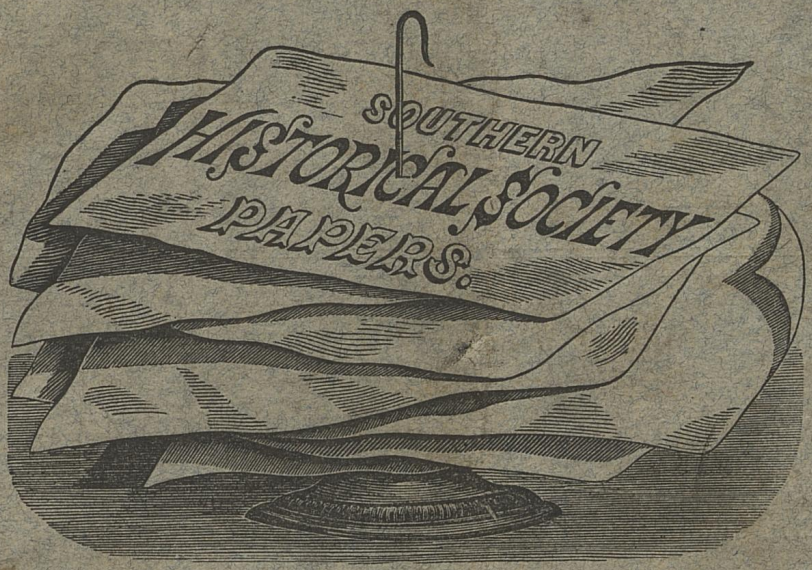
Vol. V.] MARCH, 1878. [No. 3.




PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SOCIETY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

**Yearly Subscription, Three Dollars;**

SENT FREE TO MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY WHO HAVE PAID THEIR DUES.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.



RICHMOND, VA.:
REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,
SECRETARY SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

GOODE, PRINTER.

# SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS.

**Vol. V. Richmond, Va., March, 1878. No. 3.**

## The True Story of the Capture of Jefferson Davis.

BY MAJOR W. T. WALTHALL,

(Late A. A. G., Confederate Army.)

[The following article was written and ready for publication a few weeks after the appearance of that of General Wilson, which was the proximate occasion for its preparation. It was sent to the Philadelphia *Times*, in which General Wilson's paper had appeared, and which had agreed to publish it. In consequence, however, of protracted and unexplained delay in the fulfilment of this agreement, it was withdrawn from the office of that journal, after lying there for some months, and is now submitted to the readers of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, with this explanation of the delay in its publication.]

The publication, in the Philadelphia *Weekly Times* of July 7th, 1877, of an article by Major-General James H. Wilson, professing to give an account of the capture of the Confederate President in 1865, has not only revived a fictitious story circulated soon after that event occurred—perhaps still current among the vulgar, though long since refuted—but has surrounded it with a cluster of new embellishments, which had heretofore been either "unwritten history" or unimagined fiction. To which of these classes they belong, the reader may be better able to determine after an examination of the evidence which it is one of the objects of this paper to lay before him.

The key-note to the temper, as well as the truthfulness of Gen. Wilson's narrative, may be found in its first paragraph, which I quote entire:

"On the first Sunday of April, 1865, while seated in St. Paul's church in Richmond, Jeffersen Davis received a telegram from

Lee, announcing the fall of Petersburg, the partial destruction of his army, and the immediate necessity for flight. Although he could not have been entirely unprepared for this intelligence, it appears that he did not receive it with self-possession or dignity; but with tremulous and nervous haste, like a weak man in the hour of misfortune, he left the house of worship and hurried home, where he and his more resolute wife spent the rest of the day in packing their personal baggage. Those who are acquainted with the character of Mrs. Davis, can readily imagine with what energy and determination she must have prepared her family for flight, and with what rage and disappointment she resigned the sceptre she had wielded over the social and fashionable life of 'Richmond on the James.' They may be sure, too, that although heartsick and disgusted, there was nothing irresolute or vascillating in her actions. At nightfall everything was in readiness; even the gold then remaining in the treasury, not exceeding in all $40,000, was packed among the baggage, and under cover of darkness the President of the Confederacy, accompanied by his family and three members of his Cabinet, Breckinridge, Benjamin, and Reagan, drove rapidly to the train which had been prepared to carry them from Richmond. This train, it is said, was the one which had carried provisions to Amelia Courthouse for Lee's hard-pressed and hungry army, and having been ordered to Richmond, had taken those supplies to that place, where they were abandoned for a more ignoble freight. As a matter of course the starving rebel soldiers suffered, but Davis succeeded in reaching Danville in safety, where he rapidly recovered from the fright he had sustained, and astonished his followers by a proclamation as bombastic and empty as his fortunes were straightened and desperate."

Whether the tone of this extract is that of chivalrous generosity and courtesy, or of coarse and bitter vulgarity, is a minor question, which it is not necessary to discuss. Whether its statements are true or false, is one of more interest, with regard to which it will be found on analysis that there is but *one* positive truth in the whole passage. There are at least *four* positive falsehoods in relation to matters of fact, susceptible of proof; *one* assertion of a sort perhaps not capable of being finally tested by positive evidence, but contrary to the statements of witnesses and to all moral and circumstantial proof to which it can be subjected; and *two* others, with regard to which I am not fully informed, but which are at least improbable and not in harmony with known facts.

To come to particulars, the one truth is that contained in the first sentence, that a certain telegram was received on a certain

day by President Davis, while seated in St. Paul's church, Richmond.

The statement immediately following, that he did not receive this dispatch "with self-possession or dignity," but that he left the house "with tremulous and nervous haste, like a weak man in the hour of misfortune," is that which I have classified as one *perhaps* not capable of being tested by positive proof; and this not from any doubt as to its entire *untruth*, but on account of the subjective character of the only evidence that can be applied to it. Two observers, the one self-possessed and impartial, the other, either frightened himself, or imbued with the malignant spirit that seems to animate the pen of General Wilson, might form very different estimates of the demeanor of the object of their observation. General Wilson does not profess to have been a witness of what he describes, nor does he give the name of his informant, although his account is directly contrary to all the statements of actual witnesses that have heretofore been generally received. Whatever other accusations may be entertained, no one familiar with the character and history of Jefferson Davis, whether honest friend or candid foe, will believe that he ever exhibited weakness or lack of self-possession in time of peril or calamity.

Let us hurry on, however, to an examination of the positive patent falsehoods in respect of matters of fact, contained in Gen. Wilson's first paragraph. [I am very desirous of avoiding hard words, but really know no eupheuism for *falsehood* at all applicable to this case.]

1st. "*He left the house of worship and hurried home.*"

President Davis did not hurry home at all. On the contrary, he went to the executive office, which was not in the same part of the city with his home, and there called a meeting of his Cabinet, which continued in session for several hours. At this session there was no hurry or confusion. On the contrary, the calmness with which the grave questions under consideration were discussed by the principal member of the council, and his apparent indifference to his personal safety and private interests, were subjects of remark by others present. He did not go to his home until late in the afternoon.

2nd. "*He and his more resolute wife spent the rest of the day in packing their personal baggage,*" *&c.*

This statement and the highly-colored description which follows, of the "packing" and of the "rage and disappointment" of Mrs. Davis, are pure fiction, presumably of General Wilson's own invention; for it is well known that Mrs. Davis and all the President's family had left Richmond some time before, and were *at this very time either in Raleigh or Charlotte, North Carolina.* The "packing" of Mr. Davis' official papers was done by the gentlemen of his personal staff; that of his wearing apparel by his servants.

It would be beyond the scope of my present purpose to pause here to pay more than a casual tribute to the soldierlike and chivalrous magnanimity that could invent a story like this for the sake of making an opportunity to jeer and sneer at the distress of a lady in time of danger and calamity.

3rd. "He drove rapidly to the train, * * * * *accompanied by his family.*"

This statement is merely a variation of the previous fiction, without even an atom of foundation in fact, and needs no further comment.

4th. He was also accompanied, says General Wilson, by "*three members of his Cabinet, Breckinridge, Benjamin, and Reagan.*"

He was really accompanied by *five* members of his Cabinet, Messrs. Benjamin, Mallory, Reagan, Trenholm, and Davis; Gen. Breckinridge was not among them, and did not leave Richmond until the next morning. The misstatement in this case is altogether immaterial. It seems to spring out of the very wantonness and exuberance of untruthfulness in the narrator; but it serves to show how much reliance may be placed upon the accuracy of his assertions in minor matters, as well as in greater.

The two other statements which, by way of abundant caution against doing any injustice even to General Wilson, I have designated merely as "*improbable*" and scarcely consistent with known facts, are first, that the gold in the Confederate treasury was "packed among the baggage," which from the context seems to be intended to mean that it was packed among the President's baggage; and second, that the train in which the party traveled, "it is said," was one which had carried provisions to Amelia Court-house for Lee's army, had thence been ordered to Richmond, and had abandoned the supplies for a "more ignoble freight."

With regard to the first of these statements, it need only be said that the gold which was taken was in charge of Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury. How and where he "packed" it, I am not informed; but it is not at all likely that it was packed among the President's "baggage."

As to the other point, waiving all question of the nobility or ignobility of the Confederate President and Cabinet, considered as freight, it is enough to say that they traveled by a passenger train, not adapted nor employed for carrying provisions; and moreover, that, if supplies had been sent by this or any other train *to* Amelia Courthonse, a village on the Richmond and Danville railroad, they were no doubt sent *through* it, on the way to Richmond. The Commissary-General of the Confederate army has shown in a recent publication (*Southern Historical Society Papers* for March, 1877), that no requisition for supplies to be sent to Amelia Courthouse was ever received by him or his assistants, and that the Secretary of War had no knowledge of any such. Mr. Harvie, the president at that time of the Danville road, also testifies (*Ibid.*), that ample supplies could have been sent to Amelia Courthouse for an army twice the size of Lee's, but that neither he nor the superintendent had any notice that they were wanted there. General Wilson qualifies this particular statement by the vague limitation, "it is said," but the *on dit* seems to be entitled to little more credit than if it had been his own assertion.

Passing over all subordinate and incidental matters we come, in the next paragraph, to a yet more astounding historic revelation, as follows:

"It is stated upon what appears to be good authority, that Davis had, many weeks before Lee's catastrophe, made 'the most careful and exacting preparations for his escape, discussing the matter fully with his Cabinet in profound secrecy, and deciding that, in order to secure the escape of himself and principal officers, the Shenandoah should be ordered to cruise off the coast of Florida to take the fugitives on board.' These orders were sent to the rebel cruiser many days before Lee's lines were broken. It was thought that the party might make an easy and deliberate escape in the way agreed upon, as the communications with the Florida coast were at that time scarcely doubtful, and once on the swift-sailing Shenandoah, the most valuable remnant of the Anglo-Confederate navy, 'they might soon obtain an asylum on a foreign shore.'"

General Wilson, it will be observed, adopts this remarkable story from some source which he does not indicate otherwise than as "what appears to be good authority." He does injustice both to its inventor and his readers, in failing to specify the authority, for it surpasses in reckless audacity of invention anything else that he has told us.* To appreciate this, we must remember that the Shenandoah was at that time on the other side of the world. Indeed, if I mistake not, she had never been and never was, on or near the American coast. Cruising in remote seas, her commander was not informed of the fall of the Confederacy and close of the war until long afterward. It was late in the autumn of 1865 before she was surrendered by him to the Brittish authorities. Blockaded as the Confederate coast was, there could have been no reasonable hope that such orders as those described could reach her and be executed, within six or eight months at the least. And even if she had been within reach, an order to a ship of war to cruise "off the coast of Florida"—a coast of more than a thousand miles in extent, with all its ports in possession of the enemy—to take off a party of fugitives at some point which could not possibly be designated beforehand, would have been too stupid a thing to have been done, or discussed even "in profound secrecy" by a government, the members of which have never been charged, even by their enemies, with total insanity.

Although the facts above stated with regard to the Shenandoah are well known, the following letter from a distinguished authority on Confederate naval history may serve to confirm them. The death of the illustrious author soon after it was written invests it with a painful interest:

**Letter from Admiral Semmes.**

MOBILE, ALABAMA, *August 13th*, 1877.

*Major* W. T. WALTHALL:

DEAR SIR: You are quite right as to the *locus in quo* of the Shenandoah. She was either in the North Pacific or Indian ocean at the time of the surrender. The news of the final catastrophe to

*From a subsequent remark of General Wilson, it seems likely that his only "authority" for some of his statements—perhaps for this, among others—is that of Pollard, who wrote a defamatory "Life of Jefferson Davis." The book is so utterly worthless as "authority," that the more intelligent and respectable, even of Mr. Davis' enemies, would blush to quote it.

our arms reached her in the latter ocean, when she struck her guns below in her hold, made the best of her way to England, and surrendered herself to the British government in trust for the conquering belligerent.

It is well known to the country that only a few weeks before the surrender of Lee, President Davis had no thought of surrender himself. His speech at the African church in Richmond, after the return of the Commission from Old Point, is ample evidence of this. If he had meditated flight from the country, as is falsely pretended by General Wilson, and to facilitate this, had desired to communicate with the Shenandoah, three or four months must have elapsed before a dispatch could reach her, and an equal length of time before she could return to the coast of Florida—even if he had known her precise locality; which was a matter of great improbability under the discretionary orders under which the ship was cruising.

I was, myself, commanding the James river fleet in the latter days of the war, and was in daily communication with the Navy Department, and if any such intention as that mentioned had been entertained by the Executive, I think I would have been consulted as to the whereabouts of the Shenandoah and the means of reaching her. Nothing of the kind transpired.

I remain very truly yours, &c.,

RAPHAEL SEMMES.

General Wilson continues:

"When Davis and his companions left Richmond in pursuance of this plan, they believed that Lee could avoid surrender only a short time longer. A few days thereafter the news of this expected calamity reached them, when they turned their faces again toward the South. Breckinridge, the Secretary of War, was sent to confer with Johnston, but found him only in time to assist in drawing up the terms of his celebrated capitulation to Sherman. The intelligence of this event caused the rebel chieftain to renew his flight; but, while hurrying onward, some fatuity induced him to change his plans and to adopt the alternative of trying to push through the Southwest toward the region which he fondly believed to be yet under the domination of Forrest, Taylor, and Kirby Smith, and within which he hoped to revive the desperate fortunes of the rebellion. He confided his hopes to Breckinridge, and when he reached Abbeville, South Carolina, he called a council of war to deliberate upon the plans which he had conceived for regenerating what had now become in fact 'The Lost Cause.' This council was composed of Generals Breckinridge, Bragg, and the commanders of the cavalry force which was then escorting him. All united that it was hopeless to struggle longer, but they added that they would not disband their men till they had guarded their chieftain to a place of safety. This was the last council of the Confederncy. Davis, who had hitherto commanded with all the

rigor of an autocrat, found himself powerless and deserted. From this day forth he was little better than a fugitive, for although his escort gave him and his wagon-train nominal company and protection till he had reached the village of Washington, just within the northeastern boundary of Georgia, they had long since learned the hopelessness of further resistance, and now began to despair even of successful flight."

In all this, as in what precedes it, there is scarcely an atom of truth. When Mr. Davis left Richmond he did *not* expect Lee to have to surrender. His preparations for defence at Danville would have been wholly inconsistent with such an expectation. Breckinridge was *not* "sent to confer with Johnston," nor did he find him "only in time to assist in drawing up the terms of his celebrated capitulation to Sherman." On the contrary, he arrived at Greensboro' on the 12th or 13th of May, in time to take part in a conference already in progress between President Davis and some of his Cabinet, Generals Johnston and Beauregard. Several days afterward he again met General Johnston, in response to a telegraphic request from the latter, in full time to take part in the negotiations with General Sherman, which resulted, on the 18th, not in the final "capitulation," but in the *armistice* which the Government of the United States declined to ratify. General Breckinridge was not present and took no part in the celebrated capitulation. [See Johnson's Narrative, pages 396–407.]

There was no such change of "plan", fatuous or not fatuous, as represented by General Wilson. No "council of war" was held at Abbeville. General Bragg was not at Abbeville. No cavalry commander was a member of "the last council of the Confederacy." Mr. Davis had no wagon train. But it would be tedious and unprofitable to follow the misstatements of General Wilson and expose them in detail. They are too manifold even for enumeration. Enough has been said to show how utterly unworthy of credit is his evidence in support of any statement whatever.

Admiral Semmes, in the letter above copied, has briefly noticed the falsity of the representation that President Davis had been preparing to leave the country, or had even entertained any thought of surrender. The removal of his family from Richmond was not in anticipation of such an event, but as an example to encourage what the government was recommending to the citizens

in general, that all should leave that city who conveniently could, on account of the increasing scarcity of supplies. It is reasonable to presume—and I speak only from presumption, not from any positive information—that the *possibility* of having to abandon the capital had been considered by the Confederate authorities for nearly three years previous, and that some degree of preparation for removal of the archives of the government in such case may have existed during all that period; but no expectation of the necessity for an early evacuation had been entertained until Gen. Lee's telegram of the 2d April was received. General Lee himself had expected to be able to hold his position at Petersburg at least "until the roads were hardened," (to use his own expression,) and continued to entertain that hope until his attenuated lines were broken at Five Forks, on the 1st of April; nor did he anticipate, in leaving Petersburg, the series of disasters which compelled the surrender of his army, within a week afterward, under circumstances which made the surrender more illustrious than the conquest.

As to the charge that President Davis was preparing for "flight" from the country, there is not even the pretence of any evidence to support it. It is a mere calumny, without any basis of truth whatever. The only proposition of that sort of which we have any evidence, proceeded from a very different quarter—from the headquarters of the Federal army. General Sherman, in his Memoirs (pages 351–52), says that, in a conference with *his* general officers, pending the negotiations for an armistice, they discussed the question whether, "if Johnston made a point of it," he (Sherman) should assent to the "escape from the country" of the Confederate President and Cabinet; and that one of the council insisted that, if asked for, a vessel should be provided to take them to Nassau. He does not say whether he himself favored this proposition, or not; but General Johnston, in a note to his account of the negotiations, which Sherman pronounces "quite accurate and correct," says "General Sherman did not desire the arrest of these gentlemen. He was too acute not to foresee the embarrassment their capture would cause; *therefore, he wished them to escape.*"

Comparing these statements with each other, and with impressions made upon others who were participants in the events of

the period, there can be no doubt as to General Sherman's inclinations in the matter, "if Johnston [had] made a point of it;" but General Johnston made no such point. He knew, no doubt, that any proposition to abandon the country would have been promptly rejected by President Davis, and no Confederate General would have made so offensive a suggestion to him.

A week or two later, when it was proposed by one or more of his friends, that he should endeavor to reach Havana or some other West Indian port—not for the purpose of *escape*, but as the best and safest route to "the Trans-Mississippi"—he refused, on the ground that it would require him to leave the country, although it were only for a few days. Some allowance ought perhaps to be made for General Wilson's offences against truth in this particular, on the score of his inability to comprehend the high sense of official honor by which Mr. Davis was actuated. Men's ethical standards are very diverse.

Generel Wilson shows as little regard for common sense, or consistency, as for truth and candor. Thus, we find him saying that "Davis, *instead of observing the armistice*, was making his way toward the South with an escort." And again: "I still felt certain, from what I could learn, that Davis and his Cabinet would endeavor to escape to the west side of the Mississippi river, *notwithstanding the armistice and capitulation.*" The armistice was one thing, and the capitulation another. The capitulation of General Johnston did not take place until after the armistice had been repudiated by the United States Government and the forty-eight hours allowed for notice of its disapproval had expired. President Davis became a party to the armistice by giving it his consent and approval, but had nothing to do with the capitulation. So far was he from failing to observe the former, that he remained in Charlotte, quiescent, not only until he was informed of its rejection at Washington, but *until the forty-eight hours were completed*, when he mounted his horse and rode off, having scrupulously observed it to the letter and the minute. This was on the 26th of April. On the same day took place, near Durham's Station, the capitulation of "the troops under General Johnston's command," which certainly did not include the President of the Confederate States, who was not "under General Johnston's command," and who had no part whatever in the transaction.

Leaving General Wilson to describe the disposition made of his own troops, and to recite their movements—a task which, in the absence of any other information, I can only presume that he has performed with more fidelity to truth than is exhibited in the other parts of his article—I now proceed briefly to narrate the facts immediately connected with the capture of President Davis. In doing this, it will suffice to repeat the substance, and, in general, the very words of a narrative published more than a year ago (in the Mobile *Cycle* of May 27th, 1876), which probably met the eye of but few who will be readers of the present article. Proceeding in either case from the same pen, it will be unnecessary to designate such passages as are repetitions of the same language by quotation marks.

The movements of President Davis and his Cabinet, after the evacuation of Richmond, on the night of the 2d of April, are related with substantial accuracy in Alfriend's "Life of Jefferson Davis"—a great part of them in the words of a narrative written by the late Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate Navy—until the dispersion of the party at Washington, Georgia, where Mr. Mallory parted with him. It is not necessary to go over this ground. The incidents that follow have not been so well known, but I am enabled to give them on the best authority. If there is any inaccuracy or uncertainty, it is merely with regard to minor matters of dates, places, names, &c.

Mr. Mallory's narrative mentions the passage of the Savannah river "upon a pontoon bridge" (which was really only a ferry flat), by the President and his escort, about daybreak on the morning of one of the early days of May. The main body of the troops (perhaps a thousand cavalry, or more,) which had accompanied them, were left, under command of General Breckinridge, to follow as soon as they could cross the river, the President pushing forward with only a few gentlemen of his Cabinet and personal staff, and an escort of a single company, commanded by Captain Campbell, to the little town of Washington, in Georgia. On the way he was informed that some Federal troops in the vicinity were preparing to attack the village and capture some stores which had been deposited there, and he sent back a messenger to the officer commanding the advance of the troops left

at the river, urging him to come on with his command with all possible speed.

Arriving at Washington, the President was hospitably received and entertained at the house of a private citizen, and preparations were made to resist the expected attack as effectually as possible with the small force at his disposal. He soon ascertained, however, from the reports of scouts sent out into the surrounding country, that there were none but small and scattered squads of Federal soldiers in the neighborhood.

Meantime, advices were received from General Breckinridge, to the effect that, in the demoralized condition of his troops, it was almost impossible to hold them together. They were demanding money, and he asked that the Secretary of the Treasury should send some specie, to make a partial payment to the troops, hoping by this means to prevent a disintegration of the command. The specie was sent, but the troops did not come forward.

Under these circumstances the President determined to abandon the design of taking the troops with him, and to endeavor to make his own way, with only a small party, by a *detour* to the southward of the parts of the country occupied by the enemy, across the Chattahoochee. It was believed that Generals Taylor and Forrest were yet holding the field in Alabama and Mississippi, and that many soldiers who had not been surrendered and paroled in Virginia or North Carolina, would join those commands and might constitute a formidable force. In the event, however, of finding the position in those States untenable, it was then his purpose to cross the Mississippi river, in the hope of continuing the struggle with the forces yet free to operate in the "Trans-Mississippi Department," until the Government of the United States should agree to such terms of peace as would secure to the States of the Confederacy at least those rights which it had declared there was no intention to invade.

Calling for Captain Campbell, the President announced his purpose, and asked for ten volunteers of that officer's company, if they were to be had, with the understanding that they were to incur any danger, or endure any hardship, that might be necessary; to obey any order, and to ask no questions. The whole company promptly volunteered when the call was made, but ten trusty men

were selected. With these, under command of Captain Campbell; Mr. Reagan, Postmaster-General, and Colonel William Preston Johnston, Colonel John Taylor Wood (formerly of the Confederate Navy), and Colonel Lubbock, of Texas, Aids to the President, he set off on his journey toward the southwest.

How long or how far they had proceeded, we are unable to state with precision—certainly, however, not more than a day or two—when they learned from some persons met with on the way that Mrs. Davis and her party were in danger of being attacked by some marauding banditti, composed of deserters and stragglers from both armies, who were prowling through the country. [The President's family, it should be understood, had been sent, by his direction, several weeks earlier, from North Carolina southward, and after a delay of some days at Abbeville, South Carolina, had passed through Washington, Georgia, only a day before his own arrival there. They were travelling in ambulances, or wagons, under escort of a few paroled Confederate soldiers. Aiming to reach East Florida, their route diverged from his own, being more to the southward and less to the westward.]

On receipt of this intelligence, Mr. Davis at once changed his course. Four of his small escort had already been detached to assist and protect a quartermaster's train going to the southward with some valuable stores. With the remaining six, and the gentlemen of his personal staff already mentioned, he struck off in the direction of his family, intending to see them safely through the immediate danger and then prosecute his own journey. Riding rapidly and without halting, they came, near midnight, to a ferry, where they learned that his family had not crossed, and must have taken another route. Here Captain Campbell reported the horses of his men to be exhausted, and proposed to wait until morning. The President, unwilling to wait, and attended only by his staff officers and two colored servants, pressed on by a bridle-path to the road which it was thought Mrs. Davis' party had followed. A little before daybreak they encountered a party of men on foot, but with a number of bridles and other suspicious articles, who, on being questioned, said they belonged to the Thirty-sixth Alabama regiment, and stated that a party in which were some women and children were encamped not far off. It was afterwards ascertained that these men were of the band of marauders

who had been heard of. The moon, which had shone brightly during the night, was just sinking below the tree-tops, and the dark hour that precedes the dawn was probably what they were waiting for.

Riding on a little further, the President was challenged by a sentinel on guard in the woods, whose voice he recognized at once as that of his private secretary, Burton N. Harrison, Esq., who had accompanied Mrs. Davis and family, and was now keeping watch for their protection from imminent peril.

Mr. Davis remained with his family two days, until he had reason to suppose that they had passed the range of immediate danger. On the evening of the second day (which was the 9th of May) preparations were made for departure immediately after nightfall, when Colonel W. P. Johnston returned from a neighboring village with the report that a band of one hundred and fifty men were to attack the camp that night. The President, with abiding confidence in and attachment for all who had been Confederate soldiers, did not doubt that, if any such were in the party, they would desist from the attack on his appeal to them, and even take sides with him in case of conflict with others. He remained, therefore, fully confident of his ability to protect his family.

Meantime his horse, already saddled, with his holsters and blanket in place, was in charge of his body servant, and he himself was lying clothed, booted, and even spurred, when, a little after day-break, the alarm was given that the camp was attacked. Springing to his feet and stepping out of the tent, he saw at once, from the manner in which the assailants were deploying around the camp, that they were trained soldiers, and not irregular banditti, and returning he so informed Mrs. Davis.

As we have said, the President was already fully dressed. He hastily took leave of his wife, who threw over his shoulders a water-proof cloak or wrapper, either as a protection from the dampness of the early morning, or in the hope that it might serve as a partial disguise, or perhaps with woman's ready and rapid thoughtfulness of its possible use for both these purposes. Mrs. Davis also directed a female servant, who was present, to take an empty bucket and accompany him in the direction of the spring—

his horse, on the other side of the camp, being cut off from access by the interposition of the assailants.

He had advanced only a few steps from the door of the tent, when he was challenged by a mounted soldier, who presented his carbine and ordered him to "surrender." The answer was: "I never surrender to a band of thieves." The carbine was still presented, but the man refrained from firing—it is but fair to presume from an unwillingness to kill his adversary—while the President continued to advance. This was not from desperation or foolhardy recklessness, but of deliberate purpose. I take the risk of going perhaps a little beyond the limits of the authorized use of information obtained in the freedom of personal confidence, in stating that, with the rapid process of thought and formation of design which sometimes takes place in moments of imminent peril, Mr. Davis recalled an incident of his own experience that had occurred many years before. On the field of Buena Vista, while riding along a ravine in search of a slope that his horse could ascend, he was fired at and missed by the whole front rank of a squadron of Mexican cavalry on the crest of the bank above. Remembering this, and observing that the man, who was finely mounted, was so near as to be considerably above him, he had little apprehension of being hit, and believed that, by taking advantange of the excitement of the shot, he might easily tip him from the saddle and get possession of his horse. The feasibility of this design was not to be tested, however, for at this moment Mrs. Davis, seeing only his danger, and animated by a characteristic and heroic determination to share it, ran forward and threw her arms around his neck, with some impassioned exclamation, which probably none of the parties present would be able to repeat correctly. The only hope of escape had depended upon bringing the matter to an immediate issue, and, seeing that this was now lost, the President simply said, "God's will be done," as he quietly turned back and seated himself upon a fallen tree, near which a camp-fire was burning.

While these events were occurring, there had been some sharp firing around the camp. It appeared afterward that the assailants had been divided into two parties, and, approaching from different directions, had encountered and fired upon each other by mistake,

killing and wounding several of their own men. In the confusion consequent upon this, some of the Confederate party escaped—among them Colonel Wood, who afterwards accompanied General Breckinridge in his perilous and adventurous voyage in an open boat from the coast of Florida to Cuba.

After some delay, an officer with a paper, on which he was taking a list of the prisoners, approached the spot where the President was sitting, and asked his name. This he declined to give, telling the questioner that he might find it out for himself, but Mrs. Davis, anxious to avoid giving provocation as far as possible, gave the required information.

When Colonel Pritchard appeared upon the scene, President Davis, under the influence of feelings naturally aroused by certain indignities offered by subordinates, and by the distress inflicted upon the ladies of his family, addressed him with some asperity. It would probably be impossible (as it always is under such circumstances) for any participant, or even any witness, to recite with accuracy the conversation that ensued. I may say, however, that Mr. Davis has never made any complaint of the language or demeanor of Colonel Pritchard to himself, personally. Among the remarks made in that, or some subsequent conversation, by that officer, was one to the effect that, having refused to surrender, Mr. Davis had given the soldier who demanded the surrender the right to shoot him—a right, under the laws of war, of which President Davis was well aware at the time, and which he did not deny. As to the conversation recited by Wilson, Colonel Johnston, in his very temperate, cautious, and conscientious statement, appended to this article, avers most positively that no such remark was made (about Mr. Davis' "garb," means of "rapid locomotion," &c.,) as is there attributed to Colonel Pritchard.

It would require too much space to point out in detail all the misrepresentations in General Wilson's account of this affair. I shall copy merely a paragraph. After quoting from the account of the capture given by Pollard, who, although one of the most virulent and unscrupulous of President Davis' enemies, has rejected the contemptible fiction of the "petticoat story," he says:

"Between the two explanations given above, nearly all the truth has been told, for Davis certainly had on both the shawl and

water-proof, the former folded triangularly and pulled down over his hat, and the latter buttoned down in front and covering his entire person except the feet. In addition to this he carried a small tin pail and was accompanied by his wife and his wife's sister, one on each side, both of them claiming him as a female relative and both trying to impose him upon the soldiers as such. The articles of the disguise are now in the keeping of the Adjutant-General of the army at Washington, and I am assured by him that they correspond in all respects to the description given of them. From the foregoing it will be seen that Davis did not actually have on crinoline or petticoats, but there is no doubt whatever that he sought to avoid capture by assuming the dress of a woman, or that the ladies of the party endeavored to pass him off upon his captors as one of themselves. Was there ever a more pitiful termination to a career of treachery and dishonor? What greater stigma was ever affixed to the name of rebel? Many loyal men have declared that Davis should have been tried by drum-head court-martial and executed—but what new disgrace could the gallows inflict upon the man who hid himself under the garb of woman, when, if ever, he should have shown the courage of a hero?"

With regard to the exact form of the fold of the shawl and the extent to which the "water-proof" was "buttoned down," General Wilson's assertions may pass for what they have already been shown to be worth. I have no evidence, and have not thought it necessary to seek any, as to the shape of the one or the dimensions of the other. Those who are curious might possibly ascertain something on the subject by inquiry and examination at the War Department, if permission can be obtained of the Adjutant-General of the army, who, according to General Wilson, is the custodian of the stolen articles of Mr. Davis' wearing apparel. It is enough to know that they were both articles which he "had been accustomed to wear." Colonel Johnston testifies, in the letter subjoined, that he himself had a "water-proof" of exactly the same sort, except in color, and that he turned this over to Mr. Davis, who wore it, *after* his capture, to supply the place of that of which he had been robbed. The very name ("Raglan") by which Col. Johnston describes it, and by which it is commonly known, sufficiently indicates its origin and use as an article of masculine attire. Indeed, there was no female grenadier in the President's party, whose cloak would have been capable of "covering his entire person except the feet"—he being a man of nearly six feet in height.

It is also positively untrue that he "carried a small tin pail." As already stated, there was a bucket in the hands of a colored female servant, whom the narrators seem to have indiscriminately confounded with President Davis, or with Miss Howell, (who was *not* in company with him,) as it might serve a purpose.

But why this persistent effort to perpetuate a false and foolish story, which seems to have been originally invented for sensational purposes by a newspaper correspondent? Even if it had been true, there would have been nothing unworthy or discreditable in it. Princes and peers, statesmen and sages, heroes and patriots, in all ages, have held it permissible and honorable to escape from captivity in *any* guise whatever. The name of Alfred has never been less honored because he took refuge from the invaders of his country under the guise of a cowherd. It has never been reckoned as a blot on the escutcheon of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, that he attempted to evade the recognition of enemies (less ruthless and vindictive than those of the Confederate President) by assuming the garb of a pilgrim—*although* the attempt was a failure, and he was detected and imprisoned. Not to cite the scores of instances of a like sort scattered through the pages of ancient and modern history, I do not find in our own generation any disposition to traduce the character of a late President of the United States, held in high honor by a great many Americans—a President from whom General Wilson held his own commission—on account of a certain "Scotch cap and cloak," which, according to the current accounts, he assumed, on the way to his own inauguration, as a means of escaping recognition by a band of real or imaginary conspirators, and in which he slipped through Baltimore undetected, and (in the words of Horace Greeley, who, nevertheless, approves the act,) "clandestinely and like a hunted fugitive." Far be it from me, in retaliatory imitation of General Wilson, to sneer at this incident as the "ignoble" beginning of a bloodstained administration, which was to have a "pitiful termination" amidst the desecration of a day hallowed by the sanctity of eighteen centuries of Christian reverence. No Southern writer has spoken in such a strain of the departed Chief, although known to us while living only as the chief of our foes. The dignity of death, no less than the respect due to the feelings of the thousands of our countrymen who hold his memory in honor, protects his name and

fame from opprobrious or vindictive mention. Yet such language as we have supposed, would be less coarse, less churlish, less offensive, less brutal, than the terms which General Wilson employs in exulting over the calamities of an illustrious enemy, whose reputation is dear to myriads of his countrymen. His relations to that enemy, as captor to captive, would have created in the heart of any truly generous and chivalrous soldier an obligation of respect, forbearance, gentleness, and courtesy. Such a soldier feels toward such a prisoner a sentiment which renders him a defender and protector, rather than a defamer and calumniator.

The terms "treachery," "dishonor," "disgrace," applied by Wilson to Jefferson Davis, admit of no reply that I care to make, and require none. They are indeed "foul, dishonoring words," but the reader needs not to be told *who* it is that they dishonor.

The length to which this article has already been extended, leaves but little room for the remainder of the story. General Wilson gives a brief account of the march to Macon, but says nothing of the horses, watches, and other articles of plunder secured by the captors, of which we have information from other sources. It must be remembered that all, or nearly all of the thirteen private soldiers of whom he speaks—if that was the correct number—and some of the officers, were *paroled* men, not arrested in any violation of their parole, but merely acting as an escort to a party of women and children, for their protection from the thieves and marauders who were roaming through the country. The horses of these men were their own private property, secured to them by the terms of their surrender. This pledge was violated, as was also the pledge of personal immunity—for some of them were remanded into captivity. The writer of an account of the capture, in the "Atlantic Monthly" for September, 1865, who is identified by General Wilson as an officer of his command, chuckles over the appropriation of what he elegantly and politely styles "Jeff's wines and other 'amenities'"—that is to say, the private stores of Mrs. Davis and her family—for Mr. Davis carried no stores—in a tone of sportive exultation, as if it were a very good thing. He tells it in a vein that reminds one of Master Slander's desire to have Mrs. Anne Page hear the capital joke about his father's "stealing two geese out of a pen." The same writer gives us, in the same jocose vein, an account of a brutal indignity offered

by his "brigade band" to the illustrious prisoner, of which—if it ever occurred—the object of it was happily unconscious. He also tells us that "Mrs. Davis was very watchful lest some disrespect should be shown her husband;" whereas the true and manifest cause of her anxiety was the wifely apprehension that some pretext might be devised for his assassination.

General Wilson fails in some respects to do himself justice. His reception of Mr. Davis, on his arrival at Macon, was more courteous and respectful than he represents it. The troops were drawn up in double lines, facing inward, and presented arms to the Confederate President as he passed between them. He was conducted, with his family, to private rooms at the hotel where the Federal commander was quartered, and a message was brought, inquiring whether he preferred to call on General Wilson, or to receive him in his own apartments. The answer was, that he would call on General Wilson, to whom he was accordingly conducted. (There was a reason for this use of the option offered, which it is not necessary to state.) The conversation that followed is not correctly reported by General Wilson, except that part of it relating to West Point, which was introduced by himself. Those who know Mr. Davis' keen sense of social and official propriety will not need to be told that what is said of his criticisms upon the principal Confederate leaders is purely fictitious. No such conversation occurred, and it is simply *impossible* that it could have occurred under the circumstances.

I deny the statement on the best authority, but no authority besides that of the moral evidence would be necessary to refute the assertion that the Confederate President could talk to a stranger and an enemy in a strain of gushing confidence which he never indulged in conversation with his own familiar friends. It is but charity to presume that General Wilson has confounded opinions attributed to Mr. Davis by popular rumor (whether right or wrong) with imaginary expressions of them to himself.

In the course of the interview, General Wilson abruptly and rather indelicately introduced the subject of the reward offered by the President of the United States for the arrest of Mr. Davis, and the charge against him of complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, inquiring whether he had heard of it. "I have," was the answer, "and there is one man who knows it to be a lie."

"By 'one man'" rejoined Wilson, "I presume you mean some one particular man?" "I do," answered Mr. Davis; "I mean the man [Andrew Johnson] who signed the proclamation; for *he* knows that I would a thousand times rather have Abraham Lincoln to deal with, as President of the United States, than to have *him*." This was said with the full expectation that it would be reported.

The statement that he expressed apprehensions of the charge of *treason*, as one which it would give him "trouble to disprove," is manifestly absurd. For two years of imprisonment, and another year while on bail, the most strenuous efforts of Mr. Davis and his friends were to bring this charge of treason to the issue of a trial. This issue the Government of the United States never dared to make, but, after delays and postponements from time to time, under various pretexts, finally dismissed the charge with a *nolle prosequi*.

The remark about Colonel Pritchard is not correctly stated. No expression of a choice of custodians or request of any sort was made by Mr. Davis, who, from the time of his capture to that of his release, adhered to the determination to *ask nothing* of his captors; nor did he say or intimate to General Wilson that he had shown any lack of "dignity and self-possession," or express "regret" for anything said or done at the time of his capture.

There are so many other misstatements in General Wilson's narrative that it would be a waste of time to point out and contradict them. With regard to one only of them, I may say that, in the light—or rather under the shadow—of the incomparable fictitiousness already exposed, it would be a sort of injustice to the people of Georgia to give any attention to what General Wilson would have us believe of their lack of sympathy with their President and his family in the hour of calamity.

To revert for a moment to the foolish and malignant "petticoat story," which, with some modification of its original draft, Gen. Wilson has attempted, at this late day, and in opposition to the slowly-returning tide of peace and good will, to revive and reconstruct; it has no support from any contemporary official statement that has been given to the public. It has been repeatedly and positively denied by eye-witnesses on both sides. One such denial by a Federal soldier, which was published in a Northern paper a few years ago, and has been copied more than once since its

first appearance, was republished in the *Southern Historical Society Papers* for August, 1877. The statement of James H. Jones, President Davis' colored coachman, now a respectable citizen of Raleigh, N. C., recently republished in the Philadelphia *Times*, is clear and satisfactory on the same point, although it has some mistakes in names of persons, places, &c.,—as might be expected from a witness of limited education, after so long a lapse of time. Appended, also, will be found interesting letters from Colonels Wm. Preston Johnston and F. R. Lubbock, (Ex-Governor of Texas), both of whom were aids to President Davis, and both in company with him when captured, and also from the Hon. George Davis, of North Carolina, who was a member of his Cabinet. Colonel Johnston's letter (from which some passages of a merely personal interest have been omitted), is singularly clear, dispassionate, and temperate in tone, and bears on its face the impress of intelligent and conscientious truthfulness. Governor Lubbock writes more briefly and with freer expression of honest indignation, but the two statements (made without any sort of concert) fully confirm each other. Mr. Davis' letter—received after the foregoing narrative was written—substantiates all that has been said as to events occurring at the time of the evacuation of Richmond.

Still later, but entirely independent of all other evidence, has appeared the letter of the Hon. John H. Reagan, Confederate Postmaster-General, published in the Philadelphia *Times*, entirely corroborating the statements hereunto appended, and giving emphasis (if that were possible) to their exposure of the untruthfulness of General Wilson's narrative in its beginning, its middle, and its end.

W. T. WALTHALL.

*September*, 1877.

---

**Letter from Colonel William Preston Johnston, Late Aid to President Davis.**

LEXINGTON, VA., *July 14th*, 1877.

*Major* W. T. WALTHALL, *Mobile, Ala.:*

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter has just come to hand, and I reply at once. Wilson's monograph is written with a very strong *animus*, not to say *virus*. It is in no sense *historical*. It bears upon

its face all the marks of special pleading. He states, as matters of fact, numberless circumstances which could not be of his own knowledge, and which he must have picked up as rumor or mere gossip. Single errors of this sort are blemishes; but when they are grouped and used as fact and argument, they become, what you truly call them, "calumny."

For instance, Mrs. Davis is represented as leaving Richmond with the President. My recollection is that she left some weeks beforehand. Breckinridge left on horseback, and went to General Lee, rejoining Mr. Davis at Danville. I do not doubt that *all* the account of "the preparations for flight" is purely fictitious. His statement of the conditions of the armistice is incorrect.

* * * * * * * *

You will have the facts of our retreat and capture from many sources. My best plan is to tell you only what I know and saw myself. My testimony is chiefly *negative*, but in so far as it goes will probably aid you. My understanding was that we were to part with Mrs. Davis' train on the morning of the 9th. We did not, and the President continued to ride in the ambulance. He was sick and a good deal exhausted, but was not the man to say anything about it. The day previous he had let little Jeff. shoot his Derringers at a mark, and handed me one of the unloaded pistols, which he asked me to carry, as it incommoded him. At that time I spoke to him about the size of our train and our route, about which I had not previously talked, as he had said nothing and I did not wish to force his confidence. It was, however, distinctly understood that we were going to Texas. I that day said to him that I did not believe we could get west through Mississippi, and that by rapid movements and a bold attempt by sea from the Florida coast, we were more likely to reach Texas safely and promptly. He replied: "It is true—every negro in Mississippi knows me." I also talked with Judge Reagan and Colonel Wood on this topic. The impression left on my own mind was, however, that Mr. Davis intended to turn west, south of Albany; but I had no definite idea of his purpose, whether to go by sea or land. Indeed, my scope of duty was simply to follow and obey him; and, so long as I was not consulted, I was well content to do this and no more. I confess I did not have great hopes of escape, though not apprehensive at the time of capture, as our scouts, ten

picked men, were explicit that no Federals were near and that pickets were out. Both of these were errors. On the night of the 9th I was very much worn out with travel and watching, and lay down at the foot of a pine tree to sleep.

Just at gray dawn Mr. Davis' servant, Jim, awakened me. He said: "Colonel, do you hear that firing?" I sprang up and said, "run and wake the President." He did so. Hearing nothing as I pulled on my boots, I walked to the camp-fire, some fifty or less steps off, and asked the cook if Jim was not mistaken. At this moment I saw eight or ten men charging down the road towards me. I thought they were guerrillas, trying to stampede the stock. I ran to my saddle, where I had slept, and begun unfastening the holster to get out my revolver, but they were too quick for me. Three men rode up and demanded my pistol, which, as soon as I got out, I gave up to the leader, a bright, slim, soldierly fellow, dressed in Confederate-grey clothes. The same man, *I believe*, captured Colonels Wood and Lubbock just after. One of my captors ordered me to the camp-fire and stood guard over me. I soon became aware that they were Federals.

In the meantime the firing went on. After about ten minutes, maybe more, my guard left me, and I walked over to Mrs. Davis' tent, about fifty yards off. Mrs. Davis was in great distress. I said to the President, who was sitting outside on a camp stool: "This is a bad business, sir." He replied, supposing I knew about the circumstances of his capture: "I would have heaved the scoundrel off his horse as he came up, but *she* caught me around the arms." I understood what he meant, *how* he had proposed to dismount the trooper and get his horse, for he had taught me the trick. I merely replied: "It would have been useless."

Mr. Davis was dressed as usual. He had on a knit woolen visor, which he always wore at night for neuralgia. He wore cavalry boots. He complained of chilliness, and said they had taken away his "Raglan," (I believe they were so called,) a light *aquascutum* or spring overcoat, sometimes called a "water-proof." I had one exactly similar, except in color. I went to look for it, and either I, or some one at my instance, found it, and he wore it afterwards. His own was not restored.

As I was looking for this coat, the firing still continuing, I met a mounted officer, who, if I am not mistaken, was a Captain Hod-

son. Feeling that the cause was lost, and not wishing useless bloodshed, I said to him: "Captain, your men are fighting each other over yonder." He answered very positively: "You have an armed escort." I replied: "You have our whole camp; I *know* your men are fighting each other. We have nobody on that side of the slough." He then rode off. Colonel Lubbock had a conversation nearly identical with Colonel Pritchard, who was not polite, I believe. You can learn from Colonel Lubbock about it.

Not long afterwards, seeing Mr. Davis in altercation with an officer—Colonel Pritchard—I went up. Mr. Davis was denunciatory in his remarks. The account given by Wilson is fabulous, except so far as Mr. Davis' remark is concerned, that "their conduct was not that of gentlemen, but ruffians." Pritchard did not make the reply attributed to him; I could swear to that. My recollection is that he said in substance, and in an offensive manner, "that he (Davis) was a prisoner and could afford to talk so," and walked away. Colonel Hamden's manner was conciliatory, if he was the other officer. If I am not mistaken, the first offence was his addressing Mr. Davis as "Jeff," or some such rude familiarity. But this you can verify. I tried just afterwards to reconcile Mr. Davis to the situation.

On the route to Macon, three days afterwards, Mrs. Davis complained to me with great bitterness that her trunks had been ransacked, the contents taken out, and tumbled back with the leaves sticking to them.

I had not seen Mr. Davis' capture. I was with him until we were parted at Fortress Monroe. Personally, I was treated with as much respect as I cared for. The officers were rather gushing than otherwise, and talked freely. Some were coarse men, and talked of everything; but I *never heard* of Mr. Davis' alleged disguise until I saw it in a New York *Herald*, the day I got to Fort Delaware. I was astonished and denounced it as a falsehood. The next day I was placed in solitary confinement, and remained there. I do not believe it possible that these ten days could have been passed with our captors without an allusion to it, if it had not been an after-thought or something to be kept from us.

* * * * * * * *

Very sincerely yours,

WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON.

**Letter from Ex-Governor Lubbock, of Texas, Late Aid to President Davis.**

GALVESTON, *August 2d*, 1877.

*Major* W. T. WALTHALL:

DEAR SIR: Yours of 28th came to hand a day or two since, finding me quite busy. At the earliest moment I perused the article you alluded to in your letter, which appeared in the *Weekly Times*, of Philadelphia, of July 7th. It does really appear that certain parties, with the view of keeping themselves before the public, will continue to write the most base, calumnious, and slanderous articles, calculated to keep the wounds of the past open and sore. Such a writer now appears in General James H. Wilson, whose sole aim seems to be that of traducing and misrepresenting the circumstances of the capture of President Davis and his small party, who, it would appear, were pursued by some fifteen thousand gallant soldiers, commanded by this distinguished general. I shall leave it to you and others better qualified than myself, to reply to this "Chapter of the Unwritten History of the War." I have this, however, to say: I left Richmond with President Davis, in the same car, and from that day to the time of our separation (he being detained at Fortress Monroe and I sent to Fort Delaware), he was scarcely ever out of my sight, day or night.

The night before the morning of our capture, Colonel William P. Johnston slept very near the tent. Colonel John Taylor Wood and myself were under a pine tree, some fifty to one hundred feet off. Our camp was surprised just a while before day. I was with Mr. Davis and his family in a very few moments, and never did see anything of an attempted disguise or escape until after I had been confined in Fort Delaware several weeks. I then pronounced it a base falsehood. We were guarded by Colonel Pritchard's command until we reached Fortress Monroe. I talked freely with officers and men, and on no occasion did I hear anything of the kind mentioned.

Judge Reagan and myself had entered into a compact that we would never desert or leave him, remaining to contribute, if possible, to his well-being and comfort, and share his fortune, whatever might befall. My bed-mate, Colonel John Taylor Wood (one of

the bravest and purest of men), having been a naval officer of the United States, and having been charged with violating the rules of war in certain captures made, deeming it prudent to make his escape, informed me of his intention and invited me to accompany him. I declined to avail myself of the favorable opportunity presented, telling him of my compact with Judge Reagan. He did escape.

The conduct of the captors on that occasion was marked by anything but decency and soldierly bearing. They found no armed men—my recollection is that there was not one armed man in our camp. Mr. Davis, Judge Reagan, Colonel William Preston Johnston, Colonel John Taylor Wood, a young gentleman (a Mr. Barnwell, of South Carolina,) who escaped, and myself, constituted the President's party. Colonel Harrison, the private secretary of the President, and a few paroled soldiers, were with Mrs. Davis and party, protecting their little baggage, &c.

Upon taking the camp, they plundered and robbed everyone of all and every article they could get hold of. They stole the watches, jewelry, money, clothing, &c. I believe I was the only one of the party not robbed.

The man and patriot, who a few days before was at the head of a government, was treated by his captors with uncalled for indignity; so much so that I became indignant, and so completely unhinged and exasperated that I called upon the officers to protect him from insult, threatening to kill the parties engaged in such conduct.

I cannot see how Mr. Davis could speak of Colonel Pritchard or his command with any degree of patience, as we all know that Mrs. Davis was robbed of her horses (a present from the people of Richmond). The money that she sold her trinkets, silverware, &c., for, was stolen, and no effort was made to have it returned to her. Time and time again they promised that the watches stolen on that occasion should be returned, that the command would be paroled, and the stolen property restored to the owners; but it was never done, nor any attempt made, that I can recall to my mind.

A Captain Douglass stole Judge Reagan's saddle, and used it from the day we were captured.

They appropriated our horses and other private property. But why dwell upon this wretchedly disagreeable subject? I hope

and pray that the whole truth will some day be written, and I feel assured when it is done we of the South will stand to all time a vindicated people. As for him who is the target for all of the miserable scribblers, and of those unscrupulous and corrupt men living on the abuse heaped upon the Southern people by fanning the embers of the late war—when he is gone from hence history will write him as one of the truest and purest of men, a dignified and bold soldier, an enlightened and intelligent statesman, a man whose whole aim was to benefit his country and his people.

I know him well. I have been with him under all circumstances, and have ever found him good and true. How wretched the spirit that will continue to traduce such a man! How miserably contemptible the party that will refuse to recognize such a man as a citizen of the country in whose defence his best days were spent and his blood freely spilt!

I have the honor to be,

Yours very respectfully,

F. R. LUBBOCK.

---

**Letter from the Hon. George Davis, late Attorney-General of the Confederate States.**

WILMINGTON, N. C., *September 4th*, 1877.

*Major* W. T. WALTHALL:

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 14th ult. and the copy of the Philadelphia "*Times*" were duly received, but my engagements with the courts have prevented an earlier reply.

I regret that I can give you but little information in aid of the purpose you have in mind, as I parted from Mr. Davis and the rest of the Cabinet at Charlotte; and the narrative of General Wilson professes to deal chiefly with events which occurred afterward.

I was not present at the Cabinet meeting on the first Sunday in April, 1865, when the telegram was received from General Lee announcing that his lines had been broken at Petersburg. I had that day attended service at a church to which I was not in the habit of going, and in consequence did not receive the message until about 1 o'clock, P. M. I went immediately to Mr. Davis'

office, and found him alone, and calm and composed as usual. He informed me of the orders that had been given and the dispositions made for the evacuation of Richmond. After some conversation I left to make my own preparations for departure. I believe that even the intensity of Northern hatred has never doubted Mr. Davis' courage; and certainly none who know him can doubt his pride of personal character. And these admitted qualities were quite sufficient to preserve him from any unmanly display of weakness, such as General Wilson has pretended to relate. A brave man may be unnerved by a sudden and unexpected danger, but never by a danger that has been anticipated and prepared for during many weeks, (as he relates). During my intimate association with Mr. Davis, I have seen him often in circumstances of extreme trial and excitement, and sometimes of imminent danger. Especially do I recall that other Cabinet meeting which was interrupted by the intelligence that Dahlgren was at the outworks of Richmond, with nothing in his way but a raw battalion of Department clerks. And never yet have I seen him "tremulous and nervous," as "without self-possession and dignity." Assuredly, such language does not truthfully describe his conduct and demeanor as I saw him on the first Sunday in April, 1865.

The unfortunate are always in the wrong; and the men of the Confederacy have had little reason to expect magnanimity, or even fairness, from their adversaries. But a generous tribute of respect and honor has been universally and ungrudgingly yielded to their women. And the soldier, professing to deal with history, who cannot sufficiently belittle a great enemy without invading the sanctity of his home to hold up his wife in half-sneering, half-complimentary contrast to him, does not commend himself to the confidence of an impartial world. And the judgment of the world in this instance will probably be a near approach to the truth; for the "energy and determination," the "rage and disappointment" of Mrs. Davis, so graphically described by General Wilson, are all pure fiction. That admirable lady had left Richmond some time before the evacuation, and was then in North Carolina.

This candid soldier further says: "It is stated, upon what appears to be good authority, that Davis had many weeks before Lee's catastrophe made 'the most careful and exacting preparations for his escape, discussing the matter fully with his Cabinet

in profound secrecy, and deciding that, in order to secure the escape of himself and his principal officers, the Shenandoah should be ordered to cruise off the coast of Florida, to take the fugitives on board.' These orders were sent to the rebel cruiser many days before Lee's lines were broken."

Who this "good authority" is we are left to conjecture; but General Wilson himself is responsible for the assertion that "these orders were sent," as he does not quote even a dubious authority for that. Was ever a more daring statement given to a credulous world? Mr. Davis and his Cabinet were so extremely concerned for their personal safety that they took the one impossible way to secure it! The Shenandoah was then, and long had been, on the broad bosom of the Pacific ocean, hunted on all sides by Federal cruisers, and without a single friendly port in which to drop her anchor. Were these orders sent around the Horn, or overland from Texas? How long would it have taken them to find her and bring her to the coast of Florida? And how long would the Federal navy have permitted her to remain there waiting for "the fugitives"?

Again: The narrative deals in pure fiction, too absurd for the wildest credulity. No such orders were issued. There were no discussions in the Cabinet, no "careful and exacting preparations for escape," and no preparations of any kind until the fall of Petersburg rendered them necessary; and then the anxiety was for the preservation of the Government, and not for the safety of its individual members. Day by day, for many months, the varying fortunes of the Confederacy were the subject of grave and anxious deliberations in the Cabinet. But never was there any plan proposed, or any suggestion made, or even a casual remark uttered, regarding the personal safety of its officers. Bad as General Wilson may think them, they were neither selfish enough nor cowardly enough for that. And as to Mr. Davis, it was well known in Richmond that his unnecessary and reckless exposure of himself was the cause of frequent and earnest remonstrances on the part of his friends.

The Northern people triumphed in arms, but they can never add to the glories of that triumph by endeavoring to depreciate and degrade the men whom they found it so difficult to conquer.

Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE DAVIS.

## A Correction of General Patton Anderson's Report of the Battle of Jonesboro', Ga.

[The following letters explain themselves, and are cheerfully published. Besides their historic value, they are models of soldierly courtesy which cannot be too warmly commended to any who may have occasion to controvert statements made by others in reference to events of the war.]

### Letter from General Clayton.

CLAYTON, ALA., *December* 31, 1877.

*Rev.* J. WM. JONES, *Secretary, &c.,*
*Richmond, Va.:*

DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to a report of the battle of Jonesboro', Ga., on the 31st August, 1864, by General Patton Anderson, and especially to a statement which, if suffered to pass unnoticed, may do injustice to the officers and men of the Thirteenth Louisiana regiment, of Gibson's brigade. I can best notice it by copying from my own report of that battle, written a few days after.

That it may be better understood, let it be remembered that General Anderson commanded the front line, composed of Deas', Brantley's, and Sharpe's brigades.

The second or supporting line was commanded by myself, and was composed of Gibson's brigade in the centre, Holtzclaw's brigade (Colonel Bush. Jones commanding) on the right, and Mannegault's brigade, of Anderson's division, on the left. Stovals' brigade, of my division, had that morning been sent to report to General Stevenson, further to our left, and Baker's had several days before been sent to Mobile. Preparatory to moving forward, brigade commanders had been instructed that they should halt beyond certain earthworks and fallen timber in our front, to correct the alignment, before morning, to the assault, and that they would be guided by the centre.

"When this point was reached, seeing that the troops in the front line were already falling back, and fearing the effect on my own, and seeing, also, now that the attack had begun, the importance of pressing it at once, I rode forward and ordered the whole division to move on without halting.

"Brigadier-General Gibson, seizing the colors of one of his regiments, dashed to the front, and to the very works of the enemy. This conduct created the greatest enthusiasm throughout his command, which again, as in the engagement of the 28th of July previously, moved against a salient in the enemies works. This gallant brigade lost half its numbers, and was finally driven back."

This was my official report as to that brigade, written a few days after the battle. I regret that a portion of it is lost, or I would enclose it. My recollection of everything that transpired in that battle is still clear, especially as to the part performed by Gibson's brigade, and every portion of it. My own eyes bore witness to its splendid conduct from the beginning to the close. It captured the guns of the enemy, and occupied their main works until overwhelming and increasing numbers forced their abandonment. It was handled with skill, and fought with the heroism of desperation. The living may protest with confidence against reproach for the conduct of that day, and the dead may well defy it.

Now, as to what General Anderson says in regard to the Thirteenth Louisiana, I state, without qualification, he was imposed on.

He had but recently come in command of his division. He was very badly wounded and carried from the field to the rear, where he wrote his report, without having an opportunity to correct an erroneous impression received in the heat of a terrible battle.

A reading of his report shows that he made the statement complained of in some doubt as to its accuracy, (see November number *Southern Historical Society Papers*, page 201). I am not and cannot be mistaken as to what I state.

To go a little more into particulars, General Gibson left my side when he rode through his brigade. I immediately sent a staff-officer with orders to General Mannegault's brigade, and myself rode around the right of Gibson's brigade in front of Holtzclaw's where I met General Anderson pressing forward his own men. Here I also met Generals Brantley and Sharpe.

I ordered a disposition to protect our right flank lest we might be taken unawares in that direction, and we were all engaged in urging forward the troops on Gibson's right.

The left of Holtzclaw's brigade was suffering terribly, but the right, though fully on a line, was scarcely engaged.

The Thirty-sixth Alabama was as warmly engaged and perhaps suffered as badly as Gibson's brigade. There were men lying here

and there partially concealed behind piles of rails, and in the rifle pits, but in no considerable number. From the time I met General Anderson we were not separated one hundred yards, and at no time out of sight of each other. No part of Gibson's brigade was about us. We were on a line with his front, but to the right, when we both fell in twenty steps of each other.

About this time Gibson's brigade fell back, as I afterwards learned, by his order.

I was unhurt and walked to General Anderson, who was immediately moved off the field. How General Anderson came to fall into error in regard to the Thirteenth Louisiana, I have no means of knowing; but this I do know, General Anderson would rise from his grave, if he had the power, to prevent an injustice to a soldier.

The Bayard of the "land of flowers" may have been led into an error; he could not purpose an injustice.

It is a singular circumstance that a portion of that command which most distinguished itself should need or seem to need this defense. But I will not moralize.

If excuse is demanded for this communication, or, if the speaking of my own opportunity for knowing whereof I testify shall provoke a criticism, let me say with becoming modesty, that there are men living who know whether this is true or false, but perhaps none who can so well testify as to the point in issue as myself. He who has once commanded brave soldiers should give sleepless vigils to their honor. Nor can he ever shift the responsibility of its vindication from aspersion, wherever or however made; especially since it was all that was left from their heroic struggle to the living, and all the dead secured in dying.

H. D. Clayton,
*Formerly Maj-Gen'l Commanding Clayton's Div., C. S. A.*

**Letter from General S. D. Lee.**

COLUMBUS, MISS., *January* 28, 1878.

*Rev.* J. WM. JONES,

*Secretary Southern Historical Society:*

MY DEAR SIR: In the November number of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* is General Patton Anderson's report of the battle of Jonesboro'. There was no more gallant and honorable soldier in the Confederate Army than Patton Anderson. He was the peer of any in chivalry and honorable bearing, and would have given his life rather than intentionally have wronged an individual or a regiment of troops.

As to his implied reflection on the Thirteenth Louisiana, I have just this to say: About the time of the incident related of the color-bearer of the Thirteenth Louisiana, General Anderson was terribly wounded in the face and passed immediately by me being borne from the field. A more painful sight was seldom seen.

I cannot but believe the general was in error as to the Thirteenth Louisiana, and believe that his absence and distance from the army on account of his painful wound alone prevented a further enquiry and correction of this matter, and, knowing him as I did, I take the liberty of writing this letter, believing that no injury can possibly befall the memory of the lamented Patton Anderson.

I know that Gibson's brigade (the Thirteenth was one of the regiments of that brigade) was as gallant as any on the field of Jonesboro'. They reached and for some time staid in the works of the enemy, and the list of killed and wounded (about one-half) attested their heroism and should vindicate their record on that field. Possibly the incident might have occurred after the withdrawal of the brigade from the works of the enemy, where they lost half of their number. All troops, under such terrible circumstance, are a little scattered, and it requires time to rearrange them, and the color-bearer, from excessive gallantry or excitement, was no doubt separated a short distance from his regiment. But I do state most emphatically that the incident (implied) related is the first and only time I ever heard aught against any man of Gibson's gallant Louisiana brigade.

I saw them around Atlanta and in Hood's Nashville campaign, and I know that, on consultation with Major General Clayton, I designated Gibson's brigade to cross the Tennessee river in open boats, in the presence of the enemy, opposite Florence, Ala., and a more gallant crossing of any river was not made during the war. The enemy was supposed to be in large force, covered by the banks, but Gibson and his men never enquired as to numbers when they were ordered forward, and their gallant bearing soon put the enemy's sharp-shooters to flight and secured a good crossing for two divisions of my corps.

At Nashville, where Hood was defeated by Thomas, Gibson's brigade, of my corps, was conspicuously posted on the left of Pike, near Overton Hill, and I witnessed their driving back, with the rest of Clayton's division, two formidable assaults of the enemy, and my corps repulsed all attacks till compelled to retire because the two corps on my left had given back and the enemy was already in my rear. They were rallied readily, about two and one-half miles in rear of the original line, by brigades and divisions.

I recollect, near dark, riding up to a brigade near a battery and trying to seize a stand of colors and lead the brigade against the enemy. The color-bearer refused to give up his colors, and was sustained by his regiment. I found it was the color-bearer of the Thirteenth Louisiana, and it was Gibson's Louisiana brigade. Gibson soon appeared by my side, and in my admiration of such conduct I exclaimed: "Gibson, these are the best men I ever saw. You take them and check the enemy." Gibson did lead them and did check the enemy.

This incident ought to satisfy any member of the Thirteenth Louisiana that that regiment was as gallant as any in the service, and it affords me great pleasure, as a comrade, to add my mite in their vindication.

Yours truly,

S. D. Lee.

**Letter from General R. L. Gibson.**

WASHINGTON, *January* 22, 1878.

*Rev.* J. WM. JONES, *Secretary*,
*Richmond, Va.:*

DEAR SIR: My attention has been called by a member of the Thirteenth Louisiana regiment, writing from New Orleans, to a criticism by General Anderson in his report of the battle of Jonesboro', Ga., August 31, 1864, published in the November number of the *Southern Historical Magazine*, that might be construed to reflect upon that regiment.

It will be observed, by referring to the report, that General Anderson expresses his own doubt as to the correctness of the information which was furnished him, and on which his report is based. It is, indeed, extraordinary that General Anderson should have permitted himself to have said a word in criticism of a regiment which had served with him on so many battle-fields, and that had often received from him the highest praise.

That regiment was in my brigade at the battle of Jonesboro', and I feel it my duty to put upon record the fact that it bore itself in that, as it had done on many historic battle-fields, with distinguished valor. It was commanded by Colonel Francis Lee Campbell, who, like General Anderson, went down to his grave bearing several wounds received under the colors of his regiment.

My brigade consisted of the Sixteenth and Twenty-fifth (consolidated) Louisiana regiments, Colonel Joseph Lewis commanding; the Fourth Louisiana regiment, Colonel Sam. E. Hunter commanding; the Thirtieth Louisiana regiment, the Fourth Louisiana battalion, and Austin's battalion of sharpshooters, Major J. E. Austin commanding, and the Nineteenth Louisiana regiment, Colonel F. C. Zacharie commanding.

Colonel Lewis, at the head of his regiment, was killed, sword in hand, at the works of the enemy. Colonel Hunter (since dead), with his noble regiment, drove the enemy from his position. Indeed, every regiment did its duty in the assault, as was evidenced by the fact that the brigade lost more than half its numbers, and, as I remember, was complimented by General Clayton, command-

ing the division, who was an eye-witness of the assault and lost three horses in the charge, riding just on the right of the brigade.

Perhaps I may be permitted to relate a circumstance that occurred on another field, and that will illustrate the metal of this regiment. At the battle of Nashville, where the army met with a disaster and was in retreat, Fenner's battery was placed in position on the pike and ordered to fire over the heads of the retreating troops for moral effect. When it was observed that the enemy was pressing close, General Stephen D. Lee desired infantry to drive him back. It was found that this regiment, with those associated with it, were formed in regular order just in the rear of the battery. He rode up to the color-bearer of the Thirteenth Louisiana and said, "Give me those colors, I wish to lead this regiment and brigade to drive back the enemy." The color-bearer and officers replied, "No, general, it is not necessary to expose yourself in that way; point in the direction you desire these colors to be borne, and we will carry them forward as long as there is a shred of them or a man left." General Lee turned to the writer and said: "These are the best men I have ever seen." The enemy was checked.

This regiment was one of the first to cross the Tennessee river on the advance of Hood's army to Nashville, and was the last, as the rear guard of that army, to recross it on the retreat, and fired the last volley in regular line of battle in the last ditch of the Confederacy at Mobile. Its record is too well established to need defense at this late day.

If General Anderson were living he would be glad of the opportunity to expunge even the hypothetical criticism which he makes, and would recall with pride the many occasions on which this regiment had received warm encomiums from his lips.

Very respectfully,

R. L. Gibson.

**Report of Major-General H. D. Clayton of Battle of Jonesboro', Ga.**

[From original MS.]

HEADQUARTERS CLAYTON'S DIVISION,
IN THE FIELD.

MAJOR: I have the honor to make the following report: This division was moved from East Point on the night of the 30th August, and after an exceedingly fatiguing march, reached Jonesboro' about the middle of the day of the 31st. Here resting about two hours, I received orders from the Lt.-Gen. Commanding to send a brigade to report to General Stevenson, and to move out for battle. I was directed to form my two remaining brigades, Gibson's and Holtzclaw's, (Brig-Gen. Stovall having been sent to report to General Stevenson,) in the second line and on the right of General Manigault's brigade, which was also placed under my command.

Between 3 and 4 P. M. the front line moved out of the breastworks to make the attack. Having a considerable quantity of brush-wood to go through and to pass over the breastworks, both of which I knew would create confusion in the line, I ordered that it should halt so soon as it should reach the open field beyond, and gave the order to move forward as soon as the front line moved. A portion of the line in front seemed to move forward with great reluctance, and when I had reached the point where I had directed the alignment to be rectified, I found that many of the troops in front who had then scarcely engaged the enemy were coming back, and some of them were endeavoring to conceal themselves in the gullies of the old field. Fearing the effect of this upon my own men, and seeing, now that the attack had fairly begun, the importance of pressing it at once, I rode forward and ordered the whole command to move on. Brig-General Gibson seizing the colors of one of his regiments dashed to the front and up to the very works of the enemy. This conduct created the greatest enthusiasm thoughout his command, which again, as in the engagement of the 28th July, previously mentioned, moved against a salient in the enemy's works. Unfortunately a large portion of the whole command stopped in the rifle-pits of the enemy, behind piles of rails and a fence running nearly parallel to

his breastworks; and to this circumstance I attribute the failure to carry the works. Never was a charge begun with such enthusiasm terminated with accomplishing so little. This gallant brigade lost one-half its numbers and was finally driven back, as was also Manigault's upon the left. Holtzclaw's brigade, Colonel Bush. Jones commanding, which, except its left, had not been so warmly engaged, was subsequently withdrawn.

H. D. CLAYTON, *Major General.*

*Major* J. W. RATCHFORD, *A. A. General.*

**Advance Sheets of "Reminiscences of Secession, War, and Reconstruction," by Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor.**

[The following advanced sheets from General Taylor's forthcoming book will be read with an interest which will excite a desire to see the whole work. We publish without note or comment of our own, and without, of course, expressing any opinion as to the justness of some of the keen thrusts of the distinguished Author.]

**The Valley of Virginia.**

The great Valley of Virginia was before us in all its beauty. Fields of wheat spread far and wide, interspersed with woodlands, bright in their robes of tender green. Wherever appropriate sites existed, quaint old mills, with turning wheels, were busily grinding the previous year's harvest, and, from grove and eminence, showed comfortable homesteads. The soft vernal influence shed a languid grace over the scene.

The theatre of war in this region was from Staunton to the Potomac, one hundred and twenty miles, with an average width of some twenty-five, and the Blue Ridge and Alleghany bounded it east and west. Drained by the Shenandoah with its numerous affluents, the surface was nowhere flat, but a succession of graceful swells, occasionally rising into abrupt hills. Resting on limestone, the soil was productive, especially of wheat, and the underlying rock furnished abundant metal for the construction of roads. Frequent passes or gaps in the mountains, through which wagon roads had been constructed, afforded easy access from east and west, and, as has been stated, pikes were excellent, though unmetaled roads became heavy after rains.

But the glory of the Valley is Massanuttin. Rising abruptly from the plain near Harrisonburg, twenty-five miles north of Staunton, this lovely mountain extends fifty miles and as suddenly ends near Strasburg. Parallel with Blue Ridge and of equal height, its sharp peaks have a bolder and more picturesque aspect, while the abruptness of its slopes gives the appearance of greater altitude. Midway of Massanuttin a "gap" affords communication between Newmarket and Luray. This eastern or Luray valley, much narrower than the one west of Massanuttin, is drained by

the eastern branch of the Shenandoah, which, at Front Royal, at the northern end of the mountain, is joined by its western affluent, whence the united waters flow north, near the base of Blue Ridge, to meet the Potomac at Harper's Ferry.

The inhabitants of this favored region were worthy of their inheritance. The North and South were peopled by scions of colonial families, and the proud names of the "Old Dominion" abounded. In the central counties of Rockingham and Shenandoah were many descendants of Hessians, captured at Trenton and Princeton during the Revolutionary era. These were thrifty, substantial farmers, and, like their kinsmen of Pennsylvania, expressed their opulence in huge barns and fat cattle. The devotion of all to the Southern cause was wonderful. Jackson, a Valley man by reason of his residence at Lexington (south of Staunton), was their hero and idol. The women sent husbands, sons, lovers to battle as cheerfully as to marriage feasts. No oppression, no destitution could abate their zeal. Upon a march I was accosted by two elderly ladies, sisters, who told me they had secreted a large quantity of bacon in a well on their estate, hard by. Federals had been in possession of the country, and, fearing the indiscretion of their slaves, they had done the work at night with their own hands, and now desired to *give* the meat to their own people. Wives and daughters of millers, whose husbands and brothers were in arms, worked the mills, night and day, to furnish flour to their soldiers. To the last, women would go distances to carry the modicum of food between themselves and starvation to a suffering Confederate. Should the sons of Virginia ever commit dishonorable acts, grim in deed will be their reception on the farther shores of Styx. They can expect no recognition from the mothers that bore them.

The year the war closed the Valley was ravaged with a cruelty surpassing that inflicted on the Palatinate two hundred years agone. That foul act smirched the fame of Dubois and Turenne and public opinion, in what has been deemed a ruder age, forced an apology from the grand "monarque." Yet we have seen the report of a Federal General, wherein is recounted the many barns, mills, and other buildings destroyed, concluding with the assertion that "a crow flying over the Valley must take rations with him." In the opinion of the admirers of the officer making

this report the achievement on which it is based ranks with "Marengo." Moreover, this same officer (Lieutenant-General Sheridan), many years after the close of the war, denounced several hundred thousands of his fellow-citizens as "banditti," and solicited permission of his Government to deal with them as such. May we not pause and reflect whether religion, education, science, and art combined have lessened the brutality of man since the days of Wallenstein and Tilly?

### Gettysburg.

Of most of the important battles of the war I have written except of Shiloh, on which I purpose to dwell, but will first say a few words about Gettysburg, because of the many recent publications thereanent. Some facts concerning this battle are established beyond dispute. In the first day's fighting a part of Lee's army defeated a part of Meade's. Intending to continue the contest on that field, a commander, not smitten by idiocy, would desire to concentrate and push the advantage gained by the previous success and its resultant "morale." Instead of attacking at dawn, Lee's attack was postponed until the afternoon of the following day in consequence of the absence of Longstreet's corps. Federal official reports show that some of Meade's corps reached him on the second day several hours after sunrise, and one or two late in the afternoon. It is positively asserted by many officers present, and of high rank and character, that Longstreet, on the first day, was nearer to Lee than Meade's reinforcing corps to this commander, and even nearer than a division of Ewell's corps, which reached the ground in time to share in the first day's success. Now, it nowhere appears in Lee's report of Gettysburg that he ordered Longstreet to him or blamed him for tardiness; but his report admits errors, and quietly takes the responsibility for them on his own broad shoulders. A recent article in the public press, signed by General Longstreet, ascribes the failure at Gettysburg to Lee's mistakes, which he (Longstreet) in vain pointed out and remonstrated against. That any subject involving the possession and exercise of intellect should be clear to Longstreet and concealed from Lee is a startling proposition to those possessing knowledge of the two men. We have biblical authority for the story that the angel in the path was visible to the ass though in-

visible to the seer, his master; but suppose that instead of smiting the honest, stupid animal, Balaam had caressed him and then been kicked by him, how would the story read? And thus much for Gettysburg.

**Shiloh.**

Shiloh was a great misfortune. At the moment of his fall, Sidney Johnston, with all the energy of his nature, was pressing on the routed foe. Crouching under the bank of the Tennessee river, Grant was helpless. One short hour more of life to Johnston would have completed his destruction. The second in command—Beauregard—was on another and distant part of the field, and before he could gather the reins of direction, darkness fell and stopped the pursuit. During the night Buell reached the northern bank of the river and crossed his troops. Wallace, with a fresh division from below, got up. Together they advanced in the morning, found the Confederates rioting in the plunder of captured camps, and drove them back with loss. But all this was as nothing compared with the calamity of Johnston's death. Educated at West Point, Johnston remained in the United States Army for eight years, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the details of military duty. Resigning to aid the cause of the infant Republic of Texas, he became her adjutant-general, senior brigadier and Secretary at War. In the war with Mexico he raised a regiment of Texans to join General Zachary Taylor, and was greatly distinguished in the fighting around and capture of Monterey. General Taylor, with whom the early years of his service had been passed, declared him to be the best soldier he had ever commanded. More than once I have heard General Zachary Taylor express this opinion. Two cavalry regiments were added to the United States Army in 1854, and to the colonelcy of one of these Johnston was appointed. Subsequently, a brigadier by brevet, he commanded the expedition against the Mormons in Utah. Thus he brought to the Southern cause a civil and military experience far surpassing that of any other leader. Born in Kentucky, descended from an honorable colonial race, connected by marriage with influential families in the West, where his life had been passed, he was peculiarly fitted to command Western armies. With him at the helm, there would have been no Vicks-

burg, no Missionary Ridge, no Atlanta. His character was lofty and pure; his presence and demeanor dignified and courteous, with the simplicity of a child, and he at once inspired the respect and gained the confidence of cultivated gentlemen and rugged frontiersmen. Besides, he had passed through the furnace of ignorant newspapers, hotter than that of the Babylonian tyrant. Commanding some raw, unequipped forces at Bowling Green, Kentucky, the accustomed American exaggeration represented him as at the head of a vast army, prepared and eager for conquest. Before time was given him to organize and train his men, the absurdly constructed works on his left flank were captured. At Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, were certain political generals, who, with a self-abnegation worthy of Plutarch's heroes, were anxious to get away and leave the glory and renown of defense to others. Johnston was in no sense responsible for the construction of these forts nor the assignment to their command of these self-denying warriors, but his line of communication was uncovered by their fall and he was compelled to retire to the southern bank of the Tennessee river. From the enlighteners of public opinion a howl of wrath came forth. Johnston, who had just been Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, was now a miserable dastard and traitor, unfit to command a corporal's guard. President Davis sought to console him, and the noblest lines ever penned by man were written by Johnston in reply. They even wrung tears of repentance from the pachyderms who had attacked him, and will be a text and consolation to future commanders who serve a country tolerant of an ignorant and licentious press. As pure gold he came forth from the furnace, above the reach of slander, the foremost man of all the South, and had it been possible for one heart, one mind, and one arm to save her cause, she lost them when Albert Sidney Johnston fell on the field of Shiloh. As soon after the war as she was permitted, the commonwealth of Texas removed his remains from New Orleans, to inter them in a land he had long and faithfully served. I was honored by a request to accompany the coffin from the cemetery to the steamer, and as I gazed upon it there arose the feeling of the Theban who, after the downfall of the glory and independence of his country, stood by the tomb of Epaminondas.

### Appeal of the Lee Monument Association.

To the People of the Southern States:

The State of Virginia has initiated the noble undertaking of erecting an equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee on the Capitol grounds at Richmond, Va.; and has committed this trust, by statute, to the care and keeping of a Board of Managers. This Board, constituting the Lee Monument Association, is composed of her Governor, Auditor of Public Accounts, and Treasurer, whose names guarantee that this trust will be well discharged.

In deference to the fact that the glory of General Lee is the common heritage of our country, the Board has signified the desire that all the Southern States shall share in the tribute to him, and purpose that all so sharing shall, when the time comes, have an equal voice in awarding the contract.

*We*, your Senators and Representatives in the Congress of the United States, being assured that you will not be slow to manifest, by an earnest and liberal support, your veneration for the life, character and services of our great chief, express hereby our warm sympathy and co-operation in the effort of the Lee Monument Association to consummate this work of love:

John T. Morgan, Wm. H. Forney, C. M. Shelley, H. H. Herbert, Wm. W. Garth, J. N. Williams, R. F. Ligon, Jas. Taylor Jones, G. W. Hewitt, of Alabama; A. H. Garland, L. C. Gause, Jordan E. Cravens, T. M. Gunter, W. F. Slemons, of Arkansas; Charles W. Jones, R. H. M. Davidson, of Florida; J. B. Gordon, Benj. H. Hill, Alexander H. Stephens, Julian Hartridge, W. H. Felton, James H. Blount, Philip Cook, H. P. Bell, H. R. Harris, M. A. Candler, W. E. Smith, of Georgia; J. Proctor Knott, Albert S. Willis, J. E. S. Blackburn, Thomas Turner, J. G. Carlisle, John W. Caldwell, A. R. Boone, J. A. McKenzie, M. J. Durham, J. B. Clarke, of Kentucky; J. B. Eustis, E. John Ellis, E. W. Robertson, J. B. Elam, R. L. Gibson, of Louisiana; L. Q. C. Lamar, O. R. Singleton, Van H. Manning, James R. Chalmers, H. D. Money, H. L. Muldrow, Charles E. Hooker, of Mississippi; F. M. Cockrell, D. M. Armstrong, T. T. Crittenden, A. H. Buckner, Benj. J.

Franklin, R. P. Bland, R. H. Hatcher, John B. Clarke, Jr., David Rea, J. M. Glover, C. H. Morgan, of Missouri; M. W. Ransom, A. S. Merrimon, A. M. Waddell, A. M. Scales, Joseph J. Davis, Robert B. Vance, J. J. Yeates, Wm. M. Robins, of North Carolina; M. C. Butler, D. Wyatt Aiken, John H. Evans, of South Carolina; J. E. Bailey, Isham G. Harris, John F. House, G. G. Dibrell, Wm. P. Caldwell, W. C. Whitthome, J. D. C. Atkins, Casey Young, J. M. Bright, H. Y. Riddle, of Tennessee; Richard Coke, S. B. Maxey, G. Scleisher, D. B. Culberson, R. Q. Mills, J. W. Throckmorton, D. C. Giddings, John H. Reagan, of Texas; R. E. Withers, John W. Johnston, G. C. Walker, Eppa Hunton, John Goode, G. C. Cabell, J. T. Harris, J. R. Tucker, A. L. Pridemore, B. B. Douglas, of Virginia; John E. Kenna, B. F. Martin, Benjamin Wilson, of West Virginia.

# EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

RENEWALS have been coming in quite briskly; but there are still a large number of old subscribers to whom we are not now sending our *Papers* simply because their time is out and they have failed to renew their subscriptions. We are very sorry to part with any of our friends, but we are obliged to insist upon our terms—$3 *per annum in advance.* We beg that subscribers in every locality will "stir up the pure minds of their neighbors by way of remembrance," and will send us new subscribers or the renewals of old ones.

---

GENERAL GEO. D. JOHNSTON of Alabama has been duly appointed GENERAL AGENT of our Society and authorized to travel in our interest, to collect money or material for us, to appoint local agents, or to act for us as occasion may demand.

We deemed ourselves fortunate in securing the services of this gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, and the result has fully justified our expectations. He has been canvassing Nashville with the most gratifying success, and now proposes to visit other cities and towns of Tennessee and Kentucky. We bespeak for him the hearty co-operation of all friends of the cause of truth.

---

ANNALS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE is the title of a new monthly which it is proposed to start in April at Nashville, Tenn.

We have received the circular and prospectus from the editor, Dr. E. L. Drake, and shall cordially welcome the new worker in the cause of historic truth, and bid it a hearty "God speed." The circular is signed by a number of gallant soldiers of the Western army, and contains a number of important statements in reference to the preservation and vindication of the truth of history, especially as it regards the achievements of the Western armies.

It, however, does the *Southern* HISTORICAL SOCIETY injustice (unintentionally, of course,) in the statement that our publications have been "confined mainly" to the Army of Northern Virginia. We have published a large number of articles on the *general* history of the Confederacy, in which the soldiers of all of our armies are alike interested, and we have published a number of reports, "Recollections," &c., of the Southern, Western, and Southwestern armies. For the past six months we have devoted a large part of our space to Gettysburg; but we are ready to illustrate as fully the great battles of the West if our friends who fought them so gallantly will only furnish us the material.

The truth is that our Society was originally started in New Orleans by officers of the *Western* army—that we have on our shelves a large mass of material which illustrates the gallant deeds of our comrades of the West—and that while we hail the "*Annals*" as a valuable co-worker and helper, we shall still claim the privilege of asking our friends in the West to help us to put them right on the record.

---

A LETTER FROM GENERAL FITZ. LEE, on Gettysburg, will appear in our next number, and will contain some things about the great battle never before published.

---

WE HAVE ON HAND and waiting for publication, a number of valuable articles. Our friends will please bear with us, and their papers shall appear at the earliest possible day.

---

ORIGINAL PAPERS that have never been published in any form before always have the preference in making our selections. And while we sometimes copy articles even from current newspapers, yet we insist upon it that where gentlemen select first some other vehicle of publication, we are thereby released from any obligation to *copy* their papers; but, whether we can publish or not, we are always glad to place in our scrap-book or on our shelves *anything* bearing on the "War between the States."

---

CORRECTION.—In the letter from General Clayton, page 127, line 7 from bottom, the word "morning" should be "moving."