REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR

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VOLUME I.

LITTLE ROCK:
TUNNAH & PITTAIRD, PRINTERS.
1903.
DEDICATION.

This volume is respectfully dedicated to "The Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy," who are so nobly inspired with patriotic pride and devotion to the memories of their heroic sires, whose martial renown, sacrifices and endurance stands unsurpassed in the history of the world.
PREFACE.

Like Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz, this book of war literature contains selections of extraordinary and thrilling incidents, many of great historic value, which have escaped the notice of all the numerous historians who have devoted much time and cumbersome space in writing histories of the great civil war.

The facts upon which this volume is based have in every instance been obtained directly from private soldiers and subordinate officers who served in the various armies of the Confederacy; and in every instance the author has studiously avoided the inclination to romance, which has been the infirmity of many writers, to the great injury of history. Especially has this been the case with military officers in high command in their reports, the great majority of whom magnify their own achievements and minimize those of the enemy.

To some extent, this volume occupies a new field by filling an interesting hiatus, overlooked and left open by writers who have occupied the
upper spaces in the martial Pantheon without honoring the foundations upon which it rests.

The private and subordinate officer is the basis of all military achievement, the foundation upon which all military renown has been built in all ages. There is an interdependence between the commander and the forces under him, but the glory of great performance has ever been ascribed to the former, whilst the latter have only attracted notice in general terms, which consigns individual heroism to oblivion.
James H. Graham was a youth of seventeen years, residing in Memphis, Tenn., when the war between the states commenced in 1861. There was a company of one hundred and twenty-five young men of Memphis, of the best families, recruited for the Confederate army. Their average ages was less than twenty years. Their captain, James H. Edmondson, was but twenty-three years of age. The celebrated Preston Smith was their colonel until after the battle of Shiloh, after which he was promoted for conspicuous gallantry on that field to a brigadier's commission. His old regiment remained in his brigade until after the battles around Murphreysboro, December 31, 1862, and January 1 and 2, 1863, when the company was transferred to General Forrest's command, and the regiment was ever afterwards known as the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee cavalry. General Forrest was from the same city and knew them all personally, but was influenced more to seek the command of this company, or rather its incorporation into his command, because of the many severe battles through which they had passed with unwavering courage. General Smith was from the same city also, and felt the strongest attachment for "The Bluff City Grays," be-
cause no braver men shed luster on Confederate arms.

The writer was from the same city, and was personally acquainted with most of these boy heroes, as well as with their noble commanders.

This company, that Memphis feels proud of and delights to honor, was the heroic participants in forty pitched battles, and every engagement added new laurels to their achievements.

But it is with Private Graham alone that we now deal, after his company was attached to General Forrest's command.

During Forrest's twenty days campaign in west Tennessee, in December, 1863, and January, 1864, Graham was overcome with the fatigue, exposure and physical exhaustion of that winter campaign. He was naturally frail and delicate—tall, spare in frame, and at best only weighed one hundred and fourteen pounds—yet he had the iron nerve of a Roman. He was fortunate in being sent to Jackson, Tennessee, the Athens of the western division of the state, where he was received in one of the best families of that city, long celebrated for its hospitality and culture.

The family who cared for him was blessed with two or three charming daughters, who, through long weeks of care and nursing, brought the dying young soldier back to life after hope ceased to encourage expectation of recovery. The city was often thronged with Federal soldiers whilst he lay secreted in a room of that hospitable mansion. He tells the writer that after he recovered sufficiently to turn over on his bed and look through the lattice shutters
to the window, over on the adjacent streets, he frequently saw Federal soldiers take jewelry from the persons of ladies passing on the streets, which made his almost bloodless frame boil with indignation and desire to avenge the vandalism.

During that period of anarchy and social chaos, when the tramp of armies and clash of arms shook the earth, and effected in its baneful coil over commercial relations extending around the globe, society at the clashing centers of revolution was left without the protection of law.

The higher classes of citizenship volunteered their services and were honorably enrolled in the Confederate armies, another element of inferior degree was conscripted into the service, and another element of still lower degree skulked both elements of the service, and when the Federal armies occupied the departments where they resided they became frenzied partisans against their country; not because of any patriotic feeling for either side of the contest, but solely because of the opportunities the existence of war afforded them to pillage and plunder helpless non-combatants who were powerless in the absence of their protectors, who were absent in the field of legitimate war. The protection of Federal arms within the compass of those districts they occupied was extended to these organized bands of freebooters. But few of them ever had a conflict with armed soldiers.

Whenever these bands were seen on forced marches, it was an unerring indication in west Tennessee that Forrest was at their heels, and that they were running away under the inspiration of fear, that they might resume the practice
of their crimes when organized force was withdrawn from the district.

Fielding Hurst, of McNairy county, west Tennessee, organized a regiment of these predatory thieves, robbers, murderers and rapists, which was designated the Sixth Tennessee union cavalry.

General William Sooy Smith, when he was chief of Federal cavalry in that department, wrote to General Grant: "We have given Colonel Hurst a roving commission with his cavalry, and directed him to grub up west Tennessee."* See official records, Vol. 32, Part 2, page 124. He did not, and was not expected to war against organized bodies of Confederate soldiers. His command was never incorporated into the regular service. His commission to dig up was construed to embrace the catalogue of every horrible crime without Federal restraint.

It was called an independent command, and was never intended to battle with organized armies; that was too hazardous, and they were too cowardly to assume any such risks. They caught and executed many of Forrest's soldiers when separated from their command on furlough to their homes in west Tennessee, from which Forrest drew a large number of his bravest soldiers.

But more of this in the next chapter when we come to treat of the execution of sixty of these Diggers at one time by General Forrest, in December, 1863.

This horrid work of the Diggers was in full blast in west Tennessee whilst Graham lay sick

* Italics mine.
in Jackson, and of which he was fully advised by a few trusted friends who were admitted to his presence. In justification of their crimes they vociferously proclaimed that they showed no quarter to Forrest’s men and fought under the black flag.

In the absence of Confederate troops these Diggers with a roving commission would separate into squads and appropriate whatever they found and wanted, and often committed rape on helpless, innocent girls; and it was to the perpetrators of these most horrid of all crimes that Graham’s attention was called as soon as he was able to mount the saddle, and he also knew of the proscription and murder of his comrades in arms.

By way of preface and absolute justification of Graham’s dealings with these rapists, we content ourselves with relating only two of the horrid crimes in which Graham, like his chief, applied the law of lex talionis.

Seven of these roving Diggers went to the residence of one of the most respectable families in west Tennessee, living near Paris, the county seat of Henry county, where a mother and her beautiful eighteen year old daughter resided without protection. They seized the young lady and made great effort to appropriate her chastity, but did not succeed because she resisted with all the energy of a heroine. One of the men, with a long, sharp knife, whilst the others seized and held her, cut off her breast, cursed and vilified her, and then left her in the arms of her distracted mother to bleed to death. But after long and painful lingering she recovered, maimed for
life. This and the following crime occurred about the time Graham was able to take the saddle. Another one of these enemies to the human race went alone to the house where another mother with a fourteen year old daughter resided, and horribly mutilated the daughter in satisfaction of his lust. Graham gathered seven of his comrades, who made it their business to hunt up these demons in human flesh, and they caught them all and executed them.

I will not horrify the reader by relating other crimes of the same nature, committed by these Diggers with a roving commission from Federal generals. Native regiments of Federal soldiers were regarded with loathing by the loyal population.

Graham returned to Jackson to further recuperate his health, preparatory to rejoining his command. His place of concealment was discovered, through what instrumentality will never be known. The partisans of the eight men executed by Graham and his seven comrades swore that their lives should pay the forfeit if ever captured. This was but a repetition of their oft repeated black flag proclamation. But after the discovery of Graham’s hiding place, they were too economizing of their own lives to enter the city of Jackson to capture him, but sent a courier to Paducah for braver men to incur the risk. When danger was in the air they smelt it afar off and fled from its approach. The commander of the post at Paducah dispatched a lieutenant with one hundred and twenty-five men to capture the one solitary soldier. In the
lapse of years Graham has forgotten the name of this lieutenant.

Graham was nursed to health, at the residence of Judge McCorry, in Jackson, but after the execution of the rapists he returned to Jackson and stopped at the residence of another citizen, where he was saved by the heroine.

Graham indulged a feeling of perfect security and had rapidly recovered his strength, and was prepared to leave for his command, in utter innocence of the plans laid to capture and execute him. The night preceding his intended departure, the soldiers from Paducah surrounded the house where he last stopped, as hereinafter detailed. From his standpoint there was no possible avenue of escape, and no alternative left but to surrender and be executed, or to fight to the death and sell his life as dearly as possible. He was in the upper story of the house, which as yet had not been invaded. The one hundred and twenty-five soldiers in blue, and thirsting for his blood, were in the lower department of the house and all the outbuildings searching for him. He had two army pistols and resolved to make that house another Alamo. With that resolution, he took his stand at the head of the stairway leading to the upper story, and stood at the left hand of the balustrade, which protected his body and only left his head and right arm exposed to those who mounted the stairway to capture him. Thus advantageously protected against enemies ascending the stairs, he could have made every one of his twelve shots count.

At this opportune moment another great surprise—the greatest of all surprises—in the per-
son of one of the young ladies, who came rushing up stairs, unobserved by the soldiers, and before she could speak Graham said to her:

"Go down instantly, and get out of the way before your exit is blockaded with dead soldiers. They will crowd the stairway in a minute more, and I am going to shoot them down as fast as they approach."

"No, no," she said, "I can save you; they cannot find you."

And without waiting for his answer or decision, she pushed him back into his room, sat down in a large rocking chair, spread out her ample crinoline skirt, and said:

"Get under this; you are small and I can hide you. They will not think of searching my clothing for you."

Her sagacity, ingenuity, intuition, or by whatever name the heroine may be designated, for a moment appalled him more than the bloodthirsty soldiers below, and he hesitated until footsteps were heard on the stairway. She waited no longer, but took hold of him, and just as the officer in charge of the soldiers planted his foot in the hallway, she had him perfectly hidden under her crinoline skirt.

She sat facing the open door through which the officer advanced, and in authoritative emphasis asked:

"Where is Graham, that bandit and outlaw, I have come for? You have been harboring him in this house for months. He is here and must be given up. Your refusal will be perilous in the extreme. He has murdered many of our soldiers and must pay the penalty."
The girl replied in that dignified hauteur characteristic of high born southern ladies, who had never been accustomed to less than that graceful chivalry which has always distinguished cultured gentlemen of the south. With the queenly dignity of a sovereign on the throne, sitting in judgment, she said:

"Sir, you have it in your power, in the absence of southern soldiers, to distress helpless women by emphasizing your threats born of the vandalism attested by our ruined homes. Chivalrous men, worthy to bear arms and to honor the calling of soldiers, are always courteous in the presence of ladies. They never soil their manhood with rude tongue or ungentlemanly bearing."

He said:

"Miss, or madame, as it may be with you, I did not come here for a curtain lecture. Tell me—and be quick about it—where is Graham?"

To which she replied:

"Sir, I say to you that Mr. Graham has recently occupied this room, but the only remnant of him left is that pair of worn pants, old hat and under garment there in the wardrobe. They are the only trophies you will find here. He left here a few days ago, well armed and mounted, and I think is now on your trail. He was informed of your coming in ample time to avoid your contact. Do you think for a moment that your pathway here was secret and unobserved by his friends to give him warning? If you do, your thoughts deceive you. He has been instrumental in avenging nameless crimes and is now on your track, and I predict that you will
be overtaken and in his power in less than three days. As little heed as you pay to the warning, you may reckon when it is too late. Some of his enemies fight under the black flag. He may reciprocate the courtesy if you fall into his hands. Beware!"

The outgeneraled officer tore off the bed clothing, looked between bed and mattress, and fumbled through the wardrobe, and went through every upper room. His face flushed with the anger of disappointment. He said:

"Your association with the outlaw seems to have been pleasant and agreeable. No doubt you are familiar with all of his movements. I demand that you tell me when he left, where he went, and where he is to be found."

"Sir," she said, with indignant emphasis, "if I had it in my power to gratify your demands by becoming a traitoress to the noblest of soldiers and the cause to which he has consecrated his life, I would perish before I would gratify the demands which stamp you as unworthy the chivalry of arms."

Just as he returned to the room the sergeant came and informed him that every nook and corner about the place had been thoroughly searched without success in finding Graham. The sergeant then asked, "Where are we to camp tonight?" and was answered, "In the courthouse and yard."

This information as to their camping ground proved to be of inestimable service to Graham, who listened with intense anxiety to every word.

The noble girl thus saved Graham's life. A heroine of the highest type.
The noble Roman mother of the Gracchi brothers never indulged loftier inspiration. Miss Emma Sanson, the heroine who mounted behind General Forrest and piloted him to the lost ford, when the great general was in deathly pursuit of an invading army, by that one act of girlish daring and patriotism wrote her noble name in the Pantheon of the immortals, and the loving story of that one act will live in history as long as man cherishes noble woman. When her name is forgotten letters and civilization will have perished. Yet her name will never appear in a brighter halo than that of the heroine who saved Graham's life. But the public has never yet known her name. Reared in the lap of culture and elegance, inspired with polished feelings of shrinking modesty and delicacy, she exacted from Graham a solemn pledge that he would not give her name to the public in connection with his miraculous escape, and he has kept the pledge sacred.

She lived to become the noble wife of a professional gentleman of high standing. It is devoutly hoped that the relatives and friends surviving this noble lady, who are familiar with the facts, will yet withdraw the veil of secrecy, that her name may shine as a jewel in the crown of immortality. History and mankind will mourn at the loss of such a diadem. Coming ages, and all the coming generations of men, would unite in honoring that name. Will some patriotic citizen of Jackson, Tennessee, overcome and cause to be withdrawn the pledge of secrecy, and bequeath to history the opportunity to crown that name in fadeless beauty? No brighter jewel
would shine in the heraldry of southern renown. The citizens of Jackson owe it to themselves, to history and to posterity, to give that name if they can discover it, and influence the withdrawal of the veil of secrecy. That accomplished, a monument would grace their city, more durable than the Pyramids, Gothic or Ionic columns; and Tennessee, like Alabama, would glorify the renown which sheds luster on her history.

After the shades of night spread their protecting veil over the earth, Graham emerged from the mansion where death had knocked at his door twice without admittance. He was soon in the saddle, as gallant as the Knight of Ivanhoe, on chivalry bent. Trained in arms and forced marches under the stars by that great "Wizard of the Saddle," General Forrest, he knew where to go and what to do when he got there.

All west Tennessee was then in the Federal lines, and the few sterling patriots who remained in arms within these lines were compelled, like the great Marion of the revolution, to watch with an eagle eye for opportunities to strike, and when outnumbered and overpowered to retire to dense forests, swamps and morasses.

Jackson had her Marion, as brave and bold and wary as the great Marion of the revolution, and to find the camp of that warrior bold before the sun descended the horizon was the task Graham imposed on himself. Captain Benjamin Newsom was somewhere with fifty or sixty resolute followers in his lair in the jungles fringing Obian river. If he could find this "swamp fox" by night he could reward the heroine who saved him, and confirm her confidence in his prowess
as a soldier worthy of her protection. That idea possessed his soul and nerved his weak frame with sinews of iron—that thought was uppermost and stronger than all others. If he could confirm her prediction, his head and heart would revel in the glories of a delirious hour which she would share with him. He oft repeated to himself, "I must find Old Ben." But first he must find some trusted patriot to give him directions, and that required judgment and finesse in a country swarming with tories on the scout to capture and execute him. These adherents to the Federal cause had written their history in the blood of his comrades.

In February and March, 1864, these fiends captured and executed seven of Forrest's men at one time. They cut off the tongue, punched out the eyes, and slit the mouth of one and left him to die. They also, at different times, captured seven more men of Newsom's cavalry, Forrest's command, in February and March, 1864, and executed them. This occurred before Graham with his seven comrades captured and executed eight of Hurst's men, as hereinbefore stated. See Wyeth's admirable "Life of Forrest," page 369.

He must be Federal or Confederate as occasion required. He wore no uniform to designate him as either, and was as diplomatic as an ambassador when he met a stranger in the road or hailed at a house for information. Finally he got on the right trail to Old Ben's camp in the obscure wilderness. His heart swelled with the joy of anticipation, and he became active with his spurs. It was the first week in May, 1864;
the sun was brilliant, the foliage was gorgeous. At sunset he reached the camp and set in motion the patriotic tide that poured through Old Ben’s dauntless heart as well as that of his men. Bonaparte, after his achievements at Austerlitz and Merengo, could not have felt prouder of the lofty perch he had given to the eagles of France, and Old Ben, too, felt like the falcon springing from its eyrie to cleave the clouds.

Fifty men marched for Jackson that night, and in the wee hours of the morning, before the cock announced the coming day, they captured all of the hundred and twenty-five gentlemen in blue from Paducah without firing a gun. Graham’s elation can better be imagined than described, and language fails in the power of expression to paint the dejection and fear of the officer who had a few hours before declared his intention to capture and execute him. His countenance betrayed a depth of fear that the brave never feel. Forrest’s men had been described to him as fearless demons, who extended no mercy to their captives. His impressions were derived from northern denunciations of Forrest as the Fort Pillow assassin, and he thought that his own actions in the estimation of Forrest’s men would call down the death penalty on his own head.

Seeing the horrible state of mind he was in, Graham approached him with that affable smile so characteristic of the man, and said:

“My name is Graham. I am the man you tried to capture and execute. I was in a few feet of you, and heard every word you said when you came to the room I occupied. Perhaps you have
not yet forgotten the prediction of the young lady that you would soon fall into my hands. But let me assure you that I have no idea of retaliating by treating you as you declared you would treat me if I should fall in your hands. We will have the pleasure of taking our morning meal together in the hospitable mansion you surrounded, and the noble girl you talked to in my hearing will dispense the hospitalities of the occasion."

He felt relieved, for he at once recognized the fact that he was addressed by a courteous gentleman as well as one of Forrest's soldiers. But the prisoner said:

"I would much rather enjoy your morning hospitality at some other place. My presence at that home will not be pleasant either to the ladies or myself. Circumstances certainly forbid the indulgence of social amenities on an occasion like this."

"In that estimate you are much mistaken," said Graham. "Those ladies are overjoyed at my escape from the doom you pronounced against the soldier they saved."

At early dawn Graham hastened to the mansion from which he escaped, and told a servant to inform the ladies of the capture, and that he would bring the lieutenant who had surrounded the house to breakfast with him. A surprise was never more joyfully received.

The lieutenant in his table talk manifested much curiosity and desire to know how and where Graham was concealed when he was so near to him, and said:
“I will give five hundred dollars in gold for the secret.”

“No, no,” said the heroine, “keep your gold. Have you never read the romances of the middle ages, when every lord was king of his castle, and every castle was a fortress containing secret chambers which afforded protection against its captors; where love and war mingled their comedies and tragedies with garlands for one and laurels for the other, and sometimes death for one and life for the other?”

Thus ended the extraordinary display of courage and genius in this delicate flower which will shed its fragrance and inspire the admiration of mankind long after marble shafts and princely mausoleums have passed into the dust of oblivion.

But the fortunes of war in the dispensation of victories and defeats are as uncertain as the shifting of the wind and the change of clouds.

On the 15th day of May, 1864, a few days after the serio-comic freaks of fate which linked Graham’s name with acts of immortality, he mounted his war horse and set out in company with Robert Hays to hunt up and rejoin their command under General Forrest. Their march was difficult and dangerous. But danger was a factor little feared by the boys of the Bluff City Grays, who had charged under their intrepid leader over and through fields of grape, canister and musketry, where death reigned in a carnival of slaughter. Their route was beset with Federal soldiers and the traitorous criminals of Hurst’s Diggers. It led through a country interspersed with swamps, chapperel, woodland and open
fields, and a price had been set on their heads because of their active participation in the capture and execution of eight rapists belonging to Fielding Hurst’s command of tories and traitors to their native land.

Their zeal and eagerness to rejoin their command, from which they had been so long separated, led them to brave every danger. The patriotic tide that swelled their youthful hearts stimulated their heroic patriotism in excess of that caution their situation imperatively required, and they were captured between Meden and Boliver by Colonel Thalberg’s command of regulars, and sent to Nashville with charges against them for capturing and murdering Federal soldiers—without mention of the justifiable circumstances which was the basis of the executions. They were confined in the penitentiary, where they found twelve more of Forrest’s command laboring under the same charges, of which they were not guilty.

Perhaps no other command in the Confederate army incurred so much hatred and animosity as that of General Forrest, on whose death or capture General Sherman had set a great price, regardless of the means employed to compass the end. As palliation for the war on Forest, the northern press saturated the people with the conviction that General Forrest in cold blood assassinated the garrison he captured at Fort Pillow, and the congress of the United States added fuel to the frenzy of the people and the Federal army. There was no justification, no truth, no violation of the rules of war on which these slanders were founded. See Dr. John Allen Wyeth’s "Life of
General Forrest," pages 335 to 390, wherein the great and impartial author presents a lucid, masterly and unanswerable defense of General Forrest's conduct in the capture of Fort Pillow. Perhaps a more unjustifiable reward was never offered by a man high in authority, within the pale of civilization. The desire to glut their vengeance against consummate generalship and heroic deeds pervaded every ramification of the Federal army, and threw a shameful cloud over the Federal congress in the shape of partisan reports of its committees, based on *ex parte* evidence, at war with truth and in violation and utter disregard of the rules of law. They dishonored the army and people they represented in vain effort to convert falsehood into facts upon which to base the law of *lex talionis*.

These fourteen prisoners, under such circumstances, did not stand the ghost of a chance before a court martial organized for conviction, and by that tribunal they were railroaded through and sentenced to be hanged.

But the soldiers of Forrest were dauntless in sublime faith in their general to prevent their execution. A gallows was erected in front of the door to their prison, where they could look and witness the progress of the workmen engaged in erecting the death machine. Their cell doors were thrown open and they were permitted to walk over the structure which in a few brief hours was to bridge the short interval between them and eternity.

But the watchful and ever vigilant Forrest, whose eagle eye seemed to watch and take in every situation, was soon onto the desperate
situation of his condemned soldiers. A flag of truce from his command soon approached the Federal lines around Nashville, with a communication from him to the Federal commander, in which he informed that functionary that if he proceeded to execute the sentence of the court martial that he would execute ten Federal soldiers for every one of his men executed.

One of those noble southern ladies of Nashville, who felt all the enthusiasm for the south that could animate exalted patriotism, saw the flag of truce when it came to the Federal lines, and never rested until by artful ingenuity she ascertained its purport, and as ingeniously contrived to get a letter to the condemned soldiers, in which she informed them of what had transpired, and in the exuberant enthusiasm which she felt, lauded their great commander and assured them that they need not feel the least apprehension of the sentence being carried into execution.

"A Roland for an Oliver." No one better knew than the Federals that General Forrest meant precisely what he said, and the death sentence was rescinded, they were sent to Camp Chase near Columbus, Ohio, and treated as prisoners of war.

The appearance of General Forrest's soldiers in that prison camp was a drawing card, and attracted more people than Barnum ever gathered under his tent. Good ladies, who had been saturated with the conviction that Forrest's men were human hyenas, flocked to Camp Chase by thousands. Their astonishment at finding superb looking young men, who displayed that
polish of manner and speech which always adorns the person and presence of a gentleman in the presence of ladies, revolutionized their ideas, and their surprise was so great they did not refrain from giving it expression. A good and kind old lady, accompanied by her elegantly dressed daughter, invited Graham to a seat by them, opened a bon-bon box of delicacies and invited him to join them in its consumption. There is a nobility of manhood that the tattered garments of a soldier, scarcely sufficient to conceal his person, cannot destroy or efface, even in the presence of cultured woman. Such was the attitude in which Graham appeared in the presence of those refined ladies of Ohio. His high and broad forehead, flashing eye, and suavity of speech and address, commanded the respect and admiration of those daughters of the north, as well as their sympathy.

With that delicacy of expression which ever lends a charm to true womanhood, these noble ladies unfolded to their guest for the time being their astonishment at the misrepresentations of the northern press as to all the types of the southern soldier, and after the pleasant meeting ended, cordially shook the hand of the young soldier in a pleasant farewell—an episode in the rude and cruel oasis of war, which left its impressions as enduring as life.

In all there was at that time five hundred of Forrest’s soldiers confined at Camp Chase. On the 1st of April, 1865, they were marched out for exchange—a few days before the final drama of the great revolution was forever closed at Appomattox.
EXECUTION OF SIXTY OUTLAWS
AT ONE TIME.

Civil war, where communities are divided in sentiment, always develops the basest passions of the lower strata of society. These infirmities lie dormant when the civil institutions of law and order obtain, but when the anarchy of civil war spreads its baleful wings over large territories, the lowest strata prey like vultures on the defenseless higher classes. Perhaps no area of the southern states during the civil war was more afflicted with marauding freebooters, thieves and rapists than west Tennessee.

Fielding Hurst, of McNairy county, was at the head of an organization calling themselves the Sixth Tennessee union cavalry, and Hurst their colonel. These renegade tories of southern blood preyed on the defenseless classes of west Tennessee, in the absence of nearly every able bodied patriot, most of whom were in the Confederate armies fighting under the peerless leadership of General Forrest. The families of these absent veterans were singled out as objects of spoliation and plunder, and made victims of every species of crime. These outlaws to every noble sentiment were base born cowards, from their colonel down to the lowest travesty on manhood in his command of six hundred.

General Forrest repeatedly remonstrated with Federal commanders over that jurisdiction, but his appeals for the observance of that humanity which ought to obtain in civilized warfare were
utterly disregarded. It was the boast of Hurst and his men that they would show no quarter to Confederate soldiers under General Forrest, and they put their threats in execution in many instances by murdering his men.

In February, 1864, Hurst's men captured Lieutenant Joseph Stewart and privates John Wilson and Samuel Osborn, of Newsom's regiment of Forrest's cavalry, whilst they were on duty under orders, and three days after shot them to death. During the same month they also captured Private Martin of Forrest's command, and murdered him. In March of the same year, they captured Lieutenant Willis Dodd, whilst visiting at his father's house in Henderson county, and murdered him. Near the same time Hurst's men captured Alexander Vale, of Newsom's regiment of Forrest's cavalry, and shot him to death in Madison county whilst a prisoner. The catalogue of these horrid crimes is too long and appalling for relation here. The eight rapists executed by Graham, mentioned in the last chapter, were of Hurst's command.

Federal commanders of that department paid no attention whatever to General Forrest's appeals to put a stop to these crimes. In fact, they seemed to encourage it, from their utter indifference to it. Major Generals C. C. Washburn and Hurlburt commanded the district when these outrages were committed. Hurlburt was a drunken sot. The author says this of his own knowledge.

When General Forrest was assigned to the command of west Tennessee, to recruit and or-
ganize a cavalry force, these recruits were without arms and he was necessitated to depend upon capturing arms from the enemy.

On December 26, 1863, Hurst was at Somerville, the county seat of Fayette county, and a detachment of Forrest’s, two-thirds of whom were without arms, called on the valiant gentleman with a roving commission very unexpectedly, without any previous announcement of the intended call. The ever inventive genius of General Forrest caused sticks, the size and length of a gun, to be carried as guns by his unarmed men, which he well knew would frighten Hurst and his men as much as Colt repeating carbines. The pickets were driven in, and the stick squadron charged after them with the few who had guns.

Hurst was near the public square when he heard and saw the hurricane of death coming with wooden guns. He hallooed, “My God, boys! Yonder comes Forrest.” He dug his spurs into his horse’s sides in profound realization of that old trite aphorism, “distance lends enchantment to the view.” His hat was donated to the wind; his long disheveled hair made frantic efforts to fly away; his legs expanded at an angle of forty-five degrees in his heroic efforts to impart celerity to his distressed horse, whose sides were bleeding in sacrifice to glorious war. “My God, boys! Forrest is coming.” And “get you bet” was the motto he most honored.

Sixty of Hurst's men were captured, but the official reports put it at thirty-five. The writer was long intimate with General Forrest, our acquaintance commencing in 1854. When he was
indicted in the Federal court, charged with treason to the government, Edwin M. Yerger and the writer were his legal counsel; but the case was finally dismissed without trial. I have the facts above stated from General Forrest himself, and I do not recall any incident of the war related by the general which caused him to overflow with so much laughter as Hurst’s flight when the stick brigade were charging on his command. He was usually very reticent, and spoke little, even to his intimate friends, about his glorious achievements in war. General James R. Chalmers, one of the general’s brave and trusted subordinates, was at the time of which we speak the law partner of the writer, and General Forrest after the surrender often visited our offices in Memphis, and was more communicative to us than to many others.

Those outlaws of Hurst’s, captured at Somerville, died at the adjacent fair grounds that night. *Lex talionis* had overtaken them because those high in authority refused to heed the appeals of General Forrest to stop “*digging up west Tennessee*” after the manner of outlaws.

In the Augustin age of Rome, when she had reached the limit of her power and greatness, her laws denounced the libertine for more than six hundred years, and authorized husbands, brothers and kindred to slay the despoilers of woman’s chastity without appeal to courts.

A thousand years before the ascendancy of this Roman age, Greece—in classic culture and refinement dominating the world, in heroic achievement, in the arts, sciences, poetry, philosophy and sculpture which has never been ex-
celled—wrote in her statute laws authorizing all the injured relatives of those whose chastity had been deflowered by the rake and libertine to kill and slay the demons. She erected a temple dedicated to virgin purity, where the Vestal Virgins kept the holy light of purity forever burning.

Sappho and Homer tuned the immortal lyre, one in the strains of virtuous love, the other in epic song, which defies the decay of time. How near the Pagan Greek and his brother Roman approached the fiat of God in their devotion to pure domestic life long before the advent of Christianity. They knew that virtue is the surest foundation of the state, and that no people can ever attain the higher beneficence of civilization without an iron shield around its domestic altars.

The forcible abduction of Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, by Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, brought on the confederation of all the Grecian states against Priam, who refused to give up the beautiful Helen, resulted in the Trojan war of ten years, the expenditure of millions of treasure and the blood and life of one hundred thousand warriors. The heroic devotion of the Grecian states in the defense of virtue stands out as a luminous landmark in the historic record of civilization, sweeping back to the dim vistas of the past and connecting it to the present through the life of the finest epic poem the world has yet known.

The Trojan war in defense of woman’s virtue was the foundation of Homer’s Iliad. That wandering minstrel of Chios Isle with his epic
pen and sightless eyes inspired the civilization which he glorified with profound love for virtue and the erection of temples dedicated to it, where the Vestal Virgins presided, which was copied by the Romans a thousand years afterwards, and the passage of laws by both peoples authorizing the injured relatives to slay without appeal to courts the seducer and rapist. Had General Forrest lived in either the blaze of Grecian or Roman greatness, pyramids of marble would have been erected to perpetuate his renown, and his name and deeds in executing those libertines would have adorned their classic pages as long as classic and heroic literature delights the cultured standard of mankind.

The vapid criticisms of General Forrest, which swept down from the north in an arctic cyclone because he did what God authorized Abraham and his descendants to do with the despoilers of woman’s virtue, recoils in tenfold force on the heads of all those superficial molders of public opinion. The blood of the libertine drips from the pages of his glorious history as it does from the genealogical tree of the Savior.

TWO GREAT SURPRISES.

Captain Pat H. Wheat, of Lonoke, Ark., commanded a cavalry company in the Trans-mississippi Department during the civil war. No braver soldier ever led men into battle, and perhaps no man ever enjoyed the ludicrous phases of life in greater degree, nor could tell them with more interest and effect.
In 1863 he was ordered to take his own and a Missouri company and pursue five hundred jayhawkers on the upper waters of White river, Arkansas, who were greatly distressing the inhabitants of that region. In command of this small battalion of one hundred and fifty men he pursued them night and day with relentless energy, without knowing that a superior force of Federal cavalry was closely following in his rear.

After a forced march of forty-eight hours he arrived at two o'clock at night within less than two miles of the enemy, his men and horses exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and he halted to give the much needed rest preparatory to an attack on the enemy at daybreak next morning. He gave orders to his men to rest on their arms, in line of battle, holding their horses in hand to be ready to mount in a moment at the sound of the bugle. But the men from exhaustion fell asleep, and many of the jaded and hungry horses fell to browsing and walked off without awkening the soldiers. No pickets had been put out, and perhaps they would have gone to sleep if they had been.

When nearly every man was sound asleep they were fired on by the Federals following in the rear and taken by complete surprise. The greatest confusion resulted. Many scampered off to find their horses in the dark, but two-thirds of the men, whose horses had not strayed off, were in the saddle in a moment and fell into line at the command of Captain Wheat, and in a few minutes they charged and routed the enemy.
Ferdinand Gates, now a wealthy citizen of Memphis, was then a small young Dutchman, mounted on a large fine gray horse. The little Dutchman belonged to Wheat's company in the charge on the enemy. After the repulse of the enemy the command halted for the absentees to come up. In the darkness the white horse was a conspicuous object, while the other animals could not readily be seen. During this interval a soldier coming up in the rear discovered the white horse, and hallooed out:

"I have lost my horse and am on foot. Where is Company A?"

Gates answered:

"Dish vay! Here ish Company A. Cooms up vere."

The foot soldier came up and Gates asked:

"You pelongs to Company A?"

"Yes," said the soldier.

The little Dutchman then said:

"Vell dens, I ish got de pest hoss in dish company. You shust gits up pehind me an' I vill takes goot care of you till you gits anoder hoss."

Up the soldier got. He was a third larger than his kind friend, and a foot taller, with a pair of pistols in his belt. Off they rode. Gates thought he knew the voice of every man in the company, but did not distinguish the voice of his rear guard. Again he said:

"You pelongs to Company A?"

"Yes," replied he of the rear seat.

Gates again asked:

"Vot regiments dosh you pelongs to?"

And the soldier replied:
"The Tenth Illinois."

Thunder struck to find he had a Federal, but with much presence of mind, he said:

"Mine guns is empty. Give me your guns, as we be shootin' very soon; an' I be doin' de shoot-in' ash I ish in de front."

The Federal handed him his pair of holsters. Then Gates felt much relieved. He drew a full square breath and said:

"Now you shust sets mighty still; if you mooves much I will shoots you. You now bees mine prisoner. I is von ob de udder poys, an' am berry dangersome if you pegin to cuts up to get away de least bit."

The Federal was now astonished, and promised to "sets mighty still."

On they rode half a mile, soon coming up to where the Federals had rallied and made another stand. Captain Wheat had drawn up his men in the best line he could form, in the timber and broken ground, for another charge. The little Dutchman's wits were again called into play. He was as game as a fighting cock, and never fell out of ranks or to the rear to avoid a fight. He could not charge to any advantage with his prisoner behind him, and he hated to give him the opportunity to escape as there was no one to guard him. He made the gentleman of the Tenth Illinois dismount, hold up his right hand and "swear to stays right dare till I coomes pack after dish fight." But the Tenth Illinois gentleman realized and utilized the opportunity to slip out in the dark foliage and escape.

Captain Wheat credits the little Dutchman with being a brave and true soldier and the best
forager in the army. The wit and humor of the captain effervesces and overflows with tropical luxuriance. Born near Holly Springs, Miss., of the best strain of southern blood, he grew to man’s estate in the best decades of our country. For twenty-five years the friend of the writer, who is indebted to him for many laughs and pleasant memories. The sun always shines around him wherever he goes. He grasps the happy phases of life, sheds a halo of mirth over his companions and comrades, but when aroused he is a lion devoid of fear. Verging now into the lap of eighty years, he has long been the commander of the Old Vets of his county, and beloved by them, and greatly admired for his worth and example of good citizenship.

SLAUGHTER OF A PANIC STRICKEN BRIGADE OF IOWA SOLDIERS.

General Bragg was commander-in-chief of the Confederate army and had fifteen thousand of all arms in action at the battle of Perryville, Ky., on the night of October 7, 1862. General Bragg, being temporarily called away, gave the command to General Leonidas Polk, who commanded from the commencement, early on the 8th, until one p. m., when General Bragg returned and assumed command. The Federal forces under command of General Buel were estimated at forty thousand men.

The following was related to the writer by H. Blevins, of the Eighth Arkansas infantry,
commanded until after the reorganization of the Confederate army after the battle of Shiloh by Colonel W. K. Patterson, the writer's college professor, but after that by Colonel Kelley, who commanded the regiment at Perryville.

Both armies manoeuvred for position on the sixth and seventh of October, for the final desperate struggle on the eighth. On the night of the seventh, at dark, Colonel Kelley took position on the crest of a hill overlooking a fertile valley below. The Confederates lay flat on the ground, including the colonel, who had dismounted. A public road led up the valley only one hundred yards distant from the Confederate line. Pickets were stationed in the road with instructions not to fire on the approach of any body of soldiers, as they could not distinguish in the dark which army they might belong to. Within thirty minutes the pickets returned and notified the colonel of the approach of a large body of soldiers, but whether Confederate or Federal they did not know. Colonel Kelley immediately mounted his horse and in the darkness rode to the head of the approaching column and asked a colonel what command his troops belonged to, and was informed that it was a brigade of Iowa infantry. Turning his horse, he rode a few paces; and, to be doubly sure, again repeated the inquiry, and received the same answer.

His men lay in line of battle. He returned immediately and whispered to his captains to rise and approach the enemy fast but cautiously, and when within twenty yards to fire and charge with the bayonet. The enemy were mowed down with great slaughter, and were so panic stricken that
they did not fire a gun. Most of them threw their guns away and all fled through a cornfield where the corn had been cut and shocked up. Many crawled under the shocks of corn with their feet sticking out. The fleeing enemy hallooed, "For God's sake, don't shoot!" but kept on running without surrendering with the Confederates at their heels shooting and bayoneting them with awful slaughter. The poor fellows who took shelter in the corn shocks, and many others, were captured. The Eighth Arkansas belonged to General Pat R. Cleburne's brigade.

Soldiers when panic stricken lose their self possession, like a flock of stampeded horses or sheep. These Iowa troops were probably raw recruits and under fire for the first time. But all the western men, when properly drilled and disciplined, made as good soldiers as those who followed Lee.

RUNAWAY KID ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

The writer's parents lived in Sumner county, Tennessee, twenty-five miles from the battlefield of Murfreesboro. His brother, Henry Hallum, was a soldier in the Second Tennessee regiment, commanded by Colonel W. D. Robinson, Hardee's corps, Cleburne's division.

Blofund Hallum, the youngest member of the family, was then a kid but eleven years old. It was known that a great battle would soon take place, and Blofund ran away from home to join his brother and get in the pending fight. Henry procured a gun for him, and he took his place
in line of battle beside his brother the morning that momentous conflict opened.

Colonel Robinson discovered the kid, got off his horse, slapped the boy, threw his gun away, and ordered him to the rear. Cannon was roaring and musketry rattling all along the line, and the colonel marched on at the head of his men. The kid was not so easily foiled. As the colonel rode off at the head of his column the boy picked up his gun and cartridge box, rejoined his brother, and made a soldier all through the battle of carnage during the three days conflict, and escaped without a wound.

**WAR AND LOVE ACROSS THE LINE.**

Love in all ages has defied custom and conventionalities, from cottage to throne, and its delirious victims have weighed the world as a feather against the objects of blind infatuation. One of the great emperors of Rome married a harlot, who had plied her vocation over southern Europe, and divided the powers of the throne with her. One of the czars of Russia did the same thing. Both queens became immortal in history and celebrated for great executive ability. But in this strange story of love and overpowering infatuation we find a new departure from the threadbare standards of common romancers. On the one hand we have a cultured beauty of Virginia, exhibiting the loftiest impulses of patriotism and fidelity to her native soil; on the other, we have a cultured officer of the northern army in the unenviable role of treason and deser-
tion enslaved in the forlorn hope of unrequited love.

This strange combination of events, growing out of the war between the states, was related to the writer by Campbell G. Gilmore, who was a cavalry soldier in the Maryland arm of the Confederate service, under his brother Colonel Harry Gilmore, who is the author of a charming book entitled "Four Years in the Saddle."

Gilmore was on detached service as a scout with twenty-five picked men from his brother's regiment, the Second Maryland cavalry. The Gilmore scouts were on duty the greater part of their service in the Shenandoah valley and mountain passes of Virginia.

Lieutenant Frank Stanley, of the New York cavalry arm of the Federal service, commanded a similar squad of scouts in the same territory. During the winter of 1862-3, when the Confederate and Union armies were in winter quarters, these scouting parties often came in contact, their headquarters being only eight miles apart, and some twenty miles south of Winchester.

After much trouble and firing on each other these respective scouting parties agreed on a truce and established a neutral zone, embracing the territory between their respective armies. They were composed of young men fond of social entertainment during the inactivity of their respective armies, and they mutually agreed, and faithfully adhered to it, that the respective parties were not to molest each other within the neutral zone during the truce.

The Union soldiers commanded by Stanley were known as the Jesse scouts, named in honor
of the daughter of Thomas H. Benton, wife of General John C. Fremont. At this time there lived within the neutral zone a wealthy old Virginia planter, a representative of the best era of culture and hospitality. Miss Jesse Clarke, his daughter, was celebrated for beauty and accomplishments. The scouts frequently met at the hospitable mansion of Farmer Clarke, where Miss Jesse reigned as one of the attractions of the valley.

These meetings resulted in Stanley's infatuation with the girl, his chaste and artful approaches and proposal of marriage. His persistent appeals finally drew the reply of a heroine, typical of that exaltation of patriotism so fully exemplified by southern ladies during every stage of the war. She replied:

"However cultured and noble your position may be in the north, where you have been educated in ideas and sentiment hostile to the land of my birth, where the people not only entertain views and embrace conclusions hostile to yours, but are now in arms to resist your wholly unjustifiable encroachments, your solicitations, if acceded to, would involve my loss of self respect and render me undesirable as the bride of a gentleman. To become the bride of an enemy in arms against my country, no matter how great my admiration might be otherwise for you, would involve me in hopeless despair and self condemnation. Sacred memories and hallowed associations would perish in the agonies of shame without erasing the past from my memory. The waters of Lethe would never pour their oblivious tide over the past, and nothing could restore me
to the love and respect of my people and kindred. Such a sacrifice would be too onerous for a crown, and admiration has no right to demand it. My people and kindred are in arms against your people and your kindred. To forfeit their love and esteem would poison the current of my life and render it worthless, and would destroy my capacity to render you happy. Some of my kindred have gone down to patriot graves in this war, and I will never tarnish their name by degrading my own as the bride of an enemy to the cause they died to sustain. I will not indicate what might have been the result of your attachment under other conditions. Present impossibilities render it useless and improper to invite discussion of theories and probabilities based on present conditions."

Stanley was not anticipating the manifestation of such resolution and will power. But he thought he discovered a ray of hope in the last sentences, which he might possibly utilize in the near future by removing the obstacles so forcibly and resolutely interposed. He was astonished at the strength and tenacity of purpose manifested by this southern girl in the morning of maturity. He replied:

"The nobility of your expressions exalt you still higher in my estimation, whilst they fill my heart with grief and despairing sorrow. You have opened up a new world and the avenues to a higher life than I have hitherto conceived. You have clothed the conceptions of duty which exalts patriotism above the love and desires of life. You present to me the character of a heroine as noble as that of Joan De Arc without its de-
lusions of divine benediction and summons to arms. If you were oppressed with her superstition you might become the leader of arms and leave a name as endearing in history as she achieved. Hitherto I have thought such personalities as mere speculative ideality, but you have uprooted that conviction. May I infer from what your words seem to imply that if destiny had cast my lot under southern suns and education up to southern standards, leaving no arctic zone of political philosophy between us, that my rainbow of promise would not be deluged in hopeless despair?"

This speech, elegance of address and diction challenged her admiration in higher degree than she had ever before experienced, softened the vigor of expression, relaxed the resolution expressed in her countenance, and touched her sympathy for his distress, and she replied:

"Your education, aside from your patriotic and political affiliations, can never span the gulf between us. The happier conditions you refer to might have encouraged me to consider the prospects your mere theory presents, but we must not further discuss theories based on impossibilities as they now exist, and you will pardon me in declining any further discussion on that line."

At this juncture they separated and Stanley returned to his camp, resolving in his mind the possibility of overcoming the obstacles in his way by conforming his future life, as far as possible, to her standards.

Like poor Maud Muller, he sorrowed over "what might have been." Love is too often heedless and blind, and he found consolation in her
reply to his hypothetical interrogatory, and succeeded in persuading himself that possibly he might remove the obstacle by deserting his colors and incorporating himself in the Confederate army. He knew that love had triumphed alike over thrones and cottages, and reasoned himself into the belief that the prize was worth the sacrifice, and that fortune might open her narrow gate to the temple of Venus. Such were the hallucinations which flooded his mind in the abandon of that delirious hour, and in less than ten days he put the test into execution by going to Colonel Gilmore's headquarters, where he was sworn into the Confederate service and to duty with the Gilmore scouts, at his request.

He provided himself with the finest Confederate uniform he could procure, and hastened to visit Miss Clarke. When she advanced in confusion and amazement to meet him, her woman's intuition divined the cause.

He said:

"Miss Clarke, I have expatriated myself to become a patriot in the service of your country and my country, to love and to admire that which you love and admire. Henceforth I will be as true to the south as General Lee. I crave the opportunity to prove at the post of danger the sincerity of my speech, devotion to you, and now I am happy to say our common country and cause which you have convinced me to be just. If I fall in the clash of arms will you promise to plant a flower over my grave."

She replied:

"My woman's heart encourages profound pity. I gave you no encouragement whatever to think
that any possible condition your future might impose would in the slightest degree modify my unalterable purpose. I employed the strongest language at my command to impress the conviction on your mind that the gulf between us is impassible and the gate to your suit forever closed. Your treason in deserting your command has increased my objections a thousand fold. The solemn obligation you assumed on entering the Federal army cannot be cancelled by any act of yours without the consent of your government. Treason and desertion in the face of the enemy in time of war is one of the greatest crimes known to man. Nothing within your power could induce me to condone such a crime. This must be our last interview. I bid you farewell."

His disappointment and disgrace flooded his pride in the waters of Mara, and, after a month's service, he deserted back to the Federal army and once more met the Gilmore scouts in combat in the streets of Martinsburgh and exhibited reckless courage in single combat with one of the scouts in a running fire on horseback with pistols, far in the rear of his command.

This strange story reads like a chapter from the romances of the Middle Ages, but every fact herein stated is as absolute verity as any statement in the history of the civil war.

EXPLOSION OF THE MINE AT PETERSBURGH.

It must be remembered that there were two brigadier generals named Archer, who com-
manded brigades in the civil war, viz., James F. Archer, of Maryland, and J. J. Archer, of Virginia; and to avoid confusion, it must be remembered that the scene herein related refers alone to General Archer of Virginia.

Barney Davitt, one of the many heroic sons of Erin, was mustered into the Fifth Alabama battalion of infantry at Mobile, Ala., at the commencement of the war between the states, and he was an energetic actor and eye witness to the slaughter of several hundred negro prisoners on the evening of the thirtieth of July, 1864, the day on which General Grant exploded the mine under the front line of Confederate breastworks at Petersburg, Va.; also to the ever memorable scene between Generals Lee and Archer after the merciless slaughter of negro prisoners, captured on that day of slaughter.

Preparatory to a full and thorough comprehension of the forever memorable historic incident, hitherto unrecorded by historians, let it be said that the Fifth Alabama battalion of infantry recruited at Mobile was incorporated in the brigade commanded by the celebrated Louis T. Wigfall, of Texas, who had represented his state in the United States senate.

Before the brigade did much service Wigfall was elected to the Confederate States senate, and resigned his commission in the army for a seat in the Confederate senate. When Wigfall resigned, Brigadier General J. J. Archer, of Virginia, succeeded him in the command of the brigade. Archer was a man of expansive mind and heroic mould, and his name will forever be associated with all that is chivalrous in the soldier and
laudable in man. The soldiers in his command had unwavering confidence in his courage and ability to handle them on the field, and when he led them they went at the work in hand with all the resolution of Napoleon's guard. They loved and confided in him as Stonewall Jackson's men did in their peerless leader.

General Grant, with almost inexhaustible resources, had for several months invested Petersburg with untiring energy and tenacity of purpose, which was perhaps the most distinguishing trait in his character as a soldier and general. Thus the two great commanders confronted each other, when, on the morning of the thirtieth of July, 1864, the Federals exploded a mine under the front of the extended line of fortifications protecting Petersburg.

Owing to the great disparity in numbers and extent of his fortifications, General Lee's troops were greatly extended on the outer defenses. The mine was exploded under a portion of Pegram's battery, and the Eighteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina regiments.

The losses of the Confederates caused by the explosion was 354 in killed, wounded and missing. The crater caused by the explosion was one hundred and thirty-five feet long, ninety-seven feet wide and thirty feet deep; 100,000 cubic feet of earth was thrown into the air and fell in heavy masses, crushing and burying the men on which it fell. It was as destructive and terrific as the explosion of a volcano.

Federal troops were massed to immediately charge through the breach into the breastworks, and get into position and possession before the
confusion incident to the explosion could be overcome by the Confederates. Confusion is an inseparable incident to such an unanticipated occurrence, and before the Confederates overcome it the Federals came swarming in triple columns into the crater and filled it with both white and negro troops, the latter being pushed in advance, and many Federals mounted the parapets.

But the Confederates under Major General Bushrod R. Johnson, of Tennessee, who had charge of that portion of the line of defense, rallied with the courage and enthusiasm of Bonaparte's charge at Lodi, and drove a portion of the Federals back in a confused mass into the crater, but they held stubbornly to the breastworks from five a. m. until two p. m. The battle raged with unabated fury for near nine hours, and until General Mahone's division reinforced the defenders. The Confederates were masters of the field. General Johnson's division lost about one thousand men. They captured several hundred negro troops, who were turned over to General Archer's brigade late in the day, to be marched to the rear as prisoners of war.

Now comes one of the most remarkable and deplorable tragedies of the war, which for obvious reasons has not until now found its place in history. But, be it always remembered, that neither General Archer nor any of the officers under him are, or were, in the least responsible for the frenzied slaughter of the negro prisoners by the soldiers of his brigade. Fidelity to history, which belongs to all mankind, must give way to the vitiated sentiment which would do injustice to truth and hide and cover up partisan frailty.
The light ought to be turned on, that truth may illuminate every historic event of so much significance.

It is a matter of common notoriety that the southern people were intense in their feelings against the slaves who bore arms against their owners. That servile element of the northern army amounted to more than two hundred thousand men. The south viewed the action of the northern people in arming the slaves much in the same light that our revolutionary sires did the English for arming the Indians to burn and destroy non-combatants.

When the brigade arrived with the negroes at the rear of the water works in Petersburgh they met a wounded Confederate soldier, who had been wounded in the fight that day in front of a negro brigade. One of the negro prisoners, who was the slave of the wounded Confederate, met and accosted his master in an insolent manner, and in a moment of anger the master shot and killed him on the spot. From that incident the slaughter of the negroes commenced and continued in frenzied fury until all the negroes were dead. Davitt says one of the negroes was a mulatto, who cried out:

"Spare my life. I have a white woman in Philadelphia who is my wife."

But that was the poorest of all recommendations to a southern soldier for mercy.

General Archer and all of his officers did all in their power to prevent the slaughter. But command during that frenzied moment was of no more weight of resistance than a zephyr in the pathway of a storm. But one man was spared,
and he was a white officer over the captured negroes. When a gun was leveled at this white officer over negroes, one of the brigade officers sprang in front of him and cried out:

"He is a white man; don't kill him. You shall not kill him without killing me too." And that saved him.

No man of the army regretted this slaughter more than General Archer. The news was soon carried to General Lee, who immediately rode down in haste to the brigade and ordered the men under arrest without including General Archer, whose lips and face and mien indicated extraordinary excitement. Drawing his sword, he handed it to General Lee, and said:

"To you I surrender this sword as bright and untarnished as when I first wore it as one of your subordinates. I thank my God and the heroic but erring men you order to lay down their arms, that no enemy has ever been able to command this act of surrender. Look at that half clothed, half fed skeleton of a once glorious command. Ask them where their comrades left them, no more to answer to roll call, and they will tell you at Fredericksburg, Manasses, the Wilderness, Cedar Mountain, Mechanicsville, Frazer's Farm, Malvern Hill, Gettysburg and many other battlefields. They died the death of soldiers, facing the rattle of musketry and cannon's roar. Take my sword, General. You have shared their glory; I will share their shame."

General Lee was visibly affected, and with gentle voice said:

"Put up your sword, General Archer, and wait until I ask for it. As an officer you have not been censured."
General Lee then rode off, silent and sorrowful, and the brigade was marched off to prison. General Archer threw down his sword and marched to prison with his men. When he threw down his sword, he said:

"My unfortunate men can honor it no more, and I will no longer wear it."

What passed in General Lee's mind will never be known. His army was in great peril and very short of soldiers to overcome it, and he had none to fill the gap Archer's brigade left vacant, without endangering other points. Whatever his distressed mind may have undergone, he thought it best to release the men and order them to resume their places in line. And this he did after they had been confined only two hours. That act of devotion to his men endeared both General Lee and General Archer to that heroic brigade.

Steptoe Washington, of the Forty-seventh Virginian infantry, of whom much has been said in other parts of this volume, informed the writer that his regiment was on guard immediately over the mine for one week before the explosion, and that the night before the explosion his regiment was relieved and marched to another part of the line. He also says that General Lee was fully aware that a tunnel was being excavated extending to the fortification on that part of his lines, and that he purposely thinned out his men on that part of the line as much as he possibly could with safety, in order to protect them against danger from the coming explosion when the mine was touched off.

He also says that he saw General Lee with only two staff officers in front of his regiment with
sounding trump or funnel listening to the noise of the workmen in the tunnel, which could be heard with perfect distinction. It is well known that the ground is a good conductor of sound. The sounding trump was a hollow metallic cylinder, three or four feet long, funnel shaped at one end, over which the ear was placed after inserting the tube in the ground. This ingenious device acted like a telephone in conveying sound. Washington also says that he felt more uneasiness whilst encamped over that tunnel than he did in the battles of the Wilderness, Malvern Hill or Gettysburg, and that the privates on that part of the line all knew that the enemy was tunneling in the preparation of an explosion; but of course no one knew, not even the commanding general, when it would occur.

The enemy’s main trenches consisted of two ditches, one within one hundred, the other within fifty yards of the Confederate line. The Confederates on guard would often poke their hats just above the trenches which protected them, and in almost every instance the enemy’s sharpshooters would hit them. Washington was in the fearful fight that raged around and in the vicinity of the crater, and could hear the white officers commanding the negro troops give the command to “show no quarters.” To which the Confederates replied, “Damn you; we don’t ask any quarters, and we will give none.”

Thus in the progress of that deathly struggle the strongest passions that animate men were invoked. The white officers who gave that command were immediately singled out by the soldiers of their own motion and shot down, leaving
the negro troops crowded in that crater in the greatest confusion. It is also a well established fact that these negroes were plied with whiskey before being led into the crater, just as the negro troops were supplied with whiskey at Fort Pillow and Port Hudson.

A. P. Osborne, of General Gregg's command of South Carolinians, says that a short time before the explosion at Petersburgh, and near Bermuda Hundred, several hundred negro troops were killed under similar circumstances.

In corroboration of Davitt's statement of the slaughter of the negroes, Washington says that late in the evening of the victorious repulse, he saw about three hundred negro prisoners marching to the rear along the line of his regiment, and that nearly all of them appeared to be wounded in greater or less degree, and did not see them afterwards, as his regiment went into camp three miles distant.

HON. JOHN G. FLETCHER, OF LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

This distinguished citizen and old Confederate veteran deserves the everlasting gratitude of his old comrades in the days of revolution and war. A native to the manor born, of pioneer stock, who came to Arkansas in the days of territorial pupillage. He was born and reared to man's estate on a farm in Saline county, where he learned that robust discipline for integrity and manhood which has been his chart and compass through an eventful life of honor, usefulness and good
citizenship. At twenty-four years of age he moved to Little Rock because it afforded a wider range of opportunity for the development of those business qualifications which has ultimated in placing him at the head of the strongest financial institution in the state—president of the German National Bank of Little Rock. A poor farm boy, step by step his progress has been gradual to positions higher and stronger at each successive advance—alderman of the city, mayor, sheriff of the county, and for the last twenty years president of the bank. He has frequently been drawn out at a tangent in the political arena and urged by the thinking, conservative element of the Democratic party as a candidate for governor, because of his robust integrity and great business qualifications, but he has never been a man to tickle the populace and curry favor wherever it conflicted with those sound elements of administration which lie at the foundation of good government.

But it is his soldier's life, during and since the war, with which we are more particularly concerned. At the commencement of hostilities he entered the army as a private in Company A, Sixth Arkansas infantry. His sterling qualities as a soldier and man were very soon recognized, and he was soon promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in his company. At the reorganization of his regiment in the spring of 1862 he was chosen captain of his company. His regiment was in General Hardee's brigade in the Kentucky campaign in the fall of 1861 and spring of 1862. He was engaged in the battles of Woodsonville, December, 1861. After the seige of Cor-
inth, he was with Bragg's army at Chattanooga; thence with the march of that army into Kentucky, where he gallantly led his company in the severely contested battle of Perryville.

After the retreat to Tennessee, his regiment was incorporated in Liddell's brigade. On December 31, 1862, he led his company with conspicuous gallantry in the battle of Murfreesboro, where he was shot down and very severely wounded. In the din and carnage of that great battle he was left helpless on the field and captured by the Federals. He was specially commended for conspicuous gallantry on that bloody field by that splendid leader, General Cleburne. He was taken to the hospital at Murfreesboro, where he remained more than three months. After recovering sufficiently to travel, he was sent as a prisoner of war to Fort Henry, near Baltimore, and there held during the summer of 1863. In the fall of that year he was sent to City Point and exchanged. He rejoined his command at Chickamauga station and was hotly engaged September 19th and 20th in the ever memorable battles of Chickamanga. After the two days battle Captain Fletcher was no longer able for field service, and because of his ability, conservatism and great good judgment was assigned to duty on the general court martial of the Army of Tennessee. That position as a judge is the highest man can assign his fellow mortal, and he discharged the onerous duties of that responsible position with distinguished ability, mitigating the harshness of military law whenever justice appealed to the spirit rather than to the letter of the law. The sessions of that court were held at
Atlanta, and afterwards at Macon, Ga., where the command was surrendered on the 26th of April, 1865. Captain Fletcher returned home, like most of the heroes who wore the gray, with no fortune save that of a patriot and hero with untarnished name and the respect and love of his comrades.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." But Captain Fletcher has earned both, without the least jar to that integrity of purpose which has rounded out his noble citizenship as a heritage to his native state.

But the half would not be told were we to stop here. His name is revered by the old Confederate veterans of Arkansas as their great and powerful friend, many hundreds of whom he has materially aided through the suffering and storms of old age. His generous and heroic heart has always gone out to them. The sordid hand of avarice and miserly love of wealth has never closed his heart and purse against them. He started at the foundation of the Confederate Home in Arkansas with a subscription of $500, and has been the president of the board of directors of that noble institution from then until the present time. He has contributed largely to the Confederate monument fund, a monument to be soon erected in the beautiful capitol grounds of the state, to proclaim the patriotism of her sons to coming generations. These noble works lie close to his heart.

At the general reunion of the old veterans at Houston, Texas, he was elected commander of the Arkansas division, with the rank of major general, a well deserved compliment.
A NAME THAT OUGHT TO LIVE IN SONG AND HISTORY.

A. C. Richardson, a private in the celebrated Third Texas cavalry, tells the following story of the heroic William Nelson, of the same command.

Nelson was as reckless as brave and as noble in his friendship as any soldier of the civil war. He had rode in a hundred cavalry charges under General Ross, his brigade commander, and under General Forrest, whose courage and skill has never been excelled by any cavalry commander in the history of the wars of the world.

Once when on picket duty on the Chattahoochee river, twelve miles above Atlanta, before the fall of that city, his squad confronted a similar Federal picket station on the opposite bank of the river, who kept up a constant fire on the Confederates at a distance of near one-half mile with the best improved long range guns, and the Confederates took a hand, neither party doing much damage. During this long range duel Nelson became absorbed in a newspaper and took a seat in an exposed position with his back to the enemy, whilst bullets from their long range guns occasionally struck in dangerous proximity. His comrades took more secure positions, where they were protected, and only advanced within view of the enemy when they discharged their guns. His comrades frequetly urged him to take a more secure position and avoid needless danger, to which he as often replied, "They can't hit me at that distance," and continued to read until he finished the paper. He then rose up to advance
and give the paper to a comrade. At that moment a ball from the enemy’s fire struck him in the back, inflicting what the surgeons pronounced a mortal wound; but after long suffering he recovered and rejoined his command.

Late in 1864 he was again, with three comrades, stationed on picket duty on the Chattahoochee river, not far from where he was wounded. They occupied a dangerous position, not far from the enemy’s greatly superior numbers, and were in expectation of being attacked and probably overpowered, but they resolved, come what might, not to surrender under any contingency. They had seen their commanders cut their way through the enemy’s lines where escape seemed impossible, and they resolved to do likewise when the desperation of their situation might call for such acts of heroism. They were all young men, but veterans from long service and an hundred battles under as brave leaders as martial glory ever crowned with heroic deeds.

In that position, and without reserves in supporting distance, they were attacked by superior numbers, and Nelson was again so dangerously wounded that he could not retreat, but could load and handle his gun. A few minutes before the tide of life ebbed away, his three comrades gathered around to die with him.

"Help me to that tree," he said, "where I can get a few more shots before I die, and hold them in check whilst you make your escape."

"We will help you to the tree," they said, "but will not leave you."

"You must retreat," he said, "I can hold them until you escape. Save yourselves. You will
still be of service to your country, whilst I must die here. It will be a useless sacrifice of your lives to remain a moment longer. You cannot protect me and escape."

He fired two more shots before he fell, and his comrades made their escape.

The story of Damon and Pythias is yet as familiar as it was to Dionysius in the long past ages of Helenic ascendancy in the highways of human greatness. It is perhaps a mythical creation of Attic literature which has charmed the world of letters for more than three thousand years.

May fame wreath her laurel chaplet around the name of William Nelson, and forever stand sentinel over his unknown grave. May his unselfish heroism crown the dome of our tragic Pantheon. May the epic muse of coming ages tune the lyre of immortal song to the youth of coming ages, and Texas, his native soil, forever remember his place in her history, and that of the Confederacy.

LIEUTENANT SAMUEL A. LOUDER.

"A thousand glorious actions that might claim Triumphant laurels and immortal fame, Confused in crowds of glorious actions lie, And troops of heroes undistinguished die."

When Mars lighted the torch of war between the states in 1861, and arrayed Federal against Confederate, it aroused a spirit of patriotism and heroism unsurpassed in the annals of the world. The Confederate States at that time had no military organizations other than a few undisciplined
militia battalions, mostly without arms and equipments. Everything pertaining to military organization, discipline and equipment had to be created—organized in haste—to confront the momentous exigencies attending the opening campaigns in the greatest and bloodiest civil war known to the history of mankind. More than three millions of warriors in the aggregate swelled the firing line before the close of the final tragedy. It was natural for such conditions at the commencement of hostilities to encourage independent commands in the Confederate States before the civil and military arms of the government were created and established on a firm basis. Ninety per cent. of the soldiers of the Confederacy were drawn from the patriotic agricultural classes of the south. Many of these independent organizations were armed and equipped by themselves at their own expense. On this idea they conceived and based their right to control themselves in their military operations. But these organizations after the revolution were consolidated into organized forces and were drawn into the regular service. It is the purpose of this sketch to give an epitome of one of these independent arms, as an introduction to the heroic deeds of one man—Captain Samuel L. Louder.

In 1861 there was organized in Davidson and adjoining counties, in North Carolina, "Clai-borne's independent cavalry rangers," twelve hundred strong, rank and file, composed of well to do farmers, many of them wealthy. They armed and equipped themselves at their own expense, and had the finest horses to be found, it
was said the finest in the Confederate service, except perhaps some in the cavalry arm from Kentucky. These animals were valued at $200 each, an aggregate of $240,000. Their arms, consisting of double barrel shotguns, a pair of Colt’s army pistols, and a sword, at the aggregate cost of $36,000. Their bridles, saddles and halters cost $18,000. Two suit of clothing of gray homespun jeans, valued at $15, aggregating $18,000. A few had Colt’s revolving rifles, and swords costing from $10 to $50. Altogether the equipment of these twelve hundred rangers cost $300,000. Louder was first lieutenant of Company M, but from frequent disability of his captain, commanded the company most of the time.

This independent arm of the service after the first ten months was by unanimous vote consolidated with the regular troops of the service, but out of consideration for their splendid discipline and chivalrous bearing on many fields were permitted to retain their original name and organization. By capture they had armed themselves with the regular cavalry carbine, with which they replaced the old shotgun. Louder had two plantations on the historic Yadkin river, and many slaves. His fine mansion overlooked the Yadkin as its rippling waters rolled on to the sea, and they will chant a lullaby to the fame and heroism of the warrior who sprang from the soil of its valleys as long as her waters mingle with the sea.

It is not within the limited scope of this book to give the details of the many charges of this squadron and its brilliant achievements at Fredericksburgh, Plymouth, Newbern and many other
bloody fields, nor its hundred achievements as a detailed corps of observation scouts and on the picket and firing line. This in itself would fill a volume. It is of Louder alone we will now write. Suffice it to say that less than twenty-five soldiers of this command were ever captured. That, though frequently surrounded by overwhelming numbers, they always charged with the splendor of Ney or Murat and cut their way out. When this heroic corps surrendered after Appomattox, but one hundred and fifty answered to the last roll call, when the banners of the gray were forever furled. The remainder who did not answer the call had not survived the lost cause. They slept in the bivouac of the dead "on fame's eternal camping ground."

It is only the great commanding generals who get credit for these achievements and go down in history wearing the laurel wreath of fame enshrined in the memory and gratitude of the people whose cause they defended, whilst the name of the common patriot soldier who won this fame with his blood and life joins the long roll of the forgotten, whilst his tomb is the foundation on which the superstructure of a nation's glory rests. The foundation and superstructure of Roman greatness and world wide empire was builded and cemented in oceans of blood, fed for twelve hundred years by the prowess and life of millions of men. But how few the names and deeds of individual heroism are registered in the Pantheon dedicated to her fame.

Bonaparte, at the time he commenced the invasion of Russia, commanded eleven hundred thousand men, distributed over his vast empire.
But how short the roster of the soldiers of dauntless courage, on whose blood and bones spilt and crushed in battle on which the foundation of his colossal fame rests. So it was in our armies in the war between the states. So it has ever been and will ever be—the consolidation and aggregation of the joint heroism of many thousands of men are crystallized into the fame of a few commanders.

There were in the southern army thousands of privates in the ranks who were far superior as commanders to the majority of colonels and brigadiers, whose political influence elevated them to positions they were not competent to fill. Of course, there were brilliant exceptions, but they were very largely in the minority.

The heroism of "the men behind the guns" on the firing line is condensed and compounded in generic terms—heroism of the southern soldier—embracing all the deeds of hundreds of thousands of heroes in one pithy sentence. It could not well be otherwise where such vast numbers are formed on the same standards and are joint actors in the same great tragic achievements. Whilst it is impossible for history to single out and record the separate deeds of all, yet there is even an enchanting interest when history descends from her lofty pedestal to hand honors to the few who act the noblest parts in the humblest positions, as specimen illustrations of the myriads she cannot thus honor.

Lieutenant Louder was always sent to the outposts when danger challenged vigilance and caution, iron nerve and sound judgment. In December, 1863, when a division of the Army of Vir-
ginia was stationed in the fortifications around Petersburg, Louder was sent out with twenty men on the Suffolk road fifteen miles, to perform picket duty, one of the most dangerous posts on the line. Three men had been killed at a certain post. In stationing his pickets he said to his men:

“This is the most dangerous post of all. Here three men have been killed on their post in the darkness of the night. I will not assign any of you to this post; I will take it myself.”

It was cold and snowing. They were not allowed to build a fire, and were instructed from headquarters to remain in their saddles and not to dismount under any circumstances when on picket duty at that post. This dangerous post was on level ground, within twenty-five yards of an old fence. Louder saw at a glance that the danger would be much diminished if he dismounted and stood beside his horse, with the horse between him and the danger point. That position also gave him another advantage. He had learned from his grandfather, an old soldier in the war of the revolution, that the faint refraction of the clouds from the earth on a dark night enabled a picket guard, by stooping down low, to see an object better than when standing. So he disobeyed orders on this occasion, and dismounted, and utilized the best method to detect the advance of an enemy and to protect both himself and the army he was guarding.

At two o’clock in the morning in the quiet darkness of the night he heard a slight rustling noise in the fence corner twenty yards distant, and on stooping low he saw an object, like a large
black hog, moving from one fence corner to another. He commanded the object to halt and give the countersign, and was answered by a grunt from the hog, which kept slowly moving to the next fence corner, so as to get in better range, the horse being between them. Then Louder whispered to himself, "Be you hog or goblin damned, I'll fire," thinking if a hog it would afford much relished food for his men, and if an enemy in disguise he would get the first shot. Stooping low, with his gun resting on his knee, he took deliberate aim and fired. At the crack of the gun the dark object rolled over and lay there in perfect silence. He did not approach the object until several of his men came up. All moved cautiously with guns in position to fire if necessary. The object was covered with a bearskin and as dead as a stone. When turned over and uncovered it was found to be an Indian in the Federal service, who had crept up in the disguise of a hog, having been successful in the three former efforts to take off the picket guard at that post. No other picket was killed at that post. This attests the difference in the sagacity and caution of different men when acting under the same circumstances. If he had sat on his horse and obeyed orders the Indian would have killed him. The bravery of Louder, directed by the utmost prudence and sagacity, in hundreds of instances led to his call to the post of danger. Such men are always in demand and are of the utmost value to an army. But this is but one insignificant instance compared to his many other feats and deeds.
At the battle of Newbern, North Carolina, after desperate fighting he found his company completely surrounded and but two alternatives left—either to surrender or cut their way through the lines. To surrender as long as a forlorn hope animated his breast—the word was not in the vocabulary of his daring heroism. Aligning his men, he gave the order, "Forward! Charge!" and they went like a whirlwind. Feats of impetuous daring always impart a wavering doubt in the minds of soldiers forced to become a bulwark against the impetuous charges of cavalry. They broke through surprised ranks of Federal infantry and lost but one man, whose horse fell in a ditch and dismounted the rider. Louder received two bayonet wounds in leg and thigh, after discharging the guns carried in his holster, then cutting with his sabre in hand to hand conflict. This conflict—sword against bayonet thrusts—marvelously led to the escape of the leader of that desperate charge amidst the whistling of a rain of bullets all around the rider and his superb charger. The bayonet wounds were bandaged by the surgeon, and although very painful, the soldier never for one day rested or retired from active duty.

In the winter of 1863-4, the Federals were making desperate efforts to get possession of the Central railroad leading from the south into Richmond, bringing supplies to Lee's army, and it was a matter of much importance to guard that road with men, true and tried, for many miles. Colonel Claiborne with his North Carolina rangers was put in charge of a line five miles along this road. Other officers were put in
charge of other portions of the road. Louder with his company was placed at one of the most critical points on the road. Fifteen miles distant from Louder's post, and behind almost impenetrable jungles and swamps in the valley of Black river, a camp of Federals was stationed behind a morass. From this secluded retreat they often issued and did much damage. Colonel Claiborne was anxious to put a stop to these raids from behind the jungle and morass, so impenetrable to his cavalry. He was as magnanimous as noble and chivalrous, and was unwilling to give peremptory orders to his lieutenant to enter the morass to dislodge or drive out the enemy. To avoid doing so, he offered a reward of one hundred dollars in gold to Louder to undertake the enterprise.

Louder replied:

"I appreciate the confidence you have ever reposed in me, and will struggle to the end to merit it; but you will pardon me in declining a reward for doing that which the life of a soldier imposes as a duty. I am not fighting for gold, but for a much greater reward—the liberation of our country from the oppression of those who are seeking to become our masters. Make out your request in the shape of an order and I will endeavor to execute it."

This simple speech touched the emotional sympathy of the colonel, and he said:

"The highest tribute ever paid to the children of men by the Sufferer on Calvary was, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' I have repeated that before because I know that as a soldier you have been cast in heroic mold."
Then with a firm grasp of the hand and steady gaze into his eye, indicative of more than language commands, a tear crept down the face, to honor that nobility of manhood which was the bond of union between these soldiers.

Men of chivalric mold are always tender of heart. General Forrest, with an iron will, cultivated the tenderest emotions which often found expression in the noblest acts. General Marion, of revolutionary fame, honored his manhood with deepest sympathy and tenderest emotions. The calumniators of the heroes of this great southland, who poison histories, school books and senates, may be "as cold as the snow that drank the brave Montgomery's blood," but there is a spirit of truth and justice that points its arrows upward, that will forever flood the memories of their descendants, and preserve the recollection of their deeds and sacrifices as fresh and pure as Eden was on the morn of creation.

There are sacred moments in the life of all rational beings, when all that is divine in man rises from the depths of the soul in the silent yet powerful manifestation of tears. Who has ever read Peter Harry's "Life of Marion," and the frugal repast of roasted potatoes on which he dined a British officer, on a log in the wilderness, without feeling the highest impulse of patriotism and communion with his God in the benediction of tears. Who has ever looked on the ragged, bare footed, half fed southern soldier, in the shivering winds of winter, around his camp fire, with rags for a hat and cloths tied to his feet, awaiting the order to fall in line and march to the battlefield, without feeling that such men glorified
their cause and country as much as the widow who cast her last mite into the treasury glorified religion and inspired the Savior to clothe her deed in the radiance of immortality.

In such men patriotism found its highest expression, and God the fruition of his greatest work, exhibited in the noblest of his children. They cherished the organic vitality of the covenants of their forefathers, which alone made the union of the states possible, with as much fidelity and devotion as the old Jewish patriarch cherished the ark of the covenant with God.

LOUDER'S SPLENDID GENERALSHIP.

Louder picked forty of the best men in the regiment and sent a few scouts after dark into the morass, to discover the location of the pickets and camp of the enemy. They picked and forced their way through tangled mass of jungle to a point near the opposite terminus and witnessed the station and position of one solitary picket on the border of the morass, and discovered the camp about two hundred yards distant on higher ground. Leaving one scout on guard, the remaining two were sent back one mile across the morass to conduct their comrades across. With Louder at the head, they made their way with great difficulty and silence, often in water and mud waist deep. The cracking of a stick, or a slight noise, would have aroused the attention of the solitary picket. When they reached a point within two hundred yards of the picket station Louder halted his men, and proceeded with one
of his aides to the station where his own scout stood watch. In the darkness, under the overhanging foliage, a man could not be distinguished twenty feet distant. Louder, after finding the proximate position of the picket, proceeded alone, found his way to the rear, and crawled on all fours with the utmost caution to a position within fifteen feet of the picket, whose face was at right angles with the enemy, who appeared to be peering on a line with the morass. Then he bounded with the spring of a lion, seized the picket by the collar of his coat, with pistol in his face, with the admonition that if he made the least noise he would kill him instantly. Then he demanded the countersign under the penalty of instant death if he refused; and the sentinel gave the countersign. Then Louder brought forward all of his men. The flickering camp fires disclosed the position of the enemy's camp. From the prisoner they learned that Lieutenant Barns was in command of sixty men, and that the lieutenant occupied a log cabin seventy-five yards from the camp of his men. Louder cautiously surrounded the camp, and then proceeded with one of his men to the cabin, where the lieutenant slumbered in unconscious apprehension of danger. Louder knocked on the door, and the lieutenant asked:

"Who comes there?"
He was answered:
"A friend."
"Then give the countersign," he said; and it was given.

The lieutenant then vacated his bed, lighted the room and opened the door—to face a gun and demand of surrender.
His astonishment can better be conceived than described. He was a brave soldier, but could only manifest his courage with his tongue. The sixty men in the camp were then aroused and captured. Not a gun had been fired. The discomfited and mortified lieutenant asked Louder:

“How in the h—I did you get to my camp without arousing my pickets?”

When told that they had marched through the morass, captured the picket on duty there, and forced him to silence under penalty of death, and to give the countersign, the lieutenant said:

“I did not think a d—n dog could get through that jungle. You may thank the stars that I did not get notice of your coming. You would have found a raging h—I to greet you with bloody hands if I had not been surprised through the inefficiency and cowardice of the miserable wretch you captured and even compelled his craven soul to give you the countersign. Coward! Traitor! If we are ever exchanged I will see that he dies on the gallows.”

“Come, come,” said Louder, “you have been playing some h—I yourself hid away behind this impenetrable morass, from which you sallied, and then stole back before you could be overtaken.

Then he gave the order to pack up the provision, and said:

“Lieutenant, I will have the honor of your presence in a better location than this, where you will be treated with all the courtesy and consideration your position requires at the hands of gentlemen.”
The commissary of the Federals was well supplied with sugar, coffee, hams, canned goods, etc., in abundance, including three fingers of fine whiskey to each man. The hungry and dry Confederates had a Pentecostal feast. They had a fine meal before leaving. Each man—prisoners and victors—carried a load of good things away. By marching ten miles around the morass they had a very good road back to Colonel Claiborne's headquarters, where they arrived in the afternoon to the great joy of rank and file.

A BULL FIGHT IN CAMP.

The loose cattle were sometimes troublesome around the camp, browsing around and appropriating provender fed to the cavalry horses. On one of these occasions a very large vicious bull became quite troublesome. Monarch of all he surveyed, he bowed his neck, pawed the earth, and offered battle whenever man invaded his dominions. Captain Louder sent for his owner and politely requested him to remove and keep the obnoxious beast away, but the old miserly hayseed refused any effort in that direction.

A powerful athlete belonging to the company stood by listening to the conversation, and, becoming indignant to the indifference of the farmer, said to him:

"If you don't take and keep him away from this camp, I will take a club and beat your bull to death.

The old agricultural gentleman laughed heartily and said:
"Soldier, did you ever bite off more than you could chew? When you tackle Old Darb for a fight you will want help mighty quick to turn him loose. Sail in when you get ready, if you can stimulate and prop up your resolution to make your word good."

Old Darb was then but a few rods away, pawing the earth, bowing his neck, and bellowing defiance to any comer. The old farmer's ridicule and eulogy of the power and prowess of the bull nettled the soldier, who was aggravated by the derisive laughter of his comrades, who shared the conviction of the old hayseed. He went forthwith and procured a stout club and came to the test in a few minutes. The owner again jeered him, and said:

"You will find fighting the yankees mere child's play to a battle with Old Darb. You had better let him alone and keep out of his way. I give you good advice and fair warning, and you must not blame me after Old Darb does you up. Better make your will, if you are going to stick to the finish."

Nothing daunted, he advanced on the beast, taking the precaution to get near a large tree. The bull opened the ball, and sallied round and round the tree. The soldier seized the end of his narrative, wrapped it firmly around his hand so the tail hold would not slip. Then with ponderous blows he followed up the enemy's rear line, knocked off first one horn, then the other, then knocked out one eye and mashed in two ribs. The bull could stand it no longer. He broke at a double quick, the soldier still holding his narrative. As they passed a tree the soldier
with a lithe spring lapped the tail around it, and the earnest momentum of the retreat jerked the caudle appendage off within six inches of its advance beyond the backbone.

Thus ended the battle. The triumphant contestant then approached the astounded and discomfited owner, with the end of his thumb touching the tip of his nose, his front fingers dancing a jig, and said:

"Old hayseed, where does the laugh best fit in now? I will give you a dollar if you can tell me which has the best judgment, you or the bull. Go home; your champion performer needs repairs, and that badly. Evidently he has passed his best day."

The reader can better imagine than describe that break in the monotony of camp life.

**CAPTURE OF THE SHIRT-TAIL SQUAD.**

Passing over a hundred heroic deeds and achievements to the summer of 1864, when the Federals were crowding by force of numbers the Confederates in every theatre of the war to the last ditch, when it was obvious to every intelligent mind that the road to Appomattox was short, in July of that year the Federals stationed at Newbern, N. C., were comparatively inactive.

Near Battle Creek they had a small outpost, consisting of sixty infantry and ten cavalrymen, whose duty was to scout and reconnoitre. There was no Confederate force in the vicinity to molest them, and they had an easy job and held it well in hand by foraging on the best the farmers
for many miles around could supply. With nothing to molest them, they became careless and consulted their ease and good camp fare more than the more serious occupation of war. For their camping ground they selected an old wornout field, in which a dense growth of pine had sprung up, on the outskirts of which was a fine spring.

The weather was excessively warm and sultry, especially in this dense growth of pine shrubbery, where they pitched their camp. At night the Federals, without fear of molestation, disrobed down to their shirts, and slept in the unconsciousness of a child in the nursery.

At this juncture Captain Louder happened along with a company of sixty cavalrymen, on a scouting expedition. Several miles away from this camp of sylvan ease and security Louder met an old farmer whose pantry, hen roost and larder had been severely taxed to furnish supplies to the Federals. The old honest hayseed "smole a very large smile" when he met Captain Louder. He took the captain to one side, out of the hearing of his command, and said:

"Captain, I have one of the easiest and best going things you have come across during this whole war, and I want you to take it in."

Then he gave the captain an accurate and detailed account of the situation, the status quo, and proposed to pilot the expedition to the Federal camp after dark. The captain has a supreme sense of the ridiculous and enjoys a good thing to its full limitations. He withdrew his men to a secluded spot to await nightfall and the rising of the moon and put a few cautious men out in the woods leading to the Federal camp to pre-
vent any communication by which the Federals might be apprised of his presence.

The old farmer remained with him to act as guide after the rising of the moon above the tree tops. But late in the evening the old farmer was sent alone to the vicinity of the camp to see whether any changes had been made, and whether any suspicion had been aroused and whether any pickets were put out. The good old sagacious hayseed went right into their camp, made inquiry for a stray cow, and asked the favor of a pound of coffee, which they granted in all the unsuspecting innocence of a school girl. After the sun climbed down the western hills, the farmer rode into Louder's camp and reported the layout lovely and the enemy without pickets or suspicion.

Louder then called his men around him, told of the fun in store for them, and that he did not want to capture or kill one of them unless it became necessary to save and protect themselves; that he wanted to flush them like a covey of quail and run them off in their shirt-tails, which could easily be accomplished by charging the camp and firing over their heads after they lay down and went to sleep.

The old farmer led them silently to the most eligible spot. They charged, fired and raised the old rebel war cry—that would on the impulse, when awakened from slumber, arouse the fear of the devil himself and put him on his pedal resources. Seventy white flags streamed out from the rear guard of seventy warriors, and the pine bushes bent to the storm in honor of the cautious motto, "Get—you bet," and in honor of the trite
old adage, "He that fights and runs away may live to fight another day."

The wildest laugh an army ever heard thrilled and trilled through the air. The old farmer asked to be dismissed that he might go home and tell Betsy the news and hide his trousers, for fear the shirt-tail brigade might confiscate them in his absence as contraband of war.

Captain Louder then said:

"Boys, we will camp here tonight. The fun has only begun; they will not go very far in their shirt-tails tonight if not pursued. In the morning we will hunt them, drive them on the public highway and exhibit them as valiant warriors in their white uniforms."

Next morning scouts were sent in pursuit to find them, with directions not to hurt one of them, nor to permit them to surrender, and if found to hold them until the command came up. Forty were found some eight miles from their deserted camp, huddled up in some undergrowth a few hundred yards from a public highway, where they were waiting for night to cover their retreat to Newbern. The absent thirty had scattered and pushed forward in various directions, promising when they reached their lines at Newbern to send a detachment to the rescue.

Poor fellows! They earnestly begged the privilege of surrendering, but the captain was inexorable. He told them that he would give them better terms than any soldiers had ever obtained in the history of warfare; that he had purposely refrained from shooting them, and that his heart went out to them so much that he would, in consideration of their delicate situation and evident
peaceful intentions, refrain from taking them prisoners.

Louder's explanation to the writer for not taking these men prisoners was that he knew the war could not be prolonged much longer; that he wanted some fun, and had other pressing business and could not take care of them as prisoners.

He then marched them to the public highway leading through a long lane, studded with orchards, gardens and residences on each side. Many had rent their scant flags of peace in rushing through the undergrowth, and with difficulty presented an appearance not much improved on Adam and Eve's presentation in the Garden of Eden. Men, women and children rushed to the front gates, but on discovering the situation the ladies blushed and rushed back into their domiciles, believing that the war had exhausted itself on the waters of Battle Creek.

The old farmer was happy in the heirship of the captured plunder, and he and his Betsy were confident in the belief that all things earthly turn out for the best.

HUNTING WHORTLEBERRIES UNDER UNEXPECTED DIFFICULTIES.

"Hardtack and sowbelly" were synonyms for a surfeited appetite and a tough livelihood on the march and around campfires, and that fare was by no means always to be had. Parched corn was often a great relish for the half famished soldier. Hardtack was composed of equal portions of wheat and pea or bean flour kneaded
with water and salt and toughened with indefinite time, when worms had not first assailed it. As a constant diet it is not a very good appetizer. Sowbelly, if the reader will pardon the classical phrase, was fat salt pork, which from a “good old age” had often advanced to a rancid latitude and would often “stand off” a delicate palate. Whenever a soldier, from extended acquaintance, got tired of this digestive function of the service, temptation assailed him through the stomach, and he became liable to revolt and break away from army regulations to accommodate the temptation, whenever opportunity held out an inducement to risk the consequences. North Carolina is noted for whortleberry inducements of this character, and many a soldier on both sides of the line fell into trouble by invading the marshes and glens where that fruit flourished in wild abundance. And Lieutenant Louder once took it into his head that a little of this fruit would enhance his patriotism and improve his appetite for war.

Things were going easy then between the lines, and he mounted his horse with holster appendage to the saddle, and rode off alone some two miles from camp, dismounted and proceeded to the task imposed in devouring the fruit. He strolled off more than one hundred yards from his horse, where he had left his pair of pistols at rest in the holster. The land was undulating and the shrubbery and foliage dense. Soon he found himself at the crest of a gentle elevation of land, with the trunk of a large tree lying at right angles to his line of approach. Presently he discovered that he was not the only occupant of the
whortleberry thicket. Voices coming from the opposite side of the log advised him that at least two people of masculine gender and tastes were within twenty yards of the ground he covered. Were they Federals or brother Confederates instantly became a question of vital import. If the latter, it was all right. If the former, the situation was anything but pleasant. His guns were with his horse; and for aught he knew, both horse and guns were already captured. He "stooped" without injury to his character. He peered and leered to penetrate the intervening foliage, with not a little anxiety, to discover who his neighbors were. He stood as still as a monument until his anxiety was rewarded in the discovery that two Federal soldiers were enjoying the wild fruit. Gradually they passed on a little further and gave him an opportunity to slide, or backslide, out of the situation. He walked with the stealth and caution of an Indian to his horse and mounted before he felt entirely relieved.

The situation had changed, and the other fellows must experience a revolution, for there was going to be some trouble at least in that thicket. If he could only surprise, frighten and start them on the run, he could capture both. He was like General Forrest, who said to the British officer when questioning him about his military tactics, "I would not give five minutes bulge for a week of tactics."

Riding slowly until he got within short range he spurred his horse and commenced firing and yelling like a brigade of devils was at their heels. They were surprised, startled and paralyzed with fear. They ran a short distance through the
bushes, threw down their pistols and surrendered. After Louder took their arms and they began to recover their senses, and asked where his men were who had fired and yelled so, he answered:

"I left them in camp, and suppose we will find them there before roll call."

"Did you capture us by yourself?" they asked.

When informed that such was the fact, and how near they came catching him away from his horse and without his arms, one of them cursed and swore by all the hobgoblins damned that he would rather be shot dead than to be such a d—d ass, and added:

"If we had known it was but one man we could have dodged behind a tree and shot you as easy as falling off a log."

A soldier's chagrin at such a conquest is great. One of these captives was an Englishman who had served in the East Indies, and had volunteered in the Federal army. He was an educated boxer and expert fencer, and challenged any man in the camp to box with him. Several accommodated him and came to grief. Johnnie Bull was vociferous in his own praise and boasted that he could knock out any man in the Confederate army.

Louder was a powerful man, and was himself an expert in the art of boxing and fencing, and informed the boasting Johnnie that he perhaps overestimated his ability and underestimated that of others.

"Well, I suppose you would like a bit of trial yourself?"
"Yes," said Louder. "You have knocked out six; and if you are still ambitious, you may number me as the seventh of your victims."

At it they went. Louder gave him an awful punch on the neck, just under the jaw, which laid him out and gave him such a quietus that some thought he was dead.

We must hurry on and pass over an hundred thrilling episodes in the heroic life of this soldier to the last acts in the drama of war after the closing scenes of Appomattox.

He owned two fine plantations on the Yadkin, worked with slaves. He had saw mills, flouring mills and every appliance to successfully operate this property at the commencement of the war. His fine residence overlooked the winding course of the river as it flowed through the fertile valley which fringed its banks. He did not owe one dollar when he grounded arms. When he returned home he found his mills and plantations destroyed and his slaves and stock all gone. His wife had passed away, and there was no tombstone to mark her final resting place. His residence alone had escaped the ruin of the vandals. Some children still occupied the mansion, but were suffering for the necessaries of life. Their education for four years had been neglected. He had accepted the issue of the war in the utmost good faith. His health and energies in the ruinous conflict had been impaired, but his iron will still animated his heroic nature. He went to work with the energy, but without the strength of youth. He got four mules together to commence farming. Anarchy and crime still stalked abroad in the land. Law and order had not yet
resumed peaceful sway. Twenty miles distant a thousand Federal soldiers were still on duty. Their function was to gather up and dispose of stock and property of the government no longer of service to the government. A million of soldiers was to be disbanded. No attention was given to the title to property. A few southern renegades combined with the Federals to take everything in sight, and these thieving renegades were prowling all over the country, seizing and appropriating every mule and horse they could find.

Louder, solitary and alone, resolved to protect his rights to property. To avoid collision with such superior forces he herded his four mules in the timbered valley of the Yadkin river, but the thieves found them whilst he was in the role of shepherd guard over them. The residence and land alone were left. A thousand hallowed associations and memories still clustered there. It was a mournful nucleus for rebuilding and restoring departed plenty. It was the only ambition which survived the wreck and devastation of war, and to that he clung with deathlike tenacity.

He warned the thieves to let his stock alone, at the peril of their lives. Four of them had just crossed over the Yadkin with arms to intimidate and halters to attach to the mules. They derided the warning. Louder stood off one hundred and seventy-five yards with his long range gun. One of the four vandals had on a white paper collar—a good mark to sight at. The other three thieves were chasing the mules. That long range gun, which had done execution on many fields, rang
out over the air and echoed against the opposite shore of the Yadkin, and there was but three thieves left, for one lay dead with a broken neck at the foot of a walnut tree. Another peal from the long range weapon of death handed another over the river Styx, and the two surviving comrades took shelter under the banks of the stream. The mules still browsed on the green.

It was five miles up the river to the next ferry. Louder knew that the escaped thieves would go in that direction for reinforcements and return to destroy his residence. He hurried back to send his children away from the impending danger and to fortify himself in a kiln for drying fruit, which stood at the distance of fifty yards from his house. Three guns and two pistols were stored in that tragic arsenal.

Two hours had not elapsed from the killing of the two until a squad of twenty-five marched up to the door of his deserted residence. In two minutes he killed six more of the vandals wearing the Federal uniform. The remainder escaped without standing on the order of their going. They passed some citizens near by on the highway and said they would soon return with a twelve pound cannon and destroy the residence, which was a two story brick. Whilst they were gone after the gun and more recruits, one hundred citizens gathered in the yard where the dead lay. Within the space of two hours one resolute man of iron nerve had killed eight and put twenty to flight, and still resolutely held his ground.

The defeated freebooters within the space of two hours returned with a twelve-pound cannon
and sixty men and trained it on the house. By this time John Miller, a citizen of the vicinity, arrived. He was a strong personal friend to Louder. Louder plainly saw that alone he could no longer resist such a force successfully, and he sent Miller with a white flag to the enemy, with the following message to them:

"You can batter down my house, take my stock, reduce my family to starvation and destitution. But if you do it, as sure as there is a God in heaven, I will ambush and waylay you and kill you in detachments as long as I can load a gun and pull a trigger. You ought to be convinced from today's proceedings what I can do and will do if your hands are longer lifted against me and mine. But if you stop in good faith, and let my property and family alone, I will leave the country as long as you all observe the treaty. I want an answer within thirty minutes. The choice is with you."

Miller delivered the message and added whatever his own good judgment suggested. Among other things he told them that Louder had been universally esteemed as one of the best citizens of the country, and had certainly been one of the best soldiers in the army. That he was a man of iron nerve and purpose, combined with the soundest judgment.

If you render him desperate by destroying his property and making his children paupers, he will kill as many men as are in your ranks here. In the end you will jeopardize your own lives and interests far more than you will his."

After parleying a short time and consulting with their leader the latter said:
“D—d if I don’t believe he means he what he says. We accept his proposition, that we will only go into his premises to bury the dead lying in his yard.”

They dug a pit and threw the bodies in, covered them up, and left the premises. Louder put a son-in-law in charge and left the country next day. He came to White county, Arkansas, where he resided until a few months before his death at the Confederate Home near Little Rock.

He was a man of unblemished character and integrity. Valor, combined with clear insight, quick perception and prompt action, made him a remarkable soldier. Had our leaders possessed that profound penetration of character by which Bonaparte was guided in the selection of leaders, in every department of his army and civil administration, much greater achievements would have been accomplished.

As an illustration of the emperor’s profound sagacity, at the siege of Toulon, when he was but a captain of artillery, he called for an orderly in the midst of rapid cannonading, and dictated an order. Young Junot stepped forward, leaned on the breastworks, and wrote the order as dictated. Just as he finished writing a cannon ball plowed up the earth under their feet and covered the paper with dirt. With a smile on his face as he handed the paper to the captain, he said, “I shall have no need of sand.”

Bonaparte remembered him when he ascended the throne and rapidly promoted the cool sergeant at Toulon until Junot became a marshal decorated with the Legion of Honor.
Had men like Louder and Forrest been put forward in every arm of the service, the coming historian would have a far brighter page to record.

Captain Louder was one of nature’s noblemen. A few hours after relating this story to the writer, and a few minutes after a pleasant conversation, he stepped into his room, laid down and died in a minute. His remains rest in the Confederate graveyard near Little Rock, where hundreds of heroes lie awaiting the resurrection.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, OR ELKHORN TAVERN.

The Confederates had in this action fourteen thousand men under the command of Major General Earl Van Dorn. Of this number Major General Sterling Price had an independent command of six thousand eight hundred and eighteen Missouri state troops, which was not at that time subject to the orders of the Confederate authorities, as some writers have erroneously stated. But General Price, recognizing the all important fact that divided authority in the conduct of great battles is an element of weakness and disaster, rose above all personal considerations for the aggrandizement of his own renown and generously gave the supreme command to General Van Dorn, which, to say the least, proved unfortunate, Price being the greater general. In the interest of history, sentiment and erroneous ideas of criticism must give way in subordination to higher duties.
Brigadier General Benjamin McCulloch commanded one wing of the army, and General Price the other. The former had seven thousand one hundred and eighty-two men, and General Price had eight batteries of field artillery. The reports do not show clearly how many batteries General McCulloch had. Price had about two thousand cavalry, and his Missouri troops were as brave and intrepid as those under Bonaparte in the days of the consulate and empire, and the same may be said equally of the Texas and Arkansas troops under McCulloch.

The cavalry troops under McCulloch were under the command of General McIntosh. General Albert Pike commanded about one thousand Indians, but it appears from his report of the battle that the Indians were of little or no service in that battle. He says when artillery opened on his command the Indians fled to the woods for shelter; and, further, that he had requested those in command over him not to order or place them in reach of cannon shot or shell. This fact appears in the war records. The Indians at that early period of the war were as afraid of "wagon guns" as the devil is reported to be of holy water.

General Pike and others complained of the great difficulty couriers and aides had in finding General Van Dorn's headquarters, which some state was three miles from the battlefield, and that some couriers failed altogether to find him at important junctures of the battle.

General McCulloch was killed at an early stage of the battle. The command of his wing then devolved on General McIntosh, who was also killed a very short time after assuming com-
mand. At this important crisis of a great battle, it was hours before it was known on whom the command of this wing devolved. Couriers failed to find General Van Dorn at this momentous crisis, and it was about two hours before it was ascertained that after General McIntosh's death the command of seven thousand men of that wing seemed to devolve on Colonel E. Greer, of Texas. Whole regiments of this wing were brought during this imperative crisis to a standstill for want of orders, when General Van Dorn could not be found. These facts appear in a general way from official reports of the battle.

McCulloch's division or wing was opposed by General Franz Seigle. Price's wing was opposed by General Curtis, the commander in chief of the Federals, who had in action on that day of errors and misfortune about fourteen thousand men—about an equal number with the Confederates.

Curtis and Price commanded opposing divisions. Curtis was entrenched in the breastworks around Elkhorn Tavern, from which Price drove him continuously during the battle to a distance of about three miles.

The country where the battle was fought is very hilly and uneven, and consequently was ill adapted to the operation of the cavalry arm of the service, which did not figure much in that battle.

Private John Hoffman, of the Fourteenth Arkansas infantry, an intelligent soldier of the old army of the United States, states to the writer that General Seigle's division of the Federal army appeared to be as much demoralized as the Confederates were after the death of Generals Mc-
Culloch and McIntosh. That during this confusion for want of orders, firing ceased on the part of the line held by the Fourteenth Arkansas, and that Seigle's division, at the moment this confusion began, hoisted the white flag in token of surrender when the Confederates were waiting for orders. But that Seigle, seeing the confusion prevailing on the Confederate line, took down the white flag and made a vigorous and successful assault on the Confederate lines, and drove them back, at which time General Van Dorn gave the order to retreat. Hoffman, then a private, at the reorganization of the regiment was promoted to the office of lieutenant for efficiency and gallantry, and now resides at Selma, California.

The Missourians were successful throughout the battle, and when the order came to retreat General Price protested and pleaded for permission to continue the battle, and retreated weeping over the calamity which forced brave victorious soldiers to retreat and turn victory into defeat. If General Van Dorn had been at the right place, with the ability his high commission implied, and energy to meet the emergencies, there can be but little doubt that victory would have crowned the Confederate arms that day.

John Hoffman and another comrade on that day tells a sorrowful and ludicrous story of their colonel. A small man on a large horse, who wheeled at the first fire on the regiment, ordered the men to open the line and let him through, because his horse was too fiery to stand it. The line was opened, and the colonel never again appeared with his fiery horse to lead the regiment.
Hoffman says that the colonel's eyes were enlarged and extended so much that a lariat could have been thrown over them. The horse caused this—the whistling bullets from the enemy had nothing to do in causing the colonel's excitement and failure to return to his command.

CAPTURE OF A TRADING STEAMER ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Wilson Sawyer, a pupil of the writer in antebellum days, tells the following history of the capture of a trading steamer on the Mississippi river. He was a private in Captain John Farabee's battalion of cavalry, of Colonel Richardson's command; sometimes acting independently, at others under Generals Van Dorn and Forrest.

In April, 1864, Captain Farabee with a small detachment of twenty men, including Sawyer, was sent by Colonel Richardson on a scouting expedition along the east bank of the Mississippi river, between Randolph and Memphis, the two points being sixty miles apart as the river runs.

The point which now claims attention is at a bluff or rather high bank of the river, several miles below the high bluffs on which the ancient village of Randolph is located. Federal gunboats patroled the river from Cairo to New Orleans, and the numerous rivers tributary to it, to protect the commerce which floated on its turbid waters. These formidable gunboats, most of them iron clad, when not ascending or descending, always anchored near vulnerable points and constantly kept up steam to be ready to move
at a moment's warning. On this occasion two of these formidable commercial convoys lay at anchor in a bend of the river above the bluff, where the capture was planned. Dense volumes of smoke from the boats rose above the trees and rolled away into the clouds above. Late one evening an old farmer, too old for military service, came to the squad of scouts and told them that if he was captain of that squad he would be master of rich booty in less than twenty-four hours.

"How is that?" asked Captain Farabee.

"Well, you see; it's this way, captain," said the old patriot. "I was up about those gunboats, making some purchases from a trading boat lying there for protection, and I was a little inquisitive, and in my unsophisticated way ascertained that the trading boat would descend the river early tomorrow morning, and I think without the company of the iron clads. Now, boys; you see I live here on the bank of the river, and I know every foot of the channel in these parts. At the present stage of the river the current of the channel breaks away from the sandbar two miles above on the Arkansas side and sets in strongly for this bluff. Boats descending at this stage of the river are swept very near the bluff, and it takes a good pilot to keep them from jamming right into it."

Captain Farabee said to the old man:

"You appear to be possessed of good sound practical judgment, and to be familiar with the facts on which you base conclusions. If you will aid me I will make you second in command of this squad, and will act on your advice in making
the effort to capture the boat. And if we make a success of the enterprise, you can obtain supplies on a much cheaper basis than you did this evening on board the steamer."

"I don't ask anything cheaper and better than that, captain. Now let us go and prepare at once. But keep in mind, captain, that the first thing to be done when the boat comes within reach of your guns is to kill or disable the pilot at the wheel and keep the pilot house empty; and probably that is all the shooting we will have to do. There are fifteen or twenty ladies aboard the boat, and some gentlemen passengers. You must promise me that you will not burn the boat and distress those ladies, nor molest or harm the passengers and crew, unless it should become absolutely necessary for your own protection. I have witnessed so much distress needlessly inflicted, that I will never be instrumental in such things. As for the pilot, he knew the risks he was incurring when he stepped on that boat to navigate her."

Captain Farabee was an educated and refined gentleman, and was long the personal friend of the writer after we assumed the toga viralis of budding manhood. He readily assented to the conditions imposed by the old farmer.

They then went to the designated point on the river, rolled up logs and placed obstructions to cut off the view from the approaching boat, and before the dawn of light the next morning took their positions to await the approach of the steamer. At the rising of the sun they saw the smoke from the steamer curling over the tree tops as she advanced around the bend and in the
channel as indicated by the old farmer. Ten of the best shots, at the word of command, were fired at the pilot and he fell dead. The other ten shots were held in reserve for any emergency that might arise. No one took the place of the dead pilot, and the boat, prow foremost, touched the bank just as the old farmer said it would. The squad jumped aboard and immediately run out the cable and made fast to the shore amidst the wildest confusion and screaming of the ladies aboard. But they soon quieted down after being assured by Captain Farabee that no possible harm would befall them. The captors secured $100,000, of which a large part was in gold, and the remainder in United States currency.

Sawyer says that he was young and much inclined to modesty and only put three twenty dollar gold pieces in his pocket; and that he turned that over to himself, feeling that he could place it where it would do him the most good, and that he was a safer custodian than Colonel Richardson. He still insists that his judgment was correct, and cites the fact that Colonel Richardson after the war became a financier and banker in the city of New York, a position for which Confederate currency was not regarded as solvent banking capital.

After helping themselves to as much commissary and quartermaster supplies as they wanted, they set the boat adrift. It floated sidewise and stuck on a sandbar below on the opposite side of the river. By this time the gunboats were coming under a heavy pressure of steam to the rescue.
STORY OF THE NORTH ARKANSAS OUTLAWS.

John Hoffman and J. M. Robinson, of the Fourteenth Arkansas Confederate infantry, relate the following facts.

There were dark days and darker morrows in Arkansas in 1863-64, during that reign of terror, anarchy and crime, when the protection of the law, consequent on the civil war, was in abeyance. All the northern and adjacent counties in Arkansas were for a long time dominated and overrun by thieves and freebooters and land pirates, calling themselves, as best suited their purposes, Confederates and Federals. When they raided and robbed the families of Confederates they were ostensibly in the Federal service, and vice versa, when they robbed a family or citizen of Union sentiments—always claiming to act under the authority of one of these military organizations.

The inhabitants of these counties were divided in sentiment as between the Federal and Confederate States, and nearly all the men of stamina and worth had joined the armies of their choice, leaving the country in possession of their wives, children and old men and young boys unfit for military service.

The country thus stripped of its able bodied men became apparently an easy prey to combinations which acted for lucre at the instigation of the devil and without the fear of God. These combinations of devils were numerous in the
territory named, but it is only three gangs of outlaws with which we deal in this chapter.

At the commencement of the war William Dark, of Searcy county, Arkansas, was a felon undergoing servitude in the penitentiary of the state, and was released on condition that he join the Confederate army, which he did; but after a short service in that army he deserted, went back to his home and congregated a gang of thieves and outlaws to prey on the non-combatant, defenseless people. This gang claimed and exercised absolute jurisdiction over every species of property they desired—horses, cows, sheep, mules, fowls, provisions—and in a great number of instances appropriated the last article of clothing belonging to helpless women and children. Many wagons were loaded with plunder. The gang, headed and ruled by Dark, became the synonym of all that is degraded and abandoned in mankind, and abject submission to his demands was the only security to life. His very name struck terror to the hearts of women and children and old defenseless men who were unable to pass beyond the sphere of his operations.

At that period the feelings of neighboring Unionists and Confederates were crystalized in intensity against each other—all the harder to soothe and remove for want of that liberal foundation in deep and broad education enjoyed by more favored communities. But there was a community of interest; both sides to the war were equal sufferers. A few old conservative men representing both elements got together, and each side agreed to raise a company to exterminate the marauders, if possible, in the joint in-
terest of both elements. And they did; each keeping their covenant by raising a company of home guards, or regulators.

At that time the three leaders of separate bands were operating in Searcy, Baxter, Marion and adjacent counties. For some weeks after the regulators organized, Dark foiled their efforts to capture and dispose of him, and continued his depredations in defiance of the organization. He discredited their ability and courage. Whilst matters thus stood, two Confederate soldiers, on furlough from the regular Confederate army, visited their families in Searcy county, and on the day of the tragedy following were together with their wives and children at one of their residences. On this day little Master Berry, whose full name has escaped memory, who was ten or eleven years old, came to see his friends from the army and to learn of other Confederate soldiers from the vicinage, some of whom were related to him.

But first let it be remembered that the world now and then presents mankind with a hero boy from the lap of obscurity worthy of royal lineage and a niche in the pantheon of fame. Whilst the two Confederate soldiers were conversing with their wives and Master Berry, one of the matrons stepped to the door to watch like a vidette or picket on duty guarding an army. In terror and dismay she discovered Dark with five of his gang on horseback approaching the house, with Dark fifty yards in advance of his associates in crime. Terror stricken, she turned pale as death as she announced their rapid approach on evil bent. The two Confederate soldiers made their exit at
the back door and ran like quarter horses through a cornfield to the timber. One of them in his paralysis of fear forgot his army pistol. The little boy Berry seized the pistol and said, "Ladies, I will defend you," and quicker than this sentence can be read rushed out in the yard and took position at the corner of the smokehouse, next the road, and rested the pistol on one of the projecting logs.

By this time Dark was within twenty feet of the lad, staring him in the face, with the ejaculation, "What are you doing there, you little puppy?" The boy was drawing a bead on him as coolly as if aiming at a mark; scarcely was the sentence out before he fired. The ball struck its object in the center between the eyes and made exit at the rear of the cranium. He fell forward dead. The boy said, "A center shot, ladies; bless the Lord," and in an instant was emptying the remaining five shots at the other thieving marauders, who put spurs to their horses and disappeared rapidly.

After a while the flying husbands came back and found young Berry master of the situation. What shame must have mantled their cheeks! With the heart of a lion and the courage of Ajax, that boy

"Would not bow to Jove for his thunder, nor kneel to Neptune for his trident."

His deed of cool and unsurpassed heroism ought to be preserved fresh and green in the memory of a grateful people as long as our literature adorns our civilization.

The citizens of the vicinage raised $500 and presented it to the noble boy. He grew to hon-
ored manhood and became a noble citizen. The old Confederate veterans, Hoffman and Robinson, were citizens, the one of Baxter, the other of Searcy county at the time, and this story is based on their verification of the facts related by them.

There is yet another exciting scene to relate before the curtain closes over this tragedy, presenting woman of exalted courage and iron nerve, successfully riding the storm of misfortune like an eagle cleaving the clouds.

It is the misfortune of many noble women to become the wives of degraded men. It was supposed that Dark had confided the custody of the money he had taken from the citizens to his wife, and that by searching his house it might be found and recovered, but they did not immediately after his death carry their intentions into execution.

Dark’s wife got wind of their intentions before they came. She immediately saddled and mounted a swift mule, took her child in her lap and rode night and day as fast as the animal could travel, more than one hundred miles, striking the Arkansas river at a point near Van Buren, where there was no ferry. Undaunted, the heroine plunged into the flood, and the faithful mule with her and child stemmed the roaring tide and landed them safely on the opposite shore, where she experienced the first feeling of relief and safety.

Caledonia’s immortal bard in “The Cotter’s Saturday Night,” says:

“From such scenes as these Old Scotia’s grandeur rises.”

Paraphrased, it applies with equal force and beauty to our noble southern women.
During this period of anarchy and brigandage, not one of the two northern tier of counties in Arkansas escaped the depredations and shocking brutalities committed by these roving bands of outlaws, who took advantage of the defenseless condition of the country in the absence of husbands and sons, who constituted the true defenders of their homes.

But the regulators now and then brought many of them to grief. John Hoffman and J. M. Robinson, of the Fourteenth Arkansas infantry, gave the facts on which this and the preceding chapters are founded.

After the death of William Dark, his band dispersed, some leaving the country; others united with other bodies of brigands.

At this time an artful scoundrel residing in Searcy county professed to be an ardent Confederate and champion of the cause, and raised a company of young men under the assumption that they were to be incorporated in the regular Confederate service. Under this assurance the parents and guardians of these young men did not oppose serious objection to their becoming honorable soldiers. By this deceptive art he raised a company of about fifty, in which there were but few men of mature age.

After Captain Cochrane, as he styled himself, completed the quantum of men he wanted he commenced by artful address and influences to seduce them to the standard of brigandage. This accomplished, he commenced, to the sorrow and amazement of the peaceful population, a system of brigandage surpassing in horror and depravity
anything in the history of Italian and Turkish brigandage, in all things excepting murder.

To break up this band of pillagers on a large scale was one of the chief objects of the Union and Confederate regulators.

By way of preface to a mournful tragedy we crave indulgence to state that there was at that time an old Baptist preacher, long a citizen of Searcy county, who was universally esteemed for his piety and consistent following of the gentle Nazarene, more by the example of his practical Christianity than brilliant display in the pulpit. He had a young son who was the object of a thousand prayers to the throne for divine benedictions on his life. This old man of God, who had spent the morning, the zenith and the nadir of his life going about doing good to his fellow mortals, embraced the conscientious conviction in those troublous times that the Confederate cause was just. From this standpoint he made no objection to the son of many prayers uniting himself to Captain Cochrane’s command.

After the pillaging designs of Cochrane became fully established, the old preacher and his aged wife went to their wayward son in tears of grief and fervent prayers of sorrow, beseeching him to abandon the ways of sin that led to death and an immortality of suffering and sorrow. But the son had become infatuated with his life of degradation and shame and insulted the gray hairs of his parents in blasphemous repulse.

Soon after Dark’s death the regulators captured Captain Cochrane with thirteen of his men, including the son of the old preacher, near Buf-
falo City, then a part of Searcy county, but since attached to Marion county.

The regulators took their fourteen captives to a deep ravine about two miles from Buffalo City, across which a long pine tree had fallen, from the body of which they hanged them.

The good old preacher arrived at the scene of execution before the bodies were cut down, intending to claim the body of his son for Christian burial. Burning tears crept down his furrowed cheek, a volcano swept through his heart, a cyclone of sorrow through his brain, whilst he uttered a prayer as fervent as that of the Savior in the Garden of Gethsemane before expiring on the cross of calvary. The hearts of the executioners were drowned in a flood of sorrow for the living father, but the relentless hand of fate had done its work on earth and handed it over the dark river to the immortal tribunal where God and his jury of ministering angels compass the final scene in robes of justice.

After partially recovering from the storm that swept his frame, the old father struggled with a wilderness of doubt as to his duty in disposing of the body, whether he would be justified in giving it a Christian burial, or submitting it to the trench with the bodies of the other malefactors.

Finally he arrived at the conclusion that it would be a solemn mockery of Christianity to surround such a burial with a halo of purity and innocence, and with the nerve of a Roman of the iron age said to the executioners, "His death is justified in the sight of God and man; throw his dishonored body in the trench with his comrades in crime."
Not long after this the regulators at different times and places captured thirteen more of Cochranes’s men and hanged them, making in all a total of twenty-seven of this gang disposed of. The remainder dispersed and fled the country.

There was still another band of brigands operating on the same lines in the same territory under one Mark Cockram (observe the difference in the similar names), but before the regulators had time to turn their attention to them Captain George Rutherford, of the regular Confederate army, with his company of mounted men, was detailed to look after the brigands in northern Arkansas. Rutherford was a discreet and able captain. He bided his chance to strike like the eagle and conquer.

Cockram claimed to be a captain in the Federal army, but brigandage was his standard of invasion, and booty the reward of his campaigns against women and children and non-combatant old men. Rutherford’s reconnoitering parties soon got on the trail of Cockram, and discovered that his line of march with a train of booty led between a precipitous bluff overhanging White river, and that stream, the valley between the bluff and stream being quite narrow.

Rutherford divided his company into two squadrons, sent one to the upper terminus of the bluff, the other to the rear of the enemy, and as soon as the brigands advanced within the walls and shadows of the bluff charged and drove them in confusion and dismay on the front squadron. Cockram distanced his followers in speed, without knowing the death into which he was rushing in front, where he was killed.
Between fire in front and rear, with the bluff on one side and the river on the other, there was no avenue of escape, save to plunge in the river, which they did, and many were drowned in the stream. Thirteen were killed. The Confederates did not lose a man.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

John Nevill, an intelligent, brave and reliable Confederate soldier and scout, gave the writer the facts related in this chapter.

Martin D. Hart at the commencement of hostilities resided at Greenville, Texas, and was much respected for his talents as a lawyer, and was regarded as a good citizen. At the same bar R. P. Crump stood equally high as a lawyer and citizen of irreproachable character. It was then understood that both adhered to the south; and Crump did not deceive expectations, but enlisted in the Confederate army and rose to the rank of colonel of a Texas regiment. After the commencement of hostilities Hart disappeared, and no one knew whence he had gone, or what led to his departure.

But subsequent events proved that he went north, took the oath of allegiance, and came back into western Arkansas with the oath of allegiance in his pocket and authority to recruit a company for the Federal service. He gathered twenty outlaws around him, one of whom he designated as Lieutenant Hays, who was his chief henchman in the commission of every crime known to the anarchy of that period and locality.
Colonel Rosa De Carrol, who lived in that zone of crime, had valiantly commanded a regiment of Arkansas cavalry at Wilson’s creek, or Oak Hills, as interchangeably called. He was a very old and corpulent gentleman of the highest standing, but his age and unwieldly weight disqualified him for either the cavalry or infantry arm of the service, and he reluctantly resigned his commission, after serving one year in the state troops with distinguished honor, and retired to his farm to spend his declining years in peace with his family and fellowman. In midwinter he was called to his door in open day and shot to death in the presence of his family, without any cause whatever being assigned, by Martin D. Hart and his followers. The same squad of outlaws went to the residence of another old and prominent citizen of irreproachable character, Colonel Richardson, who was a non-combatant, but a patriotic believer in the cause of the south, and he was called to the door of his dwelling and shot to death in the presence of his family, whilst his daughter was clinging to his neck and begging for his life. It is not necessary to mention a great number of other crimes committed by that band of outlaws.

Colonel R. P. Crump, perhaps better known as Philip Crump, was detailed from the Fort Smith encampment of Confederates with a detachment of soldiers to look after his former friend and brother member of the Greenville bar. Hart had successfully eluded many squads on his trail, until he embraced the conviction that his management and generalship was so far above the average that his final capture was at least a re-
mote contingency. He pitched his camps in unfrequented places, and changed them so often it was difficult to catch up with him. From subsequent developments it appears that he was aware that Colonel Crump was after him, and said on the scaffold, "I thought I was a better general that Colonel Crump, but deceived myself."

One dark dreary evening in February, 1863, when the snow was falling fast, Colonel Crump got on his trail, and put out a few active and reliable men to watch at a distance and ascertain where Hart took refuge from the snow storm that night. When the scouts returned they reported that the outlaws had taken shelter in an old abandoned mill house. Colonel Crump, after getting within striking distance, dismounted his men and surrounded them before they were aware of his presence. The squad of twenty surrendered without attempting resistance, and all except one were marched to Fort Smith. This one for some unknown cause refused to march to Fort Smith and was left lifeless in the cold embraces of the snow. A court martial was regularly organized to try the bandits, and on the clearest proofs Martin D. Hart and his lieutenant, Hays, were condemned to be shot. Why their other seventeen comrades were not condemned and executed does not at this day sufficiently appear, but they were held as prisoners of war.

Hart realized from the first that his fate was sealed and looked on the proceedings of the court with stolid indifference. The proof of his crime was incontestible. Hays at times tried to as-
sume an air of indifference. When they were driven to the place of execution, sitting on their rude coffins, they were halted under the limb of a tree in the suburbs of Fort Smith. Young Carrol and young Richardson, sons of the citizens assassinated, were present. One adjusted the ropes to the necks of the criminals and the other climbed the tree and adjusted the ropes to the limb. Hart did not wait for the wagon to be driven from under him, but jumped off, and was soon in the grasp of death. Hays began to summarize the shadows of life, and said, "Cut off in the bloom of youth"—but the wagon was drawn from under and he was strangled before ending the sentence. Years after the conclusion of peace, a party of negroes, with a band of music, dug up the remains of these criminals and marched through the streets to the national graveyard and there reinterred the remains.

John Nevill, then a young man in the Confederate service, was present at the trial and execution, and gave the writer the facts here stated. He is perfectly reliable for strict adherence to truth, and in all cases without the slightest coloring of romance. He is the same gentleman honorably mentioned in several other chapters in this volume.

THE FATE OF A SOUTHERN SPY FOR NORTHERN ARMIES.

A. C. Richardson, of the Third Texas cavalry, tells the following winding up of the life of William Buck, a citizen of Lexington, Miss.
During the joint occupation of parts of Mississippi in 1863 by both armies, William Buck sold himself to General McPherson, of the Federal army, as a spy against his own people. Suspicion rested on him and his wife for months before final action was taken. He was accorded the benefit of every reasonable doubt for months. Finally General Ross ordered his arrest and an investigation. When arrested, evidence of his calling was found on his person, in the shape of writings and letters from Major General McPherson. He was tried by a duly constituted court martial and found guilty of being a Federal spy, and was hanged for the crime.

These spies were numerous in both Confederate and the Federal armies, and many exercised much ingenuity in avoiding discovery and the death penalty. A Confederate soldier in an Alabama regiment tells the following curious makeup of an ingenious woman, who traveled with him from Knoxville, Tenn., to a point in Alabama, when he was a very sick soldier going home on furlough.

This young woman wore a sword, with pistol, belted on her person, and the insignia of a captain in the Confederate service. She was handsome, young, sprightly and well informed as to army movements. She represented herself as captain of a Confederate company from Louisiana, and her husband as first lieutenant of her company, then in the army of Virginia, and she successfully imposed herself as such on all with whom she came in contact. The soldier being a very sick man, she reposed his head in her lap during the journey; and when he became too
sick to travel, she had him taken to a hotel, where she nursed him for several days, and then left him in the firm belief that she was patriotically acting the character she appeared in.

THE DARING CAPTAIN E. C. ARNOLD.

Captain Arnold was a very small man, of iron will and dauntless courage. His home was in the vicinity of Monroe, Ga., four miles distant. A short time before the occupation of that town by the Federals, in 1864, Captain Arnold went home on sick furlough, and was there when the Federal troops occupied the town.

In many communities there were whites of low degree who kneeled like spaniels, that security and thrift might follow dastardly fawning. These characters were always the first to enter the Federal camps when in force they occupied for any length of time any locality. The negroes were always news carriers and informers, as well as white men of low degree. These characters, both white and black, indulged in exaggerations, and when they entertained enmity against any one they became an object of slander and persecution. Captain Arnold at once became a conspicuous object for the shafts of that class, who succeeded in convincing the officers and soldiers at Monroe that he was a desperado, and a price was set on his capture or life. Arnold was held in high esteem in the Confederate army, and by all the better class of people wherever known, and his courage and manhood justified that esteem. His capture and execution became an
object of intense desire and many squads of Federal soldiers scoured the surrounding country searching for him. Before the detachments of Federal soldiers reached his residence, where he was in a state of convalescence but able to take the saddle, he was informed of the movements and intentions of the enemy.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and Captain Arnold, solitary and alone, took to the field around his native heath for his own security and protection. A more fearless man never lived. The physical conformation of the country, streams and forests in that locality, favored the solitary soldier who was being hounded by a regiment of enemies who had publicly declared their intention to take his life. Several squads were sent in search of him, and returned with one less than they started with. Troopers scoured the country for many miles around, but instead of finding and executing him they furnished all the funeral material.

A small river ran within one mile of Monroe, spanned by a bridge, between which and the town was a hill overlooking the town where the Federal troops were encamped. A public highway extended from the town to and beyond the bridge. One day Captain Arnold concluded that he would reconnoitre the town, and advanced along the public highway to the crest of the hill overlooking it, and there met a Federal soldier, who halted and asked him if he knew where that d—n notorious Arnold could be found, and said that he was hunting him to kill him. Arnold replied that he had seen him just across the river an hour ago, and in an instant the trooper fell
dead from his horse, a very fine animal, which he took to a farmer some miles away to keep until he called for it. This happened in sight of the Federal camp.

Arnold survived the war many years, and was a useful and honored citizen.

**AS SEEN BY A. C. RICHARDSON.**

Richardson was born in Wilton county, Ga., December 15, 1838, and was well educated, and before he enlisted in the Confederate service had graduated in the frontier life of Texas and the Rocky mountains. The regiment was organized at Dallas, Texas, in June, 1861. Major Earl Van Dorn, then of the United States army, commanding the post at San Antonio, Texas, turned over to the regiment all the army supplies at the post, consisting of five hundred Sharps rifles, twenty-six wagons and mule teams, some army size single barreled pistols, several ambulances and teams for same, and other accompaniments.

The regiment was composed of eleven hundred and fifty men, rank and file, and was one of the best equipped in the Confederate service. When first organized it was put in the brigade commanded by Brigadier Benjamin McCulloch until he was killed at the battle of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, five miles from Bentonville, Ark., March 7, 1862. The regiment with its brigade was first ordered for duty in the Indian Territory, where it was engaged in its first battles with the Federal Indians.
For a comprehensive understanding of the situation in that department at the commencement of hostilities, it is necessary to state that, after much effort and negotiation by the Federals and Confederates to secure the co-operation of the Indians, the tribes were nearly equally divided between the north and south. The principal part of the Creeks, under the celebrated chief, Hopoeithleyola, together with a portion of the Seminoles, under their no less celebrated chief, Halek Tustenuggee, and a few scattering remnants from other tribes, espoused the Federal cause, including the Pin Indians, the savage Tubbies, a small division of the Creek Indians. To indicate the unfair character of the Federals in these negotiations, we here copy verbatim a letter from E. H. Carruth, one of the Federal commissioners to negotiate with the Indians:

Barnsville, September 10, 1861.

Hopoeithleyola, Hok-tar-har-sas, Harjo.

Brethren: Your letter by Mico Hutka received. You will send a delegation of your best men to meet the commissioner of the United States government in Kansas. I am authorized to inform you that the President will not forget you. Our army will soon go south, and those of your people who are true and loyal to the government will be treated as friends. Your rights to property will be respected. The commissioners from the Confederate States have deceived you. They have two tongues—they want to get the Indians to fight, and they will rob and plunder you if they can get you into trouble. But the President is still alive, and his soldiers will soon drive these men who have violated your homes from the land they have treacherously entered. When your delegates return to you they will be able to inform you when and where your moneys will be paid. Those who stole your orphan funds will be punished, and you will learn that the people who are true to the government which so long protected you are your friends.

Your friend and brother,

E. H. Carruth,
Commissioner United States Government.
Letters of the same import were addressed by this commission to all the other tribes in the Indian Territory. What counter representations were made by the agents of the Confederate government have not been preserved. If so, they have escaped the investigations of the writer. But it is a fair presumption that they, laboring under the passions of the day, made equally as partisan representations to the tribes. The negotiations on the part of the Confederate States were principally conducted by Brigadier General Albert Pike, who had been attorney for many of the Indians, especially for the tribe of Choc-taws, for whom he had after long delay obtained an award from the government of $2,981,247.30. He was much beloved and idolized by the Indians, and exerted great influence in drawing them to the Confederacy. But it must be said, in justice to his unswerving integrity and very great abilities in civil life, that whatever representations he made to the tribes were prompted by profound convictions of their absolute truth, although he was a man of very strong and pronounced prejudices and convictions. His associates in these negotiations were Colonel Douglass H. Cooper, of Mississippi, afterwards a brigadier general, who had been an Indian agent prior to the commencement of hostilities, and had much influence with the Indians. He had been adopted into the tribe of Cherokees. The other was Elias C. Boudinot, son of the deceased Cherokee chief, Kille-ka-nah, descended from a long line of chiefs, dating back to the settlement on James river by the cavaliers in 1620. Boudinot was classically educated, a lawyer of no mean
attainments by profession, and was perhaps the most intellectual of the Indian race. The writer was well acquainted with him and his wife, a Miss Moore, of Washington City, where they were married. Both husband and wife were passionately fond of music, and were fine performers. His wife inherited his estate in the Indian Territory, where she has accumulated a fortune in the fine management of her large cotton and grain farms.

The Third and Sixth Texas cavalry regiment, with a battalion of Texas troops and five companies, called the Arkansas rifles, under Colonel James M. McIntosh, afterwards a brigadier general, were ordered to service in the Indian Territory, to contend with the Federal troops and Indian allies for supremacy there. The Creek Indians, under their celebrated chief, Hopoeithleyola (pronounced Ho-poth-leola), and the Seminoles, under their chief, Halek Tustenuggee, confederated with the Federals, together with some remnants from other tribes, amounting to seventeen hundred warriors; and it was with these Indians, unaided by Federal troops, in 1861, that the first battles were fought.

The celebrated Indian fighter, Brigadier General Benjamin McCulloch, commanded the Texas troops in the Indian Territory, until he was killed at Pea Ridge, or Elkhorn, on the seventh of March, 1862, gallantly leading his troops; and near the same spot and time Brigadier General Jas. M. McIntosh was also killed in the same battle, leading the second cavalry charge that day. The great Indian battle of Chustenahlah (pronounced Chuce-te-nah-la) in the Cherokee na-
Reminiscences of the Civil War.

115

tion, near the confluence of the Verdigris with the Arkansas river, fought on the 26th of December, 1861, which we relate further on, illustrates the character of war with the Indians.

Here, by way of digression, to give a clear idea of Indian character and methods of fighting when combined with white men in battle, we may state that Colonel Douglass H. Cooper, afterwards a general, who organized the first and second Choctaw regiments within two miles of Old Fort Gibson in the spring of 1861, called them up and made a speech to them, designed to influence them to depart from their own peculiar methods of conducting battles, and to conform to civilized methods of warfare. The Choctaws made Big Chief their spokesman on this occasion. John Nevill, a Confederate soldier from Fort Smith, was present on that occasion, and reports in substance the speeches of both Cooper and Big Chief to the writer. Cooper said to them, that this is a white man's war, and that they must never harm a prisoner taken in battle, but must feed and treat them kindly, and must never scalp one after death, nor kill a prisoner under any circumstances whatever.

The countenance of every Indian indicated strong disapproval of such doctrine. Big Chief replied that the Indians had been taught by all of their forefathers that they ought to kill all their enemies; that when dead they could fight no more; that if captured and turned loose, they would have to fight them again and perhaps lose their own lives; that if they were fools enough to do like the white men in turning prisoners loose so they could fight again, it would be best
for the Indians who turned them loose to get killed in the next battle with them, because it would thin out the big fools and leave smart and brave men in the tribe. As for the Buffalo soldiers (negroes) they would scalp every one they caught or killed in battle.

From the last declaration of Big Chief they would not and never did recede, and very reluctantly agreed not to kill white prisoners or scalp dead ones. They had a holy horror of cannon shots. When a ball fell or shell burst anywhere about them, they would wheel en masse and run until they got to timber, whether near or ten miles off. When a shell burst within range of their vision, they would raise their right hand and wave it in the direction of the shell and halloo, "Wah!" They said they would not fight where they shot wagons at them.

General Pike's report of the action of his Indian brigade at Pea Ridge, or Elkhorn, is amusing. At the roar of the first cannon they flew in wild disorder to the nearest timber in the rear and took shelter behind the trees, hallooing, "Wah!" at the crack of every piece of the enemy's artillery. Nor could they be induced to advance on a battery.

The Third Texas cavalry at Pea Ridge charged and captured a battery of four guns and turned them over to Pike's command, the horses drawing the captured battery having been killed in the charge. General Pike says he tried his utmost to get his Indian troops to drag the cannon into the timber, and that not one of them would touch them. "Wagon gun heap big! No good for Indian!" they said. The general also complains
of General Van Dorn for ordering his Indians in range of artillery, and says he told Van Dorn his Indians would not stand under artillery fire.

Nevill relates an amusing episode which occurred at the battle of Poison Springs in southwestern Arkansas in 1864. General Cooper, to encourage and enthuse his Indians, attached two companies of daring Texas cavalry to his second Choctaw regiment. At the battle of Poison Springs, which was a very considerable fight with the Federal troops, the Texans attached to the Choctaw regiment charged the Federals three successive times, and drove them back every charge. Whilst the Federals were retreating the Choctaws would move up and fire on them until they stopped and made a stand. When the Federals wheeled into line the Choctaws would stop and say, "Tex, you start um and we run um." It was easy going when the enemy was on the retreat, but their enthusiasm died out every time the Federals wheeled for battle. After the battle was over an Indian ventured up to a captured battery, laid his hand on one of the guns and said, "Ef me know this wagon gun here, me no come here to fight."

General Pike never could induce them to either face artillery fire, or stand their ground in an open space facing the enemy's fire. Nor did any commander ever induce them to believe that infantry fire at close range is infinitely more dangerous than balls and shells thrown by cannon at great distance. At Pea Ridge, or Elkhorn, they scattered like a covey of quail at the first fire of cannon, and General Pike told them to fight after their own fashion. Half of the time at that
battle he neither knew where his own command
or that of his superior officers were. He sent his
aides for orders and went in person to find his
superior officers, and for hours failed to find
them. His Indians, as disciplined soldiers, were
a mere travesty on warfare.

The Indians in the service of either army were
not worth the outfit expended on them by either
Federal or Confederate. This is the plain unvar-
nished truth—a hewing to the line; let the chips
fall where they will. I am aware that there are
a few honorable exceptions to this general esti-
mate, especially with the half breed, educated
Indians. But the old Tubbies, as the full blood,
uneducated Indians are called, who adhere to the
savage traits and traditions of their ancestors,
are and were then vulnerable to this criticism. I
am also aware that the conditions and affilia-
tions of some white men will lead them to com-
bat this estimate of Indian character.

THE BATTLE OF CHUSTENAHLLAH.

The Confederates had five companies of the
Third Texas cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant
Colonel William P. Lane, seven companies of
the Sixth Texas cavalry, under Colonel W. C.
Young, four companies of the Second Arkansas
mounted riflemen, under Colonel James M. Mc-
Intosh, and one company of Texans, the Lamar
cavalry, under Captain H. S. Bennett, number-
ing in the aggregate one thousand three hundred
and eighty men, rank and file, the whole being
under the command of Colonel McIntosh at that
time, General McCulloch, the Texas brigade commander, being at Richmond, where he had been called for consultation.

The Indians, under the commands of the Creek chief Hopoeithleyola, and the Seminole chief, Halek Tustenuggee, with some remnants of other tribes, numbering seventeen hundred, who were Federal adherents. They chose a very advantageous position on a high hill, covered with trees and large boulders. A short time before that they had outnumbered, and had whipped the First and Second regiments of Choctaws, and some white troops under Colonel Cooper, and were very much elated over their victory. They felt certain of success again, and were very impudent and insulting. Before the battle commenced they showed themselves on the crest of the hill, gobbled like wild turkeys, turned their backs to the Confederates and slapped their hands on their thighs in derision and contempt of their enemies. Little did they know that the bravest and best Indian fighters on the continent confronted them, and that they would soon be cut to pieces and fleeing for life.

The five companies of the Third Texas cavalry, including Richardson, were placed in the center of the attacking column, and commanded to charge through the timber and rocks to the crest of the hill at its highest point, where the Indians were strongest. Other divisions charged with them, to the right and left center. A moving column of charging cavalry presents one of the finest sights a warrior ever beheld. The wind roars like a storm. The Confederates soon reached the heights, through a storm of bullets.
They swept the Indians like a tornado from behind the trees and rocks. Those Texans, who had graduated under McCulloch on the frontier, were the best Indian fighters in the United States. Between five and six hundred Indians lay dead on the heights of Chustenahlah. They were defeated, routed, and fled in haste and horror, leaving their horses and everything they had accumulated of value in their camp. The power of the Creeks and Seminoles was broken, and their vapid courage was exhausted, and they were of no use to the Federals ever after that battle. The Federals had just prior to that battle distributed thousands of yards of ribbon, hundreds of guns, abundance of ammunition, clothing, blankets and everything pleasing to the savage fancy of the Indians, most of which was captured.

The Texans scalped a number of the savages and trimmed off their saddles and bridles with them and covered themselves and rigging for their horses with the new flashy ribbons, and marched into Fort Smith in this wild and picturesque paraphernalia, when on their way to winter quarters at Frog Bayou, just below Van Buren. They justified the scalping by the *lex talionis*, or law of retaliation. Their conflicts with Indians on the frontiers of Texas, the hundreds of scalps they had cut from the heads of innocent women and children of Texas, the lurid flames rising from their dwellings, came in panoramic horror before them, and to their minds, reared as they were and enured to the horrors of Indian cruelty, justified and invited this retaliation in kind. This fact is due to history.
The writer who knowingly suppresses facts so closely connected with the events in hand can have no claim to impartiality. This regalia of savage trappings was discarded after the excitement engendered by the conflict passed away.

Their passions, exasperated from youth by the cruelties the barbarians had inflicted on them and theirs, drowned temporarily every consideration of pharisaical cant for "Poor Lo." Profound impressions had been forced by "Poor Lo" on their minds in an opposite direction from cultured theology. They had been reared in a rough heroic school, and were fighting Indians when those farther back in the states were attending church and Sunday schools. These observations are by no means introduced as an apology, but they trend strongly in mitigation.

When the Texans arrived at Fort Smith early in January, on their way to winter quarters, they were denied the privilege to dismount, for fear that they would patronize saloons too freely; but they were halted on the main thoroughfare in the city, and the good citizens of that border city ministered to their every want, including an abundance of wholesome food, which they had long been without, and their courtesies were not forgotten. "Spirits that make just men perfect," huzzahs and congratulations filled the air, and the ladies manifested the keenest appreciation of the warriors, whose presence they honored. The same scenes were repeated at Van Buren.

A private of the Sixth Texas cavalry on the field of Chustenahlah found a silver medal four inches in diameter and one-half inch thick. The medallion on one side represented the hand of
the Great Father grasping the hand of an Indian chief in token of brotherly friendship; the obverse side represented the Goddess of Liberty. It was pure silver and worth fifty dollars.

PERILOUS ADVENTURES OF TWO CAPTAINS OF CAVALRY.

A. C. Richardson, of the Third Texas cavalry, tells the following remarkable adventure of two captains of his regiment.

The regiment was with General Price on his raid into Missouri in the summer and fall of 1861, after the battle of Wilson's Creek, in which they were engaged. General Fremont's headquarters were then in Springfield, and the Third Texas was in camp but a few miles from the city.

Captain Alf. Johnson, of the scout and spy service, and Captain H. P. Mabry, both of the same regiment, concluded that they would venture within the Federal lines and take a view of Springfield and its environs and obtain all the information they could as to the enemy's strength and location. They advanced through a dense undergrowth extending up to a cornfield, where a wide gap in the picket lines was found. This dare devil pair, always ready to take desperate chances on slim margins, wended their way to a fine mansion within one-half mile of General Fremont's headquarters, and entered the mansion owned by a gentleman of wealth and strong pro-southern convictions, who was then in the Confederate army. The mother and two daughters occupied the mansion, and were attended by
negro house servants. The spies were on foot but, as most Texans did, wore their large spurs. They were welcomed and greeted in the most hospitable manner, and the noble ladies gladly gave them all the information at their command. So far it was smooth sailing. But there was a treacherous negro woman belonging to the family, who slipped out unobserved and hastened to General Fremont's headquarters, which were in plain view of the house, and told him that two rebels were in the house talking to her mistress and daughters. The general sent a sergeant and three men to take the rebels in as spies to be executed.

Time passes rapidly and often unobserved in social converse with cultured ladies. One of the girls played the soul inspiring tune of "Dixie" on the piano.

Hark! A call at the gate. Looking out they discovered four Federals on horseback. The rebel spies had entered into a covenant to fight until death rather than be captured as spies and executed as such. The moment to carry that covenant into execution had arrived.

Captain Mabry said:
"Captain Johnson, you must get out at the window whilst I go out and meet them at the gate."

This took place in much less time than it takes to read it.

Captain Mabry walked out cool and deliberately to the gate, without exhibiting his side arms, or the least inclination to resist.

The sergeant inquired:
"Do you live here?"
"Yes," responded the captain.
The sergeant then placed his hand on the captain's shoulder and said:
"You are my prisoner."
"All right," said the captain, at the same time reaching for his belt as if to surrender his arms.
By this move the sergeant was completely deceived and thrown off his guard. The Texan drew his bowie knife as quick as a flash of lightning and plunged it into the bosom of the sergeant, who fell dead at his feet. Then as quickly drew his repeating army pistol and fired rapidly and with deadly aim at the three remaining enemies, whilst he retreated backwards to the house with his face to the enemy. He killed two more and wounded the fourth slightly. All were firing at him. One ball shattered his right hand, and his pistol fell to the ground, but he made his escape into the house thus wounded and disabled. But he seized his bowie knife in his left hand as he entered the house. All this occurred in the space of one-half minute.
The last of the four Federals was as brave as Caesar, or any soldier who ever bore arms, and although wounded he was not disabled from fighting. He ran around to the rear of the house, where Captain Johnson was supposed to be ready to meet him and give battle. But Johnson had met with the most singular accident ever recorded in the history of war. The window through which he attempted to make his exit from the house was hung with a heavy damask curtain, and in making his exit his heavy long spurs caught in the curtain and held him head downward; and just as he was cut down by one
of the noble girls, who never lost presence of mind, the Federal commenced firing at him. One shot passed through his thigh, but he sprang to his feet with the rapidity of lightning, and, with unerring aim, killed his assailant just as Captain Mabry was approaching from the rear of the enemy with his bowie knife. All four of the Federals were now dead.

The noble heroic girl who took a delicate hand in the fight by relieving Johnson from his exceeding perilous position deserves a niche high up on the archway to the temple of our tragic fame, and is worthy of a place in our immortal history alongside that of the heroine of Jackson, Tenn., and Emma Samson, of Alabama, the heroine of Georgia, Belle Boyd, and the widow Lewis, of revolutionary fame.

It is much regretted that Richardson in the lapse of years has forgotten her name. But it is believed that the citizens around and in Springfield who then lived there, and who have survived the war, can easily discover her name. It belongs to history, to mankind and to immortality. When discovered and given to the public, the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy will erect a monument to perpetuate her renown, and the historian of coming ages will perpetuate her glory and wreath it with other jewels in our southern crown.

The wounded captains made their way back to camp, and escaped the squad who were sent too late in pursuit. All the service the Federals performed was to take charge of their dead comrades.
At the reorganization of the regiment in May, 1862, Captain Mabry was elected colonel of the regiment. At the battle of Iuka he led his regiment in four desperate charges on a strong battery of six Napoleon guns. On the second of these charges one of his feet was badly shattered by a gunshot wound. He refused to leave the field, and threw the wounded foot over the horn of his saddle and led the third and fourth charges and succeeded in capturing the battery on the fourth and last charge. Two horses were killed under him during these charges. When leading his men as infantry he always kept his eagle eye on the enemy, and when he saw the flash of their guns would instantly give the command, "Down!" and his men would fall to the ground before the balls reached the line. No officer was ever more careful of his men. With others he was captured at Iuka, but threw away his uniform and dressed in a private's garb, and was paroled as such. In this way he ingeniously avoided detection and responsibility for the character of spy he had acted at Springfield, Mo., and imprisonment as an officer.

Colonel Mabry was a lawyer at the Texas bar at the commencement of hostilities. After the war he resumed his practice, was elected judge of the district court, and discharged the duties of his office with great fidelity and distinguished ability. Captain Johnson was reported killed in battle in Louisiana.
In the winter of 1863, Generals Marmaduke, Fagan, Shelby and other Confederate commands, were west of the Mississippi river, which were early in the spring of 1864 united with General Sterling Price's Missouri troops. At the same time General Steele had a large Federal force at Little Rock, Pine Bluff, Camden and other adjacent posts in Arkansas, preparing to force their way through Arkansas into Louisiana, to form a junction with General Banks at Shreveport, La.

The Confederate forces, collected early in 1864 to prevent the junction of the armies of Generals Banks and Steele, numbered about eight thousand men of all arms. Many of the Confederate troops were poorly armed, and it was a matter of great difficulty to get these arms from east of the Mississippi river, both banks of which were guarded by troops and Federal gunboats. The Confederate authorities east of the Mississippi river sent three thousand Dalgren rifles and ordered General Ross, commanding a Texas brigade of cavalry, to take charge of the guns and transport them across the Mississippi river, if possible, and as soon as possible. To accomplish this, small craft had to be procured and small quantities at a time carried over in the night. Finally all were carried over and delivered to General Marmaduke. Whilst doing this General Ross's scouts discovered five hundred bales of cotton secreted in a canebrake, in Bolivar county, Mississippi, which belonged to the Confederate government.
After this service was successfully performed General Ross posted his brigade near Verona, Miss. A large number of his men were without shoes, socks, blankets and overcoats, and in a very destitute condition to resist inclement winter weather. Knowing where the cotton belonging to the Confederate government was secreted, A. C. Richardson and three comrades concluded that they would be perfectly justifiable in appropriating enough of this cotton to supply their very pressing necessities, and in the midst of cold and inclement weather set out for that purpose. They crossed the Yazoo river, and many bayous, creeks, slashes and sloughs in a very cold rainy season. Icicles hung from their thin, scant clothing and from the manes and tails of their horses. All the slashes and streams were full of water, some of which they had to swim when almost perishing with cold.

When they arrived in the near vicinity of the cotton, night—dark as Erebus, with a heavy downpour of rain—overtook them and they stopped for the night at a residence on the roadside, where they were furnished with a generous meal, a good bedroom and shelter and feed for their horses. Weary and worn from the hardship and privations suffered, they deposited their arms and went to bed, the rain falling down in torrents. To their great surprise and chagrin, between midnight and day they were roused from their sound slumbers to find their arms taken and themselves prisoners. They were marched off next morning through mud and rain, in the worst season perhaps ever experienced in the Mississippi valley.
Four men guarding the four prisoners stopped the second night at a residence. There was a large passage running through the residence, and the dining room was on the opposite side of the passage from the room where the prisoners were seated. Richardson embraced an opportune moment to arrange with his comrades to escape when they sat down to the supper then being prepared. It was still raining hard when they were all invited to the dining room. The captors all deposited their guns near the entrance door, and when the prisoners took seats at the table the captors also took seats. At that moment Richardson and his comrades sprang like tigers, seized the guns, and made their captors prisoners. The ladies of the house clapped their hands in joyful glee and said, “Hurrah for Ross’s men.”

They guarded them secure until next morning, when they paroled them, took their horses and equipment, and told them if they stirred from that house before night they would return with their whole brigade, recapture and execute them. It was but a few miles to the enemy’s headquarters, and the Texans feared they might gather reinforcements, overtake and overpower them, but they made their way back to the brigade in safety.

Often the soldiers were hungry and hard pressed to get a pittance to eat, and were often compelled to forage or starve. On one occasion the brigade camped for several days near the farm of a wealthy old gentleman, who possessed more than one hundred fat hogs. At that time a severe order from General Ross was in force, ordering every soldier caught foraging to be dismounted.
and sent to the infantry. Food was scarce in camp, and that not of inviting quality. They craved a fat hog more than a king ever craved a royal banquet. But that fearful order was in the way, and must be avoided. Company F resolved on a mess of pork, come what would. It required but one man to take one hog. None would volunteer to risk the penalty. Finally they agreed for every private in Company F to draw straws to determine on whom the raid on the hog pasture should fall, and it fell to Richardson’s lot to bring the carcass into camp.

He proceeded to the pasture, selected one weighing about seventy-five pounds, killed and separated the cuticle nicely from the body, cut it in halves, and was in the act of sacking and throwing the body across his horse when the old farmer rode up and asked him if he knew whose hog it was. To which Richardson replied:

“I think it was yours an hour ago, but I have transferred the ownership and now have possession. Are you going to report me to General Ross? If you do it may go hard with both of us. I don’t intend to be transferred to the infantry, and I don’t suppose you are ready to be translated to heaven. What have you to say?”

The old farmer good humoredly replied:

“I don’t intend to report you, but I do think you ought to divide the meat with me.”

“Yes, yes; that is fair and right, and I accede to it,” replied the hungry raider, as he handed him up half of the meat.

On another similar occasion a well to do old farmer had a hundred bushels of sweet potatoes banked up in a hill some distance from his house,
and the farmer applied to General Ross for a guard over his potatoes, and the request was granted. But when the relief guards came the retiring guards filled their sacks before they gave way to their successors. In this way every potato disappeared, but the empty mound was left intact.

The old farmer, not knowing that his potatoes had found a ready market, went to General Ross and proposed to sell them, and the proposition was accepted. They proceeded to the mound and found the edibles non est.

EVERLASTING THINGS SOMETIMES HANG ON SLENDER THREADS.

The Third Texas cavalry were dismounted and detailed as sharpshooters at Kennesaw mountain. The line they had to occupy was so long the sharpshooters were placed about twenty feet apart. The sides and crest of the mountain was covered with dense undergrowth at the post where Richardson was stationed, and the Federal sharpshooters occupied a position just below the crest of the mountain, within fifty yards of the Confederate sharpshooters, and at first were wholly concealed from them.

Richardson, wholly innocent of the presence of the enemy in the bushes, was looking across the intervening valley to the ridge beyond, when suddenly, and much to his surprise, he discovered what seemed to be a green bush very slowly and cautiously advancing to a small open space in front of him and not more than twenty yards dis-
tant. Here was a startling revelation. Bushes don't walk. They bend to and fro in a breeze, but remain rooted to the ground.

It was a Federal sharpshooter in disguise. He had pinned small branches with green leaves to his shoulders, and had covered his hat with them; and if he had stood still would not have been discovered in time to become a sacrifice to his own daring ingenuity.

Richardson held his gun in readiness to shoot, and waited a moment until the Federal raised his hand to remove the foliage in front of his face. When he did this the sun shone full in his face, which was in marked contrast to the foliage.

Richardson fired and killed him at a distance of fifty feet. The cry then went along the line, "Look out! the enemy is advancing up the mountain in strong force."

Firing then became general all along the line at a distance of not more than fifty yards—hot as hades and in uncomfortably close quarters. Twenty steps to Richardson's right stood a little Norwegian comrade (elsewhere noticed in contact with General Forrest), as brave as any soldier in the army. He was in advance of the Confederate line, and had taken shelter behind a tree after the main line of the Confederates had become heavily engaged, supported by the Fifty-sixth Alabama regiment. The little Norwegian fired and killed his man, and was immediately surrounded and captured, and was twice shot at after he threw down his gun.

At this time Richardson, only a few paces distant, had taken shelter behind an oak tree, where he was found when a soldier of the Fifty-sixth
Alabama came to relieve him. The enemy was then crossfiring on that part of the line, and Richardson lay down for protection, and told the Alabamian to lie down; but he did not heed the admonition. He seemed perfectly bewildered amidst the storm of bullets whistling along the lines of the enemy's crossfire. It was not courage to stand—with him it was confusion confounded. The words had scarcely escaped Richardson's lips before he was shot through the head and fell dead across his feet.

By this time the Confederates began to give way and retreat down the mountain to a deep ravine or creek. Richardson straddled the bushes and beat his way over every obstacle to the creek one hundred yards distant, amidst a hailstorm of bullets. His hat and hair were trimmed up and his clothing looked fit only for the rag shop, but his skin was not broken. Sometimes it is not best to stand on the order of going, nor in the manner of sweeping stakes. The Texan who is spare made, tall and as wiry as a whalebone, says that was the time to "get, you bet." He yet enjoys the run heartily. When he got to the creek and behind its bank, he says he felt as easy as a pair of old slippers. Then it was his time to work his gun. Turning when he got to that natural fortification, the first Federal that offered himself as a target was one of the squad who had captured the Norwegian, and shot at him after he had thrown his gun down. He took deliberate aim at him, and saw him slap his hand to his breast and fall.

By this time the Confederates had reinforced their comrades and checked the whirlwind ad-
vance of the Federals from the top of the ridge facing them; but Richardson was still in the creek one hundred yards in advance of his comrades, and there he worked his gun for all that a Dalgren was worth, and got ample revenge for the speed they had made him develop. But the danger was not over by any means. He was ordered back to his lines, and had to wade the swollen creek up to his armpits, and climb the ridge one hundred yards to the line amidst another hailstorm of minnie balls, and miraculously escaped again.

The little Norwegian who was captured on top of the Kennesaw was exchanged in a few weeks, rejoined his command, and told Richardson that the Federal he first shot after getting to the creek did not live ten minutes. "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip," and there is many a slip between life and death.

A GEORGIA HEROINE.

Richardson tells the following daring adventure of two of his comrades of the Third Texas cavalry.

One of the greatest calamities that could befall a cavalryman was to lose his horse, and that very often happened. Many thousands of horses were killed in battle, and many thousands more died from exhaustion and want of food. Long forced marches through districts where food for the noble animal could not be found often entailed much suffering on both horses and men. During Joseph E. Johnston's retreat from
Dalton to Atlanta, Bert Jarvis and one of his comrades lost their horses and were exceedingly anxious to secure more, which could not be done at that time without capturing them from the enemy, which was rather a desperate undertaking for two gentlemen alone and on foot.

They had been Texas rangers on the frontier, and had learned lessons from the Indians, who often accomplished such feats at night. The commanding officer knew their value as soldiers, knew their courage and skill, and did not want to transfer them to the infantry, so readily gave his consent and a furlough to protect them from being arrested as stragglers or deserters from the Confederate army.

They soon reached the rear of the Federal army and constituted themselves a corps of observation. They wanted the best animals to be found in the Federal market, especially as the transfer of title did not involve a draft on their exchequer. When satisfied they had reached the rear of the cavalry arm they advanced their lines, flanked the last brigade by scudding across woods and fields, thus arriving at an advantageous position on the right flank of the unsuspecting enemy, then about sunset settled into position on a fence, which paralleled the road on the line of approach, and near the point where they concluded the enemy would go into camp.

They were within seventy-five yards of the enemy as they marched along; and as they preferred a night attack, they dropped down in a clump of briers in the fence corner and generously let the enemy pass. They had diagnosed the Federals' probable camping ground well.
Water in abundance and a nice grove three hundred yards distant held out sufficient inducements at that late hour, and the enemy embraced the advantages at that point.

The raiders watched and peered through twilight and darkness, while the stars peeping through the foliage did not betray their presence or throw light on their designs. They surveyed the position of a group of horses and marked out the line of approach, leaving the rebel yell out.

The Federal pickets were one hundred yards apart with an intervening clump of trees between stations. As they were stationary it was easy sailing for ingress and egress under the dark foliage. So far fortune favored them. But several other dangers were to be met. The officer of the guard paced up and down the picket lines, and must be avoided. Then some one is most always up or awake at every hour of the night, from various causes. The Federals spread their blankets and lay down within sixty or seventy feet of their horses. But there is a trite old adage that “fortune favors the brave.” Again, the well shod horses, after success in getting possession, might strike the rocks and raise the devil. To avoid this last danger the dare devils tore their clothing and made muffles to tie on their feet, to deaden the noise from friction against the rocks. Then they laid in wait as silent as death to await the wee hours of two in the morning. The officer of the guard got weary of pacing up and down the picket line and took a rest, as no danger whatever was apprehended in the rear of the army, especially when the Con-
federates were miles away, being pushed forward on their retreat.

At two in the morning a gravelike silence pervaded the camp, and the Texas hustlers for horseflesh left their rendezvous and crawled on all fours with ears as alert as that of the chamois in the Alps. They found it an easy job, and felt chagrined that they had taken so much unnecessary precaution. They found it so easy that they concluded to take each two horses instead of one. They picked out the best of the two thousand subject to their choice, muffled their feet, saddled and bridled them, mounted and rode silently away without arousing the least suspicion or alarm.

It developed afterwards that Bert Jarvis had appropriated the best horse in the army, and that he had approached within twenty feet of the sleeping colonel who owned him.

Well out of the lines they took the muffles off, and made sure that their side arms were in order. On they sped, as they thought, to the rear of the Federal army, and when the sun rose they felt a gnawing at their stomachs, which had been neglected, and reined up at the next house, dismounted and applied for food and provender.

A gentle middle aged lady responded to their call and prepared the best her larder afforded, which was appropriated with the relish a hungry soldier alone can best appreciate. The good lady was baptised in the heroic faith of a true southern woman. Her husband and relatives were in the Confederate army. The raiders felt easy and secure of self and booty. But the good lady with anxious heart did not feel so secure. Often she stepped to the front porch and cast an eye near a
mile away down the road, to be certain that the enemy did not overtake and surprise her guests, who had fallen into unconscious sleep in their chairs after their meal. Exhausted nature had asserted supremacy over physical endurance. A flax-headed son was equally vigilant in scanning the other reach of the road.

"Hark! young warriors! The enemy approaches from both extremes of the road. Not a moment is to be lost. To your arms and saddles. I will throw down the fence whilst you get in the saddles, and Jimmy will lead you to the deep cave behind the mountains, where you will not be found; and where you must stay until I let you know when it is safe to come out. Until then I will send your meals and food for your horses."

Thus spoke the heroine. Jimmy mounted one of the two extra horses and led the way to the deep cave in the mountains, near two miles away, and retraced his steps on foot to the log cottage, humble as the rich estimate wealth; but the tenants were pure in heart and as patriotic and true to their country as the martyrs were to the religion of Christ.

No temptation would have induced that heroine in the mountains of Georgia to betray those soldiers of the Confederacy.

When the little tow-headed son got back to the log cabin, where virtue, patriotism and unpolished greatness of soul shone like a diamond in the dusty rifts of the mine, he found the house full of Federal soldiers—some eating at the table, others awaiting their meal. One of the officers was the colonel whose horse had been taken, and his tongue labored with the energy and vehem-
ence of a volcano in denunciation of the d—d rebels who stole the horses. He said:

"The villains crept up to within twenty feet of my head and stole my horse, bridle, blanket and saddle, whilst I was asleep. My horse is worth five hundred dollars in gold, and I will give that amount for the capture of the rebel thieves who got him and three more of the best horses, almost as valuable. Madam, I have traced the horses to your house and stables and you must give up the thieves and horses. If you do not, I will burn and destroy this place."

The little boy, who had been an active *particeps criminis*, was almost paralyzed with alarm and stood at the chimney corner, with his heart in his mouth, like a statue, personating grief and fear, but with iron will to corroborate and follow the lead of his mother, whatever direction it might take.

"Sir," said the heroine, "two Confederates with four horses stopped here at daylight this morning, and I was compelled to cook breakfast for the men, whilst Jimmy, my son, fed their horses. They were in great haste and left on the road there in front of the house two hours before you came. That is all I can possibly tell you. You have it in your power to do what you please with a helpless woman and children, who have never harmed any human being. But if you do so in your wrath, it will not be long before you and I and all humanity will be called to the great bar of God to answer for the deeds done in the flesh, and when that great and—to the wicked—dreadful hour comes, you will have to face me and my innocent children, and then you would give the
world if you possessed it to exchange places with the poor woman you threaten distress and abuse.”

One of the older Federal soldiers, who sat on the bedside listening intently to the woman, was touched in heart, his sympathies were deeply aroused, and he said:

“Colonel, I believe that lady is speaking the truth as pure as it comes from God’s throne. You and I were raised in a Christian land, and we want to serve God first and our country next. We came to war against men in arms and not against helpless women and children. At least, I did not enter the army for any such purpose. Cool down, colonel, and let your judgment take the place of passion. If you will do that, you will think as I do and agree with me.”

The colonel was a much younger man than the old private who thus addressed him, and though it is often exceedingly difficult to awaken a man’s reason when he is laboring under great passion, he cooled down; and when all had been supplied at the table, he bade the heroine farewell and left her unharmed.

Her young son was soon after seated on a mule without saddle, and instructed to follow in the rear of the Federals and report to her in the afternoon where they were last seen and in what direction going. When he returned, food for the Texans and provender for their horses was sent to the cave in the mountains, with instructions to remain there until further notice from her.

The old Christian soldier who interposed lingered behind, and when all had left the cabin, took the lady and her boy each by the hand with
a countenance radiant and jeweled with a tear, and said:

"My good lady and son, I rejoice that God has made me his humble instrument in this valley of tears and sorrow, to speak in defense of the innocent and helpless. When this warfare is over, and we have seen the end of earth, I hope to meet you in heaven."

Next morning the boy was scouting in another direction to ascertain the movements of the enemy. Whilst the son was on this duty the mother prepared food and in person carried it to the cave. The son returned late in the evening and said he had seen many Federals passing early in the day on different roads, but the country appeared to be clear later in the day. Then she sent word very early next morning to the tenants of the cave to come in to an early repast, and she thought the country was now clear enough for them, with proper directions, to keep out of the reach of the Federals.

After the best frugal repast at her command, she gave them minute directions to follow unfrequented trails across the mountains, where soldiers were never led, and sent her son as a guide. Thus this heroine contributed her mite to the southern arms. They in due time rejoined their command with four of the best horses in it. Jarvis rode the colonel's horse back to Texas after the final surrender.

Peter Horry, a noble patriot with Marion in the revolution, in his biography of that great man, has spread the mantle of immortality over the name of the widow Lewis, who, though a great woman and patriot, never did more than
this noble matron of the Georgia mountains, whose life, though cast in the humble walks of noble womanhood, shines like a crystal in a diadem. And yet that woman's heroism and patriotism is but typical of an hundred thousand and more noble women of the south, who glorified their sex in ten thousand and more ways during the darkest hours a patriotic people ever encountered, and too much can never be said or written in their praise.

The writer knew one young lady of delicate constitution, who was arrested at the picket lines around Memphis, Tenn., and thrown into prison, who was promised her freedom and a largess if she would disclose secrets known to be within her knowledge, which was never communicated to mortal other than the writer. She was sent to prison at Alton, Ill., where she died rather than give up a secret which would have been in violation of her promise of secrecy to a merchant of large capital, who had sold her goods to make a uniform for a Confederate officer to whom she was betrothed. The writer promised that delicate girl when he bade her farewell not to disclose her name or give up her secret. She was born and reared near Collierville, Tenn., twenty-five miles from Memphis.

THE CULTIVATION OF COTTON FARMS
BY NORTHERN MEN.

The Federal armies in their progress south were followed by an unscrupulous class of adventurers and speculators, who were governed by
a sordid desire to hastily accumulate wealth without much regard to the means necessary to attain the end, and were often in copartnership with army officers. The larger operators exerted a powerful influence at the seat of government in obtaining permits to trade in the wake of the armies, and with the commanders of fleets and armies in obtaining military aid and convoys of protection on the navigable streams. The smaller operators, who were without the means and influence to obtain such protection and accommodation, suffered like all small fish when poaching in the waters where whales flourish.

Cotton, because of the blockade of southern ports and non-production during the war period, advanced to one dollar per pound and more. The mercenary contagion for gain which seized the civilian soon extended to the armies of occupation in all the territory where large cotton plantations existed within the region of military protection and occupation. This patriotic octopus very seriously interfered with the operations of the Federal armies operating in the cotton belt.

Speculators took charge of many hundreds of these farms, to operate and cultivate them with contraband or negro labor, and mules and horses taken from non-combatant citizens, and condemned animals employed in the army—especially condemned as unfit for service in the army, when they were very robust for the farm. “Military necessity” was the slogan under which the citizen fell.

As a specimen tending to connect the army with these enterprises, we quote some references to these practices by Federal army officers,
printed by the government in a voluminous war series:

**Little Rock, August 20, 1864.**

*Colonel Clayton, commanding Pine Bluff.*

Your troops must not be occupied in guarding plantations when it interferes in the slightest degree with their other duties or their comforts.

*E. A. Carr,*

Brigadier General.

To which the colonel on same date replied:

*Brigadier General E. A. Carr, Little Rock.*

Your order in reference to my guarding plantations is unnecessary, as I am not engaged in that business at present.

*Powell Clayton,*

Commanding Pine Bluff.

The author is informed that a regiment of negroes was recruited in the vicinity of Pine Bluff for the purpose of guarding plantations, and were clothed with the misnomer of "home guards"; and in pity be it said, they were commanded by a southern citizen of prominence.

Another specimen of agricultural operations under the fostering care of the Federal army in the interest of men having very strong influence at Washington:

**Headquarters District of Eastern Arkansas.**

**HeleNA, Ark., July 26, 1864.**

*Major General C. W. Mashburn.*

**Sir:** I sent a small reconnoitering party of one hundred and fifty cavalry, three hundred colored infantry and one section of colored light artillery in the direction of Big Creek. A squad of cavalry report that they left the command nine miles from here, fighting Colonel Dobbin, who was two thousand strong, and that his force entirely surrounded mine. Should this report be true, I shall be left with but three hundred cavalry fit for duty, and but two pieces of light artillery, and for so extended a line a very small force, and that defended by colored troops in the bat-
teries. I have eight hundred on the sick list. If possible send me reinforcements immediately. I cannot protect the small forts and the levee plantations without cavalry and light artillery.

N. B. Buford,  
Brigadier General Commanding.


Thus we have official proofs that a major general of the United States army, down to brigadiers and colonels, were engaged in protecting the agricultural adventurers who commanded such powerful influence at Washington during the progress of the war, not only in farming cotton plantations, but in every line of trade promising large profits. These matters embraced parts of Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana. As to how far they extended into other cotton states, the writer has not investigated.

This method of dealing with the agricultural interests of the south invited retaliatory measures by the Confederacy, which put soldiers in the field to checkmate and prevent it as far as possible.

In the spring of 1864 Brigadier General Ross, with his brigade of Texas cavalry, was encamped for quite a while at Pritchett’s Crossroads, adjacent to Big Black river, in Mississippi. At that time some northern gentlemen of speculative inclination had possession of the celebrated Ball Ground farm, just above the confluence of the Yazoo and Mississippi rivers—so named from being used as a ball ground by the Indians at an early day. It was large, fertile and very productive, and a fine steam gin and mill was on the farm. It belonged to a young man in the Confederate service.
A regiment of colored cavalry and a regiment of white infantry were then stationed on the hills adjacent to the open land to guard the northern planter, for whom animals in the surrounding country had been seized, ostensibly for military service, but in reality to be used by the numerous contraband negroes in the cultivation of the farm.

A. C. Richardson, of the Third Texas cavalry, is authority for the following interesting history. He was with the expedition. He is a cultured gentleman of unquestioned veracity.

General Ross's camp was about twenty-five miles distant from this quiet and ostensibly secure seat of agricultural felicity. Early in April, 1864, after this luxurious scene of peaceful husbandry had been much advanced, General Ross sent the Third Texas cavalry with another regiment of his brigade to somewhat molest the felicity surrounding this farm. The expedition was attended with some degree of hazard and danger as the farm was not far from Vicksburg, where quite a force of Federal soldiers were stationed, from which reinforcements could be drawn on very short notice.

The bugle call to boots and saddles in the Confederate camp came just before noon, and by that hour the expedition filed out of camp, the Third and Ninth Texas under the command of Colonel D. Jones, of the Ninth, who was about twenty-one years of age, but a veteran in the service who well knew how to handle men in saddles. At daylight next morning Richardson's company (F) being in advance, they crossed a bridge spanning a creek near the farm. The noise in crossing the
bridge aroused the colored regiment guarding the farm, and a call to arms in the enemy's camp was heard. After Company F had crossed it was halted and formed in line, whilst the remainder formed in line of battle on the opposite bank of the creek. In this position they awaited the advance of the enemy. The woods was dense, and the road beyond the bridge fifty yards distant crooked abruptly, so the enemy had to approach within fifty yards before coming in view.

A company of negro cavalry soon appeared, at the head of which was the flag bearer, with a large black flag, on which was inscribed in white letters, "No quarters." When they came in sight they halted and a few in front fired wild without doing any damage. Their fire was returned by Company F, and several fell from their saddles. The order was given to flank and get in their rear, whilst the troops on the opposite side of the bridge crossed over.

As we have before stated the Texans were the best horsemen in the world, and Company F soon cut them off from their regiment and held them until the whole force came up and surrounded and killed the whole company of the black flag, numbering about seventy-five. Whilst this bloody work was in progress the colored regiment and white regiment occupied the crest of two hills in full view, but neither came to the rescue of the black flag.

The Texans then set fire to the steam gin and mill and outhouses, and retreated in safety across the creek without losing a man or horse. Good generalship required a retreat before the enemy
with superior numbers from Vicksburg could get in their rear and cut off their return to camp.

"He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword." They chose their own mode of death and it was justly accorded. But the deluded blacks were not responsible for the black flag. With the power behind the throne rests all the responsibility. The negroes were simply pliant tools in their hands. The power behind the throne inaugurated this servile war, and on them just criticism lays a heavy hand, and posterity will render a just verdict.

There was nothing more prominent in the political life of President Lincoln than his oft repeated declarations that the constitution protected slavery in the states, and that it was wrong to assail it in the states where it was established by law and protected by the constitution; that his efforts and that of the party he represented would be limited to its exclusion from the territories. And when elected president he commenced his administration by assuring all the people of all the states that he would not molest the institution of slavery as it existed in the south, and he solemnly pledged himself and party to adhere to that policy when he took the oath of office and covenanted to respect and enforce constitutional rights and restraints. But those declarations and the most solemn covenants that man can assume or impose on himself were swept away in the emancipation proclamation and the arming of slaves against their masters.

Whilst all accord to President Lincoln his full mede of greatness and fame, many refuse to bow to hero worship. The assumption that eman-
cipation was a "military necessity" rests upon a violent presumption, unsupported by facts, the logic of events, or that law and morality which ought to be the basis of every civilized government.

But for the sake of argument admit that political covenants and ethics are not entitled to recognition in war—a violent presumption. This admission throws us back on the facts without the aid of ethics, covenants or presumption.

What are the cold unsympathetic facts? The muster rolls of the United States show that they put two millions and six hundred and ninety thousand men in the field, including, according to the estimate of Mr. Stanton, President Lincoln's secretary of war, one hundred thousand negroes. But he was mistaken as to the number of armed negroes in the field. A more careful investigation shows that one hundred and seventy-eight thousand negro soldiers were carried on the rolls at the conclusion of the war. Then a conservative and approximate estimate of the whole number of negroes in the army, from the first to last, could scarcely have been less than two hundred thousand, which is a concession in favor of the presumption we combat. Deducting the negro element from the Federal army, we have without them one million eight hundred and ninety thousand men in the Federal army, with which they contended against six hundred thousand men, all told, from first to last, in the Confederate army. This gives the Federal armies an excess of one million eight hundred and ninety thousand soldiers more than the Confederates ever had in the field or could put in the field.
With the estimate of this overpowering fact, we must take into consideration another tremendous factor in aid of Federal prestige over the Confederate States. The north had access to the world to draw on for every element of support, whilst the Confederate States were effectually blockaded and excluded from all the marts and commerce of the world—an advantage in favor of the north greatly overbalancing the advantages of a defensive over an invading army. Then to say or assume that emancipation was a military necessity is either to assume that northern patriotism and heroism was greatly inferior to that of the south, or to slap reason based on the logic of facts in the face to support a violent presumption. Patriotism and martial courage of the north has never been questioned by well informed men. This is not advanced in defense of the institution of slavery. Simply as an institution it is defenseless; and the argument in justification of the methods by which its emancipation was accomplished is equally defenseless. When solemn compacts rooted in organic sanctions are violated by the hand of power, it attests a derogation in public spirit to be regretted, and clouds the renown of achievement.

A. C. RICHARDSON'S EXPERIENCE AS A PRisoner OF WAR.

It requires good judgment and generalship to successfully cover a hasty retreat when hotly pursued by a victorious enemy of greatly superior numbers. Such conditions almost
invariably involve the sacrifice of some for the safety of others. Richardson was caught in the grasp of this necessity immediately after the battle of Corinth, whilst the retreating Confederates were crossing Hatche river at different points, over narrow bridges, whilst the rear guard, one of which he was, was holding the enemy in check. Whilst on the rear firing line the Federals flanked and cut some of the Confederates off from the bridge over which they had to retreat. Sore, weary and sick on the eve of that fearful day, Richardson, with about twenty others, was captured by the Second Iowa and Third Michigan cavalry, of Colonel Hatch's command.

Upon being marched to the headquarters of Colonel Hatch, some miles to the rear, the prisoners lay down under the fostering foliage of a mammoth oak, most of them ragged and bare-footed, with sore and bleeding feet—a spectacle which will forever attest their lofty patriotism and sublime courage as long as the noble and heroic virtues are admired by mankind.

If General Armstrong of the rear guard had not been successful in discovering another bridge across Hatche river, a large number of the Confederates would have been captured. As it was only five hundred were captured.

Such men, under such unfortunate conditions, always excite and bring into active play the sympathy and generosity of noble natures. One of these noble and generous natures, in the uniform of a Federal major, stood some rods away with arms folded across his breast, intensely surveying that little ragged suffering group of patriots.
His noble countenance indicated the cultured gentleman of refinement. Major Koonse, of the Second Iowa cavalry, stepped forward to the root of the tree where the sick and suffering Richardson lay, and asked:

“What command do you belong to?”

“The Third Texas,” was the response.

“You are the first of the Texas troops we have had the honor to capture,” said the major. “How many of this squad belong to Texas commands?”

“Only myself and one other.”

“You appear to be sick and very much fatigued.”

“Yes; but it is one of the many contingencies of war,” responded the cultured and chivalrous Texan.

“If you will give me your word that you will not try to escape, I will take you to my tent and make you as comfortable as I can,” said the chivalrous major.

“I give you my word, which I value as much as I do the loyalty of a soldier. A traitor to honor would disgrace any other relation of life,” responded the prisoner.

The major then ordered the other prisoners to be well fed and well treated in every respect, and took Richardson to his tent. He gave him a small flask of fine brandy, saying:

“It will do you good as a medicine in your feeble, exhausted condition.”

Then the major ordered and had served under the fly of his own tent a good repast, which contributed greatly to the comfort of the Texan, over whom no guard was placed.
Such scenes as this do honor to the victor more than the loftiest courage on the battlefield, and the recipient of that noble generosity would have perished rather than have violated the confidence reposed in him. It is ever thus with truly noble natures; but vast armies contain too many pain-ful exceptions to the higher type of soldiers.

General Hatch commanded the brigade of cavalry to whose tent the major took his prisoner next morning. The general treated him with the same polite consideration, and it is with un-feigned pleasure the prisoner pays this tribute to the moral worth of these soldiers.

General E. W. Rucker, of General Forrest’s command, was painfully wounded with a broken arm in one of the last battles around Nashville, Tenn., and was taken to the headquarters of General Hatch, who gave up his own bed to the wounded soldier, and General Rucker pays General Hatch a high tribute, and says, “God bless him.”

Next day the prisoners were taken to Corinth, where they remained one week, after which those who desired it were paroled and conducted to a point near the Confederate lines, and on the first of December were exchanged.

But there was a noble and a painful episode connected with this parole of Confederate pris-oners. Two hundred Confederate prisoners were paroled at this time, captured from various com-mands at different times, including Richardson. When the prisoners left Corinth to be conducted to their own lines the noble paroling officer, whose name has in the flight of years escaped memory, drew the prisoners up in line and ad-
dressed them in language which ought to live as long as our literature is preserved. He was colonel of an Illinois regiment. Addressing the prisoners, he said:

“I have an unpleasant duty to perform, which may be unpleasant to all of you who value as an inestimable jewel the honor of a true soldier. I am informed that there are those among you who desire to embrace this opportunity to desert their colors by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States and returning to their homes within the Federal lines. To such I feel impelled to say that whilst it has been made my duty to facilitate such desertion, that a soldier by act of desertion has in every age and with every people stamped his name and character with indelible and ineffable infamy.”

Fifteen or twenty had applied for permission to take the oath of allegiance, but after listening to and weighing that noble speech, but one stepped forward to take the oath of allegiance. One hundred and ninety-nine stood firm to their colors as the rock of Gibraltar. One prisoner from an Alabama regiment stepped forward and took the oath of allegiance, with his head bowed and face covered with shame, and in broken, almost incoherent language, said:

“My wife is in Memphis. I have not seen her for a long time.”

The ancient Saxon roots of our language are not half strong enough to express the contempt with which the deserter was covered.

Richardson said:

“But few of us have seen our loved ones since we entered the army. We love and revere our
wives above every earthly consideration, save that of a soldier's honor. And if we thought our wives would be willing to receive a deserter in their arms, and bear him children, we would perish rather than return to them."

The colonel then stepped up to him, heartily shook his hand, and said:

"I honor you, noble soldier, for entertaining and courageously expressing such convictions."

**LUDICROUS MISTAKE OF A JOLLY FEDERAL SOLDIER.**

Richardson, who possesses a keen sense of serio-comic phases of life, relates the following amusing incident which occurred near New Hope church, on Johnson's retreat from Dalton to Atlanta.

After the battle at Dalton the Confederate lines were drawn in, and it was necessary to close a vacant space in the line on a high hill. To accomplish that much desired object General Ross's Texas brigade of cavalry was dismounted to act as infantry in the occupation of that hill to close the Confederate lines. Very soon after dark, when their movements could not be detected by the enemy, the brigade was marched to the hill in silence, where they formed in line of battle and lay down on their arms ready at a moment's warning for emergencies. The night was exceedingly dark. At the foot of the hill ran a clear stream of water.

The Federals also regarded that hill as a strategic point, and about an hour after it was occu-
pied by the Confederates several regiments of Federal infantry was marched very quietly to the hill, where they formed a line of battle and lay down within fifty yards of the Confederate line, without the least suspicion of their presence.

Presently a Federal soldier rose up and said:

"I am thirsty, and am going to the creek for water. If any of my company want their canteens filled, I will take them with me and accommodate as many as I can."

The rattling of canteens was heard all along the line of Confederates and down the hill as the thirsty soldier advanced to the creek. The Confederates were as silent as death.

Presently the soldier with a load of canteens started up the hill, but lost his way in the darkness and came up a few rods in the rear of the Confederate line, and called out in a voice audible on both lines:

"Where is the Thirtieth Indiana? I have lost my bearings in the dark."

One of the Texas soldiers, in a low voice, just loud enough to be heard by the lost gentleman of the Thirtieth Indiana, said:

"Here we are! crawl in here by my side. Don't make the least noise. The rebels are in front of us."

The gentleman with the canteens lowered his body to mother earth, and crawled in line by the Texan, when the latter said:

"You are my prisoner. If you make a particle of noise I will run my knife through you."

The gentleman of the Thirtieth Indiana whispered back and said:
"This is the d—st and cheapest sell out I ever heard of. Have a drink of good fresh water, Johnnie Reb. I wish I had something stronger to offer you."

For some unknown cause the Federals, in silence, withdrew a short time after this amusing episode. If they had remained until daylight a bloody scene would have occurred.

The gentleman from the Thirtieth Indiana was a lively, jolly good soldier, and laughed heartily over his mistake. All the Texans liked him.

A DESPERATE CHOICE DECIDED IN THE SMALLEST FRACTION OF TIME.

During the siege of Atlanta a brigade, including the Third Texas cavalry, dismounted, was drawn up in line of battle in a beautiful meadow through which a deep draining ditch had been cut, which was concealed by a growth of tall weeds.

Whilst thus drawn up they were charged by a strong regiment of Federal cavalry; and to avoid the blow of the heavy onslaught, the brigade took shelter in the ditch, and dropped out of sight until the charging column came within a few rods before receiving the Confederate fire from the ditch, which emptied many saddles.

In that position the Confederates were crowded, and elbowed each other. One of the privates immediately sprang out of the ditch, faced the cavalry not fifty yards distant, killed the rider in front of him, and escaped unhurt. His comrades were much surprised at his strange
conduct, and when asked for an explanation, he said:

"When I squatted in the ditch, with no room to right or left, a large moccasin snake was coiled up in front of me, and darted his tongue in my face. I preferred to take my chances with an enemy where I had some show; I had none with the snake."

This story much resembles that told of a Texan in an early day, who, when hunting buffalo on the prairie, strayed off some distance from his comrades and wounded the master of the herd. The wounded animal took after him, and he was forced to run for his life, his comrades looking on enjoying the speed he developed. All at once he jumped into a sinkhole, but in an instant regained the surface and resumed his chances with the buffalo. His comrades then spurred their horses, came to his relief and killed the desperate animal. All were anxious to learn why he so suddenly left such a safe retreat. His explanation was that he jumped down on the back of a huge bear, and preferred taking his chances with the buffalo.

SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN FEDERAL CURRENCY CAPTURED.

When Van Dorn raided Holly Springs, Miss., one million dollars in Federal currency was captured. Similar experience at Shiloh sharpened the wit and encouraged the avarice of William Pennington, a private in the Third Texas cavalry, with A. C. Richardson, who reports the husbandry of his comrade.
In the hurry, confusion and bustle incident to the capture of the town, after the surrender, when the fighting was at an end, and immediately thereafter, Pennington bethought of the paymaster's department. He rushed to it, forced the officer in charge to open his treasure box which contained sixty thousand dollars. Instead of handing it over to General Van Dorn or any other official, he concluded that Mr. Pennington was the best and safest bank of deposit, and that silence was as often a factor in wealth as in wisdom. At all events, whatever the process leading him to practical conclusions, he kept the treasure and the secret until his blooming prosperity pointed to the fact that something had favored him at Holly Springs, which practically lifted him out of the service.

He rode the finest horses, decked himself in the finest plumage blockade runners brought into port, and became a Chesterfield instead of a soldier. But by hook or crook, as cunningly managed as Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee managed his cards, he was carried on the muster roll, and reported semi-occasionally, but never drew a bead or pulled a trigger during the remainder of the war.

**MAJOR GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN'S LAST CAMPAIGN.**

On the fourth of July, 1864, General Morgan left his camp at Abington, Va., with two thousand three hundred mounted and seven hundred dismounted men, with Colonel Giltner in com-
mand of the Fourth Kentucky cavalry, with whom Captain John H. Thomas, of Company A, served. Lieutenant Colonel Martin commanded the dismounted men.

On the evening of the fifth of July the command arrived at Pound Gap in the Cumberland mountains, and found it guarded by five hundred Federals, who could have held it if they had made resolute defense, but they fled at the first fire of the advance guard and rejoined the main body of the Federal army eight thousand strong, who had left their headquarters at Mount Sterling, Ky., and were on the march into east Tennessee and eastern Virginia, leaving their headquarters and base of supplies at Mount Sterling, one hundred miles distant from Pound Gap, in the mountains. One of the chief objects of General Morgan was to drive back this force and prevent its junction with Burnside's corps, who was then pressing General Longstreet in east Tennessee. A secondary object was to mount his dismounted men with horses to be captured from the enemy, and to secure ammunition, of which his command was very short.

From Pound Gap Morgan proceeded with forced marches to Mount Sterling and reached that point on the evening of the eighth of July, and found it defended with about two thousand Federal soldiers. He immediately charged the enemy, and with but little loss captured fifteen hundred prisoners, one thousand horses, abundance of stores, equipage, arms, ammunition and provisions in abundance. Here General Morgan divided his command and hurried on by forced marches by way of Winchester to Lexing-
ton, Ky. The other division he left in camp at Mount Sterling, the mounted men in command of Colonel Giltner, of the Fourth Kentucky, and the seven hundred dismounted men in command of Lieutenant Colonel Martin, who was to mount his men with the captured horses; a brave but impetuous soldier, who seemed possessed of more courage than cool judgment under fire. The thousand captured horses were in a woods lot adjoining Mount Sterling, to be guarded until next morning by the dismounted men. The mounted men slept in the tents captured from the Federals.

It was known that all the Federals marching to recruit Burnside's army in Tennessee had retraced their steps and were in pursuit of Morgan's men. Under these conditions it was assuming too much risk to remain in Mount Sterling the night of the eighth with such a small force. Colonel Giltner, who commanded the mounted men, and Lieutenant Colonel Martin, who commanded the dismounted men, disagreed. Martin, with more vehemence than caution, insisted that there was no danger in camping at Mount Sterling that night. Colonel Giltner advised immediate advance, following General Morgan's division; but gave way to Martin and went into camp, but hurried on the fifteen hundred prisoners. Captain Thomas, who was always as good at the council board as he was in battle, was very pronounced in his belief that the division ought to follow as rapidly as possible after General Morgan, because they knew that eight thousand Federals were in striking distance, and if properly handled would capture or greatly distress
them. But feast and fight, if necessary, was the order of the night, to be completely surprised and roused before daylight with the rattle of musketry, and one of the severest fights of the war between the states for the numbers engaged. If this battle has ever passed into careful history, it has escaped the writer's attention and that of Captain Thomas. Hence it is given here.

Seven or eight thousand Federals in hot pursuit of the rear division of Morgan's small army compared to that was enough to cause the grave apprehension felt by Captain Thomas and his colonel, and the captain, although much in need of rest, slept but one hour that night.

At the first flashes of light in the morning of the ninth he heard heavy firing on the picket line, jumped from his bed, and gave the alarm to the sleeping soldiers; then he saddled his horse and mounted and formed his company in line as fast as possible. By this time bullets from the rapid fire of the enemy were crashing through the Confederate camp before they mounted and formed into line. Martin's division of seven hundred dismounted men in the woodland pasture was also attacked severely at the same time, and the prospect was anything but promising. At that time Colonel Martin's men were falling fast. The houses in the town and suburbs afforded much protection to the surprised Confederates whilst they were forming and recovering from the panic of surprise, but they were old veterans and knew how to face danger in all of its phases.

The Federals were massing on Martin's men in the woods lot, endeavoring to cut them off,
with every prospect of success. At this juncture Thomas with six hundred cavalry was ordered to Martin's relief and to charge the enemy, and he repeatedly charged through and broke their lines and held them in check until the Confederate lines could be formed in the most advantageous position, the Federals then being in full possession of the town. The Confederates dismounted and formed behind a stake and ridden fence on the outskirts of the town, and the Federals formed behind another stake and ridden fence one hundred yards distant from the Confederates, with three times the number of the former, and they maintained the battle with the coolness and heroism of veterans. They fought for more than one hour in this position, Captain Thomas being in the center of the line. He had lost fifty men in charging the enemy before dismounting; not all out of his company, but out of the men he led in the charge.

Bravery, without judgment in skillful management, is often disastrous. At this juncture the impetuous Martin gave the order to mount the high fence and charge the enemy behind the fence one hundred yards distant, an open space intervening, one of the most ill advised orders, under the circumstances, ever given on a battlefield.

Thomas said to his men:

"Boys, this is rough and unwise, but we must obey orders."

Six men were killed on top of the fence, three times as many more wounded, and fifty more were killed on the charge. The Federals stood their ground until the Confederates got within
ten feet of the fence, then they broke for another shelter. A large number broke through a paled fence into a garden, and in the utmost pell mell confusion crowded together, and the Confederates killed eighty Federals in that garden. This was in the suburbs of the town. The Federals soon rallied behind houses, fences, outhouses and everything that afforded the least protection, and then recommenced the battle like veterans.

Then came another order which Captain Thomas refused to obey. Martin ordered a retreat under a heavy fire from the enemy. The Confederates were lying down, firing through the fence, but Captain Thomas, as commanding officer on that part of the line, stood up all the time so he could command the best view and direct his men to the best advantage. He replied to Martin's order that he would lose half of his men in retreating through that open space, and that he would maintain his position until the enemy checked up in their fire.

That awful tableau of war represented the hope and the despair of life. There was a small locust tree, four inches in diameter, in the center of the Confederate line, behind which Captain Thomas stood whilst giving orders to his men, who were lying down whilst they loaded and fired. That tree was nearly cut in two by the minnie balls from the enemy, and the captain's hat was shorn of the rim by the hailstorm of lead, and it appears miraculous that he escaped. An officer, the only man standing on the line, he was a conspicuous mark and drew that concentration of fire.
There were six men named John in Company A, Fourth cavalry, and five of them were killed in that charge on the enemy behind the fence. Lieutenant Mac Mitchel, of the Fourth, lying down, shooting through the cracks of the fence, with his command, was careless in exposing himself. Captain Thomas, who was standing within a few feet of him, admonished him to be more careful in exposing himself, and said to him:

“You will be shot in less than five minutes, if you are not more careful.”

He replied:

“I reckon not. I am not half as much exposed as you are standing behind that locust sapling. Why don’t you lie down and take better care of yourself?”

The captain said:

“My place is to stand here and survey the field, and look out for all.”

In a moment the lieutenant was hit in the mouth, and half of his lip cut off and his front teeth knocked out. He shook his head from side to side, with a gagging, strangling cough, and blood flowing from his mouth profusely. Presently he staggered to his feet, and walked back one hundred yards to the fence in the rear, with bullets flying like hail around him, and yet was not again hit. He climbed the fence, went to a residence, and was received and taken care of. He was taken prisoner, and a month after, whilst in a Federal hospital, the ball dropped out of the roof of his mouth. He was exchanged and rejoined his command, with that ball hanging as a fob to his watch chain.
The enemy's fire slackened, which indicated a movement necessary to be known at once. Captain Thomas mounted the fence and discovered the enemy making a flank movement, and instantly communicated the intelligence along the line, and the order was given to retreat to their horses and mount as soon as possible. The dismounted men, who had suffered very severely, were placed in front, and the command hastened away on the pike leading to Lexington, after having lost about two hundred and fifty men, the thousand horses, and all the provisions and everything they had captured the previous evening, except the fifteen hundred prisoners, which they had hurried on the previous night. They had, with all the courage of heroic veterans, quickly recovered from a panic created by very sudden surprise when attacked in rear and front, whilst the army was asleep; had fought desperately for three hours without losing an inch of ground after their line of battle was formed; and they fought a force four times greater than their own.

Martin, to whom ranking officers gave way in council the previous night, for fear that if they retreated without giving battle, his report to General Morgan would be detrimental to their courage and judgment, was as brave as Caesar, but his impetuosity blinded his judgment and brought on the disaster at Mount Sterling. But Colonel Giltner is not free from criticism in suffering himself overruled by a subordinate officer. It may also be questioned whether General Morgan acted with the best judgment in dividing his command at Mount Sterling, when eight thousand Federals were on his heels in hot pursuit.
Their ammunition was nearly exhausted in that disastrous battle, and in the pressure of much limited time it was decided to place Captain Thomas in command of the rear guard with nearly all of the disposable ammunition, and to retreat or advance—you may call it either—as fast as possible on the pike road leading to Lexington, where they expected to form a junction with General Morgan. The road was enclosed by high farm fences on either side, which afforded much advantage in protecting them from flank movement and concentration of the pursuing forces, and enabled the rear guard to resist the forward pressure with as many men as the enemy could mass on the narrow road.

But there are always indiscreet fools in every large body of men. Some of the men in front, without ammunition, stopped for water along the road and lamented in the presence of citizens the want of ammunition. This was told by the citizens to Captain Thomas when he came up with his fighting rear guard, and the pursuing Federals obtained the same information and redoubled their pressure.

The rear guard fought back the pursuers until dark, when Captain Thomas displayed the master qualities of a general by cutting the telegraph wires and stretching them firmly across the road, so as to admit a horse to pass under at full speed in the dark minus his rider. Then he let the fence down at front and rear of this fatal obstruction, so his men could dodge around the wire and back into the road. Then with eight men, faced about and galloped back to the advancing enemy and fired two rounds into them,
then wheeled and ran back behind the wire, where he had one hundred men in position on both sides of the road to slaughter the enemy when their horses ran under the wire at full speed, dragging them off and breaking the necks of many, and disabling every man who ran against it. Here they fell in heaps, barricading the road, and two hundred of their horses ran on down the pike, and were captured and given to the dismounted men in front under Lieutenant Colonel Martin. Here the pursuit ended, and the much distressed little army marched on as quietly as a May-day party to Lexington, where they found General Morgan in possession of one-half of the city, the Federals holding the other half with batteries of artillery, which they could not use against the Confederates in that position because of houses intervening occupied by citizens. Morgan had captured horses enough to mount all of his dismounted men, but he was not strong enough to hold his position against overwhelming numbers.

From Lexington General Morgan proceeded north by way of Georgetown and Cynthiana to east Tennessee, still without sufficient ammunition, although well mounted. Captain Thomas was again placed in command of the rear guard. When he came near Georgetown, looking ahead up the pike he saw several wagons in the road and many soldiers crowding around them, dipping down with their canteens. On riding up he found that the citizens had hauled out four barrels of fine Bourbon whiskey for the soldiers, and that every man was crowding up to fill his canteen with the refreshing beverage. He did
not stop them, because it was a treat the soldiers did not often get. Besides, it was a hospitable drink at most sideboards in Kentucky, and the captain took some of the hospitality himself, but not enough to impart more than the needed stimulus. In this crowd of flashing canteens appeared William Vaugheees, an old bachelor soldier, noted for never curbing his thirst for the overjoyful. But he had a holy horror of being captured by the Yankees, as he called all Federal soldiers.

The captain said to him:

"William, you know your failing; you had better let that Bourbon severely alone. You know as well as I do that eight thousand Federals are on our heels. If you get drunk I will be compelled to leave you in the fence corner, where you will be found napping and snoring in the sun so soundly that a cannon fired over you would not wake you."

"Please risk old Bill one time and accept his honor as a pledge, that the Yanks will never get their paws on him either in or out of his cups."

The horror at being captured was stronger than thirst for drink, and old Bill refrained. True to his pledge, old Bill had that canteen of Bourbon when the command arrived at Liberty Hill, Va., then the only sip in the camp. Here the command was resting up and recruiting the exhausted strength of man and beast. With a smile and twinkling wink of the eye old Bill went up to the captain and asked him to smell the canteen and how he would enjoy a sip. The captain said:
"Yes, Bill; I can enjoy a smile with you. I have not had a drink since we left Georgetown."

With a shrug of the shoulders old Bill replied: "Nary time, cap. There is just enough for one and not enough for two. If I were to give it to you I would be compelled to leave you in the fence corner where the Yanks would get you. I am going off to myself to interview myself. You know I am one canteen behind all the boys. They took their's straight at Georgetown, but I'll catch up at Liberty Hill."

And off old Bill went to catch up. He was a true and brave soldier. May the sod rest lightly over his grave.

When the command arrived at Cynthiana they had a breakfast job on hand. Five hundred citizen militia had drawn themselves up in a beautiful grove near that town, with drum and fife, ball and powder, to annihilate John Morgan and end the war at once. General Morgan ordered the Fourth cavalry to charge the militia, and many men demurred to the order because they had no ammunition. Captain Thomas told them he did not want any ammunition to fight the militia—that a cavalry charge and the wild rebel yell was more than they could stand.

They charged, the militia threw down their guns, fell down on their backs and hallooed, "For God's sake, don't shoot! We surrender." And they captured every man with their arms and much needed ammunition. Not a Confederate was hurt, and none of the heroic militia was hurt, except those trampled on by the horses.

The Federals were still following them and the command hurried on, with Captain Thomas
in the rear with fifteen hundred prisoners and a small squad to guard them. When Thomas arrived with the prisoners at South Licking river he found the bridge burned down and very deep fording for horses. He crossed over on horseback and told the prisoners if they would wade or swim over he would parole all of them. They all came over and received their paroles, and were profuse in the expression of thanks and gratitude, and begged him to name some favor they might extend him. He said that he would accept a few United States postage stamps if they had any, as he was often where he could not mail a letter to come within the Federal lines without such postage, and they filled his hat with the stamps.

The advance guards of the enemy were then in sight, and not one of those paroled prisoners desired to meet their own army. They jumped the fences to the right and left and hurried off through the fields to get away, and Captain Thomas with his body guard hurried to catch up and rejoin his command. He was forced to parole the prisoners there rather than to incur the imminent risk of their recapture by the Federals. They continued their march with but occasional skirmishes until they reached Moss creek, a tributary of the Holston river, in east Tennessee, meeting occasionally a Federal home guard, charging and dispersing them like chaff before the wind, without paying any further compliment to that travesty on war. They stopped on the shady banks of Moss creek to rest up and recruit horses and riders. The Federals, nearly always at their heels, established a
camp of observation three miles distant in the Holston valley, within supporting distance of their main army. The Confederate outpost under command of Colonel Giltner, with his Fourth Kentucky cavalry, numbered about six hundred men. This was in August, 1864. The dashing General John H. Morgan, with the remainder of his command, hurried on to Greenville, Tenn., where he met his tragic death at the hand of an assassin, who had deserted from the Confederate army, an authentic account of which the author has given in another place.

Here we must state that Colonel Giltner had been promoted for efficiency and gallantry with the commission of a brigadier general. Whilst he was staioned at Moss creek watching the enemy the camp was visited by four young Confederate officers from another command, viz., Captain Peyton, Captain Moore, Major Goforth, and Major Chenowith. All were young, chivalrous, brave and dashing officers, and all were well armed and mounted on the best horses from the blue grass region of Kentucky.

The enemy's post of observation was very annoying to the Confederate scouts and foraging parties, and General Giltner resolved to storm the outpost and break it up. The visitors above named volunteered to go along and see the fun, as they put it. General Giltner cautiously took his position near the enemy, and a little after daybreak charged with his cavalry into their camp, broke through their lines, wheeled and demanded a surrender. But the heroic commander of the outpost replied:
"No, never! I am here to fight to the bitter end."

The Federals then formed into a hollow square, and General Giltner, realizing that he could fight to much better advantage, dismounted his men, charged on the enemy and engaged them at close quarters. Both parties clubbed their guns in hand to hand contest, having no time in such close quarters to load and fire after the first discharge. The four visitors above named, who went to see the fun, remained on their horses and fought independently on any point of the line they chose. Captain Peyton, a tall muscular man of powerful physique, was near Captain Thomas when the latter was struck over the head with a Springfield rifle, and as the second blow was being aimed Peyton struck the captain's assailant dead with his sabre, and thus saved the captain's life. That blow indented the captain's head, resulting eighteen years thereafter in paralysis of one side of limb and body, but the captain yet survives to tell the writer how battles were fought and fields won.

The enemy was beaten back several times, always refusing to surrender, the visitors bravely participating. Being mounted, they discovered strong reinforcements coming to the aid of the enemy, and the four alone charged through their lines, to find themselves surrounded. They wheeled and charged through again, and reached the Confederate lines. But Major Chenowith was badly wounded, Major Goforth was mortally wounded and died the third day after, and Captain Moore had an arm badly shattered. Notwithstanding these and many other disasters,
Captain Peyton came back to the Confederate lines laughing over the fun he had in charging forth and back. The enemy was driven across Moss creek, where they again formed. Here large reinforcements came to their rescue and General Giltner was forced to retire in the face of such overwhelming forces.

It is much regretted that the name of the Federal officer who fought so bravely and refused to surrender has not been ascertained by the writer, or Captain Thomas, from whom he has obtained so much data which has never before found its way into history.

Next morning after that severe conflict an old citizen, who adhered to the Union cause, came to the Confederate camp and told the officers that the Federal general commanding the Union forces had ordered the officer commanding the outpost, who had fought them so bravely, court martialed for cowardice. General Giltner then drew up a formal protest against such an unjust proceeding, in which he set forth the undaunted courage of the officer, and the great ability with which he commanded and handled his men in that conflict, and said that it would be a reproach on the Federal army to court martialed a man for cowardice who ought to be promoted for bravery. This document was signed by every officer in the command. He sent this by the old citizen to Federal headquarters, with a request that he report the result of that protest. The old man returned to camp soon thereafter with the assurance that the protest had the desired effect.

The command then proceeded leisurely to the main division of the army and went into camp
near Abingdon, Va. None of the Fourth Kentucky had heard from their families during the nine preceding months, and all were more than anxious to hear from home. For that purpose a small detail was made by Colonel Prior before leaving Kentucky, and they remained in camp awaiting the return of the messengers.

Among the anxious was a young Benedict who was married amidst the scenes of war, and could not remain with his young and handsome wife but three or four days. None of all the command manifested more anxiety of mind than Ed Spencer to hear from the young Mrs. Spencer. Poor Ed had assumed a severe task—conflicting, harassing, distressing—to serve the god of war and the god of love at the same time, and it pressed heavily on Ed's heart and mind. Like other jealous husbands, he imagined that every man in the world could not avoid admiring his Sue as much as he did, and that during his absence domestic calamity might overtake and destroy that flood of Elysian love he had for Sue. No man in the army desired half so much as Ed to hear from home. When the mail carriers came with a haversack well filled with letters from home, Ed reached his long sinewy arm over the shoulders of others for his letter. There was one from Sue. He walked off, took a seat at the root of a tree, broke the seal and read slowly with much deliberation. Captain Thomas took a seat on a log some fifteen or twenty feet to the rear of Ed, unobserved by the latter. When Ed finished the first reading he dropped the letter on the ground, raised his left hand and commenced counting on his fingers, back and forth. Stop-
ping for contemplation, then going over the count again, he picked up the letter from his wife, reread it, and went through the count on his fingers again, dropping the letter on the ground the second and third time. By this time Captain Thomas' curiosity was aroused, and he sat still watching the strange movements of Ed, who picked up the letter the third time, reread it slowly, went through the fifth count on his fingers, and then said in a quite audible voice:

"I reckon that will have to go this time; but I don't want such close clipping any more, and it must not happen."

Captain Thomas' curiosity impelled him to ask Ed the news from home, and he answered:

"Wife writes that she has had a baby, and I was just counting the time it took her to be a mother, as I was gone just nine months."

Too good to keep in camp, where absence of amusement at times made life irksome, poor Ed suffered in the flesh, every man in camp by turns counting and recounting on his fingers until poor Ed left the command. Jealousy, with or without foundation, is a monster of hideous mien, uprooting every sentiment of nobility in man, and tearing through his brain like a cyclone in the tropics.

CAPTURE AND EXECUTION OF A NOTORIOUS BRIGAND.

Harlan county, Kentucky, borders on the Virginia line. Situated in that mountainous region, its physical conformation so well calculated to
shelter brigands from the operations of regular armies, it became as famous during the war as the mountains of Italy for the thieving and murderous exploits of those godless demons who, under the assumption of being Union men, committed every crime known to the calendar of demoniac hellishness. Rape, arson, robbery and murder of the innocent were of common occurrence. Herd, the sheriff of Harlan county at that time, sympathized with the south, and had to flee for his life to the Confederate army, stationed then at Abingdon, Va., about twenty-five miles from the Kentucky line. He came into the lines at the time the Fourth Kentucky cavalry were in camp reading their letters above described, and asked for the protection of the army and an escort to the county seat, to which he wished to return to put the official business and records of his office in shape so as to protect himself and sureties on his official bond as far as possible.

Captain Thomas with his company of about eighty men was detailed to go back with Sheriff Herd. The captain's place was always at the head of his column, whether on the march or leading a charge, and there was no captain in the army in whom more confidence was reposed. Riding down a precipitous mountain road, approaching a small valley in front, in the center of which was a little farm cabin, Captain Thomas, with the sheriff at his side, saw a man running at the top of his speed to the house, which he entered. Suspicion was aroused and Captain Thomas detailed two soldiers to capture and bring the suspicious character to him, with
instructions to search the house for arms. They captured the man and found a small arsenal of arms deposited between the roof and rafters of the log cabin.

As the detail approached the captain and sheriff with their prisoner, the sheriff, in an excited tone, exclaimed:

"My God, you have caught the notorious Hubbard, who is perhaps the worst character the world ever knew."

"What," said Captain Thomas. "Tell me something of his history. Such men must not escape. We once had the notorious Mosely, and turned him out of the bull pen before we knew his history. Have we captured his equal in crime?"

The sheriff again exclaimed:

"My God! Yes, yes, yes. The ordinary criminal is but a travesty in crime compared to that man Hubbard."

"Tell me again," said Captain Thomas.

They had halted under the trees and many soldiers rode up to learn the import of the capture. The sheriff proceeded to detail some of the captive's crimes, and said:

"Well, his crimes are so numerous I scarcely know where to begin to enumerate them. He is one of the leaders of a gang of outlaws. With his comrades in crime, not long since, he stole stealthily in the dark hours of night and surrounded the residence of a Mr. Middleton, a non-combatant citizen of irreproachable character, of southern sympathies. He captured him and proclaimed in the hearing of his wife and children that he intended to crucify him like Christ
was crucified by the Jews. His family's tearful entreaties to spare him were derided with laughter and mockery which would shame the demons of Dante's Inferno. They marched off with Middleton, and at sunrise next morning they stood him up by a large square gate post and drove a bayonet through each side of their victim and pinioned him to the post, without causing death. They declared their intention to torture him to death by slow degrees so as to make his sufferings as great and long as possible. Then by turns the squad marched up and shot him through the legs and thighs and arms at intervals, and would then stand off and laugh and mock at his suffering. In that awful suffering Middleton hallooed in the agony of pain. Then, to prevent his making any further noise, Hubbard stepped up to the sufferer with knife in hand, pulled out his tongue and cut it off at the roots, and stepped back and said:

"'Damn you! halloo now if you can.'

"And his crowd squaled in derision:

"'Can't you die like Christ and rise up again? Where is Jeff Davis, your god—call on him.'

"The sickening details are too horrid to portray. He was tortured in this way for hours before death came to his relief."

The sheriff proceeded:

"Hubbard robbed hundreds of defenseless women and children."

The old fashioned domestic loom then adorned the residence of almost every family for a hundred miles around, and the ladies spun the yarn and wove the clothing for their families. Hubbard detailed his robbers to spy out the habita-
tions where weaving was going on, and when the product was finished would go in person and take it from them on both sides of the state line. Neither citizens of Virginia nor Kentucky for a radius of one hundred miles escaped. Demands on virtue to appease their lust were often made.

While the sheriff was detailing these facts in the presence of the criminal, the wretch trembled like an aspen leaf and cowered like a spaniel, and his teeth rattled off a trombone of despair. The wrath of the soldiers who witnessed the scene rose in their hearts like a volcano in eruption. The relatives of some of them had been sufferers from his spoliations and they demanded the instant death of the wretch. But Captain Thomas said:

"No; his end will come soon enough through the legitimate regulations of war. We will guard him safely, take him to headquarters and give him a fair trial by court martial."

This was done. Many witnesses were escorted from Harlan county, who testified to his innumerable crimes. He was condemned to death and shot near Abingdon, Va.

To meet and suppress or curb these marauding bands of bushwhackers, thieves and murderers, who defied all the methods and usages of civilized warfare, the Confederate military authorities organized two companies of Cherokee Indians in North and South Carolina, and sent them to the mountains of Kentucky and Virginia, to be officered by white soldiers who were familiar with the paths and recesses of the mountains. It was a warfare best adapted to Indian character and methods, and it was not
long after the organization of this special arm of the service until its utility and restraining influence was severely felt by lawless marauders, all of whom were arrant cowards in the face of danger. Brave and chivalrous men are never found in such organizations. It was not long until this Indian arm of the service, under the leadership of a white soldier, whose family and friends had greatly suffered, captured seven of the Hubbard men who had assisted in the torture of Middleton, as above stated.

The officer in command of this Indian battalion, whose family and neighbors had suffered so much, was filled with the spirit of an avenging Nemesis. These criminals were not Federal soldiers; they were outlaws—enemies to the human race. Under the old common law of England, as enforced in the days of Robin Hood, all men were justified and authorized to slay them wherever found. A principle in the early ages of common law clearly defined by that old and wise commentator, Sir Lionel Jenkins. He who defies the law and tramples on every guaranty and security it throws around the citizen, has no right to appeal to its beneficent provisions for protection. A doctrine now antiquated, it sleeps in the cobwebs of the past buried in the advance of a higher civilization. Captain H——, who commanded these Indian scouts, took the law in his own hands after satisfactory proof of the crimes committed and the identity of the criminals. He made these seven criminals dig their own graves and shot them to death. Thus retaliation came like the thunderbolts of Jove; and whilst it is to be regretted that justice and
revenge came in that form and method, without the sanction of a legally constituted tribunal, yet when we remember their robberies and crimes and the suffering the criminals imposed on women and children and helples non-combatants, sympathy for the doom of the wretches will scarcely be brought into active play.

A short time after these executions, Captain Thomas was again ordered with his company into Kentucky through Harlan county, the hotbed of the freebooters and bushwhackers. On this trip he rode up to a neat looking farm house with several of his men for dinner. They were treated to a sumptuous meal by the ladies of the house, who refused to accept pay for it. During the repast the captain's name was frequently mentioned by his comrades, none of whom knew the names of the ladies who treated them so kindly and sumptuously. When they went to leave the elder of the two ladies said:

"This is Captain Thomas, I believe, who arrested Hubbard, the outlaw, and had him executed."

The captain responded in the affirmative. And much to his embarrassment the lady said:

"My sister there and I are his sisters; but you must understand that he was the only black sheep in the flock, and that in our estimation you are not at all to blame. We expected him to come to that end long before he did. His brother and sisters often begged him to lead an honorable life and not disgrace his family. When you mention his name, please exonerate his family if you can."
The same conditions which existed in west Tennessee, northern Arkansas, eastern Kentucky and Missouri obtained to an alarming extent in western Virginia. Marauding bands, claiming to be soldiers in the Federal army, wearing the Federal uniform, roamed through many portions of western Virginia, robbing defenseless non-combatants and women and children, often appropriating the chastity of ladies, and threatening to return and murder them if they made any complaint whatever. In many instances these threats, coupled with their defenseless condition and innate sense of modesty, caused many ladies to refrain from reporting these awful outrages.

Captain Thomas with his company was detailed to proceed in western Virginia to hunt down these wretches in human form, with instructions to be cautious and to make no mistakes. He was always cautious and prudent, and ever watchful, and for that reason was sent on that service. He soon got hot on their trail, and found many places where they had not only robbed the houses, but had broken up every vestige of furniture, and in some places had even burned up the clothing and bedding, leaving the dwellings as bare as they were before occupied. In that mountainous region, to prevent the marauders from detecting his presence, he secreted his company in an out of the way, unfrequented cove in the mountains, and sent out scouts in citizens clothes to discover the whereabouts of
the incarnate devils. He was soon rewarded in the discovery of ten camped not far from the residence of one of the wealthiest and most refined families in the country.

He disposed his command so as to cut off their retreat in case of discovery. After making this disposition of his forces, he entered the circle in which they were hemmed and proceeded with a detachment to the mansion above described, which was occupied by a mother and two daughters. The devils were all in the mansion when he arrived, and had been there at their nefarious work for more than an hour before he surrounded the house and captured them without firing a gun. The craven cowards realized their situation, but made no resistance.

A horrid sight met the captain’s gaze, and the ladies were in tears. The fine piano, dressing cases, mantels, chairs, bedsteads, tables and every article of that splendidly furnished residence had been broken into fragments and utterly destroyed. Indignation at the cruel and wanton outrage filled every bosom of that command. The ladies, when asked how much further the outrages had extended, only answered with their tears, and left the captain to infer.

What was to be done with the ten prisoners who cowered in fear and despair? Were they entitled to invoke the care and protection of honorable prisoners of war? They were not warriors taken in battle or in the discharge of duties devolving on honorable soldiers. Was there any authority or tribunal over which the Union flag floated which they were entitled to invoke for protection?
All these questions have been answered in the chapter in this volume in which is related the execution of sixty of these fiends by General Forrest in west Tennessee, and the answers there given are equally applicable to this case. These ten men never saw the rising or setting of another sun. Captain Thomas took them one mile away to avoid shocking the refined sensibilities of the cultured ladies and organized a court martial which imposed a death sentence, and they were all hung at the noon hour when the sun had ascended to the zenith.

Well done, heroic soldiers! All hail to the men who dare defend ladies with an iron hand against such outrages. Refined hypocrisy may shed crocodile tears at the manner of their taking off, and parade itself in pharasaical cant because they were not handed over in exchange to the protection of a flag they dishonored and disgraced.

A degraded civilization may be appealed to as the paradoxical instrument of a higher civilization by those assumed philanthropists who shed tears for the criminal and thank God that they are not as other men. They may chant anthems in the amen corners of their churches over the swift fate of the greatest criminals the world has ever known, and derogate the protection of all that is sacred to the higher types of mankind. But their wails will sink as ashes in the dead sea before the southern cross is made to bow at such a shrine.
ONE OF THE BLUE AND ONE OF THE GRAY.

The Hon. John J. Crittenden, statesman and senator from Kentucky, also one of the celebrated peace commissioners to Washington soon after President Lincoln's first election, had two sons of much ability and tenacity of purpose manifested in opposing views in the opening stages of the civil war.

George B. Crittenden vigorously espoused the cause of the Confederacy and his brother, Thomas J. Crittenden, as vigorously espoused the Union cause, and both rapidly rose to the rank of general.

Movements and counter movements of the respective armies found these brothers in the summer of 1864 in chief command of divisions facing each other. The Confederates were stationed at Abingdon, Va., to prevent the destruction of the salt works at Saltville, Va. The Federals were moving up from Bristol on the line between Tennessee and Virginia, having much the larger force.

Before this period of the contest their father died possessed of a valuable estate, and George was uninformed as to whether or not he had been disinherited, and was anxious to obtain information on that subject. At this time Captain John H. Thomas, also a Kentuckian, commanded Company A, Fourth Kentucky Confederate cavalry, and was in command of the cavalry attached to General George B. Crittenden's army. A braver and more discreet soldier never led a cavalry
charge. Much of the time he was also in General John H. Morgan's cavalry command, and was with him when he was assassinated at Greenville, Tenn.

Two days before the conflict hereinafter related, the Confederate general said to the commander of his cavalry in the town of Abingdon:

"Come in and let us take a smile," paying $10 for the same.

Then the general said:

"Tomorrow morning you must detail a sergeant and six men with a flag of truce."

"What for?" inquired the captain.

The general replied:

"I am going to confer with brother Tom. Our father is dead, and may have disinherited me. Strong and great as he was, he may have drifted with the Federal storm and in an hour of passion may have forgotten his son. My suspense must be relieved, so I am going with a flag of truce to see Tom and learn the facts."

Captain Thomas was very much surprised and much opposed to the movement at that junction, when the armies were expected to clash in battle within the next forty-eight hours, and he said to his general:

"If that is your only motive, it is difficult to conceive of a more inopportune time. I would abandon the idea at once. A flag of truce was never designed to cover the gratification of mere curiosity of no utility whatever to the army. You propose nothing pertaining to military affairs. Your brother Tom with his army is not more than ten or fifteen miles distant, and is cautiously advancing on you, with forces superior
to yours in numbers, to give battle or force you to decline it and retreat. The loss of time at such an imperative moment may prove disastrous to you, to your army and to your fame. The ever scrutinizing eye of history will record your every move; the interest of the army is infinitely more important than all the wealth of Kentucky. You are standing on the defensive, and if you intend to fight here no precaution ought to be neglected, no moment lost. Slander has ten thousand tongues—the truth but one. Your attitude at this moment is anomalous, extraordinary and perilous, and a slight indiscretion at this supreme moment may bring disaster and unenviable notoriety to you."

The general replied:

"I appreciate the candor no less than the wisdom manifested in your reply; and above all I appreciate the noble friendship from which it springs. But, my dear brother in arms, worthy as you are of the heroic courage which has baptised the fame of Kentucky on many bloody fields, permit me to say in the same spirit of candor and friendship that I do not share in the convictions you so forcibly express. Loyalty and devotion to my country rises superior to every other consideration. No combination of circumstances, coincidence or conditions can ever diminish it. I will not retire without giving battle. It will be the battle of the Romans, however superior the force opposed to my army. It shall never be said that a Crittenden failed in the hour of action. When Kentuckians meet on opposing battlefields they are animated by no consideration divorced from duty, and they fearlessly meet
its demands. Have the detail ready early in the morning and follow the flag of truce with your cavalry command in the rear."

"Very well," replied the captain, "your order is supreme law and will be obeyed."

Sergeant Frederick Hutchinson, a discreet soldier, with six men was detailed, and the general proceeded with them early on the following morning, and the captain with his command followed at a convenient distance in the rear.

The details of this extraordinary move excited the curiosity of Captain Thomas, and he instructed his sergeant to carefully note every incident attending the meeting of the brothers and to report to him. In his report he said the brothers met in the strict etiquette of military formality, but otherwise as cold as an arctic iceberg. They did not discuss the purpose or object of the meeting in the presence of their attendants, but retired twenty yards distant and sat down on a log facing each other, and spoke in a voice inaudible to their attendants. But he said he read in their stern unbending features the gathering of the storm soon to burst in the rattle of musketry and roar of cannon.

The interview lasted about thirty minutes. What passed will perhaps never be known; it was locked in their bosoms and buried in their graves. The storm so clearly read in their faces broke forth in the fury of battle commencing at nine a. m. next day, and was baptized in heroic blood, honorable alike to the armies commanded by the brothers.

Early in the morning succeeding the interview the videttes reported to Captain Thomas that the
Federals were coming in force to attack the Confederates. When this was reported to the general at headquarters he replied in the language of Tom Corwin's celebrated aphorism: "We will welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves—I expected it, and am ready in every arm of the service."

The battle opened all along the line at nine a.m. and raged for an hour until the Confederates, by reason of the enemy's superior numbers, were flanked and compelled to fall back. At this juncture Captain Thomas was ordered to charge the enemy with his cavalry and entertain as well as detain them until the Confederates could fall back, occupy another position and deliver battle again. He charged the infantry and tore through their ranks like a whirlwind, and checked the advance of the enemy until the Confederates fell back in perfect order and delivered battle again. The cavalry was then ordered to the rear and held in reserve for another charge. In this interim Captain Thomas was ordered to go in person to the rear and select another position for the artillery and infantry to fall back on when the army should be again outflanked. The battle was then resumed for another hour before the Federals flanked it again. The cavalry was again ordered to charge under the lead of Captain Thomas, which again completely checked the Federal advance until the Confederates occupied the eligible position selected and again offered desperate battle.

In this way they fell back six times during that memorable battle. Captain Thomas led six gallant cavalry charges that day, which enabled
the Confederates to retreat in as good order as if on dress parade.

Ney, Kellerman and Murat led larger divisions and squadrons of cavalry on the many fields of Bonaparte's wars, but never exhibited more courage and tenacity of purpose than Captain Thomas and his men did that day.

The Confederates numbered about three thousand and the Federals about five thousand men. General George B. Crittenden handled his men with great ability. When night closed the armies bivouacked facing each other. The Confederates slept on their arms, expecting the battle to be renewed early next morning. But, to their astonishment as much as gratification, the Federals had retreated under cover of night and were nowhere to be seen on any part of the battlefield of the preceding day.

General Thomas J. Crittenden found in his brother George a foeman worthy of his steel and an overmatch in generalship. With superior numbers he obtained a dearly bought victory, which disabled him from renewing the attack on such an obstinate enemy, so fruitful of resource under great disadvantages. He retreated through Cumberland Gap into the mountains of Kentucky and in the end left his brother master of the situation.

General Thomas J. Crittenden was twice elected governor of Missouri after the war and filled the executive chair with honor to the state and himself.

"O, mother, what do they mean by the Blue? And what do they mean by the Gray? The mother's eyes filled up with tears;
She turned to her darling fair,
And smoothed away from the sunny brow
Its treasures of golden hair.
One of them said he fought for the Blue,
The other he fought for the Gray;
They have gone to a land where the Gray and
the Blue
Are merged in colors of light."

A CHALLENGE AND DUEL ON THE PICKET LINE.

Major Meriwether Magee, a lawyer of local fame residing in Toledo, Arkansas, at the commencement of the war, was major of a Confederate infantry regiment in General Longstreet's corps stationed at Knoxville, Tenn., at the time the duel took place.

The Federal general, Burnside, with his corps was then confronting General Longstreet, and Major Magee was in command of the Confederate picket line, facing the Federal picket line, with a narrow intervening space between the lines. Each line under cover had been firing on their near enemies for some time. Whenever a soldier on either line exposed himself he was instantly fired on. These sharpshooters on both sides were always selected from the best material in the respective armies. They were celebrated for their accurate aim, and when a soldier on either side exposed himself a tragedy was almost sure to occur.

Becoming tired of that serious and yet monotonous sport, the officer commanding the Federal line in stentorian voice asked:

"Who commands the rebel line?"
To which Major Magee responded:
“İ command it.”

Then the Federal officer responded:
“I command this line. Let you and I settle this matter between ourselves.”

To which Major Magee responded:
“All right; that is as good a thing as I want.”

The Federal then said:
“Let it be distinctly understood that we stand out in open space, and that the men of our respective commands will neither fire nor in any way interfere with the duel until one of us falls or returns to cover.”

To which Major Magee responded:
“That is perfectly fair, and I accept the terms of the cartel. Get ready at once. It will not take a minute to cut one of us down.”

In less than two minutes they took their respective positions. The Confederate colors were raised as the signal to fire. At the signal both fired, Magee an instant in advance of the Federal. As he was in the act of reaching for another gun the Federal fired with unerring aim, the ball striking the major in the jaw and knocking out several teeth. He fell and was carried under cover and the Federals shouted long and loud in triumphant strain.

What appears passing strange is the fact that the Confederate surgeon fitted the major’s teeth back in their sockets and they adhered in their places.

It is a matter of regret that the name of the gallant Federal officer is not known to the writer. Major Magee survived the war and practiced his profession at Pine Bluff with honor.
and distinction until his death. No truer soldier or braver man ever honored the profession of arms.

BATTLE OF ROGERSVILLE.

In 1864 the Federal armies were pressing the Confederates in Kentucky, Tennessee and western Virginia with overwhelming numbers. At the time of which we write there was a Federal army of five thousand men encamped at Rogersville, east Tennessee, composed of raw recruits from Ohio, well armed and clothed in new showy uniforms, with a new battery of fine Parrot guns, mounted with globe sights. "The finest field battery I ever saw," said Captain Thomas.

At the same time Brigadier General Jones, of the Confederate army, with a brigade of cavalry about two thousand strong, was encamped in the valley of the Holston river, twenty-five miles distant from the Ohio troops at Rogersville. General Jones, being the senior officer, was in command. Brigadier General Henry L. Giltner, who was promoted to that rank in recognition of the bravery and ability displayed as colonel of the old Fourth Kentucky cavalry, being second in command.

Jones divided the command between himself and Giltner when they started on a forced night march for the army at Rogersville. Giltner, with his old regiment and some detachments from other commands, proceeded on the road leading down the valley of the Holston. Jones proceeded with his division on the Carter's Valley road lead-
ing direct to Rogersville. Each division was to attack the enemy simultaneously from opposite points. Daybreak found both divisions in position to charge the enemy.

The fine battery of Parrot guns were in position across the pike road facing General Giltner’s command. The battery was supported by two thousand infantry drawn up in line of battle in a scope of timber to the right of the field guns. There was a rise of ground in front of the battery, and between it and Giltner’s command, which neutralized the power of the battery to inflict much damage until within two hundred yards. The result was that in elevating the guns above the rise in the road the range was too high to inflict damage until the elevation was passed by the advancing Confederates, but ball and shell whistled in dangerous proximity over the Confederates.

General Giltner was always a good and discreet officer. He advanced slowly to the apex of the rise in the road, then gave the order for the rebel yell and a charge which struck terror and dismay into the ranks of the enemy, resulting in the capture of the battery without the loss of a man, only a few being wounded. Immediately after capturing the cannon the Confederates wheeled to the right and charged the raw Ohio infantry supporting it. They threw down their arms and surrendered without firing a gun. When asked why they did not fire, they replied to Captain Thomas:

“You yelled like demons from the lower regions, and we were afraid if we killed or hurt any of your men you would butcher us all.”
They had hidden many of their guns under logs and leaves; to use them in defense they thought to be the most dangerous thing they could do. They were as harmless against a charge of cavalry as school girls at a picnic would have been. Such has ever been the contrast between old veterans and raw militia.

General Jones was equally successful in his charge on the opposite side of the camp. He captured two thousand and Giltner two thousand two hundred, aggregating four thousand two hundred prisoners captured in less than one hour.

The brilliantly caparisoned Federals had extended invitations to the ladies of Rogersville to a banquet to be given that night, for which elaborate preparation had been made, to be accompanied with music. It was on Friday, and the ladies of Rogersville, after this travesty on war, called it good Friday, because they felt happy in the deliverance.

This sounds like a Munchausen extravaganza, but is an absolute verity, and we record it in no spirit of derision or disparagement. The same troops in time, trained in the hardy school of war, would have made veterans equal to those whose achievements culminated at Appomattox. Veterans are not made in a day. Kentuckians in the role of raw militia before the same veterans had acted equally as badly without firing a gun.

Colonel Girard, of Ohio, so the citizens and prisoners stated, was in command of the Federals and made his escape by swimming the Holston river. The prisoners were marched thirty miles
up the Holston and turned over to General Ransom.

Captain Thomas had charge of some officers with whom was a dudish little major. They stopped for dinner at the residence of a Mr. Shaver, who was a strong Unionist and amply able to entertain his unwelcome guests. He had several charming daughters, with one of whom the little major was smitten, having known her previous to his captivity, and wanted to chat with the fine blooming girl privately. With that view he embarrassingly approached the captain for permission, saying he was a gentleman above suspicion, and that if he would grant the interview he would not violate any of the rules of war by using the occasion to the injury of the Confederate army. The captain facetiously remarked that if the young lady would stand surety for the faithful performance of his obligation—not to injure the Confederates during the interview—he would willingly grant it. The major’s countenance brightened up, he called the young lady, and she promptly entered into the covenant. A marked distinction between the thunderbolts of war and the harmless shafts of Cupid. How quick our volatile natures vibrate from one extreme of the arc to the other. How we sometimes mistake our calling for occupations to which we are not well adapted.

Confederate militia at the battle of Atlanta threw down their guns and ran over the old veterans to the rear without stopping to apologize for the insult. In the midst of that conflict the old veterans halted for a hearty laugh at the side show. "Get, you bet," was their motto, and they
glorified the covenant it implied to run "you bet." Their ardent patriotism was powerfully manifested in their heels to the rear, and in beating a retreat they gave a treat. "Distance leads enchantment to the view"—on a battlefield sometimes as well as a beautiful landscape in civic life.

That patriotism which plants a spring in a militiaman's heel was forcibly illustrated in one of President Lincoln's best jokes. At Fortress Monroe he accosted a stalwart old negro.

"Why are you not in the army fighting for your liberty?"

"Dat's no place for me."

"But you ought to be patriotic like other colored men, and fight for your liberty."

"Dis no fight of mine; I didn't get up de war and ’mence it. 'Sides dat, what's patriotism to a dead nigger?"

"Well, if you should be killed you would not be missed."

"But I'd miss myself."

CAPTURE OF THE KENTUCKY HOME GUARDS.

In the early summer of 1863 the Fourth Kentucky cavalry, commanded at the time by Lieutenant Colonel Tandy Pryor, of Carroll county, Ky., was ordered from Abingdon, Va., on a reconnoitering expedition in eastern Kentucky, particularly in the border county of Harlan, where the Union element was very pronounced in that mountainous region touching the Virginia
Many outrages were constantly perpetrated on non-combatant citizens of southern sentiment, from which helpless ladies did not escape. The regiment at that time was nine hundred and sixty strong. They proceeded to Harlan Courthouse without molestation, but the mountain class commenced concentrating under the command of Lieutenant Mattingly, of the state guard, reinforced by the home guards and the bushwhackers of the mountains, the latter never having been mustered or sworn into any branch of the Federal service. All were armed with muskets chambering one large ball and three buckshot—formidable weapons over a range of five hundred yards. This collection of home gentry generally, but not always, occupied the wooded ridges and mountains inaccessible to cavalry charges, but fronting the highways over which the Confederate cavalry moved.

From Harlan Courthouse Colonel Pryor turned east on the road leading to Sandersville, and was soon informed by a southern sympathizer that the Federal amateurs above named were massing in his rear to cut off retreat and hold him in check until a strong detachment of the regular Federal army could arrive on the scene. Pryor then reversed the order of his march and went to interview the amateur knights of the mountain, and found them early next day in a position where his cavalry could make a vigorous charge with the inspiring rebel yell as a soothing accompaniment. This was more than they could stand, and it produced a revolution of sentiment and desire which found emphatic expression in rapid celerity of motion to the rear.
To old veterans it was a striking tableau—a travesty on war—to see men who had marched bravely up the hill when no enemy was in sight, charging down the hill with hats off, disheveled hair whipping the air, courage at zero, their useless muskets thrown away as an unendurable encumbrance, and feet and legs the only arms and munitions of war relied on. Patriotism got them in and their legs took them out.

The Confederates never enjoyed a heartier laugh. They were not hunting "milish." They did not pursue them nor fire on them, but captured Lieutenant Mattingly, the commander, and quite a squad of militia with him.

At first Colonel Pryor, after consultation with his captains, presuming the enemy were all what the regulars termed bushwhackers, was disposed to be very harsh with the prisoners, but their commander, Lieutenant Mattingly, vigorously averred that they were regularly organized home guards. With this assurance Colonel Pryor gave them the benefit of a doubt and told Mattingly that he would parole him and his men if they would go back to their comrades and tell them that he was not making war on citizens, to go home and attend to their business as citizens and they would not in any way be interfered with by Confederate soldiers, whose mission was to make war only on soldiers in the regular Federal service, and asked his opinion as to what would be the result of such action, and whether they would, if released on such conditions, faithfully observe them, and they all said they were decidedly of the opinion that their comrades would disband and go home under such assurance, and
that they would go immediately and exert their influence to consummate such agreement, and that whether successful or not, they would at least go home and faithfully observe the conditions of their parole, and thereupon they were all released and sent on their mission of peace.

This occurred about ten a. m. Mattingly was an influential man in the community. He held places of honor and trust in civil life and was held in high esteem. These facts were then known to the Confederates—hence the confidence reposed in his solemn covenants to obtain his release. The Confederates then moved on, confident in the belief that they would encounter no further resistance from militia bands in that region.

About three hours after the release of the prisoners the Confederates entered a valley within five hundred yards of a v-shaped mountain, the point terminating in their front on the opposite side of the valley.

A public road extended around each side of the mountain, which was covered with timber chaparral and fringed with precipitous cliffs, wholly inaccessible to cavalry.

At that point, much to their surprise, the home guards and bushwhackers had collected, and they fired a volley at the Confederates, which did no damage to the soldiers but killed one baggage mule. The colonel called a halt and summoned Captain Thomas and Captain Richard Gaithright to consult with him as to whether to advance or retreat. He said:
"The cavalry can not charge up the mountain, through timber, chaparral and over precipitous cliffs. If we advance they will pour a destructive fire on our line without our being able to inflict but little, if any, damage. What do you think best under all the circumstances surrounding us? We do not even know whether the enemy is composed of regular Federal troops or of home guards."

Captain Thomas said:
"There is but one of two things to do—retreat or fight. It is evident to my mind that the enemy is composed of raw militia, because regular troops would have more sense than to fire on us at this distance—regulars would have waited in their ambush until they could have seen the white of our eyes before firing. Regulars in that position, behind trees and rocky cliffs, would almost have annihilated us. My advice is to send one company on the road leading to the left of the mountain, the other to the right. We can go at full speed in charging and get under the cliffs next to the mountain, advance as fast as possible, and get to their rear. We can find a depression in the mountain where we can ascend it and cut off their retreat. As soon as they discover this movement they will be panic stricken and flee; then you, colonel, with the remaining eight companies can charge up to the mountain, dismount and press the fleeing column."

Captain Gaithright, one of the truest and bravest of the brave, heartily concurred in this plan, and the colonel ordered these true and tried veterans to take their companies and execute the movement.
Captain Gaithright's commission was the oldest, by virtue of which he commanded the detached companies, saying:

"Thomas, from the physical conformation of that mountain I am sure we can ascend it in less than three miles of the enemy's position, and that will be the point to which the enemy will rush to make their escape. Your lieutenant is a gallant, dashing man; let him command the company to the left and you go with me to the right. Instruct the men to go at full speed, and when within one hundred yards of the enemy to raise the old terrific rebel yell."

And in that gallant style they went to work. Both companies got under shelter of the mountain without losing a man, and out of the enemy's fire unharmed. When they got beyond reach of the enemy's guns they slowed up to rest their horses.

Looking up the valley they saw two men approaching. One was a very large man, mounted on a fine horse; the other on foot, on the side of a very steep ridge to the right of the line of approach, one hundred yards distant.

Captain Gaithright, one of the finest shots in the army, fired at the man on horseback. As he pulled the trigger the horse raised his head and was brained by the ball, thus saving the rider, and both came rolling down the ridge. Both men were captured.

The man on foot—a Mr. Combs—proved to be a Confederate soldier who came in on furlough, and was out hunting his horse to return to his command, and had by chance fallen in with the man on horseback. Mosely, the fat man, whose
horse was killed, was not hurt. His character was not then known to the captors and he was released with the Confederate soldier. But after his release it was soon ascertained that Mosely was a notorious jayhawker, robber, thief and murderer, who, in the disorganized state of society, was plying his vocation with impunity; that he was one of the Hubbard clan of thieves, whose history is given in another connection.

After the social fabric of society became disorganized in the mountain counties of eastern Kentucky, a young man was sent by his father with fifteen hundred dollars to deposit in bank, and stopped over at night at Mosely's house, and was indiscreet in telling Mosely the amount he had with him and the disposition he was going to make of it. That night Mosely killed and robbed the young man, and forced a young man living with him to dig a grave and bury him in the adjacent woods, telling the assistant that if he ever told on him he would be disposed of in the same way. Fear sealed the witness's mouth until the civil war ended and the regular courts were organized. Then he went before the grand jury and caused an indictment to be found against Mosely, charging murder and robbery. When the trial came on the court room was packed with citizens who knew of tenfold more crimes committed by Mosely, the outlaw, robber and manifold murderer. The witness told of the murder and robbery of the young man, and said that he could show the grave and the remains, if they had not been removed. Thereupon the judge ordered the sheriff to take his deputies and the witness and go to the grave of
the murdered man and exhume the remains, and adjourned court until this could be done. The witness went directly to the grave and pointed it out to the sheriff and deputies. They dug up the remains, put the bones in a basket and produced them in court. The citizens were enraged to the last degree, not only at that evidence of crime, but a hundred others charged against the outlaw. They took the prisoner from the court and hung him to a tree in the court house yard and riddled his body with bullets.

Now to return to where Thomas and Gaithright captured him. After releasing the men they rushed on to the front as fast as possible to cut off the retreat of the enemy. They soon came to a depression in the mountain occupied by the enemy, ascended it as rapidly as possible, and confronted the retreating enemy, poured a volley into them and charged them, killing seven and wounding many more, and captured fifteen prisoners. In the meantime, whilst this company was hurrying to the right of the "v" mountain, the company hurrying to the left did not readily find an opening by which they could ascend the mountain, consequently they unavoidably left a gap, or space of exit, through which the remainder escaped.

To the very great surprise of Captain Thomas and Captain Gaithright, they found with the captured prisoners Lieutenant Mattingly and his brother, whom the command had captured a few hours before and paroled under the solemn pledge that they would use their earnest efforts to disband the home guards, and that under no condition would they take up arms until exchanged.
They also ascertained that the whole command of the enemy was under the command of the notorious bushwhacker, Jim Archer, who had fled and made his escape.

Archer and his men had never been sworn into the Federal service, but had under his command on that occasion the state guards, the home guards and his freebooting bushwhackers and notorious outlaws who made war on defenseless women and children whose husbands and fathers were in the Confederate army. Such characters are always devoid of courage and depend more on their heels than their guns whenever called on to face the music of battle with veterans. Couriers were sent after the company which went up to the left of the mountain, and to Colonel Pryor, and the command was soon assembled.

Lieutenant Mattingly had violated his parole immediately after being released, and had most flagrantly forfeited his life, without a single mitigating circumstance, and his execution on the spot would have been clearly justified as soon as the forms of a trial by court martial could have been duly consummated. But the Fourth Kentucky cavalry was composed of the chivalry of the state, and the command was never precipitous in resorting to extremes. Colonel Pryor called his ten captains in consultation, and the conclusion they arrived at was that it would be the best policy to subordinate Mattingly’s influence with the Union element of that section of the state to the advantage of the Confederates, both in and out of the Confederate army, under conditions and restrictions they were then able to impose as ransom for his life and that of his
men who had also violated their parole. The conditions were that Mattingly would go to the state guards, home guards and Jim Archer’s bushwhackers and the non-combatant Union element, within the sphere of his influence, and induce them as far as possible to refrain from depredation on non-combatant citizens who sympathized with the cause of the Confederacy; and further, to represent to his comrades in arms that Confederate soldiers from Kentucky in the regular service were not making war on ill advised home organizations, but simply on soldiers in the regular service of the United States. That if he would accept these conditions, and in the utmost good faith perform them, they would parole him for twenty-four hours, at the end of which time he was to report to Colonel Pryor, who would halt his command there and await his return. That if he failed to return he would execute his brother and the thirteen prisoners with him, whom they would hold as hostages for his return. Mattingly was profoundly grateful for his life, and most solemnly assured the colonel that he would perform to the utmost of his ability every item of the covenant which restored his life and saved that of his brother and comrades, and immediately set off on a fine horse furnished him for the purpose. In the meantime the prisoners were securely guarded in the bull pen, if we may utilize the classic language of the army.

The twenty-four hours rolled away, and five additional hours, without his return to save the life of the hostages. Despair portrayed the agony of their souls, and hope, the last consolation
of man, folded her golden wings and refused further comfort. The hour which parted the ways between time and eternity had come. Some knelt in fervent prayer, and some asked for material to write their last farewell to friends and the scenes of this troublesome world. Others asked for material and a scribe to write their wills, and to their families. A more impressive and solemn scene was never witnessed by citizen or soldier. Tears came to eyes of brave Confederates, and many turned away from the sad contemplation of the stern realities of war. Colonel Pryor had exhausted conservative remedies. His inclination to leniency must not be further taxed. All knew the prisoners would be executed in default of Mattingly's return. Their lives were forfeited for violation of their parole.

Colonel Pryor consulted his watch every few minutes. Soldier as he was, his heart was troubled and stirred to its foundations. To take the life of an enemy in battle was his calling, his profession, but to lead out fourteen unarmed men and execute them, in their utterly helpless condition, strained to its utmost tension every nerve and fibre of his noble nature, and he tarried long, to indulge the last ray of hope that the paroled would yet return and spare him the discharge of such a painful duty.

Presently the brush and undergrowth on the hill above was heard crashing, and when the colonel cast his eye in the direction of the ominous sound he beheld a man spurring his horse to his utmost speed, advancing towards him. And who was it? It was Mattingly's breathless return. He fell exhausted in a swoon at the
colonel’s feet, with but one word before articulation deserted his tongue:

"Have I saved my comrades?"

"Yes," said the colonel, as glad as an angel in opening the book to record the salvation of a soul.

The returned messenger of life lay motionless and as pale as a winding sheet at his feet, exhausted with superhuman effort to achieve his mission within the allotted time, and flooded in the revolution of triumphant joy. His heart stood still and his tongue silent in homage to that divinity of man which, touched amidst the scenes of war with the concord of our common frailty and the nobility of all the higher types of humanity, had saved the doomed. The colonel, gently as with the hand of a mother, wiped his face with a moistened kerchief, and he soon revived to the rapture of a wilderness of bliss, inexpressible to those beyond the pale of such experience.

Mattingly then told of the impossibility which confronted him in the effort to cover all of the territory assigned within the allotted time.

What a wonderful compound of divine mechanism is the human mind, that “harp of a thousand strings,” often rushing from one extreme of the pendulum to the other, producing revolutions as sudden and unforeseen as an earthquake. It was as the morn of resurrection to those redeemed prisoners. After undergoing all the agonies of death they went home to their families with their hearts overflowing with a Pentecostal feast of happiness. But in that squad of released captives was one abandoned by God and
Reminiscences of the Civil War.

despised of men, whose awful crimes were not then known to his captors—the notorious Mose-ly—whose taking off we have told.

Colonel Pryor then moved on into Virginia without further molestation from the over val-iant militia.

Diversity is one of the primal laws of man's creation, as well as all other departments of the wonderful works of nature throughout the unfathomable universe, and the path of the warrior is as full of comic as of tragic episode and incident, and we crave the indulgence of the reader in offering another phase of gentle humanity which comes like the changing scenes of the kaleidoscope to relieve sterile monotony in the rise of another curtain on the soldier's stage.

Captain Thomas has a keen sense of the comic phases of life, and enjoys a melodious laugh on a high key. After crossing the mountains into Virginia he led the advance guard down the valley of a crystal stream, sparkling with its "laughing waters." Presently he came to a neat little log cabin on the road side, the door ornamented and shaded with the Virginia creeper. He rode up and stopped at the gate and called for the occupant to come out. In a few moments a little old lady, tidily dressed, wearing a white cap with frills, such as our grandmothers patronized, with cob pipe in her mouth, a ball of yarn and knitting in her hands, vigorously working as she came out to the gate. She said:

"Howdy do, stranger. Tie your critter to the fence and come in and make yourself at home."

"Thank you. I have not time," said the cap-tain.
Then casting her eyes up the valley she beheld the advancing cavalcade of mounted warriors approaching, and inquired:

"Where are you uns from, anyway?"

“We are all from Kentucky,” responded the captain.

Then the good old mother in Israel, still plying her needles and puffing away at her pipe, exclaimed:

“Law me! did you uns come on critter’s back all the way from Old Kaintuck whar I was born forty and eight years ago, but kim over the mountains to Old Virginia ’fore I was tied to Davy, my man, who’s been dead, lo these ten years, and left me with four children, two gals and two boys—Suck and Sal and Dave and Jim. Suck is out arter the calf, and Sal is workin’ the butter, and Jim he jined the yankees, and Dave he jined the rebs; and I ’suaded them all I could to stay at home and mind their own business whar thar would be no fitin’. But they be hard headed, an’ wouldn’t be ’suaded by thar old mother, and thar is nobody here but me and Suck and Sal.”

The captain did not have time to catch his breath.

Then the old lady broke out in a fresh place and exclaimed:

“Law me! did all you uns come all the way from Old Kaintuck to fight for we uns?”

Assured that they had, the little old mountain mother said:

“Well, be goodness gracious, if the last one on ye ain’t on critter back (meaning on horseback), and all come to Old Virginia for to fight and kill
all the yankees; an’ from ye ’pearance I s’pose you’ll do it. But ye must be careful and not hurt Jim. Say, stranger, if ye ever come across Jim and Dave, take them right along with ye, so they’ll be together; and say I told you to do it. An’ be sure to take good care on ’em. You ’pears to me to be a good man an’ not afeard of the yankees. Say, stranger, whar did you git all them fine hosses? I do wish Jim an’ Dave had hosses like ’em.”

The captain assured her that they were Kentucky horses. Then she struck another key and said:

“I always hearn tell that Old Kaintuck could beat the world for critters, an’ now I know it, ’cause I’ve seen ’em with my own eyes. Say, stranger, I do believe that if the old scratch (the devil) was to see you uns coming, he would get skeered an’ break his neck gittin’ across the mountains.”

It was getting monotonous, and the captain asked for some fresh buttermilk, and the old lady said:

“Sal, fetch a gourd of buttermilk to this stranger.”

The captain quaffed off the libation, spurred his horse, and left the good old loquacious lady, promising to hunt up Jim and Dave and take care of them.

Traveling on a few miles further at the head of the single file column, he came to another mountain cabin and an apple orchard full of luscious fruit, which looked as tempting as the allegorical tree which caused the introduction of sin into the world and Adam to forfeit his gal-
lantry by charging it up to his transformed rib. The landlord of mountain gorge and glen was sitting on a bench in the front yard surrounded by a triplet of dogs and a half dozen bareheaded and barefooted children, his hopeful posterity of various sizes representing both sexes. He was skinning squirrels, whilst one of the children held a pan in which to deposit the denuded game, and the dogs were rivals in jumping for the skins as he tossed them in the air. The captain halted and said:

"Have you any apples to spare, my friend?"

"Who's yo friend? Whar did ye ever see me befor? 'Pears to me ye are mistaken. Darned if I ever see ye fo now. But I spec de apples make ye feel sorter good, an 'spose it's all right. But, stranger, we don't ketch on to men or make friends in these mountains until we know mo' 'bout him, 'specially in de war times when every stranger tries to get away with you or what you got."

The captain said:

"But I'll pay for them."

"If you do, you'll do mo' than the other soldiers—yankees or rebels. When it comes to gittin' things they are all the same—just alike—takes what da can fine. 'Sides that, let me tell you, stranger, sometimes whisky are hard to git, and skase, an' no money in the house besides; an' if ye has no apples to make hard cider you can't git up steam, an' has ter go dry as a barn cow."

The captain then changed the subject by asking him whether he held with the Confederates or the yankees. And he replied:
“That ’pends on what ye are. Sometimes I’m one an’ sometimes I’m the other, and sometimes neither. Tell me, stranger, what you be, an’ maby I’ll tell ye what I be.”

“I am a Confederate all over,” said the captain.

“Well then,” said the man of all sides, “just now I’m not ferninst you, and when the yankees come along I’ll not be ferninst them; and when neither are about I’ll be whatever suits me best. But lem me tell ye, stranger, I’ve bin down at Cumberland Gap, tryin’ to see for myself who be the most men, an’ I tell ye, bein’ as you say you are my fren—an’ I suppose you are—them mountains an’ woods are runnin’ over with yankees, an’ they be the most. Now maby it’ll do yer good, when I tell you uns to git outen thar way an’ stay out. If ye don’t, they’ll whip h—I outen ye. Now, being as ye are a fren, I’ll tell ye whar ye kin git all the apples ye want. Jes keep in the road whar ye now set on yer critter, then go right on about a mile, and whin ye git to Bill Jinks’s house on ye left, turn your back ferninst the house an’ look squar across the road an’ ye’ll see oodlets on ’em, an’ Bill won’t miss what you take.”

Late that evening they came to a beautiful valley covered with grass. Both men and horses were jaded and needed recruiting rest, and Colonel Pryor went into camp on the banks of a beautiful stream twenty yards wide and two feet deep, the bottom being covered with flat, mossy rocks, as slick as greased glass. Many of the rosy mountain girls from the opposite side of the stream visited the camp and crossed over in a
small boat. Two of these girls tarried longer than their comrades, and when they were ready to return the boat was gone and the horses were some distance away, being guarded whilst grazing. This condition of facilities presented a dilemma which Captain Thomas, in the sway and play of his gallant nature, was anxious to bridge over. He called his trusted friend, Ed Spencer, aside and said:

"Ed, let us take those girls over the stream on our shoulders."

Ed felt a little nonplussed, and said:

"They are large, and we can’t get them up. We can’t shoulder them; and I don’t think they would agree or submit to it. Have you made the proposal to them?"

"No; but I will. And if they agree, there is a large stump from which they can easily slip down on our shoulders," said the captain.

"Well, said Ed, "I don’t much like the idea. It is rather romantic, and altogether out of order, and we will never hear the end of it, but I am always ready to lift a lady out of a dilemma. As you are a captain and outrank a private, I suppose I must obey if you make such an unmilitary requisition."

The captain, as full of fun and gallantry as of courage in battle, took the ladies aside and told them of the preparation he had made. After a little coquetry and some demur, and some facetious persuasion, the ladies consented and proceeded to the stump, and were soon firm in the saddle, much to the amusement of the command lined up on the margin of the stream.
The warriors entered the stream, one hand around the pedal extremities and the other elevated as a mast overhead, by which the riders steadied themselves. Thus they entered the swift waters, steadying themselves, cautiously advancing one foot before the other, feeling for a firm foundation before lifting and advancing the rear guard. Thus gallantly encumbered with a "Highland lassie," kicking the beam at one hundred and forty pounds avordupois, they could not control some vibration in the nerve centers. Ed became shaky and tremulous as he advanced over the slippery foundation, and his girl wabbled as she lost confidence in the manly steed she had mounted. In the middle of the treacherous waters and rocks Ed, whilst advancing the rear to the front guard, struck a boulder and fell, carrying the girl beneath the surface with him; but he lifted her above the waters and held her fast whilst she expelled the strangling water from her mouth, whilst gasping and struggling for breath. It was too much for gallantry to curb and subdue risible nerves. The onlookers burst forth in peals of laughter whilst the unfortunate gallant led the dripping maid to the opposite shore. For a few moments she suppressed her rising wrath, but the laughter of the soldiers opened the pent up vents of a volcano of ire, and she turned it loose on poor Ed's head with the rapidity of a park of gatling guns. Captain Thomas was crowned with success in safely depositing his freight high and dry on terra firma. But Ed's girl vociferously accused him of purposely perpetrating the outrage, and declared that if she was a man his life would
alone condone the offense, and that if any gentleman would loan her a gun she would shoot him anyway. Poor Ed suffered in the flesh and retreated at a much higher rate of speed than marked his advance. The ludicrous tableau, he declared, was much more painful than any danger or charge he had ever made on the battlefield, and he vowed that he would never obey other than a strictly military order in the future.

AN EASY CAPTURE.

Captain Thomas tells the following very amusing incident.

General Longstreet, through his scouts, ascertained that the Federal commander at Knoxville had started a supply train of wagons through the mountain defiles to the garrison at Cumberland Gap, guarded by a strong cavalry force. Captain Thomas, with several cavalry companies, was ordered to intercept and capture the train.

In that mountainous region it is impossible for an army or wagon train to march in anything like compact order, especially when strung out in passing through defiles. Under such conditions an inferior force can select advantageous points of attack, where superior numbers can not reach them.

The Confederates sent a force to attack in the rear, and a force to the front to hem the enemy in the defiles. The division with which Captain Thomas co-operated was sent to the front. Before anything but skirmishing in the rear had
taken place, the front forces late one evening selected an eligible camping ground, built their campfires, fed their horses, got their supper and put out their picket guards, with instructions not to fire on the wagon train if it should come through the defile without a strong guard, or if it should pass in unguarded by a strong force, as it would likely do, because no obstruction or opposition had up to this time been interposed, except trifling skirmishes in the rear.

The plan was well conceived. Not long after nightfall one of the pickets reported the rumbling of wagons coming through the defile in advance of any guard. The wagonmaster soon rode up, supposing that the campfires in front were made by the Federals. Without making any inquiry whatever, he parked the train, fed the teams, and then came forward and asked where their respective messes could be found. He was jocosely answered:

"They are all down there in the bull pen."

Not yet suspecting the trap he was in, he asked:

"What for? What in the world have they been doing?"

And was answered:

"They fired on the Condefederates, were altogether unsocial, and we put them in the bull pen to make them more companionable."

"The h—l you say. This is a Confederate camp then, is it?"

"Oh, yes. Step this way, gentlemen; as you have demeaned yourselves like gentlemen, you shall be treated as such."
Twenty wagons well loaded with much needed supplies thus fell to the Confederates. Each wagon was drawn by a team of six fine mules. The rear guard was headed off in the mountain defile, and after slight skirmishing retreated back to Knoxville.

INCIDENTS AND EPISODES AT THE BATTLE OF BLUE SPRINGS.

All the facts herein detailed were given to the author by Captain John H. Thomas, of the Fourth Kentucky cavalry, who was an active participant in the several battles.

General Burnside was then stationed at Knoxville, Tenn., with a force estimated at forty thousand strong. General J. S. Williams, of Kentucky, better known as Cerrogordo Williams, was stationed near Ball’s Gap, in east Tennessee, with a force estimated at two thousand five hundred, acting as a corp of observation. To dislodge and drive off the Confederates, General Burnside sent a detachment estimated at ten thousand strong, but Captain Thomas does not at this distant day remember the name of the general in command of the Federals, but thinks that General Shackelford commanded the Federals, as he was censured by General Burnside for not accomplishing the objects of the expedition by cutting off the retreat of the Confederates, who fought desperately and successfully at Ray, or Rheatown, the following day. General Shackelford was in command of a superior force, commanding a flank movement to the rear
of the Confederates to cut off and capture them, which they failed to do, and for which Captain Thomas says it was currently reported at the time General Burnside severely censured him. But this is merely incidental to a full understanding of the battles and incidents to be related.

The Confederates occupied a ridge fronting an open field of stubble from which small grain had been harvested, near one-half mile in width and within two hundred yards of the Confederate lines. Beyond this field there was a considerable portion of woodland; and beyond this an open field, behind which the Federal troops were massed.

General Williams ordered Captain Thomas to deploy his company of dismounted men in the skirt of woods between the two fields above described, to act as sharpshooters, and to hold the position as long as possible.

Colonel Giltner, of the Fourth Kentucky cavalry, dismounted and occupied the center of the Confederate line with a battery of five small rapid fire cannon and one six pound cannon. Without orders from General Williams he completely masked this battery on the ridge within three hundred yards of the open field in front, intending to await the massing of the enemy in the open field. These rapid fire guns threw each forty shells or balls to the minute, and on this occasion they were worked with shells aggregating two hundred shots to the minute.

Captain Thomas with his sharpshooters maintained his ground in the woods for an hour, keeping back the enemy's sharpshooters until the
main body of the enemy advanced in overwhelming force and drove him back through the field under a hot and rapid fire to the Confederate lines.

Now comes one of the very remarkable incidents of the battle—a flat and repeated refusal of Colonel Giltner to obey the orders of his commanding general to open his battery on the enemy, whilst his skirmishers were engaged very hotly with the enemy in the woods, from which they were finally driven as above stated. Colonel Giltner was hot headed and persistent when he thought he was right and his judgment better than that of his commanding general. He was thoroughly convinced that it would be a waste of his limited supply of ammunition for his battery of small guns to be opened on the enemy beyond the woods, and that such action would disclose the position of his battery and utterly destroy the object in masking it. His object was to wait until the enemy massed in the open field, which was undoubtedly a fine stroke of the best generalship under the conditions then confronting him, as the enemy were massing to break the centre of the Confederate line which he held.

The courier came with an order to open with the battery on the enemy.

"Go back and tell the general that it is not yet time to work the battery."

Soon the courier came again with peremptory orders to open fire with the battery at once.

"Go back and tell the general that I understand the situation and my duty far better than he does, and that I do not intend to open with the battery until the time for execution comes."
Again the courier returned with orders to open with the battery immediately, and that if the order was disobeyed he would have him court martialed and cashiered.

"Go back and tell the general that I know my business and what is best for the army, the country, himself and myself; that I hold myself responsible, personally, officially, or in any other way, for my conduct during this battle this day, and at all other times, and that I will not open with the battery or disclose its presence until my judgment dictates the time."

In ten minutes after the last answer was delivered the Confederate sharpshooters fell back to their lines, and the Federals came pouring en masse over the fence and into the field. Then, and not until then, did Colonel Giltner open with his masked battery of rapid fire guns at the rate of two hundred shots of shell per minute, and at the same time a rapid flash of fire from small arms opened at close range with unerring aim.

Captain Thomas says that the slaughter surpassed anything he ever saw on a battlefield. The enemy was appalled, terror stricken, paralyzed, utterly disorganized. The screams of the wounded and dying was awful. They fell in piles and rolled back to the woods like the waves of the sea. That field was an awful slaughter pen—the dead, wounded and dying lay piled over each other. The battle was won and the enemy had fled.

General Williams had won his spurs and nom de plume in the Mexican war and had been a member of the United States senate from "the dark and bloody ground." He was as generous
as brave. When he comprehended the reason and result of the splendid generalship which led his subordinate to disobey orders on the firing line during the progress of the battle, he at once realized the splendor of the achievement, and with that nobility of character and soul which belong to great men shook hands with and heartily congratulated Colonel Giltner, who was soon after promoted to the rank of brigadier.

The battle commenced at ten a.m. and ended at two p.m. But, as before stated, the enemy had greatly superior numbers, and by four p.m. of that day it was discovered that the Federals in large numbers were passing behind the hills in a flank movement to the rear of the Confederates, and it was necessary to take immediate steps to block and counteract that movement, and the whole army was immediately put in motion. When night came General Williams had campfires built on the hills and mountains over a line three miles in length, to deceive the enemy, and continued his forced march on the retreat all night.

Next morning at daylight they faced the enemy at Ray, or Rheatown, drawn up in line of battle. Another desperate fight seemed imminent. The Confederates made a cavalry charge, broke through the enemy's lines, and when they reformed and closed up in line of battle another cavalry charge broke through their lines again. The Federals under General Shackelford then filed left through a gap or pass in the mountains.

General Williams, from the best information derived from his scouts, thought it safe to go into camp for the night and give his much exhausted.
army rest, which had been fighting or rapidly on the march for forty consecutive hours. They were out of provisions and forage for their animals, and a foraging party was sent out to a field for corn. Captain Thomas followed to get forage for his own horse, and was some distance away when an order came to hurry back to his command. He did not get the order, but soon heard rapid firing in the camp. Riding back to where he had left his company, he found evidence of a fight—trees perforated and several dead and wounded comrades—but not another soul in sight.

Day was fast fading into night. This was an unusual dilemma, but the roar of cannon indicated the position of at least a part of the Federal lines, and he put spurs to his already jaded horse of the best race blood of Kentucky. He soon reached a highway, where he saw one of his wagons torn to pieces with cannon shot and one of his men cut clear in two by a cannon ball.

Dark closed the battle with small arms, but the Federal artillery worked vigorously all night. After being fired on several times and running many narrow risks he found some of the Confederates bivouaced in a valley sheltered behind a hill from the enemy's vigorous cannonade. Without sleep for three days and nights, and very little food for himself and horse—which he describes as the noblest of animals, and for which he refused four hundred dollars in gold—he sat down exhausted by a tree, tied his horse to his wrist, and in a minute was sound asleep. His horse dropped down on his knees for rest at his feet and slept by his side. Cannon
ball and shell tearing through the trees above his head did not prevent the sound slumber nature craved.

At daylight he awoke to find himself enclosed by the branches of trees cut off by ball and shell, and the camp empty of men and every comrade in arms gone. But the roar of artillery five miles away told him where he was needed. The rapid fire guns of his own regiment was music to his ears, and he was there in twenty-five minutes in the thickest of a hotly contested battle.

Galloping down the line, he found General Williams dismounted, sitting in front of the line of battle against the root of a tree, with his back to the enemy, watching the movement of his own men.

"Get up from there, general. You are too much exposed, and your life is too valuable to be lost in such an emergency as this. You can not well see what is going on whilst you occupy that position."

"Yes, captain, I know all that is going on. The enemy with a greatly superior force is pressing us to the wall, and it is very hard on my men," replied the general.

"Captain, take your company thirty feet to the rear of that battery and protect it at all hazards," ordered the general.

Thomas dismounted his men and took the position assigned in rear of the battery, which was the focus of attack. His men lay down in that most dangerous position on the line, as a heavy fire from the woods was centered on the battery. The bullets of the enemy were striking his men in the back, plowing down the spine and making
exit at the hips. Thomas then went to the general and told him that he could move his men out of the direct fire on the battery, fifty yards to the right, save his men from unnecessary exposure and protect the battery equally as well, and the general told him to use his own judgment.

This fierce battle continued all day, and at night the armies retreated in opposite directions. The commanding generals and the rank and file of both armies were Kentuckians possessed of equal courage. The Federals after that day's hard fighting pursued the Confederates no further and they made their way back to Abingdon, Va., without further molestation, whilst the Federals retreated to Knoxville.

That retreat of twenty-five hundred, pursued by ten thousand, flanking and pressing them day and night, was a masterly performance. The Confederates whipped greatly superior numbers the first day and were left masters of the field. Fresh soldiers were thrown on their flanks and in such superior numbers as to compel falling back. Giltner's disobedience of repeated orders won the great battle of the first day. To have obeyed orders by wasting his limited ammunition for his small repeating guns by firing at the enemy beyond their range would have caused the rout of the Confederate army.

COMMANDING A BATTLE.

The war between the states, the greatest civic and military drama of the world, was fruitful of many a weird story of pathos and tragedy,
“pointing a moral and adorning a grandfather’s tale” of thrilling interest to the descendants of a heroic race, who revolutionized the world in every department of its greatest achievement. To have been an active participant in that revolution, which disturbed and shook the earth from center to circumference, was to become fertilized in that spirit of heroic literature which illuminates a nation’s patriotic highway and lends inspiration to its genius for epic poesy and song.

Historians too often overlook the spirit and nerve texture of the subaltern soldier, without which more battles would be lost than won. They focalize the grand aggregate of achievement and place its laurel crown to the credit of the commander. If we drop our eyes from the apex of the monumental tower to the foundation which supports the dome, we obtain a clearer insight to the genius which creates and sustains its durability. Those considerations often lend a charm and throw a halo over the subordinate soldier in action, whose history passes with his body into the tomb, where it is swallowed up by the waves of oblivion.

The profound student of history follows up the rise and fall of nations by scrutinizing the germinal sources from which they spring. This commences with the family organization, which includes all the domestic relations, customs, laws, habits, food, clothing, habitations, agriculture and pastoral pursuits; religion, patriotism and every stage of development and expansion, with the national type is fixed with that degree of certitude and national growth in its regular order of progression. This line of investigation
leads the student to a correct analysis of the philosophy of history. In no other way can we indulge a rational hope to accumulate that accuracy of knowledge which satisfies the inquiring mind and lifts it above superficial attainment. The record of dynasties, great battles and the intrigues of courts, without clear insight to the social order on which they are based, is wholly insufficient to satisfy the demands of a deeper philosophy.

Armed neutrality was proclaimed by Kentucky in the incipient stages of the revolution, but found impossible to maintain, because neither of the parties to that war paid any attention to the doctrine of state rights in the great emergency which confronted both sections. Her citizenship divided and rallied under opposing flags with the greatest tenacity of purpose, emphasized on many battlefields. This deflection or corollary to the base line of tragic episode lies at the base of this story, and the lesson it conveys is alike applicable to that trend of thought and action which pervades more or less every chapter in this volume.

Colonel Charles Hanson, a dashing and classically educated lawyer of Kentucky, young and handsome, with flashing eagle eye, commanding physique and fascinating address, commanded a regiment of Kentucky cavalry in the Federal service. The writer speaks from knowledge derived from personal acquaintance with him.

Charles was the brother of General Robert W. Hanson, of Confederate fame, who was killed December 31, 1862, at the head of his brigade in the first day's battle of Murfreesboro. These
noble brothers, "one of the blue, the other of the gray," recruited their respective regiments near the same locality in their native state.

In 1864 Colonel Hanson with his regiment recruited from "the dark and bloody ground," so famous in frontier history, was sent to capture and destroy the Confederate salt works near Abingdon, Va. Captain John H. Thomas, of the Fourth Kentucky Confederate cavalry, was guarding the salt works against assault and impending destruction. Here again Greek met Greek, each impelled by high heroic resolve. Captain Thomas took position on the crest of a hill fronting the Federal line of approach by way of an adjoining hill in near proximity, but of less altitude than the Confederate position, which gave the latter the advantage, and Thomas utilized it to the utmost.

Each commander dismounted, left their horses to the rear and took their respective positions, sheltered as much as possible by the crest of the hills separating them, and in easy rifle shot; but the firing line of each was unavoidably exposed. Hanson brought on the attack with spirit and commendable heroism. To lessen the exposure each command lay flat on the ground except when in the act of firing. Whenever a head appeared above the crest which protected it, it instantly became a target for the sharpshooter. The commanders of each handled a gun and shared the dangers of their subordinates. Colonel Hanson and Captain Thomas occupied positions immediately fronting each other, and both were often exposed to fire. Colonel Hanson was soon very badly wounded, and the pressure
on his line was so great that his command gave way and retreated, leaving him on the field, where he was captured.

When the battle was over Captain Thomas came to his relief and assistance as soon as possible. The wound was very serious. A bullet had entered his back near the point of the shoulder, ranged down his spine, making its exit through the thigh.

Colonel Hanson said:

"Captain Thomas, you are the man who shot me. I was looking directly at you when you fired. I saw the flash of your gun, and in an instant the ball entered my body."

Captain Thomas replied:

"I don’t know whether the shot from my gun or that from some other soldier hit you."

"Yes, captain," the colonel replied; "there can be no possible mistake about it. I was looking at you when you fired, and there can be no reasonable doubt as to who shot me; but it was honorably done in reputable warfare, and I have no reason to complain or censure you for accomplishing what I was trying to do when fate favored you and made a victim of me. But, captain, I am suffering great physical pain and don’t know whether the wound is mortal or not. Send for your surgeon at once and relieve me if possible."

The captain told him that the surgeons were some distance away attending the sick and wounded at Emory and Henry College, the nearest hospital, but said:

"I will have a litter prepared and send you there as soon as possible."
He was carried to the railroad and carefully and tenderly placed on a mattress and carried by rail to the hospital, accompanied by Captain Thomas. A surgeon was called immediately, and the meeting was sorrowful, joyful and pathetic to a degree rarely witnessed on such occasions, paradoxical as it may seem. The Confederate surgeon and the colonel had been classmates at college and much attached to each other. The vicissitudes of war and revolution had divided their destinies but had not alienated their friendship and respect. Their education and accomplishments lifted them above such influences. It is to be regretted that the flight of years, which brings infirmity of memory in its train of evils, so that the name of the surgeon has escaped this record. After a painful illness Colonel Hanson recovered.

Soon after the conclusion of the war Captain Thomas and Colonel Hanson again met on their native heath at Winchester, Ky., as warm friends, and the colonel in recognition of the captain’s chivalrous and courteous bearing on the battlefield said to him:

"Captain, in the chaotic and much disturbed condition of affairs, you may possibly get in trouble, though I hope not; but if you do, remember that you have a friend at court who will lend every energy to serve you."

The colonel continued:

"Captain, as the war is now over, I will tell you of the distress and danger I felt whilst a prisoner of war, which exceeded that inflicted by the dangerous wound you saved me. Previous to our battle, I had been captured by your very
alert and enterprising General John H. Morgan, and was by him paroled. I had been charged with a violation of my parole, which, if true, carried with it the death penalty under the articles of war. Whilst a prisoner I greatly feared that the Confederate authorities would prefer the charge and try me by court martial, though I was not guilty under a conservative construction of the articles of war. But in the heat and passion of that hour it was an extremely hazardous juncture to plant myself on ethical technique in its doubtful application to the vigorous articles of war. But the subject was never mentioned, and my alarm amounted to nothing but a tempest in a teapot."

The writer became well acquainted with Colonel Hanson after the war, and it affords us pleasure to testify to his culture, courteous bearing, ability and irreproachable character. We measured and broke lances at the bar when we were in the prime of manhood. Am equally well acquainted with Captain Thomas, from whom I obtain the thread of this historic narrative, and elsewhere in this volume have attested his high and chivalrous character as a soldier and citizen.

THE BATTLE OF MARION.

Prefatory to a clear insight of that which follows it should be stated that the Fourth Kentucky Confederate cavalry, often with Major General John H. Morgan's command, was commanded by Colonel H. L. Giltner, afterwards promoted to a brigadier's commission. The lieu-
tenant colonel was Daniel Pryor and the major was Noah Parker. Captain John H. Thomas commanded Company A of that celebrated regiment.

After the assassination of General Morgan, September 4, 1864, at Greenville, Tenn., General Basil Duke, of Kentucky, brother-in-law to General Morgan, succeeded to the brigade command, and was soon thereafter assigned to the command of Major General George B. Crittenden, then stationed at Abingdon, Va., to guard the Confederate salt works near that place, which was the object of repeated and persistent efforts by the Federals to capture and destroy.

General Duke was greatly beloved by General Morgan and all the soldiers of the command for his courage, ability to command, and uniform kindness to his spirited comrades, and he was first with General Morgan in their frequent councils of war. The heroic action of this command under General Crittenden has already been given herein.

After the celebrated battle commanded on the Federal side by General Thomas J. Crittenden, and by his brother, General George B., on the Confederate side, from motives of delicacy George B. was assigned to another command and was superseded by Major General John C. Breckenridge, thus avoiding the singular contingency which might soon again place these brothers in hostile combat, though each discharged the full measure of his duty without regard to that relation.

A large quota of the soldiers, and especially the Fourth Kentucky cavalry, were from General
Breckenridge's old congressional district, and he was personally acquainted with most of them. He was equipped with eminent social qualities, adorned, embellished and rounded off with rare conversational powers, a combination of cultured gifts which rendered him magnetic and a great favorite, whether in the salon where culture and refinement of ladies presided, on the hustings where political honors were the prize contended for, or the halls of congress. He carried these beautiful and winning embellishments of character and individuality into the army with him, without making any effort to subject and subordinate them to the rigid discipline of the camp. He would often, when opportunity permitted the relaxation, sit on a log or at the root of a tree, cross his limbs and talk to a squad of eager listening soldiers with that graceful ease, urbanity and polish of diction which always distinguished his personality and magnetic individuality. He confided much in the ability and judgment of Captain Thomas, who sometimes took the liberty to disobey his orders, when perfectly assured that the order would not have been given had General Breckenridge known the disaster to which action under the order would lead, and in all such cases he generously condoned the disobedience.

In December, 1864, when it was cold with snow and ice on the ground, General Breckenridge, with but one piece of field artillery, became impatient, and instead of occupying the defensive with all of its advantages, advanced his army from Abingdon, Va., on the Wytheville road to drive back the approaching Federal advance on the salt springs, with General Duke in command
of his cavalry, and met the enemy near the town of Marion, Va., drawn up in line of battle on the south fork of the Holston river, with a full regiment of negro troops in the front line of battle immediately facing the Fourth Kentucky cavalry, with a second line of battle composed of white troops in the rear of the negro troops. It was the first negro troops this cavalry had ever met on the field of battle. It was natural for the southern soldier to feel intensely bitter at the sight of his slave in arms against him, as well as for the power which had placed him in the field, after the declaration of President Lincoln and those high in authority under him that it was no purpose of the Federal government to interfere with the institution of slavery which was protected under the constitution by solemn covenant of a common fatherhood.

At this sight for the first time, under the impulse of pending battle against a force superior in numbers, the feelings of those Confederate veterans of a hundred battles became as intense as the demoniac flames of hades and their resolve to overwhelm them as strong as an earthquake. This feeling was intensified when they recognized a southern man in command of the negro troops—Colonel Boles, of Louisville, Ky.—who commanded a brigade on that occasion, General Stoneman being chief in command. The lines of battle were so near together that Colonel Boles was distinctly heard urging the negro troops to advance, and the reply of their white officers that they could not force them to advance, at which Colonel Boles became enraged and swore like a trooper in the hearing of the Confederates.
General Duke at that stage gave the order to advance slowly, draw the enemy's fire and then charge before the second fire could be delivered. The impetuous charge broke the black line into confused fragments. Two hundred negroes were killed and many more wounded.

Whilst this quick and terrific slaughter was in progress Colonel Boles coolly sat on his horse under a hickory tree, relying on his second line of white troops in the rear to come up and restore the fortunes of the hour. He was a conspicuous mark, and Captain Thomas and one of his men fired at him at the same time and he fell from his horse dead. They won the battle. The Federals retreated to the south bank of the south fork of Holston river, but a little way off. Many negro troops were captured and treated as prisoners of war. One of these negro prisoners snatched a gun from one of the Confederate soldiers and knocked his brains out, and was instantly shot down.

The Confederates went into camp on the north bank of the river, facing the superior force on the south bank, but the Federals, eight thousand strong, held possession of the long covered bridge spanning the river, and planted a battery of guns commanding and sweeping the bridge, which was strongly supported by infantry in the rear. A very strong picket line occupied the banks of the river, facing each other within short range. As stated above, the long bridge spanning the river was covered in like a house from end to end. Captain Thomas commanded the picket line extending above and below the bridge so strongly guarded by the enemy. The night was dark and
cold. The Confederate pickets were within fifty yards of the bridge, through which Federal officers were riding constantly. The ever alert Thomas crept up to the bridge on all fours and listened to the Federal officers who patroled the bridge in pairs. From the conversation of these officers he learned that a battery was at the other end of the bridge, loaded with grape and canister. The horses which were ridden over the bridge by the officers had their feet muffled to prevent noise and discovery. After obtaining this knowledge of the situation, the captain retraced his steps to a point on the river bank about one hundred yards from the bridge. There he ordered two of his men to advance to the bridge and kill the officers patroling it, each one to select his man before firing. They accomplished their mission and no more enemies had the temerity to take their places, but firing with small arms was kept up all night by the Federals.

The headquarters of General Breckenridge was a mile to the rear, on the macadamized road leading through the bridge to the town of Marion, near one mile from the bridge, beyond the Federal pickets. A short time after the two officers of the enemy were killed at the north entrance of the bridge, an episode occurred which forcibly illustrates the dangerous fallacy of giving orders on a battlefield, particularly at night, without knowing either the strength or position of the enemy.

At ten o'clock at night Peter Avrett, of General Breckenridge's staff, came galloping at full speed over the macadamized road, with fire flashing from the rocks, caused by the concussion of
the horse's shoes with the rocks, to a point within fifty yards of the bridge. Then he hallooed at the top of his voice:

"Captain Thomas, where are you?" in easy hearing of the enemy's pickets.

The captain replied in a voice as low as he could to be heard by the courier, and changed his position as quick as possible to escape the fire of the enemy. He scarcely had time to get out of the range of a volley fired at the point from which his voice was heard in answering the courier.

The impetuous Peter hallooed out loud enough to be heard along the enemy's picket line:

"General Breckenridge orders you to charge the enemy by way of the bridge."

Thomas answered in a loud voice purposely, that the enemy might hear him:

"Go back and tell General Breckenridge that I will not make the charge."

Then he advanced cautiously to the indiscreet mercurial Peter, and in a voice inaudible to the enemy told him the situation. He told him that to charge through the bridge would be to lose every man in his command; that they would be raked by a battery charged with grape and canister and supported in the rear with a strong force of infantry. That under such conditions he would be compelled to charge in a compact mass within the limits of the enclosed bridge, and it would result in the slaughter and loss of all of his men without the least compensating advantage.

Peter returned with the message to General Breckenridge, who sent him back to the captain
with instructions to exercise his own judgment in the critical position in which he was placed. A wise response, indicating that benevolence of character which never deserted General Breckenridge. But if Bonaparte had been in his position and had given the order to charge, no matter what the result, he would have had his captain court martialed and shot for disobedience of orders, and would have meted out the same punishment to the indiscreet Peter, no matter how disastrous the result of the charge. The considerate and humane Breckenridge acted wisely under the circumstances.

General Breckenridge had but one very indifferent piece of small artillery, which he planted in front to play on the bridge next morning. The most expert cannoner in the army could not have hit a house two hundred yards off with the worn out, crazy gun, thus playing a lone hand. General George B. Cosby, of Kentucky, rode up, watched the handling of the gun, and concluded that the wild shots were the fault of the lieutenant handling it. He made the air blue with the strongest Saxon language—too strong for type—drove the lieutenant from the gun, took charge of it and aimed it at the bridge himself, and hit a rail fence seventy-five yards from the bridge and sent several rails flying over Captain Thomas' command, and the captain dispatched a courier for information to ascertain whether the general was firing at the bridge, the Federal flank, or at his command. General Cosby acknowledged the corn and recalled the lieutenant to take charge of it.
The Confederates failed to move or dislodge the enemy after fighting until late in the evening. That night General Breckenridge gave an order that General Stoneman could not have improved on for the benefit of his own army. It was to retreat, make a flank movement, cross the Holston to the enemy's side, and get in his rear with a far inferior force. This left the road to the salt springs open.

The Federal general was as much delighted as astonished at the irreparable movement, and hastened on to the springs and captured the salt works without opposition to amount to a respectable skirmish. Had a Morgan, Jackson, Stewart or Forrest been in command, no such disastrous blunder would have been made. The southern people will always love and cherish the noble character of John C. Breckinridge, whilst they will regret his deficiency in the command of armies.

Next morning, after the first day's fight, some of the Confederate officers rode back to the battlefield where they had killed the two hundred negroes, and found a group of citizens there, but the dead bodies of the negroes had disappeared. On being asked what disposition had been made of the dead bodies, one of the old citizens answered:

"We worked the road with them."

"How is that?" an officer asked; and was pointed to a ravine crossing the road at right angles and informed that the bodies had been thrown in the ravine and covered up, thus elevating the depression in the public highway.
A LITTLE WIT AND HUMOR.

Long after the cessation of hostilities, two Irishmen who had fought on opposite sides at the first battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, were discussing the memorable events of that battle.

"Well," said Pat O'Flannigan, who wore the gray, to Barney O'Rourke, who wore the blue, "can ye tell me anything about the best runners that day?"

"Oh, yis; there was Tim O'Donnell, from Boston, who boistad that he could bate any mon in the army running, and whin the time coom to run at Bull Run—as sure enough it did—I'll tell ye, Tim started for Washington and said, 'Coom on, boys!' and he showed 'em what legs were made for in time of war. He took the lade ahead of Miles O'Riley, who had niver bate anybody before on the run. But when thim shells lit into the boys, he got down to his worruk, and it was but a few minits until he passed Tim; and Tim said he passed him just like he was standing still, and was the first man afoot to git to Washington."

"Well, well," said he of the gray, "I'm sorry for the honor of ould Ireland. I thought Irishmen niver run."

"Well," said he of the blue, "I can tell ye that thim that didn't run for the honor of ould Ireland are there yit."

"That's it, is it. What did ye do wid yer fine guns and yer haversacks, and yer cartridge boxes and yer cannon, and what did yer brave officers do?"
“Well, the officers sade how things were goin’; and as they always get the best of everything that’s goin’, they lit out first, and it was our duty to follow the officers and kape up wid um, and so we discharged our duty to save the honor of ould Ireland. We discovered our dooty and wint at it dacinctly, and to keep up wid the officers we had to sail on without extra weight, and we left all them things ye mention to save the honor of ould Ireland.”

“Ye spalpeen! Ye be afther telling me ould Ireland’s honor got doon in ye legs and staid there wid ye back to the heneme an’ yer face to where ye com from. To h—l wid ye. I tell ye, ould Ireland left her honor wid ould Stonewall Jacksin, an’ he kep it; an’ sure he did, an’ he didn’t kape it in his legs either.”

J. P. Osborne, a stripling of a boy, and a good soldier, of the First South Carolina rifles, was first stationed on the picket line near Richmond, Va. The password or countersign was Richmond. General Lee and staff came along. Osborne cried, “Halt!” presented his gun and said, “You can’t pass here until you say Richmond.”

Steptoe Washington tells the following on one of his comrades of the Forty Seventh Virginia.

Old Tom Mussleman, as the boys called him, was a very singular and eccentric genius from the mountain districts of Virgina, as indifferent and careless of dress as he was of danger. Without any knowledge of literature or letters, he neither understood or appreciated jokes or wit that passed current in camp. Nothing but plain matters of fact, told in unvarnished language, passed current with Old Tom, and he was never
known to prevaricate or depart from the truth. If he had been on trial for his life he would have told the facts as he understood them, whether for or against himself, and no braver soldier was ever led into battle.

Old Tom was in the hospital sick when the battle of Cold Harbor was fought, and his comrades annoyed him very much when he rejoined his command, by plainly insinuating that he feigned sickness to keep out of the battle—a pure fiction made up for amusement, and not one of them believed it.

But Old Tom did not see it in that light, and took it very much to heart. When the line of battle was formed at Mechanicsville, Old Tom was a little tardy in falling into line, and when he did come presented an appearance in marked contrast from his comrades. His short white shirt and old short jeans pants did not meet, lap over or fraternize, and left about three inches of his person exposed. General Field, who looked the superb soldier, was in front sitting on his horse when Old Tom took his place in the line. His comrades commenced laughing at his odd make up, and “Look at Old Gray!” ran up and down the lines.

Old Tom said:

“I have stripped for the fight, and will be thar to mix with 'em when some of you laughing cowards are hunting the rayer I'll bet twenty coon-skins that ye don't stick to it as close as Old Tom. And right here whar General Field can hear it, let me tell you in arnest that I am goin' to shoot down the fust one I see breaking for the rayer.
Ye have just got to stick or die ather in front or rayer an’ do yer job well.”

General Field, although of earnest and dignified mien, could not suppress a laugh, but he turned his head to avoid Old Tom’s observation. He knew that he had no better soldier than Old Tom.

At that moment the cannon from both sides opened a terrific duel, and Old Tom said:

“Listen to the music. We’ve got to dance now.”

Late in the evening, when the battle was over, and won by the Confederates, Old Tom went over the battlefield and gathered up eight haversacks from the dead bodies of the yankees simply to get provision, as he had left his rations when stripping for the fray, and was very hungry. He found sugar, coffee, meat and bread in the haversacks, and went off to the edge of the timber, made a fire, boiled coffee and cooked his meat and had a bountiful repast. Comrades who had laughed at “Old Gray” in the morning gathered around him and asked to share the meal. But Old Tom said:

“No; you have tried your best to make me out a coward and disgrace me. If ye were gentlemen, I’d give ye the last bite I had and be glad to do it. Go and get rations like I did.”

FERDINAND STEPTOE WASHINGTON.

Ferdinand Steptoe Washington, a private in the Forty-seventh Virginia infantry, is of historic and heroic lineage, descended from Samuel
Washington, the brother of George, "the father of his country." The Steptoe family, prominent in the early history of Virginia, was related to the Washingtons—hence introduced as a prominent *cognomen* in the genealogical tree of the Washingtons. From youth to old age he has been called Steptoe, an abbreviation of which he has always been proud because of its family association, from colonial down to the present time.

His features bore marked resemblance to George the Great. He has graphically described a multitude of martial incidents to the writer which happened in his career as a soldier, which are the foundations on which the story of his life as a soldier is based. For brevity we call him by the name which has followed him through life—Steptoe.

Steptoe, in the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, May 31 and June 1, 1862, was in General Pettigrew's brigade. The severity of this battle is attested by the loss of the Confederates, which amounted to near five thousand men. Steptoe on the evening of the second day was struck a glancing blow on the head above the left ear by a minnie ball, which cut the scalp and grazed the bone without fracturing the skull. The shock felled him to the earth, where he lay unconscious and bleeding freely for a length of time. When he began to revive, before he recovered his speech, he heard the speech of comrades around him, regretting his death, commenting on his lineage and character as a soldier.

"There lies poor Steptoe dead, shot in the head with his face to the foe. A better soldier never
fought in the army of Virginia. Another said, "He was worthy of the noble name he bears." Another, "Yes, no better blood was ever spilled on a battlefield!" Another, "He was free hearted and nobly generous; he would always divide his last dollar or ration with his comrades."

Not yet able to speak, but could hear, recovering slowly from the concussion and terrible shock, he rose to a sitting posture on the ground, and said:

"Boys, who or what hit me such a terrible blow?"

"You were shot in the head and we all thought you dead, but you have rose up as from the grave, and you can not feel more rejoiced than we do at the prospect of recovery," said his comrades, two of whom had been detailed to remove his body. "And," they continued, "we will take you to the hospital."

"No, indeed, you won't," he said. "Wash my head and bandage it, and hunt up my gun. The battlefield is my place, and there I will stay as long as I can stand up and pull a trigger. Cowards go to the hospital with slight wounds, but Steptoe don't belong to that brigade."

An hour after the occurrence he was again in line of battle, a gruesome sight, with his head bandaged, the cloth saturated, with blood still dripping down his cheek and saturating his clothes.

At sunset of that bloody day, May 31, 1862, his captain, Samuel Brooks, asked him if he had ever seen President Davis, and pointing to the ambulance corps said, "There he is." The president was standing up to his knees in mud and water,
assisting wounded soldiers to the ambulance. He was covered with mud and water, and manifested the greatest solicitude for the suffering soldiers. As each driver drove off the president cautioned them to be very careful in driving over rough ground; to avoid as far as possible the infliction of pain. This was no unusual sight. The president was on and within the firing line exposed to danger every day during the seven days’ fight around Richmond, often with General Lee and staff, at other times with Jackson, Longstreet, the two Hills and others, and often in the hospitals, ministering to the wounded.

The Confederate losses in the battle of the Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, as it is also called, was largely in excess of four thousand men, and it may justly be called a drawn battle, although the Confederates claim it as a victory. Exaggerations of this character, by Federals as well as Confederates, are to be deplored. They confuse the historian and leave posterity in doubt; they cloud our faith in the veracity of the leaders who make these reports. These difficulties are encountered all along the line, from Bull Run to Appomattox, in greater or less degree. This regretted infirmity of both war and politics is the common heritage of mankind, and has spread its baneful influence over every era of history, without any perceptible abatement, since the romances and legends of remote antiquity began to veil the truth in clouds of doubt.

The battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, was the opening effort to raise the seige of Richmond and a series of the bloodiest battles of modern times. General McClellan, then commanding
the armies of the United States, had accumulated vast resources in men, arms of every standard, munitions and supplies in great abundance. The James river was crowded with transports and gunboats, almost within cannon shot of Richmond—a line of Federal fortifications extending from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill on the north bank of the James river, some ten miles below Richmond, a distance of fifteen miles, with strong fortifications, mounted with two hundred cannon of all calibers, and supported with two hundred thousand soldiers.

General Lee was defending Richmond with eighty thousand men of all arms, leaving twenty-five thousand to guard Richmond. Malvern Hill, on the north bank of the James, slopes down to the margin of the river and rises to an altitude overlooking Richmond and the greater portion of the mighty conflicts during the seven days' fighting. Naturally it was a position of great strength and advantage to the Federal army, before it was fortified and made almost impregnable by the Federals. The Chickahominy river, rather a large creek, both sides of which was then occupied by the Federals, presented the gravest difficulties in the pathway of an attacking army. Each valley of that now famous stream was covered in its largest area with morass. A dense jungle of undergrowth and trees, felled by the Federals, created immense difficulties and obstacles in the pathway of the Confederates. It was spanned by only three bridges within the area of the advancing Confederates, who left their own fortifications with fifty-five thousand men to drive two hundred thou-
sand troops from their fortifications. Added to these great difficulties, it is stated by General Lee that neither he nor his generals possessed a sufficient knowledge of the topography and physical conformation of the ground when the battles were fought.

This confused divisions, brigades and corps, which were unable to afford relief and support at very critical and sometimes decisive moments of battle. Advantages won by undaunted courage were sometimes lost for want of necessary support.

The lowlands flanking the bottoms and morasses of the Chickahominy rise into elevations as they recede from the stream, which were frowning with cannon and forts supported by largely superior numbers of Federals. The forest fronting most of these elevations facing the jungles and morasses of the Chickahominy were felled, and the charging Confederates were entangled, and their lines broken, in pushing their way to storm frowning forts. Occasionally there were openings and clear spaces in front of the Federal lines, but they were exceptions and not the rule. Briefly stated, such were the conditions which confronted General Lee and his army when he left his entrenchments around Richmond and took the open field with fifty thousand men to drive McClellan and his two hundred thousand men from such a stronghold.

The vast difficulties and transcendant achievement of success against such obstacles and forces places the military genius of Lee and the heroism of the Confederate soldier in the highest rank, and will challenge the admiration of mankind
until letters and civilization perish. By this we do not mean to indicate that General Lee's military genius stands above criticism. His Gettysburg campaign, from which the downfall of the Confederacy dates, was a mistake, and his failure to press General Burnside on the night of December 13, 1862, when Hancock's corps was covering his retreat across the Rappahannock, was a mistake which General Lee impliedly confesses in his report of that battle. "I thought the decisive action was to be fought the next day," says that great and magnanimous general. But more of this when we speak of that battle.

Steptoe was in the battles of Gams' Mill and Malvern Hill with his regiment, the Forty-seventh Virginia. The brigade was commanded by General Charles W. Field, of Kentucky, as brave a general as ever led men into battle. This brigade was held in reserve for several hours after the commencement of the battle, under a heavy cannonade from the gunboats in the James river, and batteries in front. Shell and ball came thick, like the thunderbolts of Jove, and did much damage before the brigade was permitted to advance or fire a gun. Nothing so much annoys and exasperates soldiers as to be thus held under fire for several hours without being able to return it. Thus stood his troops when General Field was called to headquarters in the rear. On his return to the command he overtook Captain G———, of the Forty Seventh Virginia, one half mile in the rear of his regiment, walking at a snail's pace with one shoe on and one foot without any shoe.

The general inquired:
"What is the reason you are not with your command? Why are you skulking behind like a coward?"

The captain replied:

"I have lost one shoe in the mud and can't get along any faster. It hurts my foot severely to move at this pace."

The general, in the impetuosity of his nature, replied:

"You have thrown it away to keep out of battle, you coward. Go to the guard house and stay there. I don't command cowards."

The captain retired.

When near his brigade, amidst the whizzing of cannon balls and bursting shells, he met one of his private soldiers rushing to the rear (Mr. S—) crying at the top of his voice, "General, I am wounded. General, I am badly wounded; send me to the rear."

The general stopped to investigate the nature of his wound, and a wound could not be found. The irate general struck him a severe blow on the head with his saber, and ordered him to report at the guard house. After the seven days' battles were over, they were court martialed for cowardice and drummed out of the service. They had fought bravely at Seven Pines and other engagements without the slightest evidence of cowardice.

Defeated veterans on a thousand battlefields have been seized with fear of death, panic stricken and demoralized as much as these two men. General Grant's army at the first day's battle of Shiloh were panic stricken and huddled like sheep under the banks of the Tennessee
river, but next day they were veterans. It is wrong to blast a soldier's reputation for a temporary panic, from which he will soon recover—to rally them under such conditions is the office of commanders. Millions of the bravest soldiers of the world in all ages have become panic-stricken, and yet recovered the status of heroes, and the chances are that if a little time had been given them they would have charged with their comrades on the batteries of Malvern Hill the next day.

General Field rode up to his command and placed the disgraced captain's company under the command of Captain Green. At two p. m. these reserves, so long under artillery fire, were rushed to the front to reinforce exhausted soldiers, who were being forced back, contesting every inch of the ground, with large numbers of wounded and dead comrades, and enemies scattered all over that field of blood. The brigade, with the wild rebel yell, rushed forward in desperate charge, with a feeling of great relief at being, after weary hours, able to get to work with the enemy, whose fire they had stood so long without returning it. That martial field of glory and death was covered with "those who wore the blue and with those who wore the gray."

Late in the evening, when the conflict for that day was expiring, George West, of the Forty-seventh Virginia, a private, as brave and cool in battle as if on dress parade, was fifty yards in advance of his regiment, firing as fast as possible with deliberate aim, when he was struck in the left center of the forehead with a minnie ball, which passed through his head. His brains oozed
out on temple and cheek, but he did not fall. Life was fast ebbing away; his soul was blooming for its astral flight. His senses did not desert him until the last five of the twenty minutes of life left. He put the butt of his gun to the ground, used the weapon as a walking stick to support his tottering frame back to his regimental line, where his general and comrades were. Firing for a few minutes ceased; all eyes were turned on him. As he staggered up, dying, he said:

"Boys, I have answered to the last roll call. My time is up. I bid you all a last farewell. If any of you live to see my mother and father, tell them how their boy met a soldier's death, and tarry till you tell them he did not dishonor their name."

His brother William's arm was taken off by a cannon ball in a subsequent battle, and he lived to re-enter a cottage where heroes were reared and sent to the field.

The charge and storming of Malvern Hill the next day was one of the bloodiest battles in the annals of war. Very peculiar things sometimes happen during the progress of a battle. The Confederates, Field's brigade, charged through an open space to a skirt of woods on Malvern Hill, where they came face to face with the enemy, in which position a captain in the Federal lines became panic stricken, threw up his open hands to the Confederates, stooped very low and ran into their lines, entering where Steptoe stood, hallooing:

"I am your prisoner; send me to the rear quick."
One minute after the captain's performance a squad of twenty-five were captured by Field's brigade, including the Federal general, McCall, who earnestly vowed that his command was so broken and demoralized by the awful volleys received that he got lost in trying to find and rally them, and that in hunting for his men he ran into the Confederate lines before he knew where he was. General A. P. Hill's headquarters were then about three hundred yards in rear of his firing line. General McCall had been a college classmate of General Hill, to whom he was sent after surrendering his sword to General Field. General Hill shook hands with him in the most cordial manner and said:

"I am happy to see you."

General McCall responded:

"I am always glad to meet an old friend, but there are a great variety of situations where our meeting and greeting would be much more pleasant to me."

"Certainly," replied General Hill, "but I will endeavor to make you as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The favors of war are fickle and uncertain. Reversed positions might have made me your prisoner. Sit down, Mac, and make yourself as comfortable as possible."

Steptoe was one of the guards to conduct General McCall to General Hill's headquarters, and reports the scene from personal knowledge.

In the charge on Malvern Hill the Confederates passed a two story house, on the upper veranda of which stood a mother with three little children, looking confused and bewildered, whilst shells were bursting and cannon balls were flying
thick in the air, from the Federal batteries in front and gunboats in the James. They were in the midst of awful carnage. The mother asked: "How long will the battle last? Where must I go?" One soldier was detailed to conduct her to the rear as fast as possible. That was not an unusual scene; it occurred on many battlefields.

Steptoe relates another incident which happened to him when passing a farm house where a mother and two little children were out on the veranda greatly exposed. She said to the passing Confederates, "Where must I go? How long will this dreadful battle last? The yankees told me to take the children to the cellar and stay there as long as the battle lasted, but I don't know what to do. Will you tell me?" Steptoe and a comrade, by order, left the line and conducted the mother and children to the cellar.

Soldiers are often hungry, and it was not an unusual thing to take the haversacks from the dead bodies of the enemy when in need of food. As Steptoe passed around the house, after placing the mother and children in the cellar, he saw a Federal soldier sitting on the ground leaning against the house, and an examination found him dead. Being very hungry he took the dead soldier's haversack to obtain the food in it. It was well filled with choice food, but on opening it the food was saturated with blood. Then he double-quicked it to his advancing command.
REMINSCECENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

STEPSOE IN THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

After the seven days' battle around Richmond, from June 25 to July 1, 1862, and the retreat of McClellan's besieging army, General Robert E. Lee organized "the campaign of northern Virginia," as rapidly as possible, to follow up the transcendent victories over an army nearly three times greater in numbers than his own. The Confederates under their great generals believed themselves invincible in any battle where the disparity of forces against them were not overwhelmingly great.

Leaving their fortified positions around Richmond with less than sixty thousand men, to attack two hundred thousand men under General McClellan, in their fortified positions along the line of the Chickahominy and Malvern Hill, was an undertaking as bold as any ever conceived and executed by Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, or Bonaparte. Success, the crowning laurel of military achievement, inspired Confederate soldiers and their leaders with enthusiasm unsurpassed in the annals of war.

The Union soldiers and commanders, although marshalling overwhelming numbers, felt a corresponding depression of spirits. McClellan was deposed, and a boastful general with "headquarters in the saddle" superseded him. The Federal army massed in large numbers on the north bank of the Rapidan. On the thirteenth of August Stonewall Jackson's corps of veterans was set in motion with that celerity of movement and action
which always distinguished and marked him for renown. Steptoe's brigade was in Jackson's column, hurrying across the Rapidan and Rappahannock through the Bull Run mountains to divide and strike the enemy in the rear. His corps was followed by Longstreet's and Stewart's cavalry. It does not come within the narrow scope of this volume to detail the movements and battles of this campaign, further than it may throw light on the humble part an obscure private in the ranks, descended from an ancestry that gave mankind the noblest example of soldier and citizen the world has ever known—a character that subordinated power and ambition to the interest and welfare of the world, a character that refused a crown that his people might become great and happy, "first in war and first in peace."

The battle of Cedar Mountain, or Cedar Run, as it is interchangeably called, was the first great battle fought in the campaign of northern Virginia, August 9, 1862. General Pope's headquarters were on the mountain. Steptoe's regiment and brigade was led by the dauntless General Field, in a hot, bloody and obstinate fight for five hours up the mountain, from which with the cooperation of other brigades they drove the Federals panic stricken in the confusion of an utter rout, and General Pope resumed "headquarters in the saddle," like the memorable General Hooker, who is credited with originating that travesty on generalship which caused General Robert E. Lee to laugh with more hilarity than anything else during the war. General Hooker afterwards exhibited to General Lee and his victorious army the rapidity with which he could move his "head-
quarters in the saddle," where the power of vehement locomotion lay.

As soon as the Forty-seventh Virginia cleared the heights at Cedar Mountain they broke for General Pope's headquarters, expecting to find therein something to stimulate the physical man and quench thirst, and their expectations were not disappointed. Four gallons of fine "spirits that make just men perfect" was found, and handed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth up and down the line until cheerfully consumed, before it reached the smiling, victorious face of that noble and gallant Kentuckian, General Field, who could afford to indulge the boys who wore the gray after such hard fighting. Honey, canned goods, rare and delicious delicacies, were found in the fleeing general's tent, which showed him to be a man of taste. The ever present sutler's goods were found without price or anyone to demand it. Five hours' fighting without intermission, under a scorching August sun, without water, was not an unusual hardship with the veterans. They watered and rested here and enjoyed a Pentecostal banquet. Many of them barefooted with bleeding feet and ragged clothing and bareheaded. The poets of coming ages will tune the epic lyre in heroic rhythm and song to the inspiration of countless millions, who will boast an ancestry of heroes inferior to none the world has ever known. The unprejudiced historian of distant ages will linger on the summit of their achievements when recording their endurance, their sacrifices, their unselfishness, their adherence and devotion to the covenants of their fathers; their
love of liberty founded in just laws, and patriotism as lofty and pure as ever moved the children of men to heroic action.

Steptoe, although blessed with an iron constitution, had to succumb at last to a complication of diseases brought on by long continued hardship, through the burning suns of summer, rain and mud, the snows and sleets of winter, thin clothing, bedding, poor and often famishing diet, and for the first time, a few days after the battle above described, was sent to the hospital near Manassas, where the second Manassas battle was fought and won by the Confederates on the thirtieth of August, 1862. He was but twenty years old and had seen more than two years of service. A hospital in the field with a moving army affords but little comfort to the sick soldier. The brigade surgeon gave him a furlough and advised him to seek some hospitable family where he would receive more attention and better treatment.

When scarcely able to hobble along with improvised crutches, he started out on the weary journey. Still sick and suffering, at the hour of noon he arrived at an humble log cabin on the road side on the thirtieth of August, whilst an hundred cannon were playing in the drama of war in the second Manassas battle a few miles distant. He stopped at the gate and hailed the lady in the door and asked for a drink of water. Whilst she was drawing it from the well, he leaned his crutches against the fence and stooped down to readjust the rags wrapped around his sore and bleeding feet and to remove the dust which had accumulated in the festering sores.
When he reached his right hand to the fence for support in rising, that good mother in Israel stood there with a tin cup of water. He was emaciated and trembled from physical weakness. That wife and mother of soldiers then under fire at Manassas, steadied and rested the head of the boy soldier with one hand whilst she held the vessel of water with the other hand to his parched lips. A tear of sympathy crawled down her face. The boy thanked her as he prepared to move off.

"No, no, my son," she said, "you must not leave my house until you recover. God, in his mysterious providence, has consigned you to my care. His will must be done and my duty performed. My husband and our two sons are in that battle where you hear the cannon roaring. They are with Stonewall Jackson, and he always wins the battle."

Steptoe answered:

"I am one of Stonewall Jackson's men, too."

"God bless you," she said, and helped him into the cabin, seated him comfortably, left the room and soon returned with a basin of warm water. Then kneeling at his feet, she unbound and washed them tenderly and carefully, procured clean binding with healing salve and rebound them, then helped him to a cot and told him to lie there and rest whilst she prepared food for him. She killed her last chicken, like the widow who threw her last mite in the treasury, and prepared a meal whilst the weary soldier enjoyed profound slumber. Sister to the sweet and immortal Mary, who washed the Savior's feet and wiped them with her tresses of hair. The guild and splendor of thrones never in the history of
the world sheletered a nobler woman than that log cottage by the wayside.

The thunder of cannon at Manassas invited dreams of charging columns, before he awoke to a repast as enjoyable as the nectar of the gods. The good mother of soldiers then opened the lids of the Holy Bible, read a few verses and kneeled in fervent prayer for the success of the south in the battle then raging, the recovery and welfare of the invalid soldier and the benediction of God on her husband and sons and their safe return "when the war comes to a glorious end."

Steptoe felt so much improved that he resolved late in the evening to move on against the protest of the Good Samaritan. She then brought out a pair of new shoes and a pair of hose spun and knit with her own hands, and with a mother's care adjusted them to the soldier's feet.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Rising up from that position of exalted humility which Christ in his greatness glorified in washing the feet of his apostles after the last supper, she took one of the coats of her sons and put it on the soldier boy, whose great anxiety was to get to his father's mansion twenty-five miles distant, where his father, mother and sisters, who loved him with an idolatry of devotion equaled only by their patriotic love of the south. With heart full of gratitude he bade farewell to his noble benefactress and went his weary way, slowly and with difficulty along the public highway.
He had not proceeded far until overtaken by three young men in Federal uniform in precipitate flight from the battlefield of Manassas. They gave him a passing glance without speaking. When night cast its shadows in the wake of the declining sun he halted on the wayside in front of a two story mansion and invoked hospitality for the night. The lady of the mansion came out to the gate and inquired whether he was of southern or northern faith, and when assured that he was one of Stonewall Jackson's soldiers, she frankly told him that she ardently adhered to the north and that three Federal soldiers were then lodged in her house for the night, and that it would be dangerous for him to take shelter under her roof.

"Good madam," he said, "if the presence of those three Federal soldiers is the only reason you have for declining the hospitality I seek, I assure you that it will not influence me from stopping. Those soldiers are within the Confederate lines. They have fled in the greatest haste from their own army to get beyond the reach of its perils, and they stand much more in need of my neutrality than I of theirs."

"Well then," she said, "I have been honest and fair with you. Come in if you think there is no danger. I will treat you all alike."

Steptoe had nothing to fear. He knew that they were the three young men who had passed him earlier in the evening, and when told that they were secreted upstairs his convictions were confirmed. Soldiers, when bent on war, never secret themselves in the absence of an enemy or pursuit. The lady preceded him and rushed up-
stairs to inform the young Federals of the presence of a Confederate soldier, and advised them to have an understanding at once to obviate interruptions or suspicion from either side. When Steptoe passed in, leaning on his crutches, one of the young men descended the stairway, met him and opened negotiations which easily resulted in non-interference by either side. The good lady of the house was both pleased and amazed at the truce she did not fully comprehend.

The young men were loquacious and full of speech; said their homes were in Pittsburgh; that their families were wealthy, and that they had entered the army for the novelty and fun of it; that their inclination on that line was fully satisfied, and that they were going home to put substitutes in their places.

"Have you a pass or furlough, gentlemen?" inquired Steptoe.

"No, we took French leave, and were not simple enough to ask for that we knew we could not get, especially when under fire, as we were when we headed the stampede."

They said they would take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy rather than go back into the Federal army. They had concluded that war was not a congenial calling, especially when attended with so much danger and privation. They were well bred, educated gents, and were very facetious at their own expense. The hostess of strong Union sentiments treated all on the same basis of hospitality.

Nastolgia, or homesickness, is a powerful disease with many people. Many soldiers in both
armies gave way to it, and subordinated patriotism and pride to its stronger influence over them. A want of courage was by no means the impelling cause of thousands of desertions from both armies.

Steptoe left early next morning, and soon met with good fortune, in the person of a neighbor with a vehicle, who carried him home near Fredericksburgh, where he was soon restored to fighting trim and to his command. In the meantime his regiment had participated in the battles of the second Manassas and Antietam during his absence.

STEPTOE IN THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURGH.

Fredericksburgh is situated on the south bank of the Rappahannock river, near the head of navigation, about sixty miles north of Richmond. The Confederate army consisted of Longstreet's and Jackson's corps and J. E. B. Stewart's cavalry corps, all commanded by General R. E. Lee. The Confederates had one hundred pieces of artillery. The Federal army consisted of five infantry and one cavalry corps, and they brought into action more than one hundred and fifty cannon December 13, 1862.

The Confederates occupied an irregular line of hills on the south side of the Rappahannock, two miles from the river, with a valley intervening. This line extended from a point one mile above Fredericksburgh to a distance of about nine miles below. The Federal army, before crossing the
Rappahannock to attack the Confederates, occupied a similar range of heights and hills on the north side of the Rappahannock, and the river was lined with Federal gunboats and transports, all commanded by General Burnside. The Spofford Hills overlooking Fredericksburgh were crowned with fortifications and batteries frowning on the doomed city. Longstreet's corps formed the left wing, and facing above and below Fredericksburgh, extending two miles above and far below the city, Jackson's corps formed the right wing.

Burnside sent a flag of truce from his entrenchments on Spofford Heights, demanding the surrender of the city, which was refused, and all the non-combatant population evacuated the city, leaving it occupied by Confederate soldiers. On the morning of the eleventh of December the Federals commenced crossing the Rappahannock on pontoons and transports, and were driven back with great slaughter from the upper pontoons and fell down the river to deep embankments, where they were protected, and succeeded in crossing and forming in three dense columns, whilst their batteries of more than one hundred and fifty guns were playing with destructive fire on the Confederate troops in the city and vicinity. Here the slaughter is reported by General Lee to have been terrific. The Federals suffered much more than the Confederates, who fought behind houses and barricades. The city was held until four p. m., when the Confederates with their infantry, sheltered by the houses, poured destructive volleys into the dense masses of the assaulting columns, but it was impossible to hold the
position after four p. m. Under the fire of one hundred and fifty cannon, and the assaulting columns of infantry, the Confederates retired. The brunt of this day's battle was sustained by Longstreet's heroic corps.

The night of the eleventh and all day of the twelfth was occupied by the Federals in crossing in large numbers, under cover of a dense fog which concealed their movements. During this interval Federal batteries from Spofford Heights played on Longstreet's corps. The ground was covered with snow. The twelfth was consumed in artillery duels and heavy firing on the skirmish lines. The morning of the thirteenth was obscured by a heavy fog, which hung over both armies with occasional rifts in the clouds, which let in the sun and partially disclosed the combatants to view. At 1 p. m. the fog gave way to a brilliant sun, disclosing to view dense masses of Hancock's corps in line of battle three columns deep, fronting Hamilton's Crossing near the right wing of Jackson's corps and extending miles up the river in the direction of Fredericksburgh.

The Forty-seventh Virginia infantry, Washington's regiment of Jackson's corps, occupied rifle pits on Hamilton Heights in front of a large park of Confederate artillery, and it is with what Step-toe saw on this part of the field that we are now chiefly concerned. The Rappahannock valley at this point is two miles wide, extending from the heights to the river.

Here on Hamilton Heights on the morning of the thirteenth, Generals Lee, A. P. Hill, D. H. Hill and J. E. B. Stewart, commander of two brigades of cavalry and a park
of flying artillery, and Generals Longstreet and Jackson, rode up and dismounted on Hamilton Heights. Jackson, on a small sorrel horse, arrived last. When he rode up Steptoe was kicking a tree to jar the snow from his feet. Jackson said to him:

“Soldier, please hold my horse.”

This group of generals stood apart in consultation, a council of war, occasionally lifting their field glasses in the direction of the enemy, a few moments before one p. m. Then the sun burst in splendor through rifts of cloud and fog and disclosed one of the most resplendent scenes ever witnessed on a field of war. Hancock’s corps in three dense columns as far as the eye could reach, advancing to attack Jackson’s corps, their burnished guns reflecting the silver sheen from the snow, mingled with the golden rays of a winter sun. The cannon’s awful roar from two hundred and fifty guns announced the horrors of war. Infantry had not yet fired. The five generals called the brigade commanders, spoke a few words, then mounted their horses and rode away to different parts of the field. Major Pelham, with one section of Stewart’s flying artillery, occupied an advanced position on Jackson’s right wing, between the railroad and Bowling Green roads, lining up the valley, to the left of Hancock’s advancing columns, all awaiting the signal gun to fire with intense eagerness, on every part of the field.

At last, when the Federals had advanced far enough for Pelham to take the left flank of the enemy with a terrible enfilading fire, General Lee ordered the signal gun to fire and Pelham’s section opened on the flank of that dense mass with
grape and shrapnel with terrible effect. The enemy reeled and staggered and fell back a short distance. Then four field batteries of the enemy opened on Pelham, who sustained the unequal contest with the greatest obstinacy and bravery, whilst the enemy were reforming to advance again, which they did with dauntless courage, whilst the snow was drinking their bravest blood on that gory field.

Steptoe was in the front riflepits with the infantry, awaiting the approach of the enemy, within easy range of their guns. When Pelham's battery reserved its fire for a short time all the Federal artillery was directed against Jackson's lines, the Confederate infantry reserving their fire until the enemy came within close range. Then the Confederate artillery on the heights opened with terrific effect on the advancing enemy, causing them to waver and retreat in confusion. Again they rallied and came in three compact lines, the Confederates again reserving their infantry fire until they came within easy range of their guns.

At this stage of the conflict occurred one of those interesting episodes in the changing panorama of war which brings the private soldier to notice in the foreground, lends a coloring to the background, and brings out in bold relief great battle scenes too often omitted by the historian of great events, who contents himself with generalities, without the spice which seasons literature and charms the artistic eye.

Two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery were playing to the music of the martial ear in the tragic drama of war, before the curtain rose to
invite the rattle of musketry in deadlier and closer conflict. Steadily the Federals advanced in serried ranks, the infantry on Jackson's front line eagerly and breathlessly waiting the signal order to fire. Steptoe Washington was in the riflepits on this line, with his comrade, Lewis Payne, to his right, who was renowned as one of the finest shots in the southern army, the enemy now in range of his gun. To the front of the advancing line rode an officer on a gray horse, with new uniform and red sash, waving his sword, turning in his saddle from right to left, cheering the brave soldiers he was leading over that field of carnage.

Chivalrous officer, undaunted soldier, a conspicuous mark for the expert sharpshooter, resplendent scene of tragic glory. Payne's eager desire to pick off the officer impelled his impetuosity to fire before the order was given. He drew a bead on him and was in the act of firing, when his captain, who was standing in his rear, sprung to him with drawn pistol, seized his gun and said:

"If you fire before the order is given I will shoot you down."

Then releasing the gun, Payne said:

"All right, captain, I will keep my bead on him and will pull the first trigger when you do give the order."

In a few minutes Captain Brooks said:

"Steady! take deliberate aim! fire!" and in the moment's interval between the words "aim" and "fire," Payne fired and the brave officer fell from his horse. The horse ran back through the lines and created some confusion in the Federal ranks, but they steadily advanced on Hamilton
Heights, and at the second infantry fire recoiled and fell back; but again rallied in overwhelming numbers, deflected to the left and charged the Confederate lines farther to the right of Hamilton's Crossing and forced their way through the lines of Generals Lane and Archer, and attacked the reserve division of D. H. Hill, where Brigadier Generals Thomas R. R. Cobb, of Georgia, and Maxey Gregg, of South Carolina, were killed.

Steptoe's and Payne's regiment, the Forty-seventh Virginia, and other troops were sent to reinforce our broken lines, where one of the most deadly conflicts of the civil war took place. The Confederates in reserve, although taken by surprise and panic stricken, were victorious, and drove the enemy in confusion from the field.

The dead, wounded and dying on a bloody field of snow, extending for miles over the valley of the Rappahannock and the hills overlooking it, presented a scene inviting profound contemplation of the vanity of human desires and the stubborn pertinacity of man's inherent frailties. It is traditional with the old veterans of the line present on that ever memorable field, that Stonewall Jackson urged General Lee for permission to pursue and assail the retreating column and capture or drive them into the Rappahannock, an achievement they are convinced would have crowned the leadership of that great general, and the old veterans, so full of confidence in and love for that genius for rapid movement in war. But it is a species of aspiring credulity and temerity for a subaltern not skilled in the higher science
of war to question the martial skill of General Lee.

But the old veteran of many battles can not resist the conclusion that a great opportunity was lost, and the events of the fourteenth and fifteenth, the two succeeding days, encourages the presumption of the old veterans of the line that General Lee was deceived in his estimate of the enemy’s condition and intentions. In fact General Lee in his lucid report of the battle of Fredericksburgh says he sent instructions along his entire line to strengthen it at every point. “These preparations were made to meet the grand attack of the enemy on Monday morning” (the succeeding day); and General Lee, in this report, proceeds: “During the night the enemy re-crossed the river. His retreat was not discovered until he had crossed the river and cut the bridges at this end.” Jackson’s plan was to strip his men to their white shirts and approach Hancock’s corps after dark over the snow covered valley so as to get as near as possible to the enemy before being discovered. Then to “sweep the field with the bayonet.” In another chapter we will see what General Hancock said would have been the result if that move had been made. At that very moment the other corps of the Federal army were retreating across the Rappahannock on transports and over pontoons, and General Hancock was covering that retreat.

Steptoe relates a gruesome story of his experience on that battlefield eight months after Hancock’s corps presented such a splendid pageantry in the valley of the Rappahannock.
There was a scarcity of good water in camp and he was very thirsty for a fresh cool drink. There was a deep ravine in the valley, bordered with trees and a network of vines, through which a small stream flowed, to which he went alone one warm afternoon in search of water. Federal pickets and sharpshooters had occupied that sheltered place during the battle above described. He advanced to what he conceived to be the most eligible spot for a cool pool of water, overhung with trees netted with wild grape vines. Here he found the water, and ripe wild grapes in abundance, which appeared to the thirsty soldier an eldorado.

Throwing his head backward and eyes upward to a thick cluster of vines, a gruesome, horrifying sight met his shuddering gaze. The fleshless skeleton of a Federal sharpshooter in uniform sat astride a large grape vine ten feet above the ground, leaning forward supported by another vine, with cap on fleshless skull, uniform on bones of the body and shoes hanging to the bones of the feet, with gun resting on the vines, and shining white teeth mocking fate and mortality.

An involuntary shudder convulsed the stout soldier's frame—banished all desire for water from that shaded pool, or desire for the fruit which seemed to be guarding that remnant of mortality from further invasion of the tenants of earth. Steptoe says he has often been where the missiles of death were flying around him, has charged on batteries of cannon and rushed with bayonet on the enemy, but never in his long experience as a soldier on the bloodiest battlefields of Virginia did he feel such a thrill of horror.
He retraced his steps, resolved never to drink water flowing through that battlefield, nor eat fruit nourished by its blood.

STEPTOE IN THE DISASTROUS BATTLE OF GETTYSBURGH.

The month of July, 1863, compassed an era of great disaster to Confederate arms. General Pemberton was compelled to surrender Vicksburg with thirty thousand troops on the fourth of July. Port Hudson surrendered five days later with three thousand prisoners. General Lee, from June 1st to July 4th, in his Gettysburg campaign, lost thirty-five thousand men, that great battle and the prestige of his army. In that short space of time the Confederates lost in the east and west about eighty thousand men.

A pall of gloom and darkness settled over the Confederacy, which shook the stoutest and most sanguine minds. Relentless fate sealed the cause of the Confederacy. New levies could not fill the places of the lost, because none were to be had. The conscript law had no material to operate on. Deserters and stragglers constituted the only material to be gathered together, and that was a poor resource on which to found a nation’s reliance. Every seaport effectually blockaded; intercourse with the outside world cut off; that great artery of commerce, the Mississippi river, with all of its tributaries, open without serious obstruction to the enemy, and closed against inter-state commerce of the south.
The great productive areas of the south in great measure a "howling wilderness," with labor gone and no resource to supply its place, with near two million men in arms crowding on the south from circumference to center, presented a picture of forlorn hope and desolation which ought to have been met with the ken of statesmanship far greater than that to be overwhelmed in "the last ditch."

The south, in the sear leaf of exhaustion in men and every other resource indispensably necessary to wage such a tremendous conflict against such tremendous odds and difficulties, piled like Peleon upon Ossa, presented more than enough evidence to convince the average mind that the road to Appomattox was short, no matter how many lives might be sacrificed in its obstruction.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," as plainly as the handwriting on the wall which filled the heart of Belshazzar with despair until his knees smote each other. But the passions of the hour rode the whirlwind and dethroned the better judgment of men until appalling desolation spread her baneful wings over the fairest and loveliest land God has given to the children of men. The writer is a loyal son of the south, and every fibre of his nature, every pulsation of his heart, beats in sympathy with her people, and he proclaimed from a hundred rostrums during the campaign preceding President Lincoln's first election, that the south could not succeed in the approaching war, which then appeared inevitable.
I told the press and its reporters that they were committing a crime in proclaiming that one southern man in the field would be the equivalent of ten northern men. I told the people from every rostrum that the great northwest would never lay down their arms as long as the Father of Waters rolled on to the sea; that the pioneers who immigrated to the wilderness with rifle in one hand and the axe in the other had filled the great west with descendants who were capable and numerous enough to be moulded into one of the best equipped armies the world ever saw. That a large number of that hardy race of pioneers were southern men, whose descendants were as brave and loyal to their convictions as their kindred of the south.

At the same time I proclaimed that I would never take up arms against my people, and that when the hour of trial and peril came I would stand like Macgregor on my native heath and share the weal or woe of my people. This did not please the revolutionary sentiment of the people, but they tolerated it from a southern man.

After the death of Stonewall Jackson, Steptoe's regiment (Forty-seventh Virginia infantry) was incorporated in the second brigade, commanded by Colonel J. M. Brockenbrough, of Major General Heth's division of Lieutenant General A. P. Hill's corps. Whilst his corps was marching on the south side of the Rappahannock river, nearly parallel with Hancock's Federal corps, Steptoe with two comrades was detailed as scouts to cross the Rappahannock and follow up the movement of Hancock's corps. This gave time for their division to get far in their advance,
and they did not overtake it until the morning of the second day's fight at Gettysburgh, but in time for that awful slaughter in the wheatfield on the right of the Confederate line. Here Step-toe says, on that awful field of slaughter:

"I saw enough suffering to last me a thousand years; not my own physical suffering, for I escaped unhurt, but that of those who fell on that field of blood—friend and foe, infantry, artillery and cavalry horses piled thick in every direction."

The retreat of a badly defeated army, disorganized, cowed and demoralized, often presents the gravest of difficulties, calling for the highest degree of generalship, especially when pursued by a victorious army, and perhaps General Lee displayed as much martial talent in his retreat from Gettysburgh as in the battle. In fact, the impartial critic, however great his admiration and love of the beautiful life and character of that great man in all the walks of life, can scarcely resist the conclusion that the invasion of Pennsylvania was a mistake. In the opinion of General John B. Gordon, the Confederates would have won that battle if General Longstreet had not been several hours late in arriving with his corps, which lost the possession of Cemetery Hill, the key to the field.

Bonaparte, the greatest general of modern times, made mistakes—mistakes which ultimately cost him his empire. In fact, the fewest number of great generals, ancient or modern, were exempt from mistakes. Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Hannibal and the Duke of Marlboro are prominent exceptions. But, all
things considered, perhaps no general, ancient or modern, could have exceeded the generalship of General Lee. Those near to Bonaparte inform us that he was jealous of the fame of Cæsar and Alexander, and in his estimate of the achievements of the latter, he said:

"What if he had lost Arbela, with nothing to protect his line of retreat over nine hundred leagues?"

The loss of that battle would have rendered Alexander as vulnerable to criticism as that incurred by himself in the disastrous invasion of Russia. No one after the most critical investigation of Alexander's plan of battle and disposition of men, can discover a fault sufficient on which to base enlightened criticism. Of the great Roman, Bonaparte left no criticism, no parallel to himself.

It has been common with southern writers, still lingering in the shade of that mighty revolution, to accord to General Lee a niche in the pantheon of martial glory above all other generals, ancient or modern. That is saying too much. If so, it is a lesson which ought not to be taught and handed down to posterity. Verity of fact is one of the noblest lessons which can be taught mankind.

Steptoe's wornout brigade on the retreat was made river guard at Hagerstown, Maryland, and nearly all went to sleep on their post. Wornout humanity, thus by hundreds, incurred the penalties of death; but as no disaster was incurred, the officers of the day, equally worn and fatigued, did not report any of them.
Next day they crossed the Potomac at Falling Water by wading the stream, and went into camp in the marshes bordering the river. They (the rear guard) slept on their arms, in a heavy rain, mud and water, the ground being cut up by the march and tramp of armies. Next morning they found their guns filled with mud and water, their clothing wet, stomachs empty and no commissary at hand. Wornout soldiers, hungry, many ragged, barefooted, scattered, and the majority asleep after sunrise, and an alert enemy after them.

General Heth, the division commander, rode up to Steptoe, who had been on the alert, and had descried the Federal flag flying at the head of General Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, and he said to the general:

"Don't you see the Federals advancing on us? Why don't you rally and put your men in line of battle?"

The general replied:

"You are mistaken; they are our men."

Steptoe said in reply:

"Great God, general, is it possible that you are so deceived. We will all be captured if you don't instantly realize our situation."

By this time the Federal cavalry had advanced into an open field in plain view—half the Confederates asleep with their guns full of water and choked with mud. As soon as all the Federals emerged from the woods into the open field and lined up they came at full gallop on a charge.

There was nothing possible of a practicable nature to do but to fight or retreat. To fight under the conditions would not have been re-
spectable nonsense. At the order of retreat the command scattered like a covey of quail. Steptoe and a beardless boy who had straggled from another regiment stood side by side behind the farm fence which enclosed the field over which the Federals were charging, and did not scamper off like a flock of sheep in the pell mell retreat.

Two Federals, three hundred yards in advance of their charging column, came rushing at full speed toward the spot where Steptoe and the boy soldier stood, and to their surprise the horse of one of the advanced riders leaped the fence. Both raised their guns to fire on the brave soldier who had cleared the fence. Steptoe's gun failed of fire, the boy's responded and the rider fell dead from his horse. The boy sprang to him, seized his arms and horse, took ten dollars from his pocket and escaped.

Steptoe and six comardes ran to the woods, but were soon captured with five hundred other Confederates. One of the poor Confederates captured in the squad with Steptoe was a craven dastardly creature—a travesty on that courageous nature which animates a true soldier. He said to his captor:

"I was a Union man. I was conscripted and forced into the Confederate army against my will and principles."

Steptoe's indignation boiled over and partially spent itself in language of denunciation more forceful than elegant. The craven was lying. Steptoe knew the date of the Confederate conscript act, which came into operation six to eight months after the craven creature was marching with his regiment as a volunteer, and he said:
"You treacherous, cowardly disgrace to a noble cause and a noble country, you lie. Why don't you stand to your colors like a man? If you ever speak to me again I will slap your jaws."

The gentleman officer who held them and others as prisoners, slapped Steptoe on the shoulder, and said:

"Johnnie Reb, I admire a man who stands to his colors under all conditions; I will extend to you every courtesy and indulgence consistent with the discharge of a soldier's duty. Is there any immediate favor I can extend you?"

This officer was a native of Russia.

"Yes," said Steptoe, "I am famished for something to eat. You Federals have pressed us so hard that we have not found food, nor time to eat it, if we had found it."

The generous captor, whose admiration had thus been challenged, supplied him and all of his comrades bountifully with the best their commissary afforded. Whilst the feast was preparing, he invited Steptoe to step aside with him, and pulled out a pocket flask of the best brandy. Handing it to the weary, thirsty Confederate, he said:

"Let us drink to the soldier who honors his colors whether he fights under northern star or southern sun."

And Steptoe drank a bumper to the toast, and he says:

"It thrilled every nerve in my body, and was better than the nectar of the fabled gods; it called to life my half suspended nature. The generous whole souled Russian responded, and we became warm friends."
Next morning the same officer in charge went to Steptoe with that bland and courteous salutation which distinguishes a well bred gentleman, gave him a small flask of much relished nectar, and asked if any further favor could be extended.

"Yes, there is one, but I feel a delicacy in mentioning it. I am not in a condition to reciprocate, and dislike very much to impose on your kindness. In addition to that, I fear the rigid requirements of war restrains you from granting it; hence I will not impose any embarrassment by mentioning it," said Steptoe.

"Ah, my friend," said the officer, you must not anticipate and usurp functions which belong in this instance exclusively to me. You must mention your desires, and I will judge whether the grant lies within my jurisdiction. You must not let any delicacy of sentiment or refinement impose any bar to imparting to me your desires."

"Allow me to thank you," said Steptoe, "for the assurance and delicacy of expression by which you have removed the restraint. I have a very dear sister, married to a gentleman living in Maryland, of very pronounced Union sentiment, and have not heard from her for a great while, nor has she heard from me. Neither of us today know whether the other is living or dead; and if living, what misfortunes the war has imposed. I have other friends, of happier days than these, living within the Union lines.

"There is a tenderness of feeling and sentiment, a pathos of soul which is ever loyal to the days of long ago—the hallowed associations of
youth which claims the homage of the heart. The rude blasts and desolations of war can never obliterate the noblest impulses of generous natures. Such emotions are above and beyond the reach and ravages of war. My impulse is to write to them. It is strong. As your prisoner I have the leisure, but, as I understand it, the relentless rules of war imposes a restraint on correspondence with the enemy—one not always observed, I know. Hence the delicacy I felt in asking you for the material and the privilege of availing myself of the postal facilities of a people with whom my people are at war. I know that, as an enemy, I have no right to such privileges and facilities. Not an enemy in the sense of war to individuals, but an enemy to the great objects their government is seeking to impose on my government, and enforce by arms.”

There are a thousand avenues to the human heart. It may be set in motion by a thousand delicate touches, with infinite variety and variation; and in nothing in all the wonderful mechanism of the universe is the wisdom of the creator more forcibly displayed than in the mind of man. It is a revelation to man of the existence of his immortal soul, destined to take its astral flight from the shores of the dark river in onward, upward, eternal progression.

That noble Russian had expatriated himself from the Zar’s domains because of the iron hand of despotism laid on his native land, and his liberal education opened up expansive avenues to the higher types of manhood. Perhaps a knowledge of the heroic strain of blood through Washington’s heart touched the emotional sym-
pathies of the generous officer. The name of the prisoner led to inquiry and discovery of the collateral relationship, and nobility of kindred sentiments which could not be hidden behind threadbare garments nor covered with bleeding and shoeless feet.

"Come with me," said the officer, "I will accord you every facility to correspond with your sister and friends, and I will make it my business to see that postal facilities are not denied or withheld. I will mail your letters and see that they reach their destination."

When the letters were finished Steptoe handed them to the officer for inspection, before sealing and mailing. But he refused to violate the amenities of a refined nature by reading them, and sealed them up and deposited them in person in the mail, saying:

"I know where to place confidence. In some things I fix my own standards, and this is one of them."

The prisoners were sent to the old capitol prison at Washington, where they remained until the last of December, 1863, when they were sent to Old City Point, on the James river, and exchanged.

**STEPTOE IN THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS OR CHANCELLORSVILLE.**

The campaign from the Rapidan to the James river of one month and eight days, May 4 to June 12, 1863, was one of the most brilliant in the annals of war.
The Confederates were handled by able generals in whom the rank and file had supreme confidence, an element of the greatest importance in all the great affairs of men. General Field, that heroic Kentuckian, commanded a division embracing his old brigade, which included the Forty-seventh Virginia, of Stonewall Jackson’s corps.

On the fifth of May, at daylight, Jackson’s corps was moving on a forced march with that celerity which ever characterized that wonderful man when great achievement was to reward great generalship and unflinching heroism. In order to strike the Federal army in the rear he made a long and rapid detour of twenty-five miles by three o’clock in the afternoon, and opened the great battle of the Wilderness in General Hookin’s astonished and panic stricken rear. Bonaparte, in the best era of the consulate and empire, never exhibited more consummate generalship.

At three in the afternoon General Field, with his division in the vanguard, struck the Federals in rear and flank like a thunderbolt in a clear sky, followed by other divisions of Jackson’s corps at a point and time when the Federals were not anticipating nor prepared for such a move. Jackson’s calculations were executed with mathematical precision. The Federals were flushed like a covey of quail, panic stricken, and fled in precipitation, disorder and confusion.

Stephoe was on the front line where a cataract of fire and ball swept like a cyclone through the fleeing mass. The stampeded Federals fled in Bull Run confusion to the cover of the Wilder-
ness, leaving their camp and equipage, one thousand dressed and one thousand oxen on foot. In that hot pursuit and rapid flight, Steptoe came on a poor suffering wounded Federal soldier. His tongue had been terribly lacerated with a gunshot wound. It was hanging by shreds out of his mouth, and he was unable to speak, but raised his hand to his mouth, indicating that he wanted water. Sympathy for distress never deserts a truly brave soldier.

Steptoe stopped, filled the wounded man's canteen with water, raised him up and aided him to drink. Then he took the poor man's haversack, opened it and laid it before him. That was all the assistance he could render under the circumstances. Then he rushed on a double quick to his place in the line.

That night was one of Egyptian darkness in the dense Wilderness. The Confederates bivouaced and slept in line of battle on their arms, amidst a ceaseless rain of shell and ball all night without replying, which is always a painful position for soldiers. The brilliant achievement of that day brought its fatal night. When Jackson's star was in the zenith of a radiant and glorious splendor, which coming ages will crown with immortality, the angel of death touched his spotless robe. He had given very strict orders to his officers and men guarding the picket line. Some time after dark, with a few of his staff he rode beyond that line to reconnoitre in person the Federal position as far as possible.

After this he returned to his own line, at a different point from that at which he had passed out, without notice to the men on picket duty of
the point at which he would re-enter the lines. Perhaps he did not know when he passed out at what point he would return. That omission or oversight caused his death. His great anxiety and multiplicity of duties demanding his attention, under the momentous circumstances which crowded his supervision, no doubt caused this fatal oversight. When he was returning through that Egyptian darkness, his pickets, believing the enemy was approaching, fired the fatal shot which wounded and ended in his death ten days later, when he "passed over the river to the shade of the trees beyond."

This awful tragedy was soon whispered along the line. No general was ever loved and idolized by his soldiers more than General Jackson. He was a patriot, general, hero and Christian of the highest type. No pen, no tongue, will ever succeed in describing and painting the distress felt by his soldiers.

Knowing full well the calamity which might follow his death in the awful battle which was to be fought by the contending hosts the next day, the greatest effort to conceal the mortal wound from all the men of his corps was made. Courier after courier was dispatched along the lines, who announced to all that their great general's wound was but slight and that in a few days he would again be leading his invincible columns. But that laudable strategy did not allay their sorrow, nor prevent to a great extent the demoralization which followed. It is beyond the power of human nature and endurance to labor under such heavy affliction and at the same time give to patriotism and heroic impulse their
maximum strength in battle. But another strategy we will presently see did succeed.

General Lee immediately appointed his great cavalry leader, General J. E. B. Stewart, to take command of General Jackson's corps. But before we come to the rising sun of the next day, with its appalling horrors and tragic glories, let us briefly notice some episodes on the dark line in the Wilderness. Steptoe relates some painful as well as ludicrous scenes that night. The rank and file, for better security, were ordered to lie down that night. The Federal batteries were inflicting some execution in a terrific cannonade.

Steptoe's lieutenant was inconsiderately making light of the incumbent position of the line, and took it upon himself to stand up in disobedience of orders and to guy others for lying down, and particularly Steptoe. In a moment a cannon ball struck off the lieutenant's head and spattered the blood and brains over Steptoe, when if he had been lying down in obedience to orders the fatal ball would have passed over without harm.

Steptoe says Colonel Robert Mayo, of the Forty-seventh, was as brave a man as ever led in battle, but was mooneyed and could not see at night, nor navigate without stumbling over obstacles like a blind horse. He was feeling about and bumping up against trees whilst the branches of the trees were being cut off by shell and ball from the enemy's guns. Not knowing where he was or where to go, he called out to Steptoe to come to him and provide him with a comfortable situation. Some twenty yards to the rear of the line a large tree had been blown up by
the roots years before, leaving a deep depression in the ground, to which Steptoe led his colonel, and deposited him at the bottom of the depression, and resumed his place in the line. Next morning, as soon as the colonel could see, he went to Steptoe laughing heartily and said:

"Steptoe, I think five hundred men wanted that hole last night where you put me for safe keeping, and I kept as quiet as a church mouse, although they squeezed me nearly to death. I was ashamed to tell them they were nearly mashing the life out of their colonel. Keep this joke to yourself; it is too good to be handed around before I am dead or the war is over."

The morning of the sixth found brave hearts and iron nerves, the veterans of many a glorious field in the deepest distress, sorrowful distress and doubt as to the fate of their corps commander. Every man suspected that strategy had been employed to influence their conviction that their general had not suffered any great injury. They were walking around and talking to each other in groups, with countenances which betrayed their distress. They were also suffering from hunger, not having eaten anything for twenty-four hours.

To restore the veterans of that celebrated corps to its maximum trim required much good judgment and finesse, which General Lee wisely entrusted to General J. E. B. Stewart. The first move on that line was an order from General Stewart for the corps to fall back behind its wagon train, where they would find a sumptuous morning meal prepared for them.
After the meal was disposed of, the corps was drawn up in line, when General Stewart appeared before them as their commander. The general was mounted on a superb charger, with his hat off, at the head of the line. He said:

"Brother soldiers, you have been told that your beloved general is either dangerously wounded or dead, and I read in your sorrowful faces the deep sorrow and gloom with which that report oppresses you all, but let me convey to you the glad tidings that he is not seriously wounded. He sends to you the assurance and glad tidings that he will be able in a few days to lead and head your victorious columns again, and he requests all to follow me today as your leader in the heroic struggle which faces you in this supreme hour. Will you indorse and ratify the choice of your general? I will not ask you to go, but only follow me where I will lead you."

This speech aroused and animated them and their united voices shook the Wilderness in cheers and affirmative answers, from one end of the long line to the other, as that great and magnetic leader rode from one end to the other that all might hear him. Well did he stand and act in Stonewall Jackson's place that immortal day, which will go down the corridors of all the coming ages until man's upward trend on earth shall be no more.

They were then under an enfilading fire from the enemy's batteries on an eminence about one mile distant. To charge and assault that cluster of batteries and the army supporting them was the immediate work before them. Fife and drum and inspiring martial music, the hoisting of bat-
tle flags, and the command "Forward march!" with the general in front all the way and all day, was the awful prelude.

An open field intervened a little more than half way to the park of artillery on the crest of the ridge. Three hundred yards in front of the enemy's batteries was a depression in the ground, which, when reached, would protect the Confederates from the destructive fire of cannon and small arms, whilst they remained in the depression. It was a long double quick charge to reach this depression, and when it was reached General Stewart halted his men a few moments until they recovered from their exhaustion.

Then the order was given to fix bayonets and charge in double quick on the batteries, which they took and retained after an awful slaughter. The enemy retreated in confusion and disorder, whilst they were being mowed down with shell, canister and grape from the captured batteries. The ground over which the Confederates charged, through a hail storm of grape, canister and small arms, was covered with dead, wounded and dying soldiers. The wild rebel yell seemed to leap in demoniac chorus from the points of the bayonets and rise above the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry. Once reached, through the storm of that demoniac fury, the Confederate bayonets were plunged into all who did not surrender or flee. The Federals rallied again and again, and maintained the conflict with tenacity for six to seven hours, whilst other portions of both armies were equally engaged.

The Confederates of Jackson's corps slept on their arms that night, expecting the battle to be
renewed next morning, but the Federals retreated across the Rappahannock that night. The Federal army, after being defeated in the battle of the Wilderness, massed their army at Spotsylvania Courthouse, where the armies fought on the seventh and eighth.

STEPTOE IN LINE OF BATTLE AT APPOMATTOX.

When the final drama was closed at Appomattox, he was in that skeleton which represented the remains of the once glorious army whose deeds of heroism had sent an imperishable halo of glory around the world and baptized their history in the shrine of immortality.

Whilst the negotiations between Generals Lee and Grant were in progress he was in line of battle three miles distant awaiting orders. Most of them were barefooted, bareheaded, hungry and with but ragged remnants of clothing. When the order to stack arms was given, and General Lee’s farewell address was read, a flood of tears burst from those veterans. Historians, both north and south, have dwelt on the generosity of General Grant in refusing to accept the sword of General Lee. That is a myth which ought not to find its way into permanent history.

It was stipulated in the articles of surrender that all the officers of the army surrendering should retain their side arms and personal property, and General Grant has corrected the error. But General Grant should forever be remembered with gratitude for the order he immedi-
ately issued to his army enjoining his soldiers not to, under any circumstances, wound the feelings of the Confederate soldiers. Washington says the order was strictly obeyed. All the old veterans yet living who were there remember the kindness shown by the Federal soldiers in refusing like gentlemen from wounding those high spirited, yet crushed men.

William T. Washington, son of George Steptoe Washington, was the father of Ferdinand Steptoe Washington, the soldier. He lived in a fine mansion on the north side of the Rappahannock river, two and one-half miles from Fredericksburg, in Stafford county, Virginia, and General Hancock, at different times, made his headquarters in the house with the family for more than one year. Together with a number of his staff, he fitted up a telegraph office in one of the rooms, and erected a kitchen where his cooks prepared his meals. He was a polished, courteous gentleman, and was punctilious in observing all the amenities of social life. He often joined Steptoe's father and sisters in social conversation. Amongst other matters he spoke freely of Stonewall Jackson's desire to attack his corps on the night of the thirteenth of December, 1862, when he was guarding the retreat of the Federal army across the Rappahannock after the severe battle of that day, and he said that it was a perilous movement for his army, and that if he had been vigorously attacked his loss would have been unavoidably great.

How Jackson's desire and Lee's refusal to permit the attack got abroad is not known, but it was the subject of much comment and discus-
sion at the time in the Confederate army. The writer gives it as Steptoe relates it. As to General Hancock's statement, Steptoe gets that from his father and sisters. The writer accords Steptoe much confidence, because of his scrupulous desire to keep strictly within the limits of truth.

General Hancock's corps was drawn up in line of battle in dense columns on the morning of the fourteenth, the day on which General Lee says in his report he expected the decisive battle to take place, but was mistaken. A dense fog overhung the armies on the fourteenth until near noon. When it cleared away, the Confederate army was awaiting the attack.

Two hundred thousand Federal soldiers were quartered in Stafford county around Fredericksburg and the non-combatants at that time relied chiefly on the Federal army for supplies. General Hancock was always very considerate of the necessities of the people, and particularly so with the family where he was quartered. Whilst the family never solicited aid, he was conscious of the severe stringency which would cramp them, and never suffered it to distress them; he was conscious of their pride and would for trifling favors, unsolicited, keep the family larder well supplied.

When his corps marched to the defense of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, he left with the family for their own consumption six barrels of flour, two of sugar, four of hams, two sacks of coffee, a fine cooking stove, and all culinary vessels, canned goods and many other articles of necessity.
Some master genius for wood carving in the Federal army around Richmond, cut a piece of dogwood timber on the battlefield of Chickahominy, and carved it into the finest pipe the writer ever saw. It has the Pennsylvania coat of arms elaborately cut on it in the perfection of art. General Hancock was a native of Pennsylvania, and the genius who carved the pipe in such elaborate detail of finish and perfection presented it to General Hancock. When he left the cultured occupants of the mansion he had occupied so long he handed the pipe to Steptoe's father and said:

"Present this for me to your rebel son, with my compliments, in token of my respect for his bravery and soldierly bearing when a prisoner at Washington. I have heard of him; I suppose he was scrutinized because of the family from which he descended. Though we differ widely in the struggle now convulsing the nation, true soldiers always respect each other."

Steptoe is at the old Confederate Home near Little Rock and has that souvenir in his trunk, and directs it to be placed in his coffin when he is laid to rest in the cemetery here where heroes sleep.

RESOURCES OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH AT COMMENCEMENT OF WAR.

The population of the United States, as shown by the census of 1860, was 31,148,147, divided as follows between the Union and Confederate States:


Number of troops mustered in the northern armies from the commencement to the conclusion of the war, 2,656,533.

Number of troops enrolled in the Confederate army from the beginning to the conclusion of the war, 600,000.

In these estimates it must be noted that the border states, counted as Confederate states, furnished a very large quota of troops to the northern army, and to that extent diminished the Confederate resources, and augmented the northern armies. This was a source of very great weakness, and very largely crippled the Confederate States, from the opening of the war to the overthrow of the south.

Delaware furnished the north 13,651 soldiers; Maryland, 49,737; Kentucky, 78,540; District of Columbia, 16,872; Missouri, 108,732; Tennessee, 12,797; New Mexico, 2,395; West Virginia, 32,000. A total of 313,718.

This estimate does not include the negro troops incorporated in the Federal army. The best criterion by which to estimate the number of negro troops in the field, at the command of the writer, is the number shown on the muster rolls at the surrender, then serving in the Federal army, viz.: 178,000. This does not include the number of negro troops killed in battle, and those who died of wounds and disease and those otherwise disabled for service. It is safe then to estimate the negro troops at two hundred thousand.

This swells the grand total of troops drawn by the north from the Confederate States to 513,718.
There is still another important factor to swell the list of troops arrayed against the south, exclusive of all the troops furnished by the northern states, viz.: foreigners, which were estimated by Secretary Stanton at the conclusion of the war at one hundred thousand. But very little reliance attaches to that estimate, because in the same statement he estimates the negro troops in the field at one hundred thousand, when the records show one hundred and seventy-eight thousand negroes in the field at the surrender. The evident design of the secretary was to diminish the aid drawn to the Federal army from sources exclusive of the military strength of the northern states. But as the most conservative estimate, we take the secretary’s figures as to the foreign element, and the records showing the negro strength of the army at the date of surrender, viz., one hundred and seventy-eight thousand.

This swells the aid the north drew to her armies, exclusive of the resources of her own population, to 613,718, an excess of over the total number of men the south had. The Federal army rolls show that the north at the conclusion of the war had then in the field 1,000,516 men, and the records show that at the conclusion of the war there were on the Confederate muster rolls of the army 174,223. But it is conservatively estimated that there was at that date not more than one hundred thousand in the Confederate army effective for service.

It was believed by every intelligent, well-informed man in the south, for more than one year before the war closed, that the overthrow of the Confederacy was inevitable. This discouraging
conviction influenced many thousands of good men to desert the Confederate army and go to their distressed and suffering families, who were then in the Federal lines, where they could not be reached and forced back into the service of a cause they regarded as utterly hopeless.

President Davis himself long foresaw the collapse of the Confederacy, and has given as a reason for prolonging the war after that conviction was forced on him, that the war was continued that better terms might be obtained in the end. A mass of vituperation and gassy thunder has been thrown by southern writers at their comrades who foresaw the collapse inevitably coming, and quit the service to go to their distressed families.

The inspiration of patriotism, which at the earlier and more hopeful stages of the war drew practically all men into it, was withdrawn, and left them solely in the pursuit of a shadow, from which no material advantage could possibly accrue.

It has been conservatively estimated by a southern writer whose name now escapes the author, to his regret, that the Federal armies lost in killed on the field, and those who died of wounds and diseases during the war, 412,550 men, and the enormous pension rolls of the United States seem to swell rather than diminish that estimate. The same writer estimates the Confederates killed in battle at fifty-three thousand, and deaths from wounds and disease at one hundred thousand. It is impossible to get at exact statistics, but it is believed these approximations are as nearly correct as will ever be obtained.
JOHN NEVILL, THE COURIER.

In June, 1862, General Pike, with his command, was at Fort McCulloch, and General Cooper was one hundred and eighty miles away at the Creek Agency. Pike anticipated an early attack by the Federals, and sent Nevill with dispatches to Cooper to hurry to his aid. Nevill then owned one of the gentlest, finest and best bottomed horses he had ever mounted. He reached Fourteen Mile creek, 166 miles distant, without incident or molestation, at ten o’clock in the night, which was excessively dark, and the creek was overhung with dense foliage, which enhanced the Egyptian darkness.

The bluff overhanging the creek was over one hundred feet high, and the path leading down to the crossing was very narrow, steep and difficult in the daytime, but his horse was as gentle as a house cat and he anticipated no difficulty in crossing. But to his astonishment, when he put his feet in the defile, he snorted in alarm, reared up and plunged backward, and utterly refused to advance, even when severely spurred. In this way she backed up grade twenty yards, trembling with fright.

Finding it impossible to control the animal, Nevill dismounted and securely tied the horse to a tree with a stout leather halter. Then he cautiously proceeded to the defile to ascertain the cause of trouble. He could not see two feet in advance, and in caution held his pistol in hand ready for emergency. When fifteen or twenty yards down the defile he stumbled against an ob-
struction, stooped and felt of it, and found the dead body of an Indian.

The mystery was solved and the difficulty apparently over when he removed the dead body from the defile, which could only be done by dragging it up twenty yards and away from the path. This he soon accomplished, to find his difficulties doubled. When he went to mount the animal he found it wilder than ever with alarm, and for ten minutes would not suffer him to get to the tree to untie the halter. Evidently the alarm was caused by the scent the rider had got in handling the dead body. He must get to the horse; the dispatches were in a leather case attached to the saddle. If he had them he could proceed on foot without the frenzied horse.

Finally, after great worry and chagrin, he got to the tree and untied the halter, thinking his troubles then over. But the horse would not let him come nearer than the end of the halter. Nevill then presented his pistol, intending to kill the horse as a last resort to get the dispatches. But the horse, long accustomed to firearms, seemed conscious of danger when the gun was drawn on him, and with one tremendous spring jerked loose and endeavored to escape through the jungle, followed by his master, not from sight, but from the noise the animal made in forcing its way through.

Finally the stout halter became entangled and brought the horse to a standstill. Nevill then succeeded in regaining possession of the end of the halter, and after much difficulty got out of the jungle and attempted to get to the horse to remount, but the animal resisted as stoutly as
ever. Then Nevill drew his pistol again and with an oath presented it and said, "I will kill you."

To his surprise the horse squatted nearly to the ground, trembling all over, as much as to say, "I submit," and did so more dead with fear than alive. He then mounted the horse without any trouble whatever, before it rose from the squatting position, and then entered the defile where the dead body was found, but the animal flew down with dangerous speed and across the creek, and dry bed on the opposite side, knocking the fire from the rocks at every jump.

Some horses possess remarkable sagacity, which we call, for want of a better name, instinct, but it is a degree of intelligence, or else nothing, and it is only acquired by education, observation and association. That animal knew what the drawn pistol foreboded as well as his master did, and only submitted to save his life.

The writer has owned two such horses. This noblest of animals enjoys martial music on the battlefield as well as the rider, and perhaps better. Horses have been known, after the rider was shot off, to push into their places in the column and keep them.

After proceeding six miles from the creek, Nevill met with another exciting adventure. The horse, in the darkness of the night, relies on its very keen sense of hearing and smelling. The horse suddenly stopped in the road, threw up his head and expelled the wind from his lungs, which was an unerring indication that something probably of a dangerous character was near at hand. But Nevill, whilst heeding this warning, could neither see nor hear anything.
He reined his horse a little way off the path and sat still to await developments. In less than a minute a solitary rider approached, humming in a low Indian voice. He halted the rider and asked who he was and what he was after.

The rider called out, "I am Robinson Jenkins, a friendly Indian, and am going after the body of my dead brother, who was killed yesterday back at Fourteen Mile creek."

He was an old acquaintance and a good Indian, something Kit Carson said he had never found. Nevill told him of his adventure, where to find the body, and spurred on to the agency, where he arrived about daylight and delivered the dispatches to General Cooper, who put his command on the long march as soon as possible.

This young courier, raised on the borders of civilization, where the whites and Indians were in almost constant contact, met every obligation and performed every trust with dispatch and unswerving fidelity, whether on the battlefield or in any other line of duty.

His first battle was at Wilson's Creek, and the first man he ever saw killed in battle was the lamented Omer Weaver, of Woodruff's battery, a blacksmith by profession, a man by nature, like his comrade, John H. Thomas, of Kentucky. He was often on the staff of General Cooper.

Later on in the fall of the same year the Federals were in possession of the greater portion of the Indian Territory; in fact, nearly all that part east of the Arkansas river, which was then the line between Fort Smith and Fort Gibson, eighty miles apart.
Grand river empties into the Arkansas a little more than one mile below Fort Gibson, the latter being situated on a high promontory between the two rivers, and is a place of great natural strength.

President Davis was a lieutenant in the old United States army stationed at Fort Gibson, when he married the daughter of General Zachary Taylor, much against the will of the old general of the army.

At the time of which we now speak, General Cooper held possession of the fort and the Federals were marching down the neck of land separating the two rivers to attack Fort Gibson.

Colonel Drew, commanding a regiment of Indians, was camped a few miles above the fort when Cooper ascertained that the Federals were advancing, and in near proximity to Colonel Drew’s outpost.

The night before the day of which we now speak, the Federals advanced to Grand river and opened a cannonade on Fort Gibson; also a brisk infantry fire. Nevill was then on Cooper’s staff. Cooper was a large portly man, perfectly cool and brave, and often unnecessarily exposed himself to the enemy. He was a conspicuous mark for the sharpshooter.

Apprehensive that Colonel Drew might be surprised, he told Nevill to go get old Prince, a very fine gray horse belonging to the general; then go up the river, cross over and go tell Colonel Drew to be on the lookout for the Federals; that their attack on the fort was now in progress and might be a feint to keep him from coming to his rescue.
Nevill was soon in the saddle and across the river, where he discovered the Indians in hot retreat across the Arkansas, pursued by the Federals, who made them cut the water and dust very lively. Whilst looking on this very animated and lively exhibition of double quick, without regard to Hardee's tactics, Nevill found himself cut off from retreat on all sides except the Arkansas river, the banks of which at that point were very precipitous and the current very swift.

The lowest place he could find was twelve to fifteen feet above the current. He drove the spurs into old Prince and he leaped out into the current, sinking and carrying the rider beneath the waves, but the noble old war horse rose to the surface snorting, and struck out for the opposite shore and ascended through a storm of bullets, escaping injury. The enemy was repulsed at the fort.

JOHN NEVILL ON THE FRONTIER.

John Nevill was born in what is now Fort Smith, Arkansas, of Irish parentage. The site of that now flourishing city was nothing but a frontier army post. His father was a soldier in the United States army from 1805 until 1810, under the celebrated General Banneville, who explored the west in 1805 to 1810, when it was a trackless wilderness. John's father was one of that little band of exploring heroes who accompanied General Banneville as far as Astoria on the Columbia river. After they entered the
trackless wilderness, they were without communication with the government for a period of five years. They were all given up for lost by the government and dropped from the army rolls, from the impression that all had perished at the hands of the Indians. When they returned, at least those that survived the extraordinary hardships unavoidably incident to that perilous journey, they were restored to the army rolls and paid. General Banneville kept a diary of his hardships and wanderings in the wilderness, which, at the instance of John Jacob Astor, was handed to that pioneer in American literature, Washington Irving, who wrote from that diary as the foundation of that charming book, "Astoria."

Long after that ever memorable journey to the west, John was born in 1844. Like most Irishmen, John, though but a youth of seventeen, was ready and anxious to join the Confederate army.

Reared at that frontier army post, where the Creek, Cherokee, Choctaw, Seminole and Osage tribes of Indians did their trading and were almost constantly in contact and communication with the citizens and soldiers at the post, he became acquainted with the language of these tribes, their character, habits and customs. A bright and fearless youth, under these conditions he advanced rapidly in Indian lore. These facilities qualified him in an eminent degree for the perils and duties devolving on a scout and long distance courier through hostile tribes of Indians in the territory. Generals Pike and Cooper, both of whom he served successfully and eminently in that capacity, as well as that of a sol-
dier at intervals when those duties were not re-
quired.

The Indians, as we have seen, were divided in their allegiance to the respective hostile armies in the field. The celebrated Stan Waitie, a noble Cherokee, drew most of his tribe after him in the service of the Confederate States. He was edu-
cated, talented and brave, and rose to the rank of brigadier general. Remnants of all the other tribes also followed the banner of Stan Waitie.

Hopoeithleyola (pronounced Hopoth-le-o-la) was chief of the Creek Indians, the large majority of whom followed him in the Federal cause, with many remnants from the other tribes.

Jack McCurtin, a Choctaw, was possessed of much knowledge; was brave and daring in the extreme. He espoused the Confederate cause and became a daring scout and spy, often entering the Federal lines in disguise and always escaped detection and capture. He was in General Cooper's brigade. But it is not our purpose to write a history of the Indian soldiers on either side, only in so far as such information throws light on the subject in hand.

The Pin Indians, the Tubby or uneducated In-
dians belonging to the Cherokees, broke away from the main body of their tribe who followed Stan Waitie and ostensibly acted in concert with the Federals, but really as a roving band of ma-
rauders, pillaging where they could do so with impunity, and roving bands of other tribes did likewise on both sides. This state of warfare in the Territory made it very hazardous for soli-
tary scouts and couriers, traveling alone for hun-
dreds of miles, both day and night.
General Douglass H. Cooper, a native of Mississippi, had long been Indian agent stationed in the Territory. He adhered with much tenacity and firmness of purpose to the Confederacy. The matters detailed in this chapter commenced with the war in 1861. A majority of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, with remnants from other tribes, rallied under the command of General Cooper. The other Indians who espoused the Confederate cause rallied under and around General Pike.

The Federals and Confederates attached too much importance to the Indian tribes during the early stages of the war, and the sequel confirms this opinion of the writer. Early in December, 1861, Hopoitleyola and Halek Tustenuggee, the latter a Seminole, concentrated their forces and whipped the Indians under Colonel Cooper.

That battle gave the Federal Indian overwhelming confidence in their ability to whip any Confederate army, whether composed of Indians or white men. The Confederates deemed it of much importance to dispel that illusion, which they did on the twenty-sixth of December, 1861, in the battle of Chustenahlah, hereinbefore described in a former chapter. The Federal Indians, after that battle, broke up into marauding guerrilla bands and traversed the Territory in every direction, where they thought they could succeed in capturing booty.

With this explanation it will readily be seen that dangers and difficulties confronted long-distance couriers and scouts.

John Nevill, the bold Irish youth, in the spring of 1862, was sent as bearer of dispatches by General Pike to Colonel Cooper, then at old Fort
Davis, three miles below Fort Gibson, at the confluence of Grand and Arkansas rivers. The Pin Indians infested this route in predatory guerilla bands, ostensibly acting as Federals. They were uneducated full bloods and were as mean and treacherous as the Apaches of New Mexico and Arizona. To take a scalp without incurring danger was regarded by them as the type of a great warrior.

The courier threaded his way up the south bank of the Arkansas river, a distance of eighty miles, through a district infested by these Indians. When thirty miles out he came to an uncomfortably fresh Indian trail full of fresh tracks going on the same road or trail he was. This challenged the utmost caution and circumspection. Most men would have retreated or changed their course; but as that would involve delay and loss of time in delivering the urgent message, he kept straight forward on the trail with an eye as alert as an Alpine chamois, availing himself of every advantage the physical conformation of the land offered to discover unobserved the enemy in front. Soon his cautious sagacity enabled him to discover sixteen Pin Indians.

It was now of the utmost importance to take advantage of every obstruction to their vision on his line of approach. He was mounted on a mule of good bottom and staying qualities, but deficient in speed if it became necessary to retreat in the event of discovery. This want of sufficient speed in that event rendered his position all the more perilous. After the lapse of thirty minutes
he heard the guns of the Indians ring out ominously on the air.

Getting behind a mound covered with undergrowth and of sufficient elevation to conceal him from their vision, he approached the enemy within three hundred yards and found them elated and exulting in a murder they had committed and scalp they had taken from their victim, a white man.

The Indians then mounted and proceeded on the highway in the direction of Weber's Falls, a village some miles distant on the Arkansas river, where he supposed they would cross the river and so far as they were concerned leave his way open. The village was inhabited with a mixed population of whites and a few non-combatant Indians. He followed them up unobserved, and it was but a short time until he heard the Indian guns again; another victim and another scalp.

After the Indians advanced Nevill rode up to the body of the victim and at a short distance on the crest of a mound saw a friend, or supposed friend, of the murdered victim approaching. But this solitary man, not knowing whether Nevill was friend or foe, as soon as he observed him, spurred his horse and was soon lost to view.

The victim was not yet dead but was in the agonies of dissolution and unable to communicate anything to the courier. Nevill now advanced to a clump of trees on the margin of the river in full view of Weber's Falls, where he could observe whether the Indians deflected their course by crossing the river, and thus leaving his course beyond the Falls open. When the Indians rode into the village the inhabitants were seized
with the utmost fear and consternation, but the Indians did not commit any outrages there. After a short stay they crossed the river and were soon lost to view.

Nevill then rode into the village with a feeling of much relief, but found the inhabitants in the utmost consternation, and abandoning the village as fast as possible, for fear the Indians would soon recruit their numbers, return and massacre the inhabitants.

When he rode into the village a strange man approached him, whom he could not distinguish as to whether he was Cherokee or a white man. He spoke good English, and was much excited. He said to Nevill:

"What on earth are you doing here alone? You are the kind of man the Pin Indians are looking for. If they find you they will kill and scalp you."

"I know that very well," said Nevill. "I have been on their trail and watching them all day unobserved. They have now left my road, and I am in no immediate danger from them."

And was answered:

"Those Pin Indians are merely acting as spies. They do not feel strong enough to take the town, but they may be back here before daylight with reinforcements to attack us, and we are getting our women and children in a safe place, and ourselves in a good position to meet them. When they find we are ready to receive them they will not attack us."

It was now getting late and Nevill put spurs to his animal in the effort to reach Foster's house that night, some twenty miles distant. Foster
was a white man, with an Indian wife, and a house full of half breeds, and was a staunch Con-
feederate in sympathy, but not of the soldier class.

It was past nine o'clock of the night when
Nevill halted at the yard gate. He hailed, and
hailed, and hailed again, without answer; when
very suddenly a man stepped up from behind
with a double barreled shotgun cocked and pre-
sented within two feet of his face, and asked:

"What do you want here this time of night?"

Nevill said:

"Is that the way you greet your friends, Fos-
ter?"

And the latter asked:

"Is that you, John? Oh, yes. Then get down
and come in; but don't you know, John, that it is
very dangerous to call at a man's house that way
so late in the night, without calling out your
name? I came in an ace of killing you, but found
that I could creep up behind you and prevent
you from killing me, and that was all that saved
your life. Never do that again during these per-
ilous times without giving your name when you
call."

John reached his destination next morning
and delivered the dispatches to Colonel Cooper.

This history fully attests the courage, judg-
ment and sagacity of the bold and fearless Irish
boy, who has since the war filled many places of
honor and trust with great fidelity to duty.
SERGEANT JOHN A. WOOLLEN.

John overflowed the high water mark in the effervescence of life, all along down the line to old age, gray hairs and crutches.

Always, through storm and sunshine, a rare bird of tropical plumage, with his heart full of sunshine and his eye on floral pages. To him there was no dark colorings in the landscape of life. He enjoyed wit and the serio-comic phases of life in all the viscissitudes and variations of many sided man, whether amidst a hailstorm of bullets on the battlefield, or the associations of peace and plenty in the civic walks of life.

The hoarded fortunes of the millionaire is a parched Sahara of trouble and desolation in the scorching sands of corroding avarice, compared to John's wealth of appreciation and enjoyment of the rainbow phases of life under all its varied and shifting conditions.

Not long after John donned the plumage of a warrior, Colonel Fagan and the officers of his regiment were invited to a country wedding in Hempstead county, Ark., to celebrate the bans of wedlock between Reuben Kirkendal and Miss Mary Jane Foster. All went to enjoy the striking contrast between a limited camp kettle fare and the luxurious spread at a wedding feast. The mere invitation was an appetizer.

Most of the ministers in the country had gone to the war, either as chaplains or soldiers, and the aged minister who was expected to appear and perform the ceremony did not appear. This
cast a deep gloom over the guests as well as the affianced.

The rollicking John easily overcame the dilemma. He called his comrades aside and requested them to introduce him as Judge Tatum, of the probate court of a distant county, who would perform the ceremony. Strange to say, the pious fraud was adopted and carried out after a fashion. John was no expert in the ceremonial necessary to fix the conjugal tie, and when the test came could not call to mind any part of the usual ritual on such occasions. He had embarrassed himself, but was too proud and self confident to confess it and ask for a little prompting or any suggestion from any of his comrades.

When the pair stepped out before him he said,

"Mr. Kirkendal, hold up your right hand. Do you solemnly swear that you will make Miss Mary Jane Foster a true and lawful husband until death?"

The same oath was administered to Miss Mary, and they were pronounced husband and wife by Judge Tatum. The couple finally bought a farm near Mount Ida, Arkansas, and raised a large family of sons and daughters.

John was accorded the seat of honor at the table, and was equally radical in departure from custom in asking a blessing.

He was with General Price in Missouri, and was in a great number of battles and skirmishes in Missouri, Arkansas and Indian Territory, where his command, for a time, was attached to General Cooper's brigade of Confederate Indian troops.
On one occasion John ordered himself to go by himself some miles out from camp to seek chickens, butter and eggs, which the commissary could not issue. He secured one half dozen fine chicks, divided and tied them securely to his saddle and steered homeward, having the advantage of a superb fleet horse if the Federals got hot on his trail.

Before leaving a mile behind him his apprehensions were realized in the crack of two guns of ominous import, which came from two mounted gents of Federal persuasion, whose designs were evidently not pacific enough to detain John out on the open prairie where long range guns at six hundred yards were reliable, and in the classic language of the camp, not to be much monkeyed with.

John says: "If I had dropped my chickens it would have been easy sailing; the men in blue, as well as the men in gray, had an appetite for such relishes, but you bet I was not going to play huckster for them as long as my horse's heels held out. He had the bottom and the speed. I had the spurs and let him have them. The six chickens flopped against hip and thigh and squalled for life whilst I run for it."

"The yankees kept popping away whilst I ran away at a speed which would have challenged Nancy Hanks' admiration. But the battle is not always to the strong, whilst it does often favor the swift. One-half mile ahead I saw a friendly mound and utilized the advantages it afforded and made for it. Around its base I was out of sight, dismounted, tied my horse and stepped to its apex, sheltered by a clump of
sumac bushes, and there 'on Dixie's land I took my stand,' and would not have given a tinker's damn for any better thing than I had then. Old Betsy was as true as my horse's heels and my sight was as good as an eagle's.

"I waited until the charging gents came within close range and then turned Old Betsy loose, let her have her way for the first time, and killed the horse of the foremost rider, knowing that would change the tide and inspire the other rider with a vehement desire for achievement in a rear march, and my diagnosis was right—he did not stop to comfort his dismounted comrade. 'Get, you bet,' was the motto which inspired his fluttering heart. I suppose he thought hundreds lay in ambush behind the mound.

"I then mounted my charger and went for the solitary footpad who was mauling the earth in dead earnest with his pedal extremities. He threw away his gun as a weary encumbrance, and as I rode up to the almost breathless knight he threw up his hands, saying in dead earnest:

"'Don't shoot. I surrender.'

"I took him at his kind word, rested him until he caught his wind, and then with the grace of a Chesterfield requested him to relieve my horse of the chickens and throw them across his shoulder, three in rear, three in front, and then politely invited him to take the lead in the pathway to the Confederate camp, and he complied with as much grace as a cultured lackey."

Camp monotony was again at a discount. A wag poked fun at the poor prisoner by asking him if all of his brigade carried squawking haversacks. The witty wag said:
"No; I took this feathered haversack from one of your men whom I found playing huckster away out on the prairie several miles from camp; he invaded a henroost and gave up the prey when I overtook him."

John always kept an eye on the good jugful of animations of life, whether they came to the front through the coiled pipes of a still house, the fermenting vats of hops or grapes, the egg and feathered plumage of a Methodist fowl, or from any other source of supply, whether questionable or not, so it squared up to his ideal of the good and useful. But from this it must not be implied that John stepped over the conservative limits of law, except on occasions when the rapid evolutions of his nature came in contact with iron military regulations. Even on such occasions he took many chances.

On another occasion, in the Territory, whilst his regiment was acting in concert with General Cooper's Indian brigade, he rode off by himself in quest of some anti-monotonous commodity when the enemy's lines were in dangerous proximity. But nothing ill betided this adventure.

On his return to camp late in the evening he heard an Indian war dance in full blast some distance to his right which excited his curiosity. He rode up and found a dozen Indians belonging to General Cooper's command dancing around a Federal prisoner who had just been captured by them.

They had stripped him of all his clothing and gave him a misfit Indian suit in exchange, made him get in it, and one of the leading Indians got in his suit. They were dancing his funeral dirge.
The poor prisoner was as white as death on a pale horse. His ivory teeth were rattling off a death jig. Two negro soldiers were captured with him—buffalo soldiers as the Indians called them. They had been killed and scalped before his eyes, and their bloody scalps were dangling on the scalp pole. The prisoner had been reserved for the final execution. With him it was

"Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound!  
My ears attend the cry.  
Ye mortal men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie."

John whipped out his pistol, made the Indians give the prisoner his clothes, and took charge of him.

The Indians said:

"We no kill white man; we kill buffalo soldiers, all-e-catch."

The prisoner accompanied his deliverer to camp, where he was treated like a gentleman, and enjoyed the change and welcome surprise as much as the drunkard did who had been taken in an unconscious state of inebriety and covered up in his sleepy debauch with soft earth, except his breathing apparatus, in a graveyard. At daybreak he awoke with tombstones all around him. After surveying the solemn scene he said to himself: "This is the morn of resurrection and I am the first man up, but I don't see Jesus nor anybody else rising. I never heard the trumpet and I don't suppose they did. Jesus or Gabriel will blow again."

Passing over the innumerable battles he participated in, skirmishes and dare devil adventures, we pick up the thread again near Camden,
Arkansas. After negroes became an arm of the Federal service against their masters, John was on vidette duty one day on the Camden road.

Negro soldiers were active in prowling over the country in search of pelf and plunder. They went to the houses of many helpless women and children whose husbands and brothers were in the Confederate army and robbed them of beds, bed clothing, jewelry, fowls, hogs and whatever they found to their taste.

These marauders in United States uniform were not popular, to say the least, outside the armies in which they were incorporated. A few days before that one hundred of these negro soldiers belonging to General Steele's command were killed in battle.

The vidette stand John occupied was at a thickly wooded part of the road, which afforded a good opportunity to approach unobserved and pick him off. This quickened the vigilance of his eagle eye, for his life depended on his vigilance. In such situations the vigilance of a horse in detecting objects, both by sight and sound, is far superior to that of man, and the motions of the ears and head of the rider's horse, if closely observed, is a powerful aid to the vidette. In such situations life often hangs on the vigilance and sagacity of the rider in watching the movements of his horse.

He had been at the stand about an hour before anything, or indication of anything, appeared. There was a dead calm in the atmosphere; the foliage was motionless. Suddenly his horse threw up his head, leaned his ears forward and looked as intently and intelligently as a man
could, in the direction of the undergrowth, as thick as a jungle, and held his gaze in that direction, without changing position. But the rider could not discover anything. Perhaps the horse only smelled something. After all it might be a mere animal. But the intense attention of the horse indicated with unerringly certainty that something was in the jungle.

Presently the rider saw a slight movement of the underbrush about sixty yards away, and the horse told plainly that the object concealed was there. Still nothing was seen by the rider, but the horse, as faithful as a well trained pointer dog setting game, held his gaze on the spot.

John was now thoroughly convinced that he must observe the utmost diligence. He moved, turned around as though retreating, but kept his head turned in the direction of the jungle. If it was a man, seeking to take him off, he would stir immediately when he observed the object of his stealth moving away. The presumption was verified. Immediately the object moved quickly forward thirty or forty feet, stirring the bushes overhead, indicating the line of approach.

All doubt was now solved. It was evident that an enemy was in ambush to kill him and that the advantage was with the enemy up to this time. A large oak, one of those monarchs of the forest, was within a few feet of the vidette. Dismounting he embraced its shelter, holding his eye on the spot that sheltered the enemy. A few feet in advance of that spot was a small opening through which the enemy must advance the next forward move, each playing a skillful and momentous game for life. The scale was turning in John's
favor. He held a bead on that open spot. In a few minutes the enemy occupied it, creeping on all fours. John's rifle with steady aim rang out on the still air and the object fell over, uttering one farewell groan to all the scenes of earth.

The tragedy closed over the scene. The vidette waited to be sure of the result before approaching the object with that caution which ever characterizes the judicious veteran. It was dead. The ball passed through the body from behind, just below the shoulders—a vital, deadly spot. It was a large, burly, stout negro belonging to General Steele's command, wearing the Federal uniform.

John dragged the body to the road a few paces distant. On one of the negro's fingers was a fine gold ring. Presently two ladies on foot came along the road, and instantly one of the ladies recognized the negro as one who had robbed her house a few days before and identified the ring as her's, a ring which had sealed her marriage covenant with her husband, who was a soldier then in the Confederate army. She asked for its restoration, and after vigorous effort to disengage it from the bandit's finger without success, John cut the finger off and restored the souvenir to the owner, regretting the necessity for the mutilation, but feeling that the circumstances justified it.

The Ouachita river was not far off. Dense and almost impenetrable jungles filled the low lands, extending up to the banks of the river. Sloughs, lakes and bayous, alligators, marshes, wild beasts and a dense forest converted the region into a wilderness which afforded security to a mob of
thieving negro deserters from the Federal army, who preferred the profession and pursuit of robbery to that of arms. The protection of the Federal army and the disorganized state of society threw a mantle of fancied security and immunity around them. At this time the existence of the organization was known, but its habitat was not known.

The ladies in all that region of country were greatly alarmed and earnestly sought the protecting arm of the Confederates. Nearly all men in that section of country able to bear arms were in the field, marshalled in the Confederate armies. The gallant young colonel, Henry G. Bunn, of Camden, was then leading the Fourth Arkansas infantry through seas of blood in the east. The soldier’s wife who had been robbed of the ring was of that gallant, fearless and memorable regiment, so nobly and fearlessly led by their young and chivalrous colonel until the last hour of the civil war. That young colonel is now chief justice of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, full of years and full of honors, and yet as handsome in his old age as he was chivalrous and noble in his youth.

With others, Sergeant Woollen listened to the appeals of the distressed families for protection. These appeals stirred the hearts of the true soldiers to their foundations and aroused the tide of patriotism to overflowing. On the same day that he killed the negro in ambush, above stated, and within two hours thereafter, two of his videttes captured another negro deserter in Federal uniform, who was one of the gang of thieves who preyed on the defenseless families in localities
adjacent to Camden, the county seat of Ouachita county, Arkansas. Here at last was presented the prospective opportunity to discover the secret retreat and hiding place of these negro freebooters, who had spread so much terror throughout the surrounding country, and Sergeant Woollen resolved to force the prisoner to disclose that hidden lair. He knew that prisoner would not voluntarily disclose the site of the den. At first, as expected, he vehemently denied any knowledge of the existence of such a clan of outlaws, and asserted that he had left his command at Camden under furlough, but he could not produce the furlough and became tangled in contradictory efforts to manufacture an explanation for its non-production.

"Tie him to a tree," said the sergeant. "If he does not tell in five minutes, shoot him dead; if he tells in two minutes we will spare his life, provided he will pilot us to the den; and even then we will kill him if we detect him lying to us. He is out now on a scout, fresh from that den."

Cuffie began to wobble in the knees, and said: "Sho you not kill me if I tells de troof?"

"No, you shall not be killed if you do not deceive us."

"Den, massa, I make you de bes nigger you eber saw; dey is way down in de island, way cross de bayou in a ole canebrake, wha nobody eber goes. I sho de way. Dis nigger's life wuf mo to him dan all de world. I tells de troof, sho as I is a nigger."

No one then doubted the fertility of his veracity.

"How many are there, Sambo?"
“Sometime dey is mo, an' sometime dey am less. Sometime is a dozen or mo, an' sometimes dey is but six; and I has seed but fo dar at a time.”

“When did you leave there?”
“I lef dar dis mornin’.”
“How many were there when you left?”
“I s'pose ’bout seben; mebe eight.”
“Where were all the others?”
“Dey went out in de country to fotch in some- tin’.”
“Do they live in a house or tent?”
“Dey hab a shante, kivered wid boards, an a arbor kivered wid brush.”
“How are they fixed for sleeping?”
“Dey has feather beds, an quilts an blankets, an chars an cook tensils, an plenty ob everything all wants, and whin dey ain't enuf dey goes an gits it.”

“When it's cloudy or dark how do they tell the time of day or night?”
“Oh, deys got plenty gold watches an some clocks.”

“Where do they get all these things?”
“Dey goes roun de country whar de mens are away and takes whateber dey wants.”
“How far are they from here?”
“You means de camp, I spose?”
“Yes, the camp.”
“Well, I spose its five miles; mebe six.”

That was enough. John sent to headquar- ters for three more men, making six in his squad, and after daylight proceeded with the prisoner as guide to himself and men, through the tor- tuous windings of jungle and morass to the out-
law rendezvous. They approached cautiously and silently within fifty yards of the outlaws without being discovered.

Seven were lying down on blankets in an awkward position for a certain dead shot. It was required of the prisoner to give a friendly call at which all would rise on their feet. It was also arranged that the man on the right should fire on the man facing his right, and so on to the sixth man, so as to make every shot count without waste of ammunition. At the signal six outlaws fell to the earth to rise no more, and the seventh was wounded, but made his escape in the jungle. Everything the prisoner had mentioned was found there. The outlaws were all clothed in new Federal uniforms and armed with Federal guns, with an abundance of ammunition, and were all deserters.

John kept faith with the prisoner and turned him loose, with the admonition to make it his business to see all the negro men in that region and make known to them that they would be hunted down like wild beasts and killed wherever found engaged in pillaging defenseless women and children. This, in a great measure, had the desired effect.

At that time the Federals had possession of Helena, Camden, Pine Bluff, Little Rock, Fayetteville and many other points in Arkansas. General Steele’s headquarters had been transferred from Little Rock to Camden, preparatory to collecting and sending large reinforcements to General Banks, who was then prosecuting his celebrated disastrous expedition up Red river in Louisiana. Generals Price, Taylor, Marmaduke,
Fagan, Shelby and Holmes had concentrated a force of about 8,000 effective men near Camden, Ark., to checkmate and drive back General Steele’s attempt to reinforce General Banks. General Steele in his report estimates the Confederate force at forty thousand men, an over-shot estimate of thirty-two thousand men. Such is the infirmity of pride and weakness manifested to prevent and forestall the loss of fame. The attempt to reinforce General Banks proved as disastrous in execution as that general’s overwhelming disaster at Mansfield.

The Sixth Kansas cavalry and a regiment of negro troops, whilst guarding one hundred wagons and teams, were attacked by the Confederates and completely routed. The wagons and teams were captured, one hundred negroes killed, and many wounded. A few days after the Confederates attacked a large body of Federal troops at Marks’ Mill, between Pine Bluff and Camden, which were acting as convoy of two hundred and fifty wagons and teams. They captured all the wagons and teams and fifteen hundred prisoners. This ended General Steele’s effort to reinforce General Banks. His own situation was now perilous, and he retreated back to Little Rock—a disastrous retreat, in which the Federals lost a severe engagement at Jenkins’ ferry, on the Saline river.

Before leaving Camden the Federals destroyed their large magazine of stores, collected in abundance for the intended expedition to Red river. The Ouachita river was filled, choked and damned up with a vast amount of army supplies. A more precipitous retreat was perhaps never
before made by a superior from an inferior force.

John had many narrow escapes, and many thrilling adventures. He was engaged in many battles, but the limit of this volume does not admit of their detail.

The latter part of the year 1864 found him sick in the saddle at Fayetteville, Arkansas, from which point he rode to Center Point, in Howard county, Arkansas, one hundred and fifty miles, sick. By this time a severe case of smallpox had developed, and he was placed in an old outhouse belonging to Adam Boyd, the solitary occupant of a pest house, but not deserted. Mrs. Woods, the daughter of Adam Boyd, whose husband was then a Confederate soldier in the army of Virginia, came to his assistance with that sublime heroism which has entwined laurel and immortalities of fadeless beauty and glory with the names and patriotic deeds and sacrifices of our southern women, which will bear fruit and shine like a diadem as long as the history of our race is preserved. Too much can never be said in their praise.

The writer has often seen cultured matrons of this great southland, who had been reared to noble womanhood in the lap of abundant wealth and luxury, driving an ox wagon loaded with cotton to the arteries and marts of commerce, then in possession of Federal armies, to exchange it for the necessities of life, when their husbands, brothers and sons were in the Confederate army, and their slaves in the Federal army. I have seen them carding, spinning and weaving cloth in that old antiquated houseloom, making clothing for the southern soldier. I have seen them
spinning and toiling night and day with as much devotion as the Marys exhibited at the foot of Calvary. They converted their once luxurious homes into hospitals, where sick and wounded Confederate soldiers were nursed with the tenderness of a mother. I have seen them deny and reduce themselves to the extreme verge of necessity to furnish southern armies.

I recall in all history but one parallel in the sublime and heroic devotion of women. When Carthage was besieged by the Romans, her noble matrons cut off their hair and wove it into bow-strings for their soldiers.

The stricken soldier in that pest house said to the noble young woman who came to his rescue:

"You are young, with the best years of a useful life before you. Avoid this loathsome pest house, save and preserve yourself for that sacred companionship you owe to my noble comrade, your dear husband, who is in the far off, stricken land of Virginia. I owe a sacred duty to him to preserve, protect and shield his wife as I would my mother and sister, from harm and danger. I feel that my race is nearing its close. It is better that I perish than you."

With tears in her eyes and a choking voice, she said:

"It is better that I perish than you. You over estimate the danger. I would not be worthy of my noble soldier husband, your comrade in a glorious cause, were I to neglect this opportunity to do for you as I would others to do for him under like circumstances. Nursed to health you may yet wield a soldier's arm. Were I to abandon you my conscience would smite me to the
last day. We are in the midst of a terrible war which requires all to make sacrifices and meet with willing hearts all of its demands. No, sir; I will not leave you under any consideration whatever, save that of sickness and inability to discharge what I consider an imperative duty.”

Through the dark vigils of long weary nights a dim light cast its soft rays over that pest house. There sat the soldier’s wife, watching, waiting, administering every necessity and comfort possible. When exhaustion overcame her physical powers, Adam Boyd, her noble sire, took her place, and when convalescence appeared they conveyed and installed him in the father’s mansion and nursed him to health.

Other Confederate soldiers were stricken down with that dreadful and loathsome disease, and all were alike taken in charge by that noble young wife and her father, assisted by John to the utmost of his power.

Great kings and glorious queens, elevated to place and power, surrounded with the plumage and pomp of gilded courts, have monopolized the pages of historic renown, to the exclusion of noble men and greater women in the humbler walks of life, and the average historian, dazzled by elevation more than by nobility of character, casts his eye and points his pen to the fictitious dome rather than to the foundation where God has stationed the strength which most glorifies his works.
IRISH WIT, REVENGE AND HUMOR.

John Nevill, of the Arkansas troops, tells the following story on a countryman of his.

Michael Harrington, of Corkonian brogue, an educated dare devil who would as soon be in the severest battle as on the road with a shillalah to Donneybrook fair. In 1864 the conscript law in Arkansas was rigidly enforced in all parts of the state not within rigidly guarded Federal lines.

During that period Captain Bull came into Camden with a very rough looking company of men. Many of them wore hats or caps made of coonskins, and their clothing looked like the remnants of antiquity. Such a scene as this, marching in a foot cavalcade to take position in an army of veterans, scattered monotony to the winds, and Mike Harrington of the Corkonian brogue of Old Erin headed the brigade of hilarity, much to the disgust of Captain Bull, who felt the weight of responsibility pressing heavily, and that it devolved on him to represent and defend his company. He proposed to Harrington to step aside with him a few miles out in the country and he would teach him whether legs or guns was the better defense in single handed collision.

Harrington replied:

"Your legs, of course. You would bate the undergrowth into the earth, and I'm not after robbing the earth of its future forests."

Captain Bull gnashed his teeth and foamed at the mouth like a wild boar. Very soon an opportunity came for Bull to even up with Mike. He
was temporarily honored with the post of commissary sergeant for the distribution of beef. Whilst matters stood thus Mike was sent to the commissary sergeant to draw rations for the regiment he represented, and Captain Bull, against his vehement remonstrance, handed him nothing but the scraps and refuse parts of the beef.

Soon after that episode the command was marched to Clarksville, Texas, where Mike took his turn to act as commissary sergeant. There was quite a lot of Texas hams and bacon sides for distribution. The hams and shoulders were a little tainted, for which reason the soldiers preferred the side meat, which was free from that defect. Captain Bull's turn now came to draw rations for his company, and Mike handed out the tainted meat in abundance to him, whilst Bull was vociferously calling for side meat, but not a side was handed out.

Bull with stentorian voice hallooed:

"Have the hogs of Texas no sides?"

"No," replied Harrington.

"Why?" asked Bull.

Harrington answered:

"The hogs of Texas all split their sides laughing at the Arkansas conscripts."

Bull raved and snorted, and called for a court martial to close up and cut off any further display of revenge and Irish wit at the expense of himself and company, but the application was denied.

It is due to Captain Bull to say that he vehemently denied that his company was conscripted into the service. Harrington retorted that 1864
was a very thin display of patriotism; that if they were patriots hunting a fight they would have come out three years sooner.

WHEN THE GILMORE SCOUTS DID BATTLE FOR CRINOLINE.

The blockade of southern seaports during the war between the states imposed drastic restrictions on commerce and reduced the supply of many articles of prime necessity to a distressing minimum, which was sadly felt in articles of fashionable dress by our southern belles and high born dames. The fashionable hoop skirt, although not strictly contraband of war, shared the restrictions imposed on toilet necessities as well as all other commodities of commerce or war material.

During the winter of 1863-64 Campbell G. Gilmore, of the Maryland line of Confederate cavalry, commanded a small company in the Shenandoah valley, known as “the Gilmore scouts,” who became famous throughout the army of Virginia as brave, chivalrous and fearless soldiers. These dashing knights of sword and spur were as gallant at fetes and balls as on the firing line.

At one of the fetes in the Shenandoah valley given in their honor during the midwinter suspension of hostilities, when the two armies were encamped in near proximity, these gallant knights of the bonnie blue flag were jocosely reminded of the hiatus the blockade had produced in the supply of crinoline, and half earnestly in-
Reminiscences of the Civil War.

331

timated their regret that the days of the Troubadours and knight errantry had passed.

One of the jeweled dames, with an appealing smile, said:

“If the days of the Troubadours had not vanished into the mist of tradition the crinoline blockade on land could be raised.”

It was then well known that the sutlers following the Federal army had abundant supplies of crinoline.

The artistic reminder inspired the Gilmore scouts with resolution to rival the exploits of Don Quixote and his Sanco Panza—to make the sword subservient to love as well as war, without soiling the shield of a soldier.

But war has its ludicrous as well as serious phases, and

“If the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee.”

At that time a large division of the Federal army was encamped around Martinsburgh with large sutler supplies.

An old darkey was sent in the Federal lines to locate the crinoline bazar, and came back with a glowing report of the abundance of the article at a certain sutler’s store well on the outskirts of Martinsburgh, but there were both foot pickets and cavalry videttes guarding the army in the quiet repose of slumber.

Gilmore picked nineteen of his men to attempt the serious achievement of capturing pickets and videttes without noise to arouse suspicion and discovery. By adroit generalship they accomplished the feat, and thus removed every obstacle
to their quiet march on the sutler's stand on a cold, dark wintry night.

The descendant of Israel in charge of the stand surrendered at discretion and sat down with a woe begone face long enough to reach from Jerusalem to Mount Lebanon, and vented his spleen on the Federal army, the officers of which, he said, had assured him that he would be immune from Confederate molestation, and frequently in sorrowful accent ejaculated, "Mine Got, vot hash da tells me! Da ruins me. I goes pack to mine store in New York, vare no soldiers prakes in an' takes mine goods."

The twenty raiders abundantly helped themselves to liquid and choice edible supplies, and then attacked the bountiful supplies of crinoline. Each of the twenty knights took twenty hoops and tethered them to the rear of their saddles, ten to a side, four hundred in all, waybilled for the Shenandoah valley, as reward for the hospitalities of its beauty. Feeling the inspiration of love, wine and security from pursuit and capture, they were in no great hurry in departing with their knightly cargo.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza and his ass never presented a more ludicrous and grotesque appearance, nor did they feel more secure in their attack on a wind mill to inflame the admiration of Dulcinea del Deboso. At three in the morning the knightly cavalcade, after some little exertion, owing to muscular relaxation, mounted and leisurely pursued their twenty miles journey to the Confederate army in the famed valley.

But, like the banquet at Brussels before Waterloo, the thoughts of beauty and splendor, at
break of day was hailed in the rear with sharp crack of rifle in the hands of Federal pursuers. This proclamation of danger restored their relaxed nerves to normal functions, and forced the choice of celerity to the gauge of battle, and determination to preserve their booty.

But the large folds of crinoline flapped the thighs and flanks of their steeds like the ears of elephants, and both frightened and impeded the much desired celerity of their onward flight. Some of the huge bundles of spoil broke loose and were left in the road for recapture, the idea of a dismount to recover being impracticable for want of time. Ten of the twenty lost their spoils in this way, but the suspicion obtained that some were cut instead of broken loose. At all events two hundred of the four hundred skirts were lost in the flight. But all reached the Confederate camp in safety under spur with their burden of ludicrous chivalry absorbing the attention and exciting the hilarity of their comrades. Their zeal for triumph supplanted the elegance of appearance, with its burlesque and travesty on war.

But the Gilmore scouts were victorious in bringing into camp two hundred skirts as a trophy for the belles of the Shenandoah. The serio-comic phases of war were repeated in Martinsburgh when the heroes of the hoop marched through the streets with evidence of woman's influence in war.

There was another banquet in the valley where the Gilmore scouts were honored for their courage and chivalry.
GEORGE W. McDOWEL AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Like the sands of the sea when tested by the microscope, no two grains will be found exact counterparts of each other; and so throughout the infinity of nature in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, to mere superficial observation this would appear to be an impropriety of language.

So in the life of a soldier, no two are alike; the same endless variation presents itself in a thousand things and incidents, divergent in a thousand more. That same infinitude of diversity existing in all the realms of creation exists on the march, in camp, in battle, in wound and death. No two men ever saw the thousand details of a battlefield alike. General outlines are often obvious, details impossible in all their amplitude. This diversity relieves monotony of its weary strain. Continuity of the finest music that ever charmed the mind would drive one insane if long continued. The "harp of a thousand strings," the most exquisite mechanism the Creator ever constructed, requires that every key perform its normal functions in that infinite variety which sweeps over the brain.

George W. McDowel is a Pennsylvanian by birth and education in early life. He came to Arkansas in early manhood, where association and contact with southern men and absorption of their political philosophy and construction of the covenants embodied in the organic compact of the fathers, converted him in his maturer
years to a staunch Confederate and one of "the boys behind the guns."

When that joyful, unique character, so full of pleasant and cherished memories to the writer, Captain Robert H. Crockett (afterwards colonel), was raising a company in Arkansas, McDowell was one of the first men in the state to stake his life on the fortunes of the Confederacy by enrolling in Captain Crockett's company, First Arkansas infantry, with James H. Fagan as colonel (after Shiloh, general). It was the first Arkansas troops to go to the Old Dominion, where it was armed and equipped. There Captain Crockett was commissioned as a colonel and ordered back to Arkansas to raise another regiment for the service, which he soon accomplished, and fought the regiment at Shiloh and many other bloody fields with distinguished gallantry.

The First Arkansas infantry, under Colonel Fagan, did not tarry long in Virginia until it was ordered back to the west, where it fought its first great battle at Shiloh, April sixth and seventh, 1862. In the center of the line of battle, where no more desperate fighting was ever done on any battlefield of the world, McDowell was color bearer for his regiment, in the brigade of General Ruggles, R. L. Gibson colonel.

On Sunday morning before sunrise the Federals were taken completely by surprise in their tents some distance in front of their breastworks, to which they fled in the utmost confusion after the first fire of infantry came crashing through their tents. A very deplorable tragedy happened in the tents, the occupants being concealed when the heavy firing commenced. Two elegantly
dressed ladies occupied one of these tents, in which they were found dead by the Confederates, having been killed.

Their morning repast was abandoned in their precipitate flight. If the presence of those ladies had been known, southern chivalry would have proved their talisman, and they would have been as secure from harm as if in a church at home. Every man of the Confederate army profoundly regretted their more than sorrowful taking off. Several soldiers sitting on their camp stools at their meals were found dead leaning back in their seats.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars in Federal currency was abandoned by the Federal paymasters, and but very few stopped in the on rush and carnage of battle to pick it up. But one of McDowell's comrades could not resist the temptation to look out for a rainy day. He gathered up sixty thousand dollars, put it in his haversack and rushed on to his place in the advancing column. He preserved it through the war and it made his thrifty nature comfortable when desolation overtook the war worn veterans after the surrender. A few others gathered up a few thousand during the momentary pause at the tents, but the vast majority, in that storm and whirlwind of death, thought more of their cartridges and guns than money at that hour, and passed on in the wake of that volcano of death.

The Federals rallied behind their parks of artillery and improvised breastworks, animated by sublime heroism after the rush of brigades and divisions came to their relief.
About 10 a. m. the battle raged in awful fury in the center of the line, where General Hindman, with his division, was fighting and charging batteries with a heroism which will be admired as long as heroism challenges the admiration of mankind.

From the enemy's strong park of field guns immediately in his front grape and canister crashed through his lines like a hailstorm. He led the head of his heroic column. Several horses were shot down under him. He was driven back until it became evident that without reinforcements he could not sustain the unequal contest, and Colonel Fagan, of the First Arkansas regiment, with McDowell as regimental color bearer, was hurried at a double quick to his assistance, and finally a brigade came to the banquet of death.

Superstition and presentiment often take possession of the common soldier on the battlefield, where noble pride is the most powerful factor in sustaining him in the face of death.

Charge after charge had been made on that deadly park of artillery which was reaping a harvest of death. After two of these desperate charges had been repulsed, and whilst resting to prepare for the third charge, the ensign came to the color bearer, pulled out a small flask of brandy and said to McDowel:

"Mac, let us take together my last drink on earth. After the charge we are now going to repeat, I will never answer to another roll call."

"Oh, no," said McDowell. "That is but a fantasy flitting through the brain of a brave soldier. You must dismiss it. You have just
gone through two such charges unscathed, and in all probability fate will be as kind to you in the third charge."

The ensign, William Lindsey, replied:
"You are kind in your effort to comfort me, but my conviction is deep and profound. I am perfectly reconciled to die the death of a soldier. Sacrifices must be made, and I will die at my post in the line as true to my country as the needle to the pole."

In a few minutes after that the hastily re-formed line, without a missing man except the dead and wounded, was heroically led, like the Grecian phalanx and Roman legion, to the third charge, with the heroic Hindman again leading it. In five minutes, when the earth was shaking under the tramp of that wall of iron nerve, the ensign fell dead with a ball through the center of his head. Brave Arkansian!

Captain John H. Thomas, of General John H. Morgan's command, relates a similar experience with one of his men.

There were two brothers, side by side, when the command was lined up for a cavalry charge on the enemy. One of the brothers handed the other some souvenirs, mementoes to be given to his mother, and said:
"Brother, my hour to die on the battlefield has come. Hand these or send them to our dear mother. I will be killed in this charge."

Captain Thomas then urged him to go to the rear and drop out of the charge, and said:
"I don't want to lose you. You have always been a true and tried soldier and have never avoided duty or danger."
“No, no,” said the brave young hero. “It shall never be said that I abandoned a battlefield through fear of death. I would rather die a thousand times than incur such dishonor or tarnish the name of a Kentuckian.”

In a few minutes the charge was made and the brave boy was shot through the head, fell from his horse and died a painless death on the altar of his country. His name has escaped the memory of his captain, but of him it may be said, as on the Confederate monument erected by the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy to the unknown Confederate dead, in the cemetery at Winchester, Va.:

“We do not know who you are, But we know what you were.”

It is said that General Maney, of the Confederate army, on the morning the battle of Murfreesboro opened, rode along his line, and said to his men:

“If any of you have had bad dreams last night, step to the front. I believe in dreams and will relieve any who have had premonitions of their fate in today’s battle.”

But none stepped forward.

History records the almost universal prevalence of belief in dreams in the Roman armies, during the twelve hundred years they were engaged in acting and consummating the greatest drama of ancient times. If a Roman general had unpropitious dreams he would never move his army until the foreboding passed away, and if his horse stumbled on the march he halted his army
until the augurs gave a propitious answer to his queries.

To return from this digression to the third charge of Hindman’s division, supported by two brigades of other commands. This charge was again repulsed. When falling back to reform again, private Hill, of McDonald’s company, passed over the dead body of the ensign, stooped down and took off of the dead body a belt containing a pair of fine pistols, saying:

“I need them. They can do the dead no good; the living can use them.”

The line of battle for the fourth charge was again formed, made, and again repulsed. During this fourth charge, a ball cut the belt on Hill containing the ensign’s pistols and the weapons fell to the ground. Hill refused to recover them, saying with superstitious awe:

“It is clear to my mind that those pistols were not designed for me, and that I did wrong in taking them.”

And there he left them.

A part of Breckenridge’s reserved corps now came on the field to Hindman’s assistance, and the fifth charge was made with a wild rebel yell, and they carried at last the guns which had piled up the brave Confederates. McDowell was shot down in this last charge, badly and dangerously wounded with a shattered thigh.

After the Federals were routed and driven from the field they had so heroically defended, McDowell was put on a litter and carried to a hospital in the rear. On their way they crossed a slough of water waist deep. The bearers stumbled and let the wounded man fall into the water,
where he came near drowning before rescued from that peril. He lay in the woods all the night of the sixth in terrible agony.

Next morning, after the Federal army had been recruited with Buel’s thirty thousand fresh troops, the battle was renewed and the Confederates in the wildest confusion and panic were driven from the field. And here comes into play another phase of a soldier’s life nowhere else pointed out in this volume.

As we have seen, McDowell was of northern birth, and, strange to say, he had the greatest horror of falling into the hands of his countrymen, thinking they would regard him as a traitor and execute him if ever captured by them, because of northern birth, an idea that perhaps would not occur to one in a hundred. He had been raised in the hotbed of anti-slavery and had heard much of its excesses in denunciation of the institution and those supporting it. His father was of that rabid hotbed abolition school, but the son never drank in that heresy; he took the opposite view. In the heat of passion his father told him he had better go south and live with the people he admired and defended.

“I start tomorrow,” he said; “and when the war you speak of comes I will be among the first to take up a soldier’s gun to defend those who are defamed because they insist on an honest and faithful adherence to the covenants which alone made this Union possible.”

And he adhered to his unshaken resolution, settled down as a farmer in Prairie county, Arkansas, and when Crockett, grandson of the hero of the Alamo, raised a company he was among
the first to enroll in the first regiment of Arkansas troops.

On Monday, when the rout and stampede at Shiloh came, he was on the ground with a pile of amputated legs and arms scattered over the ground around him. Transportation for the disabled was limited, and he was left lying there when the Federal army in its victorious career was forcing all who could move from the field. Dreading to fall into their hands, for reasons stated, he crawled toward the fleeing army, dragging his broken thigh with excruciating pain after him, hallooing at the top of his voice to heedless passers to help him to the rear, but none stopped to lend a helping hand. On the verge of death from the loss of blood, he gave up in despair.

Finally one of the surgeons on General Bragg's staff, sitting in a fast passing ambulance, heard his piteous appeal, and with the aid of the driver lifted him in the vehicle and nursed him with tender care through repeated fainting spells, until they arrived at the Confederate hospital out of the tramp of the Federal army. When able to be transported he was sent to LaGrange, Tennessee, where he met the wife of Dr. Ewel, a surgeon in the Confederate army—one of those ministering angels in the decade of the sixties, whose memories will forever shed radiance over the noblest and sweetest recollections of mankind. She carried him in her carriage to her own hospitable mansion.

This good mother in Israel, like many thousands of devoted southern mothers and daughters, made a hospital of her capacious home and
devoted her entire attention to sick and wounded soldiers. Pronounced disabled for life by the surgeon, he was discharged, and when able to travel by railroad, vehicle or boat, went by way of Memphis to his home in Arkansas, where late in the fall of 1862, he concluded that he possibly could serve in a battery where he would be stationary in a battle with artillery or ride on a caisson when moving. His heroic spirit revolted at the idea of remaining at home whilst he felt able to ram a cannon ball home.

He went to Little Rock, hobbled around with the badly disabled limb, and with much difficulty and persuasion finally induced Captain Edward Edgar, of the artillery field service, to take him on trial as a member of his command, and was again sworn into the Confederate service and placed in Captain Hughes' battery. He followed this battery with Price's army throughout its campaigns after his second enlistment.

When up Red river, in Louisiana, he relates an act of unusual heroism in one of the privates belonging to the Second Louisiana cavalry. A detachment of the army to which both belonged was being hard pressed and was in precipitate retreat. This private was very unwell; had frequent fainting spells and was compelled as often to dismount and rest. When thus resting a Federal officer rode up with two privates attending him and ordered the sick Confederate to surrender, who, raising his gun as if to give it up, said, "Surrender yourself!" and shot him dead. The attending privates wheeled and spurred back to their lines, and the brave Louisiana soldier, with
the Federal's horse and arms, caught up with the rear of the retreating Confederates.

When Mac's battery was on the wing he would jump a caisson or cannon carriage and cling to it until it was unlimbered for action. On one occasion, in the emergency of a hasty removal, Mac was left to wobble along, like a misfit wheel on a gudgeon. He could barely walk. He was overtaken by General Fagan, who made one of the train drivers cut out a mule and help Mac on its bare back. When the battery limbered up for action Mas was at his gun. He is at the old Confederate Home near Little Rock. On exceptionally good days he hobbles out on his crutch under the shade of the trees, awaiting the summons to join his comrades in the land where no more battles will be fought.

THE BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

The author has spared no pains in the effort to arrive at facts touching this extraordinary battle. Whilst consulting official reports, he has given the weight of evidence to credible participants in that battle. Such men who detail what they witnessed on the field are free from that bias which too often colors and mars the verity of official reports and influence erroneous impressions. In addition to this, official reports are unavoidably condensed and leave out details of fact and incident, often of great interest and value to history.

There is with most commanders and subordinate officers an irresistible inclination to mini-
mize the achievements of their adversaries, contrasted with the maximum of their own performances. When facts are hung upon such standards, erroneous impressions creep in to the exclusion of facts which enhance the value of history. This is but a generalization, applicable in greater or less degree to the whole landscape of war literature, and is not designed to throw discredit on those Confederate officers who won the first great battle west of the Mississippi river. Their reports are, to a great extent, generalizations without that detail of fact and incident which fill up and bring out the background so necessary to the completion of any picture, either with pen or brush.

The author has consulted General Churchill, John Nevill of the Third Arkansas infantry, and A. C. Richardson of the Third Texas cavalry, all of whom participated in that battle. Acting in concert the two latter have drawn a map giving the location of the Missouri troops under General Price, and that of the Texas, Arkansas, and one regiment of Louisianians, on the night of the ninth of August, 1861, and morning of the tenth, when the battle opened with the attack of General Lyon in front and flank of the Missourians, commanded by Price, and on the flank and rear of the remainder of the forces under General McCulloch, who were attacked by Siegel's division simultaneously with Lyon, whilst the Confederates were asleep in their tents, having no pickets out to prevent as great a surprise as any army in the history of war ever experienced. This is a very pregnant
fact, for obvious reasons omitted in official reports.

Oak Hill, or Wilson’s Creek, where the battle was fought, is situated eight to ten miles southwest of Springfield, Missouri, in a rolling landscape of hills, varying in height from fifty to seventy-five feet above the winding valley of Wilson’s creek, which is crossed near the center of the battlefield by the Springfield or Telegraph road, at an angle to the creek of about fifty degrees. Undulating hills on either side of the creek extended down to the narrow valley separating them, mostly covered with timber.

In the “V” angle between the creek and road, there was a field of corn containing eight to ten acres, which became a slaughter pen for the United States regulars of the old army. One-half mile from this angle, we may say, in the opposite angle to that above described, there was a stubble field from which small grain had been cut and removed. In this latter angle the heroic Colonel Churchill of the First regiment of Arkansas mounted rifles was encamped about one mile from the advanced position of the Missouri troops under General Price, who occupied the crest and slope of a hill sloping towards the position occupied by Colonel Churchill, who was afterwards promoted to the rank of brigadier general, and then to that of major general, in which positions he won the honorable sobriquet of the “Old War Horse,” and after the war was twice governor of Arkansas.

The rear and flank of the colonel’s position was skirted by timber, sloping to the adjacent hills. The Third regiment of Texas cavalry was en-
camped in the timbered slope of those hills in a westerly direction from Colonel Churchill’s regiment. Across the valley of Wilson’s Creek, just above the angle first described above, General Ben McCulloch, with the remainder of the Confederate forces, exclusive of the Missouri troops, was encamped on the inner slope of the hills northeast of Colonel Churchill.

Fortunately “Billy” Woodruff’s battery of field guns was located on General McCulloch’s right wing, nearest General Price’s division, and in easy range of the crest of the hill from which General Lyon drove the Missourians, who were panic stricken at first when surprised and attacked just after daylight before they had gotten out of their tents on the morning of the tenth. Colonel Hebert’s (pronounced Heber) regiment of Louisiana infantry, armed with the Mississippi bayonet rifle, was encamped near General McCulloch’s headquarters on the crest and slope of the ridge.

The effective force of the Confederates was five thousand three hundred infantry, fifteen pieces of artillery, and six thousand mounted men, most of whom dismounted and fought as infantry, with rifles, shotguns and old United States army muskets. In addition to this there were about two thousand mounted Confederates, wholly without arms, who were to the rear and, of course, not in the battle. The Confederates, by the courtesy of General Price, who commanded the Missouri state troops, were placed under the command of General McCulloch.

Major General Lyon and General Siegel commanded the Federal troops, and had a force
about equal to that of the Confederates. The Federals were armed with the best pattern of guns. The old shotgun has been much derided, but for close quarters, like much of the fighting was done on that day, they proved very effective. They carried one large ball and twelve buckshot in each barrel, and wounded many more than the rifle or musket, and killed more men. The respective armies had been skirmishing for several days, but General McCulloch had no idea of bringing on a general engagement until he reached Springfield. His army was taken by complete surprise, and attacked in front, rear and flank before his men had gotten out of their tents.

General Price’s division contained five thousand two hundred and twenty-one men. The attack was made simultaneously by General Lyon on the front and left flank of General Price, and by General Siegel on the right flank and rear. General McCulloch says in his report: “The enemy had gained the positions they desired.” The fact is the Missourians, taken at such disadvantage, ran down the slope of the ridge panic stricken as soon as the enemy’s batteries opened on them, but fortunately Woodruff’s battery of four guns opened vigorously on the enemy and checked his advance until the brave and heroic Missourians could reform, which they did, and no men ever contested a battlefield with more courage and obstinacy than they did, and the division under General McCulloch did likewise. Totten’s Federal battery was in advance. He had been stationed at Little Rock previous to the war and was well acquainted with Captain Wil-
liam Woodruff, his antagonist at this critical moment of the battle. Both captains heroically fought their batteries against each other for six hours and thirty minutes and they both deserve equal credit for their obstinate courage. Lieutenant Omer Weaver, of Woodruff's battery, was killed early in the action. His name is honored and revered for his manhood as a citizen and courage as a soldier.

Whilst this engagement between Generals Price and Lyon was going on General McCulloch was attending to General Siegel to his left and rear. So sudden was the attack on that part of the line that "The Old War Horse," Colonel Churchill, mounted his horse bareback and soon rallied his brave riflemen in the timber, near the position of the Third Texas cavalry. The battle here was obstinate for near four hours before the Federals under Siegel were completely routed.

How did it happen that the Confederates were taken by surprise, and how did it happen that both Generals Lyon and Siegel secured the positions they desired—the best possible positions for the attack? Neither of these questions are answered or explained by any of the official reports of that battle, but both are of easy explanation.

First, it was General McCulloch's plan to break camp at three a. m. on the tenth, next day, and march on and attack Springfield in four columns at daybreak. At midnight a heavy wind sprang up, accompanied by a slight shower of rain. The pickets had been called in before this, preparatory to getting ready to march at three a. m., but being without cartridge boxes to pro-
tect their scanty ammunition, the general con-
cluded it best to defer marching at three a. m.,
and for some unexplained reason the picket line
was not renewed, which rendered it easy for
the Federals to surprise them. This omission
has been verified to the writer’s satisfaction by
many soldiers who were in that battle, and the
fact appears incontestible.

As to the second question, how did it happen
that the Federal generals knew the most advan-
tageous points from which to attack and how to
reach them before daylight on that dark windy
night? This is explained by John Nevill and
A. C. Richardson, who were hotly engaged in
both Price’s and McCulloch’s divisions on that
day, fighting first against Siegel’s division, and
after he was driven from the field, then against
Lyon’s division. Both of these gentlemen are
high toned honorable men with unblemished
records as soldiers. They inform the writer that,
immediately after Siegel was driven from the
field, a citizen of Confederate sympathies in-
formed the Confederates that a citizen living
very near the battlefield, of strong Union convic-
tions, had informed the Federals of the positions
held by the Confederates on the night of the
ninth, and had piloted the Federals to their re-
spective positions. On receipt of this informa-
tion the Confederates went in haste to the trai-
tor’s house, but he and his family had vacated
and left, with a warm dinner on the table. All
the attendant circumstances powerfully corrobo-
rate this explanation.

If General Lyon had had the most accurate lo-
cation of the enemy’s camp he could not have
taken his respective positions with greater accuracy. But for obvious reasons these facts do not appear in official reports. General Churchill, in conversation with the writer, candidly admits the surprise. This "Old War Horse" of many hard fought battles has the best strain of heroic blood and citizenship pouring through his dauntless heart. That the Confederates in winning one of the most complete victories of the war, after being surprised in front, rear and flank, and flushed like a covey of quail, is one of the most surprising and astonishing events of war, rarely if ever paralleled by veterans, much less raw soldiers, but few of whom had ever before been under fire.

A brave old Dutchman who fought "mit Seigel" in one of the batteries was working one gun of the battery of five, stationed some distance in front of the other four guns. The Arkansas troops charged those guns like a whirlwind and took them, but left the old Dutchman with the front gun. After capturing the four guns they returned and found the wheels of the carriage on which the gun rested cut all to pieces, thus completely disabling it for that day.

"What did you do that for, sir, after it was captured and taken," asked an officer.

The old hero responded:

"By tam, vot you lef him here mit me, ven you nose I fights mit Siekel? You say, vot for me cut him. Dat is von vhooshish question. Vot for you tink I'm here mit Siekel for?"

Brave old Dutchman—he did his duty.

In the meantime Price was being very hard pressed. McCulloch sent Colonel Hebert, with
his nine hundred Mississippi rifles, and Colonel McIntosh, with his shotguns and rifles, to take position on the outer lines of the angle "V" first above described, one regiment on each stem of the "V," where a thick growth of corn stood in the open field. A regiment of Federal regulars of the old army came marching and charging through this cornfield. Both Hebert's and McIntosh's regiments lay flat on the ground and poked the muzzles of their guns through the fence cracks, with orders to reserve their fire until the enemy came within fifty yards. Thus enclosed in the angle of this field, with front and both flanks exposed to the terrible fire at close range, was more than the oldest veterans could stand.

The much abused old shotgun, with thirty balls in each, got in terrible work and the enemy recoiled in the wildest confusion, followed by the Confederates, whose unerring aim and dealy fire made that angle a slaughter pen. The old Texas ranger never made a better disposition of men. The capture of Siegel's battery was the turning point with him. By 10:30 a. m. Siegel was non est inventos—his division was scattered like a covey of quail, every man fleeing for himself. But few went to the assistance of General Lyon. Whilst all this was transpiring Price and Lyon, both fighting their men heroically, were each doubtful of the result, and each looked for succor from the other divisions, where heavy firing ceased about 10:30 a. m., each of those heroic commanders hoping that success had been achieved by their respective arms, and that the
victors on that field would march to their assistance.

Whilst this desperately fought battle was in progress at Bloody Point, in the center of Lyon’s line, Billy Woodruff kept Captain Totten in hot water, so he could not turn to operate on other portions of the field. These two batteries, with varying success, kept up a constant duel for six hours. Carroll’s regiment of Arkansans and Greer’s regiment of Texans gallantly charged Totten’s battery, but were unable to hold it. They were driven back by a large force of infantry supporting it, who were concealed behind the crest of the ridge. To escape that deadly and accurate range of Totten’s guns Woodruff very early in the action moved his battery to a more advantageous position, and around each of those duelling batteries it has been said, in language more forcible than elegant, that “hell roared.” The brave “Billy” Woodruff and all of his men stood their ground for six hours, midst a storm of shell and canister.

The commanders at the critical moment were agonized like Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo, one praying for the arrival of Blucher, the other for the arrival of Grouchy. So it was with McCulloch and Lyon. When the firing ceased on Seigel’s line, both generals hoped that their respective divisions had been victorious and would soon come to their relief. At this critical and decisive moment the regiments of Colonels Churchill and McIntosh came like a whirlwind to Bloody Point. At the same time two regiments of General Pierce’s brigade, which had been held in reserve, were called into action.
Totten's battery was then compelled to fall back from the position it had so long and so bravely held.

This was at 11:30 a.m. At the same time Colonel Greer's Texas cavalry and several companies of Arkansas cavalry charged like a whirlwind over a Federal battery and infantry supporting it, and wheeled and charged over them again. General Lyon at this critical and decisive moment was seen trying to rally and encourage his men with the energy born of heroic despair. Soon he was seen dismounted at the head of his heroic columns. Whether his horse was shot from under him, or he purposely dismounted is not known. In a few minutes after this he was killed and fell where the dead and wounded were thickest on the summit of "Bloody Point," covered with a fame for generalship and heroism which now fills one of the brightest pages of history. Had he lived long he would have attained greater distinction.

The Federals broke in wild confusion over the hills toward Springfield, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. The body of General Lyon was taken to General McCulloch's headquarters and cared for with the respect due his rank. Next day a flag of truce headed by a few soldiers who asked for and received his body. In this brief volume space does not permit a full description of the heroic action of the Missouri brigades under Generals Parsons, Clarke, Pierce, McBride and Rains. Suffice it to record the fact that each filled the full measure of their heroic duty on that bloody field.
The Confederate loss was two hundred and sixty-five killed and eight hundred wounded. The Federal loss was five hundred killed and one thousand wounded, so reported by General McCulloch, the Federal dead and wounded being left on the field. George Hallum, the writer’s uncle, an old grayheaded man, was severely wounded in that battle; the writer’s father, Bluford Hallum, still older than his brother George, was a soldier in General Bragg’s army, and all his boys able to bear arms were in the Confederate army.

An old veteran of former wars, who stood by John Nevill when he saw the very great disadvantage the Confederates labored under when surprised at the commencement, said:

“Nevill, we are attacked in front, rear and flank, and are badly whipped.”

Nevill, the Irish boy, said:

“I don’t see it, and don’t expect to see it; we have all got our guns and can load and shoot as well and fast as the yankees, and I know we are as brave as they are; give us a rest on that, old veteran.”

General McCulloch told his men on dress parade after the battle:

“If my men had all been old veterans we would have been badly routed. The Texans, Louisianians and Arkansans don’t know when they are whipped.”
After the battle Nevill went down to the creek for water and there witnessed one of the most distressing scenes he ever saw on any battlefield. A great number of wounded, both Federal and Confederate, had crawled down to the creek for water, where many died, and others could go no farther. There "the blue and the gray" were indiscriminately crowded at that pool of Siloam where neither could longer mingle in the fray of battle. The stream was red with blood. After that scene Nevill concluded to go among the Federal dead and pick up better arms than those with which he had fought in the battle.

The field was covered with dead and wounded. If he had chosen he could have stepped from one body to another for two hundred yards at Bloody Point. Many were dead; many more were writhing and groaning in agony. A little further along he observed a stout body lying on its face with outstretched arms in the middle of the road, motionless and dead to every appearance. Passing around in front of the body he saw a fine pistol and good gun, which he concluded to appropriate, but at that instant a limb which had been cut by a shell or cannon ball fell, and he looked up in the branches and foliage to survey the extent of injury cannon had done to the forest.

Then he cast his eye to the ground at the supposed dead body. He found it a very live man in the act of making ready to shoot him. In an instant more the supposed dead would have shot
the living. Throwing his pistol in his face, in an instant he made the would be corpse drop the gun and get up.

"Where are you wounded?" said Nevill.

"Nowhere," he said.

"What were you going to shoot me for?" asked Nevill.

"Simply because I have been warned not to look for quarters. I did not expect any, and wanted you to show as a trophy in the next world."

He was marched to the bull pen.

A. C. Richardson tells of William Hamby, an old Texas ranger, who took his little, delicate, pale faced son, John, in the army with him and enrolled him in the Third Texas cavalry.

When the regiment was filing up in double column to charge that day, little John sat his horse with his gun to ride in that charge beside his "papa." A moment before the column started at full speed a piece of exploded shell struck little John's gun, shattered the stock and knocked it out of his hand without injuring the boy or his horse. Little John said:

"Look there, papa; they have ruined my gun."

The old pater familias said:

"Never mind, son; after this battle is over we can gather up a wagon load of better guns, and you shall have as many guns as you want."

In a minute more the bugle sounded the charge and father and son rode side by side in the front rank of the charging column. Shattering the ranks of the enemy they drew up, reformed and charged back through the disorganized enemy.
When they drew up after charging back little John said:

“Papa, I rode square over one of those big Dutchmen, and my horse knocked him thirty feet, and I’ll bet his neck is broken; and I’ll bet a dollar I killed another with my pistol. I drew a bead on him and fired, and he fell.”

And the little soldier laughingly continued:

“You and ma said I was too little for a soldier, and ma cried when you let me come to the war. I reckon you see what I can do now.”

Johnnie grew to be much stouter before the war closed, and Texas never sent a braver soldier to the field.

His father afterwards died in the hospital at Corinth, Miss.

The report was then current in the Confederate army that each Dutchman of Siegel’s command carried a rope in his haversack to hang Governor Claib Jackson with.

Nevill, then a rollicking Irish boy, had some curiosity to investigate that report. The first Dutchman he came up with or picked out of the gang who fought “mit Siekel” at Oak Hill presented that opportunity. He went to the bull pen and called out one of Siegel’s Dutchmen, who spoke broken English, and asked him if they had hung Claib Jackson yet, and he said:

“Noh! You see MacKoola coomes mit his en-shines (Indians) and he makes throuble mit Siegel un he has no time to catch Shackson, an’ Shackson he make throuble, too, an’ he go mit Price an’ he makes heap throuble, too; all ish throuble; notings but throubles.”
“Well, where is General Siegel?” asked John.
“Vell, I don knows; I see him runs today mit race hoss. I don’t dinks he dinks bout hanging Shackson; he too much hurry to dinks bout anytings but Siegel. He runs so fas I dinks he be in St. Louis fore day brake, an’ if he dont sheks up I dinks he be in the old kuntry nex weeks. Ven he wants Germans to coom mit him to de war, he say: ‘Boys, I leads you; I go fust; you follows me;’ an todays he gits von big scare, an von great run de oder vay, an he does go fast, an he haves no times to tells his mens to coome too. Dat’s de vay Siegel hangs Shackson.”

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This celebrated company was organized in Memphis from the elite of her youth, the average age being under twenty years, and none over twenty-three.

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Nicholas Cuney, Thos. R. Dillon,
W. H. Clark, Max Kuhn,
J. F. Conrad, Courtland Starr,
Geo. W. Cook, Wm. Pattison,
J. B. Drake, J. V. Little,
Thos. Devreux, Chas. Stout,
Geo. Dashiell, John Stokes,
E. W. D. Dunn, A. F. Lake,
R. T. Dunn, E. H. Stebbins,
David B. Davis, Geo. W. Whitfield,
Chas. B. Davis, P. J. Mallon,
John D. Evans, A. L. Smith,
John H. Fisher, Jas. Rodgers,
Geo. A. Falls, Jas. M. Maury,
J. A. Falls, Jas. T. Titus,
Jas. H. Farr, Baker Springfield,
W. P. Flowers, Geo. E. Morrison,
Sanc Flowers, Robt. D. Walker,
J. W. Grice, J. Jack Wilson,
John R. Giles, D. A. McMurray,
Lev. D. Grant, C. C. Wolf,
Fergus Hall, W. A. Cromwell,
J. W. Hamilton, Jno. F. McKinney,
Robert B. Hays, Fred Wehrle,
Wm. Houston, John Cromwell,
Wm. C. Haskell, John Neil,
Geo. W. Jones, C. L. Williamson,
R. C. Jones, John W. Pettit,
Jas. Southerland, John A. Powel,
John C. Southerland, John E. Eanes,

Many were killed in battle; many died of sickness and wounds. Twenty were transferred to other companies to act as officers.

The company was recruited with many young men as its ranks was thinned. The names of the recruits do not appear in this roster. Marshals Ney, Murat or Kellerman in Napoleon’s wars never commanded braver men. Their names and deeds is a heritage to the state, their families and country.

James H. Edmondson was elected captain, and at the reorganization of the regiment was elected colonel. Christ Sherwin, first lieutenant. John R. J. Creighton, second lieutenant; promoted to captain; killed at Murfreesboro, leading his company as sharpshooters, December 31, 1862. Phil T. Allen, brevet second lieutenant. Thomas F. Pattison, sergeant; promoted captain and succeeded by the ever vigilant and effective Nicholas
Cuney, who kept the records of the company full and complete, with date and place of all the battles and skirmishes; was never on furlough and was at the surrender in Alabama with General Forrest. The writer is indebted to him for this roster. He is of French blood and was as patriotic and brave as any soldier in the Confederate army. Their first colonel was Preston Smith, afterwards promoted for courage at the battle of Shiloh to a brigadier commission, and was killed at the battle of Chickamauga September 20, 1863.

After the battle of Murfreesboro the company was transferred to General Forrest's command under very peculiar and exasperating circumstances to General Smith, from whom they were taken, very much against his will and vehement protest. Both Smith and Forrest were from Memphis, and each were personally acquainted with nearly every member of the company before they enrolled in the army. General Forrest wanted them because they had such a splendid record as heroes, without exception, and General Smith loved them for the same cause. General Forrest had made previous efforts to have the company transferred to his command, without success, and General Smith felt that he had checkmated that effort and was astonished and indignant when the order for the transfer came. Both generals had established a splendid record for dauntless courage and had long been warm personal friends. General Forrest had offered General Smith several companies in exchange for the Bluff City Grays, but was refused. Finally when the order for the transfer came, General Forrest rode up when it was presented. General
Smith boiled over in a volcano of rage and abused General Forrest, who sat on his horse trying to appease the rage he had caused, and said:

“Preston, the Bluff City Grays can accomplish much more for our country in my arm of the service than they can with you, and we ought to let that be the leading consideration with both of us.”

General Smith did not feel the force of the observation nor respond to it, but said:

“Bedford, if ever I hear of you mistreating one of these men I will follow you up and kill you. They are as dear to me as my children, and you have done nothing more nor less than rob me.”

Whilst General Forrest was possessed of fearless and iron courage, he knew that General Smith was woof and warp of the same fibre, and that to add the least fuel to his rage would have been productive of disastrous results, at least to one of them, and he felt that Preston, as all of his old friends called him, had the better of the argument, and wheeled his horse and rode off leaving General Smith in tears. No higher commendation could have been paid the Bluff City Grays, who were to each of those great men as the Imperial Guard was to Napoleon. They were in forty battles. As infantry under General Smith they fought in the battles of Belmont, Mo., Richmond, Ky., Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro and Shiloh; the remainder under General Forrest, the Warwick of the revolution. They donned the toga virilis of Roman youth at the beginning of the war, wore it to the end untarnished, and covered it with the laurel crown of heroic and patriotic achievement. The remnant of that
spartan band stacked arms and furled their banner under General Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., May 9, 1865. Present at the surrender, Captain Thomas F. Pattison, Sergeant Nicholas Cuney and twenty-six others—twenty-eight in all. Others were on detailed service.

But now we deal with the recollections of Graham, as given by him to the author, together with the incidents connected with the transfer of the company.

At Shiloh, April 6, 1862, an hour before sunset, the company was on the left of the Confederate line on the steep bluffs of the Tennessee river, beneath which the Federals had clustered in the wildest confusion. General Leonidas Polk's corps were slaughtering them in great numbers; they were hurrying to transports and gunboats for protection without returning the fire of the Confederates. The bluff of the river was one hundred feet above the water level, which completely protected the Confederates from the fire from the gunboats. The guns from these boats had been elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, which threw ball and shell two miles to the rear without doing damage to the Confederate army. The writer's brother, Henry Hallum, was in that victorious Confederate line on the bluffs. The old heroic General Frank Cheatham was in command of a division then and there, and near him stood James H. Graham with his comrades of the Bluff City Grays. Graham says that at that victorious moment General Polk, commander of the first corps, rode up to General Cheatham and said:
"It is the order of General Beauregard that you cease firing and retire to the rear."

To which General Cheatham replied:

"Great God! is that possible in the hour of victory so complete and disastrous to the enemy which is now completely at our disposal."

General Grant could not possibly have given an order to the Confederate army more beneficial to his own.

It enabled General Buel to reach and reinforce the enemy with a corps of thirty thousand fresh troops whilst the Confederates were sleeping in their tents.

It is said that "everlasting things often hang on slender threads."

But for that fatal mistake of General Beauregard General Grant would never have been commander in chief, nor president of the United States.

That mistake will cause a feeling of regret as long as the history of the Confederate arms is read.

That order to fall back was the Federal doxology of death, retreat and defeat for the Confederates the next day, April 7, 1862. General Polk in his lucid report makes all this as clear as crystal.

If General Albert Sidney Johnston, the peerless commander in chief, had lived to command to the end of that day the drama of war would have glorified Confederate arms.

General Johnston's design was to attack and defeat General Grant before General Buel's corps of thirty thousand men could reach and reinforce him. Some writers, under the impulse of
warm sympathy and admiration for General Beauregard, endeavor to minimize and palliate the force of that mistake, but sympathy and admiration ought not supplant pivotal facts in history. Good judgment and celerity in the management and movement of armies on the field of battle is often worth more than Roman legions. What would a court of inquiry have done under Bonaparte, Cromwell, the Duke of Marlborough, Cæsar, Alexander, Hannibal, Scipio, or other great generals, ancient or modern?

FIRST LIEUTENANT JOHN HOFFMAN.

Hoffman won his spurs as lieutenant for his conspicuous gallantry at Pea Ridge, and on the reorganization of the Fourteenth Arkansas infantry east of the Mississippi river was made first lieutenant.

On the eighteenth of September, 1862, General Sterling Price, with little opposition, captured Iuka at the breakfast hour in the morning. The Federals fled precipitately, leaving their morning meal smoking on their tables, and three hundred negro women who served the camp and tables. These negro women were trembling with alarm. With the assistance of detailed Federal soldiers they had raided the residences of their former masters and mistresses, and each one of these contraband women had a large fine feather bed, with choice bed clothing, and many other household articles arranged in and around the Federal soldiers' tents. These slaves thought the day of judgment had come, but not one of them was
harmed. They were not responsible for the conditions which confronted them. The Federals were heavily reinforced that night and at noon on the nineteenth returned and attacked the Confederates under General Price in one of the bloodiest battles ever fought in any age or quarter of the globe. Both Richardson and Hoffman were at first in the division commanded by General Little, of Missouri, who was shot through the head in the early stage of the battle, whilst sitting on his horse talking to General Price. In a few minutes after the death of General Little General Hebert (Heber) took command of the division.

The companies and regiments were very much depleted by deaths in battle, wounds and disease — mere skeletons compared to their original strength. A coincidence worthy of note and of interest to those who believe in a special providence occurred the morning before the battle which culminated on the first fire from the enemy. Sam McMaster, orderly sergeant to Lieutenant Hoffman’s company, was a high tempered Scotchman, and for irregularity in his report that morning was reprimanded by Hoffman, to which he vehemently replied:

“I wish I may be shot through the heart at the first fire today.”

And at the first fire a minnie ball tore through his breast and he died instantly.

Both armies fought with equal courage and desperation, the Federals under command of that able general, Rosecrans. Both armies charged toward each other with equal courage at the same time. When within fifty yards of each
other they halted simultaneously and stood at that distance, and sometimes nearer, and poured volley after volley into their respective ranks for half an hour. Soon the smoke obscured the combatants so they could not see each other, nor tell their respective positions, only by the rattle of small arms and the flash of fire from the guns. Hoffman says the slaughter was the most horrible he ever witnessed of the many battles he was in before and after that. In the space of fifty yards after the Federals retreated, and when the smoke cleared away, he saw the dead and dying of both combatants in places, piled three deep on each other. Richardson, of the Third Texas cavalry, then fighting as infantry on another part of the line, was engaged in an equally desperate conflict. The Federals in front of this part of the line had a battery of nine splendid Napoleon guns discharging with great rapidity shell, grape and shrapnel, with terrible effect on the Confederates. This battery was splendidly officered and manned, and was very strongly supported by infantry a few rods to the rear. To charge and take this battery under such conditions was no ordinary undertaking, no ordinary martial achievement, and work for none but the bravest of the brave. The Confederates under the awful fire charged up to the cannon’s mouth three times and were driven back with fearful carnage. They reformed under this fearful fire with a small reinforcement and charged the battery and infantry the fourth time, captured the battery and drove its support flying to the rear. The commander of one of the sec-
tions of this splendid battery stood his ground after his comrades had fled.

At that instant First Lieutenant Daniel Alley, of Company G, Third Texas cavalry, said:

"Boys, we have got the guns at last," and put his hands on one of them to mount it in triumph. At that instant the Federal lieutenant drew his revolver and fired at Lieutenant Alley, shattering his right hand. This was wholly unexpected and unwarranted. He was instantly killed for the act of deception and treachery.

A Federal sergeant in charge of the other section of this formidable battery laid his hand on one of his guns and said:

"I am compelled to surrender, but I love these guns as I love my life, and I will stay with them."

Hoffman's company went into action with thirty-five men and came out with fourteen. Richardson's company went into action with forty men and came out with seventeen. This percentage shows the awful slaughter of the bravest of the brave. The slaughter around the battery and a few rods to the rear was simply awful; the ground was literally covered with dead and dying and blood ran in rivulets, and the ground over which the Confederates charged so often was strewn with dead and dying of both sides lying on top of each other. The battle lasted from noon until dark.

General H. P. Mabry, whilst leading his brigade in the charges on the battery of Napoleon guns, had his foot badly shattered, but refused to leave the brigade. He threw the wounded limb across the horn of his saddle, rode up and down
the lines after their repulse, cheering and rallying his men for another charge. After another charge and repulse his horse was killed under him; he called for another horse, but none was to be had; he could not walk; in attempting to do so he fell under the severe pain and fainted, and not until then was he taken off the field to the hospital on a stretcher. He is the Captain Mabry who, with Captain Johnson, had such a desperate fight inside the Federal lines and in view of General Fremont's headquarters at Springfield, Missouri, related in a former chapter. He felt that if recognized he would be treated as a spy. In the hospital he threw off his worn uniform as a general and donned the raiment of a private soldier. He was captured next day and paroled as a private soldier. The strategy saved him a trip to Johnson's Island.

The Confederates slept on their arms that night amidst the horrible scenes of carnage around them.

General Rosecrans, the able Federal commander, during the night of the twentieth received large reinforcements of fresh troops, which compelled General Price to retire from the victorious field of the nineteenth with his shattered brigades and divisions and to cover his retreat against overwhelming numbers, which he did in a masterly manner.

In the meantime Major General Van Dorn had been assigned to the command of the department and was approaching to form a junction with General Price for the purpose of attacking the strongly fortified Federal works at Corinth, Mississippi, which he did in the desperately
fought battles of the third and fourth of October, 1862.

General Price says of that battle:

"The history of the war will contain no bloodier page than that which records this fiercely contested battle. The strongest expressions fall short of my admiration of the gallant conduct of the officers and men under my command. Words can not add lustre to the fame they have acquired through deeds of noble daring which will live through future time. The long list of the gallant dead carries sorrow to the homes of those we are fighting for. A nation mourns their loss, whilst it cherishes the story of their gallant death in this mighty struggle for liberty."

The Confederates charged over almost insuperable difficulties to get to breastworks frowning with cannon; they struggled through forests of fallen trees, reached, captured fortifications, and drove the Federals back a distance of three miles into the town of Corinth. Here they fought from street to street and house to house, and were so far victorious, but again large reinforcements of fresh troops of the Federal army came and the Confederates were forced again, as at Iuka twelve days before, to retire.

General Van Dorn, because of defeat in this battle, was superseded and placed in his proper place—command of cavalry—where he served with distinction until he was killed at Spring Hill, Tennessee, May 8, 1863, by a private citizen for alleged cause involving domestic relations. When he died, General Granger, of the Federal army, said:
"The Confederacy has lost a great cavalry commander."

After the battle of Corinth the army was again reorganized and the celebrated Third Texas cavalry was again remounted and placed in that justly celebrated brigade of Texas cavalry commanded by Brigadier General L. S. Ross until the end of the war. He was commissioned as brigadier at twenty-one years of age after the battle of Corinth, and no commission was ever more worthily bestowed on a young man or honored with a braver man. He was as cool and self possessed in action as when on dress parade. For reasons stated elsewhere the command of General Ross became much prejudiced against General Forrest.

DARE-DEVIL COURAGE.

In the fall of 1864, about forty miles west of Newbern, North Carolina, a small brigade of Confederates, including Colonel Claiborne's regiment, were engaged in a hot battle, for the numbers engaged, and were repeatedly driven back to new positions, where they would reform and give battle again. During one of these retreats one of Colonel Claiborne's men lost his canteen, the strap which held it being cut by a ball from the enemy about one hundred yards to the rear of the position where the brigade reformed to give battle again.

This loss of the canteen fell to the lot of a native of Georgia, whose name has escaped the memory of Captain Louder, who was in the
same regiment and witnessed the scene here related. The combatants at the time here related were facing each other with but two hundred yards of intervening space. To the utter astonishment of his comrades the Georgian announced his intention to go back between the lines and recover his canteen. His comrades protested and told him it would involve his certain death. "No, no," he said; "I can out-general them, get my canteen and return to the lines." He was noted for shrewdness and courage, and adopted a remarkable ruse to prevent the enemy from firing on him when he approached their line of battle, which was in plain view. He stepped out a few rods in front, held his gun high up in his right hand, then dropped it and started on a run to the Federal line, turning his face two or three times to his comrades, as though he was fearful they would shoot him for desertion. The Federals ceased firing in his direction, believing he was coming to them as a deserter. They waved their hands and cheered him lustily. When he reached his canteen he picked it up, wheeled and ran back like a quarter horse to his command in safety. The Federals opened fire on him, and the recovery of the canteen was at an awful sacrifice, for while he escaped the enemy's fire cut down five of his comrades.

HEROIC AND PATHETIC INCIDENTS AT BATTLE OF HARRISBURGH, MISS.

It is not designed to describe this sanguinary battle, which took place July 13, 1864. That
has already been very ably done by Dr. John Allan Wyeth in his fascinating “Life of General Forrest,” in a very lucid manner that will never be surpassed. Generals Forrest and Stephen D. Lee commanded the Confederates, and Generals A. I. Smith and Mowen the Federals.

George B. Rorabach, of Company A, First Louisiana heavy artillery, was in that battle fighting as infantry, and he tells the following heroic and pathetic story:

Rorabach, the sturdy German, stood by little John Murphy, a very young, slender Irish lad of sixteen years, who was perhaps as bold, adventurous and devoid of fear as any soldier ever was on a battle field. With others they were deployed as sharpshooters in an old abandoned field, which sloped down to a ravine covered with undergrowth, where the Federal sharpshooters were protected in a very advantageous position, whilst the Confederates were in the open field within fifty yards with no protection but a few old stumps and logs. Rorabach lay down at the end of an old fallen tree and urged the little Irish boy to take shelter behind a small old stump which extended above his head, but the little slender dare-devil refused any protection whatever. Murphy and a youth of about the same age in the Federal line became engaged in a duel, which attracted the attention of both lines, and, as if by common consent, both sides seemed agreed to let this pair of brave lads have it out to the finish without interference. The lad of Erin, when loading his gun placed it immediately in front of his person. When in that position a ball from his adversary struck
the center of the gun barrel and made an indentation beyond which he could not press the ball when loading. He was biting off the end of his cartridge when that misfortune happened, and did not discover the injury to his gun until he attempted to ram the bullet home.

Throwing the gun down Murphy said, "Hold on, you have ruined my gun. I'll go back and get another and open up at the same stand again," and off he sped like a deer to the rear, but the whole Federal line opened up on him as he passed to the rear, and thus at least violated the implied understanding that the boys were not to be molested in this duel. But he was not hit, and came back at full speed to the position he had left with another gun and found his gallant adversary in position. He fired and saw the dirt fly from the Federal's coat and hallowed out, "How do you like that?" To which his adversary responded, "You peeled off some skin, but that don't count." Rorabach again urged him to get behind the stump as the Federal had the advantage of the ravine and did not expose himself only when he rose up to fire, but the lad responded, "I am so small they can't hit me, and I don't need the stump. He is loading now and I'll get him when he rises up to fire."

Every time the boy fired a yell would rise from his line. Rorabach felt indignant when the enemy violated the implied obligation not to interfere with the duel of the boys, by sending a platoon of balls after Murphy when he retired to the rear for another gun, and felt that violation of the implied cartel released him from
longer conforming to its obligation. He reserved his fire to save the life of his daring little comrade until he saw his brave adversary taking very deliberate aim, then he fired, and the heroic young Federal fell back in the ravine to rise no more.

Soon General Chalmers with a brigade of Confederate cavalry charged the enemy and dislodged them and drove them back to their main line in the timber, followed at double-quick by the Confederate infantry. In the short interval of cessation in the firing during the cavalry charge, Rorabach went to the ravine where the brave boy fell at his fire and found him in the agonies of death, but perfectly rational. He says that of all the heartrending scenes he has witnessed on many battle fields, none affected him so much as this. He had felt compelled to shoot at short range to save his own little daring comrade, but notwithstanding that palliation his conscience smote him, and to him it seemed more like murder than war, and he deplores the necessity which impelled the act to this day. The countenance so perfectly composed in the hour of death, the high expansive forehead, with radiant countenance mingling its pallor with the flashes of an eagle eye, told of a boy animated with the noble lexicon of youth, pointing his arrows to the sun. Rorabach took the haversack off of the boy to adjust it as a pillow under the head of the dying soldier. "No," he said, "please open it; you will find in the bottom a package of letters from my dear mother, take them and promise me that you will return them to her, and write her of the time and
place and circumstances under which her boy met his death. Be sure to write her that her boy died the death of a true soldier without a stain on the name he tried to honor in life and sustain in death. Tell her not to grieve for me. Do you promise me this?" Rorabach with tears streaming from his eyes, responded, "Yes, on the honor of a soldier," and in the next minute the soul of the noble boy took its astral flight.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the Confederates went rushing on the enemy like the billows of the sea and bore Rorabach on its thundering tide. In ten minutes more he was shot down and dangerously wounded with thigh broken, and was sent to the hospital in the rear. Next morning the ambulance corps took charge of him to be sent with the other wounded to Okalona. The ambulance was driven to the Federal hospital to gather up the Confederate wounded there. Calling one of the Federal surgeons, Rorabach ascertained that he was surgeon of the brigade to which the young lad he had killed was attached, and found that the surgeon knew him well as a noble youth of great promise. He gave the surgeon the letters and the message the young hero had sent to his mother, and he promised to forward them to her.

A BLIND BLOCKADE RUNNER AND GENERAL GRANT.

When the southern coastline was blockaded many articles of prime necessity commanded fabulous prices, which inspired an army of
inland blockade runners of both sexes on both sides of the military lines. Frank White, a blind youth of Huntsville, Ala., caught the contagion and became one of the most adventurous and daring of his class, and was known to a large circle of civilians and soldiers on both sides of the line. His shrewd address together with his sightless eyes for a time warded off suspicion, and he was quite successful. His field of operations was between Huntsville and Memphis, while the greater part of the intervening territory was in possession of the Federal army, then commanded by General Grant. His outfit consisted of a pair of splendid gray horses, a specially constructed vehicle and a trusted negro man for his guide and driver, who was always perfectly reliable and true to him and judged of the value and quality of the contraband articles. His contraband merchandise consisted principally of medicines and cloth for Confederate uniforms.

Finally his frequent trips excited the suspicion of Federal scouts and they arrested and conducted him to General Grant’s headquarters when he was loaded with supplies procured at Memphis. The proof was evident and abundant.

The General had a white elephant on his hands. He could deal with powerful enemies in the field as rigidly as the stern rules of war required, but when he looked into the blind eyes of that helpless yet daring youth his sympathetic nature was deeply touched, and least of all did he wish to add to the misfortunes of that blind boy; and for the negro who held with stern tenacity and fidelity to the fortunes of his young
master through storm and through sunshine, he had great admiration, which commanded that respect which such characters have always commanded since man inhabited the earth. The great general had thus presented for solution a question far more difficult to him than seiges and lines of battle. His duty pointed in one direction; his sympathy more powerful in another. After several days' meditation he confiscated the contraband goods and let the blind boy with his team, vehicle and driver go on to Huntsville with the gentle admonition to abandon their avocation, and a warning as to what he would be compelled to do if they resumed the contraband trade. But the impetuous youth, so soon as he thought himself beyond the reach of the Federal army, wheeled about, retraced his steps to Memphis and loaded up with another cargo of contraband goods, and was recaptured on his return trip to Huntsville and again carried before General Grant, who was again troubled with the burden again cast on his generosity and the conflict between sentiment and duty, and after several days' captivity extended the same generous treatment by turning his captives and team loose.

This generous conduct of the general commanding great armies had the opposite effect to that desired. The youth was emboldened in the belief that with General Grant he was immune from the punishment usually inflicted on smugglers and blockade runners in times of war, and for the third time resumed his occupation and abused the confidence and magnanimity of the general, and was again captured and
carried before the general at Corinth, who again hesitated for several days as to what disposition to make of the incorrigible blockade runner.

Finally he told the young man and his loyal black that he would confiscate the team and vehicle as the only apparent means to cripple and break up his contraband trade. This surprised, startled and amazed the victim, who had abused the great leniency and kindness extended to him, and the youth said, "No, general, you surely do not intend to do that." "Yes," the General said, "you have abused my kindness and forced me to adopt the only apparent means I have to stop your unlawful occupation without going to further extremes." A pass through the lines was then given the youth and his guide.

This made a deep impression on the talented and wayward youth, and that impression finally led him to the opposite extreme of the arc of human conduct. He embraced religion with as much persistence and tenacity of purpose as he had exhibited in blockade running, and today the Reverend Frank White is a zealous, faithful and consistent minister of the gospel and is a powerful preacher of the Missionary Baptist persuasion.

But there is another phase to this episode in the annals of war. When President Grant was a candidate for a third term he was a guest at the Burnett House in Cincinnati while the Reverend Frank White was a guest at the same house, where he was introduced to the president. They sat down together in social converse, which lasted for a few minutes when
General Grant said, "By the way, it occurs to me that I have met you before, but the circumstances and place escapes my memory; can you refresh it by recalling the time and place?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. President; you perhaps have not forgotten the blind blockade runner who was captured three times and carried before you, nor those splendid gray horses you took from me."

"Yes, yes," said the president; "I remember you, your guide and the horses well. They were the best horses I rode during the war."

The preacher was now on a warm and genial trail, and said, "Mr. President, there is another little circumstance connected with that reminiscence which may not have escaped you?"

"What is it?" inquired the president.

And the reverend gentleman answered, "You forgot to pay me for those horses."

"What were they worth?" asked the president.

"They were not for sale; but a few days before they were captured the last time I was offered $500 for them and refused the offer."

President Grant then stepped to the desk, drew his cheque for $500 and gave it to the preacher.*

**COLONEL WILLIAM FORREST SHoots AT HIS BROTHER, THE GENERAL.**

The following is related by Allen Durham, a soldier under General Forrest, of much integrity of purpose.

*The writer has this history direct from the reverend preacher, whom he has known for many years, and it may be relied on as absolutely correct.*
Soon after the Bluff City Grays were mounted, General Forrest went into camp at Spring Hill, Tenn. While there one cold, dreary and desolate night the general sent an order to his brother, Colonel William Forrest, to take a company and go out on a scouting expedition. William, for some unexplained cause, did not obey the order nor ask for its recall. Next morning the general, feeling much exasperated, proceeded to the tent of his brother for an explanation. There was a tree standing fifteen feet in front of the tent at which the general halted and called for his brother, at the same time resting an arm against the tree.

William, anticipating trouble with the general, stepped to the door of his tent, raised his pistol and fired at him. The ball struck the tree, and fragments of the bark flew in the face of the general without further damage. The general said, "William, what do you mean?" William then threw down his pistol and advanced to his brother. They retired to the general's tent and held a conference, the purport of which was never made known or alluded to by either. All that the general said was that "William is the only man I ever feared."

General Forrest was a man of very strong attachment for his brother, mother and wife. He had been the head of the family from his youth up, and occupied the treble relation of brother, son and father to his brothers after the death of his father. The writer knows this from intimate acquaintance with the family for twenty years.

For an elaborate and very able history of the family, see Dr. John Allan Wyeth's "Life of Gen-
eral Nathan Bedford Forrest,” one of the finest contributions to our war literature.

**THE MOST UNFORTunate ACT OF GENERAL FORREST.**

In March, 1865, when every division of the Confederate army east and west was crowded to the wall, every informed mind saw that the Confederacy was fast crumbling in its last agonies and rapidly dissolving. At that time General Forrest with the remnants of an army was heroically resisting the Federal advance on Selma, Alabama, and was in anything but a hopeful mood. Soldiers who had fought heroically for long years without seeing their families felt the dissolving condition of military operations as firmly as the great commanders, and were leaving the army by hundreds and seeking their way to their distant homes. In the Kenutcky command then under General Forrest was an old man who had passed the age of military service before entering the Confederate ranks as a soldier, and with him was a young boy who had made one of the best of soldiers, and at that time (March, 1865) had not attained the age of military service, like many thousands of other boys who entered the Confederate service. This heroic youth, like his aged comrade, applied for a furlough, which was denied; but they started home without a furlough, firmly believing that they were by law exempt from military duty, which was true. They were apprehended and brought before General Forrest then at Sippey
Bridge in Alabama, near the boundary of Mississippi. Each acknowledged that they were making their way back home, and vehemently claimed their exemption from military law because of over age in the one and under age in the other. That defense was true—and a good one, as we will presently see—but was utterly ignored by General Forrest, who in the rage of uncontrolled passion ordered their immediate execution, which was carried into effect.

It has been said in extenuation that they were tried by a drum-head court martial, but such was not the case, so some of his own soldiers say. And it has been further alleged in all seriousness, that General Hood had previously ordered all deserters executed, and by implication the inference has been drawn that the execution was justified under General Hood's order. But no legitimate support whatever can be drawn from that order of General Hood, because at the time of the execution General Hood had been relieved of the command and ordered to Richmond. It will scarcely be said that a general's orders to his army while in command survive in force after he is relieved of that command. When jurisdiction ends, power to command ceases. Again, power to inflict death did not reside in General Forrest without the finding of a military court and the approval of the president of the Confederacy.

Afterwards it was ascertained that their defense of not being subject to military service was absolutely true. To say in the face of such indubitable facts that their execution was either legal or justified, in any possible view of the
Reminiscences of the Civil War.

The case, is to misapprehend, pervert and misapply military law in its severest phases. To denounce them as deserters when they were not subject to military service is to equally misapprehend the scope of military power involving death penalties. That they voluntarily served their country, when its laws did not impose any such obligation, but expressly exempted them, lifts their devotion to the higher standard of patriotism. To say they deserted the performance of a duty the laws did not impose is to depose reason and enthrone chaos and anarchy in support of usurped power.

Men who served under General Forrest at the time—men who are devoted to his renown—say that Kentuckians went to him after the execution and told him that as Kentuckians and soldiers they only submitted to it because of his great ability in the service, which was then in very great demand—that they regarded it as their duty to protect, no less than command Kentucky soldiers, that in the future they had resolved to do it at all hazards. They were on the verge of mutiny. General Forrest felt it very keenly.

It is due to the memory of those unfortunate men, to their lineage and to the noble state they hailed from, to strike down the unjust stigma of desertion with facts, though the pillars of a throne crumble at the touch of truth and justice. It is due to General Forrest to say that in after years, when the sunset of life was casting its mellowing influences over his stormy and glorious career, that he said to Major Strange, his trusted friend, that the execution of those brave
Kentuckians was the only act during his career as a soldier which bore heavily on his conscience, and that he deeply regretted and deplored that one unfortunate mistake.

GENERAL ROBERT TOOMBS AT FRAZER'S FARM AND MALVERN HILL.

The following are recollections of William F. Ferguson, a private in the Second Georgia infantry, company F. Paul J. Simms, colonel; General Robert Toombs, brigade commander.

General Toombs was a man of national reputation—a fire-eating Southerner of the Yancey school. For alleged disobedience of orders in charging a masked battery on Malvern Hill he was unjustly accused of cowardice by General A. P. Hill, for which he challenged Hill to fight a duel, as we will see further along.

His first serious engagement was at Yorktown, where he lead a brilliant charge and retook the Confederate entrenchments from which North Carolina troops had been driven by the Federals. Ferguson says he displayed great coolness and courage under very severe fire, when his men were dropping all around him, and cites as an instance when shells were bursting all around and over him and his command, before they reached the infantry firing line. Toombs was on horseback, intently watching the pyrotechnic display, when he observed a shell approaching him directly, with much disturbance of atmospheric conditions, and with some nerve disturbances in the troops; some of whom were killed
and others wounded before they reached a position where the infantry could take a hand with their small arms. Toombs gave a graceful bow to the advancing shell just in time to avoid its life destroying effects. The serio-comic recognition of the value of time saved a hero's life.

Sagacity sometimes magnetizes a man’s nerves and quickens the law of self preservation. It trilled along the line in epic plaudits and forcibly illustrated the difference between senatorial and martial pyrotechnics, also the marked contrast between sitting on a senatorial rainbow and a warhorse with the music of cannon and musketry. But Toombs was as heroic as his senatorial keys had indicated he would be when the time came for its proofs.

At Frazer’s Farm, where one of the most desperate battles of the war was fought, Toombs led his brigade in one of the most sanguinary charges ever made on a field of battle. Ferguson says his company went into that fight with sixty men and came out with only ten men who escaped unharmed. This awful percentage of fifty out of a total of sixty attests the severity of the battle and undaunted courage of the troops. Toombs was there in the thickest of the fight, leading and directing his men.

He also led a very desperate charge on Malvern Hill during the seven days’ terrific slaughter around Richmond. Here an incident occurred which eliminated the brave senator and general from the army and the soldiers under him, who entertained profound admiration for him, both as a general and for his uniform kindness.
Ferguson, who was in the charge on Malvern Hill, says that General A. P. Hill's charge of cowardice against him was very inconsiderate and unjust. That the charge grew out of the following incident. He had been ordered to charge a position in front of his brigade, which led over thickly fallen timber and a dense undergrowth, rendering it impossible for his men to keep in line. But as they went in gallant style, and formed and reformed as best they could under an awful fire of small arms, his men falling by scores. The chaparral and undergrowth in front of the charging brigade concealed a powerful battery of the enemy, which opened on them with grape, canister and schrapnel at close range, with terrible effect. Toombs, seeing that his brigade would be swept away before they could reach the cannon, gave the order to "file left"—for two wise objects—to save his men as far as possible and to flank the powerful battery.

They "filed left," as fast as possible, a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards. The masked battery, Ferguson says, contained forty-three guns of large calibre and several field batteries on either flank of the large guns, all of which opened with a terrific volume of fire on the ever advancing brigade, which in that carnage of hell was unsupported. Toombs saw at once that his brigade would either perish or be forced to surrender if he did not "file left" and flank the batteries.

The charge was like the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava in the Crimea. On the consecrated brigade rushed, with Toombs at their head, like the rolling billows of an ocean. They
captured two batteries of field artillery, but were not able to hold the captured batteries five minutes. The enemy had a powerful support of infantry a few rods to the rear of the captured batteries, who like fresh demons rising from the earth, made a bayonet charge on the exhausted handful of Confederates and drove them with great slaughter from the field.

No support of fresh or other troops came to their relief. They had stood to their guns as bravely as the Greeks at Marathon or Thermopolæ. Toombs exercised the wisest judgment under the circumstances and conditions which confronted him.

Major General Magruder, his division commander found no fault with him for "filing left" to escape as far as possible the carnage which would have swept his brigade from the earth before he could have reached those forty-three cannons of large calibre in front. It was a moment when he could not await orders, and a moment when his heroic nature revolted at retreat. He chose to "file left" and move on.

Ferguson, who is a truthful and reliable man, was in that charge, and he says that Major General A. P. Hill, in a moment, without full knowledge of the conditions under which Toombs acted, charged him with cowardice for deviating from the order by "filing left." That General Toombs thereupon challenged his superior officer, General A. P. Hill, to fight under the code duello, which was a very grave breach of military law, and imposed no obligation on Hill to respond to the challenge.
General Toombs, like many other men laboring under a just feeling of lofty pride, fixed his own standards as a test of the courage denied him. It may be said with absolute verity that the heroic bearing of Toombs in leading the desperate charges at Frazer's Farm and on Malvern Hill evidenced the extreme opposite of cowardice.

The episode resulted in General Toombs resigning his command in the army and retiring to private life for a short time. He took an honorable part in organizing state troops after the invasion of Georgia.

His son-in-law, Dudley M. DuBose, was admitted to the bar at Memphis in 1854, at the same time the writer was enrolled in the professional guild. Dudley married the daughter of Senator Toombs in the White House at Washington, and his wife was led to the altar by President Buchanan. He went to housekeeping in a residence on the south side of Madison street, between Second and Third streets, in Memphis, Tenn., where he was frequently visited by his unique father-in-law. On such occasions Dudley entertained his friends, including the writer.

Dudley was born and came to man's estate on Big Creek, in Shelby county, twenty-five miles from Memphis, a creek then celebrated for fine fishing, where we met in the halcyon days of early youth at Taylor's old mill, to lave in its limpid waters and make heavy drafts on its finny tribes. He was a man of splendid physique, and favored the Romanoffs of Russia, especially the Grand Duke Alexis. He represented his district in Congress two terms after the war. He
was a brother of Judge DuBose, of Memphis. Dudley was a gallant brigadier in the Confederate army.

To go back a moment in the chronological order of events to the desperate battle of Frazer's Farm. General Toombs' brigade was drawn up in an open wheat field, sloping down to the dense undergrowth in the Chickahominy bottom, on the outer edge of which there appeared to be only a strong line of Federal sharpshooters. To force them back into the wilderness General Toombs deployed seven companies of his brigade, including Ferguson's company. These companies advanced through a very heavy fire to within fifty yards of the Federal line, and halted, where they maintained their ground amidst one of the most destructive fires ever encountered on a battlefield. Instead of a mere line of sharpshooters they marched up on the regular line of battle.

While this unequal contest was going on, against such terrible odds, the left of the Confederate line gave way and General Toombs was ordered to reinforce it with his brigade, leaving the seven companies altogether unsupported, fighting against such terrible odds, where they were falling like leaves in autumn. Seeing the trap into which these heroic men had been drawn for annihilation, General Magruder hurried up two brigades to their support and prevented their capture or total annihilation. It was here in that open wheat field where Ferguson's company of sixty men lost in killed and wounded fifty men out of a total of sixty. This almost unparalleled percentage of loss points
with index finger to the indomitable heroism of
the Georgia troops.

Here amidst this carnage an incident unpar-
alleled in the history of war occurred. There
was a very moral and religious youth, named
Alfred Watts, who stood in line by the side of
Ferguson, when he was shot through the head
with a minnie ball. When struck he sprang three
feet up in the air, burst out into a hearty laugh
and fell dead. This is worthy the attention of
medical science. The ball must have excited the
risible nerves in its passage through the head.
Watts had a brother in the same company and
line of battle, whose shoulder was shattered a
few minutes after his brother’s death, and he
died under the surgeon’s knife.

When the reinforcements came to the support
of these heroic men they were ordered to fix
bayonets and charge. But the Federals in ser-
rried ranks stood immovable and fought with bay-
onets. The two lines, after that tremendous
clash, recoiled only about twenty feet apart, and
there each maintained his rood of ground for
twenty minutes, shooting each other down,
through smoke and flash of musketry, like the
French and Austrians at Meringo, where only a
narrow steam separated the combatants. To
charge the heroic leader who stood at the
head of such men with cowardice at Malvern
Hill, where he lead his shattered brigade with
a heroism unsurpassed in the annals of war,
does not amount to respectable nonsense,
although made by one of our great Southern
idols in an inconsiderate moment of passion,
because Toombs gave the order to “file left” when
within one hundred yards of a masked battery of forty-three large guns, flanked by batteries of field artillery.

This defense of the Georgia hero is not made in disparagement of the great and heroic lieutenant, General A. P. Hill, who was killed at Petersburg a few days before the curtain fell at Appomattox to rise no more forever. Hill will live in our glorious war literature as long as letters are preserved, loved and honored by posterity. He was a great general and as true a patriot as Lee. Let justice spread her beneficent mantle alike over the names and deeds of both Toombs and Hill, crown them with laurels and immortelles, and hand their names down the cycles of time to the remotest posterity, as men who acted a noble part in the greatest drama of the world.

Ferguson says that in both battles—at Frazer's Farm and Malvern Hill—the gray and the blue lay piled across each other, two, three and sometimes four deep—that they charged over and trampled on the dead and wounded in bayonet conflict. The obstinacy and courage of these contending armies has never been surpassed, and the writer or speaker who disparages the courage of either of the disciplined armies proclaims himself unworthy of either office. McDonald's charge on the Austrian center at Wagram with 15,000 men, in July, 1809, under the eye of his emperor, exhibited no higher degree of courage than both Federals and Confederates did in the mighty drama of the civil war.

FINIS.
NOTICE.

This volume will be followed at an early date by a volume entitled "Three Years in the Secret Service of General Forrest," and then by another volume of "Reminiscences of the Civil War." All who may desire one or both of these volumes may address the author.

JOHN HALLUM,
Little Rock, Ark.
# INDEX.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Bluff City Grays</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Execution of marauders</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The heroine of Tennessee—Marvelous escape</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capture of Federals</td>
<td>16–17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outrages of Fielding Hurst’s outlaws</td>
<td>27–32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Execution of sixty of these outlaws</td>
<td>29–30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two surprises</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Pat H. Wheat—Ferdinand Gates</td>
<td>32–36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slaughter of a panic stricken brigade</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A runaway kid in battle</td>
<td>38–39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>War and love across the line</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Stanley and Miss Jessey Clarke</td>
<td>39–45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Explosion of the mine at Petersburgh</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capture and execution of negro troops</td>
<td>49–50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remarkable scene between Generals Robert E. Lee and J. J. Archer</td>
<td>50–51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hon. John G. Fletcher</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wm. Nelson, a hero</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant Samuel A. Louder</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wealthy men in North Carolina organize an independent regiment 1200 strong</td>
<td>60–63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Indian in the disguise of a hog kills men on the outpost</td>
<td>64–65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surrounded—Charges through the enemy’s lines</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His splendid generalship—Capture of a dangerous outpost</td>
<td>67–69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A bull fight in camp</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capture of a shirt-tail squad</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunting whortleberries under difficulties</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His plantations destroyed—After the surrender he kills eight marauders in two hours</td>
<td>80–87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battle of Pea Ridge or Elkhorn</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The battle lost by General Van Dorn’s blunders</td>
<td>88–90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indians afraid of wagon guns</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A much frightened colonel</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capture of a trading steamer</td>
<td>91–94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Story of the North Arkansas outlaws</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A hero boy kills Wm. Dark</td>
<td>97–98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dark’s wife—A heroine—Swims the river with her child in her lap</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The regulators hang fourteen</td>
<td>101–102</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Index.

A noble old preacher......................................................... 102
Generalship—Rout and death of outlaws.................................. 103
The parting of the ways.................................................. 104
Martin D. Hart, a Texas lawyer, heads a band of outlaws—Murder of Colonel Rosa D. Carroll and Colonel Edward Richardson.................................................. 105
Capture and execution of Hart and Hays............................. 105-106
Southern spy for the Federals caught and executed.............. 107-108
A young woman in the uniform of a Confederate captain........ 108
The daring Captain Arnold................................................ 109-110
As seen by A. C. Richardson........................................... 111
Major Earl Van Dorn turns over equipment to Confederates.... 111
Negotiations with the Indians—Colonel Douglass H. Cooper, General Pike, et al.................................................. 112-113
Division of Indian tribes.................................................. 114-115
Colonel Cooper lectures the Indians—Their reply................. 115-116
The battle of Chustenahlah.............................................. 118
The greatest battle with Indians since Tippecanoe............ 119
Texans scalp the Indians.................................................. 120
Perilous plight of two captains and desperate fight—
A heroine............................................................................ 122-126
Gunboats patrol the Mississippi river.................................. 127
Transportation of guns across the Mississippi river........... 127
A. C. Richardson and comrades captured............................. 128
They capture the captors and escape.................................. 129
Foraging for hogs—Ludicrous scene.................................... 130
Richardson's narrow escape.............................................. 131-133
A Georgia heroine............................................................ 134
Two daring Texans enter the Federal lines and capture horses................................. 135-136
Are pursued—Saved by a heroine....................................... 137-140
Kind intercessions of an old Federal soldier...................... 141-142
The cultivation of cotton by northern men whilst the war was in progress................................. 142-146
Negroes guarding cotton farms hoist the black flag and are killed................................. 146-148
Relative number of Federal and Confederate soldiers........ 149
A. C. Richardson's pleasant experience as a prisoner of war........................................ 150
The generous Major Koonce and General Hatch................. 151-153
Exchange of prisoners—The noble sentiments of a Federal officer........................................ 153-154
Ludicrous mistake of a jolly Federal................................. 155-157
A desperate choice decided in the smallest fraction of time...... 157-158
Sixty thousand dollars captured by a thrifty Texan............... 158-159
Index.

Major John A. Morgan's last campaign.................................................. 159
Desperate battle of Mt. Sterling—Heroic incidents.................................161-165
Confederates overwhelmed next day—Splendid conduct
of Captain John H. Thomas ................................................................. 166-168
He commands the rear guard on the retreat........................................... 169
Charge on the militia ................................................................................. 170
Battle of Moss Creek—Incidents of......................................................... 173
An anxious benedict ................................................................................. 175
Execution of a notorious brigand .............................................................. 177-180
Execution of ten brigands ........................................................................ 183-185
The two Crittenden brothers, Thomas and George,
generals on opposite sides, fight their armies—
Remarkable incidents .............................................................................186-192
A duel on the picket line ........................................................................ 192
Battle of Rogersville ................................................................................. 194
Generals Jones and Giltner capture 4200 Federals .................................. 195
A Federal banquet miscarries .................................................................. 196
Lincoln's patriotic negro .......................................................................... 198
Capture of the Kentucky home guard .................................................... 198
They are paroled and disregard it, and are recaptured the same day .......... 199-204
Execution of Mosby ................................................................................ 204
Mattingly's expedition—Forlorn hostages .............................................. 207-209
A garrulous old Kentucky mother whose two sons,
Jim and Dave, join the opposing armies ................................................. 210-212
An amusing episode—The Kentucky mountaineer................................. 213-214
Mountain girls visit the camp—Ludicrous episode .................................. 215-217
An easy capture of a train of wagons ...................................................... 217-218
Battle of Blue Springs ............................................................................ 219
Colonel Giltner's repeated refusal to obey the orders
of his general justified .......................................................................... 220-222
Federal flank movement thwarted—Desperate fighting
next day—Captain Thomas left on the field ............................................. 223-226
Battle for possession of the salt works ................................................... 226
Colonel Hanson and Captain Thomas command the
opposing forces—Colonel Hanson desperately wounded—Episodes ............229-232
Battle of Marion ..................................................................................... 232
General Breckenridge ............................................................................. 233-234
Two hundred negroes killed—Death of Colonel Boles............................. 235
Peter Avrett's mistake ............................................................................. 237
Captain Thomas disobeys orders ............................................................. 238-239
General Cosby as a cannonier—Amusing episode ................................. 239
General Breckenridge loses the salt works ............................................. 240
Irish wit and humor at Bull Run .............................................................. 241-244
Steptoe Washington ................................................................................. 244
Wounded at Seven Pines—Episode ......................................................... 245-246
Battles around Richmond ........................................................................ 248
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page Range</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>250-251</td>
<td>General Field cashiers two panic stricken soldiers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>252-253</td>
<td>Heroism and death of George West.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>253</td>
<td>Charge on Malvern Hill—General McCall bewildered and captured.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>254</td>
<td>Meeting of Generals McCall and A. P. Hill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>255</td>
<td>Women and children between the firing lines.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>256</td>
<td>Steptoe, hungry, takes a haversack from the dead—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>257</td>
<td>Food covered with blood.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>258-259</td>
<td>Capture of General Pope’s headquarters.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>259-261</td>
<td>Steptoe on sick furlough—Pathetic incidents—A noble woman.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>262-263</td>
<td>Steptoe hobbling on the highway—Warned of danger.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>264</td>
<td>Steptoe in the battle of Fredericksburgh.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>266-267</td>
<td>Consultation of Confederate generals on Hamilton Heights—A splendid scene.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>268-269</td>
<td>Signal given to open fire on the enemy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>269</td>
<td>A fine shot—Episodes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>270-271</td>
<td>The enemy foiled—Stonewall Jackson's desire to assail Hancock's corps at night.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>271-272</td>
<td>A gruesome story.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>273</td>
<td>Steptoe in the battle of Gettysburgh.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>277-279</td>
<td>Taken prisoner—Heroic episodes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>279-280</td>
<td>Steptoe's indignation—A craven Confederate.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>280-281</td>
<td>A noble Federal officer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>281-283</td>
<td>Steptoe writes to his sister in Federal lines.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>286-287</td>
<td>Stonewall Jackson attacks Hooker in the rear—Complete rout of the Federals—Episodes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>287</td>
<td>Stonewall Jackson's mortal wound—Demoralization of his corps.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>288-289</td>
<td>Sleeping on their arms—A moon-eyed colonel—Episodes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>287</td>
<td>Colonel J. E. B. Stewart takes command of Jackson's corps.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>288-289</td>
<td>Splendid finesse of Stewart to restore the corps to fighting trim.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>289-290</td>
<td>Great battle of the next day—A bayonet charge—Dauntless heroism of Stewart.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>291-292</td>
<td>Steptoe at the battle of Appomattox—Sorrowful scenes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>292-293</td>
<td>General Hancock's headquarters with Steptoe's father.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>294</td>
<td>General Hancock's present to Steptoe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>294-297</td>
<td>Resources of the North and South compared.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>297</td>
<td>John Nevill, the courier.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>298</td>
<td>Distressing incident heroically met.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Index.

Surrounded at Fort Gibson—Heroic escape 302-303
Nevill on the frontier—The best scout and courier in the service 304-305
Noted Indians 305-306
A thrilling and daring march of the courier in sight of hostile Indians 307-308
Narrow escape 310
John A. Woollen 311
Marries a couple under the assumed name of Judge Tatum 312
Caught on a foraging expedition—Ludicrous run from Federals 313-314
Another expedition—Finds Indians with prisoners and a war dance 315-316
Captures and kills negro marauders 318-320
Colonel H. G. Bunn 320
John in the pest house 325
Mrs. Woods, a noble lady, nurses him to health 325-327
Irish wit and humor 328
A Roland for an Oliver 329
The Gilmore Scouts battle for crinoline—A ludicrous travesty on war 330-333
George W. McDowel at Shiloh 334
Terrific battle—Episodes and incidents 335-337
General Hindman hard pressed and reinforced—Episodes 337-339
McDowel goes south—Is badly wounded 340-343
Is discharged—Begs to rejoin the army—A hopeless cripple—General Fagan assists him 344
Battle of Wilson’s Creek—Confederates surprised 344-346
The battle ground—Generals Price, McCulloch, Churchill, Lyon and Siegel—“Billy” Woodruff’s battery 347
How the Confederates were surprised 350
A brave old Dutchman—Episode 351
Siegel routed—The Confederates hurry to Bloody Point 352-353
Woodruff’s duel 353
Charge of the Texas cavalary—A heroic little boy 355-358
Incidents of the battle 358
A Dutchman’s estimate of Siegel’s flight 358-359
The Bluff City Grays—Roll of honor 359
History of the company 360-361
Transfer of the company to Forrest’s command—Exciting episode between Generals Smith and Forrest 362-363
In the battle of Shiloh—Great mistake of General Beauregard 364-365
Index.

Richardson and Lieutenant Hoffman at Iuka 366
Desperate charge on a battery of nine Napoleon guns 367-368
A brave Federal stands by his guns 369
Generals Van Dorn and Price—Battle of Corinth 370-372
Dare-devil courage—Miraculous escape 372
Heroic duel between boys at the battle of Harris-burgh, as told by brave George B. Rorabach 373
Death of the Federal boy—Pathetic history 376
Rorabach dangerously wounded 377
Frank White, a blind blockade runner, and General Grant—General Grant’s sympathy and leniency 377
Another long-after phase to the story 380
Colonel Wm. M. Forrest shoots at his brother, General Forrest 381
Unfortunate execution of two Kentucky soldiers by General Forrest 383
General Toombs’ brigade in the battle of Frazer’s Farm 386
Desperate fighting and great slaughter, as seen by Wm. F. Ferguson 386
Desperate charge on Malvern Hill—Masked batteries—Great slaughter of the Confederates—Toombs gave the order to “file left,” and was unjustly charged with cowardice by General A. P. Hill—The challenge to the field 387-389
General DuBose—Reminiscences of youth 390
Young Alfred Watts—A singular incident 392
Fighting with bayonets and clubbed guns 393