed it, was evidenced by his decision to hold "until nightfall if possible."

It was not until after nightfall that Rosecrans' positive order for retreat was issued, as appears from the letter written from Rossville by General James A. Garfield, Chief-of-Staff, dated 8:40 p. m. Three hours and more after the move was taken up. (See U. S. Government records, Vol. 30, Part 1, page 144).

The battle was the fifth greatest of the war. *A peculiar feature of this battle was the early ride of both commanders from the field, leaving the battle to their troops.* Bragg did not know he had won a complete victory until the next morning the 21st! When riding to his extreme right, he found his commander at that point seeking the enemy in his immediate front, and commended the officer on his vigilance, twelve hours after the retreat of the enemy's forces.

Gen. Rosecrans no doubt prepared to continue his retreat, anticipating our march to his rear and cutting off his supplies; but finding we preferred to

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lay our lines in front of him, concluded it would be more comfortable to rest in Chattanooga.”

NOTE—The balance of Longstreet's report is taken up in explaining how Bragg lost the fruits of his victory and what might have been accomplished by Bragg.

XX.

TURCHIN'S ILIAD.

“Sing, Goddess, of the direful wrath of Achilles the son of Peleus.” And now again of the Federal side: Let's hear from Turchin, the Russian. Brigadier General John B. Turchin commanded the 3rd Brigade, 4th Division, 14th Corps, Army of the Cumberland.

He had been Colonel on the General staff in the Imperial Guard of Russia. We are indebted to the “direful wrath of Achilles” for the greatest epic poem ever written. It has come down to us through the ages. For three thousand years it has stood unequalled by any imitators.

Had not Achilles “got mad”! Homer would not have been inspired. Had not Turchin been moved to anger, we would not have been favored with the best account of the Chickamauga campaign and battle that has been written.

His book is the most learned military diagnosis I have seen. Educated in the best war schools of Europe, and serving in an army where the “science military” has reached its zenith, he had been used to seeing men butchered *a la carte*; and Bragg's crude manner of pitching in, “without any *plan*” and “at any old place,” made him mad; and General Stedman's withdrawal of his division (Federal) early in the afternoon (five thirty p. m.) from “Snod-

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grass Hill," causing, as he says, the capture of a regiment of his brigade the 89th Ohio, with the 21st Ohio and 22nd Michigan Regiments (Whitaker's Brigade) brought his "direful wrath" to the highest pitch. He is very bitter over the fact that Stedman *retreated too quickly*, and devotes a large part of his book trying to prove that there was no occasion for the sacrifice of those fine regiments. He calls it "neglect," and goes on to say, "an officer who wantonly sacrifices other commands, while saving his own (Stedman's Division) is not worthy of the sacred trust put in his hands."

As about thirty-five years had elapsed when he wrote, he had evidently forgotten about Longstreet's eleven-gun battery (Major Williams) that went into action late that afternoon, and which was enfilading Thomas' position on Snodgrass Hill; and Bushrod Johnson's two Divisions which had flanked the position on the right, and got in the rear; and the advance of Bragg's right wing at that time; all rendering Thomas and Granger's "orderly retreat" (he talks about) quite impossible.

As to this, Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Glenn, of his own (89th Ohio), says (See Government report): "Our forces (the three regiment) were surrendered about dark; twilight. We were in Whitaker's Brigade and subject to his orders. We were surrounded by Kelley and Triggs' Rebel Brigades and *had to surrender.*"

A chaplain in one of the captured regiments says: "As we were marched up, General Kelley called to our Colonel Carlton (22nd Michigan), 'Hello, Carlton; we seem to have you in a bad fix.'" Kelley and Carlton had been in the same class at West Point. This was in the rear of Snodgrass Hill, which (it is claimed) Thomas held to the last, and then fell back in good order. But this is a digression, so let us return to General Turchin's report.

He says: "The contest on the 19th was a battle—a mad, irregular battle, 'tis true—where the science

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and art of war went for nothing. Bragg seemed to have no plan; the fight extended over seven miles, there were three groups of troops that were desperately fighting; one group on our extreme left, Walker's, Cleburne's and Cheatham's Divisions, fighting Brannon's, Johnson's and Baird's (Union) Divisions of our army. To the right of that were Palmer's and Reynolds' Divisions contending with Stewart's Confederate division. The third group, still to the Federal right in the vicinity of the Vineyard Farm, was Van Cleve's, Davis' and Sheridan's division, fighting Hood's, Bushrod Johnson's, and a part of Preston's Divisions.

Upon the whole, whatever advantage there was (19th) was gained by our troops. We used the La-Fayette road to reorganize our lines for the morrow. We not only righted ourselves, but blocked access to Chattanooga. Details worked all night building barricades. Bragg formed his line facing us on the La Fayette road. On the morning of the 20th the danger for us was the centering on the left. Bragg knew we were behind barricades, he was on the offensive, and could shift his troops in any way he pleased without danger of our leaving our lines; he could have moved his columns north in the morning, passing by our extreme left and directed them on Rossville, in easy reach of his base of supplies at Ringgold; that movement alone would have compelled us to abandon our fortified position, and move hurriedly towards Chattanooga; then he could have fought us on equal terms, and perhaps would have succeeded in defeating our army and taking Chattanooga.

When an enemy is lying behind barricades, it is *madness* to attack in front, but there is hardly a position without some weak point, that should be turned to account, and thus force the enemy to fight on equal terms. But Bragg attacked our left with his right wing, in two desperate assaults and was repulsed with heavy loss.

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Longstreet advanced his Corps at one o'clock, routed our center and right wing which Thomas rallied and formed under Brannan on "Snodgrass Hill." Longstreet charged this position, but Kershaw's Division, after gaining the crest, was driven back.

Soon after Kershaw's repulse Bushrod Johnson advanced his left and captured some wagons, caissons and guns. This line reached some spurs north of the Vititoe House. Batteries were placed here in position by Rebels and opened two p. m. and his line again advanced under severe fire from our men. Gregg's Brigade gained the crest of the ridge (Vititoe's) after several contests, but our men rallied and drove them off. Johnson, then being flanked, was compelled to fall back.

Thus the triumphant Rebels in breaking our line, chasing our routed troops, capturing men, cannon and trains, were cooled down, by these assaults, in which they sustained fearful losses.

But that Rebel, Bushrod Johnson (one of the best officers in Bragg's army) although whipped, didn't seem to realize it; and unlike the right wing of Bragg's army, refused to be quiet when he had enough. He saw that our line was weak on our right, and commenced to make preparations to turn it. About this time General Hindman received a slight wound and placed Johnson in command of two Divisions, Manigault's Brigade came up and advanced through Vititoe field and Deas' Brigade swept the ridge west of the road, both formed on left of Johnson's line, which was as follows: Deas', Manigault's, Johnson's, Gregg's, Anderson's, and McNair's Brigades.

Just then Granger sent Stedman's Division to Thomas, and Bushrod Johnson's line could not hold position. And yet Longstreet decided to still continue the assaults at this point. The Union armies, right and left wings were at right angles to each other, with a long interval between.

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Longstreet ought to have thrown Preston's Division, supported by Stewart's Division, in this gap; however, another assault on "Horseshoe Ridge" (Snodgrass) was determined on. Preston at three thirty p. m. was moved to Dyer's field to support Kershaw and formed in rear of that division. Benning's Georgia Brigade captured a Battery near Dyer's house, driving our men from the field; at this encounter General Hood was wounded, the ball shattering his thigh and the command devolved on Kershaw. Brannon charged Kershaw's Division here (Dyer's) but failed to retake the position or battery; they were repulsed. Kershaw advanced, but was compelled to halt. Bushrod Johnson advanced his line to Crawfish Spring road on his left.

Johnson threw out skirmishers and then about four o'clock another assault was made. The continuation of the enemy's assault on our right and the *coincidence* of time between the last assault made towards evening by the Rebel lines on our left and our *voluntary* withdrawal, made the Rebel troops believe they had at last driven us by force of arms from the ridge. Cleburne claims that Polk's Brigade captured the northwest angle of the works on our left." As to this, Brig. General Lucius E. Polk, in his report says: "About four o'clock I placed a battery in position and was enfilading the enemies left, when I noticed that they commenced to waver. I ordered a charge and captured their works and a good many prisoners and drove off their reserves in confusion. Then the rest of our right wing swept forward, and down the line. The "enemy was in full retreat."

Of his final action General Bushrod Johnson says: "Over three hours passed in this conflict at "Snodgrass Hill," in which officers and men toiled on and manifested more perseverance, determination and endurance than I have ever before witnessed on any field.

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We had now completely flanked and passed to the rear of the enemy on the ridge to our right. About this time (twilight) the ridge was carried.

Colonel Trigg, 54th Virginia, Commanding Brigadier of Preston's Division and General Kelley's Brigade, capturing three Regiments of Granger's Corps. General Stedman (Federal) withdrew his division to a ridge in the rear. Palmer's, Baird's and Johnson's Divisions on Federal left, were attacked as they left position and the fighting was severe." (It seems Bragg was mistaken about his right wing not having any fight left in them!)

"Baird lost heavily in the withdrawal, mainly by captures. It was now nearly sunset, when a simultaneous advance swept along our whole line." General Thomas, seeing the confusion on his left, ordered Turchin to throw his Brigade into line facing the enemy, and charge, which he did, driving the advancing Rebs back, for which gallant action, it seems he failed to get proper credit. I think General Thomas simply mentions it. He should have recommended Turchin for promotion.

General Turchin goes on to say: "When the Thomas movement in retreat commenced, Stewart's Confederate Division charged into Reynold's (Federal) Division, about the center, as it was moving back to cover retreat; threw them into confusion, and captured over four hundred (400) prisoners. It was then my Brigade charged, and checked the advance." (There's no doubt he was a stiff fighter and had a good Brigade) and I think he saved Thomas right there, and enabled him to retreat safely to Rossville.

As to the three captured Regiments already mentioned, Turchin claims they could have been withdrawn, and he goes on to lament, says he: "The horrors of the Southern prison-pens, in which my men of the 89th Ohio and others, the 22nd Michigan and 21st Ohio Regiments suffered, and the foul treatment by the barbarous keepers of those horrible

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dens of inhumanity and shame." I will add, "compelled to eat three full rations every day (as Federal prisoners afterwards testified) *of course corn bread*, that scratched their throats (not to mention "fat sow-belly"). In fact, I imagine there never was anything like it, this side of his native Siberia; unless it was the "cold cheer at Camp Morton," as depicted by John A. Wyeth, M. D. LL. D., of New York. Napoleon said: "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar". *Mad as a Tartar*" is an expression I have always heard, but never before caught the full scope of the simile; but now I know there is something in it. For we find Turchin mad thirty-five years after everybody else got in a good humor; and reiterating charges that were exploded in the halls of Congress long ago!

Coming from the Russian Army, we can imagine anything like "inhumanity" must have touched his sensibilities very deeply."

As to "Turchin's Lambs" who were captured: In the United States Government Records, Vol. 30, Series 1, Part 2, Colonel Hiram Hawkins, 5th (Confederate) Kentucky Infantry, Kelley's Brigade, reports: he says in part: "Changing directions to the right, (it then being near dark) we moved but a short distance when a line of battle was discovered forty to sixty yards distance, who first announced they were "friends," then that they "surrendered." Stealing this advantage, they treacherously fired upon us, killing and wounding several of my men and officers. Among the killed was Lieutenant Yates, a brave and gallant officer. The same volley shattered the leg of Captain Calvert, who died from the wound. My men recovering from the temporary surprise caused by the treachery of the enemy, reformed and with fixed bayonets, advanced; joined by Major French, Col. Palmer, and Col. Trigg, we captured the three Regiments, who surrendered to Col. Trigg in the absence of Col. Kelley."

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Colonels Trigg and Kelley, in their reports, as to this movement, mentions sending back for Manigault's and Deas Brigades, asking that they would advance and form on their left, thus cutting off retreat to Rossville by the Dry Valley road, but they did not come." And then Bushrod Johnson says in his report: "At five o'clock p. m., I sent my acting aid-de-camp (Lieut. Geo. Marchbanks, C. S. A.) back to foot of ridge to request Brig. General Deas and Manigault to bring up their Brigades to my support.

Lieut. Marchbanks reported that General Deas replied that on consultation with General Manigault they had decided it would not be safe to put their commands in the same position without support of fresh troops. Deas' Brigade had done some good fighting during the afternoon; had defeated Lytle's Brigade, when that general was killed. And so had Manigault's Brigade with the help of Trigg, driven the Blue Lightning Mounted Infantry Brigade, with their repeating rifles, pell-mell from the field. But like that *Brigade*, they knew when they had *enough*, and so they left the Dry Valley road open for the enemy's retreat to Rossville.

But to return to Turchin's book: He tells the facts and proves a Confederate victory; but, like General Boynton, he tries to claim too much for the Federal side, still he admits "If Bragg had been an able commander, the Federals should not have held Chattanooga."

GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER'S REPORT ON BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

As General Longstreet has criticised the "Cavalry" in his report, let us see what they were doing these eventful days. Major General Joseph Wheeler says, he skirmished on Longstreet's left on the 18th and 19th; that he had but two thousand (2,000) cavalry present. That Ashby's Brigade was on the right, with Forrest: and that other brigades of his two Divi-

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sions were posted at the Gaps of Lookout Mountain. That in response to General Longstreet's "Call", "I crossed Chickamauga Creek on the 20th about 3 o'clock at Lee and Gordon's Mill, captured one thousand prisoners, five hospitals with their sick and wounded, and one hundred surgeons and many army teams."

That seems very little to accomplish considering the utter rout of Rosecrans's right wing and center and the big opportunity offered: however, he says in his report, "on the next morning (21st) I received information from my pickets at "Owen's Ford" that the enemy in large force was driving back my cavalry from that point. I immediately moved over to Chattanooga Valley and drove back to Chattanooga the force that was marching from that place. I then left the 8th Texas Rangers and my escort to hold the enemy in check while, with the balance of the command, I moved up towards McLemore's Cove.

After marching five miles, we met a large force of cavalry which had deployed two Regiments, and commenced skirmishing. I detached a squad to turn their right. This caused the enemy to waver, when we charged in line and also column on the road, driving him in confusion.

The enemy attempted to reform a new line, with his reserves, several times, but we drove him before us; capturing, killing and dispersing the entire command, said to number 2,000. We secured four hundred prisoners on the road. We also captured eighteen stands of colors and their entire train of ninety wagons loaded with valuable baggage and supplies. Many of their men who escaped to the woods came in and surrendered. Only seventy-five men succeeded in reaching the Federal army. We pressed on to one and one-fourth miles Chattanooga."

Note—It will be seen that Wheeler found the enemy on the 21st demoralized and easily overcome,

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and his report sustains the contention that if Bragg had ordered all his cavalry in hot pursuit down Chattanooga Valley road, supported by Infantry, night of the 20th, the Federal Cavalry and Post's Brigade would have been brushed aside, Chattanooga captured, and maybe Rosecrans, with all the refugees that were huddled up on the river bank.

In the meantime Hill and Polk's Corps could have held Thomas at Rossville.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL N. B. FORREST'S REPORT—BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

General Forrests' report says, in part: "Drove enemy from Leet's Tan-yard, and with aid of Infantry across Chickamauga Creek on the 17th and 18th, and on the 19th fought the enemy below Reed's Bridge. General W. H. T. Walker commanding; whose Division acted gallantly, capturing two Batteries. But they being outnumbered, had to fall back to Reed Bridge road. On the 20th I moved up with Breckenridge's Division, capturing hospital on LaFayette road (Cloud Spring), but had to fall back when Granger advanced. I detained him, by shelling his command and maneuvering my troops.

After Granger passed, I moved forward and took possession of the road from the hospitals (Cloud Springs) to woods on the left. Placed fourteen guns (14) in position, which had to be moved back on account Infantry support giving away. Moved them back to first position from which I had been shelling Granger's troops as they passed.

I opened upon an advancing column, driving them back. This fire was very destructive to the enemy as it was at short range, in open ground; killing two Colonels and many other officers and privates. This terminated on the right flank the battle of Chickamauga.

My command was kept on the field during the night of the 20th. On Monday morning, I moved forward on the LaFayette road, and found the

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enemy fortifying Rossville Gap. On Tuesday, moved over to Chattanooga Valley road, etc."

General Granger's report says, "the artillery fire of the enemy did not stop my Brigades. They marched on to Thomas. I left Colonel Dan McCook with only one Brigade, to hold the road to Rossville open".

Forrests' allowing Granger to pass by, without detaining him by a severe fight, when he should have attacked him with his Cavalry, and the five (5) Brigades of Infantry that had not been engaged that day; and his failure to *send Longstreet word* that Granger's Corps had gone on to re-enforce Thomas, impressed me as a very strange feature of the battle. In view of Forrests' great efficiency when operating with an independent command, I was confident that his energy had been paralyzed by the bullet he caught at Leet's Tan Yard and so expressed myself to my friend, the late Major Mose H. Clift, of Chattanooga, who was on his staff.

"No," said the Major, "that was not the reason. I assisted in extracting the bullet from Forrest's back. The wound was slight, and only made him feel sick for a short while. He went into the fight of the 18th and 19th with his usual vim." The Major added "No, he was *paralyzed by Bragg's orders*. He could not move as he wanted to on the 20th." I suppose it was a case of Bragg-paralysis with General Wheeler also.

Note—General Grant, on being asked: "Who was the greatest military genius the Civil War produced?" replied: "Bedford Forrest. He accomplished more with the force at his command, than any other man." This was a just estimate of Forrest—unhindered!

GENERAL WILDER'S REPORT—BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

If Wheeler's and Forrest's cavalry were comparatively inactive on the 20th and had "Bragg

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Paralysis" for the opportunities offered, it appears that the Federal cavalry were not so afflicted.

Wilder's mounted infantry brigade, the "Records" show, were kept on the go, (*to the rear,*) from the time the Confederate struck them at "Leet's Tan Yard" on the extreme left, until they turned up on the extreme right; and from there on to near Chattanooga; but *this* could not be found out from General Wilder's report; a synopsis of which is given. He says, in part:

"On September skirmished at Leet's Tan Yard with Pegram's brigade: charged his position." (Evidently repulsed) for he says, "Cut my way through Strahl's brigade, occupying my road to Lee and Gordon's Mill, and joined General Crittenden.

On next day rejoined General Reynolds at Cooper Gap ten miles away. On 17th sent to guard Alexander Bridge.

Attacked by a brigade of infantry, but we repulsed them easily, Col. Minty being at Reed's Bridge, two miles below with only one brigade.

I sent him Col. Miller with 72nd Indiana, seven companies of the 123rd Illinois and a section of the 18th Indiana battery. Soon after we repulsed *three* (3) *brigades* rebel infantry with *severe loss to them*". However, as to this, Col. Minty reports, "I was hotly engaged at Reed's Bridge, and was holding the rebels in check, when I received a note from the officer in charge of my *wagon train*, which I had sent back to Lee and Gordon's mill, stating that "General Wilder had fallen back from Alexander Bridge, to Lee and Gordon's mill; and the enemy are crossing at all points in force."

It seems, if General Wilder was repulsing the Rebs so "easily" with "great loss to them," that he wouldn't have run away so hurriedly that he forgot to notify poor Minty, who might have been caught in a bad fix if he hadn't got word via the cook wagons, several miles in the rear. But Wilder continues, "On the morning of the 18th we were

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attacked by a brigade infantry, but we repulsed them "*easily*", but on morning of the 19th I fell back, "(strange!)" to the "right fighting flank" of our army.

At about one o'clock p. m. heavy fighting in my front. I advanced my line across the road, when seeing a Rebel column in the act of flanking a battery, I sent two regiments to the right to repel them. This was done in handsome style by Colonels Monroe and Miller, with their regiments. In a few moments this or another column came out of the woods near the Vineyard house driving General Davis's command before them.

General Crittenden came near being captured in trying to rally these troops. I immediately changed front and enfiladed their right flank with an oblique fire, which soon drove them back with *terrible slaughter*.

I placed Capt. Lilly's battery in position and raked a ditch full of Rebs, with cannister, with *terrible slaughter, very few escaping alive*; after that *fearful slaughter*, we were not again attacked that day."

Note.—I suppose not. Like Senacherib's army in the Valley of Dry Bones, "When they woke up in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses"! Furthermore General Wilder reports his total loss in the four days' fighting, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th September, inclusive, one hundred and twenty-five (125): of this number there were 108 killed and wounded and 17 missing. Presumably, the spooks got them, (see War Rebellion reports, Series I, Vol. 30, Part 1.)

This loss is trivial compared with the losses reported by other brigade commanders of Reynolds' Federal division. It is strange that such "terrible slaughter" could have been inflicted with such a small loss!

Gen. H. V. Boynton's report says, "The whole right wing was swept from the field in disorderly retreat." These *contradictory statements* caused me

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to look up the reports of the officers commanding regiments in Wilder's brigade, and the report of Capt. Lilly, commanding the battery that did such havoc. Captain Eli Lilly, 18th Indiana battery, Wilder's brigade, reports: "On the 19th moved in support of Davis' division, west side facing Lee and Gordon's Mills and Chattanooga road; fired on some Rebs, and *checked them at a field*. On the 20th took position with brigade on extremem right at — o'clock, Sheridan's division was faltering; we shelled a field and the enemy fell back to woods.

We now moved to Chattanooga Valley, five miles from Chattanooga; loss two men killed, eight wounded." (Note—It seems that Lilly was not aware of the damage he had inflicted; and in fact from the loss he reports that he could not have been seriously engaged at any time, and that he retreated ten miles or more on the 20th.)

General Wilder furthermore says: "On the morning of the 20th I took up strong position on crest of Missionary Ridge, one-fourth of a mile from Widow Glenn's House. We lay here until eleven thirty o'clock a. m. Desperate fighting was heard down the line.

A column of Rebs assaulted the troops on my left, driving and dispersing them. My command was at this time advancing by regiments in line of battle. The 98th Illinois charged and we took battery at Mrs. Glenn's house. Their gallant, Colonel Funkhouser, was wounded, when the whole line was ordered to charge. In the meantime a force of the enemy had been maneuvering my right ("Spooks!") Note—(I suppose these were Manigault's brigade that were *all killed* on the 19th in the ditch!) Capt. Lilly in the meantime pouring a heavy fire down this line, etc., when I *withdrew*." (Note—How modest. Did not retreat; no never,)" to top of Missionary Ridge.

Lieutenant Colonel Thurston, chief of General McCook's staff, soon appeared, and advised that "I

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had better fall back to Lookout Mountain." I *determined to cut my way to Rossville*. Gen. Chas A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, came up and said, "*Our army had fled in utter confusion or panic that it was a worse rout than Bull Run*"; one of my staff came up, and advised that I had better continue to fall back to Chattanooga Valley."

These big advisers evidently did not want General Wilder to do anything desperate, seeing that he was excited and had "*fit enough*", annihilated everything except the spooks, and it was no use to contend against them, and as General Wheeler was on the Chattanooga Valley just opposite. He went way back and sat down, in four miles of Chattanooga, and guarded the cook wagon down there. "By the waters of Babylon (Blowing Springs) there we sat down. Yes, we wept when he remembered Zion (Widow Glenn's); we hung our Harps (Spencer's) on the willows" and listened to the music from Snodgrass Hill as Turchin's brigade checked Stewart's onslaught upon Reynolds' division!

The reports of the Colonels commanding regiment in Wilder's brigade are of interest, and throw light on the situation.

Col. Abram O. Miller, 72nd Indiana, reports (Government records, Series 1, Vol. 30): "*Fell back on the 18th, to Widow Glenn's House; from there fell back and reformed line on ridge. On the 19th checked enemy, but fell back to rear with rest of brigade.*"

On the 20th changed to right of brigade as ordered by Col. Wilder: about noon the enemy pressing up; ordered to meet them; contest hot; *enemy in our rear firing on men holding horses that necessitated our withdrawal*, and finding we were *cut off*, we at *once retreated to seven (7) miles of Chattanooga*".

Col. Edward Ketchell, 98th Illinois, reports: "Not engaged on the 19th. On 20th moved to left flank in support Sheridan's division. Charged. Col. Funk-

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houser wounded. *Fell back with brigade to four miles of Chattanooga.*"

Col. James Monroe, 123rd Illinois, reports: "On the 20th took position right of Sheridan's division—finding we were *flanked by infantry giving away, we were withdrawn to seven miles of Chattanooga.*"

Maj. William T. Jones commanding the 17th Indiana reports: At four o'clock A. M., 19th, *my right retired.*" Note—(I suppose his gallant left stood their ground!) "On 20th was ordered to *retire one mile in line of brigade*, and then *retired* to crest of hill in rear, and *then* one and one-half miles further to rear, and *then* to within four miles of Chattanooga." Note.—That was retiring some; it was *almost retreating!*

Col. Smith D. Atkins, 92nd Illinois, reports: "Regiment was driven back on 19th and reformed on ridge *in line with Wilder's Brigade*, on left. (Note.) —(It seems Wilder had got there early. And that's the day and time General Wilder thought he had killed 'em all in the ditch!) "During the night built breastworks of logs. On 20th formed on right Wilder's Brigade as ordered, remained until about noon, *when the enemy pressing up*, I fell back, passing around enemy one-half mile in rear. I formed three (3) times facing the enemy, but could not *check his advance* (notwithstanding the "Spencer—seven-shooters") and when I *fell back last time*, it was to *find Brigade already moved away*. I went to hunt Col. Wilder and found him with his brigade *falling back*. I immediately mounted and with the Brigade marched to *near Chattanooga*, where we went into camp, etc."

Col. Edward M. McCook commanding a cavalry Division reports: "On 20th about three o'clock P. M. General McCook sent me order for all the cavalry to *come up* at once, as the *mounted Infantry, Wilder, had been compelled to fall back*, and the enemy was turning his right." Note.—But the mounted men *didn't come up*, and Wheeler captured the Hospitals,

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one thousand prisoners and one hundred doctors, besides many ambulances, teams, supplies, and the sick and wounded.

There are other reports to same effect. These reports are instructive: they explain why Wilder's Brigade mounted Infantry was called, after Chickamauga, "The Lightning Brigade". It seems that for four days, in the matter of getting to the rear with celerity, they had all other troops distanced. They never once retreated, Oh no, never! but when it came to reforming in the rear, they had all mounted Lightning Change Artists, skinned ten country lots.

Their list of casualties (as reported) is not so great as the other brigades of their Division (Reynold's) showing they did not fight much before going through the "lightning changes." General Wilder had an efficient brigade, but there were others just as good, and some better when it came to hard fighting. Turchin's and Vanderveer's, for instance. Maybe having to take care of those precious Spencer rifles, (that cost each man sixteen dollars) had something to do with it. "It's never the gun—it's the man behind the gun." How the General could annihilate the enemy and still suffer so little loss, and still *have to retreat* is a part of the "art of war" I never learned: and how he could know and report the exact number of the enemy's dead, and not hold the field is curious; and why the Colonels commanding his Regiments did not know and mention in their reports some of these wonderful things, and could only report slight engagements and "lightning changes" to the rear, is "another amazing thing". However, General Wilder was a good scouter during the war, and "developer" since, and a good all round genial gentleman, if he was a *past master at making reports*. The big monument to his brigade and bigger claims made by him have aroused a spirit of inquiry, and led to investigation.

Hence, the deadly parallel!

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High military authorities have asserted that many an army commander has snatched distinction by knowing how to concoct reports and telegrams! Grant was a genius in that particular line. After his defeats in the Wilderness; Spotsylvania; Cold Harbor:—and the loss of 56,000 of his army, he dispatches:

“The enemy are obstinate; but seem to have found the last ditch. We have lost no organizations—not even a Company!”

His report created wild excitement, and produced the effect on the country that the Administration wanted.

The truth is, the battle of Chickamauga was too big a thing for the mounted men on either side to be chief factors. With the introduction of improved firearms, the function of the cavalry, or mounted Infantry, is to fight dismounted. While this is true, it doesn't apply to fighting Infantry in a big battle. The role of the mounted men is auxiliary. It is their business to do the scouting duty of the army, to cut telegraph lines, destroy railroads, capture depots of supplies, and in every way break up the enemy's communications. They should get busy on the flanks and rear: precede and cover the march of the army. They should fight, but reform oftener: be the eyes and ears of the army, and keep the commanding General fully advised.

If all the battles of the old Revolution were rolled into one, they would not equal Chickamauga!

After Gen. Wilder's retreat, Gen. Dana, Asst. Sec. of War, went to Chattanooga, and sent to Stanton, Sec. of War, Washington, D. C., the following despatch:

“Chattanooga, Sept. 20th.

4 P. M.

My report to-day is of deplorable importance.

Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run. * * * About one o'clock Van

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Cleave was seen to give way: after which the lines of Sheridan, and Davis, broke in disorder. * * * Rebel Brigades formed in Divisions. Came through with resistless impulse. Before them our soldiers turned and fled. It was wholesale panic. Vain were all attempts to rally them. Wilder marched out unbroken. Thomas, too, is coming down the Rossville road with an organized command.

Rosecrans escaped by Rossville road. * * * *
Enemy not yet arrived before Chattanooga. Preparations to resist his entrance *for a time*.

C. A. DANA.

Hon. E. M. Stanton,
Sec. of War."

NOTE.—Rosecrans reached Chattanooga about the same hour, and despatched Lincoln at length, declaring: "ALL IS LOST." Etc., etc.

See War Reports. Series I, Vol. 30, Part I.

Certain that Bragg would seize the fruits of his victory, Rosecrans and Dana expected to see Wheeler's and Forrest's cavalry charge down Market Street,—followed by Longstreet's Corps. *There was absolutely nothing to prevent it!*—at this "psychological moment" of "that most immemorial" afternoon.

XXI.

"SCAPEGOATS."

After the Battle, General Bragg realized that by his inaction, the fruits of a great victory had been lost: that he had made a fiasco of the Campaign. That sixteen thousand of his noble, brave soldiers had been sacrificed to that greatest of all Molochs—*Ignorance*. So he concluded he needed a *Scapegoat* to hide his imbecility.

He placed Lt. General Leonidas Polk, who commanded his right wing, under arrest for not ad-

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vancing at daylight on the 20th as ordered; and ordered Polk to retire to Atlanta. President Davis dismissed the charges and assigned Polk to command Department of Mississippi and Alabama. General Polk in a letter to Mr. Davis, in defense of his action at Chickamauga and in answer to General Bragg's other charges, attacks Bragg's claim that his troops on the night of the 20th were in such condition as to make immediate pursuit impossible. He says: "I assert that the troops at the close of the fight were in the very highest spirits; ready for any service: and the moon by whose guidance the enemy fled from the field was never brighter, as bright to guide us in the pursuit, as the enemy in their flight.

No, Sir! General Bragg did not know what had happened and allowed the whole fruits of this great victory to pass from him, by the most criminal negligence, or rather incapacity, which was in this instance a crime."

General Bragg also relieved Hindman of command, and ordered him to Atlanta and preferred charges against him for not attacking enemy at Steven's Gap.—McLemore's Cove. The charges were dismissed by President Davis.

On the other hand, Rosecrans, although he had outgeneraled Bragg; still, in one way and another had "played the very devil and Tom Walker" and got his army defeated, and therefore concluded *he* must have a "*Scapegoat or two*", so he put poor General Jas. S. Negley under arrest and preferred charges. However, the "Court of Enquiry vindicated Negley."

General McCook commanding 20th army Corps, composed of Sheridan's Johnson's and Davis' Divisions, was also put under arrest and relieved of command. In his case, the Court found that the "evidence shows that General McCook did his whole duty faithfully on the 19th and 20th. The Court, however, are of the opinion that in leaving

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the field and going to Chattanooga, General McCook committed a mistake," (ran too far) "but bearing in mind that the commanding General having previously gone to Chattanooga, it was natural for General McCook to infer that the discomfitted troops were to rally there".

After all, then, poor McCook had only run as far as his Commanding General!—Rosencrans.

XXII.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE.

Shortly after my arrival I was granted a verbal leave of absence for a few days, on my personal application; by Lt. General Hardee; to visit my farm "Cloverdale" in Lookout Valley; for the purpose of sending my negroes and Col. George Hazlehurst's negroes (who were on adjoining farms) to middle Georgia, via Rome. The negroes had refused to follow the Yanks, when they moved away to Chickamauga.

The foreman of the two places, Tom Grayson, had written my father that the negroes wished to return to their old homes; and my father had requested me to attend to the matter if possible.

Leaving Col. Boynton in command of the brigade, I rode up on Lookout and across to the west brow, where I found Cummings' Georgia Brigade. From there I descended into Lookout Valley by the "Nickajack Trail": an old road blazed out by one of Andrew Jackson's columns.

It had been two and a half years since I had seen my home. Sheridan's Divisions had camped there and destroyed the fencing; taking the crops and stock. As I rode into Trenton, I saw two old citizens, Col. Robert Tatum and Milton Gass, watching

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a signal flag, that was being waved in the "White Oak Gap" on Sand Mountain opposite the town.

After greetings, they asked me if I knew what that flag meant, and said they had heard that morning from Bill Gunter, who was scouting for General Bragg, that there was a force of Yanks advancing from Bridgeport, Alabama; which had camped on Sand Mountain the previous night. While we were talking, a Regiment of Cavalry was seen in the gap. They wound down the mountain road, and then a Battery appeared, halted and planted a gun on an open "Bench": and directly a shell came shrieking over us.

I was cut off from going home via the valley road. I watched a blue regiment of cavalry until they reached the outskirts of the town.

I then rode out the other way, to the top of Look-out Mountain; and passed the night with Capt. Ephriam Rogers' Company, 34th Georgia Regiment, Cummings' Brigade. Elisha Majors, of Trenton, who was conscript officer, of Dade County, accompanied me. I informed General Cummings of the enemy's numbers at Trenton, as reported by our scouts, who were in their camp the night before on Sand Mountain. I wanted him to slip down to Trenton and surprise them that night; as we knew the country well. He flagged General Bragg about it, but did not get permission, so the next morning my friend Majors, and myself went south on Look-out Mountain and dropped off at Johnson's Crook. We parted that night at Rising Fawn, where he stopped with old Squire Alex. Hanna. I went on two miles further, to my farm.

Dr. McGuffey, who was living in my house to take care of things, with the privilege of all he could harvest from the large farm, had retired when I hailed him from the gate. He came out with fear and trembling, thinking it might be Capt. Jno. Long's "Union Home Guards" (so called) from Alabama, on a plundering expedition. He had a feel-

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ing recollection of a previous visit they had made him. He was much relieved when I told him who it was, but was a doubting Thomas, until we got to the light. He and his family gave me a hearty welcome and we talked till late in the night: He telling me much that had happened there, and I recounting my adventures for two years and a half.

The next morning early I went out to the "Quarter" and there I met "Uncle Daniel", the "bell weather" of my colored flock. He was a tall, middle-aged, dignified, ebony man, who clung to, and gloried in the Wingfield patronymic. (as he had come to me from my Grandfather Wingfield's estate), and in the fact that he had "heard a call to preach." So he never failed to impress his hearers, with much zeal and conviction, that "Gwine under the water was the only plan of salvation." His "calling" always elevated a slave in the eyes of his fellow blacks. "Howdy Uncle Daniel," said I, "how's everything going here?" "Mighty bad, mighty bad, Marse Cooper; but the niggers is all here; cep'n Emma. *She* went off wid a Yankee officer, the trifling hussy! I didn't think she'd a done pulled de old Ferginny name down dat-er-way! Dey tried to git *all* on us to go wid 'em. Said dey was *lantropists*, and wanted to help "de poor down-trodden slave." Dey'swuaded powerfully; but finally, I iist up and told 'em dar want nothing-down-trodden round *here*; cept'n our fine gyardins and fields; whar dey traps erround gittin de sass and truck; en-a-digging every whar dem "Crackers" told em we'd done hid de smokehouse meat, and de silver. I'd hid *hit*, one night, in a deep holler on de side of Fox Mountain; jist as Miss Frances told me to. Dey never found *hit*. I knowed dem onnery Buckra dat come around here wid 'em. Two er—dem went off wid you to Ferginny, and den lef' you! Now comin' round here, wid a long blue-tail coat on! Dey'es wusser den ginnerwine Yankees er Dutch; "pertending to be "home gyards". Much

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dey knows bout "de Union"; hits *meat an stuff, deys arter!*"

Before the old negro had delivered himself of his long invective, the other negroes had assembled. I told them I heard they wanted to go back to middle Georgia, and that I had come to help about transportation to Rome, and then to Macon by rail. "Yes, sir," they said, "we wants to git out'n all dis fuss and carryings on. We's afeard de next time dey come, dey'l make us go wid um; dey wants to *lift us up so bad!*"

I said, "Daniel, I'll go over to the Hazelhurst Place to make arrangements; there are lots of Yankees in the Valley; if any come round here, you let me know." (Emma the mulatto house-maid, mentioned, who went away with the philanthropist when Sheridan's Corps moved across Lookout Mountain to Chickamauga, turned up in "Mahogany Hall" (a bagnio) in Chattanooga. There she died. She had decency enough left, to keep herself away from Macon, and our other, and respectable, negroes.) I rode over to the Hazelhurst farm to see the overseer about getting up wagons to haul the negroes' luggage to Rome, and made arrangements with him to accompany them and get tickets to Macon. After that I sat down to Mrs. Grayson's big dinner, "Chicken-fixings and flour-doings." Pies! Custards! Jams and Jellies! "Everything was sot handy" and I was enjoying it, too, when the old Negro came running up shouting, "Mars Cooper! Mars Cooper! git away from here! de road over at our house is blue wid Yankees and *deys axin' fer you.*" I went on with my dinner. At length I said, "Uncle Daniel you stand on that high point in the field, and watch until I finish this good dinner. If you see them coming, wave your hand." In much trepidation he watched, but they didn't come. Upon consideration, Grayson and I decided it would be too risky to move the negroes. We heard the reports of artillery not two miles away,

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and I was satisfied it was a flanking movement against Bragg's position at Chattanooga and that I had better get back to my command.

That afternoon went up on Lookout Mountain by the "three-notch trail. The three notches were cut on the trees by a column of Andrew Jackson's men as they marched to the battle of the "Horseshoe." I rode out on top to a small house on the road. It was getting late, I asked to stop for the night, and was told by a girl, I could not. She said, "Pap is sick, and we haint but one room, and nairy thing to feed you-uns, er yer nag." However, I was dismounted before she got through telling me about all of their inconveniences, and was walking in. I carried my sword and 44 Colts', and was in full uniform. In a bed lay "Pap," a typical "cracker," shaking and groaning terribly. I said, "Old man what's the matter?" He answered, "Mr. I've got a chill." I said, it's mighty queer to be having chills on top of Lookout Mountain in November." Then I added, "I tell you folks, I just want to sit by the fire and nod, until day-break, and then I am going on to my Regiment, at Chattanooga. I am a regular Confederate soldier and don't bother citizens."

I saw the sign was right, so I sat down between two plump girls, and soon we were carrying on a lively conversation. I stopped long enough to lead my mare around to a field in the rear, so that if necessary I could go out of the back door, and ride away in the dark, through the field to the woods beyond.

The old Mother felt so much reassured, she insisted on getting me some supper, which I declined, and the old man quit groaning, and everything was going on peacefully, when we heard a voice at the front gate. This brought the old man's "chill" on him again. I let go the girls' hands and went to the door, and opened it a little. I said, "What do you want?" The man answered "I want to stay

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all night." I advised him to go on to the next house," "ferment the Little River ford;" he begged to stay. I said, "We haint no room." In the meantime I discovered that it was Majors, the man I had parted with the night before. I said to the family, "This man is a peaceful citizen. I am willing to share my blanket with him." They said, "Well then, tell him to come in."

He was surprised to find me there, as I was to see him. The girls made our pallet on the floor, and we were about to retire, when the sound of many horses' feet were heard, coming down the road. They halted. Our host commenced to groan; the Lookout Mountain Malaria had struck him again! I went to the door. There were about forty men, wanting to stop and get entertainment for "man and beast." I could not tell whether they were Yanks or Rebs, as, still personating the cracker, I peeped through the crack of the door. I repeated the same old tale. "Pap was sick and we had but one room, and no feed." One feller said, "You talk mighty smart, we will stop any how." Another called out, "Any Yanks about here?" I said, "Yes sir, lots of em, thars a ridgement of em camped just beyant the field." Then they consulted and asked, "How far to Alpine?" I told them ten miles. As they started I asked, "What command do you belong to?" They answered: "9th Kentucky Cavalry Battalion" (C. S. A.). It was the firing I heard in the afternoon down in "Johnson's Crook," that drove them up on the Mountain. After the departure of the "buttermilk rangers" we had a peaceful sleep.

Next morning, I set out to rejoin my command.

I knew the Mountain well. I traveled the road north, that General McCook had cut, when he made his hurried march from Alpine, Alabama, to join Rosecrans at Chickamauga. General Bragg could have destroyed McCook's Corps at Alpine, or when on that march, and then turned upon the balance

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of Rosecran's Army. As I traveled, "ruminating" about all these things, it occurred to me that maybe the enemy after driving the 9th Kentucky Cavalry out of Johnson's Crook, had advanced to the top of Lookout, pushed across the plateau and occupied the Gaps on East brow; so I concluded it was safest for me to leave the top.

I took a bridle path leading down into McLemore's Cove, opposite Cedar Grove, and pressed on to my camp by the Valley road. It was well I *did* drop into the valley, for when I reached "Bailey's Cross-Roads," a point opposite Stevens Gap, the 4th Tennessee Cavalry was skirmishing with the enemy. I reached camp that night. General U. S. Grant had taken command of the Union Army at Chattanooga; and we heard that he was receiving large reinforcements by way of Bridgeport, Ala.

The next day, Col. Hamilton and myself rode up from our camp at St. Elmo to Lookout Point. As we stood there viewing the surrounding country through our field glasses, that beautiful autumnal day, nature seemed to have done her best to atone for the sight of grim-visaged war lying before us in the Valleys below.

To the right and east in plain view, was Rosecran's old army in Chattanooga. To the west was Hooker's two Corps 11th and 12th, of thirty thousand (30,000) men combined to form 20th army corps; from the army of the Potomac. Their tents dotted the plain about Wauhatchie, like so many white swans on a lake.

Farther to the north-west could be seen Sherman's Corps, (the Army of the Cumberland) coming in from Bridgeport to reinforce Grant's already plethoric army. It wound its way, an endless blue python, across the Tennessee at Brown's Ferry, until lost to view behind Cameron's Hill.

Beside this great display of force, lay Bragg's little army of investment. My God! what a disparity! What a commentary on our generalship!

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Where were the glories hard won at Chickamauga? Where were the fruits of victory? Longstreet's corps was on its way to Knoxville; and so was Cleburnes' division. Forrest had moved into middle Tennessee.

The Brown's Ferry road had been seized by the Federals. Their wagontrains, loaded with supplies, could be seen winding along as far as the eye could reach.

Hardee's and Stewart's corps were squatting down in the mud of Chattanooga valley, waiting (I suppose) for something to turn up. It did not take a military genius to see that something was going to happen soon. Walthall's depleted brigade of Mississippians, fifteen hundred (1500) strong, were just below the palisade we stood upon; posted to the West, and around the Craven farm. We had a battery of artillery on the point of the Mountain, but the enemy's artillery on the South end of Stringer's Ridge (20 lb. Parrott's) preponderated our's to such an extent that we were silenced. They would occasionally throw a shot up our way, from the Parrott's, just as a banter, and to show how easily we could be reached and how little they cared what we could do.

Our artillerists were lying idly behind protections. One of them said, "Colonel, you had better lookout, a sharpshooter will get you." We moved and stood beside a big rock. Way down in the valley to the West, a mile and a half or more, as the crow flies, we saw a puff of smoke; we stooped behind the rock, the sharpshooter's bullet went whistling over us. He was a clever marksman, and deserved another chance. We stood up and gave him another shot from his Whitworth, again stooping behind our rock at the flash of his rifle. In silence we wended our way down the mountain to our camp.

Bragg had frittered away his opportunities by non-action.

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Generals N. B. Forrest and Longstreet held a conference, immediately after Genl. Thomas had been forced to evacuate the breastworks on "Snodgrass Hill," and was in full retreat on Rossville. Forrest proposed to pursue vigorously and at once, and with Longstreet's aid go right into Chattanooga, where it was reported the Union army was arriving in a very disorganized condition, most of them *without arms*.

Longstreet approved and said he would march to the left by the Chattanooga Valley road. If that movement had been made, Longstreet would have swept away Wilder's and Minty's cavalry and Post's brigade that were West of Chattanooga creek.

The demoralization of Rosecran's force in Chattanooga that night was complete. I have been told by officers and men *of that army*, who have lived in Chattanooga since the war, that if Longstreet and Forrest had followed them in that night there would have been *but little, if any resistance!*

Of course, it was proposed that the Army of Tennessee would advance against Rossville and make demonstration sufficient to hold Thomas there, or if he started to Chattanooga, follow and attack him.

Van Horn's "Army of the Cumberland" says: "During the night Genl. Thomas formed a new line at Rossville. There was need to check the advance of the enemy. The line extended from *Rossville Gap to Chattanooga Creek*. The position was strong against direct attack, but *could be easily turned by a heavy concentration against the right in Chattanooga valley*, and Genl. Thomas advised Rosecrans to withdraw his army to Chattanooga."

After Bragg had neglected to follow closely the defeated enemy into Chattanooga that Sunday night "Sept. 20th," then the next plan to reap the fruits of victory, was to cut off the supplies of Rosecrans' army in Chattanooga. He should have seized the river and roads from Stevenson to Chattanooga, fortifying the strongest positions, Bridgeport,

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Brown's Ferry, etc. His troops there, could have been fed from Sequatchie Valley and the river country.

In the meantime Bragg should have been succeeded by a competent general and his army reinforced by the armies of Polk and Beauregard from Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and Mississippi; the line of investment being strongly fortified. The Confederate government had all the resources needed, except brains. I have been told by an officer of Forrest's staff that Genl. Bragg came up during the aforementioned conference and disapproved of the suggested movement. He seemed unable to realize that a great victory had been won. Forrest exclaimed with much heat, "*By G--d Genl. Bragg, you are the first commander whose army ever gained a victory (and every private soldier knows it!) without the commander ever finding it out.*" In his chagrin at being stopped just at the crucial moment, he said more; which can't be written, "It was Forrest's way."

Forrest proposed to ride that night to Bridgeport, seize the road, and starve the Federals out. But Bragg forbade. He preferred trying to starve the enemy in Chattanooga by besieging him on the side whence he could not draw supplies, and leaving his base of supplies open.

The Federal general Merritt, an officer of ability, who commanded Carlin's brigade, Palmer's division, 4th. army corps, (they were my brigade vis-a-vis on the picket line, along Chattanooga creek) delivered an address recently on the occasion of the unveiling of the New York monument in the government park on the North point of Lookout Mountain.

He said: "The question of supplies was very serious with the army in Chattanooga until the opening of the wagon road via Brown's Ferry." "It would be difficult to exaggerate," said Genl. Merritt at another juncture, "the condition of affairs in

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Chattanooga prior to the seizure of Brown's Ferry on Oct 27th. by the force that floated down the river at night. As the enemy had control of the river, and the roads that ran along it, everything we consumed was brought in wagons over almost impassable roads for sixty miles. The result was inevitable, and my recollection is, that by Oct. 15th. our ration had been reduced to three-fourths; by the 20th. to one-half, and after that and until the "Cracker line" was opened, it was practically a scramble for anything we could get.

Genl. Thomas, when placed in command, had *telegraphed to Genl. Grant* that, "We will hold the place until we starve," and with rations down to the vanishing point and with our horses and mules dead or dying by hundreds, it looked at one time as though that test would come."

To resume: The next day Gen. Hooker, under the cover of a dense fog, advanced from Wauhatchie with twenty thousand men, crossed Lookout Creek and climbed the mountain side; his lines extending from the base of the Mountain at the Tennessee river, to the West bluff of the mountain. They met with but little opposition until, advancing along the side they reached the Craven House. There Walthall had rallied his fifteen hundred men and formed them in line. The enemy were approaching from tree to tree, from boulder to boulder, firing as they came up.

A dense cloud had settled on the side of the mountain: so dense, a man could not be seen twenty steps away. From behind their protections Walthall's men fired at the flash of the enemy's guns. But Hooker's men, between Walthall and the bluff, having no opposition, pushed on: and from below the Cravens House the advance proceeded.

Walthall finding that he was surrounded, ordered a retreat. In falling back in the dark, a good many of his men were captured: but there were very few casualties on either side, for the reason I have given.

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In the meantime the Federal batteries across the river were keeping up a terrific fusillade. My tents drew their fire. The inference was that they must be the headquarters of some "Big General." They were a target. Most of their shots were directed at my regiment and battalion. I was eating dinner when one of their shells, bursting overhead, came crashing down right on our camp chest; sending our dishes and dinner "hell-west-and-wind-ing." This was more than our veteran negro servants, Joe and Isaac, could stand. Forgetting the glories of their Virginia campaigns, they started to run. Hamilton called out: "Joe, you dam-black-rascal, stop! Stop right there! and bring our horses." They whipped around to the stable and got the horses, but looked sheepish. We mounted and galloped up to the top of the hill, where the Captains and Lieutenants were forming their Companies. We ordered them to form behind the hill and lie down.

Just then a twenty pound Parrott shell entered the ground under my mare, and exploded. There was enough earth between the shell and the mare to save us, but as we rose up and came down in the debris, I thought my mare was wounded. I heard one of the men say "Colonel Nisbet is killed." However, the mare crawled out unhurt; and I spurred her down the line. She was a beautiful thorough-bred, *the finest in the army*. She looked across the river, pricked up her ears, with eyes dilated, and gave a snort, as if she realized whence came the danger. I was so glad she was not hurt that I did not think about myself.

My Brigade pickets were posted along Chatanooga Creek; the enemy made no attempt to advance there, so we were not engaged with small arms.

Stevenson's Division evacuated the Mountain that night, and the next morning "Old Glory" could be seen floating from the Point, said to have been hoisted by men of a New York Regiment, who

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climbed up the bluff, after the Confederates had gone.

The state of New York has erected a fine monument on the Point of Lookout to commemorate the exploit, and other states have erected monuments to their Regiments around the Craven House, which, with the Point, is now a National Park.

The taking of the North end of Lookout Mountain, by General Hooker's Corps, was an event that created great enthusiasm in the Union Army, and its moral effect on them was of great value, although the possession of Lookout Point had no strategic importance. At the time the illustrated papers of the North made the most of it by showing Hooker's men fighting desperately, hand to hand, with the Confederates, above the clouds, creating the impression there, that it was one of the greatest conflict of the war, and the greatest achievement of the Union arms. An impression that, I find, still prevails to a great extent. We did not think that the capture of Lookout Mountain was a surprise to General Bragg. He and his Generals had decided that the Lookout Mountain line was not defensible, after General Grant had received such large reinforcements: and Bragg had commenced to withdraw, to a new line along the crest of Missionary Ridge, extending from Rossville Gap, to a point beyond the East Tennessee Railroad.

General Merritt, in the speech alluded to, said: "The next morning after the fight on the mountain, finding the Confederates had disappeared from my front, I advanced my Brigade across Chatanooga Creek and on up Lookout Mountain to the top, where we found the men of Hooker's Corps."

The conception of moving upon an unknown force located in such a strong-hold was bold and most creditable to the high soldierly qualities of General Hooker, and the gallant men who moved at his command through the fogs and up the steeps;

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where gorge and jutting cliffs made as formidabile barriers as those which opposed the American soldiers at Chapultepec.

It has been reported that General Grant said, "the battle 'above the clouds' is a myth." May be so, as to a great battle, but the conception and the charge of Hooker, and capture of Lookout Mountain, was one of that great soldier's most brilliant achievements. Major General Hooker, at any rate, received his promotion of Brevet Major General in the Regular Army, dating from his exploit, which, however, had been well earned before in the many conflicts of the Army of the Potomac. He was a picturesque figure in the great conflict: an able General who well earned his fighting soubriquet of "Fighting Joe." He was a man of handsome physique, and said to be of great personal magnetism. Born at Hadley, Massachusetts, November 13th. 1814. Graduated at West Point 1837, served in Mexico 1846 and 47, and rose to the rank of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel. Was appointed Brigadier in 1861, Major General May, 1862, 2nd Division Army Potomac, was wounded at Antietam, commanded Army Potomac at Chancellorsville, where he was defeated, and resigned. Afterwards was reinstated, and put in command 20th Army Corps at Chattanooga.

I have digressed to offer this tribute to a soldier who made war like a Knight. General Hooker died at Garden City, Long Island, October 31, 1897, with the full rank of Major General in the Regular Army.

That night, after the mountain fight, I was ordered to withdraw my Brigade (Wilson's) quietly from the enemy's front on Chattanooga Creek, and join the rest of the Division in a march across the Valley to a point now known as Ridgedale, Ferguson's Battery of six twelve-pound Napoleon guns, attached to our Brigade, had to be dragged up on Missionary Ridge.

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Lieutenant Beauregard, commanding the Artillery Company, reported that his horses were too weak to pull the guns up. I detailed a Company of Infantry with each piece; some of the men pushed, others pulled, using ropes, and at last we were all on top.

When we reached the crest, it was still dark. We moved to the right, slowly, over a dim, wood-road. At several points we had to make a road for the artillery. Not long before daylight, we arrived at our position in the new line, which was near, and to the left of the tunnel, where the railroad from Chattanooga to Knoxville passes under Missionary Ridge. General Gist, commanding Walker's Division — (General Walker was wounded at Chickamauga, had returned, but not to the command of his Division) — and myself, assisted Lieutenant Beauregard in posting his guns on a high point in our rear, so that they could fire over our line of Infantry.

The Confederate line extended along the Ridge from a point opposite Boyce Station to Rossville Gap, as the United States Government Boulevard now runs.

The arrangement was that Stevenson's Division should touch Cleburn's Division, which was just to the right of the tunnel, and the right of Walker's Division touch on Stevenson's left, but it was found that even after much space had been allowed between the men, the line was not completely occupied. There was a gap right over the tunnel.

I was ordered to fill it with one of my Regiments. I detached from the Brigade my own Regiment, (the 66th Georgia), and the 26th Georgia Battalion for this purpose. As the movements of the enemy seemed to be against this point, I remained here most of the day.

At daylight, November 25th, 63, I saw the enemy approaching in line of battle below us through the Glass farm; (now Sherman Heights). I rode up to

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my battery, and ordered Lieutenant Beauregard to commence firing; he asked, "Have you an order to that effect?" I said, "Commence firing Lieutenant; what we see, is order enough for me." He opened with six pieces, and Captain Evan Howell, whose Battery was there, also commenced firing. The enemy in my immediate front halted at Railroad, foot of Ridge, and many went into Tunnel. Brobeck's Brigade was advancing against the Regiment on my right, just beyond the tunnel. I rode over there to see who they were, and to tell them to be ready. I found that it was the 39th Georgia Regiment of Cummings, (Ga.) Brigade; and in it was Colonel Jas W. Cureton's Company from Dade Co.; commanded by Capt. Seaborn Daniels, a very brave officer. Some of the men broke ranks and came to where I was sitting on my horse. We shook hands. It was the first time we had met in two and a half years. They thought I was still in Virginia. I told them that my Regiment was on their left, and that my Battery was firing on the Regiments approaching. I ordered them to get into line and be ready to receive the enemy, who would soon be on the spot. This was done. We repulsed several charges of Brobeck's Brigade, with the help of Beauregard's and Howell's Batteries.

A part of the 39th Georgia, led by Captain Seaborn Daniels, finally charged down the ridge and captured a good many prisoners in the Glass house. But they were ordered back to the top of the ridge. In the meantime, Cleburn's Division—attacked on two sides—was fighting fiercely, still further to the right, defeating his assailants with great slaughter, and driving them off the ridge!—with the assistance of Cumming's Georgia Brigade, who went to them as reinforcements, and who made a gallant and successful charge; But not unattended with misfortune. Col. Joe McConnel, of the 39th Georgia (Ringgold), was killed. His body was brought back on a litter, passing by where I was sitting on my mare

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watching the Federal Regiments, which had started up against my Regiment. These Regiments reached the mouth of the tunnel, but halted; and I suppose decided the ascent was too steep to accomplish their undertaking, and that the mouth of the tunnel was mighty tempting shelter from our canister; which was a fact. *Now for another fact!* With my flanks protected, the ascent of Missionary Ridge was too steep anywhere, for any regiment, in any army, to have taken the position from my Regiment; or any other well organized Command. We could have repulsed them with stones. The Yanks, not venturing up, my Brigade and Division were not severely engaged with small arms. Our artillery and skirmishes were hotly engaged from daylight until about 12 o'clock M.

The Army of the Cumberland having failed after repeated assaults to turn Bragg's right wing, about noon General Grant moved Sherman's Corps to the right, reinforcing his center. In the afternoon General Sheridan, and others charged Bragg's Center. Two Confederate brigades there acted disgracefully, running away on the approach of the enemy; then refused to be rallied on top of Ridge. This exposed the flanks of some good Brigades, who, after fighting gallantly, had to retire.

In trying to stop the stampeded men, Bragg came very near being captured, and it was regretted by Confederates that he escaped.

In the meantime Osterhaus's Division, of the Hooker Corps, from Lookout Mountain, after being delayed two hours at Chattanooga Creek repairing a bridge, passed through Rossville Gap, without serious opposition. I am told that some of them struck the 42nd Georgia Regiment, who were posted south of the Gap, and that the 42nd Georgia, as usual, did good fighting; driving back the enemy that charged their front; but they had to retire with the rest of the army.

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When Osterhaus established his batteries in the rear, they demoralized Bragg's left wing. I had often seen the effects of that movement on the enemy, when I was with Stonewall Jackson.

The United States Government has constructed a well graded macadam road, along the line Bragg's army, occupied on Missionary Ridge, running from opposite Boyce Station to Rossville Gap, where it connects with the Government Boulevard leading to Chickamauga Park.

Tablets denote the position of each brigade; upon which appears the names of the Brigade commanders, the Regiments and their Commanders. My Brigade tablet stands one-fourth mile to right of the Southern Railroad tunnel over Sherman Heights.

Northern States, whose Regiments were engaged in the battle of Missionary Ridge, have erected monuments along this Government road, on which is mentioned the number of casualties sustained; which are very few, in some instances, only one or two. This fact is good evidence that there was little hard fighting in the battle of Missionary Ridge.

Federal soldiers, who were in the charge that captured Bragg's headquarters, have informed me since the war, that they could see the Confederates there running away before they got half way up. One fellow, who was one of the "runners," a "Yellow-hammer," when asked why he ran, jokingly said: "We could see too much; when we saw the number of lines coming up against us, we got demoralized. Why I heard General Grant give the order. *"Attention world! by nations right wheel into line, forward, charge!"* and then I thought it was time for me to git, "and hunt the tall timber." When darkness came on, and everything was quiet about the Tunnel, except an occasional shot on the picket line down on the Glass farm, my men wanted to get supper, as they had eaten nothing during the day. I was waiting orders from General Gist,

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whom I had not seen for several hours, supposing everything had gone well all along the line, as it had with us, and expecting to renew the battle the next morning.

I consented that the men should build fires, and get supper, and soon the captured coffee was boiling in the camp-kettles, and the meat frying in the pans.

I had ridden up to Beauregard's battery and was talking to him. It was getting dark. We saw some horsemen coming from the left. They halted. One of them asked, "What Brigade is this?" Then he called out: "Is Colonel Nisbet there?" I answered and rode down to where he was. I found it was General Pat Cleburn. He said: "Colonel Nisbet, what about these fires?" I replied, "I have given the men permission to prepare some food, as they have not eaten anything during the day." He then informed me of what had happened at Bragg's Headquarters, and that the enemy was on the ridge; and if the line formed across the ridge should give way, the Yanks would swoop down on us. He said, "Have you no orders? Where's General Gist?" I said, "I have received no orders; I don't know where General Gist is."

"Well;" said he, "the whole army is in retreat. I give you orders to withdraw your Brigade and Battery to Chickamauga Station, W. & A. Railroad; there you will find rations in the depot." The General and staff rode off to look after their own Division.

As soon as I found the men had got something to eat, I issued orders to the Regiments to prepare to march. Young Beauregard was much worried. Said he did not know of any road to get off the ridge; that his old, poor horses could hardly stand up on level ground, and that he was going to lose his fine guns (six 12 lb. Napoleons, that had been captured at Chickamauga.) In fact he was so much troubled the tears came in his eyes.

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I said to him, "I will stand by you; I have some men hunting for torch-pine. We will have torches soon. I will keep my own Regiment with your battery." Told him to get ready to move.

In the meantime I ordered the senior officer to march the Brigade to Chickamauga Station, stack arms and wait .

The men came with the torches and soon reported they had found a "sorter-of-a little, old, blind wood-road," going down the east side of the ridge. I detailed a company to go with each gun; with orders to lock all the wheels with ropes or chains, and to hold the carriages back by hand off the feeble horses.

A sleety rain was falling, as we started. "Now," I said, "We are all right; if the Yanks don't advance and capture "the whole shooting match." The boy Captain Beauregard, got in better spirits when we arrived safely at the foot of the ridge.

But there we found a muddy branch. The six horses drawing the first gun, were driven in, but after making one or two pulls, laid down, and all the profanity and beating of their drivers could not move them. I ordered Captain Tom Langston (Company "C" from Atlanta) to wade in with his company, and set the horses up on their pins, and to push them and the gun out; and continue to push until they got to the top of the hill. This they did. From there, with a descending grade, the horses went in a gallop to the station. With each gun, a company was detailed to help them across the branch.

It is wonderful what eighty-five or ninety men can accomplish when "they put their shoulders to the wheel." The rest of the brigade had marched down the ridge to the Railroad, and on to the station where they were waiting for us.

Our pickets were left at the foot of the ridge on Glass farm, with orders to the officer in charge to keep up a brisk firing, and at four o'clock A. M.

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quietly to fall back; which they did, unperceived, and joined us at the station. The cavalry pickets taking their places.

There was no better soldier, than Captain Thomas Langston. He continued to serve faithfully and well, until the surrender. After the war he was a wholesale Grocery Merchant of Atlanta.

Speaking of this incident, he said: "Wading into that muddy creek, that cold winter night, waist deep, was the hardest order to obey I ever received!"

At Chickamauga station I ordered the regimental commanders to draw rations for their men out of the depot. As it was a grab game, I got some candles and stood on a barrel to see that my Brigade got all they could. Sides of meat were strung on the bayonets, and sacks of hard-tack were packed out, and distributed; but the men wanted syrup; and 'twas too thick to go in their canteens.

They knocked the head of a sorghum barrel in, and scooped syrup in their hats. Soon the barrel was half emptied; and they had to lean over to reach it. Some people will joke even at a funeral. There was a devilish fellow who would watch his chance and kick their feet from under those who (in turn) bent over the barrel. Down they would go in the sticky, saccharine fluid in the barrel. Then all hands would jerk the poor fellow out. All dripping with sweetness; When the fellow got out of the depot, the soldiers would "sop" on him; he was very popular!

That barrel gave out, and then another barrel-head was knocked in, and contents half emptied—when the kicking, and jerking out, continued. But alas; alack a day! This was soft soap! so when *that* kind of a fellow got out, and the "sopping" commenced, there was a howl of indignation.

My brigade marched into this station in good order, was halted, came to a front and stacked arms; but we found most of Bragg's army, already there, a howling mob. They had set fire to an

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empty wooden storehouse, whose lurid flames illuminated the country for miles around.

After two and a half years' service in Virginia, this was my first experience of the demoralization of defeat.

At daylight, our pickets, having joined us, we moved out in good order; through the motley throng; halted and waited for the last of the mob to pass by. I had been ordered by General Hardee to bring up the rear that day, and to guard the wagon-train, which had preceded us. We caught up with it at a branch (between Chickamauga Station and Graysville) hopelessly stuck in the mud.

Brig. Genl. George Maney's Brigade, of Cheatham's Division, had similar instructions as to the artillery, which was also bogged up.

The enemy was following us closely, driving our cavalry back. In the afternoon the Yanks could be seen, reconnoitering from the distant hills. It was evident that some fighting had to be done there.

I was having the road "corduroyed" with pine poles. General Hardee came up, and said, "Colonel, you must send the wagons to Ringgold by the left-hand road, as soon as you get them all over the branch. General Maney will take the right-hand fork passing Graysville, with the artillery." He said, "The Brigade that gets its teams over last, has to fight; the other brigade must go on to guard the train." Just as my last wagon was passing around the hill, I saw Maney draw up his Tennesseans in line, to receive a brigade of blue-coats who were advancing in line of battle across the opposite field. General Maney had just got his last cannon over the branch, and on the road. He waited until the Yanks' line was broken in crossing the branch. Then he charged: driving them back. But Maney was brought to my camp at Ringgold, that night, severely wounded. He got well; served through the war: and after, was a prominent attorney at Nashville. He was a Mexican war vet-

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eran and entered the Confederate service as a Colonel of the First Tennessee Infantry. He died not long since in Washington City; at the ripe age of eighty years.

All the time I was in command of the brigade, the 66th Georgia was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton; efficiently and well. I regret that I cannot particularize as to his movements. We were much together in the camp and on the march. My own movements and orders were usually made after consultation with him; for I relied implicitly upon his judgment.

Gen. Grant's plan of campaign, was that Sherman's corps should cross the Tennessee River at the mouth of Chickamauga Creek, and turn Bragg's right, which was done; but before Sherman got across the W. & A. Railroad (the objective point of the movement) his brigades found the "Wizzard of War." Pat Cleburn, in their path. Cleburn smote them "hip and thigh" with great slaughter; although they displayed much courage and valor.

After Sherman's failure, and about noon, Grant ordered Sherman's corps to reinforce the center, and Sheridan to mass his troops. The whole line then and there charged the ridge. Sheridan having broken the center, the Army of Tennessee was in retreat, before Hooker could cut them off. That our center *did* give way promptly, was fortuitous. "If we had not been quickly ruined, we would not have been saved." A saving Polybius records as expressing the sentiments of the Greeks, when overrun by the Romans under Sulla.

XXIII.

RINGGOLD AND DALTON.

We enjoyed a good nights rest at Ringgold; but the enemy was pressing in on us, with large bodies of infantry. It was decided that the victorious enemy had to be checked, or we would lose our wagons and artillery. The demoralized divisions were allowed to pass on in retreat.

Cleburne's Division was posted in Ringgold Gap, with two guns of Capt. Semple's Battery masked in the road, and Walker's Division behind the hill, in support. On came Osterhaus' Division; the same one which had passed through Rossville Gap, and got in the rear; and had so much fun with our left wing, at Missionary Ridge.

Geary's Division followed and Cruft's Division brought up the rear. Hooker attacked Cleburne at Ringgold with three divisions as named. This fight took place November 27th, 1863. Commenced at eight o'clock A. M. and continued for two and a half hours.

Gen. Cleburne's report shows that he had four thousand one hundred and fifty-seven men in the fight, and that he lost only twenty killed, and one hundred and ninety wounded. The loss sustained by the Federals fell mostly on Osterhaus' Division, which, after losing terribly, fell back in confusion.

In the engagement the Federals greatly outnumbered Cleburne, but the latter had the advantage of position. The two guns of Capt. Semple's Battery masked with brush in the public road, did much execution. As the enemy retreated, Walker's Division was not needed. In the meantime Genl Grant

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having arrived at Ringgold, ordered a halt in the *pursuit*.

So we continued our retrograde movement to Dalton without further molestation—the enemy being well satisfied there were some commands in Bragg's army who were not demoralized; and must not be attacked without due caution.

Major-General Patrick Ronayne Cleburne was born in County, Cork, Ireland, March 17th, 1828. Although reared in Ireland, he was a descendant of Wm. Cleburne, the Colonial Secretary of Virginia in 1628. His mother's family, the Ronaynes, were also distinguished.

Cleburne, after receiving a liberal education, enlisted in the British Army and served three years. He then came to America. He was admitted to the bar and was practicing his profession successfully at the outbreak of the Civil War: at Helena, Arkansas.

He was elected Captain of a Company, and soon after Colonel of an Arkansas Regiment. March, 1862, he was made Brigadier: and Major-General after Perryville, 1862—where he was wounded. He received the thanks of the Confederate Congress for his defence of Ringgold Gap. At the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November, 1864, he was shot from his horse and killed: *on the second line of the enemy's works*. I knew him well: and it is certain that as a Division Commander he had no superior.

“Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call:
The living are noble and brave,
But the dead were bravest of all!
The living are noble and brave,
But the dead excelled them all!”

We went into winter quarters three miles from Dalton on the Spring Place road. It appears after Chickamauga, while the enemy were concentrat-

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ing their huge army at Chattanooga and making that place a veritable Gibraltar, Bragg occupied his time quarrelling with his Generals, Polk, Forrest, Buckner, D. H. Hill, Hindman and Longstreet.

The latter went off to Knoxville, and Forrest to middle Tennessee. Longstreet writing President Davis as to Bragg's retention, said: "*I am convinced that nothing but the hand of God can save us, or help us, as long as we have our present commander.*" (Bragg).

All the corps and Division commanders addressed a "Round Robin" letter to President Davis dated Oct. 4th. 63. It declared, in part, "Whatever may have been accomplished, it is certain that the fruits of victory at Chickamauga had escaped our grasp. The Army of Tennessee, stricken with complete paralysis will in a few days' time be thrown strictly on the defensive; and it will be fortunate if it escapes without disaster.

Under the command as it now exists we can give you no assurance of success: without assigning the reasons we urge that the present commander (Bragg) be relieved, because in our opinion the condition of his health totally unfits him for *the command of any army in the field.*"

This was signed by D. H. Hill, Polk, Brown, Preston, Hindman and others, and supposed to have been written by General Buckner. These differences brought Mr. Davis to Bragg's army at Missionary Ridge. "He took General Pemberton along with him, expecting to make him heir to one of the corps whose commanding officer was to be displaced."

In spite of the Vicksburg campaign, and the universal hostility to Pemberton in the army, he still enjoyed the confidence of the President. Pemberton failed to get command of a corps, but President Davis sustained Bragg against his generals. "*The result of the retention of Bragg, and the departure of the generals in whom the troops repose their confidence, was the greatest defeat the Confeder-*

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ates sustained during the war." No wonder the battle of Missionary Ridge was lost, and although it was not a bloody encounter, as compared with many other battles, still it was the greatest disaster sustained by the Confederate arms in pitched battles.

Nearly one-half of the guns, caissons and munitions of Bragg's army was lost; still Bragg was retained until the Clamor against him became so great that he *had to be removed*.

He issued his farewell address to the army at Dalton, December 2nd, 63. After Lieutenant-General Hardee had commanded for a short time, General Joseph E. Johnston was appointed, and issued to the army this simple address.

"Dalton, Ga., Dec. 27th, 1863.

"In obedience to the orders of His Excellency, the President, the undersigned has the honor to assume command of the Army of Tennessee.

"J. E. JOHNSTON,

"General."

Johnston found his army short of artillery, men and morale, but he went energetically to work, to build it up.

His policy had been from the first, to concentrate the Confederate forces into one, or at most two great armies; and to give up the coast cities, as they would be an element of weakness to the enemy; requiring large garrisons.

Davis believed in holding all our territory possible, and antagonized Johnston's military ideas. The correspondence on this, between Davis and Johnston, continued all winter. It is given in the United States Government War Records. There is a letter from General Longstreet to the President in same volume, endorsing Johnston, dated March 16th, 64. He suggests that the Mississippi troops, Beauregard's, and his own, be sent to reinforce Johnston at Dalton.

Davis refused to comply with the suggestion, but

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instead (having Bragg at Richmond as his military adviser) sent Johnston a plan of campaign. A Northern writer says "(Van-Horn's Army of the Cumberland)" "To require Johnston to advance with less than fifty thousand men, against a combination of armies, which in defense, would greatly exceed one hundred thousand, was to *exact defeat*. The fact that the Confederate President did not discern this, revealed his incapacity as a revolutionary leader." General Johnston refused to advance, but called for more men, especially twelve thousand negroes, to serve as teamsters, cooks, and pioneer corps: thus to recruit *the ranks with that many white men*.

His request was refused. Beauregard advised Mr. Davis (see Records) that the army at Dalton be increased to one hundred thousand (100,000) men, even if the defense of Mobile, Savannah and Charleston, had to be weakened, and these places perhaps lost. That all other operations should be subordinated to the defense of Atlanta.

In the meantime, by strict discipline, and drill, and good equipment and rations, confidence was restored. Every officer, and private manifested renewed zeal and interest.

The rank of the Regiments filled up, by the return of the sick, and wounded, furloughed men and recruits. So that Joe Johnston's army on April 1st, 64. numbered forty-six (46,000 thousand officers and men present for duty, according to his official report. It was increased on the campaign by Polk's Corps from Mississippi and the Georgia Militia to about sixty thousand (60,000) men, Sherman's report shows, that on April 27th, when he advanced on Dalton and Resacca, he had ninety-eight thousand, seven hundred ninety-one effective officers and men, and two hundred and fifty-four cannon: and that his aggregate was increased by May 31st to one hundred and twelve thousand, eight hundred and nineteen.

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He says, in his "Memoirs" that in the Atlanta Campaign he maintained a relative strength to the opposing army of *two* to one, in spite of his great losses in battle. I find that he is generally fair in his statements as to military operations.

About this time, while in winter-quarters, Colonel Stevens, of the 24th South Carolina Regiment, Gist's Brigade, Walker's Division, was promoted Brigadier-General and assigned to the command of our brigade. He was a man about sixty (60) years old, of splendid physique, well versed by military education and experience, in the art of war; and although a strict disciplinarian, he soon gained the confidence and esteem of his officers and men. He was the brother of the General Stevens, who built the efficient "Floating battery" which defended Charleston. I turned over to him, Brigade Headquarters, and again assumed the command of my Regiment.

Lt. Col. Hamilton was granted a furlough, and went down to his home in Jones County, Georgia, to see his good wife, who was managing their plantation, the "Bowen Place." It is wonderful how the Southern women managed those big plantations in the heart of the "Cotton Belt," surrounded by hordes of black slaves, with nearly every able bodied white man absent in the army. It is eloquent of our women, and a good record of our negroes.

It was upon the women, that the greatest burden of this horrid war fell. Woman has always been a greater sufferer from war than man. She has borne that *silent anguish of the spirit* which is ten-fold more terrible to bear, than the anguish of the body. While the men were carried away with the drunkenness of the war, she dwelt in the stillness of her desolated home, and "waited for the letter that never came"; or perhaps came to tell her she was a widow, or childless. May the movement to erect monuments in every Southern State to our

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heroic Southern women, carve in marble a memorial to her cross and passion.

Napoleon declared to Madame De Stael that "the greatest woman in France is the woman who has given the most soldiers to my army."

Napoleon would have lauelled the Confederate Mother!

I shall ever remember Col. Hamilton's return to camp. Besides the pleasure of his delightful society, he brought "dead loads" of good things to eat, and a ten gallon keg of fine old scuppernong wine to drink, and a little something of the same *distilled*, a product of the Bowen vineyards. He had much news from the rear to tell us, and in his interesting talk mentioned: "As I came up from Atlanta, the train was crowded with soldiers returning to the army. I heard a big racket in the next car, and some one said there was about to be a fight. I went in there, thinking it might be some of our men. I was surprised to see our old friend, former Captain Company "E" 21st Georgia, now Colonel of the 6th Georgia Cavalry, 'drunk as a Lord' and threatening to clean up everybody and everything in sight; swearing he was the 'game cock' of Wheeler's Cavalry." Said Hamilton, "When we organized the 21st Georgia Regiment in Virginia, (you will remember, Nisbet,) he would have his company to kneel after roll call, at night, in prayer. That was all right, but we thought then he was most too good to hold out. War is a severe strain on religious habits."

We afterwards learned that Col. Hart was one of General Wheeler's best officers; a gallant soldier, a dashing cavalryman, if he did "love licker" and would at times imbibe too freely.

One sleety bitter, cold night in January, 1864, General Stevens was called to Dalton. I was curious to know what could have caused the old fellow to venture out on such a ride.

The next morning I called on him, at his Head-

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quarters, to see if I could hear anything about his trip, which hinted of critical things. As our conversation throws light on the views of Southern men, *waging war for their views*, I report it here, for this talk made upon me an indelible impression:

I said, "General Stevens, if it is proper, I would be pleased for you to tell me about your trip last night."

General Stevens: "I was ordered to meet all the General Officers of this army at General Johnston's Headquarters in conference, by order of President Jefferson Davis. The subject of the next campaign was discussed. The probable number of Sherman's force, and the tactics he would be likely to employ, was mentioned. A plan of campaign prepared by Mr. Davis and General Bragg for General Johnston, was examined, but I do not know that I am at liberty to mention why I was called to Dalton, as secrecy was enjoined upon all. However, I will tell you, as I wish your views, if you will promise not to mention it to anyone."

Col. Nisbet: "If you will make me your confidante, I promise to be very discreet."

General Stevens: "Then I will proceed. You know we are getting no re-enforcements, and very few recruits, to successfully resist Sherman's grand army assembling in our front. General Lee cannot spare any of his men; more men are needed, therefore President Davis called the meeting to get an expression from the General Officers of this army as to the advisability of calling out, and arming negro soldiers, which you know is now being urged by some newspapers.

"All present were opposed to the plan, except Major General Pat Cleburne. I believe Cleburne, though a skilled army officer, and true to the Southern cause, is opposed to slavery, and has not a proper conception of the negro, he being foreign born and reared.

"Of course the negroes who go into the army

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would be asked to enlist; the Confederate Government agreeing to pay their owners, under the condition that negro soldiers and their families had to be freed. I do not want independence, if it is to be won by the help of negroes."

There was a pause. He turned to me and said, "What do you say?"

Colonel Nisbet: "I am in favor of putting every negro in our army that can be properly armed, equipped and fed, who is physically fit and will volunteer. I understand we have good arms for a large number. General Cleburne is not alone in his views in regard to this matter."

General Stevens: "I am astonished at you! You are demoralized! We can, and will whip the fight as it is. Who would command negro Regiments and Brigades?"

Colonel Nisbet: "I will; and there are others who, like me, place the success of our cause above all things! I am for using any and all fair means. The war has progressed too far for us to fail now, if disaster can be averted by wise foresight.

"Negroes will do better under Southern men who understand them: as they do us. Their sympathies are strongly Southern. If freed they will be proud to fight under their old masters. It will soon become with them a fight for home and fireside, as with us.

"There were three hundred and eighteen thousand free negroes in the South in 1861; they owned twenty-five millions dollars of property, some of which was in slaves. They should be utilized to defend the country. Those of Louisiana have already offered their services to the Government to resist invasion.

"And as to whether we could use them to advantage as soldiers, listen! General Andrew Jackson in the year 1814 by a formal proclamation, promised 'to every noble-hearted, generous freedman of color, volunteering to serve during the present con-

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test, the same bounty, monthly pay, and daily rations and clothes furnished to any American soldier (Livermore's Hist. Research, P. 210). He accepted several companies of colored men, who took part in the battle of New Orleans."

General Stevens: "I contend that slavery was the irritating cause of this war, brought on by the abolition leaders, and that the cry of Union and rebellion are only a subterfuge to enlist the masses in a crusade against slavery. The negro is in his right place, producing under the direction of the white man. If slavery is to be abolished then I take no more interest in our fight. The *justification* of slavery in the South is the *inferiority* of the negro. If we make him a soldier, we concede the whole question."

Colonel Nisbet: "I know the negro race is incapable of progression in themselves; but they have reached under our system of slavery in the South the highest civilization to which they have ever attained, as every unbiased student of history knows. You fail to give the negro credit that is due him for his faithfulness, his superiority as a laborer in most all classes of heavy muscular work, and as a servant. They do not cherish revenge as do laborers of the Latin race or the Slavs. They will make fairly good soldiers, especially to hold fortified positions; but not as good as the American white man.

"General, you are familiar with the coast negroes of South Carolina and Georgia, who with a few exceptions are but little better than the native African. It is from the up-country we would recruit our negro soldiers. They have been used to associate with white folks; to attend their masters in their sports, and to handle firearms.

"Negro soldiers fought well in the battle of Bunker Hill. Washington used them as enlisted soldiers in the Revolutionary war; although he did not approve of the idea of their general enlistment.

"They were emancipated in Rhode Island on con-

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dition of their enlistment in the American Army for the war; and the project had the full approval of Washington. They have advanced in intelligence very much since that time. I do not underestimate our soldiers by advocating this, the *only* way of recruiting our armies.

“Finally, in the words of the Richmond Examiner, I will say, ‘If the negro is fit to be a soldier, he is not fit to be a slave; there is no doubt that the proposition cuts under the traditions and theories of three generations of the South.’ But I am for it. Set free all who will enlist, and let us prosecute this war on something like an equal basis.”

After this colloquy with Brig. Genl. Stevens, I was informed that General Cleburne had addressed a communication to some friend in authority at Richmond, in which he gave his reasons why negro soldiers should be put in the Confederate armies at once.

He called attention to the fact that the slaves were becoming an element of weakness as the enemy penetrated our territory; instead of an element of strength, as they were at first.

He read this to a certain Major General, under secrecy. So we did not hear of it at the time; but it got to Mr. Davis. Then he called the meeting I have mentioned. Similar conversations were being held in other armies of the South.

The Mobile Register, and other newspapers, were advocating negro enlistments.

If Mr. Davis in his message to Congress, that winter (1863-4) had taken a bold stand in its favor; the Congress would have enacted a bill to that effect. It was understood that there were good arms and plenty of ammunition for a large additional force.

Mr. Davis' great blunder was his failure to realize the weakness of the Confederacy at this time. Finally, the next winter, when it was too late, the Confederate Congress passed an act calling out forty thousand negro soldiers, General Lee having

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written an urgent letter, November 7th, 1864, to that end.

Major Pegram and others raised companies in Richmond. Mr. Lincoln said of it, laconically, "Well, it doesn't *now* matter, let them go ahead, we had just as well fight negroes armed with guns, as those with hoes."

At that time, my old Maj. General Edwin R. Ewell (unfit for field duty after the loss of his leg at second Manassas) commanded the immediate defenses of Richmond. He declared that with "a negro force employed on the interior lines of the capitol, fifteen thousand white soldiers might be liberated and used by Lee on the enemies' front."

The army of Tennessee, in winter quarters at Dalton, passed four months in learning the duties of a soldier; discipline and the drill; which was very necessary. There was a night class for officers at our Brigade Head-quarters, presided over by General Stevens; a most competent teacher of military duties and the tactics.

A revival of religion was conducted in almost every Division, and the interest was intense. An incident. At a night service in a Tennessee Brigade, held by the light of a burning dead pine, while all were kneeling in prayer, the tree fell; killing, and wounding eleven men.

"Snow ball battles" between Brigades, led by their officers, were of almost daily occurrence. In one of them, I was captured, dragged from my horse, and carried a prisoner to Cheatham's Division, where I was paroled. In the meantime our camp was looted by the victorious Tennesseans; a desperate charge to capture Cheatham's camp was repulsed; then to recover our camp-kettles, frying-pans, etc., called for diplomacy of a high order, as we could not recapture them with snow balls. In fact it was the first snow-ball of fighting proportions, one half of my Regiment ever saw; consequently they did not understand making ammunition with deftness and celerity.

XXIV.

ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

On the first of May, I received an order to go to Resacca, to guard the W. & A. Railroad bridge across the Oostanaula river, relieving the 1st Florida Regiment. On the march Hamilton said, "Well, Nisbet; what would our leader, Stonewall, think of us? Going eighteen miles to the rear to guard a bridge; at the beginning of a campaign? Let's beat our swords into plough-shares, and pruning hooks, and make a garden; the time and opportunity seem to be favorable."

There was an old dilapidated battery in the breast-works around the bridge, and there was a company of Cavalry who scouted the roads leading into the station. In a few days, the cavalry scouts brought to me a negro girl, who stated that she lived in Dogwood Valley, on the Snake Creek Gap road; that she was on her way to Resacca to get medicine for "old mistiss" when she was overhauled by some mounted soldiers in Blue; who took her horse. She said: "I have seen prisoners passing on the train, and I think the soldiers who took my horse are Yankees."

The Cavalry officer who brought the girl to me said he was sure that they were Yanks, so I informed General Johnston that there was a force of the enemy's cavalry in Snake Creek Gap; and that night Grigsby's Brigade of cavalry arrived. Colonel Grigsby had not been informed by General Johnston that he would probably meet a force of the enemy's infantry. He thought he would only have to contend with a raiding force of cavalry. General Johnston evidently had not been notified by

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General Joe Wheeler of McPherson's advance into Snake Creek Gap.

It appears from the Record that the Federal Cavalry drove Wheeler's small force of cavalry pell-mell from Ship's Gap, and the movement of Federal infantry which followed, was concealed. General Johnston says he knew that McPherson's Corps passed through Ship's Gap on the 8th, but he sent Cleburne's Division to watch a gap nearer Dalton.

Grigsby went out on the Snake Creek Gap road, met and drove back Federal Cavalry on their infantry. In the charge, he captured twenty or thirty prisoners who informed us that the whole of McPherson's Corps, twenty-three thousand strong, with ninety-six pieces of artillery, were in the Gap.

Johnston's army at Dalton was hotly engaged with Thomas' Corps at "Rocky Face" on the road from Dalton to Tunnel Hill. McPherson moved out from Chattanooga and passed through Ship Gap via Rock Springs on the 7th and 8th of May. Thomas attacked Johnston on the 7th and 8th and was repulsed. I think the demonstration at Rocky Face was made to conceal McPherson's movement.

General Sherman in his Memoirs, says: "I received a note on the 9th of May from McPherson at two P. M. saying that he was within a mile and a half of Resacca; that night, received further notice from McPherson *nine o'clock P. M.* that he had found Resacca *too strongly held* for a surprise, and that he had *fallen back three miles and fortified*. Sherman adds: "McPherson should have closed in on Resacca, then held by only a small brigade; or had he captured the Railroad above, and fortified, Johnston would have had to retreat via Spring Place, or over very bad roads, and probably lost to us much of his equipment." He also says: "Such an opportunity does not occur twice in a single life, but at the critical moment McPherson seems to have been a little timid."

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After developing the status of affairs as I have stated Colonel Grigsby moved away from Resacca.

I was very uneasy that night, and the next morning; for I realized that McPherson could capture Resacca if he advanced in force. After a while I was informed that there was a train at the station loaded with troops. I hastened down there, and met Brigadier General James Canty, who had commanded the 15th Alabama Regiment of Trimble's Brigade.

I reported for duty to him, as ranking officer (being very glad to get rid of the responsibility). I informed him as to what force I had there, about fifteen hundred rifles.

He said he had with him the 37th Mississippi and 17th Alabama Regiments, about two thousand strong; that a part of his Brigade had preceded him to Rome, Georgia, where he had been ordered. That he received a telegram on the way to come on to Resacca. He added: "I know nothing of the situation, and wish you would ride out on the road with me, and explain matters."

We rode out about a mile on the Snake Creek Gap road. I stopped and informed him that it was as far as we could go with safety. He said he would post one of his Regiments across the little Creek just out of the town, and the other (the 17th Alabama) on a ridge, closer in, and in front of my breast-works. I advised him to keep all of our little force concentrated in the works around the bridge; that if we could hold it against McPherson's Corps of twenty-three thousand men, until Johnston could send us re-enforcements, we would do well.

He said, "I wish to keep the enemy from occupying this ridge, and shelling the bridge." So he sent the 37th Mississippi out there in the ridges and soon Dodge's Corps of three Divisions advanced and surrounded them; and they had to retreat, after fighting a little; losing considerably in cap-

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tures. The disaster to this Regiment demoralized the 17th Alabama, which had been on post duty at Mobile, and had many raw recruits.

When therefore, Dodge followed up his success and charged across the branch in force, many of the 17th Alabama and 37th Mississippi retreated back to my line of works.

There were some brave spirits in both Regiments, who continued to pour it into the enemy from behind trees, while the Federals occupied the crest of the ridge.

We stopped all the men we could, and put them in our line. I said to one fellow, "Halt! What are you running for?" He answered, "*Bekase I kain't fly!*" Those that stopped, held the works when we advanced. The rest may be running yet, and "go on forever"—like Tennyson's Brook.

In the meantime McPherson got some of his batteries in position and was throwing shells into the town, regardless of consequences. Of course I expected to see General Canty at the front, helping us to rally and reform his demoralized men; but he did not show up. I could not leave my line to see him, as I expected an attack at any moment. Finally a courier brought me a note requesting that I would come to General Canty's head-quarters. I went back there, under a tremendous shelling. I found Canty and another General (I believe his name was—well, it's "a piece of the immaterial"—sitting in a bomb-proof pit. I saluted and said: "General, I am ready to receive your orders." He said, "I want to talk over the situation with you; come down in here, Colonel. you may get hit by a piece of shell."

I answered, "General, the enemy are upon us.

Your Regiments have been driven in. Something must be done at once to show the enemy that Resacca is not entirely undefended. I can receive your orders standing here. If I get into that hole, I might be afraid to get out."

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He said, "Well, I want you to take your Regiment and Battalion, and drive the enemy from that ridge in your front."

I said, "I don't know how far such a small force can drive a Division; but I can show them there's somebody here that can fight. They must be held until Johnston can send re-enforcements."

It has been said that General Canty had two Brigades and that Loring's Division had arrived. At that time (9th) there were no other troops in Resacca, but my command, Canty's two Regiments and the old Battery.

I returned to my Regiment and informed the officers and men that I was going to advance to a ravine, just below the ridge from which the enemy were firing; that I thought the smoke and the lateness of the hour would obscure our movement. All endorsed the idea, enthusiastically.

I ordered, "no firing," that the men leave their canteens in the breast-works, as there must be no noise to attract attention. The Field Officers and Captains took their positions in front.

The Regiment was standing in the "pit," "at attention." At the command "Battalion, Forward March!" they moved over the breast-works; and preserving a "well dressed" line, they reached the ravine, without any casualties.

The enemy were shooting high. We halted and lay down.

Going along the line, I instructed each company to aim low. The blue line could be seen under the smoke on the crest of the ridge—Canty's skirmishers, from behind trees, hitting enough of them to draw their steady fire. I gave the order, "Ready! Aim! Fire!" Fifteen hundred rifles belched forth, fired as one man. Then there was a tremendous confusion among the enemy—calling for litter-bearers, and their officers rallying the men, who had fallen back behind the crest of the ridge.

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I went along the regiment and battalion, and ordered them to load, but to hold their fire until the enemy came back in line to the top of the ridge. This they did, and on the second or third fire, that line retreated.

After a while a second line could be heard coming up. When they were "lined up" plainly in view, we fired as before; and they did as the first line did, shooting over our heads many feet, and falling back behind the crest of the ridge. In the meantime there were only a few slight casualties on our side, *and these from glancing balls.*

However, I deemed it not prudent to advance for fear of being surrounded. I was fearful that some cool officer would discover the length of my line, advance and flank me; so I sent Lt. Flournoy Adams of my Regiment back to say to General Canty that we were inflicting considerable loss upon the enemy; but if he wanted the fight to continue he must send out his own regiments to support my flanks; that I could occupy the ridge in my front, but that I did not think it best to advance so far with such a small force.

Adams returned with the order for me to fall back to the breast-works; and this we did, in good order, the command moving as if on parade. My loss was small. Capt. Jordan (Company B) (Troup County) was wounded in the leg, just as he dropped over the rifle pits. The wound was small, but erysipelas developed, and he died.

A Tennessee Brigade had just arrived from Dalton, and when they witnessed the steadiness of our movement under fire, they said "*Bully for the bloody old 66th Brigade!*" Coming from them, these few words were music in our ears; it was "*praise from Sir Hubert, which was praise indeed.*"

I did not know then, but I have since learned, that this advance out of the works and sprightly resistance impressed McPherson with the idea that large re-enforcements had arrived from Dalton, and

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kept him from advancing that afternoon, and capturing Resacca before aid did reach us.

It appears from his dispatch to Sherman that McPherson retired about the same time Nisbet did, *both hunting earthworks!*

But we saved our bridge! There was no defense for our position that afternoon except my fifteen hundred men. Not many of Canty's regiments, if rallied, could be relied on. General Canty should have made a report of this little fight. But he did not. *He had good reasons for keeping quiet.*

From Pat Cleburne's Report, we arrive at the conclusion that General Johnston thought that the least said about Resacca on the 9th of May, the better.

General Wm. T. Sherman says in his Memoirs that he traveled with General Joe Johnston and other ex-officers from St. Louis to Memphis some time after the war; that they had a pleasant social time on the boat. They were playing cards in the cabin, when the Atlanta Campaign came under discussion; that he *jollied* Johnston about fooling him at Dalton and Resacca; saying "I could have occupied Resacca if McPherson had not been so timid; and nearly ruined you at the beginning of the campaign." He adds, "Johnston would not admit it, but said 'If McPherson had got across my Railroad there, I would have ruined him.'"

But it is as Sherman says,, "Between two armies, each one as large as his own, and one fortified, Johnston would have been thrown into a very dangerous predicament. He would have been forced to retreat by way of Spring Place over very bad roads, etc."

I was with Stonewall Jackson when he got in Pope's rear, and occupied his line of communications as I have stated elsewhere. The movement ended in the complete defeat of Pope's army, the loss of all of his supplies and much equipment, and disaster to his campaign.

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General Johnston's Report shows that in some way he had been deceived about the Confederate force at Resacca. He was under the impression that two Brigades of Loring's Division from Mobile had arrived there on the 9th, when in fact it was only two Regiments of Canty's Brigade, Loring's Division.

Loring in his report mentions the arrival of his advance Brigade on the 10th, and the others on the 11th and 15th.

When Johnston found that Loring's Division *had not arrived on the 9th*, he sent down Cleburne's Division on the 10th.

Major General W. W. Loring's report (war records) of the movements of his Division (Polk's Corps) says: "Scott's Brigade arrived at Resacca May 10th, Adam's Brigade May 11th, and Featherstone's Brigade on 12th. Myself and staff arrived on 11th. McPherson was reported on my arrival to be four miles west of Resacca."

Maj. Genl. G. M. Dodge (Federal) commanding left wing 16th army Corps, in his report of this fight (9th) says: "At one o'clock P. M. advanced with the 2nd, 3rd and 4th divisions. Attacked the enemy (37th Mississippi) and routed them, captured some prisoners and halted. Was ordered by General McPherson at four o'clock P. M. to advance and capture ridge across Creek, opposite Resacca. Advanced within three-fourths mile of the town, which was in plain view. General Veatch was ordered to move with Fuller's and Sprague's Brigades and occupy ridge. The enemy opened on us with a heavy fire from his batteries, and with musketry on the left of second Division, etc. Was ordered by General McPherson to fall back about sunset, reached camp about twelve o'clock and fortified."

As my fight was on the 9th, I give these two reports in proof of my contention, that the "bluff" I put up caused the retreat of McPherson's Corps, which Sherman laments.

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In the United States Government Records, Operations Union and Confederate Armies: Series 1, Part 3rd, Vol. 38, I find General Joseph E. Johnston's Report of the operations of his army from Dalton. He says in part: "On May 7th Cantey reached Resacca with two Brigades; and was halted there."

The facts are these: *Cantey did not reach Resacca till the morning of the 9th of May. He had but two (2) Regiments of his Brigade: (Loring's Division).*

Johnston does not mention McPherson's occupation of Snake Creek Gap on the *8th day of May*. Nor does he mention our severe fight on the 9th of May. But he *does say*: "Reports were received in the afternoon of the 9th, that Dodge's and Logan's Corps were in Snake Creek Gap." Exactly at this time it was, that I was hotly engaged in trying to keep Dodge's Division out of Resacca.

Major General Patrick Cleburne, always on the alert, realized the situation.

In his Report of operations from May 7th to 27th (Series 1, Vol. 38, Part 3rd) he says: "*How this Gap,*" which opened upon our rear and line of communications, from which it was distant (Resacca) only five miles, *was neglected* I cannot imagine. *Its loss exposed us at the outset to a terrible danger.*

"If McPherson had hotly pressed his advantage, Sherman supporting him strongly, it is impossible to say what the enemy might achieved, more than probably a complete victory."

But to resume my narrative of the campaign. When Johnston found that McPherson had fallen back from Resacca, he remained in Dalton until the 11th and 12th facing Thomas and Howard. On the 13th his army came pouring down, and went into line around Resacca, the right resting on the Oostanaula river, above, and the left wing on the river below.

Sherman says: "Had Johnston remained in Dal-

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ton another hour, it would have been a total defeat."

But I don't think so. The crisis was past, *when McPherson failed to reap his advantage.*

Sherman's army followed McPherson through Snake Creek Gap, except Howard's Corps, which advanced through Dalton, and deployed against Resacca on the 14th of May.

Johnston's army was there in position and the fighting commenced with vigor, and was kept up continuously for two days, 14th and 15th, with varied success; but generally in favor of the Confederates.

On the 15th McPherson crossed the river at Lay's Ferry, three miles below; and was threatening our communications at Calhoun, seven miles south of Resacca. Walker's Division was sent to hold him in check.

I did not go with my Brigade (Stevens) because on that night I received an order to report with my Regiment to Col. Ben Hill, Inspector General of the army. I followed the courier to a vacant store situated on the street leading out to Snake Creek Gap.

We passed through a fierce shower of shot and shell. Sherman had our range from the hills that poor Cantey thought to hold with his 37th Mississippi Regiment, and was doing some mighty close artillery practice, although the night was very dark. He knew that McPherson's flank movement would force Johnston to fall back.

I went in the vacant store. There sat an officer by a small table. I said, "Colonel Hill I believe?" He said, "The same, at your service." I said, "I am Colonel Nisbet. I came to report to you, with my command, for duty tonight." He said, "That's all right, Colonel Nisbet. Take a seat; we will not need your Regiment for several hours. Johnston's army is going to fall back tonight; and after they are all over the river, I want you to take up the pontoon bridges and burn the Railroad bridge." I said, "If

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that's the case, my men out there, are needlessly exposed. I will send them to a place of shelter, under the bluff near the bridge."

He said, "If you feel like hunting a safe place yourself, you can go with them, and I will send you word when needed." I replied, "Well as to that, I can stay anywhere you, or any other man can." He looked up at me, and said, "All right; that's the way to talk; let's take a drink." I answered, "Colonel Hill, you touch me in a very tender spot, by such remarks, at such a time. Wait a minute or two *if you possibly can*, and I will be with you." I informed Colonel Hamilton that it would be some hours before the command would be needed, and asked him to take the troops where they could have protection, and sleep.

He said he would take them to the bridge, where the men could break ranks and lie under the river bluff; until I notified him they were needed.

In the meantime the army was pouring by, and Sherman's shells got fiercer and more frequent. I said, as a shell struck the house, "Colonel Hill, you seem to have selected a very exposed spot for your Headquarters tonight." "Yes," said he, "most anywhere around Resacca is most damnably dangerous about now! Let's take that drink; there's some of old Lawson Hill's apple Brandy from McMinn County, Tennessee; five years old; aged in wood."

We took a drink, and I sat down on the opposite side of the table. The tallow-dip candle, stuck in the neck of a bottle, threw a wierd light about the vacant store. Col. Hill was leaning back with his feet on the table, when a shell struck the gable end of the house; tore through the rafters, and burst, filling the room with smoke. Hill fell backward, overturning the table. The room was full of powder-smoke. We were in inky darkness. I groped around to him, and asked, "Col. Hill, are you hurt?" He said, "Hurt! Why yes! I believe the dam Yanks

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have broken my neck and leg both." I said, "Hold on there until I get a light."

I struck a match, lit the candle, set up the chairs and table, and then said, "Now let me assist you." He raised up and asked: "Colonel Nisbet, did they break the bottle?" I said, "No, here it is safe and sound." He answered: "Thank the Lord for that!"

I helped him to a chair. Said I, "Partner of my woes, let's take another drink; this puts me in mind of campaigning in old Virginia; seems so natural!"

I found that a piece of rafter had struck Hill on the neck, and another piece on the knee; both quite painful bruises.

Col. Ben Hill of the 35th Tennessee regiment had made a reputation in the army for reckless bravery. I had heard of him, but we had never met before. As he presumed to be facetious with me, I thought I would be that way with him. It was *General* Ben Hill before the end of the war. He died many years ago at McMinnville, Tennessee.

Toward day, the courier came from Gen. Johnston, saying the army had all crossed over the river. And then we took up the pontoon bridges and placed them on the wagons and burned the railroad bridge. We then rejoined our brigade, which we found skirmishing with McPherson's men, in the bend of the river, about two miles from Calhoun.

But soon a courier came with orders for me to report to Gen. Joe Wheeler at Calhoun as quickly as possible. I did so with my regiment and battalion.

We found Genl. Wheeler in the town watching the enemy "Wilder's *"Lightning"* Brigade Mounted Infantry" (it was thought) was coming down the railroad from Resacca, supported by a division of infantry from Dodge's 16th Corps, as I afterwards learned.

With Genl. Wheeler were several officers I knew. Col. Jim Morrison of the First Georgia Cavalry (had been Lt. Col. 21st Georgia Infantry) and Col Jack

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Hart of the 6th Georgia Cavalry (had been a captain in the same regiment) and Col. Isaac Avery, 4th Georgia Cavalry—my old boyhood friend, in Macon. They introduced me to Genl. Wheeler. He said, "Colonel Nisbet, you see the enemy is pressing us. I want your command to fill a gap in my line on that high hill" (pointing, North up the railroad). "I have not cavalry enough here to occupy all the ground. I think that hill will be their main point of attack. They would like to get it to shell our wagon train, and artillery here. Will your men hold it?"

I said, "We certainly will as long as your cavalry protects our flanks." He said, as we moved off, "Don't you leave there, Colonel, until I send you orders."

The regiment and battalion stacked arms, on top of the hill, and were ordered to throw up any slight protection they could. They worked fast, as Wilder's (?) men could be seen coming, dismounted, down the railroad and through the fields.

Major John W. Nisbet and Capt. Tom Langston posted their skirmishers behind trees about seventy-five yards from a fence, at the foot of the hill, with orders not to shoot until the enemy got to the fence.

Soon the Federals came up. My men shot them off the fence so fast they fell back; then rallied, and came again; and each time we drove them back. After some time, a messenger came from Capt. Langston, commanding the left of the skirmish line, saying the enemy was passing by his left flank on the railroad and had wounded a man by shooting down his line; and my brother, commanding the skirmishers of the right, informed me that the enemy was passing by his right flank and firing down his line. I went along the line and placed men in position to shoot *from cover*, at the men passing by. I told the officers we must stay there until ordered by Genl. Wheeler to fall back; although it was then evident we were being surrounded.

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My orderly, a young boy, Pendergrast, was holding our horses, in front of the "Calhoun Hotel," near where Genl. Wheeler was sitting on his horse watching the enemy coming into the outskirts of the town.

The last of the wagon-train having passed out, the cavalry was withdrawn. My orderly seeing the last of the cavalry had passed to the rear, and the enemy coming in, became uneasy about us. So he rode up to Genl. Wheeler and said, "General, can you tell me where Colonel Nisbet's infantry regiment is? They might need their horses." Wheeler turned to one of his staff and said, "That's the infantry regiment firing on the hill; go tell them to get out the best they can; that they are surrounded."

The aide (riding under fire) delivered the message. Lieut. Col. Hamilton and Major Newton Hull took the regiment out marching by the flank, by twos, the front rank firing to the right and the rear rank firing to the left. I came out with my skirmishers, who retired slowly in line; firing at everything "Blue" that showed its head.

The enemy were behind houses, crossties, the railroad track, and any other cover they could find. They, seeing we were pretty well surrounded, wanted us to surrender; but we paid no attention to their white flag (Handkerchiefs); we just kept on, going slowly and shooting.

They were afraid to close in on us. Arrived at the "Calhoun hotel," we mounted our horses and marched on out of the town on the Adairville road.

In falling back through the town I lost only one man killed and one wounded; thanks to the poor markmanship of the Yanks.

The man killed was Private Perry Conant of Capt. Alex Reid's company from Putnam County. He was a substantial citizen of the county, and a good soldier. It was with regret that we were forced to leave his body where he fell.

The enemy suffered considerably before we

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started back in retreat. I saw them helping their wounded off to the rear; but I can't tell how much damage they sustained from our firing as we went through the town; not having Wilder's powers of "divination." He tells us in his reports the *exact number* of Rebels killed even when he was *retreating*.

When we reached Oothealoga creek, about three miles out from Calhoun, Genl. Wheeler was on the road. He had formed another line "to check 'em." He said, "Well, Colonel, you got out all right, I see. I have another place in the line here for you." I said, "Genl. Wheeler, by special order I was detailed to assist you to protect the wagon train and artillery at Calhoun. I did that, but my command came very near being captured. I will not continue to bring up the rear with cavalry unless my men are mounted."

He replied, "I have no time to discuss this matter. I order you into line here, Sir." I turned to Col. Hamilton and said, "March the regiment on, Colonel, and rejoin our brigade." As I turned my mare to follow, Wheeler said: "I will prefer charges against you, Sir." I replied, "You can prefer your charges and be d—d! I will prefer counter charges against you for neglecting to send me an order to fall back when you withdrew your cavalry."

I was a hotheaded young fellow in those days; was only twenty-three years old, but looked boyish. Genl. Wheeler thought I was inexperienced and tried a bluff. I had seen nearly three years of actual service and more heavy fighting perhaps than he had, having been on the firing line oftener.

Albeit, Genl. Wheeler is known in history as "a man of a thousand battles." Generals were not expected to go on the "*firing line*" except on extraordinary occasions. Their position during a fight was generally on a high point a little out of the range of minnie-balls, whence they could witness the contest, and send orders or reinforcements where

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needed. They were subjected to artillery fire at times, but could shift their position. But they get credit for all the skirmishes in which different parts of their commands were engaged.

As an illustration of this fact, I will mention a yarn Gen. John B. Gordon used to tell with a good deal of relish. "There were a great many negro servants connected with the Confederate army in one way and another, who were proud of their service, and devoted to the cause of their masters.

"One of them approached the commander-in-chief. Said he, pulling off his cap, 'Gen. Lee, I'm a soldier! I been wanting to talk to you a long time.' 'Ah, to what army do you belong? to the Union army, or to the Southern army?' Oh! General, don't ax me dat, course I belongs to your army.' 'Well, have you been shot?' 'No, Sir, I ain't been shot, yit.' 'How is that? Nearly all our men have been shot?' 'Why, Ginerals, I ain't been shot, 'cause I stays back whar de Ginerals stay.'"

At any rate I knew my duty. The campaign was fierce, and I heard no more from General Wheeler. I suppose he forgot the incident. I met him several times after the War, but there was no reference to it.

The last time I saw him was at the Confederate reunion at New Orleans; just after the close of the Spanish-American war.

There were many ex-Confederates talking in the Palm Room of the St. Charles Hotel, when he entered. We crowded around him to shake his hand, and give him welcome. He had returned from Cuba, the "hero of the hour." The newspapers had been full of the charge at "San Juan Hill," and what Major-General Joe Wheeler said when he ordered the charge. I asked him to tell us about that fight.

He said: "After I reached Washington from Cuba, President McKinley sent for me, and after a very pleasant conversation, about the happy termination of the War, Santiago, and affairs on the

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Island, the President asked, 'General Wheeler, did you say, "Charge the dam-Yankees, boys"—as the papers have it?' I replied, 'Mr. President, I don't use cuss words. I may have said, "Charge the Yankees, boys!"' It was a natural slip of the tongue!" He added, "President McKinley laughed heartily over the incident."

General Joseph Wheeler was a great cavalry leader. He possessed energy untiring. It has been said the results of his campaigns were not as favorable as Forrest's or Jeb Stuart's. Maybe so, but he surpassed most of his compeers in military achievements. For instance.

After Atlanta fell, Sherman organized the greatest of all cavalry raids to capture Macon and release the Andersonville prisoners. General McCook with three thousand two hundred men, General Garrard four thousand men, General Stoneman two thousand two hundred men, making a total force of nine thousand four hundred well mounted cavalry, with artillery.

To meet this force Wheeler had three thousand eight hundred cavalry. The raiders divided, to meet at Macon. Wheeler sent General Iverson after Stoneman. Iverson overtook, captured and dispersed Stoneman's command near Macon. Wheeler overtook McCook and Garrard near Newnan, and after a series of brilliant combats, captured and dispersed the raiders, three thousand two hundred of whom were lodged in prison.

McCook and Garrard got back to the army with loss of all their equipment and many men, and with the morale of defeat. They returned to Sherman with only five hundred men. After that Sherman found himself badly crippled as to cavalry.

This distinguished Confederate soldier deserves more than a passing notice. Major General Joseph Wheeler was born at Augusta, Georgia. Graduated at West Point 1859, commissioned second Lieutenant and stationed at Caslisle, Pennsylvania. Re-

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signed April, 1861, and was appointed Colonel 19th Alabama Infantry; Was active in campaigns of Kentucky and Tennessee. Commanded Brigade at Shiloh April, 1862. Was transferred to cavalry and took part in Bragg's Kentucky campaign. Was at Perryville. Was promoted Brigadier October, 1862. In January, 1863, he was commissioned Major-Genl. Commanded Confederate cavalry at Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and retreat to Dalton. August, 1864, he led a successful raid in Sherman's rear as far as Kentucky line. Was in Sherman's front to Savannah and on through the Carolinas.

February, 1865, he was promoted Lieutenant-General. After the war he became a lawyer and cotton planter. In 1880 was elected to Congress from Alabama and served his district until 1898. In 1898 he was appointed Major General by President McKinley and commanded cavalry corps at Santiago. He was in chief command of the troops at La Guasimas, and San Juan Hill as senior officer. Was one of the American commissioners to arrange for the surrender of Santiago. Commanded a Brigade in the Philippines 1889 and 1890. Was commissioned Brigadier General in the regular army June, 1900, and retired the following September.

The Spanish American War of 1898 was the first appeal to arms the United States has been engaged in since 1865. The part taken by ex-Confederates and their sons in the conflict, with the magnanimous attitude of President McKinley, dispelled the last vestige of sectional animosity and especially Northern suspicion of the South's loyalty.

After the Cuban campaign General Wheeler was sent to the Philippines, with rank Brigadier Regular army. He died not long after his return to the United States—Brevet Major General U. S. Army. He was buried with distinguished honors in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia.

War with Spain was enough to inspire the poets, and they did not neglect the opportunity. Listen

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to Jas. Lindsay Gordon as he tells of "Little Joe Wheeler" at the storming of "San Juan Hill," in front of Santiago.

"Into the thick of the fight he went, pallid and sick
and wan,
Borne in an ambulance to the front, a ghastly wisp
of a man;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved
in the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance, and the body
of Fighting Joe!

* * * * *

From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up the
ringing cheers!
And many a powdered-blackened face was fur-
rowed with sudden tears—
As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword, and
hair and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell, rode little old Fight-
ing Joe!"

* * * * *

A last word about Resacca. A Professor of History in a Georgia College was selected to write "Georgia's Confederate History." There is a series of volumes entitled "Confederate History." It is a flimsy affair, like many other hastily *constructed* works of the kind; written by men who were not participants in the struggle. It purports to have been edited by General Clement A. Evans; than whom no state produced a better soldier, or a more reliable writer of the scenes in which he played a part. But General Evans was *not in the Atlanta Campaign*; and knew nothing about it except through others. The aforesaid History mentioning the fight at Resacca on the 9th of May, 1864, says: "The Georgia Cadets fought well." I suppose *he meant my Regiment and Battalion*, as the "Georgia Cadets" *did not join us until some time after*. I am

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obliged for the praise; but object to being put in the Cadet Class.

The Georgia Cadets were mere boys, from fourteen to sixteen years of age; they proved themselves a good fighting unit; made up of pluck, enthusiasm, good drill and discipline. But they were not veterans. I suppose the mistake was made from the fact that my commands went into the service late, and a superficial investigation showed that a *new* Georgia Regiment did the fighting!

My Regiment (66th Ga.) and the 26th Ga. Batt. were officered by veterans—men appointed for their fitness and efficiency. At least one half of the private soldiers had seen service. Under the discipline of the Regulars the Command was reliable.

Cadets from the Virginia Institute, under the command of their Commandant Colonel, Scott Shipp, captured and charged a Federal Battery that was defended with marked bravery at Newmarket, in the valley of Virginia, during the Civil War; an action deciding the issue of the battle. This was one of the most brilliant feats of arms in our war.

The day I left General Wheeler we reached Adairville; and it was thought we would have a hard fight there; but no, we moved on to Cassville, leaving Wheeler to hold the enemy in check as best he could.

This was the 17th of May; and we had been under fire nearly every day since the 9th.

We were re-enforced here by the remainder of Polk's Corps from Alabama and Mississippi, making General Johnston's total effective officers and men, with the Georgia Militia, sixty-four thousand four hundred fifty-six. That is enough men to form a line (front and rear rank) about six miles long with a proper reserve and skirmishers (Hardee). It took about five thousand men to the mile to form a line properly.

In marching "by fours," thirty thousand men would occupy from six to ten miles of road, accord-

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ing to amount of artillery and wagons they had along. Therefore a General in moving his army, tried to advance or retreat by parallel roads.

When his army reached Kingston, General Johnston decided to give battle to Sherman. One of Sherman's corps was at Rome, twenty miles away, and this, with the re-enforcements just arrived, left in Sherman's favor a very small difference in numbers. Our army was rested, and in good spirits, and anxious to meet the enemy, so when we heard our leader's spirited and confident battle order read on dress parade, for the morrow, it was heartily cheered, for we all had great confidence in General Johnston.

The next morning Hardee's Corps, went into line just North of Kingston, and on the left. I remember that we were well pleased with our position, and were watching the Yanks coming up, and deploying in our front; but before they got near enough to join battle, we were again ordered to retire.

Major General Thomas in his report to Sherman, says, "*Watched from a hill, Hardee's Corps retire, by brigades-en-eschelon. The precision of their movements was a beautiful exhibition of military tactics.*"

Generals Hood and Polk were not satisfied with their positions; said Sherman could get on their flanks, and enfilade them; protested against Johnston fighting on that line, and so Johnston was compelled to relinquish the only opportunity that was offered him to strike with advantage. All the way from Dalton to Atlanta—Hood complained about his part of the lines we would form as being enfiladed, flanked, untenable.

That day we marched through Cartersville, and crossed the Etowah river. General Johnston decided to make a stand at Altoona Pass, on W. & A. Railroad. Sherman had no idea of attacking him in that stronghold; he was acquainted with the topography of the country, having passed over it on a

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survey when a young man. Therefore Sherman flanked from Cartersville, West towards Dallas; and his troops that were at Rome, advanced to make a junction via Van Wert.

On the 25th of May General Thomas' Federal Corps was moving from "Burnt Hickory" towards Dallas; his troops marching on three roads. Hooker's Division in the advance. General Joe Johnston's whole army was on the move, expecting to occupy a line taking in Pine and Lost Mountains.

Sherman was anxious to catch Johnston out of his works. Johnston expected his cavalry to hold Thomas for several hours at Pumpkin Vine Creek; but Thomas brushed them away quickly, advanced rapidly, and caught Hood on the move at New Hope Church; where three roads from Ackworth, Marietta, and Dallas, meet. Stewart's Division of Hood's Corps were preparing to go into camp.

General Geary's Division of Hooker's Corps was in the advance. They drove in Stewart's skirmishers, and rushed in, crying, "Now we have caught you out of earthworks!" Geary was repulsed with considerable loss, but renewed the charge, time and again, without success; losing heavily and inflicting but little damage. In the meantime Hooker's whole corps arrived, and was deployed. It was then nearly four o'clock P. M.; but Sherman wanted to secure possession of the cross-roads at New Hope Church, and ordered a bold push to be made to secure the coveted position.

General Johnston sent our Division (Walker's) there as re-enforcements. We went in the second line and lay down. The battle continued to roar in front; although it was very dark; and the down-pour of rain was something fierce. We hugged the ground. The minnie balls passed not more than a few inches it seemed to me above our necks. Hooker was repulsed, after losing heavily.

Afterwards the Yanks always spoke of New Hope Church as that "Hell Hole". General Johnston says

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he did not think New Hope Church a strategic point, but he was compelled by the proximity of Sherman's army in his front, to fortify, and to hold the position until the 4th of June.

It was evident that Stewart's Division had improved wonderfully in morale, since Missionary Ridge. Some Northern writers attribute Sherman's defeat at "New Hope Church" to the darkness, the rain and the fact that Hood had earthworks. *After the fighting ceased that night, Hood constructed earthworks, expecting that Hooker would attack him next morning.* After this battle, our Division (Walker's) was moved to its position on the Lost and Pine Mountain line. On June 11th, Hardee's Corps occupied the left of that line, extending across the Marietta and Dallas road.

On the 14th of June my Regiment had just completed cutting down the pine saplings that a negro force, and the Georgia militia had planted in the earthworks they had constructed. That manner of defence was the conception of Governor Brown, to keep Sherman from advancing any further South in Georgia, (*a kind of Chinese wall*).

I was standing on the public road leading out from Marietta, which passed through my works. General Joseph E. Johnston and staff, and Lt. Genl. Leonidas Polk and staff passed by; going to the front to take an observation.

In a very short time, I heard one cannon report, and in a few minutes General Polk's body was borne by on a stretcher. Of this Sherman says, "I saw what I took to be a squad of Cavalry and ordered an officer to take a shot at them." Which he did, with the result as stated."

As one of the representative families of the South, a brief sketch of the Polks is here inserted. Lt. Genl. Leonidas Polk was born in Raleigh, N. C., 1806. After his graduation at Chappell Hill, he was appointed to a cadetship at West Point in 1823. After graduation there, he resigned his Lieutenant's

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commission in the army to study for the ministry.

He says his father was very much dissatisfied that he did not continue his military career. Said he: "My son, I am afraid you are spoiling a good soldier to make a poor preacher!" However he persevered and was finally ordained a minister of the Episcopal Church at Richmond, Virginia, 1830. He removed to Tennessee 1838 and was appointed by the Episcopal convention a missionary bishop to the south-west, including Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama and Indian Territory.

He was confirmed Bishop of Louisiana 1841 and moved to New Orleans. His greatest life work, however, is "The University of the South," at Sewanee, Tennessee. He obtained a charter in 1858 and ever afterwards was untiring in building up that great educational institute.

General Polk was a great man; but not eminently so in a military sense. President Davis had much confidence in his churchman's military ability and upheld him to the last. But a fair investigation of his record in the army, as a General and in the Church as a Priest, makes it evident that there was a very eloquent, earnest Bishop, spoiled to make an ordinary General.

As to General Polk's services in the Civil War, they were creditable and patriotic to his section, if not successful. He commanded the Confederates at Belmont, Missouri, and a Division at Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, and a corps (right wing) at Chickamauga. His death was greatly lamented North and South. He was universally loved; was adored by his own church, who as a body (be it said to their honor) steered clear of sectional hate and prejudices.

Bishop Polk was of that celebrated Scotch-Irish stock which settled the tier of counties around Charlotte, N. C., in the 18th century. He was the son of Maj. William Polk, who was a schoolmate of Andrew Jackson and who, Jackson says, was the

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first man wounded in the South after Lexington. He was shot in a skirmish with the Tories.

Bancroft says, "It was certainly creditable to the Scotch-Irish of North Carolina, as they were first to secede from the Mother-Country; and so it remained that the blood of one of their sons was the first shed South in the cause of Liberty." Major Polk also received a wound on the cheek in the Battle of Germantown, the day his commander, Gen. Nash of the North Carolina brigade, was killed. Polk was a captain then, and was in charge when the "Liberty Bell" was removed from Philadelphia on the approach of the British. Major Polk's father, Col. Thomas Polk, commanded one of the North Carolina regiments in that battle, and before had been prominent in the Revolution as chief of subsistence North Carolina troops.

This Colonel Thomas Polk, the grandfather of our General Leonidas Polk, was the leading spirit of the "Mecklenburg Convention" which adopted a "Declaration of Independence" May, 1775.

His grandson, Dr. William Polk, son of Bishop Polk, claims the authorship of that Declaration for Col. Thomas Polk. The best authorities, however, say that the honor is due Col. Polk's son-in-law, Dr. Ephraim Brevard. The Bishop's father, Maj. William Polk, was a participant in the battle of the Cowpens, where his brother, Thomas Polk Jr., lost his life.

He was with Gen. Davidson when the latter was killed by Cornwallis' men, as they forced their passage over the Catawba river at Cowan's Ford. Afterwards, as one of the first representatives of Davidson County in the North Carolina Legislature, through his efforts the "Salt Lick District" was called "Davidson County" and the town "Nashville" in honor of the generals under whom Polk served in the Revolution.

Lt. Genl. Leonidas Polk was a cousin of President James K. Polk, whose administration stands as the

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most brilliant in the annals of our country; marked by so many historical events from 1845 to 1849. Some of these were—the Oregon Boundary dispute settled with England; War with Mexico commenced 1846 and triumphantly closed, resulting in the acquisition of California, New Mexico and Texas.

President James K. Polk was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, in 1795. Represented the Hermitage district in the United States Congress for fourteen (14) years. Was Speaker two terms, 24th and 25th Congresses. He won distinction by his readiness in debate. Was Governor of Tennessee. Elected President of the United States 1844, defeating Henry Clay.

The Polks, especially Leonidas, like nearly all of the Scotch-Irish people of prominence, had favored gradual emancipation and took much interest in the "African Colonization Society," a measure of boundless wisdom and humanity, mentioned elsewhere. This movement the Abolitionists destroyed by their diabolical misrepresentations and violence. It will be remembered that William Loyd Garrison, their leader, said: "I am opposed to colonizing the negroes. I want to keep them here when freed; to show that they are equal to the whites." *NOTE*—There are still fanatics about the negro, who will always want to keep them here to *agitate over*.

Samuel Polk, the father of President James Knox Polk, married Jane Knox of Iredell county, North Carolina. Her father was a captain in the Revolutionary Army. He moved with his family to Maury County, Tennessee, and settled on Duck River. About that time all of the Polks came to Middle Tennessee from North Carolina, save one branch, which settled in the Mississippi Valley. Brig.-General Lucius E. Polk was another of that family who made a brilliant record in the Confederate Army. His Brigade was in Cleburne's Division.

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The founder of the Polk family in America was Robert Polk, a man of prominence in Ireland. He was of Scotch blood and came to America to avoid religious persecution. He married a Miss Gullet. Thomas and Ezekiel Polk, of Revolutionary fame, already mentioned, were born in Ireland.

On the 17th of June, further flanking movements of Sherman, compelled Johnston to abandon the Lost and Pine Mountain line, and to fall back. On the 19th of June he occupied the earth-works that had been built from the W. & A. Railroad running across Big and Little Kennesaw Mountains west, towards Powder Springs, known as the "Kennesaw line."

Hardee's corps occupied the left of this line, extending across the Marietta and Powder Springs road. When I reached the line on the left, it was night, and my regiment was moving to the right and to the left to find out proper position. I was met by my brother-in-law, Colonel Geo. H. Hazelhurst, a distinguished Civil Engineer, who was on Hardee's staff. He and others, had been back there laying off the new line, and building the earth-works with a large body of negroes.

Col. Hazelhurst would hunt me up occasionally (as he could move about at his pleasure) to see how I was getting along, and that he might let them know at home. I did not have the opportunity to write often to my dear mother, father and sisters, who were more anxious about me than I was about myself.

After he had told me all the news from home, I asked him about the new line. He said it was excellent except at two or three points, two miles from thence, where the contour of the ridge was such we were compelled to have salients. He said, "I hope you won't get into one of them, as there the main fighting is apt to be." I said: "It does not make much difference with me; but I do not suppose we will get that far tonight." That night we

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continued to march and countermarch in the dark until finally the order came, "Halt! Front! Stack arms! Break ranks! Go into camp," and in a short time supper was cooking, and places to sleep arranged, as best we could, for we had no tents, and the wagons were not up.

The next morning early I moved up, to occupy my place in the works. I found we were in one of those salients (a curve in the line of works). The one I was in was to the right of the one known as the "Dead angle," which was occupied, and defended so gallantly by Cheatham's Division.

The day we occupied this line, the enemy came up, and built breastworks in our front. But our extreme left, held by Cleburne's Division, being unfortified, invited attack. The enemy opened a fierce cannonading on that part of the line, which was commanded by Brig.-Gen. Lucius E. Polk—General Cleburne was commanding our Corps. in the absence of General Hardee. It was in this tremendous cannonading that General Polk was wounded. His leg was almost torn off by a piece of shell.

Said one of the litter-bearers: "We carried him to Cleburne's headquarters. Cleburne came forward and asked General Polk if he was badly wounded. Polk answered, laughingly: 'Well, I think I'll be able to get a furlough, now!' General Cleburne dashed a tear from his eyes, exclaiming 'Poor fellow!' and galloping at once to the front, he ordered an immediate advance of his Division—which drove the enemy back two miles."

General Lucius E. Polk, one of the distinguished family already alluded to, was Cleburne's favorite officer. He was reared in Maury County, Tenn. At the outbreak of the war he was operating a cotton plantation in Arkansas. He rose by gradual promotion from the ranks of an Arkansas Regiment—becoming General Cleburne's most reliable officer.

Sherman soon advanced his line of breastworks to within two hundred yards of ours; his Videttes

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and our Videttes occupying holes between the main lines of works, at this point. The firing of the enemy was almost constant night and day, for seventeen days.

My command would occupy the salient twelve hours, and then we were relieved by the 1st Confederate (Infantry) Regiment of our brigade, and we would then take their place in the second line.

The enemy made a general assault all along this line, on the 27th of June, but were repulsed everywhere. Sherman says his loss was six thousand, including two General Officers, (McCook and Har-ker).

Johnston reports his total loss eight hundred and eight; officers and men.

The loss in Walker's Division was slight; but many of the enemy lay dead in front of our works. Sherman's main attack was directed against the "Dead Angle"—just on our left. There, he massed the flower of his army, many lines deep, to break through, turn our left, and get between Johnston's army and Atlanta.

It was well Johnston had his best troops there!

The 1st and 27th Tenn. Rgts.—Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division—occupied the "Dead Angle." The Federals advanced gallantly, 27th June, through a shower of minnies and canister, and planted their colors on the works. The fighting was hand to hand—desperate! But the attack failed. Many were captured; the rest driven back. But only to come quickly again—in greater numbers—and then these, too, were driven back, with even greater slaughter.

All the commands were engaged—more or less—along Johnston's line, but this was the storm center of the most desperate fighting of the war—and it was held by Cheatham's Division. A hundred guns from the Federal line played upon the position; and many Yanks were struck by their own missiles,

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which continued to come after the blue lines had reached our works.

Words cannot picture the gallantry of those Tennesseans! It was grand—glorious! It was the sublimity of manhood!

The position gained by all this fighting, Sherman might have seized any night—with small loss. The line he acquired was at the foot of the Ridge; not more than fifty yards from our works.

“The enemy threw up breastworks immediately—as it was night—and began tunnelling under our stronghold—getting ready to blow up the Angle. In the meantime, the Federal wounded were lying between their lines and our works—crying for help.” In speaking of this, Mr. Watkins says: “A wounded Yankee was lying just outside of our works begging piteously for water. A member of the Railroad Company, named Johnson, jumped over the works and gave him a drink. Johnson was killed dead in his tracks. It matters not. The Good Book says: “He that giveth a cup of cold water in My name, shall have his reward.”

I have no doubt that Johnson, the Good Samaritan, is now reaping his reward, “in a land that is fairer than day”—with the good and just. In every instance where we tried to assist their wounded, our men were shot by the Federals. A poor wounded boy, not more than sixteen years of age, asked permission to crawl over our works. When he had reached the top, and just as Blair Webster and I reached up to help him in, he was killed by his own men. They could not resist taking a shot at us—and hit him! He was taken back and buried. His name I know not. Doubtless he was some poor mother’s darling.”

The fighting at this point reminded me of that in the R. R. cut at Second Manassas. On both sides it was desperate! But at Marietta the Federals displayed savagery in persistently firing upon their own wounded, and upon our relief-parties.

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Throughout this whole campaign the regulations of Civilized Warfare, and the teachings of humanity, were trampled under foot by the Federals—with open brutality.

General Johnston offered to relieve Maney's Brigade. But the Tennesseans indignantly refused to be relieved; to yield their terrific post of honor!—theirs by right of superhuman will and endurance!

"We expected the sappers and miners to touch off their powder under our feet. We expected to see Hell break loose in Georgia, sure enough!—All were resolved to hold that position, or die.

The rest of the Brigade, in the second line, were to rush in to our succour, when the explosion took place.

But after three days, General Johnston, as a result of Sherman's flanking movements, thought it best to fall back to a line at Smyrna, near the Chattahoochee river. So, Mr. Yank's pyrotechnics were not pulled off."

We erected bush arbors to keep off the sun; but we had to take the rain, which fell every day that we were in the trenches here. When not repelling an assault, our time was occupied in reading and playing games.

We would lean back against the earth next to the enemy. The works were made by digging a ditch four or five feet wide, and four feet deep, and throwing the earth up on the front edge; a large log was placed on top, resting on supports which raised it high enough above the earth, to poke a rifle through. These logs protected our soldiers' heads, when shooting.

The Ladies' Relief Committee sent us newly published books. I remember reading "Les Miserables," and "Macaria," by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson. They were printed on brown Confederate paper. We also received the Atlanta and Richmond papers and the daily "Rebel," published at Marietta by Henry Watterson, ("Marse Henry") until he was squelched

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by Genl. Bragg's order. Bragg thought Watterson's criticisms demoralizing. Sometimes a northern paper came through the lines.

Most of the time my negro servant, Isaac, had to crawl into the trench with my dinner and sometimes supper. I ordered him not to come in when the firing was particularly fierce. On such occasions, he would wait a little while, then thinking I was hungry, and wanting to be near me, he would run the gauntlet by crawling in.

When I would scold him for this useless exposure, he would say, "You know, Mars Cooper, Miss Frances (alluding to my mother) charged me to look arter you. How'd I know, but you mout be hurt, in all dis gwines-on up here? And anyhow I *knowse* you's *hungry!*" This was an irresistible argument to me. I'd tell him, "Get out, you black rascal, before you get hurt, and then I will have no good cook." "Well, Mars Cooper, longs ise *here*, please let me *shoot* a few times." Some of the men would let him have a rifle and he would shoot until I would make him stop. I don't know whether or not he "got" his Yank. He tried mighty hard, and always claimed he did. Our men only shot when they saw something to shoot at. I said one day, "Isaac, you oughtn't to shoot your friends, who are trying to set you free." He answered, "Whoo'ee! Coming down here trying to kill my white folks, and take what deys got! I'se jest as free as I want ter be and a heap better off den most of dem poor white foreign trash." He was sometimes caught within their lines while out foraging for our mess, but could easily slip back. A nigger could go anywhere! Within the "Blue" ranks, a black was as sacred a thing as a dog in Constantinople!

Thomas Nelson Page says: "Of all the thousands of negroes who went out as servants with their masters, I have never heard of one who deserted to the North, and they had abundant opportunity."

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Isaac was my own age, raised by my Grandfather, Dr. Jno. Wingfield. We had played together when boys at Madison, Georgia. He belonged to a lot of old Virginia family servants given to my mother. After the war this young fellow was killed by another waiter at the "Lanier House," Macon, Georgia, in a contest over a half bottle of wine left by one of the guests.

But enough of this. The relationship between master and slave cannot be understood by this younger generation. The enemy's line was so near our works, we could "jaw at 'em." When they would fail in an assault, we would taunt them; when they would reply, "You'd better try *our* works, d—n you!" "All right, Yank; we will come over and get your Colonel some of these *cool* evenings." Finally a few enterprising and desperate officers received permission to assault their works. They called for two hundred volunteers, who were readily obtained. Besides these, a number of men, equal to the number of Videttes in our front, were selected.

Armed with Colt's Navy seven-shooters, self-cocking 44-calibre, they had instructions to crawl from our works and drop into the enemy's vidette pits, which were not more than fifty feet from our vidette's. Each man was instructed to present his pistol to the vidette's head, and tell him (softly) he would blow his head off if he made any noise, *and to do it* if need be. The night was rainy and very dark. The scheme was successfully executed. The enemies' picket guard in our front were all captured without noise. The two hundred picked volunteers dropped over our entrenchments; crept close to the enemy's works, and at a given signal dashed over them right into a Regiment of United States Regulars. They were taken completely by surprise. Their Colonel and a good many officers of the Line and private soldiers were captured, and hurried back into our line. The alarm had been given, and the supporting line was hurrying up.

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Just as our men dropped back over our works with their prisoners, the enemy opened fire, and made the night hideous with shot and shell. Major Arthur Shoaff, of our Brigade, commander of the 1st Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters, knew most of the captured officers, having served either in the U. S. Army, or West Point, with them.

The officers and most of the men of Shoaff's Battalion were from Savannah. They had a splendid Brass Band; their Cornet player was the best I have ever heard. Late in the evening, after supper, he would come to our salient and play solos. Sometimes when the firing was brisk, he wouldn't come. Then the Yanks would call out, "Oh, Johnnie, we want to hear that cornet player." We would answer, "He would play, but *he's afraid you will spoil his horn!*" The Yanks would call out, "We will stop shooting." "All right, Yanks." The cornet player would mount our works and play solos from the operas, and sing "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," or "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and other familiar airs from the operas. (He had an exquisite tenor voice). How the Yanks would applaud! They had a good cornet player who would alternate with our man.

At one time a flag of truce was raised; the 1st Confederate Regiment occupied our salient. Col. Geo. A. Smith asked, "What do you want?" They answered, "To bury our dead lying between the works." He granted the truce, and while it lasted the men poured over the fortifications and mingled together fraternally. When General Johnston heard of it, he was hot sure enough! He hurried to our position and ordered the truce called off, and put Colonel Smith under arrest for transcending his authority.

Thus when some three weeks had passed, Sherman despairing of breaking our line by assault, again resorted to his "flanking tactics," which he could safely do, "as re-enforcements had made up

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his losses, and brought his army up again to one hundred thousand effective men," as he himself says; "*restoring the ratio of two to one, as in the beginning of the campaign!*" By extending his right towards Powder Springs, and his left to Roswell, he threatened our Railroad communications. Johnston had to abandon the "Kennesaw line"; and on July 2nd fell back to Smyrna.

There he made a stand. His line then was half way between Marietta and the Chattahoochie river. On the 4th of July, Thomas struck Johnston at Smyrna, and was repulsed. There was considerable fighting from day to day, until the 13th of July when Johnston's army crossed over to the South bank of the Chattahoochee, and went into camp.

On the 17th of July, four days after we had crossed the Chattahoochee, General Johnston was standing on the fortifications of Atlanta, conversing with his chief Engineer. A dispatch was handed him; he read it without a change of countenance. It was an order removing him from the command of the army! He would "immediately turn over the command of the army to General Hood."

At this time the retrograde of Lee from the Rapidan to Richmond had been approved by Mr. Davis; the corresponding movement of Johnston in Georgia, attended with more success, and ending in better advantages, resulted in Johnston's *removal*.

General Johnston says that "one of his calculations in resting at Atlanta, and there taxing the *time* of the enemy, was that he expected a considerable part of Sherman's army to be discharged, as the time for which the troops enlisted expired. This army had been formed in 1861 for three (3) years; the terms of many Regiments had been served out, and a very large number refused to re-enlist. But the capture of Atlanta came in time to relieve the Federal General. The inducement he offered was *plunder*. "*The wretched Davis-Hood device which*

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had uncovered these states, had recruited Sherman's army."

As we marched from the river towards Atlanta, 18th of July, we heard of General Johnston's removal from the command of the army. 'Twas a sad day for us! We passed his Head-quarters. He stood with head uncovered. We lifted our hats. There was no cheering! We simply passed silently, with heads uncovered. Some of the officers broke ranks and grasped his hand, as the tears poured down their cheeks. We knew that General Johnston had managed his campaign with skill. All that could be achieved, with the force and equipment he had, had been done. Flanked out of his positions, he had retreated with small loss of equipment and (paramount consideration!) *the unimpaired confidence of his army!* The morale of his army at that time was as good as it could be! General Johnston had proved on the campaign that he was *unrivalled as a master of logistics.*

But we also knew Hood. He was simply a brave, hard fighter. There were no better fighters than Hood's Division. There were few equals of Hood's Texas Brigade. There was no better Division commander than John B. Hood. But as the commander of an army in the field, he was a failure. The same may be said of Burnside, Fighting Joe Hooker, and others. It has been said of Hood, "He was a man with a Lion's Heart, but a Wooden Head." He soon demonstrated his incapacity to take Joe Johnston's place. Jeff Davis unwittingly hit the Southern Confederacy a heavy blow that morning.

Johnston would have held Atlanta, and the Peace Party of the North would have triumphed, and the war would have come to a close then on some terms.

So evenly balanced were parties at the North that the Chicago Convention (1864) which nominated General McClellan for President, was bold enough to declare in the most deliberate manner, *that the war was a "failure," and to charge "Lincoln with*

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being responsible for the war and the lives that had been lost." As to Johnston's plans to hold Atlanta, I will mention, that after Forrest had defeated an expedition under General Sturgis in Northern Mississippi, designed to protect and operate in Sherman's rear; left that rear uncovered, and presented a line of one hundred and twenty-five (125) miles in Georgia uncovered. General Johnston dispatched to Richmond a request that Forrest's cavalry be transferred from Mississippi to destroy Sherman's Railroad line. But to his infinite surprise and alarm, his request was denied.

Long before the close of the campaign of 1863, in the armies of Northern Virginia, as well as its historic antagonist, the army of the Potomac, intrenching tools formed part of the soldier's regular equipment, as much as did his arms of offence. Yet the Confederate Government failed to furnish a sufficient quantity to the depleted army of Tennessee! And for our defenses, now, our only chance was to substitute the inanimate clods for *men*. Gen. Johnston says: "We had not sufficient entrenching tools: a disadvantage for which all our advantages of selecting positions would not compensate!" And he added: "I would have given all the mountains, woods and rivers, that Sherman mentions as my advantage, for a plenty of Sherman's ammunition." Some of our rifled shells would turn over and over as they proceeded. Many of our fuse shells failed to explode.

But in Virginia it was better; as much of the ammunition was English, or captured. However, before July 18th the Federal Army lost in killed and wounded twenty-one thousand men, Johnston's army nine thousand nine hundred seventy-two. This is as Sherman reported, but Johnston says he *did not include the action* of 27th of May, when he (Sherman) *lost four thousand!*

Besides the numerical superiority of more than two to one, Sherman had two hundred fifty-four

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pieces of artillery. Johnston one hundred forty-four. Johnston's artillery was as inferior to Sherman's in caliber, range and equipment as in numbers. But the serious defect was the meager ammunition supply, which compelled our artillerists to endure the incessant poundings of their rivals with rare replies. General Johnston had to *save his ammunition* for the *assaults and combats of actual battle*.

XXV.

BATTLES OF PEACHTREE CREEK AND ATLANTA.

Hardee's Corps marched to Atlanta and occupied the breastworks. On the 20th of July we fought the battle of Peachtree Creek. Stevens' Brigade moved out of the works on the Peachtree road. We were told that the enemy had just crossed Peachtree Creek that morning; and were unfortified. My Regiment formed into line of battle on the left of the Brigade; my left resting on the Peachtree road.

We advanced, and drove in the enemy's skirmishers. There was a considerable gap on my left. I protested against advancing until this gap was filled, but the order was given—and the line went in with a rush! Right up to well-constructed earth-works!

My Regiment, and the Regiment on my right, 1st Ga. Confederate Infantry, captured the works in our front. But we were not supported. The enemy on my left, not being assaulted, continued to enfilade my line. Seeing fresh troops being rushed up against us, I was certain we could not hold the position. This was near the bridge crossing Peach Tree Creek. Our Brigade commander, General Stevens, rode in, ordered me to fall back, and was

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killed as he gave the order. I ordered the Regiment to fall back. Captain Briggs Moultrie Napier, and Captain Chas. J. Williamson, both received wounds in carrying General Stevens' body from the field. Lt. Chas W. Gray was wounded, Captain Thomas Parks of the Newton County Co. was killed. A noble, efficient, brave soldier. Never was I under a heavier fire than there—for a brief time.

I thought I would certainly see my "Valhalla" that day. Lost one-fourth (25 per cent) of all my officers and men engaged. The firing from both the front and flank was terrific. We abandoned the works, and fell back a short distance, as ordered.

Met Lowery's Mississippi Brigade, of Cleburne's Division, going in. If they had come up sooner, we could have held our captured works. General Lowery said: "Colonel, you must be mistaken about the enemy being fortified. General Hood informed me that they had just crossed the creek." I told Lowery that was a mistake, and offered to deploy my regiment and uncover the enemy's position, which was accepted. I deployed, and drove back their skirmishers who had advanced as we fell back. I halted my line in full view of their breastworks, and waited for Lowery to come up. After viewing the situation, he agreed with me, that it would be a useless waste of lives to assault their works again, with what force we had. We returned to our original line.

It will be seen that the enemy had crossed the Peachtree Creek the evening before, and fortified; and that Hood was acting on *misinformation*. The fight was a miserable affair on his part, from start to finish; in which for the want of concert of action, the army lost many valuable lives and accomplished nothing of benefit.

The next day I was appointed Division Officer of the day, with instructions to withdraw my pickets that night, very carefully, and join Walker's Division on the McDonough road; which I did suc-

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cessfully. We were very close to the enemy's pickets. I had to go along my outposts and give the order to each regimental officer commanding them. I was afraid to divulge the order generally for fear some craven fellow might desert, and give away the whole movement to the enemy.

The night was very dark. I dismounted, tied my horse, and crept up cautiously to our line of *Videttes*. I then commenced going down the line, notifying the officers to withdraw. But in going around some obstruction in the swamp, I lost my way. I knew that I was close to the enemy's line, and tried to be careful. A rotten stick broke under my foot, I quickly dropped down by a tree. A Yank standing not more than twenty feet away heard the noise, and fired in my direction. His bullet struck the tree just above my head. I saw him standing a few yards off, and was greatly tempted to put a Colt's 44 through him; but it was no time to make a racket.

I was between the lines; but got back safely, and proceeded with my work until the whole line was withdrawn without detection. I couldn't find my mare. As I was looking for the place I hitched her, a squad of our pickets came along leading a horse. It was my mare. They said they had caught her running over to the Yanks. The next morning early we passed down Peach Tree Street on our way to join Walker's Division on the McDonough road.

Sherman was shelling the city. The fine residences had been hastily abandoned; the owners leaving their *lares et penates* behind in their hasty flight. We were resting; the men lying about on the street and sidewalks. One of the men, a tall, lanky "rube," was stalking up and down the sidewalk, oblivious to bursting shells, eating "hard-tack." A voice from one of the trees said, "Give poor Polly a cracker!" The country youth stopped, and looked around. Again, "Give poor polly a cracker," came from the tree. Finally he spied the parrot, and said,

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"Gee Whilkens, boys, damned if the world hain't coming to an end! Even the birds are talking and begging for bread." Looking up he addressed the parrot: "Sure you are a mighty smart bird, and I'm sorry for you, but you go to hell! This is the first cracker I've seen for two days!"

We marched on through the city, and rejoined our Division (Walker's) on the McDonough road. On the morning of the 22nd of July, General Hood hearing that Sherman had extended his left to take in the Georgia Railroad at Decatur, sent Wheeler there; who charged in on the Yanks, and routed them; capturing their wagon train and many prisoners. In the meantime, Hardee's Corps was on the move to attack the enemy who had crossed the Railroad between Decatur and Atlanta. Walker's and Bate's Division finding they were proceeding in the wrong direction, had to change front in an old field. Much valuable time was lost. Gist's brigade became completely separated from the rest of our Division. Major General Walker went to find it. Cleburne's Division, however, proceeded, and killed Major General McPherson; who, reconnoitring in advance of his corps, rode into Cleburne's line, and on being ordered to halt, tried to escape. When McPherson found he was face to face with the enemy he should have surrendered when ordered to do so.

As we advanced through the field (having corrected our alignment) the enemy could be seen, on or near the Georgia Railroad, placing a battery in position. Gist's South Carolina brigade of Walker's Division had not yet come up, and the line halted, to wait for them. As I have said, General Walker (W. H. T.) had gone to find Gist and bring them up so as to fill the gap between my left and Cleburne's Division. In the meantime I received orders to move with Stevens's Brigade, which would advance with Bate's Division on our right. I rode over to see General Bate and asked that he would not advance until Gist's brigade caught up. I told

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him that there was a gap on my left, made by the absence of Gist's brigade. General Bate said that so much time had been lost, it was imperative that the line move forward without further delay. So when Bate moved forward, we advanced. Feeling an insecurity about my left, I put Colonel Hamilton in command of the center, Major Newton Hull in command of the right, and I went to the left.

We had orders to push through a swampy branch to reform under the hill, and to charge a battery which was then playing upon us (I think this point was what is now Kirkwood). There was a fence on my left, separating the old field from the woods, a point not far from where General McPherson had been killed. I heard a slight noise over the fence, as men cocking guns, and looking I saw several Federal soldiers not more than ten paces from me in the act of throwing up their rifles to shoot. I fell down, and their shots went over me; and up my line, I heard some one say "Lt. Rogers is killed!" He was a most lovable young man, from Savannah, and a competent officer.

The father of this gallant young officer, a prominent citizen of Savannah, Ga., mourning the loss of his precious boy, vainly searched for the spot where his boy had been buried; a search protracted for decades. The spot was never definitely identified. The heartbroken father erected in Bonaventure a mausoleum to the memory of his brave, noble son.

Lieutenant E. H. Rogers, of Capt. Briggs Moultrie Napier's Co., fell within two hundred yards of the place to the right—where Major-Gen. W. H. T. Walker was killed.

Lieutenant Rogers' death was followed by a train of singular events: a case of mistaken identity set up to torment the living. Several days after the battle, in a hospital in Atlanta, Dr. Geo. Little, State Geologist, was told by a soldier that Colonel Nisbet had been killed in the recent battle. The man as-

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serted that he had assisted at the burial. Dr. Little being a friend of the Nisbet family, took his informant out to the battlefield, and the man pointed out the grave described; where Colonel Nisbet had been buried. Little gathered some flowers from the vicinity and took them to my mother, in Macon.

There scarcely remains a doubt that this was the grave of Lt. E. H. Rogers, for which search was made until the day of his father's death.

Several saw me fall, and it was the impression of the Regiment that I had been killed. We had to pass through a marshy branch, that was a thicket of underbrush and briars. I worked my way through expecting to halt the Regiment and reform the line, under the hill. I was on foot, as all officers under the rank of Brig. General were required to go into battle dismounted.

I thought the enemy's advanced line was up on the hill, but as I emerged from the thicket, was greeted by a volley from an Ohio Regiment (39th Ohio Infantry) that was lying down—their left not more than forty yards away. Some ten men of my left company came out into the field with me. The shots passed over our heads, but we were surrounded in an instant by a great number, who had broken ranks, all exclaiming, "You are my prisoner!" I was in full uniform. They thought from the stars on my collar, that I was a General. Seeing that the jig was up with us, at least for a while, I stood still and said nothing. The battle was roaring all around. There was a contention among my captors, as to who had captured me, and as to my rank.

A young Lieutenant took hold of my arm to attract my attention (as I stood watching the battle surge around us) and said, "I say, you are my prisoner, ain't you?" I said, "It looks that way." He said, "Well you don't seem *skeered* about it!" I said, "I have captured thousands of your men, since the war commenced, and always treated them right." "I'll treat you that way," said he.

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No one had asked me for my sword and pistol, but my men had dropped their rifles. In the meantime having detailed the young Lieutenant and a guard to take charge of us, the Federal brigade moved forward. Just then a rear skirmish line came along driving up stragglers. They were Germans. One fellow spied me standing there; leveling his gun at a charge-bayonet, he said, "Oh! by-tam, youse jest the feller I'se been looking for." His eyes were fiercely gleaming. I drew my pistol and said, "You stop right there. I will blow your dam-head off, if you attempt to bayonet me!" This attracted the attention of my little Lieutenant captor, who was watching his brigade advance. He turned and said, "What's the matter?" I said, "He wants to bayonet me." Seeing the German, he ran up to him and said, "You stick my prisoner, and I will chop your dam Dutch head off." Then came up the German's fat captain puffing and blowing, who recognizing his man said, "Vat for you stop here?" The Lieutenant said, "He wants to stick my prisoner." The German soldier said, "He ish no prisoner, he vants to shoot me; mit his pistol." His Captain said, "Say, you vants to keep out of de fight; go on!" and he struck the man on the back with the flat of his sword. The Lieutenant said, "We must get to the rear." I told him that his brigade would strike one of our brigades (Gists') that was coming to fill that gap. "And a shower of bullets is going to rake this part of the field directly." Just then the South Carolina brigade came up and commenced firing, and the minnie balls were whistling by us. I told the Lieutenant that we had better lie down in a gully that was close by. This we did; all piling in together. A stream of minnie balls passing just over our backs. The Lieutenant said to me, "Now I see where you were mighty right; we couldn't get off this field without getting hit." I was hoping that the Carolina Brigade would drive the Ohio Brigade back. A large number of wounded

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men were coming back, some of whom got into the ditch. "How is the fight going?" asked the Lieutenant. "They are cutting our boys to pieces," answered a wounded man. Then there was a great "rebel yell." My captor jumped up, saying, "Your boys are driving our men back, we must get out of this, or I will be a prisoner." If that happens, I will treat you well," said I. I had strong hopes that our men would come up. However, I could not detain the Lieutenant any longer, and a lull coming in the shooting, we were marched off to the rear, and turned over to the Provost Guards, where we found a good many other Confederate prisoners who had been captured during the day. In this "battle of Atlanta" there were many acts of heroism. The capture of De Gress's Battery by the 42nd Georgia Regiment was a gallant deed of arms.

The celebrated painting "Panorama of the Battle of Atlanta" vividly pictures the charge of the 42nd Georgia Infantry. It is in the Grant Park, Atlanta. The capture of the enemy's works and battery by Cheatham and Cleburne's Divisions was a tremendous martial exploit, as the Yanks fought desperately.

My Regiment continued on in the fight and acted well their part; but did not lose heavily, as they did two days before at Peach Tree Creek. Major General W. H. T. Walker commanding our division was killed; leading the South Carolina Brigade. It was in the woods not far from where McPherson lost his life. I think he was killed by the brigade that had captured me.

General Walker was born and reared in Augusta, Georgia, and was a veteran of the old Army. Served in the Seminole War, and in Mexico with distinction (where he received a wound). Was wounded at Chickamauga. His death was a great loss to the Confederacy. Mourned by many personal friends, he was laid to rest in the city he loved so well, his birthplace: beautiful Augusta. I was guarded by

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the 6th Missouri Infantry on the Georgia Railroad leading from Atlanta to Augusta, Georgia. We were near what was known afterwards as "Kirkwood," the residence of General Jno. B. Gordon.

The fight continued for some time after I was put under the provost guard. There was an enterprising sutler dispensing Lemonade, Beer, Ice Cream and other luxuries. This seemed strange to me. I was forcibly reminded of the difference in the resources of our Government and the United States. We were glad to get a sufficiency of corn-bread, fat meat, sorghum and Rye-coffee. The next day I found that General Hood had failed to dislodge Sherman from the Georgia Railroad and that he had only two lines of Railroad leading into Atlant, viz, the Railroad to Macon, and that to West Point.

The fine army of General Joe Johnston was thus decimated in five days, without any beneficial results. The next day, the prisoners captured in this battle—about six hundred—were marched to Marietta under the guard of the 6th Missouri Regiment, who treated us quite cleverly. We remained in Marietta one night; the ladies there were very kind. I wrote a letter to my mother, which never reached her, telling of my capture. I suppose the the lady I gave it to could not get it through the lines.

The next day we were carried to Chattanooga in box cars. The officers were put in the old jail on Market street, now used as an armory, which had been taken for a military prison. Here was every specimen of disgraceful humanity. A mob of reprobates, Deserters, murderers, bounty-jumpers, and all the other offscourings of the world were jailed there; huddled together, until there was hardly standing room.

A good looking, well dressed, young fellow, who said he was a professional "Bounty Jumper," scraped up an acquaintance with me. I did not repel his familiarity (and kindness) for right then

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I felt the need of a friend. He said he had plenty of money, the proceeds of bounties duly received and "jumped," and insisted on buying from the jail sutler anything I wished to eat. He said, "I am here under charges; and am to be court martialed." I thanked him for his kindness, and said, "Aren't you afraid you will be shot for your meanness?" "No;" said he, "I will get out; and jump another bounty; or go in as a "substitute" and desert. I'm out for all the skads in sight; ain't a-going to fight. *Think your side is right, anyhow!*"

The next day we reached Nashville, and were marched out to the Penitentiary; which was also used as a military prison. Among the officers of our party was a young Lieutenant from South Carolina, who had been very argumentative with the guard all along the route. They discussed the constitutional right of secession, and he was vehement in the defense of his state's action, which at that particular place and time, I considered inappropriate. Penned up as we were in a box car, I was obliged to hear it. I had thought that argument was exhausted when we appealed to arms three years before. The little Lieutenant seemed to have come from the "fire eating" class; he impressed me as one who had an undue rice-eating mentality, and needed a corn-bread diet. However, when the great doors of the penitentiary opened to receive us, he said, "Boys, I don't know but that South Carolina *was* a little hasty!"

From there the officers, about thirty in number, were carried to Louisville. Our guard from the "front" had treated us quite cleverly; but we were turned over to the "Home Guards" (God save the mark!) *When war comes*, the man who has "Tory blood" in him, will show the "Cloven Foot." If he enters the military arm of his country's service, it's sure to be in the "Home Guards." It is natural for him to treat prisoners of war shamefully, as he can-

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not appreciate those who are brave enough to fight for their principles.

From Louisville through Indiana and Ohio, we proceeded to Sandusky; where we were taken across the Bay on the Gun Boat *Michigan*, to Johnson's Island, which was a Federal Prison for Confederate officers.

As we passed through Indiana and Ohio many came to see us, and expressed sympathy for our cause, saying it was an unrighteous, unnecessary war. That they were for stopping it; on some terms. They told us they belonged to the "Peace Party." Our guard was very hostile to them, called them "Dam-Copperheads" and ordered them to "stand back."

XXVI.

A UNITED STATES MILITARY PRISON. JOHNSTON'S ISLAND.

The Sandusky papers had announced our arrival. So when we entered the gate of the prison, the prisoners confined there were lined up in two rows of waiting, tense men. Among the new-comers might be—Who? God alone knew!

As we filed by the on-lookers discovered friends and relatives among the new arrivals. Those recognized were promptly pulled out of the line. The rest of us were taken through the yard to "block 13," which was used as a receiving and distributing depot for "fresh fish." The latest batch of prisoners was always "fresh fish." Our men, on their arrival, were invited to join various parties, in different blocks.

I went with Major Henry D. McDaniels and other Georgians to "block 11." Afterward, we received permission to move to "block 4." At our own expense, we boarded off and papered a small room,

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about 10 by 15. There were eight of us in this "mess." I will briefly mention each man. Major Henry D. McDaniel, 11th Ga. Infantry (Tige Anderson's Brigade) was severely wounded in a rear-guard fight in Lee's retreat from Gettysburg. Since the war he has been twice Governor of Georgia. At his home, Monroe, Walton County, Ga., he now practices law. He is one of the Directors of the Georgia Railroad.

Captain Dennis M. Sanders commanded a company in the 3rd Geo. Infantry, Wright's Brigade. He was wounded at Gettysburg and had to be left there. After the war, Sanders taught school and published a temperance paper. He is now dead. Sanders was highly esteemed for his many virtues.

Lieutenant Robert H. Couper of a Battery in Longstreet's Corps, was so badly wounded at Gettysburg he had to be left in the enemy's lines. Since the war, this gallant officer has been a successful planter, at Stilesboro, Georgia. He was born and reared on St. Simon's Island.

Wm. D. Mitchell was Colonel of the 29th Georgia Infantry, Wilson's Georgia Brigade. He was captured on Hood's raid to Nashville. He was a conscientious soldier, and after the war practiced his profession—law—at Thomasville, Ga. His death occurred a few years ago.

Lieut. Alvin Freeman was wounded and captured at Gettysburg. After the war he was a legislator and solicitor general, Newnan Judicial Circuit.

Captain "Hamp" Wilkins of the Signal Corps, was captured during Lee's invasion of Penn. He is now Supervisor of the Georgia Railroad.

Captain Columbus Heard, of Greensboro, Ga. (3rd Ga. Infantry) was wounded and captured at Gettysburg. After the Civil War he was Judge of the County Court of Greene County, and in the Georgia Senate.

Cuyler King, 1st Lt. 1st Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters, was my "bunk-made." He is the son of

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the late Hon. Tom Butler King, M. C., of St. Simon's Island. Lieutenant King was captured on Hood's raid into Tenn. We were personal friends. When he was brought into the military prison, I "pulled him out of the line" and took him to my heart and bunk! He was a thorough soldier: he is a genial gentleman. Refinement and high breeding came to "Tip" King through a long line of noble ancestors. It is a heritage. The man who can preserve a serene soul and polished bearing when "the bludgeonings of Chance" include a Military Prison, comes of the breed of Knights.

"Tip" always carried himself as if old Johnson's Island had been a drawing-room! He now lives in Macon, Ga., and is engaged in the cotton business. He married my cousin, Miss Pet Nisbet, daughter of Judge Jas. T. Nisbet of Macon. *Note.*—Since the above tribute was penned Capt. King has "passed over the river, and rests under the shade of the trees."

To digress from my prison narrative: With my capture was ended the History of the 66th Ga. Reg. and 26th Georgia Battalion, so far as I can give it from personal experience. Lt. Col. Hamilton commanded the Regiment, and led it gallantly in the battle of Jonesboro, and in the "Hood raid" on Nashville.

At Franklin, Tenn., Colonel Hamilton was wounded in the head. The ball entering under the eye, passed completely through the head. He was thought to be dead when picked up after the battle; but happily, recovered. After the war, Hamilton bred thoroughbred horses: they were trained and entered on the race-course. He was not a politician, but was honored by his neighbors whenever he would accept office. He represented his district in the Senate. The old wound, received at Franklin, troubled him for many years: until his death. He died on his plantation, in Jones County, Georgia.

XXVII.

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About the 1st of August, the Northern papers gave us an account of Early's march on Washington; the battle of Monocacy and the burning of Chambersburg. As this was the only "instance of barbarity" the North has charged against the Southern Army, I give an account of it, and the collateral events which led up to this act of grim reprisal.

In the Spring of '64 the infamous Dan Hunter, commanding a Federal army, invaded the Valley of Virginia, destroying the college and many private houses in Lexington—some of which belonged to his relatives: namely, Hon. Andrew Hunter; Chas. J. Faulkner, whose wife was Hunter's relative; Edmund Lee, cousin of Gen. Lee; Hon. Alex. B. Botteller, and others. Many other homes with all their contents, he burnt; on his route to Lynchburg. The women and children of these households were allowed barely time in which to make their escape from the flames.

He made the home of General Anderson his headquarters, and to the ladies of General Anderson's family he promised protection. After moving his troops off, he sent back a squad and had the house burned. A lady asked him why he destroyed the magnificent home of Genl. Anderson. He replied that Virginia women were worse traitors than their husbands; and that he would burn their homes over their heads to make them personally experience some punishment for treason. To another lady he said that he would humble the Virginia women before he left the State.

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General Early was sent to Lynchburg to meet him, with Ewell's Division. On Early's approach *Hunter precipitately fled*. General Gordon says, "His conscience must have made him flee. In my opinion his utterly causeless flight without a test of relative strength was caused by that 'inward monitor, that makes cowards of us all.' He saw an avenger in every Gray-Jacket. He was a *rene-gade Virginian*. Hon. R. M. T. Hunter and Major Robt. W. Hunter of my staff were his relatives."

Early pursued him across the Potomac, and burnt Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in retaliation. Of this, Brig. General Jno. McCauseland commanding Cavalry says: "On 29th of July, '64, I was ordered by General Early to cross the Potomac with two Brigades of Cavalry, my own and Bradley T. Johnson's, proceed to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and there deliver to the city authorities a proclamation demanding \$100,000 in gold or \$500,000 in Greenbacks; and in case the money was not furnished to burn the city. The proclamation also stated that this course had been adopted in retaliation for destruction of property in Virginia by order General D. Hunter, specifying the houses and Colleges which had been burned and setting forth that the money demanded was to be paid to these parties as consideration for their property. It appears that the policy of General Early had been adopted upon his own initiative, and upon reflection, and was not the result of inconsiderate action or passion, as was alleged by the North.

After capturing Chambersburg, I went into the town with my staff and sent for the officials. They could not be found. I then directed the proclamation to be read to the citizens and informed them I would wait six hours and if the ransom did not come, I would burn the town.

At the expiration of six hours, the most central block was fired first and then all houses, giving the people time to move out.

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I informed my command that it was an act of retaliation: justified by the circumstances."

Vattel, in his "Law of Nations," says: "One party has a right to retaliate for misdeeds or acts of the enemy." The Duke of Alva executed the prisoners he took from the Confederates in the Netherlands. They retaliated with similar measures; and thereby compelled him to respect the "Law of Nations."

This act of Early was a great shock to General Lee; albeit it was in direct reprisal for the wholesale destruction of the Virginia Valley, and the burning of Southern cities. It was abhorrent to the principles which General Lee instilled into his army.

After the battle of Franklin, Major Newton Hull commanded my regiment, at Nashville and in the retreat thence. He was killed at Benacer's bridge, South Carolina; opposing Sherman's march through that state. He was buried where he fell. He was a nephew of Lt.-Gen. Hardee. His home was in Camden County, Georgia. He was a most excellent officer, and recklessly brave. After Hull's death the 66th Ga. was in that final battle of the War, Bentonville, North Carolina. There the remnant of Hardee's old Corps drove thrice their numbers from the field. The 66th Ga. was then merged with the First Confederate Regiment, (Col. Clark Gordon). They were surrendered together, at Greensboro, North Carolina.

It has been mentioned that the letter dispatched to my parents from Marietta, Ga., after my capture, failed to get through the lines. The report of my death reached them. I was mourned as dead. Miss Mary Day of Macon—afterward the wife of Sydney Lanier, the poet—received from Savannah a copy of the *New York Herald* containing names of prisoners captured at the battle of Atlanta; with the names of officers sent to Johnson's Island. Later, my letters from Johnson's Island reached Macon.

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I received letters from home regularly via City Point, Va.

I had money to my credit in the hands of Col. Hill, commandant of the prison, which had been sent me by my cousins, Miss Margaret Nisbet and Mrs. Louis Le Conte, of Washington, D. C., and also exchange for thirty pounds sterling sent by my friend, A. C. Wiley, of Atlanta, from Liverpool. He had learned of my capture from the American papers. In regard to this transaction, I find among my "prison papers" the following:

"Headquarters U. S. Forces,
"Johnson's Island and Sandusky.
"Johnson's Island, Oct. 12th, 1864.

"Col. Jas. Cooper Nisbet: E

"Block 4"

"Sir:

"Yours of yesterday is received. The Draft was sent as stated in my last note to you, but has not yet been heard from. It may *possibly* have gone to England before it could have been sold, in which case it will be two or three weeks before it can be heard from. When I went to the Bank day before yesterday I spoke about it to the cashier: he said he would write immediately, inquiring about it.

"Respectfully,
"L. C. DE WOLF."

Mrs. A. C. Wiley was my cousin Lt. Col. Hamilton's sister. The 30 pounds exchange was sold for \$298.38 in greenbacks. Gold was then at a high premium. Exchange between the United States and England commanded a much higher rate of premium than gold. This was owing largely to the operations of the Confederate cruisers "Alabama" and the "Sumter."

Notwithstanding I had three hundred and fifty dollars to my credit, I was not allowed to purchase anything—for myself or friends—that would allay hunger. I was allowed to buy only stationery, stamps and tobacco. But I used most of the sum to

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help the sick and needy, after a surgeon's certificate had been obtained by the sufferers.

I was Chairman of the Prison Relief Committee. My duty was to investigate the condition of prisoners, and apply for permission through the surgeon-in-charge, Dr. Everman, to buy food, blankets and clothing for the sick. They were dying at the rate of three or four per day! This, through the months of December and January.

Later in the year there was a falling off in the tremendous mortality.

I had boxes nailed up at each Block, with a written request attached to every box that they be made receptacles of meat and bread for the starving. Each day I went round and collected from the boxes, and gave it to those who needed it most. They scrambled for it, poor fellows!

From the original document, now in my possession, I copy the above-mentioned appeal.

“United States Military Prison.

“Johnson's Island, Ohio.

“Dec. 25th, 1864.

“TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

“The undersigned having been appointed Chairman of the ‘Prison Relief Committee’ by the Y. M. C. A. Johnson's Island Prison, takes this method of informing his fellow-prisoners of the design of said Committee, and the system adopted to furnish the needy with supplies sufficient to keep them from farther *suffering*. This Committee consists of one member from each Block, whose duty it is to solicit from the different rooms contributions of any extra supplies of eatables which can be spared. In order to give as little trouble as possible, boxes for the reception of such supplies will be placed in convenient places about the Blocks. These supplies will be carried to the south end of the North Mess Hall, there to be distributed to those who call for them.

“Therefore, all who do not get enough to eat are requested to call at the above-named place, when

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the drum beats for Guard Mount. Much that is thrown away by those who are so fortunate as to have Northern friends, will be gladly received, and we believe that the generosity of such men will not be appealed to in vain.

“JAMES COOPER NISBET,

“Chairman Prison Relief Committee.”

In our little 10 by 15 prison room, we suffered less from the cold than the prisoners who were in large rooms, as we papered the walls. We could better economize our rations of wood, which were not sufficient in quantity to keep us warm for more than a few hours each day. It was a very severe winter; the Thermometer standing below zero most of the time, and sometimes 20° to 30° below. The small amount of wood issued to us, in the afternoon, would give out (even when used most economically) by ten o'clock A. M. the next day. The prisoners then would have to exercise violently in the yard, or lie in bed to keep from freezing. *Oh, how we longed for the salubrious climate of Andersonville!* The rations issued to us in the winter of '64 and '65 were not sufficient to prevent great suffering from hunger. Many died of pneumonia, superinduced by exposure, (starved and attenuated as they were!) to the terrific cold. The reports of the United States Government show that the mortality in Northern prisons was *greater than at Andersonville*. These facts were established by the Hon. Benj. H. Hill of Georgia, in his memorable debate with Hon. James G. Blaine of Maine, in the House of Representatives January 16th, 1876.

One thin blanket to each man was our protection against the cold on Lake Erie!

Most of the very severe winter of '64 and '65 this was the record. In battened board *shells* of houses, unplastered, unceiled; the battens dropping from the walls, and the winds whistling through the cracks, we were. Insufficient rations were issued,

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as I have mentioned, and we were prohibited from buying food. Many prisoners went crazy. They wandered about the prison yards picking bones out of the sewer-ditches. Every rat that could be caught was devoured, voraciously. The conditions were even worse at Elmira, Rock Island, Camp Chase and Camp Morton, where the private soldiers were imprisoned.

Federal prisoners who had been used to a full diet, kicked when put on the same ration given Confederate soldiers in the field. Their Northern friends demanded that the ration given Confederate prisoners be cut down. So Sec'ty Stanton issued an order to "cut." (June 20th, '64). Coffee and sugar were also cut off. Nor were we permitted to *buy* provisions. The ration was insufficient for a man in health. The Inspector's Reports show many cases of collusion between Commissary and contractor; the contractor was to do his own weighing, and to furnish inferior lines of eatables: thereby making the shortage still greater.

The moneyed difference between the original ration and the reduced one, was ordered kept for a prison-fund; and it seemed to be a matter of much pride with some of the Commandants to accumulate as big a fund as possible from this source, for a hospital fund!

I don't know what became of it; but I *do* know that the sick persons received no benefit from it!

The prisoners had to use the most rigid system in issuing and cooking their scanty rations. Colonel Fite, of Nashville, was our Commissary man. He received the rations for the whole number of prisoners, and had an assistant for each "Block," who issued the rations due each "mess" to the head of the mess.

There was a long building with twelve cooking-stoves in it. Each stove was presided over by a *chef* and two assistants, selected by the prisoners of each Block. Captains and Lieutenants were called

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to this high office. I don't think we selected any *Generals!* *Rations were too scarce to risk 'em in the hands of Generals!*

The position entailed much work; and though it was without compensation, it was much sought after. We took "turn about" catering for our mess. One week was the caterer's term of office.

As to health conditions, there were at all times many cases of smallpox in the Pest House. Scurvy raged: superinduced by the everlasting—though inadequate—ration of salt white-fish furnished the prisoners by the contractor, Johnson, for whom the Island is named. For the unfortunates that must consume it—that or nothing!—Johnson bought fish which had become too salt to be marketable. It was impossible to soak or boil the salt out. Of course, what we received was devoured ravenously. No vegetables were issued. Occasionally we were given salt pork or beef, in lieu of the fish; and sometimes cornmeal. A small ration of coffee and sugar had been issued, but that was discontinued after June 20th, '64.

Daily, a great tub of sulphur-and-lard was brought in, that the sufferers from itch might anoint themselves. The poor fellows would have consumed, *that*, too, doubtless, but the sulphur would not down at their bidding!

The caterer's duties consisted in preparing the food for each meal, taking it to the kitchen, and going after it when cooked. Setting the table, and cleaning up after the meal. In our "mess" this duty would come around every eighth (8th) week. We slept in bunks nailed to the wall, upper and lower berths *a la Pullman*. When not too cold, the prisoners occupied their spare time playing games, reading, studying and plying their trades, such as tailoring, shoe repairing, etc. There were officers who taught the languages, Spanish, French and German, for which a small charge was made. Some made prison jewelry from gutta-percha and clam

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shells. Experts would inlay crosses, stars, brooches, etc., with gold; which they hammered out from the coin. They had a ready market for it from curio-hunters who visited the prison. As mentioned, the Federal surgeon was permitted to approve applications of the sick for eatables. Capt. Dennis M. Sanders of our mess was the only one we had who could pass the ordeal of "sick call". He was naturally thin, and cadaverous looking, so when sick call time came around we would bind up his jaws, and otherwise disfigure him, so that he would present the picture of a man in the last stages of tuberculosis. Thus arrayed, supported by two others, he would be assisted to the doctor. With feeble voice he would tell the M. D. his tale of woe, and ask that he would approve an application for some rice, and a few other things he might eat. If approved, it was placed in a letter to some friend in New York, Washington, Louisville or Baltimore. After writing the letter in ordinary black ink, (which was inspected) we would add in invisible ink, (using the juice of an Irish potato) the request that everything would be doubled in amount. When the donor sent the box, the approved application had to be put in, and on its arrival the articles were checked; if found too much, the surplus was *confiscated*. That is, when one of those goody-goody, very zealous, over-righteous, "pizen" Yankee hypocrites happened to be the Inspector (some of whom thought they were doing a God-service to starve a Confederate soldier to death!) The use of indelible ink was forbidden. If a prisoner was detected using it, he was put on the "black list," and not allowed to correspond for a while.

The use of this ink was detected by heating an occasional mail in the bakery oven.

Johnson Island Prison was guarded by the 128th Ohio Infantry: a Regiment raised in the "Western Reserve" for "*home guard*" duty. It had never seen any service at the front, and therefore had no sym-

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pathy for soldiers who had faced death in battle. To admire gallantry, in a foe, or to admit that he was honest in battling for what he held to be right, was beyond anything they could conceive. That we were Southerners was enough for them! With all such fellows, to be a Southerner was the unpardonable sin! *Most of them were absolutely brutal in their treatment of prisoners of war.* Repeatedly, they shot through the "blocks" when the lights were not extinguished promptly at nine o'clock P. M., wounding *and killing men lying in their bunks!* One morning the Sandusky newspaper informed us that General John Morgan was raiding southern Ohio, and that the 128th Ohio Regiment was to be sent at once to capture him. The prisoners were delighted that this Regiment at last was to have a taste of real war.

The tops of the "blocks" were covered with Rebs, yelling at the Regiment as it formed, and boarded the "Michigan" on its start for the front. "Oh yes! *Now you're got to meet Rebs with guns in their hands!* Bet John Morgan will git you." "Bet we will put him, and all his crowd, where you are," they answered. "Bet you come back without your guns," the "Johnnies" yelled back.

Sure enough the 128th Ohio Regiment was captured by Morgan, and paroled, of which the newspapers kept us informed. So, when they returned without arms, the Rebs taunted them unmercifully. The consequence was they were more venomous, if possible, than ever.

During the winter several attempts to escape were made, when the Bay of Sandusky was frozen over. To accomplish this, scaling ladders were made, and kept hidden about the houses, under the floors. At night, at a given signal, a rush would be made for the fence, and the ladders placed against it. The men invariably got out. The guard would shoot and then run off the fence. Lt. Bowles, of Louisville, Kentucky, was killed in one of these attempts. A

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guard was killed, and several guards wounded, with pistols which the prisoners had contrived to get. Once over the high fence, the prisoners would run across the frozen bay, to the mainland. Some got to Canada; but most of them succumbed to the intense cold, and had to surrender to the citizens, who brought them back to prison, and received for each one a reward of thirty (\$30) dollars.

Cannon were fired, when there was an outbreak, and thus the citizens were put on notice. The prison was policed by regular details of prisoners, who performed that duty cheerfully, and kept it clean with care.

There was a negro minstrel troupe led by Milt Barlowe, since famous throughout the country as a negro minstrel. Then, he was an officer in a Kentucky Regiment (Confederate) and was brought there wounded.

The Minstrel Troupe had some good talent in it; had a hall and charged a small amount admittance. The program was original. Caricaturing the Yanks, was the big card; especially depicting miscegenation.

We had Chaplains, who had been captured, who preached regularly; and sometimes there were revival meetings held. The most noted of these revivalists was the Rev. Dr. Jerideau of Charleston, South Carolina.

The more a man's interest could be enlisted in the things I have mentioned, the less he would brood over his condition. Therefore, there was much less sickness and death among the educated than the ignorant. Among the latter, nostalgia got in its baneful work.

The country was flooded soon after the war with books, and magazine articles about the military prisons at Andersonville, Richmond (Libby), Salisbury, Macon and Millen, written by Union prisoners who wished to pose as martyrs. Secretary Stanton strove to stultify the Southern people as a set of

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brutes, and thus to lead the attention of the world away from the horrors of *his own misdeeds and ferocious brutality*.

Some of them tell us about Johnson's Island, and other Federal prisons, where they say the prisoners fared sumptuously! But unfortunately for them, the facts published by the United States Government in 127 volumes of records, entitled the "War of the Rebellion," has laid bare their tissue of lies, and now the false statements of these fellows are relegated to oblivion.

To the searcher after the truth and to the curious, I would say read "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton," by Dr. Jno. A. Wyeth; who was one of General Forrest's aides, was a prisoner at Camp Chase, and is now one of the leading physicians and surgeons of New York City.

After the war the South, for a long time, had no real representation in the halls of Congress. Our great men were barred from holding office; or even from voting. It was the custom of the Republicans to attack the South about her cruelty to prisoners of War, especially at Andersonville. To "fire the Northern heart" and keep her "solid."

Ten years after the war, in 1875, the 9th Congressional District of Georgia, elected the Hon. Benjamin H. Hill to the House of Representatives. I was in Atlanta at the time of the election and met Mr. Hill at the Kimball House. During a conversation about national politics, I said, "I hope, Mr. Hill, that you will reply, to these foul aspersions on our honor, and civilization." His reply was, "Cooper, on that subject *I am loaded for bear.*"

The next year January 10th, 1876, the opportunity offered. The Hon. Jas. G. Blaine of Maine, in a debate against the "Amnesty bill" January 10th, 1876, having moved "to except Jefferson Davis from its provisions," said, "Mr. Davis was the author, knowingly, deliberately, guiltily and wilfully of the gigantic murder and crime of Andersonville; and

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I here, before God, measuring my words, knowing their full extent and import, declare, that neither the deeds of the Duke of Alva in the "low Countries," nor the massacre of St. Bartholomew, nor the thumb-screws and engines of torture of the Spanish Inquisition, begin to compare in atrocity with the hideous crimes of Andersonville."

To this Mr. Hill made answer. Quoting entirely from the United States Government Records, (War of the Rebellion) he proved that the cartel for exchange of prisoners was broken off by the United States Government; read General Grant's letter to Stanton, Secretary of War, advising it, for the reason, "that it would put forty thousand (40,000) Confederate Soldiers in the ranks."

All these facts Benjamin H. Hill established from these "Records of the Rebellion". They contain every important order or document of the Union and Confederate armies and of their civil Governments.

The Confederate official papers could have been destroyed, but our people had nothing to conceal; they were turned over full and complete to the United States Government when Richmond was occupied by the Federal forces. And let it be *recorded*, that these documents were *searched* to find something *incriminating Jefferson Davis and other public men*. There was nothing of the kind found. So after a while, it came to pass, that even the bitterest enemies of the Southern Confederacy were forced to admit as to the Civil Government of the Southern Confederacy,

"Her lips are pure, that never breathed a curse,
Her hands are white, before the Universe."

Mr. Hill proved from the Records that the Confederate Government in attempting to renew the cartel, offered to exchange two prisoners for one, which was declined. That they asked the Federal

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Government to send medicines, and physicians through the lines by Savannah, for Andersonville; and this the Federal Government refused to do; and that finally the Confederate Government offered (August 22nd, 1864) to deliver their sick and wounded *without exchange* to them at Savannah! which offer was not answered until December 22nd, *the four months in which occurred at Andersonville the greatest mortality.* Therefore, said Mr. Hill, if there was suffering and death at Andersonville, *it lies at the door of the United States Government.* He also showed from the United States Government records; that the mortality of Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons was greater than that of Northern prisoners, in Southern prisons. And finally that we gave our prisoners *the same rations issued to our soldiers, in the field.* Blaine could not reply. *He was routed in this debate!* His battery was silenced, with ammunition from the U. S. Government Records.

Ben Hill said a grand thing when he confronted Blaine, exclaiming: "I tell you, this reckless misrepresentation of the South must stop: and right here! I put you upon notice that hereafter when you make any assertion against the South, you must be prepared to substantiate it with proof!"

That utterance was

"The shot that echoed round the world."

"Waving the bloody shirt" was popular with Blaine's party at that time.—and the debate gained Blaine the nomination for the Presidency: only to lure him to defeat! The people were getting tired of "war lies."

Since that memorable day we have heard no more in the halls of Congress about Andersonville and "Southern atrocities."

In conclusion, as to prisoners of war, what are the facts as brought out in the Blaine-and-Hill debate?

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First. The Federal authorities broke the cartel for the exchange of prisoners.

Second. They refused to re-open the cartel when it was proposed by Alex. H. Stephens as a Commissioner, solely on the ground of humanity.

Third. They made medicine a contraband of war, notwithstanding that no other nation ever did such a thing before, *not even the "Duke of Alva."* When Northern women tried to come through the lines with medicines, it was confiscated, if the smuggling was detected; and the woman imprisoned. It is well known that medicine could not be obtained except by running the blockade: and then only in small quantities.

Fourth. They refused to allow surgeons of their own appointment to accompany their prisoners in the South, to carry food, medicines, raiment and every comfort that the prisoners might need. Mr. Randolph (Virginia), Confederate Secretary of War, proposed that each side appoint a commissary general to distribute aid among, and look after, his own people in captivity. Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, *refused the proposal!* The rage of the north, as expressed by Newspapers, turned with redoubled fury upon Stanton for his rejection of such a humane proposition, and for his refusal to proceed with exchanges.

Fifth. These refusals at the time, were excused, and recommended by high officials, as a part of the military policy, to let the prisoners suffer rather than to *recruit the Confederate Armies!*

Sixth. Surgeon General Barnes, U. S. A., in an official report, made on the 19th July, 1866 (See Government Records) says, "In round numbers the Confederate prisoners amounted to 220,000, whilst the Northern prisoners in Confederate hands amounted to 270,000; that 22,000 Federal prisoners died, and 26,000 Confederate prisoners; the per cent of deaths being 12% of Confederates and 9% of Federal prisoners."

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If the degree of suffering is to be judged by the per cent of deaths (which is the surest criterion), this report proves that the Confederate prisoners suffered the most.

Seventh. In 1864-65, Federal prisoners were permitted to buy nourishing food; at that period Confederate prisoners were *denied that privilege*, and this is the time of their greatest mortality.

The Confederate Government offered to turn over to the Federal Authorities, FREE OF EXCHANGE, all the sick and wounded prisoners in their hands. After waiting for more than two months for a reply to this proposition, and receiving none, the Federal prisoners at Andersonville, smarting at being kept there by the Federal Government, on the 28th Sep., 1864, met in convention, and resolved: "That while allowing the Confederate Authorities all due praise for the attention paid to our prisoners, numbers of our men are daily assigned to early graves, in the prime of manhood, far from home and kindred: and this is not caused intentionally by the Confederate Government, but by force of circumstances."

Notwithstanding all these facts, the North demanded a victim, and Major Henry Wirz, an innocent officer, who happened to be commandant of Andersonville prison, was executed on the evidence of suborned witnesses, some of whom have *since testified they swore falsely!* Others have stated that Wirz did all he could under the circumstances to alleviate conditions.

Major Henry Wirz was an educated officer, from one of the German Swiss Cantons. The preponderating evidence seems to be, that while strict in his discipline, he was humane, and had been selected for his efficiency.

Gen. Ben Butler, who had no reason to love the South, in a speech at Lowell, Mass., stated positively, that Stanton, Secretary of War, ordered him to "put forward the negro question, to prevent exchange."

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He further charged Mr. Stanton as being "responsible for the cold blooded, and needless sacrifice of Union soldiers in Southern prisons." The sufferings of Confederate prisoners were well known in England, seventy-five thousand dollars (\$75,000.00) was raised there by means of Ladies' Bazaars for their relief; but Stanton *refused to allow the British Agents* to distribute the fund.

It has never been denied, that there was at times suffering among the Federal Prisoners on account of a shortage in rations; as there was also suffering in Lee's and Johnston's armies from the same cause. The shortage was caused by a very inefficient Commissary General, kept in office at Richmond, in spite of all protests.

It was his business to see that the provisions stored in warehouses at the Depots were conveyed to the army, and the prisons.

Senator Orr of South Carolina, and others, attempted to procure his removal. "Gentlemen," replied Mr. Davis, "you do not know General Northrop as I do. I assure you he is a *great military genius*, and if he had not preferred his present position, I would have given him the command of one of the armies in the field."

Senator Foote of Tennessee in assailing Northrop's management, said, "He was a sort of a "Pepper Doctor" down in Charleston." So it seems that the Federal prisoners at Salisbury, and Libby, and Lee's army, as well, suffered at times from insufficiency of food on account of the theoretic genius of a "pepper-doctor."

During the Winter of 1865, the question of the South's ultimate success, or probable defeat, was discussed by the prisoners at Johnson's Island, both publicly and privately. The newspapers kept us posted as to military movements, and we had better opportunity to judge the situation correctly than officers in the field.

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Notwithstanding the success of Northern arms, we noticed on the part of the North, a clamor for peace. A demand that bloodshedding be stopped on some terms. They dreaded a long guerilla war. We had in prison many "last ditch" men, but the concensus of opinion was that the Confederate Government should avail itself of the first opportunity to make the best terms possible.

In January, 1865, we noticed that the Hon. Francis P. Blair had gone through the lines to Richmond, but the newspapers were only wondering as to the cause of his visit. He had been an important factor in effecting the nomination of Lincoln, and was known as one of Mr. Lincoln's most trusted advisers. During this last year of the struggle Francis P. Blair believed that by intermediation, peace could be secured. It was thought that he reflected Mr. Lincoln's views and wishes in the matter. He went to Richmond, and had a protracted conference with Mr. Davis and others (whom he knew well personally, having been for many years editor and proprietor of the *National Intelligencer*, Washington, D. C.) It was this movement that led to the Hampton Roads peace conference, off City Point, 3rd February, 1865.

Blair was chosen by Mr. Lincoln, after the fall of Fort Sumpter to offer the command of the U. S. Army to Col. Robt. E. Lee. Virginia had virtually voted against secession.

Lee declined, saying, "I am opposed to secession, but I cannot draw my sword upon Virginia, my native state."

Francis P. Blair was the father of Major-General Frank P. Blair, and the Hon. Montgomery Blair, who was one of Lincoln's cabinet. A large number of the Northern people, and of the South, were clamoring for peace, on some terms; demanding that the slaughter cease. So Mr. Blair was well received at Richmond. He was assured by Mr. Davis that he would be pleased to appoint a commission

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to meet a similar one appointed by Mr. Lincoln, at such a time, and place, as might be agreed upon, to discuss terms of peace. Mr. Lincoln, who ardently desired peace, and in obedience to this humane sentiment of many of his people, agreed to meet Alex. H. Stevens, Vice President; Hon. R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia and Judge Jno. A. Campbell, Asst. Secretary War, aboard of ship, in the Hampton Roads: to discuss the question.

This Interview, known in history as The Hampton Roads Conference, is said to have been first suggested to Francis P. Blair by his son, Major-General F. P. Blair, then representing Missouri in the U. S. Senate.

Long after it was over, the Conference was minutely described by Mr. Stephens to certain Atlanta friends. An incident of his reception by Mr. Lincoln was characteristic of the latter. The day was cold, and Mr. Stephens had added to his overcoat a very long woolen muffler, which was wound round and round his throat. Mr. Lincoln was in the very best of spirits, and as he proceeded to pull Mr. Stephens out of the muffler, remarked with much good humor: "Gentlemen, if we can once get this shuck off, *the nubbin is inside of it!*"

Mr. Stephens' testimony is that after a pleasant social time in the cabin, and a talk about good old ante-bellum days in Washington, Mr. Lincoln informally expressed his views and intentions, as being in favor of emancipation in some form, and the re-admission of the Southern States into the Union, upon the Confederacy's ratification of an agreement to Union and Peace. He furthermore said in regard to the "Confiscation Acts" which had been passed by Congress, that he would use the power of the executive with the utmost liberality. If the war should cease at once, he would favor the payment of a fair indemnity for their property (slaves) to the slave-holders.

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He then said: "Well, Gentlemen, it's time we should formulate our ideas in writing." Turning to Mr. Stephens he remarked: "Alex, you are the best scribe, you do the writing."

Whereupon, Mr. Stephens relates, "I seated myself at the table and asked: "What shall I write?"

Said Mr. Lincoln: "Write 'Union' at the top of the page, and then, practically speaking, you may write what you will under it."

Mr. Stephens replied: "Mr. Lincoln, we are instructed not to agree to a Union under any circumstances."

Mr. Lincoln replied: "Then the conference is at an end."

Mr. Stephens' pastor, the Rev. Dr. Greene, Richmond, Va., says: "Mr. Stephens told me this." The statement is in substance verified by the Hon. Henry Watterson, who says he got it from Mr. Stephens. I myself heard Captain Evan Howell say that Mr. Stephens told him the facts. I was in Atlanta when the conversation between Mr. Stephens and Evan Howell occurred. Each of these friends of Mr. Stephens testify to the facts as learned from Mr. Stephens. Yet there has been some controversy over the matter on the part of those who think they should defend Mr. Davis in all things—right or wrong. It has been asserted that a joint resolution appropriating a large sum of money to be paid the South for slaves, was to be presented to the United States Congress. This instrument, in Mr. Lincoln's own handwriting, is still in the Archives at Washington. Prof. A. B. Hart, LL. D., Professor History Harvard University, says, in "American Nation:" "It was submitted by Mr. Lincoln to his Cabinet."

As to Lincoln's terms—expressed at the Hampton Roads Conference General Grant in his Memoirs, Vol 2nd, page 422, says: "It was not a great while after they met, that the President visited me at City Point. He spoke of having met the Commissioners, and said he had told them: That the Union as a

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whole, must be forever preserved, and secondly, That slavery on some terms must be abolished. If they were willing to concede these two points, then he was ready to enter into negotiations; and was willing to hand them a blank sheet of paper with signature attached, for them to fill in the other terms upon which they were willing to live with us in the Union and be one people."

Opportunity had visited our desperate Cause as the angels visited the apostles in prison. The hour had come and gone! The full significance of that lost hour is immeasurable.

It was charged with finality!

At this time Sherman had made his march to the Sea, through Georgia. Grant had the Confederacy "by the throat" at Petersburg. Hood had failed in his raid into Tennessee. Lee had said, "I must have more men," and there were none for him. In utter desperation negro troops had been called out. Lincoln was a type of the Roundhead, Davis of the Cavalier. As Cromwell was a wiser man than Charles the 1st, so Lincoln was a greater leader than Davis, in a Revolutionary crisis.

In these reminiscences, I have criticized Mr. Davis freely, and also Mr. Lincoln that the truth of history may be preserved: "History being the collected result of individual experiences." It is the habit of certain Confederate veterans to give Jefferson Davis unstinted praise, actuated by the remembrance of his vicarious sufferings for his people; and there are others who at this late day, are fighting over the battles of the Confederacy, who know from personal experience, little about the actualities of Civil War.

I credit President Davis, and his advisers at Richmond, with the utmost zeal, and much intelligence; but none of them with great practical, constructive statesmanship. The Confederate Congress was a weak and undistinguished legislature. "They

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confirm our feeling, that the armies of the South were finer than the Government they defended."

Mr. Alex H. Stephens in his Constitutional view of the "war between the states" mentions the "Hampton Roads Conference," but gives no details, except the dispatches and letters that brought it about, and his reasons for wanting to make an effort for peace. He had antagonized Mr. Davis policies and it seems he did not wish to thresh over their differences in print, as they were *personal* friends, and Davis was in trouble. In describing his efforts, he says, "The result of war generally depends quite as much upon diplomacy as upon arms, upon the proper use of the pen, as the sword. There is a time for each.

"I thought the time had now come in view of the situation politically at the North, militarily at the South, to essay something in this department (diplomacy). In this view Mr. Davis did not concur." It seems that President Lincoln first sent Mr. Seward, his Secretary of State, with written instructions, to meet Stephens, Hunter and Campbell; that when these Confederate Commissioners read Mr. Seward's instructions, they determined to return to Richmond. In the meantime, however, they conversed freely with Lt. General U. S. Grant at "City Point;" who learning their desire for peace, and of their determination to return to Richmond without result, dispatched Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, that the Confederate Commissioners wished to meet Mr. Lincoln in person, that it would have a bad effect if the conference was not held. This brought the following dispatch:

"War Dept. Washington.
"Feb. 2nd, 1865.

"Lt. Genl. U. S. Grant,
"City Point, Va.

"Say to the gentlemen, that I will meet them personally at Fortress Monroe, as soon as I can get there.
A. LINCOLN. "

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Apropos of this conference, Mr. Stephens mentions, that he served in the House of Representatives with Mr. Lincoln; that they were personal and political friends. Members of the old Whig-Party. That he heard Lincoln in 1848 make a speech, justifying the right of secession, resisting the Government and setting up another Government when circumstances justified. Mr. Lincoln's friend and adviser (Greeley) advocated the right of secession in the N. Y. Tribune 1860-61.

At that time it was well known that Horace Greeley was the "power behind the throne greater than the throne itself." In the "American Conflict" is an article that was taken from the New York Tribune 9th May, 1860, admitting the right of a State to secede. But later their policy was changed. It was as Alex H. Stephens says: "They raised the cry of Union and coercion to abolish the constitution." Mr. Stephens also gives a fac-simile copy of a letter he received from Mr. Lincoln after his election, asking for a copy of a strong Union speech he (Mr. Stephens) had just made before the Georgia Legislature. The letter was dated

"Springfield, Ill., Dec. 22nd, 1860.

"Hon. A. H. Stephens,

My Dear Sir:—

"Your obliging answer to my short note is just received, for which please accept my thanks. I fully appreciate the present peril the country is in, and the weight of *responsibility* on me. Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would directly or indirectly interfere with the slaves, or bother them about the slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you as once a friend, and still I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect, than it was in the days of Washington. I suppose however this does not meet the case. You think slavery is right, and ought to be extended, while we think it

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is wrong, and ought to be restricted. That I suppose is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us.

“Yours Very Truly,

“A. LINCOLN.”

Of this conference, in answer to a resolution of Congress, Mr. Lincoln made the following report:

“Executive Dept. Washington.

“Seby. 10th, 1865.

“On the morning of the 3rd inst. the gentlemen, Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell, came aboard of our steamer, and had an interview with the Secretary of State and myself of several hours' duration. No questions of preliminaries to the meeting was then and there made or mentioned. No other person was present. No papers were exchanged or produced, and it was in advance agreed that the conversation was to be informal and verbal merely. On my part the whole substance of the *instructions to the Secretary of State* was stated and insisted upon, and nothing was said inconsistent therewith, while by the other party, it was not said, that in any event, or on any condition they ever would consent to reunion; and yet they equally omitted to declare that they never would so consent. They seemed to desire a postponement of that question, and the adoption of some other course first, which, as some of them seemed to argue, might or might not lead to reunion, but which course we thought would amount to indefinite postponement. The conference ended without result. The foregoing, containing, as is believed, all the information sought, is respectfully submitted.

(SIGNED)

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN.”

The Johnson Island prisoners read of the failure of this conference with sore hearts. The struggle was wasting the lives and property of the South uselessly. The Confederacy had passed the period when success was any longer possible. We could only wait for the final crash.

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There was some very gallant fighting around Petersburg, Reams' Station, and Five Forks (where the gallant, able General A. P. Hill was killed). And Battery Gregg, where assault after assault was repulsed—two hundred against five thousand. Fort Gregg fell, but few of its brave defenders survived. Those two hundred had placed *hors du combat* eight hundred of Gibbons' Corps. General Gibbons so informed General Wilcox after the surrender at Appomattox.

All of this and conflicts on other fields, shed more glory on Confederate valor; but it was the dying effort of an overpowered and discouraged people.

ATLANTA.

To return to the occupation of Atlanta. On account of the extension of Sherman's right wing to the Macon and Atlanta Railroad (Central of Ga.) Hood was compelled to evacuate Atlanta, and it was occupied by the enemy. Soon afterwards the movements of Sherman's forces compelled Hood (as he thought) to attack him in a fortified line at Jonesboro. The assault was repulsed. Severable valuable lives were lost in my Regiment: among them was my friend Lt. Willie Ross of Macon: a noble young fellow.

After his failure at Jonesboro, Hood retired to Palmetto on the Atlanta and West Point Railroad. Here President Davis visited the army of Tennessee, and made a speech.

As usual he was full of "grand plans" that would relieve the situation. Speaking to Cheatham's Division, he said, "Be of good cheer, for in a short while your faces will be turned homeward, and your feet pressing Tennessee soil." He was excessively fanciful in military matters, and to the last he continued to believe he was a master of the art of war. "He thought to illustrate genius, while he was only proving the affectation of it, in fondness for novelties; in moving out of the beaten track of

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campaigns; and in surprising the public by sudden and violent eccentricities."

It may be said of Mr. Davis' Palmetto speech, "His mind was in a state of indecent exposure," he so freely gave away his plans to the enemy.

Sherman says in his Memoirs, "Jeff Davis' speech to Hood's army at Palmetto, Georgia, published in the Macon Newspaper, gave me *in detail*, Hood's movement into Tennessee, and caused me to send troops back from Atlanta to meet him." He also says, "Davis got off some more spleen against General Johnston, and was very bitter towards Gov. Brown." This was caused by Brown's recent letter to Hood, withdrawing the Georgia militia at such a critical time, under the plea that their term of enlistment was out, and that "they were needed at home to *gather corn* and sorghum." This act struck Sherman's military funny-bone. He intimates that this step of Brown's and the full information furnished him by Mr. Davis, decided him to make the contemplated march through Georgia to the sea, and that he commenced to get ready. The Georgia militia division under that very efficient officer, Maj. General Gustavus W. Smith, could have hovered on Sherman's flanks. If this militia could not have stopped Sherman they could at least have limited the area of devastation, by his "bummer corps". It seems that after the fall of Atlanta, Gov. Brown's patriotism commenced to weaken. Sherman mentions that he made a proposal to Brown through Judge A. R. Wright of Rome, Hon. Joshua Hill of Madison, and Mr. King of Marietta, "for all Georgians to cease fighting, and then he would let up," and says "I have no doubt but that Gov. Brown at the time seriously entertained the proposition." And the withdrawal of the Georgia militia may have been a start in that direction.

Our secession Governor did not then feel as pugnacious as when he captured Fort Pulaski and the Augusta Arsenal in December, 1860, before his state

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seceded. He no doubt thought he had better commence to hedge. However, he could not "deliver the goods." So nothing came of the correspondence. It only served as an opportunity for Sherman to be facetious at Brown's expense.

In a dispatch to Lincoln about Governor Brown's negotiations, and why he withdrew his militia, he mentions "corn and sorghum," Lincoln's answer is as follows:

Washington, D. C., September 17th, 1864.

"Maj. General Sherman,

"Atlanta, Ga.

"I feel a great interest in the subjects of your dispatch, *especially* mentioning 'corn and sorghum,' and contemplate a visit to you.

(SIGNED):

"A. LINCOLN."

All information having been furnished by the President of the Confederacy, and troops enough having been withdrawn, discharged and sent home by the Governor of Georgia to insure a safe passage, Sherman telegraphed to General Amos Beckwith, "I propose to sally forth to ruin Georgia, and bring up on the sea shore." He got off from Atlanta on his march to the sea, November 15th, '64, with sixty-five thousand (65,000) men. He made fun of Governor Brown's flight from Milledgeville, "leaving the sick and wounded in hospitals, and loading his cars with furniture from the executive mansion, and *cabbages* from the garden!"

He facetiously mentions in one of his dispatches to Halleck, from Savannah, "We fared sumptuously; we found plenty of "*corn* in the cribs, and sorghum in the barrels,' seemingly gathered and stored for our use by Joe Brown's Militia."

Sherman's special order No. 120 in regard to the march through Georgia, says: "If the inhabitants manifest local hostility, then army commanders should order and enforce a devastation more or less relentless." or, in other words, "go ahead, and do your worst!" *Which they did!* Since the war,

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finding that his inhuman course and violation of the laws of war was condemned by the civilized world, and not palliated by all Unionists, or even by many original abolitionists, he has attempted in his Memoirs, to excuse himself. He mentions several instances of his individual kindnesses to antebellum lady friends, and says, "I mention them to show that, personally, I had no malice."

He at first denied burning Columbia; but since then, in his Memoirs, he says, "In my official report of this conflagration, I distinctly charged it to General Wade Hampton. I did it pointedly, to shake the faith of his people in him." A dispatch to Halleck from Savannah, December 24th, '64, shows his intention; he says, "I look upon Columbia as quite as bad as Charleston. I doubt if we shall spare the buildings there, as we did at Milledgeville."

Whitelaw Reid pronounces the burning of Columbia "the most monstrous barbarity of the barbarous march." (See Reid's "Ohio in the War," Vol. 1st, Page 475).

XXVIII.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN.

The Confederacy's fortunes were at high-tide when Lee's army entered Penn.

The results of that campaign was the recurrent subject of discussion among the Johnson Island prisoners. Six of my seven room-mates had been wounded at Gettysburg. They were all educated officers, connected with the different arms of the service, and all well qualified to form correct opinions of Lee's strategy, and the movements that

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brought on the great battle. My opinions were derived, first and foremost, from these mouthpieces of experience. Each man gave his personal testimony; his own description of the situation and events.

General Lee's objective was the capture of Harrisburg. The Susquehanna river was to be his line of defense. On June 28th Ewell's Corps had reached Carlisle, only twenty miles from Harrisburg, when ordered to march upon the city and capture it. The river was fordable above and below Harrisburg. No reliable troops were stationed there. The U. S. Gov't Reports (Penn. Campaign). Gen. Crouch commanding Dep't of the Susquehanna writes to Secty. Stanton June 29th. (See p. 407) "My whole force in Dep't is 16,000 men. Only 9,000 of them here (Harrisburg). Five thousand veterans can whip them all to pieces in an open field. I am afraid the enemy will ford the river in its present state."

Lorenzo Thomas, Adj. General, wrote July 1st: "We need artillery and practical artillerists. The people understand that the fate of Harrisburg depends entirely upon the Army of the Potomac."

Simon Cameron, writing to President Lincoln from Harrisburg, June 29th, says: "If Lee gets his army across the Susquehanna, and puts our army on the defensive on that line, you can readily comprehend the disastrous results that must follow to the country."

We also find a dispatch from Secty. War Stanton, to Gen'l Dana in command at Philadelphia, dated June 29th (p. 408): "It is very important that no machinery for making arms should fall into hands of the enemy. You are authorized and directed to impress steam tugs, barges, and any description of vessel, to remove all gun manufacturing machinery; especially that of Alfred Jelks & Son."

These extracts indicate some of the possibilities open to Lee, as apprehended by the highest officials of the United States Government. The presumption

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is that General Lee was fully aware of the conditions; especially of the unreliable Harrisburg militia, as Early's cavalry on its way to York had come upon a full regiment of them at Gettysburg, but the regiment dispersed so rapidly that Jenkins's cavalry could hardly get a sight of 'em.

There was no defense of York, Carlisle or Chambersburg. At Wrightville, 1,200 militia retreated and gave up the town before Gordon could get his brigade into line. In fact, it was found that in Penn. and New Jersey a state of public sentiment existed verging on revolt. A further evidence of this truth was the resistance to the draft in New York city, a few months later.

To suppress this resistance, required the presence of 42 regiments of veterans—and this in spite of Lee's failure in Pennsylvania, and the fall of Vicksburg.

It appears, therefore, that the way was clear for further offensive operations as contemplated by Lee. The plan involved the practical abandonment of his communications with Virginia, so far as subsistence for his army was concerned; but the region into which he planned to move was rich in forage and food.

A general advance on Harrisburg was ordered June 28th. General Stewart was still away on a raid, with his cavalry. Lee could get no information of the movements of the enemy. At this juncture scouts reported that Hooker had crossed the Potomac and was rapidly moving up in Lee's rear. On the 29th all plans were changed and orders countermanded. The army was concentrated at Gettysburg. What Lee would have done had he been fully informed by his cavalry, is a matter of speculation. He said that the move on Gettysburg, to meet the Army of the Potomac, was to protect his communications. It was based upon the confident belief on the part of the commanding General that the fighting strength of his 65,000 veterans was greater than

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Hooker's army. Not in numbers, but *morale*. His reliance in his troops was not misplaced. This was demonstrated by the first day's fighting, on a fair field. But Ewell, enfeebled by the loss of his leg at Manassas, failed to seize the strong positions of Round Top, and Cemetery Hill, lying open before him. That night Hancock came up, occupied and fortified the priceless strongholds.

Even after the second day's fight the prestige remained with the Confederates. For they had penetrated Mead's fortified line on Cemetery Hill, and captured much artillery and many prisoners.

Two of my prison-roommates, Captains Dennis Saunders and Columbus Heard, of the 3d Ga. Infantry, were wounded in the charge of Wright's Georgia Brigade up Cemetery Hill. Both men declared that had support come up, Wright's Georgians and Hays' Louisiana Brigade, could have fortified and held the position. But, unsupported, they were compelled to retire to their original line.

And still was Lee invincible!—on a fair field.

The Third Day's fatal charge *might have been avoided*.

The plan of invasion could have been pursued on other lines: by fortifying, and living on the country: by threatening Philadelphia and Baltimore. Northern opinion would have forced Meade to "attack and drive the rebels out." The Federal army would have been destroyed, and Lee would have dictated his terms in Washington.

Old Stonewall once said: "We sometimes fail to drive the enemy from a position: *They always fail to drive us!*"

Napoleon said to Marmont, when putting him at the head of an invading army: "Select your ground; and make the enemy attack you."

Longstreet advised and insisted that the Pennsylvania Campaign should be one of "offensive strategy, but defensive tactics." This was agreed to.

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But General Lee departed from these vital military principles—and lost!

It was the death-knell of the Confederacy.

Another bleeding witness to certain tremendous truths concerning this campaign, was Major Henry D. McDaniel, one of my prison roommates, who was severely wounded in an engagement of his regiment, the 11th Ga. Infantry, while protecting Lee's retreat to the Potomac. He said: "*The enemy's pursuit was feeble and easily checked. We lost none of our equipment worthy of mention. Lee crossed the swollen river safely, but his army should have been advancing, not in retreat. Then and there, was the moment for Napoleonic tactics. Then and there, we realized how irretrievable was our loss in the death of Stonewall Jackson!*"

(Yea, verily! Think of Jackson falling back with a superior army!—surrounded by the lawful spoils of war—the fields and orchards of the invaded country. While Lee was protecting the Pennsylvania Dutchmen's apples, Jackson would have taken Philadelphia by the throat.)

The gallantry of the Confederate surgeons in the field, may be illustrated by a single instance from the unnumbered instances of exalted courage which lightened upon the battle of Gettysburg.

At a meeting of the survivors of the 2nd Ga. Battalion (Infantry) held during the late Confederate reunion at Macon, Ga., Dr. James Robie Woods of New York—elsewhere mentioned—in his thrilling address gave the following account of his terrific experience at Gettysburg:

Said he: "Keeping close to the line of battle and looking out for the wounded as soon as they fell, occupied my time as I went into action at Gettysburg, with Wright's Georgia Brigade.

Hancock's shells poured into us as we ascended the hill, and Pat Cronin, who was in front of me, had his head taken off by a shell. It struck me in the left breast, and for a minute I thought I was

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killed. The shell parted around me, but its smoke so obscured me that many thought I was killed. Immediately after this, as I went up the hill, I was shot through both shoulders—after we had driven in the Northern line; “pierced their center,” as Gen. Doubleday said; and had Wright been *supported*, the battle would have been *ours*.

Just inside the Yankee line, cannister shot poured into us—four or five went through Jake Rosenfelt at my side, and one entered my left knee, laming me seriously for years. This cannister shot remained in my leg for thirty-two years. I lay on the battlefield all the next day—and as our own shells came crashing about me I was in constant dread of being killed by our own men.

Turnipseed, of the Spaulding Greys (2d Ga. Batt.) was severely wounded; he lay near me. I said to him: “This is a pretty hot place.” He smiled an answer, and at that moment the dreadful thug of a bullet in his head laid him dead beside me.

Gen. Webb of New York, had Carlos and myself taken from the field. I was first taken to Baltimore, and thence to Chester, Pa., where we were treated with the greatest kindness and care. Pierce Butler was in constant attendance on us, yet it was not necessary, as the surgeons in charge were noble in their devotion to our wounded.

I was given the books of the main ward as soon as I could sit up in bed, and I was allowed to keep an account of the condition of each soldier. After a few months we were exchanged and I went immediately to the front to take care of the wounded, as the condition of my knee unfitted me for marches.”

Could valor exceed the dauntless courage of this Southern surgeon?

Dr. Wood's mention of the gallantry of Jake Rosenfelt, who was shot down inside the enemy's works, is a testimony to one of the best elements in our army—the Southern Jew. Those of Georgia

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volunteered freely and made excellent soldiers. I knew many of them. Among the number was Major R. J. Moses, of Columbus—an accomplished gentleman and one of the bravest of the brave; Captain Yates Levy of Savannah; E. Isaacs, and Rosenfelt of Macon; all men of distinguished gallantry. In the Civil Government was Senator Yulee of Florida. But perhaps the greatest man at the Confederate Capital was Judah P. Benjamin, Sec'y of State. "A Jew, yet in solemn compact with the Gentiles. A Jew, yet saying: "Your people shall be my people; where you go, I will follow. What you suffer, I will endure." A Jew, yet grasping all the difficult problems of Government with a master mind. A Jew, yet always astute when he planned, always wise when he counseled, and always sane when he judged. He stood upon the very summit of greatness and caught the rays of the morning and flung them down upon the valley beneath him!"

Upon every hard-fought battle-field of the Civil War there were Jews in our ranks who sealed their devotion to the South with their blood—well termed by Du Maurier "the precious Oriental blood."

XXIX.

SURRENDER.

General Robt. E. Lee had surrendered to General U. S. Grant, on the 9th April. In regard to that, President Lincoln's instructions to Grant were, "Give Lee anything he wants, if he will only stop fighting." Soon afterwards, Mr. Lincoln instructed Sherman to make very liberal terms with Johnston, to get him to include the Trans-Mississippi Armies of Kirby Smith, Dick Taylor, in Alabama, Price and others and N. B. Forrest's Corps, "and to

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agree to keep down guerilla warfare, if possible.”

Sherman says he was instructed by Mr. Lincoln, and others in high authority, to secure the surrender of Johnston's army, and a cessation of hostilities in all Departments of the Confederacy, and to grant the most liberal terms. Therefore in the first agreement it was provided in part, Sec. 4th, “That the people and inhabitants of all the States be *guaranteed their political rights*, and franchises, as defined by the United States Constitution and the states respectively.” As the contention was, the Southern States had not been out of the Union, only in rebellion against the laws.

This clause was disagreed to by Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War; and Sherman was ordered to draw up another agreement of surrender. In the meantime President Lincoln was assassinated and the people of the North were thrown into a state of frenzy.

There was a sense of relief expressed when we learned that the assassin had no connection with the South, but was an actor whose brain was turned by tragedies.

Edwin M. Stanton was an aspirant for the Presidency. He immediately gave the Sherman-Johnston agreement for surrender, to the press, with nine reasons why they should not be accepted—which Sherman says were misrepresentations.

Stanton ordered Gen. Grant to go to Raleigh and take command of Sherman's army.

Major Johnson, of Grant's staff, says: “The General (Grant) did not want to go, and felt hurt in having to obey the order.”

General Grant went to New Berne, and from there telegraphed Sherman his instructions. Thence he went to Raleigh, and held an interview with Sherman. It terminated in Sherman being left in command. As a result, Sherman notified General Joe Johnston that the “truce” would end in forty-eight hours.

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As to Sherman's terms to Johnston, Grant says: (Memoirs, Vol. 2nd, page 515) "General Sherman knew what Mr. Lincoln had said to the Peace Commissioners: that if they would agree that slavery be abolished, and the Union be preserved, he was willing for them to write the other terms, et. cet. Sherman thought, no doubt, in adding to the terms I had made with General Lee, that he was but carrying out the wishes of the President."

Johnson requested another conference, which was held April 25th, when the terms of surrender accorded to Lee, were agreed upon; and the surrender of Johnston's army took place at Greensboro, North Carolina, the next day. General Johnston had about thirty thousand old, seasoned veterans; and Lee about as many who looked upon the army as their home, and fighting their only business.

One hundred and eighty thousand well armed veterans were paroled in all the departments. They could have continued the struggle a long time by adopting guerilla tactics.

Of course they would have had to subsist upon the country, and it was not expected that they would confine their operations to the *South*. I knew and talked to many who wanted to continue the war on that line.

Lincoln knew of it, and was for allaying this natural feeling of desperate men when he instructed Sherman to grant Johnston liberal terms of surrender. Generals Lee and Johnston did not want to afflict the country with irregular warfare.

Afterwards, when Sherman's army reached Washington and passed in review before President Johnston and his Cabinet, and General Grant, Sherman refused to take Stanton's proffered hand, as he ascended the Reviewing-stand. His hostility to Stanton was caused by Stanton's reversing the Sherman-Johnston terms of surrender; and publishing the same with such comments as would

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make political capital for himself. This was to set public opinion against Sherman: as Sherman knew.

Stanton's reversal of Sherman's first agreement with Johnston, his sending Grant to take charge of Sherman's army, and to conduct negotiations with Johnston, implied that Sherman was not to be trusted.

These facts make it evident that Stanton's doings at this juncture render him directly responsible for the Reconstruction Acts: and their attendant evils. The Acts were afterward engineered through Congress by that arch-fiend, Thad. Stevens, and his satellites.

Stanton's radical position at this time was feasible as a result of Lincoln's assassination. Stanton believed he had seized the psychological moment for riding into the Presidency.

Lincoln, his ambition sated, had shown a conciliatory spirit toward a people in dire extremity. The necromancy of events transformed this man's death into a calamitous thing for the South!

After Andrew Johnson's inauguration, the majority of the Republican Party, and their organs, showed that he was looked upon with suspicion. He was openly charged with being accessory to Lincoln's death. To disarm the suspicion directed against himself, Johnson proceeded "to make treason odious" in a manner that would be "convincing." He ordered the arrest of Jefferson Davis. His proclamation releasing Prisoners of War who had taken the Amnesty Oath, excepted from its provisions all Field Officers of the rank of General, Colonel and Major, who were at that time prisoners of war. Confederate officers of high rank who had surrendered in the field, could not be reached. Captains, Lieutenants and private soldiers imprisoned, were released about the 1st of May.

As to the Southern States, and their status in the Union: Mr. Johnson's policy toward those States which had embraced secession, was actually the

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policy projected by Lincoln. Stanton promptly began a vicious attack on President Johnson and his "policies" which terminated in *Stanton's* removal, and the appointment of Major General Jno. M. Schofield, acting Secretary War. Schofield had been in the army forty years. He was one of Sherman's ablest Corps commanders, and next to him in rank. His opinions on the military situation at this time are interesting. He says: "Sherman's grand strategic plan to assist in the capture of Lee's army did not necessitate or justify his action in marching to Savannah. After Hood got out of his way, Sherman, I think, could better have marched to Augusta and thus arrived in Virginia much earlier; but one part of Sherman's earnest desires would have been unrealized, namely to destroy more of Georgia and more of South Carolina.

The capitulation of Johnston was but the natural sequence of Lee's surrender: for Johnston's army was not surrounded and could not have been compelled to surrender. Indeed, Sherman could not have prevented that army from marching back into the Gulf States and continuing the war.

Sherman at the time saw clearly enough this view of the case: and was determined to have a part in the surrender. Therefore he gave Lincoln's instructions a liberal interpretation, and when the terms agreed upon were rejected, he and Johnston at their last meeting seemed disappointed and dejected. To understand this, it must be remembered that Johnston's army was not surrounded and its surrender *could not have been compelled*. Unless the terms of capitulation could be made such as the troops themselves would be willing to accept; they would, it was apprehended, break up into guerilla bands of greater or less strength, and carry on the war in that way, indefinitely.

So strongly was I impressed at the time with General Johnston's apprehensions, that I was often thereafter haunted in my dreams with the difficul-

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ties I was actually encountering in the prosecution of military operations against those remnants of the Confederate armies; in marshes and mountainous countries, thro' summer heats, and winter storms.

It was several years after the war before I became fully satisfied, *at night*, that it was really over!

At the time of Sherman's first interview with Johnston, he left me in command of the army. At his last interview, I accompanied him at his special request." As to the "terms" allowing Johnston's men to retain their arms, to be turned over when they reached home, which *caused such a howl*, General Schofield says: "There seems to be even in *high places some men who have no conception of the sense of honor which exists among brave men*. It may not be possible to judge how wise or unwise Sherman's first 'memorandum' might have proved if it had been ratified. We know only this much, *that the imagination of man could hardly picture worse results than those wrought out by the plan that was finally adopted*, namely, to destroy everything that existed in the way of Government, and then build from the bottom on the foundation of ignorance and rascality."

A northern writer in the "Annals of the War" says:

The inevitable horrors of war are bad enough in any case, but they are vastly increased when the passions begotten of civil strife become dominant. "The people of this entire country should bow their heads in humiliation when they think of the general low state of civilization which made such a war possible." ("Forty Years in the United States Army.")

No student of events as recorded by the Northern press, could have failed to see, at the time of Sherman's march through Georgia, and the Carolinas, that the war, as waged by the Federals, had assumed new horrors—new savagery. The fall of Atlanta;

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Hood's defeat in Tennessee; the defeat of the Democratic party in the Northern States; and the reelection of Lincoln; made the enemy confident of success, *without the fear of invasion from Southern armies*. The ruling party at the North became insolent and ferocious. The mask of humanity was thrown off. The fires of pent-up hate flamed forth.

The Generals commanding armies recognized that the road to popularity was to commit the greatest outrages possible, wherever their armies went. The land was desolated and scorched. All dwelling houses were robbed and then savagely fired. "Shrines of religion were violated. Women and children were insulted and sometimes killed; *and in many households there was agony more bitter than death!*" Sheridan vied with Sherman in the work of destruction and appeared to envy him his popularity as a ruffian and incendiary. He gleefully mentions, "I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat, besides dwelling houses in Rockingham County."

A spectator, a Northern man with his army, touched by these scenes he was compelled to witness, has thus written of them: "I have seen mothers weeping over the wanton destruction of that which was necessary to their children's lives; the completeness of the destruction is awful!" Yet what one Northern man looked upon with a sickened heart, was a pleasing picture to many others.

The extent of this disposition to ravage the South when victory should have made the enemy generous, appears almost incredible. General Sheridan many years after the war asked his Government to empower him to treat several hundred thousand citizens of the Southern States as "*common banditti*". (See U. S. War Records).

To return to Johnson's Island. We who were still held in prison were there to satisfy the demand for more blood. The Republican Press, reflecting the dominant opinion, cried aloud for victims. There

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must be sacrifices to Moloch. We were to be tried for treason. But we were not uneasy. Ex-President Davis was soon captured, and enough lies told about it to satisfy the Yankee craving for the Munchausen.

The returned prisoners from Andersonville grasped the opportunity to magnify their sufferings for the Union cause. The government officials had photographs taken of the most emaciated cases, which were circulated throughout the North, charging that Jeff Davis and Major Wirz were responsible. Stanton was trying to cover his own and others' responsibility for rejecting the offers of exchange made by Confederate authorities; thereby keeping the Federal prisoners in Andersonville to suffer and die. As has been proved. Under the excitement of the hour, the fanatics succeeded in making a majority at the North believe their lies, for a time. But after such great constitutional lawyers as Charles O'Connor of New York, Jerre Black of Pennsylvania, and even General Ben Butler of Massachusetts, had expressed the opinion that the Confederates were fighting under rights guaranteed by the U. S. Constitution *as construed by the Supreme Court*, the demand for victims simmered down to Jefferson Davis and Major Wirz.

As to Mr. Davis' capture; it was unfortunate for the North. The advice of Mr. Lincoln to let him get away, which was followed at first, as Davis passed through South Carolina and North East Georgia, where he could have been arrested, was reversed by President Johnston and Stanton.

When Mr. Davis was shown President Johnson's Proclamation at Greensborough, Georgia, he should have gone to Augusta, surrendered and demanded a trial under the accusation. It would have been better, and more dignified. He had been the very exemplification of chivalry; and he had committed no act that would not bear legal investigation. It was shameful that his wife should have been subjected

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to the insults she received when her husband was arrested.

The North wished to obtain a moral vindication for the past war, by the conviction of Davis for treason. But when they found a man could not be punished for acting on an opinion which had divided the people for generations, (even the very *founders* of the Federal Constitution) they called a halt. The North feared to risk the question whether it had any superiority over the South in any respect, but that of *Numbers* and *resources*. Hence after three years of imprisonment and subjection to harshness and abuse, a *nolle prosequi* was entered, as on indictment for treason, by the United States Court held in Richmond, Virginia, December, 1868.

The North again made the mistake (so far as they were concerned) in trying to degrade Mr. Davis by making him an exception to the general rule of its treatment of the leading men of the Confederacy. From this point, it was easy for his countrymen to look upon him as a vicarious sufferer, bearing punishment for the whole South. This view easily passed into a romantic regard of him as the impersonification of the Cause of the Confederacy: and so any severe criticism from Southern people of the South's President, has always been deprecated and resented. This fact accounts for the sensitiveness of Southern people *today* on the errors of Davis' administration.

The final release of Mr. Davis from incarceration was a tacit justification of the South's interpretation of the Constitution.

During the three months after the surrender, while we were kept at Johnson's Island, the country was making history in a hurry. We were posted as to what was going on through the New York papers—though not allowed to receive the New York *News*, or any other "Copperhead" paper.

I was a prisoner-of-war from July 22nd, 1864, until September, 1865. Throughout the whole pe-

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ried I was intensely interested in everything concerning the Exchange of Prisoners:—hoping from the bottom of my heart that the cartel would, in obedience to the great clamor at the North for Exchange, be resumed.

I tried, through Northern friends and my relatives at Washington, Mrs. Louis Le Conte, and her sister, Miss Margaret Nisbet, to get a special exchange. They, knowing President Lincoln personally, applied to him in my behalf. He answered favorably; but the matter was suspended.

From the original, now in my possession, I copy a letter received by me at Johnson's Island, in June. Two months after the Surrender, I was still busy trying to get an order for my release: aided by an ante-bellum friend who was *persona grata* at Washington.

“Spingler Institute.

“Park Ave. & 38th St., New York.

“June 5th, 1865.

“Col. J. Cooper Nisbet:

“Johnson's Island, O.

“My Dear Sir:

“Yours of May 31st just received. I thought it was from Mr. Schultz Leach, a nephew of Mrs. Abbot's who has been for some time at Johnston's Island, and I passed the letter to Mrs. Abbot. She returned it immediately to me, on discovering its address, and reading the first sentence. We read the rest together: and I assure you we have the strongest impulse to do everything in our power for your relief.

“I will set myself at work today, and if it were not our Commencement next week, would proceed immediately to Washington, to see if I can accomplish your object. You may be assured I will leave nothing undone in my power, that may promise any aid in your behalf.

“Our old affection for your sisters, and respect for your parents and personal regard for yourself,

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will lead us to every effort that can encourage hope of success.

“Yours Sincerely,

“GORHAM D. ABBOTT.”

XXX.

HOMeward BOUND.

In September, 1865, came the order for our release. We who had been, for over a year, so closely bound together by the strongest ties—comrades who had rubbed elbows with death too often to treat the King of Terrors with consideration!—were to separate. Some of the prisoners-of-war returned home from Sandusky by Louisville; some by St. Louis. I took my transportation via New York.

During our military imprisonment I made many dear friends. These friendships abide. They will remain to me a blessed memory. A few of my companions in adversity, I have the good fortune to meet, from time to time, nowadays.

In New York, friends of my father received me cordially. They offered me pecuniary assistance, which was declined. They offered me business opportunities, which, likewise, were refused. Anxious to see the dear ones urging me to come directly home, I went on. My first stop was in Charlotte: to see Miss Mary E. Young; who afterward became my wife. She was the niece of Governor and ex-Senator Wm. E. Graham: the cousin of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson: and the daughter of that noble soldier, Christian, and gentleman, General John Augustus Young, of Charlotte.

In returning home through South Carolina, I

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passed over much of the route followed by Sherman's army.

I saw, once beautiful Columbia, in ashes.

As Sherman's army advanced against that city, the Mayor and other citizens met him, and received his promise to spare their homes. No Confederate army was there, to offer resistance. No military necessity existed for this act of paramount destruction. No hint of strategy excused it. Yet, he violated his promise, and wantonly ordered the city to be sacked and destroyed!

In his Memoirs, which are devoted to answering the charges of brutality with which he was assailed, Sherman acknowledges having accepted the hospitality of these people in ante-bellum times; when he was stationed at Charleston and Savannah. His return for bygone favors, was to put Columbia's generous homes to the torch!

This was "the Athens of the South,"—the outcome of generations of gentle blood, culture, and leisure's opportunities. In Columbia, refinement had reached its zenith. There, bloomed a type of womanhood which only one pen knows how to describe. The genius of James Lane Allen makes this woman live again!

"She had the exquisiteness of a long past; during which women have been chosen in marriage for health, and beauty, and children, and the power to charm. The very curve of her neck, implied generations of mothers who had valued grace. Generations of forefathers had imparted to her walk and bearing, their courage and their pride. The precision of the eyebrows, the chiseled perfection of the nostrils, the loveliness of the short, red lip; the eyes that were kind and truthful and thoughtful; the sheen of her hair; the firmness of her skin; her nobly cast figure—all these were evidences of descent from a people that had reached, in her, the purity, without having lost the vigor, of one of its highest types!"

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Whitelaw Reid, in his work, "Ohio in the War," describes the burning of Columbia as "the Most barbaric act of this barbarous march!" Sherman's deed can be explained in one way. Full of the prejudices and hatred inherited from his forbears, he seized the opportunity to wreak himself upon the Cavalier: and visit destruction upon women and children.

Most of Sherman's officers and men—there were many honorable exceptions—were only too eager to execute his will to destroy and plunder.

Some of his Vandals did blacker deeds—to their own destruction. I find in the "Reports Union and Confederate Armies: War of the Rebellion. Series I., Vol. 30, Page 690, Campaign in the Carolinas," a correspondence between Major-Gen. Kilpatrick, commanding Federal cavalry, and Lieut.-General Joseph Wheeler, commanding Confederate cavalry. In a communication sent under flag of truce, Gen. Kilpatrick complains that some of his marauders have been found "strung up" and threatens to retaliate.

General Wheeler replies: "Should you cause any of my men to be shot, because you chanced to find a number of your men dead, I shall regard them as so many murders committed by you, and shall act accordingly." Kilpatrick replying, is more moderate; but ends by saying:

"I am alive to the fact that I am surrounded by citizens, as well as soldiers, whose bitter hatred to the men I have the honor to command, *did not originate with this war*: and I expect that some others of my men will be killed elsewhere than on the battle-field."

This letter is a confirmation of what I have just said about "*Inherited prejudices*."

More light is thrown on the above correspondence by one of the "human documents" in the case: Jno. Doyle, 826 E. 10th St., Chattanooga, Tenn., makes this statement:

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"I belonged to the 2nd Tenn. Cavalry Regiment, Ashby's Brigade, Humes' Division. It was a part of General Wheeler's Corps. We were on the spot when the letters were exchanged between Kilpatrick and Gen. Wheeler. I heard about the matter, and questioned a man named Cooper, who was "one of the sixteen." Cooper was a machinist working for Tom Webster in Chattanooga, when he enlisted in Captain Spiller's Company—which was recruited in Chattanooga, for the 4th Tenn. Cavalry. Cooper was one of the sixteen men Kilpatrick forced to draw lots to determine who was to be shot, in retaliation. Kilpatrick, however, after receiving Wheeler's reply to his threat, concluded it would be equivalent to "raising the black flag." Wheeler then had over five hundred prisoners. Kilpatrick thought the hanging of a few rapists did not call for such a sacrifice as must follow 'retaliation.'"

"The sixteen of Kilpatrick's men who were hung, were captured by scouts from a Texas regiment, commanded by Captain Shannon: who had them executed because they were caught in the act of violating women." The execution had a very wholesome effect.

The veteran asserted that his Regiment "was willing for the 'Black Flag' to be raised. Ashby's Brigade was well armed, and well mounted: and did not fear the result."

How every feature in that desolate land through which I journeyed in Sherman's track starts into life once more. For fifty years, upon the palimpsest of memory has been written and re-written the chronicle of life. But the sub-conscious mind has retained every impression. Time cannot erase one line of the original writing. Victor Hugo observes: "Forgetfulness is nothing but a palimpsest. An incident happens unexpectedly, and all that was effaced revives in the blanks of wondering memory."

Or as somebody else phrases it: "It responds to our conscious mental solicitude, by a favorable ex-

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posure to a persistent murmur of psychic stimulations."

Those sub-conscious products of our intelligence are wrought, as Dr. Holmes says, "in the underground workshop of thought." And as Munsterburg asks: "Is not every memory-picture, every remembrance of remote experience, a sufficient proof that the sub-conscious mind holds its own?"

When Alaric (400 A. D.) invaded Italy with his German horde and beheld the fertile and beautiful country outspread at his feet, his heart was softened. He made a treaty to spare Rome; took a ransom and moved out of Italy.

Afterwards in the year A. D. 450, still in the dark ages, Attila the Hun, called the "Scourge of God," invaded fair Italy with his barbaric horde from the North; seven hundred thousand men. Pope Leo 1st, at the head of an embassy, met him. Like the Goth, Attila, too, promised to spare Rome for a ransom. History records, to his honor, that he kept his promise.

But it remained for General W. T. Sherman, in the 19th Century of our boasted civilization, to spurn all overtures for mercy *from non-combatant Americans!* He organized two "bummer corps," as he named them, to march on his flanks; that the destruction of private property (much of it belonging to widows and orphans) might reach a wider area. This was not strategy. It was ferocity! It was the desire to witness the suffering of women and children. The lust for destruction. The desire to ruin South Carolina as he ruined Georgia; as per his order No. 120. What a contrast to this was Lee's Invasion of Pennsylvania, which is here put on record.

General Robt. E. Lee's Penn. Order.

In the interest of civilized and Christian warfare. and as an inspiration to American soldiers in all the

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future, these words of Lee ought to be printed and preserved in letters of gold:

“Headquarters Army of Northern Va.

“Chambersburg, Pa.

“June 27th, 1863.

“General Order No. 78.

“The commanding General has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has with few exceptions been in keeping with their characters as soldiers and entitles them to approbation and praise.

“There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy, than in our own.

“The commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenceless, and the wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators, and all connected with them, but are subversive of discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth. Without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain. The com-

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manding General therefore earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary and wanton injury to private property, and enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

“R. E. LEE, General.”

Col. Freemantle of the English Army, who accompanied General Lee in his invasion of Pennsylvania, has given to the world his testimony to the effect that “there was no straggling into private homes, nor were the inhabitants disturbed or annoyed by the soldiers.”

He adds, that “in view of the ravages which I saw in the valley of Virginia the forbearance was most commendable and surprising.”

I reached my father’s temporary home at Culverton, Hancock Co., Georgia; and was joyously received. My brother, Major Jno. W. Nisbet, was there, having been paroled by Major General Jas. H. Wilson in Macon, as I have mentioned.

This was a happy family reunion after four years of separation. The two boys restored to the family, sound and well, after passing through many battles and the dangers of the march and camp for four years. We were all very happy. In spite of the Confederacy’s downfall; which of course we had to deplore: in spite of “free niggers,” that we had to endure. I never enjoyed a visit more than those two weeks at Culverton.

XXXI.

MACON.

At length I went to Macon, hoping to find work, and get hold of some of the filthy—greenback—lucre.

Arriving there at night, I stopped at the historic Lanier House, built and conducted by the grandfather of Sidney Lanier. The elder Lanier was a Virginia gentleman of the Old School. In ante-bellum days the Lanier House was the rendezvous of the *haut ton*.

Many of the most famous voices—on or off the stage—of that day, were heard in the Lanier House parlors. Many and many a grand ball was given there, then; in Macon's palmy days.

But on this autumn night of 1865, when, once more, I found myself within the familiar corridors and reception rooms, it was all "*Loin du Bal*." And oh, where were the sweet voices that once made music there? Echoes! Echoes!—

"All the songs

She sung me at Lanier's."

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now silent hangs on Tara's walls
As though that soul were dead."

No social function more famous ever occurred at Macon at that period than a certain reception given at the Lanier House by the citizens of Macon, to General Mirabeau B. Lamar. The occasion was Lamar's first visit to his old home, after a term of office as President of the Republic of Texas. That

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was a grand ball, indeed. Old Macon showed up in great shape. As Mayor of Macon, my father had the conduct of affairs.

Hundreds of the belles and beaux of Middle Georgia were in attendance. Half of the cities in Georgia had lionized Lamar. The gallant old soldier was the embodiment of cultivation and elegance. Moreover, he was a poet. An edition de luxe of his poems contained one (then) well-known lyric. It was inscribed to "The Jenny Lind of Georgia," as Miss Irene Nisbet was termed. Two or three verses of General Lamar's poem are here quoted:

"I well remember all the songs
She sung me at Lanier's;
They fell upon my melting heart
Like music from the spheres:
And still, as sweet as silver bells
O'er waters, heard at e'en;
The siren notes are sounding on
Of beautiful Irene.

There is no winter where she smiles,
No darkness where she dwells;
She is the morning on the hills,
And May among the dells.
The groves and valleys know their spring,
The roses know their queen,
And all the wild-birds sing in tune
To beautiful Irene.

Oh, let me wander where I may,
From Georgia's valleys bright,
To where the Brazos rolls its waves
In musical delight—
Fond memory still will turn to hail,
Through every changing scene,
The gem that decks her native land—
The beautiful Irene."

FOUR YEARS ON THE FIRING LINE

Macon was the headquarters of General Jas. H. Wilson, Commandant of the Department. I reported to him on my arrival, and was treated courteously. There were crowds of negroes from the plantations, enjoying freedom: idling around by day, and stealing at night; assisted by some of the soldiers, who still contended it was no moral wrong to take anything they could get from the "dam-rebels." But General Wilson, besides being a distinguished soldier, was also a gentleman, and did all he could to prevent marauding.

He is still held in great esteem by the citizens of Macon and Middle Georgia.

It is therefore a pleasure to insert here a short sketch of the life of Major General Jas. Harrison Wilson. He was born and reared in Illinois. Graduated at West Point and was assigned to the Engineering Dept. U. S. A. Was aide to General McClellan in the Maryland campaign: took part in the operations around Vicksburg and Chattanooga.

Was promoted Brigadier General of Volunteers in 1863, Brevetted Major General Volunteers 1864. Participated in the battles of Franklin and Nashville.

In January, 1865, he was authorized to organize a Division of mounted men by selection, promotion from the Infantry for gallant service. It was the only Cavalry command thus formed during the war, and therefore the most successful of Federal raiders.

In March, 1865, was sent on a Cavalry expedition (or raid) into Alabama and Georgia. General N. B. Forrest tried to concentrate one of his Divisions to meet Wilson at Selma; but two of his Brigades misunderstood his order, went to the wrong place, and did not get to Selma in time for the fight. Forrest led his one Brigade in person, but Wilson had too many for him, and he had to cut his way out.

In twenty-eight (28) days General Wilson captured Selma, Montgomery, Columbus and Macon. He commanded Department of Georgia Headquarters at Macon in 1865. Resigned in 1870 to engage

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in large engineering and railroad operations and projects. In May, 1898, he was appointed Major General Volunteers and commanded the 1st Division, 1st Corps, in the Porto Rico campaign under General Miles. He took part in the "China Relief Expedition" in 1900. Was author of "China Travels in the Middle Kingdom," and with Chas. A. Dana wrote the biography of Genl. U. S. Grant, under whom he served in the Wilderness campaign, Vicksburg and Chattanooga.

Many of the formerly rich young men, who had returned from the army, were to be seen at the "Lanier House," playing billiards and sitting around, damning their luck—discussing the possibility of ever making free-niggers work, and telling war yarns, between drinks. But there were many others, who to their credit went to work as soon as they returned home. The warehouses were full of cotton, worth from fifty to sixty cents per pound, and there were many buyers; all clamoring to get their cotton shipped.

Transportation was the problem. The Central Railroad to Savannah was still in the state of wreck Sherman left it. Cotton had to be sent to the coast via Ocmulgee River on flat-boats: which were being built and loaded as fast as possible. One dollar per bale was the charge to take it from the Warehouse to the river. Locks were broken and mules stolen every night, so the business of draying, though very lucrative, was precarious.

However, people will take risks when the stake is tempting. So I found the demand for mules good. That night I was the guest of my sister Irene. Her husband, Col. Geo. H. Hazelhurst, came in, and after a cordial greeting and general family talk, he asked that universal question, "What are you going to do?" I answered, "I have been looking around today and I find there is a good demand for mules, owing to the great activity in the cotton market." Col. Hazelhurst said, "Yes, the mule trade is good;

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go in, and I will back you." So I negotiated a loan from him of \$50.00 and he gave me a pass over his railroad, the Macon and Brunswick, to Buzzard Roost.

He said that Henry Bunn had a large number of fine mules for sale at \$50.00 each. The next day I went out to the Tarver-Wimberly settlement in Twiggs County. Mr. Bunn was glad to see me; showed me fifty mules, and I selected one and paid him for it. He said I could have them all at the same price, as the Yankee soldiers and negroes were stealing them. Mrs. Bunn was a connection and old friend of our family. I accepted their urgent invitation to remain over night. The next day I rode my mule to Macon (40 miles) and sold him to Dolph Powell, a young man who had kept out of the army and made money by speculating. He had opened a bank, after the surrender, and was running drays; shipping cotton bought with Confederate money. Many people thought he was "mighty smart." He gave me \$75.00 for the mule, saying the "dam-Yankees and negroes" had broken the lock on his stable door the night before and taken out a pair of mules. He agreed to take two more at the same price, which I bought from Mr. Bunn at fifty dollars each and delivered to Powell next day.

I might have gotten more by looking around, but "quick sales and small profits" was my motto. I continued in the mule trade, finally getting \$100 each for the best, as the times got settled, until I had cleared four good mules to take to my farm, and money enough to rebuild considerable fencing and sow a small wheat crop.

In the meantime some of the boys, my old friends, were guying me about my work. One of them said, "Say, Nisbet, you don't look quite as swell as you did a little while back; at the head of your big regiment; riding your thorough-bred mare. What are you doing there, perched on that son of

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a donkey, who is 'without the pride of ancestry or the hope of posterity?'"

I said, "Yes, I am dealing in a Southern product that is entirely insensible to Yankee malice. But, boys, that's a good one, and puts 'em on me. Come on; the success of my enterprise makes me feel like a millionaire!" I added, as we looked through our glasses, darkly. "As to my present business—the dignity of a past career may be maintained in poverty. 'A man may with honor betake himself to those occupations which are within the limits of his faculties and opportunities;' so needing ready money, I waive the honors of war, and am in the mule trade!"

Bill Tooke, "the pessimist of Chickahominy swamp," was listening. I said, "Hello, Bill, you *did* pull through after all?" "Yes, by a tight squeeze. But things are going dam-badly with me now! Dam-badly, Nisbet! Two big cotton plantations lying idle! Five hundred 'Tooke niggers' loafing around this town, eating Government rations, and 'marchin' wid de cullud S'cieties;' cotton hanging in the bolls all over this glorious land and country! Worth fifty cents a pound! Good Lord!—If 'de bureau' and the Yankee school ma'ams would let the niggers alone, they'd pick out the cotton, and make good wages. I'll tell you, Nisbet; the U. S. Government ought to discontinue this dam-freedman's-bureau, and start a Department of Evolution. Reckon somebody will find out after a while how many million years after the white race got into the Garden of Eden, the black race shed their tails! I'll tell you, Cooper Nisbet,—It's 'Over the Hill to the Poor-House,' for William Tooke, Esq.! H-m-m! Let's have a drink. Have a cigar. Regular 'Henry Clay.'—Yes."

In Macon, I met many of my Regiment, 66th Ga. Some of them were famous story-tellers: all recounting interesting incidents of the war.

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We missed many of our boyhood friends: who had heroically laid down their lives in defense of the Southern Cause.

Colonel John Hill Lamar—my old college chum—was killed gallantly leading his Regiment, the 61st Ga., at Monocasy. A braver, nobler spirit never defended any country! The same eulogy applies to Col. Jno. B. Lamar: killed at Crampton's Gap;—to Col. Robt. A. Smith: killed at the head of his Regiment, at Ellison's Mill, near Richmond.—to Col. George A. Smith: First Confederate Infantry, killed at the battle of Atlanta;—and to Lieut. Willie Ross: 66th Ga. Reg.: killed at Jonesboro.

Many who had received wounds, were there: notably Captain Charley Williamson, and Capt. Briggs Moultrie Napier: both gallant fellows bearing mementoes of "Peachtree Creek." Col. Thos. Harde- man, of the 45th Ga., was in hot pursuit of cotton—instead of "the enemy." This was one of Georgia's sons whom all delighted to honor.

Col. L. M. Lamar, of the famous 8th Georgia Infantry, after surviving many wounds, received in numerous battles, was debonair and handsome as ever. And there were many ex-sergeants—corporals—privates: all with matchless records. Many of these, though of lesser military rank, were men with ancient lineages behind them: equalling any in America. Among them were Grenville (Tobe) Conner, the Adonis of Macon, and Sydney Lanier, with his pale poetic face, already showing the inroads military service had made on his constitution. Even then his rhythmic pulses beat "trippingly as dactyls", to "The Song of the Chattahoochee:" "The Sonata:" and many another virile poem,—destined to lend lustre to his name.

Here, too, was handsome Thad. Holt, the dashing Cavalryman. And Charley Wylie, late Ad'jt of the heroic "44th"—now Gen'l Com'd'g the Middle-Ga. Division U. C. V., and Ordinary of Bibb County.

But the biggest man there was Howell Cobb, law-

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yer, statesman, soldier; bluff, brave and brainy. He had doffed his faded suit of gray—worn with so much honor—to don the toga once more. He had resumed his law practice, with his relative, the distinguished jurist, Judge James Jackson. Soon afterward these two were merged into another strong law-team, and “Nisbet, Cobb, Jackson and Bacon” (the late Senator) became the quintet which dominated the courts of Georgia, and other Southern States, for years.

Taken all in all, General Howell Cobb was the greatest man Georgia ever produced.

In thinking over the array of Georgia’s greatest sons, many men of pre-eminent gifts occur to us. General Robt. Toombs, Benjamin H. Hill, Alexander H. Stephens, General T. R. R. Cobb, and others who fill the Valhalla of genius. But for scope of attainments, General Howell Cobb excelled them all! He died suddenly; in New York City. The Bar of Georgia said of him, “Public life did not cool the warmth of his heart; and he was mourned by more sincere friends than any man that ever lived in Georgia.”

But of all the talkers assembled around the old Lanier House that Fall, Campbell Tracy, the wag of Colquitt’s Brigade, was the best. I must mention one of his yarns. Telling of Stoneman’s raid and capture (1864), he said:

“I was sent from Virginia here, wounded and on crutches. General Joseph Wheeler despatched from up about Atlanta, that ‘Stoneman’s raiders’ were making for Macon, and that the citizens and the convalescent sick and wounded soldiers must organize and meet him on the east side of the river, and hold him until his (Wheeler’s) Cavalry (Iverson’s Brigade) could come up. Everybody, old and young, sick and well, organized into companies and went over across the river: armed as best they could. *The cripples were taken out to fight in vehicles!*

“We went into line of battle in a swamp; deployed as skirmishers and were all posted behind

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trees. I was well flanked: the venerable Dr. Wills, pastor First Presbyterian church, was on my right; and that good old father in Israel, the Rev. Dr. J. E. Evans, Mulberry St. Methodist church, was on my left; a veteran soldier having been thus *wisely* placed, all along the line between the citizens! Soon Stoneman came up, and the firing commenced. His first advance was repulsed, but he soon got a battery in position, and opened on us with that. A second charge on our line was driven back, and everything was going on as lively as in old Virginia, when on their third advance a Yank got a side shot at me as I leaned against my tree to shoot. His bullet went between my lip and the bark, the shock knocking me off my crutches. As I fell, the blood flowed freely, my lip having been cut by pieces of the bark.

“Old Parsons Wills, and Evans, quit firing, and ran to my assistance. I told them I was not much hurt; to help me up, and go back and keep firing, or the enemy would break through the line! ! But wishing to help me (*thinking I needed surgical aid*) and *knowing they needed to get off the firing line!*—they insisted on picking me up, *nolens volens*. They had me hoisted up as high as their shoulders!—me just *a kickin’ and a cussin’!* Parson Evans said, ‘Campbell, ain’t you afraid to take the name of the Lord in vain, right here in the presence of Death, Hell and Destruction?’ Just then a shell bursted close by. They let me drop and *broke for the rear!* I called to them for God’s sake to come back, or the Yanks would break through the line! I *swore some more*, and they came back, and helped me to my tree. I said to them, as we resumed the shooting, ‘I tell you, boys, you like to have broke my wounded leg over! Don’t you try that stunt again!’

“We drove Stoneman’s men back again. And in the meantime General Alfred Iverson’s Brigade Cavalry came up in their rear, and as you know, we captured most of the raiding party, including Gen’l Stoneman.”

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One of the boys said: "That reminds me of a good one on old Tracy. I must tell it on him. Soon after the surrender we were trying to 'drown our sorrow in the flowing bowl.' One day Tracy had looked upon the wine when it was red' once too often, when we started up Mulberry Street to our homes. We had proceeded to 'Stroheker's Corner' when we spied the Rev. J. E. Evans coming! Tracy said, 'Here comes my esteemed old friend Parson Evans. I love him, if he *did drop me* on the firing line! We must respectfully salute him.' Tracy knew the uncertain condition of his legs, but he thought if he was steady, he was all right other ways, and that the Parson would not notice his boozy condition. He leaned against a friendly lamp-post, and as the clerical old gentleman approached, Tracy politely greeted him, 'Good evening, Misther Evans.' Cam. hoped he would return the salutation and pass on. But no; he stopped; (and thinking a word of admonition would be timely, and do good) said, 'Campbell, it grieves my heart to see the son of my honored oid friend, Judge Tracy, "going the downward road." You have made a splendid soldier. God has spared your life through many dangers. Campbell! I am sorry.' Tracy thought that was rubbing it in some, so he braced up and said, 'Misther Evans (Hic) are you right sorry?' 'Yes, Campbell, I am truly sorry.' 'Well, then (Hic) *I forgive you!*'"

The city and town boys took defeat hard at first, but they soon went to work. The country boys "pitched" a crop at once and took the result stoically. The condition of the South today is the outcome of their combined labors.

About the first of November I rode to Atlanta, taking four mules, with the help of one of my negro boys who wished to return to the Cloverdale farm. I passed over the route taken by another of Sherman's Bummer corps (the right wing) on his march to the sea. This was indicated by those mute re-

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minders, the blackened chimneys of burnt dwellings. But Dear Old Georgia, my mother State, still looked beautiful, even in her ashes!

“Between her rivers and beside the Sea
My native land, what fairer land can be?”

The lyric rapture in her leaping rills,
The crown imperial on her purple hills.

Richer than Rome! when God’s great chariot rolls,
Imperial Georgia! *count* thy children’s souls.”

XXXII.

“CARTHAGENA DELENDA EST.”

Atlanta lay desolate!—a mass of ruins,—except a few dwellings: the Headquarters of General officers. One of these was the Lyon House, on Washington Street, where I lodged.

As I looked around, I was reminded of Scipio’s despatch to Rome: “Carthagena delenda est.” The Yankees had done everything to the little town that the Romans did to the great city, but “plow up the ground, and sow it with salt.”

Notwithstanding that the place was an ash-heap, a fine spirit of optimism was in the air as to Atlanta’s future. A mirage of Atlanta-to-be shone before every eye.

I met many old acquaintances. Two members of my old Regiment 66th Ga., Captain Tom Langston and Major C. C. Hammock, my former Quarter-Master, had already formed a partnership in the wholesale grocery business. They had built a temporary shack, which ere long grew into a large concern.

“CARTHAGENA DELENDA EST”

Captain Tom Castleberry of the 21st Ga.—elsewhere mentioned as being so seriously wounded at Antietam—was in the building business. He certainly had a big field for his operations!—and he made a big success of it. He was long identified with the city government. Castleberry Street is named for him. His quondam Lieutenants, Hazlitt, Rucker and Jones, were another new firm.

My mules were shipped to Chattanooga via the crippled State Railroad.

My trip over the W. and A. R. R. was haunted with retrospection. The hundred days of the Johnson-Sherman campaign, passed in review before my mind's eye. Here were the immutable landmarks of battle.

* * * * *

The Chattahoochee River: Old, entangling Sibil! It was *you* who whispered to listening armies the ancient oracle:

“His sword the brave man draws:

And asks no omen—but his country's cause!”

* * * * *

Yonder, Kennesaw! Our Druid Altar: hung with oak and mistletoe,—and dedicated to human sacrifices! God! How the blood was poured out at the foot of that old mountain. For seventeen days and nights!

Throughout those seventeen days, it rained. In the shade of our bush-arbors the heat was a hundred and ten degrees. When the shells knocked our bushes down about our ears, there was no chance to put them in place again until night fell:—with any luck in eluding the sharpshooters. The only breeze that fanned our faces was from the enemy's bullets. And we dared not stand erect in the trenches; even at midnight.

The stream of bullets never stopped.

* * * * *

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Etowah, next:—where we crossed to meet Sherman's flanking Corps; at New Hope.

The Oostanaula, at Resacca:—where Sherman thought he held "the Joker" on Johnson—if McPherson had only played the hand! But Johnson was not euchered!

Ringgold Gap:—where Hooker ran in his three pursuing Divisions to gather up what remained of Bragg's Artillery and Army trains, *once more* found "The Wizard of War"—Cleburne—his Division just as "full of fight" as at Missionary Ridge!

Ringgold Gap was Hooker's Hoo-Doo.

Chattanooga still wore the aspect of War. Government, Commissary and Quartermaster buildings lined the streets: long, one-story structures, from Market to Broad, and from Market to Cherry, were full of army supplies. Sutler's stores—little, low wooden shanties—were everywhere. Liquor and eatables were sold in them.

A negro brigade, stationed in the town, lorded it over the citizens: committing many dastardly deeds. In one instance their bestiality was visited on a prominent family. The negro officers refused to investigate the atrocity. A white ex-officer of a negro regiment, practicing law in Chattanooga then, refused to prosecute the negro ruffians even for a very large fee: Two thousand dollars. Colonel John Divine had loaned the money to prosecute this crime.

A metropolitan police appointed by Governor Brownlow, terrorized the town. Abel Pearson was Chief of Police. The policemen were Brownlow's toughs. Afterward, there were negro police. John Lovell, a notorious negro gambler and rowdy, the political negro boss, ran a dive on Market street, between 9th and 10th Sts.—a gambling "suck hole" and "ethnological whirlpool" as well!

I was glad to get away from the town!—and breathed freer when on my way around Old Lookout: “hitting the grit” for home!

XXXIII.

LOOKOUT VALLEY.

On through the Valley, and familiar scenes. Here, my Brigade swapped tobacco for coffee, with Carlin's Brigade: on Chattanooga Creek. There, the hill at St. Elmo, where we camped while Hooker fought his Battle Above the Clouds. And yonder, across the river, darkled Stringer's Ridge—where those batteries of siege-guns—vicious twenty-pound Parrots—were planted, *en barbette*.

And here it was that Jenkin's South Carolina Brigade thought to surprise Hooker's advance-guard by a sudden night-attack; ran into a corps of twenty thousand men,—and were glad to get back across Lookout Creek. More of Bragg's strategy, this!

After four years in the army, I was again in my home county, a county which had given but one vote for immediate secession, and which had sent delegates to the Georgia State Convention of '61 instructed to vote for Co-operation with other States on the basis of Peace and Union. Thus they voted: with Alex. H. Stephens, Ben Hill, Herschell V. Johnson, and others. But finally, Dade's delegates signed the ordinance of secession.

After Lincoln issued his Proclamation of Coercion, this Union County which though containing few slaves, believed in States' Rights, stood fast for those principles and Old Georgia:—sending more men into the Confederate army than she had voters. But not one organized Company was sent to the Union army. There were some deserters who

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joined the marauders known as the "home guard."

In fact, Dade claims to be the banner volunteer county of the Confederacy.

As I rode on, I was frequently hailed by returned soldiers, who were at work in the fields, plowing or gathering corn. One man called out:

"Hello, Colonel Nisbet! You just getting back?"

"Yes, Jeff. How long have you been home?"

"Made a crop since I got back from Appomattox."

"I believe you went out with General John B. Gordon?" said I.

"Yes. I was a member of The Raccoon Roughs, 6th Ala. Reg. Gordon took his company into the service April, 1861, just after old Abe. Lincoln issued that Proclamation callin' us all out to fight our neighbors. Well, I went out: and staid four years—fighting for States' Rights, and Old Georgia—*an' I aint got no regrets!*"

"I had to swallow the oath of allegiance. Expect to keep it in good faith. Am a good Union citizen, now; I reckon—But I tell you them dam-Yanks better not come nosein' roun' my tater-patch!"

"You must be proud of the record The Raccoon Roughs made in Virginia. Every man of that Company is a hero."

How proudly Jeff answered!

"Yes, Sir! We seen our duty, an' we done it! Yes, Sir! We promoted our old Captain, John B. Gordon, to Lieutenant-General!—*next to General Lee!*"

"You did, Jeff!"

"I must turn two acres to-day," he observed, as I was saying good-by; "it's time wheat was in the ground. But farm-work goes hard with me, somehow. Had nothin' much to do for four years, Colonel, but drill a little,—and shoot Yankees. If old Marse Robert had n't a said *quit!*—Well, maybe it's all for the best.—Git-up, thar—*Mandy!* Yer lazy heifer! Gee-ee!"

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As an illustration of this spirit which animated ex-Confederate soldiers, one incident will be mentioned. At this period Berry Burnett, of Dade County, chanced to encounter a squad of Federal soldiers at Shellmound, a depot on the N. & C. R. R., where the latter were stationed. One of them stepped up to Burnett, saying: "Say, Johnnie; you can't wear those buttons round here!" Burnett replied: "This old uniform is the only suit I have." The Yank returned: "Well, I'll just cut these buttons off." Said Burnett: "If you try that, I'll kill you." "Oh, no; I guess not!" retorted the Yank, and, advancing, succeeded in cutting off one button. Burnett drew a pistol and killed him. The squad shot Burnett down: shot him all to pieces! Severely wounded as he was, Burnett was sent to Nashville to be tried by court-martial. In the meantime, his friends got up some money, went to Nashville, and used it with those in authority,—so report said. Certain it is, Burnett got out of his scrape; returned home, and we elected him Sheriff. This was the last and only time Federal soldiers attempted any pranks with the buttons on "the old gray coat," in Dade. Burnett still lives on his farm in Georgia: the man invincible! A braver man than Berry Burnett never lived. He is a highly respected citizen of his community.

Nearly fifty years have passed since that day. Most of those grand men have "passed over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." Many of their descendants have gone West. Many more are merged in the busy life of the city.

Beautiful little Dade! "The Tyrol of the West." But few of thy "laboring swains" or "bold yeomanry, their country's pride" remain. "Far, far away, thy children leave the land." And the towns once the loveliest villages of the plain,—are merely little empty honey-combs, left hanging to the beegums of Time! Their young life flown away.

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Cloverdale, one of the model stock farms of Georgia in 1861, I found in a wrecked condition: stock all gone, and the fencing all destroyed. A part of Sheridan's Division camped on the farm as they marched to Chickamauga. Brig. Gen. W. H. Lytle occupied a part of my house a few days before he was killed.

As to this, my mother described the "occupation" in these words: "The summer of 1863, as you know, we were spending on your farm in Lookout Valley. About Sept. 15th we heard that Sheridan's Federal Division was approaching: from Valley Head, Ala. Very soon, General Lytle rode up. He demanded the use of a part of our house for his Headquarters. He was courteous. He said he would remain but a short time, and would post a guard to protect us from intruders. 'Madam,' he said to me, 'army?' I replied: 'Yes, General; my two sons enlisted in the Confederate army early in 1861. They are just where I want them to be, as long as this 'I am informed that you have two sons in the Rebel unhappy war lasts.' He answered: 'Madam, I respect your adherence to a principle you think right!' He added: 'On our side, there are men fighting who are animated by inherited prejudices: old issues started long since, in England. With many others the freedom of the negro is the inciting cause of their activity. I am fighting to preserve the Union of the States. But I do not make war on women and children; or wantonly destroy private property.' Your father came in, was introduced, and after a short conversation the General said, 'Mr. Nisbet, as you are a Confederate sympathizer, I will have to put you on parole not to leave your premises until we move away.'

"I had your old cook, Myra, who, you know, is skilled in all the excellencies of Middle Georgia cuisine.

"To simplify matters, I invited the General and his staff to take their meals with us. He was pleased

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to know that we were conversant with his writings. One of his poems, 'Anthony's Farewell to Cleopatra,' was recited by my little niece, Anna Wingfield." (Colonel Realf mentions that General Lytle—under a presentiment of death—wrote the poem the night before he was killed. Perhaps the author penned from memory that fatal night, the noble lyric which he had previously published. It had appeared two or three years before that time.) My mother continued: "After leaving your farm Sheridan's Corps moved across Lookout Mountain. The sound of cannon could be heard on the 18th, 19th and 20th of September; then at night, all was still. Your father and some of your neighbors hastened over there, the morning of the 21st, when they returned we rejoiced to hear of the victory, but mourned the death of General Peyton Colquitt, and other Georgia friends. And we regretted poor General Lytle's untimely end.

"He was a man above the ordinary petty, contracted Northern soldiers. He was not only brave and talented; *he was a gentleman.*"

Brig. General W. H. Lytle was born in Cincinnati 1826 of distinguished parentage. He served in the war with Mexico as a Captain in the 2nd Ohio Infantry. In 1857 he was a candidate for Lt. Gov. on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated. In 1861 he was commissioned Colonel 10th Ohio Infantry. Was severely wounded at Carnifax-Ferry, West Virginia, and was again wounded and captured at Perryville, Kentucky.

Now for "reconstruction on the fields of destruction." I set to work to rebuild my stock farm. My quondam slaves having gone to Middle Georgia, I determined on a new role. I would sow wheat. With help if I could get it; without it, if nobody could be hired.

A fellow wearing a long, blue, Yankee overcoat came strolling along the public road. He had deserted my Company in 1863 whilst at home

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on furlough, and joined a Company of "home-made Yankees" from DeKalb County, Alabama. It was led by one Captain John Long, who pretended to be on scouting duty for the Federal army: but whose real occupation was plundering the people of Lookout Valley. The man in the blue overcoat stopped until I plowed around to the road. He said, "Howdy, Cap'n! I want to 'pologize for quitting you and the boys in old Ferginny. I hope you won't think hard of me?" I said, "Hawkins, the war is over; let it go at that. But if I had caught you during the war, when you and your gang were plundering this farm, I would have filled you full of bullets!" He had no reply for that remark, but asked "Cap'n, kain't you give a feller a job? I'll help you git in yer wheat." I said, "You ought not to need a job. Where's all that plunder you and your crowd stole, up and down this valley in '63, '64 and '65;" He replied, "I got a lot, but I had sich a poor chance to take keer of it." "Well," said I, "you've got a plenty of cheek. I'll hire you, give you fifty cents a day and your board." "All right," said he, "I'm ready to go to work." "Well, go to the barn, harness that pair of mules, hitch to a turning plow that's there, and come down here. We shall see who can turn the most land today." We were plowing near a public road; returned soldiers passing called out, "Hello, Colonel. Have you captured a Yank and put him to work?" "Yes." I said, "*but this is only half a one.*" I had made arrangements with Mrs. Dr. McGuffey to board me and my men for a short time, until my old colored cook, "Aunt Myra," could return from Macon. When Hawkins walked into the dining room, I saw there was trouble brewing. Dr. McGuffey rose from the table and called me out. "Colonel," he said, "*what did you bring that fellow here for? He can't sit at my table!* Why, his company robbed me, and this fellow struck me on the head with his pistol!" I said, "Doc, you are a preacher—let's forgive our

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enemies—here's a good chance to practice what you preach." He said, "*You are right; but it is mighty hard!*"

In telling me of the different movements of his battalion, after I was captured, Major Nisbet said. "In April, 1865, I was passing through Columbus, Georgia, from Andersonville, where I had been to take a batch of prisoners from Iuka, Mississippi. General Cobb stopped me to help the citizens in their effort to save the city from General Wilson's raiders, who were coming from Selma, Alabama. My battalion was posted in Girard, Alabama, across the Chattahoochee. We were in the center, citizens being on my right and left, their flanks resting on the river, above and below the bridge. It was night when Wilson came up, and charged with ten thousand cavalry—dismounted. We repulsed the charge on our front; but the citizens gave way; consequently we were surrounded, and captured.

The next morning I awoke in the camp of the Yankee provost-guard. A tall cavalryman called out to me, "Hello, Major Nisbet!" I went over to the guard line, and asked, "Do you know me?" He answered, "Don't you remember taking a batch of prisoners in 1864, from Sherman's army to Andersonville? I was one of those fellers. We all agreed that you treated us well for prisoners, and now I am going to do what I can for you." He went away, and soon returned with a good breakfast, and then got an old horse for me to ride the sixty sandy miles to Macon: where we were met by General Cobb, and the Mayor, under a flag of truce. They informed General Wilson of Lee's surrender, after which the Federals quietly occupied Macon."

Major Nisbet—his health impaired by exposure incident to the war—served faithfully to the day of surrender. His men adored him: not only for his lenient temper, but for his big heart. As a private, his self-will was unruffled:—No danger of being cashiered! But as an officer—queerly enough—he

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continued to know no will but his own! There was not another man in the service who would have dared drill his command only when he "dam-pleased!"

At Dalton he refused to take his battalion out on brigade drill, because the weather was bad; said his men were not *feeling well*, and he did not want to expose them. Our Brigade commander, General Stevens, a martinet, would not stand for a dereliction of duty. I feared he would prefer charges against my brother for disobedience of orders.

After the drill the old General said, "Colonel, what shall we do with Major Nisbet?" I said, "General, my brother is very obstinate; but I hope you will overlook his dereliction inasmuch as though his little old battalion is not much on the drill, they are always on hand when a fight comes up, and efficient in a **scrap**."

The old General thought highly of the Major. The campaign soon opened, and so the matter was overlooked.

In one of the three companies of this battalion was a man of remarkable height—over seven feet. He attracted my attention, and I had an occasional word with him.

Twenty-five years after the war, I was riding through Carroll County, Ga., with a lot of stock. I wanted to find lodgings for the night and was told that I could find accommodations for myself, my man, and stock, at a certain farmhouse. The farmer's wife told me that her "old man" was away; but I might stop. I was invited in, and when the farmer came in, his wife told him a stranger had applied for lodgings. He came to my room to make up a fire. Recognizing him at once—it was dead easy to follow "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine!"—I was about to introduce myself, when he exclaimed:

"You needn't tell me your name: I know you, Colonel Nisbet! I was a member of Captain Estes' Company, from this county, in Major Nisbet's Bat-

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talion. We were halted at Columbus, Ga., to fight Wilson.

"I was suffering with asthma, then, as I am doing now. I'll tell you a story after supper. Can't sleep much at night: have to sit up with the wheezes! I'll be mighty glad to have an old comrade to talk with."

Later in the evening the old fellow dropped into my room again, mended the fire, and fell to talking.

"At Columbus, when the 26th Ga. Battalion went over the river, me, and another sick man, were detailed to stay in camp, guard the wagons, and cook for our Company. We were sitting there listening to the firing over the river, when he heard horsemen coming at a gallop—on the Columbus road. They stopped. One of 'em called out:

"What are you doing there?"

"Guarding the wagons," I answered.

"I am General Cobb," says he; "Wilson's taken the town. You'd better get away."

"I said to the fellow with me:

"*John, the jig's up! Let's make for home!*"

"I told my nigger, Ben, to come on, and I struck up the road leading toward home, in a run! It was dark.—I forgot about my asthma!—We ran about a mile. Then, I just *had* to stop, to get breath!—We sat down on a log to rest. For the first time I noticed that Ben had 'straggled.'

"John," said I, *where's Ben?*"

"Lord knows!" says he.

"You reckon that black rascal's staid back yonder to go off with the Yankees? Dog-goned black scoundrel! Deserting me! In this time of trouble! Why, my wife raised him like one of our own children."

"Before long we saw somebody coming up the road. I called out:

"Who's that?" The fellow answered:

"Is that you, Master?"

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“Well, if it ain't Ben!” said I. “Ben, what's that you got?”

“Hit's er two-gallon coffee-pot full er that-there fine old apple-brandy,” says Ben. “Did n' wanter leave dat whole barrel fer dem Yankees! Gord knows hit wuz bad 'nuff fer 'em ter git de town—en de wagons—en de mules! I 'lowed yer mout need some de liquor fer yer cough, Marster.”

“Blamed if that nigger ain't got more sense *to-night* than both of us,” says John. “Knew your black hide would protect you from Yankee bullets, didn't you, Ben? Gimme your coffee-pot!”

“I'll tell you, Colonel, if there ever was a God-send in the shape of a coffee-pot—that was the time. We had to ‘hoof-it’ home. We were sick and disheartened. The apple-jack saved our lives.”

During the winter of 1866 Georgia held an election for Governor and members of the Legislature, in accordance with President Johnson's Proclamation. Judge Charles J. Jenkins of Augusta, a very able jurist and conservative man, was elected Governor: with a Democratic Legislature. They assembled at Milledgeville, and ratified the 13th Amendment.

Other Southern States also ratified the Amendment. The requisite endorsement—three-fourths of the States—was secured through *the action of the Cotton States*. This was how the 13th Amendment was made a part of the Constitution. And this “patch” on the seat of the old Constitution set the negro free.

Many slave-holders in certain of the States had espoused the Union cause. Some of these had fought in the Federal ranks. So, upon the adoption of the 13th Amendment—abolishing slavery, but making no provision to pay for the slaves!—these union men “kicked like a bay steer!” In Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, West Virginia and many of the Northern States *the 13th Amendment was defeated*.

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But for the action of the Cotton States—IT WOULD HAVE BEEN LOST.

During the winters of '65 and '66, business in the South crawled up. The railroads were being re-built. The negroes, after loafing around and living on Government rations, when the rations were discontinued, found themselves, for the first time, staggering under "The White Man's Burden"—Tomorrow! Where was subsistence to come from?

Where were the "'tater patches" and the corn-cribs of yesterday? The smoke-house—the orchards—and the buttermilk jug in the spring?

"The Man with the Hoe" admitted: "Ain' stud'n Freedom. Stud'n bread n' meat!"

The blacks made contracts to work the plantations on shares, or for wages. Cotton commanded a topping price. Labor was in demand. Wages were high. Good things for the South were in sight. Exactly what the dominant party at Washington *didn't want to see!* A horde of useless, spineless, jobless fellows—ecclesiastics and politicians—all understudies to the devil!—had to be provided for by the daddies of the G. O. P. Negro-lovers and fanatics had claims on the Republican Party. Under the flim-flam of their pious cares for the "negro," this mob might "get what was left" at the South!

And the black goops needed somebody to vote 'em right!

Moreover, down there in Georgia, where one-armed and one-legged men were "dropping corn," it would be easy to "cross-lift 'em!"

The Southern States had gone Democratic. Many of the Northern States were doubtful. This was unpromising! The solution was to declare the Southern States still in a state of Rebellion!

The majority in Congress pulled off the new stunt—the first Reconstruction Act:—March 2nd, 1867. Another followed, March 23rd, 1867. Another yet, July 19th. Congress was prolific as an

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old turtle. But Lord! How the whole hatch "smelled to Heaven!"

The Act of July 19th prescribed an "Iron-Clad Oath" to be administered before any man be allowed to vote, or hold office.

He who could not swear that he had "never given aid or comfort, in any way, to those engaged in rebellion" was disfranchised!

Devoted Union men at the South could not take this oath. Everywhere Unionists had fed the hungry and succored the distressed. Judge Rives of Virginia, conspicuous loyalist, and father of Amelie Rives, the author, could not accept the Judgeship. He had allowed his young son, about to join the Confederate Army, to take a horse from the stables!

Under the provisions of this diabolical Instrument, any negro might vote, or hold office!—But no white man who had ever held civil office! Even a Justice of the Peace, was disbarred.

Americans,—the very "seed-corn" of future armies, and future Presidents!—were to be reduced to the condition of

"Feeble folk; without the law!"

President Johnson vetoed all the Reconstruction Bills. The Radical majority promptly passed the bills over his veto. One of Johnson's veto messages declared: "National policies are in a strange transition state. By a singular abandonment of all past professions, the Republican majority in holding that States lately in rebellion must be treated as conquered territory: embracing the theory which was high treason in 1865, that the Union could be dissolved."

Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, was removed from office. Maj.-Gen. Meade was placed in command of the middle Dept. with headquarters at Atlanta. Jenkins surrendered his office—but not the Great Seal of Georgia. *No threats could induce him to*

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give it up! It never came to light, until the clean-handed, fearless old Georgian "Rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's": the Great Seal of the State he committed to Georgians!

The miseries of military rule were not "rubbed in" by Meade. The Freedman's Bureau had to be sustained: the election of '68 was held under bayonets. But there was little friction in Georgia. The three days' election went off quietly enough. The fact is, the subordination of the military to the civil power being bred in the bone of soldiers—Regulars, Volunteers, Militia,—they are the most loyal citizens of our Republic.

If there was one feature of the Reconstruction Acts more hateful to the South than any of the rest it was "The Freedman's Bureau,"—presided over by Maj.-Gen. Howard. A good soldier, the man was such a negro-lover, that the ability to do justice to a white man was not in him.

XXXIV.

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On the 31st Jan., '65, Congress, by a two-thirds majority, passed a bill known as the "13th Amendment," abolishing slavery. Several of the Northern States had rejected it. The votes of the Southern States were necessary to ratify it. President Johnson appointed Provisional Governors for these States, who ordered elections for the Legislatures in the various States. That autumn the convening Legislatures ratified the 13th Amendment. By Dec. 18th, 1865, three-fourths of the States had so acted; and on that day the Amendment aforesaid was proclaimed as an integral part of the Constitution.

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But the Southern Legislatures did more. They passed Vagrant Acts, to compel the hordes of idle negroes to go to work; thereby rendering roads and streets safe. By enactment, vagrants refusing to return to work, were to be bound out to compulsory labor. There was nothing unprecedented, even unusual, in such vagrant acts. The greater part of them are parallel to the acts controlling labor and vagrancy as they appear on the statute-books of many of the New England States. Whatever their justification, the dominant party were "hot in the hive." The Southern Legislatures were undoing the work of Emancipation!

In Feb., 1866, Congress passed a bill continuing the Freedman's Bureau indefinitely: with largely increased powers. An attempt to pass this bill over the President's veto failed. In April, 1866, the Civil Rights Bill became a law. But uncertain of their Constitutional grounds, the party in power drafted the 14th Amendment; containing the principle—so-called—of the Civil Rights Act. If unaccepted by any Southern State, re-admission to representation would be denied such State or States. In New Orleans, two days after Congress adjourned (July 30th, 1866) a Constitutional Convention composed of negroes and their white partisan allies, was broken up by a mob; with violence and bloodshed. In Oct. the Southern States rejected the 14th Amendment. The ensuing Congress, March 4th, 1867, passed a Reconstruction Act which was as radical as it could be made. The Southern States were organized into five military Dist.'s, with a General of the army at the head of each. Grant was invested with powers making him, and the army, practically independent of the President. Thus the troubled political years sped uneasily upon every hand.

On the 7th Dec., 1868, the Fortieth Congress assembled. President Johnston forwarded to them his final Annual Message. He advised the repeal of the Reconstruction Acts, and other un-

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lawful Acts. He declared that "the attempt to place the white population under the domination of persons of color in the South, had impaired if not destroyed the kindly relations which had previously existed between them, and that mutual distrust had engendered a feeling of animosity: that great wrong was still being done some of the Southern States, in that they were yet denied representation in the National Congress: notwithstanding that said States *had conformed to all the requirements of the Constitution and Laws of the United States.*"

On December 25th Andrew Johnson issued his Amnesty Proclamation: which included everybody except Jefferson Davis. A petition, signed by ten thousand Baltimore women, begging that Davis be included in the General Amnesty, met with Johnson's refusal.

In 1868 came an order from Washington directing that an election for Governor and a Legislature be held in Georgia. The Presidential contest between Grant and Horatio Seymour was on.

The South had been prepossessed in Grant's favor until he sided with her enemies, the Radical extremists. When Grant, the Republican nominee, and Seymour, the Democratic nominee, went to the country on the question of Reconstruction, it was inevitable that the Southern States should vote as they did.

Grant was elected; but a significant feature of the election was the fact that in a total popular vote of more than 5,700,000, Grant's majority was but little more than 300,000. Horatio Seymour had carried New York and New Jersey. The Radicals perceived what this meant. To quote from Woodrow Wilson: "It was seen that a slight shifting of opinion on Reconstruction at the North, was liable to be the undoing of the dominant party. So they were determined the more to put the white South under the heels of the black South; thereby fixing securely

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their tenure of office. They had not stopped to speculate what the effects would be. They had prepared the way for the ruin of the South. But they had hardly planned wisely."

In our Georgia County, Dade, the election, held at the county site, continued three days and was held under the auspices of an agent of the Freedman's Bureau and a squad of three soldiers. Seymour received all the votes Dade cast for the Presidency except two: a Scotchman from Penn. voted for Grant, and one other vote was cast for him. Who it was that gave Grant a pair of votes—Well, to this day the identity of the shame-faced fellow is unknown.

I received most of the votes cast for the Georgia House of Representatives. There were about twenty negro votes: all for the Democratic tickets save one. Willis Stephens voted for his old master, Gallatin Stephens, my Republican opponent.

Russ Taylor, an ex-Confederate, and as spirited as he was brave, entertained at his house during the three days of the election, the F. B. Agent and the aforesaid three soldiers. Never before had that quartette been so royally entertained. Wherefore, they absented themselves from the polls! Dade knew how to meet Reconstruction!—as well as war.

Milledgeville was the capital of Georgia, but we were ordered by our Military Boss, General Meade, commanding the Dep't, to meet in Atlanta. In accordance with the military order, those who had never taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States were sworn in as members of the Georgia Legislature. Enough Democrats were rejected, and their Republican opponents sworn in, to give the Republicans a majority in the House and Senate. This majority consisted of about seventy-five negroes in the House, and five in the Senate. The rest were "carpet-baggers" who had been connected with the Freedman's Bureau; and native

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"skallawags," as Georgians professing to be Republicans were called.

General Jno. B. Gordon had been elected by a large majority, on the face of the returns; but his opponent, Rufus B. Bullock, of Albion, New York. Agent of the Southern Express Company at Augusta, Ga., was declared elected: and was sworn in Governor of Georgia, by order of Gen. Meade.

Our State had passed through turmoils of Civil War and political strife, protracted for seven years. I held that the best interests of the State would be subserved by a conservative course. It developed that a majority of the Democratic members of the Legislature were of this opinion. When we held a caucus to fix upon the policy to be pursued, two cardinal points were agreed upon: First, to get rid of Reconstruction:—thereby resuming our proper status in the Union—next, to place able representatives in Congress. Such old-fashioned, Simon-pure Union men as Benj. H. Hill, of Georgia, and Zeb Vance, of North Carolina. How these two "proved out" when we *did* get 'em face to face with the traducers and persecutors of the South—How Blaine quaked and shrivelled, and went dumb, in the lime-light of Ben Hill's evidence!—why, that's another story. And a better one than the raciest after-dinner story you ever heard. To pick up the trail: We set about ridding ourselves of the abominable Freedman's Bureau and the noisome carpet-bagger. At first the Georgia Legislature rejected the 14th Amendment. Not because it gave the negro Civil Rights. Georgia had already passed a bill giving the negro absolute equal civil rights, in language almost precisely the same as that adopted by Congress. The truth is this: The 14th Amendment was rejected by all the Southern States because its fourth clause disfranchised the most intelligent and trustworthy white men of each State. In other words, some two hundred thousand of the best citizens of the South could never be chosen to hold any office

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whatever: State or Federal. Southern leaders had done only what the people requested them to do. To require us to dishonor our agents, was to require the Southern people to dishonor themselves.

The price of the policy to which these amendments gave the final touch of permanence was the temporary disintegration of Southern society. "But men whom experience had chastened saw that only the slow processes of opinion could mend the unutterable errors of a time like that. It was no time in which to defy Northern opinion and strengthen the hands of Congress by resistance."

There were others "to whom counsels seemed as ineffectual as they were unpalatable: men who could not sit still and suffer what was now put upon them."

The South knew the dominant party at Washington: but that party did not know the spirit of the region with which it had to do.

The Republicans had a majority—as counted in—in both houses, as has been stated. It was known that the carpet-bag members, backed by eighty negro votes, were mad to get their fingers into the State Treasury. I am sorry to add that a good many native Georgians who claimed to be Republicans stood around the Legislative halls ready to aid in all thievish schemes. To the hinderance of our conservative plans, we had a minority of Democrats who insisted on fighting the war over, and refused to accept the situation. Many of these had stayed at home during the conflict, to look after plantations, being exempt from conscription under the "Twenty-negro clause," and now they had just put on their "war paint." We veterans, after four years of fighting, were not now so mad as these non-combatants.

The Legislature was required to adopt, first, the 14th, then the 15th Amendments to the Constitution, as a condition of the State's re-incorporation into the Union, and Representation in Congress. Enough

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Democrats finally voted with the Republicans to ratify the amendments; but no conservative Democrat believed in unqualified negro suffrage. It was a severe ordeal we were forced to undergo. It was one more test of our fidelity to old Georgia! Like St. Paul, "we suffered fools gladly;"—that good might accrue to the State. And like Lord Byron, we held that "Time, at last, makes all things even." Nor were we in the wrong.

Our attitude presently caused the negroes to look upon the conservative Democrats as their friends. This advantage was clinched by the pledge of our party to give them a liberal free-school bill: on condition that the negroes assisted us to defeat certain bills of the carpet-baggers; principally bills calling for large issues of State bonds for new railroads. State aid to railroads—projected railroads—had been adopted in the Republican caucus, and made a party policy.

The negroes voting off with us, on these issues, made certain of the Republicans mad; especially the white native Republicans from the freestone counties of Northeast Georgia.

Result: The ultra Democrats formed a coalition with these Republicans and offered a resolution declaring the negro members ineligible.

We moved to "indefinitely postpone," which was defeated. We argued that such action would delay our progress, that the negro members would be re-seated by the Radical Congress.

However, the resolution ousting the negro members was adopted, and the negroes' seats declared vacant.

H. M. Turner, one of the colored members of the House from Bibb County, made a forceful speech before his race retired, in which he predicted their early return to their seats.

It eventuated in Georgia being put back under stricter military rule. The negroes were re-seated by the military. General Meade was ordered by the

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Secretary of War to take charge of the Georgia Legislature; as a "rebellious body," defying the laws of the United States; to reinstate the negro members and to reorganize the House of Representatives.

His soldiers were marched into the state capitol, turned the speaker of the House out of office and installed a man named Harris, an employe (Foreman) of the State Railroad, Speaker. We called him "Fatty Harris." He looked like a Falstaff. He assumed the gavel and called the House to order.

On the roll being called, the negro members answered to their names and Harris declared the House duly organized and ready for business.

The military were withdrawn, and the routine of the Legislature proceeded as before. The negroes, however, were *frightened*, and were in a plastic mood for treating with us. We were not slow to avail ourselves of this chance to get a majority to defeat the Carpet-bagger's bills.

The efforts of those fellows at Washington in securing an order to reinstate the negroes was the carpet-baggers' undoing. They were hoisted by their own petard. One very remarkable fact should be set down. It was this: The *new-made citizen* (negroes) showed the utmost deference for the scions of the old slaveholding stock. On the other hand, they everywhere treated their new allies, the Carpet-baggers and the skally-wags, with derision and contempt. The worst bills were defeated and others hedged around by cautious amendments. Thus by prudence and moderation Georgia was saved from great pecuniary losses and her credit maintained.

The next session "Fatty Harris" lost his job as "law boss" and we put the Hon. Robt. McWhorter back as Speaker of the House. Fatty said that he was glad to retire, that he had rather boss his gang of "section hands," that "we made his life unbearable." He went up to Chattanooga and built the first

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street railroad line (mules) from the A. G. S. Passenger Station down Market street to the river.

Atlanta was arising from her ashes. How it was that great blocks of brick buildings sprung up in this era of poverty, no one could explain. It was whispered that "blockade cotton-money" from Liverpool—*belonging to the state*—had been diverted to pay for one fine building on Broad Street, near the bridge. More money from dubious sources went into the purchase of some lots and buildings fronting on Pryor, Wall, Decatur and Lloyd streets: a bequest of one Mitchell to the city of Atlanta: to be used as a park. The city realized no benefit from the transaction, other than taxable property. The money for the park, a small amount, went to some fictitious heirs trumped-up to fill that role. Nor is it any secret that the Kimball House was built from the proceeds of the sale of Brunswick and Albany Railroad bonds, illegally signed and sold to Henry Clews and Co. at a very low price.

The Act authorizing the endorsement of the B. & A. Railroad bonds by the State, provided: That when twenty miles of said road had been completed, the Governor might endorse the bonds of the road to the amount of *twenty thousand dollars* per mile for each twenty miles completed, equipped, and *received* by the State Civil Engineer: and that said bonds be countersigned by the State Treasurer.

Dr. Angier of Atlanta was then State Treasurer. He was more. He was a Republican, and—an anomaly for those times!—he was an honest Republican. He refused to sign the bonds, because "no part of the Railroad had been completed and received by the State Engineer, according to the Act. Nor even the right-of-way cut off. Dr. Angier went North to protest in Wall street offices and through the press against the validity of the bonds. He declared that his signature had been lithographed, and placed upon the bonds without authority. To this old Roman, an example of honesty in public

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office, the State of Georgia should erect a fitting monument.

The next Legislature refused to recognize the bonds as a valid claim against the State. The matter came up before successive Legislatures, through the efforts of lobbyists, until 1877. Then the Constitutional Convention put a final quietus to the claim.

The upheaval of social conditions after the war threw to the surface, and brought under the eye, many motley characters. Here were the "hill-billies"—illiterate native Georgians. When the conscript act called on them to fight for the State, they "hid out." When pursued or arrested, they were bitter: "agin' Secession what fotch on the War." After the surrender, they were "agin thur Dimmercrats" and herded with the Republicans. Here were "Yarb doctors," and "horse doctors," and "well diggers," mysterious masters of the yokel's divining-rod, the "forked hazel switch" which betrays those underground treasures, water and mineral veins. And from many a "knob" came the traveling preacher, "the Prophet of the mountains," who dispensed with the Gospel "as the good Lord would direct him to the text" from "anywhurs betwix the leds of the Book."

And fellows such as these were sent to Atlanta to represent certain Georgia Counties! They were known as scallawags. After joining with the negroes and carpet-baggers in voting that they should receive nine dollars per day and ten cents per mile "each way" over the route to Atlanta, they arrived in that city in covered wagons containing their interesting families—each family, had it come to a show-down, could have crowded old Peter the Great's record for children!—as Carlyle gives it. The wagon-train of wild and wooly crackers encamped near the Marietta road. Oh, bulliest picture in the Book of Time! Could anything equal it? A concourse of crackers; horse-trading, cook-

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ing, sawing on old fiddles!—the nascent Solons were on in this act,—to the tune of “Billy in the Low-grounds.” It was more like a gypsy camp than anything else.

Standing out in hideous prominence as the worst product of that period of perfidious things was “the Secession-scallowag.”

Referring to one of these men, often honored by Georgia, General Howell Cobb in his great “Bush-Arbor” speech delivered in Atlanta July 4th, 1868, applies this epigram: “Base, ignoble wretch! He only rises as he rots: and rots as he rises!”

The fight we made defeated much nefarious legislation: and resulted in solidifying the whites: a solidity which finally rescued the State from the control of alien enemies:—an example afterward followed by all the other Southern States.

Georgia forged ahead of her sister States financially, and gained a lead she has maintained to this day. Though in the minority, the Democrats had brains and legislative experience. Aided by Howell Cobb, Robert Toombs, Eugenius A. Nisbet, Chas. J. Jenkins, Benj. H. Hill, Alexander H. Stephens, Herschel V. Johnson and other able patriots, the State was redeemed; and saved from utter bankruptcy.

In this work we were sustained by a new and hitherto undreamed-of ally. We had at our command forces as potent as they were mysterious.

XXXV.

“THE KU-KLUX-KLAN.”

In its inception this Organization was a practical joke. It had its origin in the minds of some mischievous young fellows bent on amusing themselves at the expense of the superstitious negroes.

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Queer pranks were played in the night. A White Clan, disguised in the habiliments of the grave, their horses shrouded in white, rode the highways at midnight. This ghostly Company surprised parties of negroes at night, on dark roads, and terrified them: To add to the horror of this spectacle, a hollow voice would issue from one of the sheeted ghosts, and no uncertain words: "We are just from Hell. We are thirsty. *Water! Quick!*"

There was no delay about that bucket of water. When delivered to the ghost, he lifted the bucket to his mouth and poured the contents into a rubber bag worn under his shroud. This performance each member of the Company went through with in turn, as fast as the negroes could draw the water. Bucket after bucket, gallon after gallon, would be drawn from the well and gulped down: until the well was dry! The Apparitions, after leaving their orders, disappeared as mysteriously as they came.

These same mandates became, at length, as absolute and full of terrible significance as the ancient Venetian Council. When it was apparent that a powerful effect had been produced, not only upon the negroes, but upon the carpet-baggers, as well, the idea put on armor. Here was a weapon! A ghostly force might avail against the abominations and abuses of "Reconstruction." It was not the inspiration of one mind. It was the law of self-protection dramatized. It was *Right* riding forth as a White Spectacle under the midnight stars. As if by magic similar bands appeared all over the South: evolved by the exigencies of the times. The movement developed into an Invisible Empire. It became a momentous thing.

To certain Northern people it seemed to nullify the results of the war. To minds equally honest, it was a secret revolt against tyranny. A revolt as justifiable as Stein's against the French in 1806-14; which resulted in driving the French out of Hamburg—and Germany.

KU-KLUX-KLAN

The Southern armies had been disbanded. When it became all too evident that the Northern radicals, through hate and greed, would wrest from us our fair land, the Ku-Klux-Klan got busy. The Invisible Empire became a real Empire. It was the moment of extremity! It was the final effort of the Anglo-Saxon of the South to preserve his civilization and his patrimony. And the carpet-baggers, unable to discover the terrible, supernatural foe, folded their tents like the Arabs—or their carpet-bags—and as quietly stole away.

With the exodus of these political vagrants, and dangerous malcontents, the ends of the Ku-Klux-Klan were an accomplished fact. They were formally disbanded by an order issued at Memphis, by the Grand Wizard.

As is always the case where the law is usurped by irresponsible parties, and deeds of violence committed with impunity under oath of secrecy, a few men continued their lawlessness after the Grand Wizard had dissolved the Klan. There was no reason for its continuance. The Carpet-baggers were gone. The negroes had resumed their normal attitude toward the whites. But some youngsters who still had the "habiliments" wanted amusement; casual ghosts still galloped over the roads; and nocturnal tragedies continued to occur. Congress passed an Act in 1870 making it "a criminal offense to go upon the highways in disguise." April 20th, 1871, a still more drastic act was passed, to suppress the Ku-Klux-Klan. Its provisions made the survival of the Ku-Klux-Klan business, treason against the United States: and the President was authorized to use the army and navy in the work of suppression:—as against an insurrection and to suspend Habeas Corpus, if need be. Grant singled out nine counties in South Carolina, where he called upon the K-K-K's to surrender their arms in five days. No Klan then existed. Therefore no arms were surrendered. Whereupon Grant caused two

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hundred prominent citizens to be arrested, and convicted by U. S. Court. They were finally released, on some terms or other.

Though no serious attempt was made to probe the underlying *cause* for the so-called "conspiracy" and "chronic disorder" of which the Southern States stood accused, there was much noise over the acts of this unknown organization: an impalpable body with sleepless energies.

The operations of the Ku-Klux-Klan had created consternation in the councils of the Radical majority in Congress. A committee was appointed to investigate with plenary power to travel at will and summon witnesses. Assisted by the army, they traveled all over the South, taking evidence. Their reports to Congress *fill thirteen large volumes*, which are a mass of ghost stories and other irresponsible testimony of the negroes and Carpet-baggers. In truth, nothing reliable was developed that had not been mentioned by the daily newspapers.

Dr. W. E. Thompson, the eloquent pastor of Centenary church, Chattanooga, in a beautiful address on the occasion of "Decoration Day" at Lafayette, Georgia, June 3rd, 1911, said: "After years of desolation and heaps of slain, the colors that called out a wild homage from everywhere were trailed in the dust. The dead outnumbered the victims of any modern war. The first born of uncounted homes were dead upon the battlefield. Blackened ruins marked the sites of homesteads. Poverty was universal. Then an alien race, some of whose ancestors within a century were cannibals, were given leadership over Anglo-Saxon refinement. The Recording Angel only, can report the broken hearts, and mute anguish, from the Delaware to the Rio Grande. Men cannot put it into any form of speech. The Ku-Klux-Klan was the salvation of the South during the days of reconstruction. Were it in my power, I would erect a monument to the Ku-Klux-Klans that would pierce the blue vaults of heaven."

KU-KLUX-KLAN

In these words Dr. Thompson holds up the torch of truth before a scene "Black as the Pit, from pole to pole."

No man has ever described the situation with such clarity and fidelity. His words should be recorded on bronze and marble; to the justification of History.

The Southern Soldier lost no whit of his gallantry in defeat: nor under the yoke of tyrannous Reconstruction. He spoke for himself.

"In the fell clutch of Circumstance
I have not winced, nor cried aloud:
Under the bludgeonings of Chance,
My head is bloody—but unbowed!"

In those dark days of "Reconstruction," why did the South struggle against hope? "'Twas the instinct of life, the love of that miserable gift which misfortune had left us. We bethought us of the morrow, and it was well."

XXXVI.

PHILANTHROPY'S CLOVEN FOOT.

Under the Reconstruction Act hordes of broken-down preachers and political adventurers received appointments. Never "since King Jamie crossed the Tweed, with the hungry Scotch nation at his heels," has the like been seen. They appeared in nearly every county; and issued "Pronunciamentos"—a la Central America. All contracts with "freedmen" had to be approved by them; all issues where "a freedman" was a party had to be tried before them. Their decisions were final. There was no appeal. All elections were held under their management.

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Numbers of whites had been disfranchised. The negroes were marched up to the polls in droves, and given tickets. As the beneficiaries of such paternal care, the negroes "piled up" to vote the Republican ticket.

Such loyalty to the Republican Party, called forth "the Philanthropy of Christian men and women!" So soon as the industrious and thrifty darkies begun to deposit their savings in local banks, the Philanthropists got busy. "*Those ex-slave holders won't do to trust! We will open a bank, in connection with the Freedman's Bureau, to keep the Freedman's money safe!*"

A bank was chartered by Congress—Headquarters at Washington, D. C. (with branches), "The Freedman's Bank." It was important to teach the freedmen responsibility and economy! They must be afforded a *safe* place of deposit for their slender savings! "The Christian Soldier of the U. S. Army" was selected to keep the deposits. As President of the Freedman's Bank, he *did* keep them!—so securely that the unhappy depositors of two million dollars never saw their money again.

The depositors—"with their experience sticking to 'em," as Mr. Kipling would say—abandoned thrift and economy, for good and all.

General E. R. Canby was a victim of pious sharpers. It is thought he received no pecuniary advantage from the alleged failure of the Bank. He was about his military duties in the West, and did not know what was going on in the Central Bank at Washington. It was thought at the time that those sympathetic friends of the negro, the bank directors, divided the assets among themselves. The transactions besmirched the name of Canby. A brave soldier was lamented when Canby met his fate at the hands of the treacherous Nez Perces. Albeit there was a venomous summary of the scandal and the man, in print: "*The professed strategy, the skillful tactics, the ready valor, that had extin-*

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guished bank balances—all failed against this wily foe, "The Indian!"

Under the Reconstruction Acts the Civil courts were entirely suspended; but after a time certain men, so-called Republicans, were appointed Judges of the Superior Courts. The Reconstruction period lasted about seven years, and was a deadly incubus. Business was retarded, and the up-building of the South set back.

The party in power had made the white men of the South their implacable enemies. They were not enemies of the Union, but of the Republican party. These Reconstruction measures had wrought evils incomparably harder to undo than the havoc of the Civil War.

The Hon. Benj. H. Hill of Georgia in a speech on Reconstruction (while it was busy as the guillotine in the Reconstruction days of France) said: "It is the torch of the incendiary; the knife of the assassin: the firearm of the bandit;—sending death-blows to the life of the State, to the heart of Society and to the hope of civilization: that ignorance and vice may be exalted, and intelligence and virtue may be degraded."

Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of Dec., 1863, treated Secession as a rebellion of individuals, not of States. He said: "We all agree that the seceded States are out of their practical relation with the Union; and our sole object is to restore that relation. I believe it is easier to do this without deciding or even considering whether these States have been out of the Union than with it. Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad."

In opposing Johnson's policy, the dominant party in Congress refused to acquiesce in Mr. Lincoln's plan of pacification. As Woodrow Wilson observes: "The solemn, mild, tempered sentences with which Lincoln's second Inaugural had closed, seemed themselves of bad omen to these radical men."

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“With malice toward none: with charity to all: with firmness in the right, as God has given us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in: to bind up the nation’s wounds, to do all which may achieve and cherish a lasting peace among ourselves.” This foreshadowed too much leniency toward Southern people, to suit violent partisans. Opposition gathered head against Lincoln which it seems likely he could not have overcome.”

President Johnson retained Mr. Lincoln’s Cabinet unchanged. He held on to the plans Mr. Lincoln had made. For *this* he was made to feel the venom of Stanton’s and Thad. Stevens’ hatred and malignancy. It is true that Johnson invited the opposition of Stevens, Stanton, and men like them. He played into their hands. On his junketings, his speeches were full of unconsidered, abusive and violent denunciations.

The Secretary of War (Stanton) was antagonizing Johnson’s policies toward the South. Johnson removed him and appointed U. S. Grant, Sec. of War. In order to embarrass the President and placate the extremist, Grant resigned. Stanton was reappointed. Stanton’s antagonism waxed. For the second time Johnson dismissed him. Impeachment proceedings followed. In the meantime Johnson had appointed Major General Jno. M. Schofield acting Sec. of War, June, 1868.

Ross, the Kansas Senator who, for conscientious reasons, voted against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, was denounced and pilloried by his constituents—punished politically, socially and financially. Yet, was he right. Today, a majority of the people of Kansas admit that Ross was right.

Upon the failure of the impeachment bill—for want of a two-third majority—Schofield’s appointment was confirmed by the Senate, and he held the portfolio until after Grant’s inauguration:—March 4th, 1869. Promptly enough, Congress passed a law prohibiting any army officer from holding any civil

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office. In '95 this statute was modified: army and navy officers on the *retired* list are not now under this inhibition.

If conditions were bad in Georgia, they were worse in the other Southern States: more especially in Tennessee, where Parson Wm. G. Brownlow as Governor, backed up by a bitter partisan Legislature, was carrying on a "Reign of Terror." Nearly all of the best men of the State were disfranchised. Thousands of enterprising citizens were driven from their homes; particularly in East Tennessee. Suits were brought against their real estate for so-called damages or for constructive damages. Such men as Jim English, Lowery, the Inmans and others went to Atlanta; to become important factors in the rebuilding of that city. And thousands of others, "driven out by the hornet," left their homes for various cities or the untried West. The political violence which caused this loss to East Tennessee, had its counterpart in the fanaticism of the Spaniards when that country expelled the Moors and Sephardim;—the highly cultivated Jews. The fanaticism of France had its out-put: labelled "The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes."

Spain has never recovered the glorious position she occupied under Ferdinand and Isabella. France, by the loss of her Huguenot population, was badly crippled.

In Tennessee, Brownlow's political friends were encouraged by him to commit every sort of violence against ex-Confederates. There was no redress. The courts were Brownlow's creatures. It was his policy to drive out of the State all men of prominence who differed with him politically, that he might make a meal of the State without interruption. In Chattanooga strange sights were to be seen. Item: Whites and negroes associating on the footing of equals! In those dire days Chattanooga was the Mecca of cranks and fanatics, men and women afflicted with Negrophobia. There, the social equality

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experiment was tried out. Conditions were favorable, to a degree. E. O. Tade had charge of the affairs of the "Freedman's Bureau" in and around Chattanooga. Squire Jno. D. Blackford was Tade's friend and coadjutor; as well as dep. county clerk.

After the passage of the Civil Rights bill, the negroes were advised that they might intermarry with whites: that the Civil Rights bill superseded the State laws against miscegenation. Tade affirmed that he, as a minister of the Gospel, would perform the ceremony of marriage and Blackford declared that he would issue the licenses to applicants in such cases. Encouraged by the advice of such fellows, several colored men procured marriage-licenses and married white women. This, under the State law, is a felony. Tade and Blackford were indicted and convicted. Their lawyer, Judge Dan Trehwitt, appealed the case, but the decision of the lower court was affirmed. Tade paid up his fines and costs and moved away. Blackford followed suit. In fact most of that old crowd of fanatics who turned Chattanooga into a "hatchery" or station for demonstrating the ideas from the maggotty brains of Garrison and other rabid South-haters, finally left Chattanooga, in disgust. This put a stop to miscegenation. Then came an abortive attempt at the *co-education* of the races. Grant University was built. Whites and negroes were taught in the same classes. Presently, the whites ceased to attend. Negro patronage was a bone without marrow! The college was closed. And so ended the last effort to compel race affiliation in *one* Southern city! The climate was unfavorable to the propagation of the New England microbe!

The college, conducted strictly for white students, reorganized, and rechristened—"The University of Chattanooga"—is now in a flourishing condition: and bids fair to be the equal of any University in the South: being centrally located, richly endowed, with a strong faculty and backed by a progressive community.

XXXVII.

LAW AND ORDER.

After a time, in the '70's, the white people of Georgia carried the election and got control of the State. Whereupon, a hegira of plunderers to the North.

The Legislature of 1876 passed an act calling for a Constitutional Convention. Members were elected and assembled at Atlanta, July, 1877. Urged to come out for the Secretaryship, and ambitious for the position, I "beat the bushes" through the State, and on reaching Atlanta announced for the position.

The Hon. Wm. A. Harris, Sec. of the Senate, was a candidate. He was on the slate,—endorsed by the "Ring." Harris was a popular man and member of a strong Georgia family. He had always been honored with any position he sought. When the Convention assembled, that noble old Roman, Ex-Gov. Chas. J. Jenkins, who had been removed from the Governorship of Georgia by the last Reconstruction Act, was unanimously chosen President, and I was elected Secretary, by a large majority. I esteemed my election a matter of no small moment because it was an endorsement by a majority of the ablest men in the State, of my War Record and of my course in the Reconstruction Period.

After the war a new constitution had been adopted, but the people were dissatisfied with it. The Georgia Constitutional Convention of 1877 is considered the greatest legal body that ever met in the State.

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The Constitution which they formulated and adopted, and which will be the organic law of Georgia for many, many years to come, is a model for all the States. General Robert Toombs was the master-mind, but there were many other distinguished Georgians in that body. Some of them had long before retired from public life—Ex-Senators, Ex-Governors, Ex-Members of Congress and Ex-Judges of the Supreme Court. Many of my war comrades were delegates: among them was my cousin, Colonel Reuben Battle Nisbet, of Putnam County.

He was a member of the Committee of twenty-six, presided over by General Robert Toombs. That committee consisted of the Convention's wisest men. Their duty was to meet in the hours when the Convention was not in session, formulate sections of the forthcoming Constitution, and as prepared, report the same to the Convention at their morning session: to be discussed and acted upon by the Committee of the Whole.

After being adopted by sections, then it was adopted as a whole. It was decided by majority vote that it was unnecessary that the Constitution be signed by any member or delegate save the President and Secretary.

It was a great honor to witness the signature of that distinguished and honored man, Chas. J. Jenkins, and to attest a State Constitution which is the Palladium of my people's rights, and which especially guards their interests against the encroachments of public utilities and corporate greed.

The Georgian looks upon this instrument as his Magna Charta, and it will doubtless stand as Georgia's organic law until another century.

A prominent politician, clerk of the House of Representatives, acted as clerk in calling the Roll of Delegates, et cet., and was in my "combination." It was well known that my political friend had retired from the firing line early in the Civil War, and accepted a bomb-proof position. When the

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Convention delegates met in the lobby-halls and senate room, preparatory to marching in a body into the House of Representatives, the above-mentioned politician approached General Toombs, saying: "General, allow me to take your arm." The old General retorted: "Excuse me, sir. I will go in with one of 'The Old Guard!'" and turning, he offered his arm to me.

After the election I met Bill Harris and Evan Howell in the rotunda of the Kimball House, and we shook hands over the result. Evan said: "Nisbet, I never would have believed you, or any other man, could defeat Bill Harris for an office of this kind. How did you do it?" Whereupon Harris butted in: "Well, dam it! If I'd known Cooper Nisbet was in the army with half the state, and kin to the other half,—I'd have got busy!"

"Boys," I returned, "the wine and cigars are on me."

XXXVIII.

THE NEGRO.

It is the concensus of opinion that the negro was the *irritating cause* of the great conflict. Hence, these reminiscences would be incomplete without some reference to "The White Man's Burden." Not as a problem. Nor as a political issue. But as a Race: an ethnological numeral: a chattel: a freed-man: a wage-earner: an integral part of the community. Above all, as a "potwalloper."

In certain English boroughs every one who boiled a pot was entitled to vote. He was "a potwalloper." Our "potwallopers," however, put a negro construction on old English law! He who votes will be able "to boil the pot," they reason. Wherefore, is the franchise not thrown away!

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Through all these different "Phases of an Inferior Planet" I have known the negro: for what he is. My knowledge of him is neither theoretical nor drawn from wells of New England philosophy. It is the result of life-long observation: not without "inherited experiences."

My father was a slave-holder; as were his and my mother's ancestors for more than one hundred and thirty years. I owned a few slaves, and with them was living on a plantation when the war broke out. I have studied the full-blooded negro, under the most favorable circumstances as slaves and freedmen. I find it impossible to disagree with the scientific conclusion that he is an inferior species of the human race. There seems to be no other deduction than this: In the "evolution of the ages" inaugurated from the beginning by an All-Wise and beneficent Creator, the black was evolved at a much later period than the white race. Said Alexander H. Stephens: "For His own purposes He has made one race to differ from another, as He made one star to differ from another in glory." The late Prof. Louis Agassiz, LL. D., of Harvard (the foremost scientist that ever lived in America, and the highest authority on Comparative Physiology since Humboldt and Cuvier, under whom he studied) contributed an Appreciation of the Negro.

A letter from Dr. S. G. Howe, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, (one of a committee appointed by the Congress of 1863, to get up information concerning the negro, and report) asked for his scientific opinion. Prof. Agassiz, after criticising the prevalent opinion of the unity of the races derived from Genesis, says: "That legal equality should be the common boon of humanity can hardly be a matter of doubt nowadays. I trust we shall be wise enough not to complicate at once our whole system by thrusting on the negro social and political equality. Social equality I deem at all times impracticable, a natural impossibility from the very char--

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acter of the negro race. We know of the existence of the negro with all his physical peculiarities from the Egyptian Monuments several thousand years before the Christian era. Upon these monuments the negroes are so represented as to show that in natural propensities and mental abilities they were pretty much what we find them at the present day; indolent, playful, sensual, imitative, subservient, good natured, versatile, unsteady in their purposes, devoted and affectionate.

From this picture I exclude the character of the half-breeds; who have more or less the characters of their white parents. Originally found in Africa, the negroes seem at all times to have presented the same characteristics whenever they have been brought into contact with the white race: as in upper Egypt and along the borders of the Carthagennian and Roman settlements in Africa.

While Egypt and Carthage grew into powerful empires, and attained a high degree of civilization: while in Babylon, Syria and Greece were developed the highest culture of antiquity, the negro race groped in barbarism and *never originated a regular organization among themselves!* This is important to keep in mind and to urge upon the attention of those who ascribe the condition of the modern negro wholly to the influence of slavery."

Prof. Agassiz furthermore advises Dr. Howe "The Congress should be careful about bestowing political rights that have to be taken away." He adds, "*No man has a right to what he is unfit to use.*"

Notwithstanding, the Congress went ahead and bestowed political rights which some of the states have been compelled to greatly modify. The negroes have also had bestowed upon them by the United States Government and some of the States social rights, as to common carriers and Public Houses: laws that *cannot be enforced*, because they are unsustained by public opinion.

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Agassiz lectured in the Charleston South Carolina Medical College for three winters, when he had ample opportunity to study the negro race.

My relatives, the Le Conte brothers, studied science under him. Their father and Agassiz were particular friends: both being Huguenots, and scientists.

Agassiz was an abolitionist. I heard the Le Contes (sometime in the fifties) talk about his opinions as to the negro. He held that the negro by nature was an inferior type of the human race.

He beat his dissecting-knives into pruning-hooks, *for facts*.

Le Conte was afterward President of the University of California, Joseph Le Conte Prof. of Natural Science, there. They died a few years ago: leaving scientific works that are classics in their line.

Fed on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to a certain body of the people, the negro has become a fetich. It is useless to expect that facts can reach such cases. They are beyond all the realms of reason on the negro question. Albeit, Mrs. Stowe made a statement on her death bed admitting that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was an extreme case, and that it was written to stir the northern mind against slavery. So she confessed. And her son, Dr. Stowe, recently, in an address that is given farther on, candidly admits the same thing, and much more.

Some Abolitionists after residence in the South published books giving fair views on slavery. Rev| Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, was one of them. He was called "*South Side Adams*" by his Yankee brothers. Wonder they had not nick-named their high-priest of science, "*South Side Agassiz*."

As to the presence of blacks in America, let us see upon which section of our Country the greater responsibility lies for that. In the Massachusetts "Fundamentals: or Bodies of Liberties," passed by the General Court in 1641, "the slavery of negroes and Indians and the *slave trade*, were expressly le-

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galized." In fact, so far as the Colonists themselves were responsible for the introduction of negro slavery, the impartial historian must place the greater blame upon the Northern Colony. So it seems that after all Massachusetts has the honor of being the first to *legalize slavery, the slave trade, and the first to send out a slave ship.*

The New England Historians, Bancroft, Rhodes, and others, however, are silent as to this truth; altho they devote many pages to the *horrors of slavery* in the South! Moreover they are particular to refer to a certain Dutch-ship, which landed twenty slaves at Jamestown, Virginia; in 1619, and to the fact that Sir Frances Drake and Queen Elizabeth were engaged as partners in the lucrative business. (Bancroft is very caustic in his remarks on this subject.) So we have to search the Chronicles and lesser records of the period to ascertain the facts.,

We find that in 1636 only seventeen (17) years later, a ship "*The Desire*" was built and fitted out at Marblehead, Massachusetts, as a slaver. "They found the trade very remunerative and soon "Slavers" were sailing from every port in New England. In fact many of the large fortunes of Boston and her other cities of today were founded on this trade."

"Looking upon Newport, Rhode Island, today, and finding it so flourishing, it seems hard to believe that the foundation of much of its wealth and prosperity rested upon the most cruel, the most execrable, the most inhuman traffic that was ever plied by degraded men." While the Dutch, Portuguese and English, as mentioned, inaugurated the trade, circumstances largely forced upon the New England Colonies their unsavory prominence in this sort of Commerce. One of their earliest methods of earning a livelihood was in the fisheries, and this, curiously enough, led directly to the trade in slaves.

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To sell the great quantities of fish dragged up from the Banks, foreign markets must needs be found.

The European Countries had their own fishing fleets on the Banks. Consequently, were poor markets. The main markets for the New England sailors then were the West Indies. A voyage there with fish, was prolonged to the West Coast of Africa, where slaves were bought for rum. Thence, the vessel would proceed to the West Indies, where the slaves were sold: a large part of the purchase price being taken in molasses, which in its turn was distilled into rum: (at home) to be used in buying more slaves. To provide them, the African chiefs made bloody war. They even traded their wives and children for rum. The stories of the worst phases of the slave-trade seem almost incredible. We wonder that men of American blood could have been such utter brutes! But many of the foremost men of New England engaged in the trade and profited by its fruits. Peter Fanuel, who built for Boston that Historical Hall, which they proudly call "The Cradle of Liberty" (in later years it resounded with the anti-slavery eloquence of Theodore Parker, Garrison and Wendel Phillips) was a slave owner, and actual participant in the slave trade.

The most respectable merchants of Providence and Newport were active *slavers*: just as some of the most respectable manufacturers of today, make merchandise of white men, women and children; whose slavery is none the less slavery, because they are driven by the fear of starvation instead of the overseer's lash.

Perhaps one hundred years from now our descendants will see the criminality of our industrial system of today, as clearly as we see the wrongs I have touched upon.

Ineffectual efforts were made, from time to time, to stop the slave trade. But the Yankees wanted the profit and the South wanted the blacks. So the United States winked at the business.

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In searching American vessels for slaves—under the pretense of searching for seamen—Great Britain laid the train for the war of 1812. After that war (1814) the seas swarmed with adventurous American sailors to whom the very fact that “slaving” was outlawed, made it attractive. Many years of sea adventure had bred among New Englanders a daring race of privateersmen of this type: quite as ready to fight for their property, as to try to save it by flight. So when finally in 1820 there was an international agreement between the United States and England declaring “slave trading” piracy; punishable with death, warships were stationed on the coast of Africa.

The New Englanders continued, however, to carry on the trade. The slavers began to carry guns; some with desperate crews. They were no mean antagonists for a man-of-war. In some instances these vessels carried as many as twenty cannon. The special dangers attending the slave-trade made Marine Insurance high. Twenty per cent (20%) was the usual figure. The policies covered losses resulting from “*jettisoning*, or throwing over-board the cargo.” “They did not insure against loss from disease. Accordingly when a slaver found his cargo infected, he would promptly throw into the sea all the ailing negroes, to save the insurance.”

It was in England that the first earnest effort to break up the slave trade began. It was under the stars and stripes that the slavers longest protected their murderous traffic. Of course there were arguments brought forward to prove the “*humanity* of the trade”. Of this McCauley said, “If any considerable financial interest could be served by denying the attraction of gravitation, there would be very vigorous attacks on that great physical truth.”

Slaves on the coast of Africa became cheaper and the price in the South higher, so a half century after the trade was outlawed, New England Cap-

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tains took the risk, some cargoes of five hundred, bringing as much as \$250,000.

The last slave-ship to land a cargo in the United States was the "Wanderer" flying the New York Yacht Club's flag, owned by a club member, and sailing under the auspices of a member of one of the prominent families of the South; Charley Lamar; a son of Mr. G. B. Lamar, President of the Bank of Commerce, New York.

Charley was born in Savannah, but spent his time in both cities around the clubs. He was a handsome, debonair man of the world. His daredevil spirit caused him to sail his own ship, as much for the adventure as for the profit. The yacht made two trips as a slaver, landing her last cargo in Savannah, where she was seized by the United States marshal, Mr. Spurlock, of Rome, Georgia.

Lamar was arrested and prosecuted by Colonel Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah, U. S. Dist. Attorney ———, assisted by Mr. James Hamilton Couper, of St. Simon's Island. Both of these gentlemen were large slaveholders. Mr. Couper was of distinguished lineage, known better as a rice-planter and a Scientist, than as a lawyer.

As to the U. S. Prosecuting Attorney: He was Colonel Henry R. Jackson, at that time: his hard-won title earned as commander of the 1st. Reg. Ga. Vols. in Mexico. In the Civil War he was Brig.-General Jackson. The old General was temporarily assigned to the command of my brigade while we were in winter quarters at Dalton. One day when I went to call upon him, a chicken walked in and perched itself on the arm of the old soldier's chair. I said: "That chicken looks tempting to me, General;" He answered: "I wouldn't kill that chicken for the world." "You believe in metempsychosis?" I suggested. "Yes;" he returned, "even now, the soul of some dear friend may be present."

How commonly are gifted minds prone to erratic beliefs.

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General Jackson was an illustrious son of one of those Colonial families that made history in Georgia.

The *Wanderer* was condemned and sold. But the cargo was spirited away, into the interior, and that was sold, too. This was in 1858, or '59. Lamar gave bond, and was, I think, still under bond at the outbreak of war. He said that on the *Wanderer's* first trip she was overhauled on the coast of Africa by a British cruiser watching for slavers. Lamar made the Englishmen believe his ship was merely an American yacht on a pleasure cruise. He entertained the officers of the British cruiser at dinner; and was allowed to go on his way. The *Wanderer* was a hawk for speed. Lamar said he "could easily have shown the British man-of-war his heels."

He had plenty of room for his cargo; and no "middle passage" suffering. He did not practice "jetsoning." Both of his cargoes kept in good health, and being in good condition—"sold like hot cakes." He claimed that the slave-trade as conducted by him had ameliorated the condition of more Africans than did all the labors of all the missionaries who were ever sent to Africa!

Charley Lamar had a gibe that was not all a gibe. For many years negroes from these cargoes of the *Wanderer* were to be seen in Middle Georgia,—fat, sleek, and happy. Howsoever much we might deprecate the slave-trade, these involuntary emigrants were incomparably better off than their naked fellows left behind on the Congo:—the survivors of a Cannibal feast! "The rest are all at supper!"

The Lamars are of Huguenot origin. Their ancestors first settled in South Carolina. Thence, many of them came to Georgia; and other Southern States. Before the Civil War the name was synonymous with broad acres of alluvial land, hosts of negroes, and countless cotton-bales.

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Charley Lamar enlisted in the Confederate army. He was killed after Lee's surrender, in the fight with Wilson's raider's at Columbus, Ga. Lamar was as brave and dauntless, as he was adventurous.

In 1776, Thomas Jefferson proposed to put into the Declaration of Independence the charge that the British King had forced the slave-trade on the Colonies. "A proper sense of their own guilt made the New England delegates oppose this charge," says a New England writer. Ha! The New England Conscience, at last!

Some of the Northern historians touch upon this matter; but in the most tentative way. Rhodes, in his History of the United States, mentions that Jefferson introduced an arraignment of Great Britain for bringing negro slavers into the Colonies: with a denouncement of the slave-trade.

Says Jefferson, in his "Memoir." "The clause, too, reprobating the enslaving the inhabitants of Africa, was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our Northern brethren, also, I believe, felt a little tender under those censures; for though their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others."

Most of the slaves were sold in the South because they could not be worked economically at the North. In the 17th and 18th centuries justification for negro slavery was "furnished forth" by the Scriptures—in the opinion of the slave-holder. The negro was the descendent of Ham. Noah's curse rested upon him. Still, not long after their introduction into Virginia, negroes received baptism; as is shown by the church-records. At the same period, *in Massachusetts, the baptism of negroes was expressly prohibited.*

Negroes could not work in a northern climate. There was too much enforced idleness.

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Slave labor was not economic there. So when the North abolished slavery, it was not *altogether for humanitarian reasons!* The warm climate of the South, the cultivation of cotton, corn, rice, and tobacco: the reclamation of cane-brakes and swamp-lands, invited the institution. In fact, it is not easy to see how the rich lands of the South could ever have been reclaimed, and made tributary to the civilization of the world, in any way but by the employment of negro labor. And the negro could only have been brought to do this work *through slavery*; forced to contribute the muscular effort, under the direction of the superior intelligence of the white race. It is contended at this day that this was an erroneous solution of our father's, and that they should have found a better one. In fact, those who founded the colony of Georgia, thought then, that they had a better solution of the problem. They *prohibited slavery from the outset*. In fourteen years they came to regard this act as a great mistake. The noblest spirits of that colony, joined in the movement for the introduction of negro slave labor.

Massachusetts abolished slavery in 1780 and the other Northern States soon followed. But continued to ply the slave-trade! New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia forbade any further importation of slaves. The extension of the traffic from 1800 to 1808 was *voted for by the New England States*, and the *clause* was inserted in the Constitution of the United States *opposed by Virginia and Delaware*.

This clause was specially favored; it was one of those clauses which was *protected against amendment by Article fifth (5th.)*

In the meantime slave labor became profitable in the cotton fields after the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney in 1793. After abolishing slavery in 1790, because it did not pay; emancipating some, but selling most of the slaves to the

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Southern People, (slave trading having been abolished about the year 1820,) certain people of New England, many of them descendants of slave traders, began to agitate about the South's right to hold slaves under the Constitution. Religious denominations went so far as to assert that no Christian could be a slave-holder. Their attacks on our "peculiar institution" and our religious integrity, caused a split in some of the Churches. The Presbyterians in 1837, the Methodists in 1844.

Sectional animosity increased from year to year, until at length the Civil War ensued. That war was an effort of the dominant faction of the North to subvert the Constitution and to abolish slavery by force, more than to restore the Union.

The "Shibboleth" they adopted was "Union", to rally the masses, but the "nigger was in the wood-pile", all the same!

In 1790 the number of slaves was 697,604. By 1810 they had increased to about one million or 33%. This higher percentage of increase in the two decades *reflects the large importation* during the *ten years* preceding 1808 when the slave trade was to cease. After that our forefathers who were slave holders, recognizing that there were evils connected with slavery and the presence of so many blacks in the country, devised a solution to the question.

In 1816 the Virginia Legislature passed a resolution favoring a scheme to colonize the negroes in Africa. In 1817 the American Colonization Society was organized.

Judge Bushrod Washington, of Westmoreland Co., Virginia, was First President.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Md., was Second President; owner of 1,000 slaves and had the control of 1,000 more.

President Jas. Madison, of Virginia, was Third President.

Henry Clay, of Kentucky, was fourth President.

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J. A. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, was fifth and last President, in 1860.

Donations to and receipts of the Society up to 1860, amounted to \$1,700,000. The Society sent out 10,000 emigrants to Liberia. That country is 389 miles long, and 100 miles wide, containing about as many square miles as Massachusetts and Connecticut. It is fertile. Cotton, corn, tobacco and all the tropic fruits and products thrive there. The objects of the Society, as stated, by its Secretary was, "first, to assist in the emancipation of all the slaves in the United States. Second, to promote the voluntary emigration to Africa of the colored population of the United States. Third, the *suppressing of the slave trade*, and the civilization of the African tribes."

Each state had a member of the board of directors. My uncle, Judge E. A. Nisbet, M. C., was the member from Georgia, and although himself a large slave-holder, took much interest in emancipation, as did my father. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Gerritt Smith and in fact all the prominent abolitionists, were charter members and at first were very active and co-operated with the Society. Slaves were being set free and sent to Liberia. But the abolitionists could not control the Society. Garrison finally kicked out, and attacked the effort, in his pamphlet, "Thoughts on African Colonization," published in 1832.

The attack came at a critical time, when a plan had been formed to secure a yearly appropriation of \$240,000 from Congress, with the view of increasing it; by private subscription in America and England, by which it was estimated the negroes could all be carried out of the country in twenty-eight years; or by 1857. The appropriation was defeated, through the help of *Abolition votes*.

Garrison charged that the American Colonization Society contained too many slave holders: that the negroes were *forced to go to Liberia*. At length he

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won over the New England anti-slavery society. At a meeting they passed the following: "The board of managers of the New England anti-slavery society, hereby give notice that they have appointed Wm. Lloyd Garrison as their Agent, to proceed to England to *Collect funds* and to disseminate in that country the truth in relation to American slavery and to *its ally*, the *American Colonization society*." (See Life of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Page 329).

After that stand, the Southern zeal abated. The society's efforts were almost discontinued in 1860. I can remember as a lad (I grew up in Macon, Georgia) that a ship-load would be sent over occasionally from Savannah, or Baltimore, to Liberia.

In Macon, Georgia, in the forties, and early fifties, I heard much of this matter.

It is true, the negroes did not want to go, even when set free. They preferred slavery in Georgia to freedom in Liberia. They wanted to "live wid de white folks," just as they do now. Ship Captains were prohibited bringing them away from Liberia.

Some of them returned (as Stowaways) and reported that all would come back if allowed. When a mischievous mood was on, I had only to tell my father's servants that he was going to set them free, and send them to Liberia, to create a panic among them. My father would sometimes threaten the grown ones with freedom and Liberia, if they did not behave.

Garrison in opposing the plans of the society, addressed meetings of free negroes. On one occasion he said: "I am firmly persuaded to humble the pride of the American people by rendering your *expulsion* impracticable, and the necessity of your admission here to *equal rights imperative*." By such opposition the opportunity to rid the country of the negroes was *lost*, and the *Civil War secured!*

In January, 1856, Senator Robt. Toombs, of Georgia, by invitation, delivered a Lecture in "Tremont

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Temple" Boston. I give an extract, as a further contribution reflecting Southern opinion as to the negro race and slavery, at that time.

Speaking of the negro, Senator Toombs said: "Back to the morning of time, older than the Pyramids, he furnishes the evidence, both of his national identity and his social degradation. Before history began, we find him incapable in himself of even attempting a single step in civilization. We find him without government or laws of protection; without letters; or arts; or industry; or religion; or even the aspirations that would raise him to the rank of an idolater. And after these thousands of years his only mark of humanity is that he walks erect, in the image of his Creator. Annihilate the race to-day, and he would not leave behind him *a single discovery, invention, or thought worthy of remembrance by the human race!*

The opponents of slavery insist that its effects on the society where it exists is to demoralize and enervate it, and render it incapable of advancement and a high civilization; and upon the citizen to debase him morally and intellectually. Such is not the lesson taught by history, either sacred or profane, nor the experience of the past.

To the Hebrew race were committed the oracles of the Most High: slaveholding priests administered at His altars. Slaveholding prophets and patriarchs received His revelations; taught them to their own, and transmitted them to all future generations of man. The highest forms of ancient civilization, and the noblest development of the individual man, are to be found in the ancient slaveholding commonwealths of Greece and Rome.

In eloquence, in rhetoric, in poetry and painting, in architecture and sculpture, you must still go and search amid the wreck and ruins of their genius for the "pride of every model and the perfection of every master;" and the language and literature of both, stamped with immortality, passes on to min-

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gle itself with the thought, and the speech of all lands, and all centuries. That domestic slavery neither enfeebles nor deteriorates our race: that it is not inconsistent with the highest advancement of man and society, is the lesson taught by all ancient, and confirmed by all modern, history."

The year after Toombs was heard in Boston on the sizzling subject, in 1857, Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, delivered the opinion of the Court in the case of Dred Scott, a fugitive slave: remanding him to the custody of his master. This decision, after exhaustively presenting the Constitutional grounds upon which it was based, made this legal interpretation of the sense of the Constitution as regards the negro.

"Negroes are not included in the word 'citizen' as employed in the Constitution of the United States.

"They are regarded as an inferior order of beings: altogether unfit for association with white men, in social and political relations."

In characterizing the negro race it is not meant to include the respectable element among them. To say that after fifty years of freedom and schooling about eight-tenths of the race are ignorant, and lack even the first instincts of morality, is not to assert that all of them are so. Some of them, (usually mulattoes,) exhibit a high order of mentality; and are accomplishing good in the up-lift of their fellows. But all of these bright fellows have more or less Caucasian blood in their veins; demonstrating that there is no calculating the potentialities of a drop of white blood. The general rule holds.

Although certain individual negroes, are, on account of favorable opportunities, superior in mental and material acquirements to certain whites, who from birth have known nothing but ignorance and want, being creatures of untoward circumstances.

It has taken two generations, more than one hundred and fifty million dollars of public school

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funds, with the entire input from private sources, to produce a Booker Washington, Prof. Du Bois, and a few others, out of a population of nearly *ten millions!* These men deserve great credit for what they have accomplished and are still doing, namely teaching their race on technical lines.

But as Thomas Nelson Page says: "Negro education in general will continue to be a farce, until he is taught that education consists in something more than mere ability to read and write: that education includes moral elevation, as well as intellectual development: that religion includes morality and is more than emotional excitement."

They have not progressed morally. There lies the trouble. Their young folks (as a rule) have no proper examples of morality in their homes, and domestic life. It is *there* the principles of a people are formed: though furthered by the discipline of the public schools.

After an experiment of fifty years, there are well-meaning people who doubt if education benefits the negro. They hold that where there is no moral stamina, the attainments of an education is an injury and if it is superior to their station, or the work they are destined to follow, it is very apt to unfit them for both.

It is true that the advancement of young negroes in the primary classes is equal to the whites. In the kindergarten, slum children and pickaninnies, are exactly on a par with the children of lawyers, doctors, merchants and preachers: in responsiveness, alertness, eagerness and ability to comprehend and perform, there is no difference. Race, color, or previous condition of servitude has no bearing in the primary classes. Up to a certain stage all children are very much alike, expressing in their lives the purely elemental or primitive traits. But when adolescence arrives, you find individuality coming to the fore, preferences expressed, and ambitions defined.

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It is like a horse race. They are all bunched at the start. At first turn some have dropped out; at second, more, and at third turn, the negro has "done quit". In the home stretch but few remain. The test is the ability to "stay in" and give out the extra burst of power when demanded. But the negro lacks ambition, and stability, balks at difficulties, and falls down at the critical moment.

Certain people make much of the fact that the census of 1900 shows that the eight and a half million negroes in the United States accumulated three hundred and thirty-nine millions of property. A per capita of forty-six (45) dollars. Much of this is due to the negroes in the Northern states, whose ancestors were freed one hundred and twenty years ago. They are more white than black; and many of them are rich by long inheritance and exceptional opportunities.

The negroes of the South, I find, owned only \$25 per capita, and most of that was returned by ex-slaves, who had been trained to habits of industry and thrift. In Georgia they pay taxes on Fifteen millions of property, which, however, is only 3¼% of the total assessment of the state. These statistics fail to bear out the claim that the negro has made a remarkable material progress. Compared with what the Russian Jews, Italians and Greeks have accumulated in the last twenty-five years, since coming to the United States, it is significant.

In individual cases, blacks have accumulated fortunes, some of them seem to have inherited the faculty of acquiring. Like some whites their bump of acquisitiveness is largely developed at the expense of the moral faculties.

Moral Philosophers class Acquisitiveness as a doubtful moral quality. Its fruits as often prove a curse as a blessing; unless accompanied with intellectual virtues, and moral qualities.

Lord Bacon calls riches "the baggage of virtue."

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They hinder the march. "Impedimenta," as Caesar called his army baggage-wagons.

There remains something of truth in Dickens' observation: "Your concentrated fox is seldom comparable to your contracted ass, in money-breeding." A competence is usually the result of industry, thought, persistence, and frugality; virtues in moderation, but vices when developed toward narrow concentration and rapacity. One may have the power of acquisition, and little that is amiable, illuminating, or in any way connected with the higher qualities of mind or heart.

In the history of the world the United States stands in isolation as the only nation which ever raised its slaves to the full right of citizenship without apprenticeship to responsibility:—without even the desire for such rights having been expressed by the slaves.

Had they been let alone, the whites and blacks of the South would have settled their difficulties along lines of justice, equity and friendly relations.

Perhaps the most remarkable study of the negro which has appeared, is a book, "The American Negro," by Wm. Hannibal Thomas, of Massachusetts. The author is a colored man educated in Ohio, and a lawyer and Legislator in South Carolina after the war. Writing of the negro's moral retrogression since slavery, he says: "The simple truth is that there is going on side by side in the negro people, a minimum progress, with a maximum regress."

The census returns show that the negro population has about trebled itself since the war. But the last census shows a falling off in the per cent of increase. The 12th census shows that in the United State one-ninth of the negroes are of mixed blood; in Cuba, one half; and in Porto Rico, five-sixths have been so classed. As race feeling intensifies, the intermixture of the two races in the United

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States will inevitably continue to decrease. The solution of the problem is segregation.

The most deplorable part of the negro problem is the crime of assault. The righteous excitement of the whites causes them to take the law in their own hands. In some instances the beast has been burnt at the stake. This is to be deprecated, because it has the tendency to brutalize the community in which is thus punished this most awful crime. Mob violence destroys the people's sense of inviolate law. Consequently over one-half of the lynchings of 1914 were for other crimes than the one almost peculiar to the negro.

During the period of slavery the crime of rape did not exist. The men were away in the army; the negroes were the loyal guardians of the women and children. On isolated plantations; in lonely neighborhoods; *women were secure*. Then came the period of "Reconstruction" with its poisonous teachings. The "new negro" has matured, and appeared on the scene. Most of the old negroes with their respect for "de white folks" have passed away. The old feeling of friendliness and amity has waned. In its room has come coldness and suspicion if not active hostility.

Thomas Nelson Page, the best qualified writer on this subject, in his exhaustive work, "The Negro, the South's Problem", says: "Lynching does not end ravishing. Indeed, through lacking the supreme principles of the law, it fails utterly to meet the necessity of the case, even as a deterrent. There is no pity for the lynched victim. The right man is generally slain, for nothing else but the life of the perpetrator of the crime, would satisfy the mob. The real injury is the crime of destroying the law. It has been said, that the whole purpose of the Constitution of Great Britain is, "that twelve men may sit on the jury." But the young negro, "the new issue" want to familiarize with white women. When any attempt they make at social

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equality is resented, as it always is at the South, the matter is discussed and the devil gets into some ignorant fiend's head. So altho we may lament lawlessness, the crime of lynching will not cease, until the crime of ravishing shall cease; and that will not greatly diminish until the negroes cease to condone it.

The leading negroes denounce the lynching, and underlying their protest is that the victim of the mob is innocent and a martyr.

A crusade has been preached by the negroes and their northern friends against lynchings, but they say nothing against the ravishing and tearing to pieces of white women and children."

When the Civil War was going on, certain people of the North were in a state of expectancy that the negroes would strike a blow for their own freedom by rising in the rear, as they had the opportunity to do, and as we feared some of them might do. Those who will examine the periodicals of the period, specially "The Atlantic Monthly" and the Continental Monthly," will find them teeming with *covert suggestionss* all showing "the wish that was father to the thought."

To start that movement, Col. Thos. Wentworth Higginson organized a Regiment from the refugee negroes at Beaufort, South Carolina, which he called the 1st South Carolina (colored) Infantry. This was intended as a nucleus of a general slave rising.

The negroes, however, be it said to their praise, stood by "Missus and de chillun" and refused to disturb the Confederates with any fire in the rear. Their fidelity to their master's families, was worthy of a "monument reaching to the stars". In the city of Charleston can be seen a noble monument commemorating the fidelity of the slaves during the Civil War.

There were considerable enlistments of negroes in the Federal army. The number, as reported reached one hundred and ninety thousand. This

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embraced all the soldier-elements of negroes in the Northern States, and refugee-element in the Southern States, induced to enter the army either by persuasion, compulsion or bounties. Being generally enlisted to fill some state's quota under a call for troops, their Regiments were often named and numbered after such Northern states.

After the summer of 1863, the Northern armies occupied at least one-half of the South, while the penetration of raiding parties into other parts offered opportunity to possibly one-fourth of the younger men to escape from bondage, had they been moved by the passion for freedom. For every *one* who fled to freedom, possibly *one hundred* stood by their master's wives and children. *In truth they were infected with the same ardor and spirit that filled the whites.*

Had the South called for volunteers from the negroes, more would have offered than could have been armed. No one can read the record, and refuse to admit that slavery was abolished in the providence of God; because its purpose had been accomplished; the time was ripe for its cessation.

XXXIX.

A RÉSUMÉ.

I write on the Fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of the "War between the States." The battle of Manassas had just been fought and this country was an armed camp from the Rio Grande to the Canada line: from the Pacific to the Atlantic Oceans.

Each side was animated by loyalty to what the past of their section of the country and the circumstances then existing convinced them was a just cause. The Southerner was honest in his inter-

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pretation of the Constitution. The North is beginning to view the situation in that same light. The histories that have been written, have not given the South proper credit; but the *History* of the civil war is yet to be written.

Says Edwin Markham: "I have always thought, that some day the Civil War will be flung upon the screen of the present in a work of literary art that will tell the pity and terror of it all, as the lens reveals the wonder of the eclipse.

Many of our writers have already swept this war into novel and drama, but to my mind, no one has yet caught the *epic* stride, the tremendous climax that will mark the final portrayal of this brother conflict."

Much has been written of the Ethics of War. Now while wars inspired by Ambition, conquest, revenge, robbery or Glory, are wrong, we must remember that some wars have been the expression of human progress: they have been the purification and economy of the human race.

The thirty years' war that followed the Reformation gave the world liberty and free thought. Nothing but war could loose the shackles that had bound the people a thousand years. And it seems ordained of God since the world began.

"Strike war from the records of the human race; the most splendid pages of history and poetry would have been lost, many virtues unknown, and a thousand graces never have bloomed; the most brilliant parts of literature extinguished. Nations would degenerate into herds of cowards, eaten up with selfish lusts: honor would have no place in our vocabulary. Those who would have all wars cease would give us over to the dead—rot of peace, and make of all nations Chinamen."

But on the other side, as a powerful illustration of war carried on for Glory and ambition, I quote from a lecture delivered by a distinguished Union soldier.

This distinguished Federal Soldier has beautifully

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said: "A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon, a magnificent tomb of Gilt and Gold, fit almost for a dead deity, and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare nameless marble, where rests at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army of Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi: with the tri-color in his hand. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the Eagles of France with the Eagles of the Crags. I saw him at Marengo. At Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the Infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild-blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Liepsic in defeat and disaster, driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris, clutched like a wild beast; banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former King. And I saw him at Helena with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made: of the tears that had been shed for his glory: of the only woman who had ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of *ambition*. And I said, I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing on the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun.

I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky; with my children upon my knees, and their arms about me. Would rather have been

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that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.' '

A final word as to why the Confederacy failed. It was not for the want of men or material resources, so much as through mismanagement at Richmond.

Pollard takes this view. He says: "The Confederacy succumbed, not from material exhaustion or want of men, for five million people rightly animated could always furnish an army of Three Hundred thousand men; and there were provisions *rotting* at the Depots, for want of transportation. Let us not be blind to the truth, that there is such a thing possible as a decay of national confidence and a death of national spirit. There is such a thing as heart-break for nations, as for individuals. There is such a thing as hopelessness and despair. A *conviction* that all we can do, must come to naught."

Bear in mind the *basic truth*, that the Southern soldier *would have succeeded, had he not been mis-managed!* When the Civil War came upon us, the people of the South were strictly agricultural. They did not understand how to inaugurate a financial system commensurate to meet the necessities of war.

Their want of commercial tact, or business knowledge, was soon perceptible. It was well illustrated in the South's commissariat. Cotton could have been freely used at all times to obtain gold or supplies.

In 1862 certain parties (after Memphis was occupied) offered, (having Federal sanction) to deliver to Confederate Agents, *thirty thousand hogsheads* of bacon and accept pay in cotton. President Davis declined the proposition. He said, "No. The North will stop the war to get our cotton. They will be forced to have it, to get gold to meet the interest on the public debt."

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In the meantime the cotton around Memphis that could have been used, (sold to Northern Agents) *was destroyed* to keep it from falling into Yankee possession. And the Southern soldiers continued to suffer for meat, clothing, blankets, while the war progressed. From cotton sales, our soldiers could have been paid partly in gold and a bounty given. Patriotism is a Southern product, but our soldiers would have done even better with a little hard cash, good uniforms, and good rations.

The army of Northern Virginia was reduced to one-half pound meat per day, then to one-third pound; and then to *one-fourth* pound; and upon this last allowance the army of Northern Virginia wintered in 1864 and '65.

The Confederate Government could have relieved the situation by going into "Blockade Running" on a large scale. A large majority of the private blockade runners were succeeding in eluding the Federal "blockading fleet". The blockade runners were built *especially for speed* and painted smoke-color. By slipping in or out the ports, when dense fogs added to the obscurity of the night, they were seldom seized. The profit on one such cargo would make a skipper rich.

The Confederate Government, however, went into a contract with Crenshaw and Co., which proved to be ineffectual. It was a policy of blunder. Without subsistence, the Confederacy was bound to collapse. With a live and long-headed Administration of Public Affairs there would have been—no Appomattox!

XXXX.

AFTERWORD.

Flushed with the victory that was the death-knell of the Confederacy, President Lincoln, in dedicat-

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ing the battleground as a National park, delivered his celebrated Gettysburg speech, which has become a classic.

It was an eloquent oration; but true only in part. His declaration that had the Confederates prevailed at Gettysburg "free government would have perished from the earth," was a false imputation.

His claim that this battle had settled forever one question: "that the government of the people, by the people and for the people, should not perish from the earth:" remains still a doubtful claim.

War left us an inheritance of civil demoralization. So far, we have had a Government of the trusts, by the trusts and for the trusts! Laws are framed and the courts are organized in the interests of the money-power.

When an acknowledged leader gets out on the firing-line, he is heeded. Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who has been leading Attorney and adviser of the Wall Street capitalists, maintains that "fewer than twelve men control seventy-five per cent of all the money in the United States; that the control is *absolute* and *despotic*; and that all this power is exercised absolutely *within the law*."

On this subject Mr. Untermyer, of all other men, has the ability to be conclusive. He has made a passive statement of an overwhelming condition of things. Compared with the momentous "money-power" the violations of the law which the Federal Government is engaged in trying to punish, are puny in their unimportance. Compared with this toppling issue, what are the "burning issues" over which men argue and grow excited. The concentration and control of capital overshadows, encompasses, includes them all.

This state of things is causing discontent. It is portentous. What is the remedy? "Either the fire will be put out and all will be well; or the fire will not be put out—and all will be hell!"

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The French Revolution was caused by the high price of bread.

In this country, a change must come. No country can live, in which a handful of people *own all*, and *control all*. Now that a progressive administration advocates the interest of all the people—light breaks through the gloom. American prosperity seems to be assured. The romance of great achievements in commerce and industrial pursuits, where every man is given a free and square deal, is the promise offered. May the hope be realized.

As to Mr. Lincoln's claim that the question of "Constitutional Rights" was settled at Gettysburg,—this, likewise, was false. In proof of this assertion I quote from one of the High Priests of Abolitionism. Edward Beecher, the brainiest of all the Beechers, also spoke that day, on the spot where the Confederacy was lost—the battlefield of Gettysburg.

It was a majestic oration. There are periods in his address full of philosophical wisdom: kingly in grandeur of thought.

And the man was a hero! The audience of Conquerors expected eulogies of the victorious dead. The speaker stood on the heights held by Meade's men. It was the citadel-rock of nature's own bastion. And the orator declared that the only question settled there was *not one of Constitutional Rights* but one of the ability on the part of armed men, on those rugged cliffs,—men superior in numbers and equipment—to defeat, a smaller force, marching through open plains, and under the fierce fire of musketry and cannon!"

The fact remains that the most enduring military picture the Civil War has left in the American mind, is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg!

As an illustration of the sentiment which is awakening in our country: At a notable banquet in Boston, not long ago, where many superior people were foregathered, it was frankly admitted that

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"The glory of man was with the South; and the great Captains of the sanguinary struggle, were from that land of warriors."

History cannot forever withhold the laurel-wreath from the people who "swore to their own hurt, and changed not."

"There is a certain noble and just element in man, which, in the centuries, concedes honor where honor is due. Shafts of marble rise where the consuming fires left the ashes of martyrs. The noblest pile in the greatest city of the world, is called by the name of the apostle whose body was scourged by lash, and stone, and bludgeon—St. Paul's, in London. The matchless edifice of the earth, by the Tiber, is known after the old peasant who perished on a cross, with head down."

"No more upon the mountain,
No longer by the shore—
The trumpet song of Dixie
Shall shake the world no more!
For Dixie's song's are over
Her glory gone on high,
And the men that bled for Dixie
Have laid them down to die."

THE END.

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