MEMORIES OF THE WAR

GEN. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD

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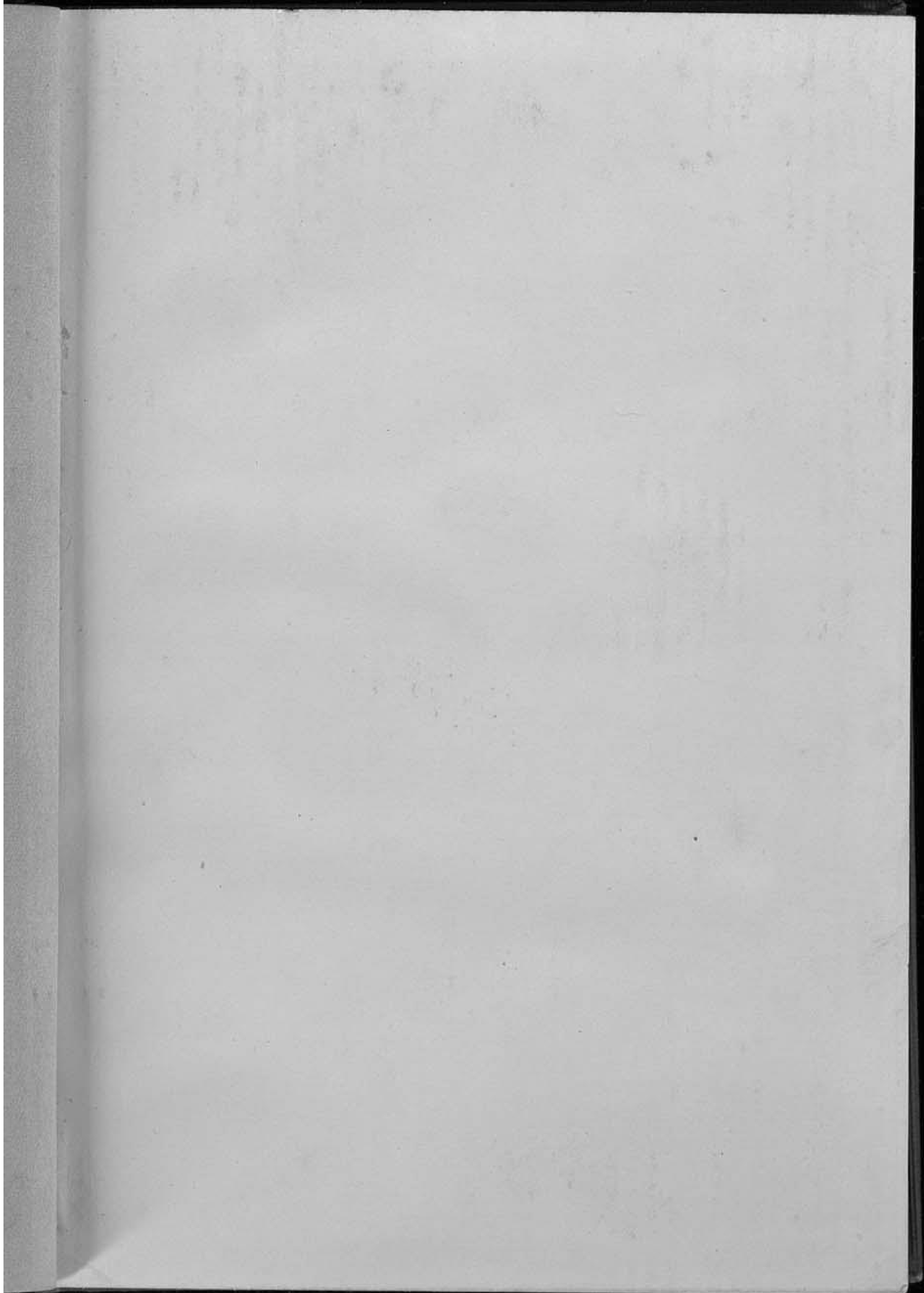
To my Valued Friend

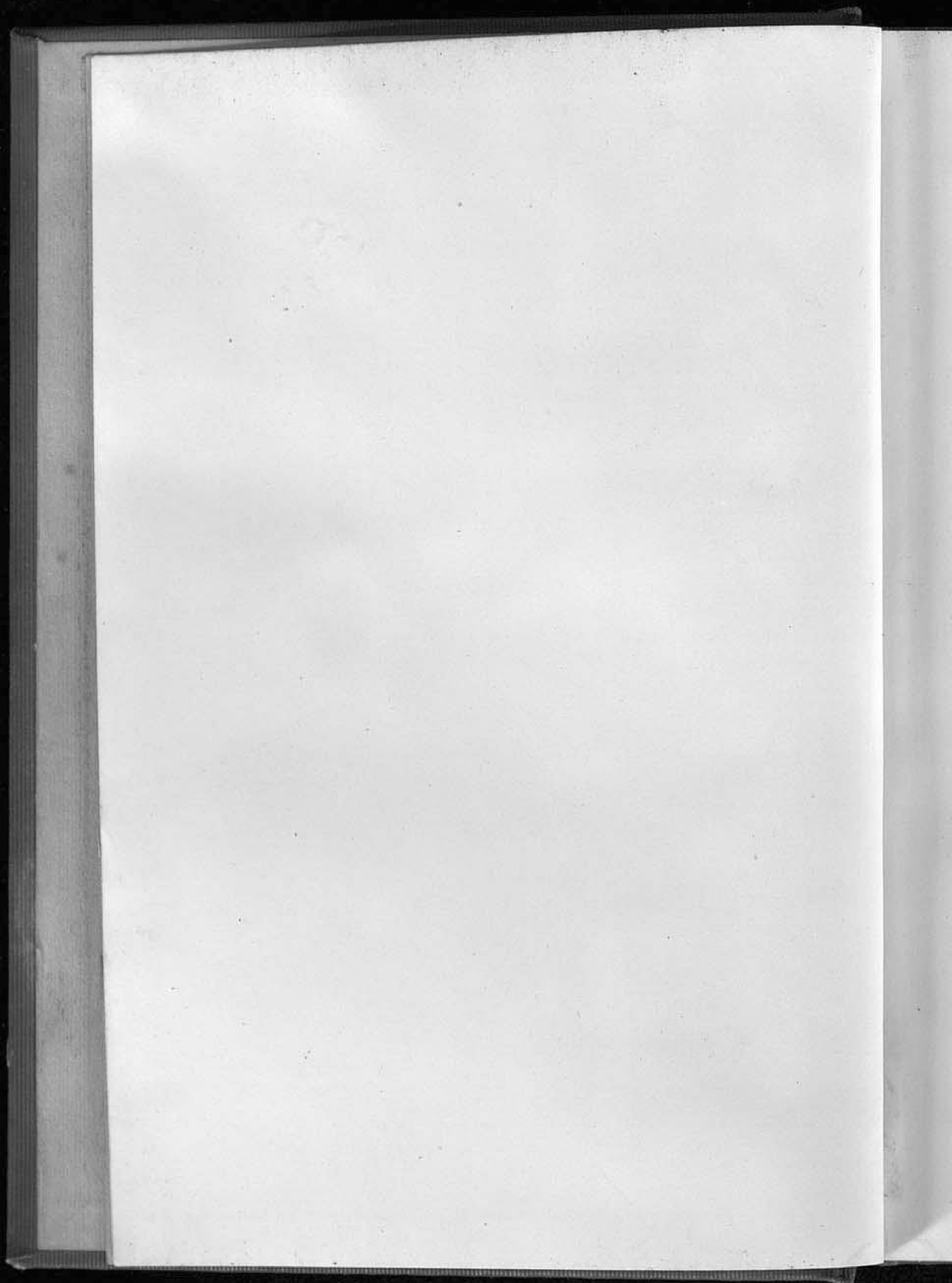
Harriet May Barlow

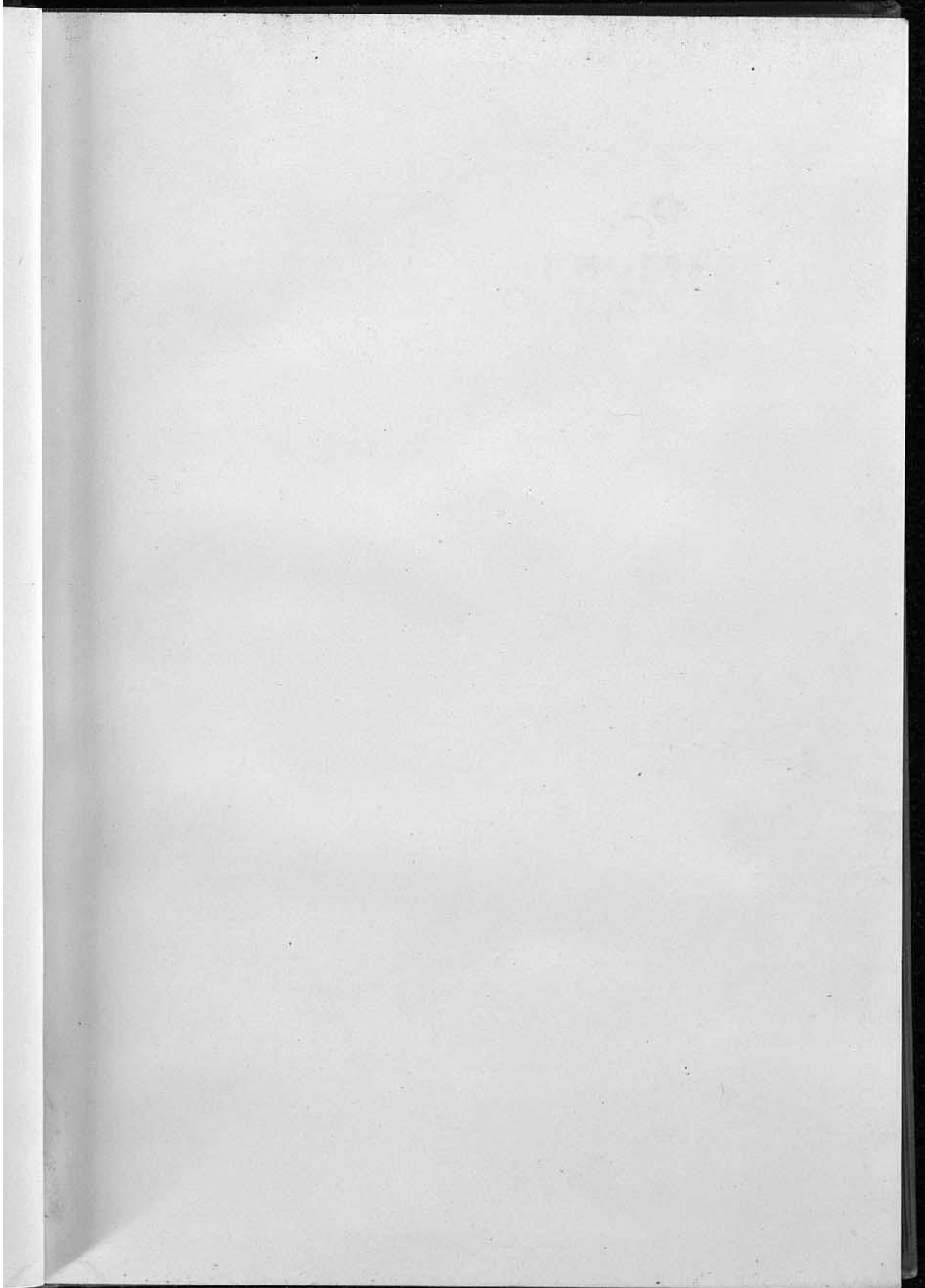
From the Author

Isaac R. Sherwood

Toledo
Nov 28. 1924







MEMORIES OF THE WAR

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By

GEN. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD

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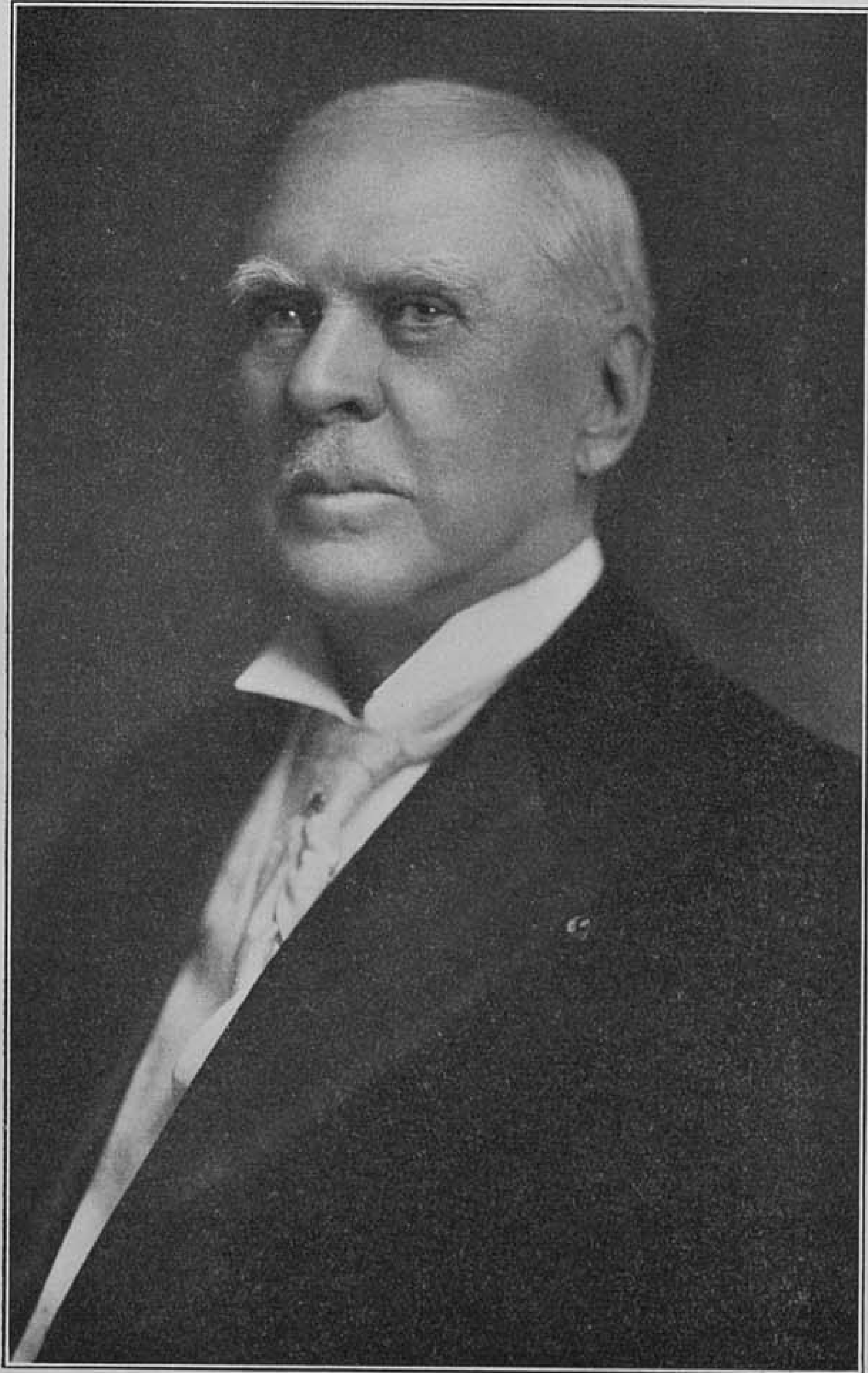
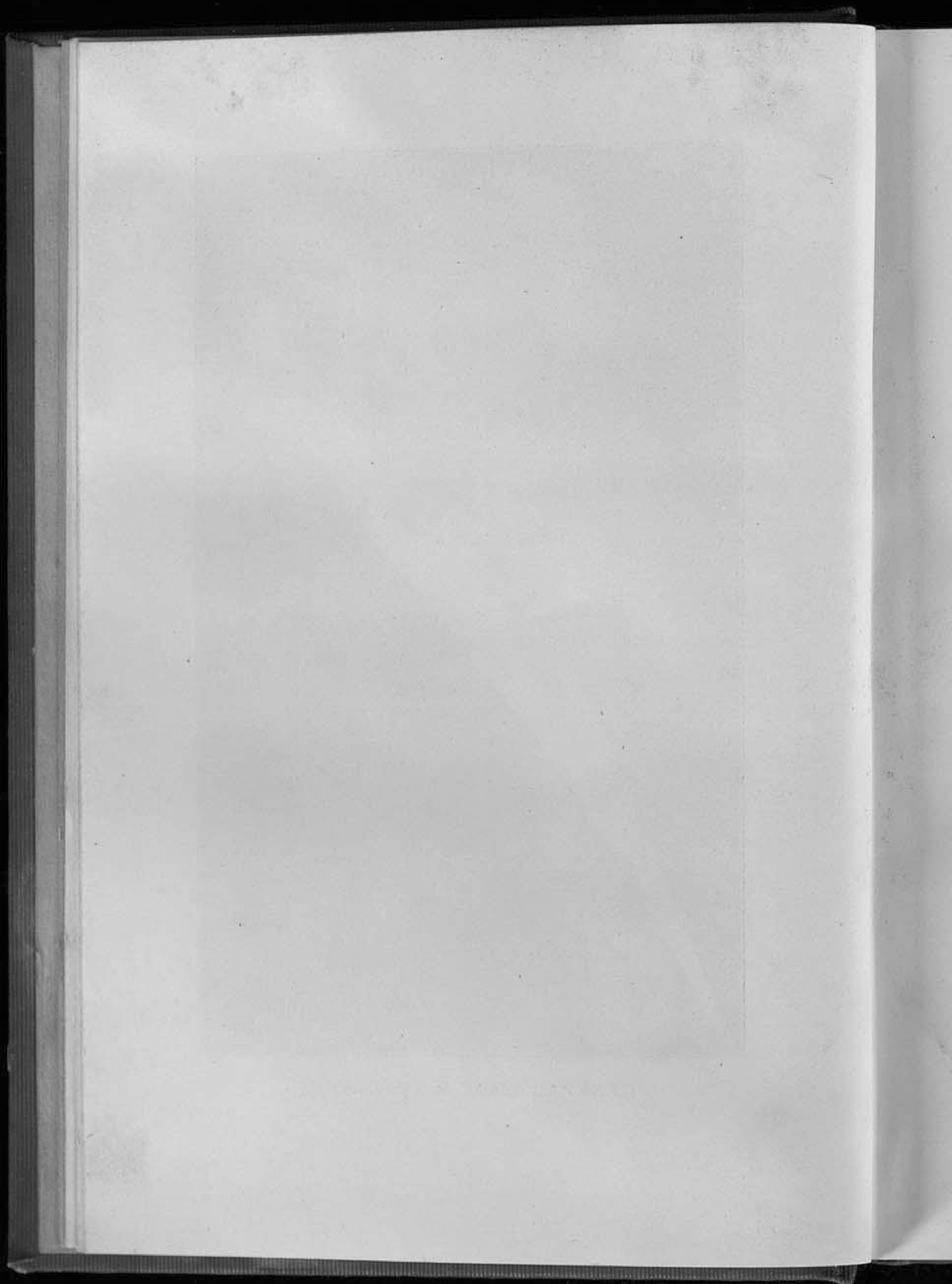


GENERAL ISAAC R. SHERWOOD



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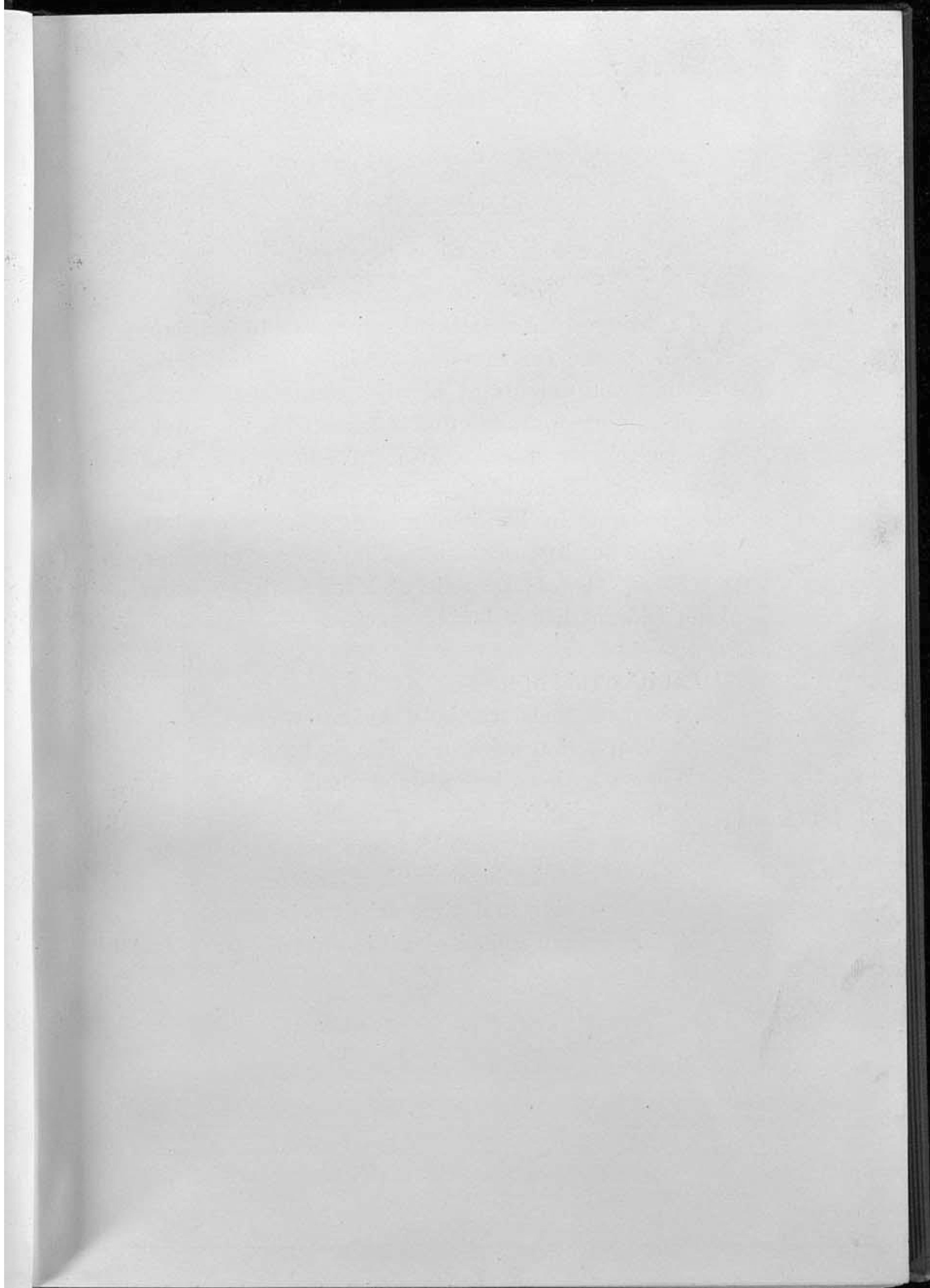
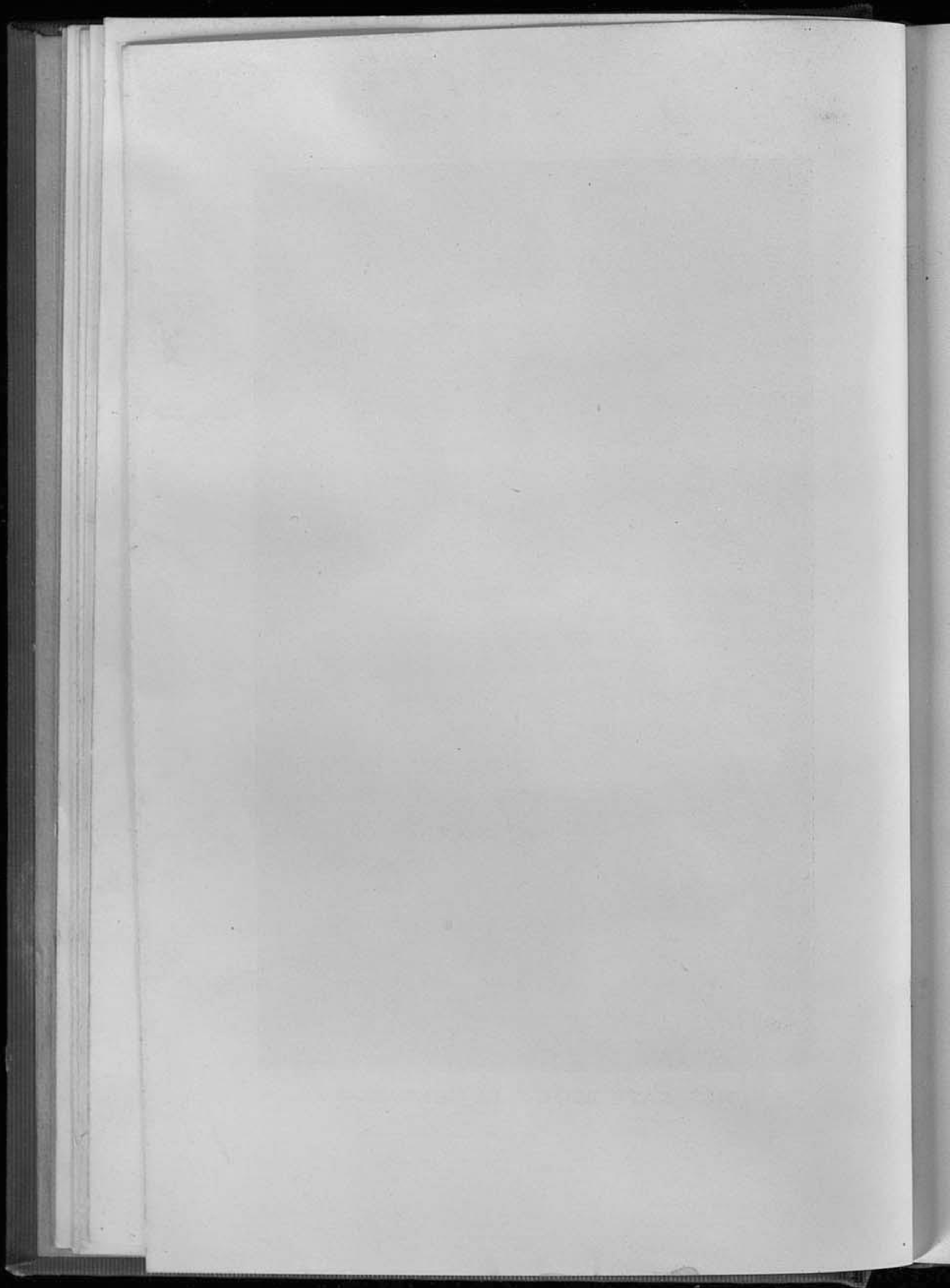


Dedicated to
Kate Brownlee Sherwood

MY beloved wife, faithful comrade and brilliant helpmate for fifty-two years, who shared the triumphs and defeats of my life with the same uncompromising optimism that dominated her remarkable career as poet, editor, philanthropist and apostle of righteousness. These war memories were made possible by her inspiration, which never left me during her life, or death. The last stanza of her last poem, "Let It Be Said of Me," is the epitome of her radiant life of loving service:

"Let it be said of me—
Wherever there was holy cause to serve
Or hearts that ache, or perils that unnerve,
Wherever there was arduous task to do
A path to light, a duty to pursue;
Wherever there was child to wrest from wrong
Or weary soul athirst for love and song,
Wherever slaves of time cried to be free,
My hand was reached—let it be said of me."

MRS. KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD



CHAPTER I

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT IN THE SENATE—THE BOLD THREAT OF ROBERT TOOMBS

HE FOUR terrible years of armed conflict from April '61 to April '65 have passed into heroic history and current history has said its last word. And yet, as we harken back with misty memory, we may imbibe patriotic inspiration and moral growth from its lessons and its standards.

Few persons living today remember the wild, fierce contention over the question of African slavery that absorbed all other questions of moment for a decade previous to actual war.

When the awful crisis culminated in mid-April, 1861, I was publishing a weekly newspaper in Bryan and was probate judge of the county. I was the first enlisted volunteer soldier, at $11 a month, and carried a musket in the first battle of the war at Phillipi, Va., afterwards West Virginia. I was also in the last battle of the war in North Carolina and was present near Raleigh, N. C., April 26, 1865, when the last Confederate army surrendered.

My first visit to Washington was in February, 1859. I heard that culminating debate in the senate and heard that startling and revolutionary utterance of Robert Toombs of Georgia, that he aimed to call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. I shall never forget that first night in the senate during the fierce and malignant debate on the Cuban bill. Among the thousand crowding recollections of the battles and tragedies of the Civil War the memory of that night's furious contention is still vivid.

It was Feb. 25, 1859, one of the memorable days in senate history. The bill to purchase the continental island of Cuba was in debate championed by Senator Toombs of Georgia and Senator Mason of Virginia. Senator William H. Seward of New York, made an elaborate speech opposing the bill.

At the close Toombs arose and made a fierce onslaught on Seward. Then Senator Benjamin of Louisiana took the floor. He said unless the United States purchased Cuba, Spain would emancipate the colored slaves and there would be no tropical fruits, as these could be produced only by slave labor. Then Senator Seward moved to tack on the homestead bill as an amendment. This brought Toombs to his feet again in a furious rage. As for "land for

the landless," he said, "it was the scheme of demagogues."

"I despise a demagogue, but despise still more those who are driven by demagogues," he said.

Then arose Ben Wade of Ohio, red-faced, hot-blooded, fierce and defiant. He defended the Seward amendment. He said it is "land for the landless against niggers for the niggerless." Then he made a vitriolic attack on Toombs. It looked like a collision. But Zach Candler of Michigan arose to calm the storm and moved to adjourn. This was after midnight and the southern senators consented.

There were but 33 states and 66 senators. Some noted senators, North and South, were in that senate. Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, afterward vice president; Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, afterward President, and Charles Sumner of Massachusetts.

I remember seeing for the first and last time Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, Senator Slidell and Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana, John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, Robert Toombs of Georgia and a dozen other southern senators who never returned after the war.

Thirteen years later, when I entered congress

for the first time (1872), not one of the noted southern senators of the anti-bellum period was holding a seat. Jefferson Davis was supplanted in Mississippi by James S. Alcorn, Andrew Johnson in Tennessee by Parson Brownlow of Knoxville, Robert Toombs in Georgia by General George B. Gordon, a distinguished soldier of the Confederacy, and Slidell of Louisiana by General James Rodman West, colonel of the First Iowa union regiment. James M. Mason of Virginia was succeeded by John W. Johnson, Sam Houston of Texas by James W. Flanagan, a reconstructed Republican. Senator Polk of Missouri was succeeded by General Carl Schurtz.

In the house of representatives (1873) I found myself in the presence of 85 soldiers of the war. The house of representatives of this congress (forty-third), contained 85 soldiers, including eight major-generals of distinguished service. General Garfield and General Henry B. Banning of Ohio, General Joseph Hawley of Connecticut, General Butler of Massachusetts, General Hurlbut of Illinois, General Shanks of Indiana, General Negley of Pennsylvania and General Rusk of Wisconsin. This congress met eight years after the Civil War, when we had only 37 stars on our flag, and only 243 members of the house.

As I look over the present house of representatives, only four years after the World War, I can't see one general officer, either brigadier or major-general. General Speaks of Ohio is a member, but he did not serve overseas.

On Jan. 21, 1861, Jefferson Davis made his farewell address to the senate and later left for Mississippi to accept command with the rank of major general of the 10,000 soldiers the state legislature had already authorized to fight the battles of the Confederacy. Feb. 8, 1861, the convention of seceded states, in session at Montgomery, Ala., adopted a new constitution of the Confederate States. All these continental tragedies occurred 23 days before Lincoln was inaugurated president.

President Buchanan, in his annual message to congress Dec. 4, 1860, said: "The Constitution confers no power on congress to coerce into submission a state that is attempting to withdraw from the Union." At this date the South did not believe the North would fight. The North was not fully aroused until that crash of cannon shot against the walls of Fort Sumter. Few citizens of the republic living in this commercial age remember the fierce conflict on the question of African slavery, so vibrant and all-absorbing in the presidential campaign of 1860.

Four tickets were in the field, Lincoln and Hamlin, Republican; Douglas and Johnson, squatter sovereignty for the territories; Breckinridge and Lane, African slavery constitutional in the territories; Bell and Everett, any compromise to save the Union. The total popular vote was 4,680,193, of which Lincoln and Hamlin were given 1,866,452. Lincoln had a majority in the electoral college of 57. Lincoln had 180 votes, Breckinridge 72, Bell 39, and Douglas 12. Douglas, on popular sovereignty, carried only Missouri and New Jersey. The lower southern states and Delaware voted for Breckinridge and Lane. The Bell and Everett ticket won the border states of Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky. The remainder of the northern states voted for Lincoln.

When the gates of war opened the genius of the nation rose above the level of prose into the higher altitudes of inspired oratory and song. In Tremont Temple, Boston, William Lloyd Garrison rose to the heights of the immortals in his oration on the death of old John Brown. In April, 1861, two days after the cannon shot crashed against the wall of Fort Sumter, Wendell Phillips made himself both orator and prophet, when, in his peroration he said: "Under the flag I believe in the possibilities of justice—in the coming certainty of union. Years hence, when

the conflict clears away, the world will see under our banner all tongues, all creeds, all races—one brotherhood. And on the Potomac the genius of liberty, robed in light, with broken chains beneath her feet, will stand with an olive branch in her hand."

Never was a more prophetic sentiment uttered by statesman or prophet.

There are many interesting and important happenings along the battle front that never get into history, that even the generals who make history never see or know. Hence a front view of the battle contests may have a more vivid interest than even the historical recital of the historians who never saw a battle. I am not hoping to remake history, but I hope to call up incidents of interest, heroic and vital, witnessed during my four years' life at the front.

CHAPTER II

THE HEROIC LITERATURE OF THE WAR—THE SONGS SUNG BY OUR SOLDIERS

HERE never was a war with the characteristics of the four years' Civil War. There never was a war where the soldiers behind the guns and the people in the homes were so aglow and fierce with a fervent and all-pervading patriotism. It is the only war in all the red history where the soldiers in the camps and on the march and around the gleaming fires of the bivouac sang patriotic songs of their own composition. The notable heroic literature of the Civil War was our war lyrics. The genius of the nation rose above the level of prose into the higher altitudes of inspired song.

This accounts for the fact that aside from Lincoln's Gettysburg oration, Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country" and a few notable efforts of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, our war poets commanded the most meritorious attention.

As I recall the dominant emotions that pervaded

the hearts of our people in those crisis days, when the life of the republic was in the merciless crucible of battling armies, the haunting strains of the old war songs seem to rise above other crowding memories. Yes, the songs that the boys in blue, from '61 to '65, sang by the firelights of the bivouacs and down the blood-marked corridors of battle still ring in my ears.

The first song written by a soldier and sung in the camp of an army was "John Brown's Body," credited to Colonel Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster and colonel of the Twelfth Massachusetts regiment, at Fort Warren, Boston, April, 1861. It was first sung on the battle lines of the army of the Potomac by the famous Hutchison family of New Hampshire that sang songs of emancipation for a quarter of a century before the war. I heard the Hutchison family, who, by the way, were the original bell ringers, sing their songs of freedom when I was a schoolboy in 1849, and I never shall forget their opening song: "We come from the mountains of the old granite state, Where the hills are so lofty, magnificent and great."

When John Brown was hung at Charlestown, Va., in December, 1859, I was publishing a newspaper at Bryan, O. I put my paper in mourning and

wrote an editorial saying that strange and unexpected things are liable to happen in this country and that at some future time John Brown would be hailed as one of the saints of the calendar, while the Virginia officials who hung him would be forgotten.

The next day, William Bell, sheriff of Williams county, rushed excitedly into my office and exclaimed with great vehemence: "Young man, you have ruined the Republican party." Less than five years after printing this editorial, while our army was marching through the piney woods of North Carolina, at midnight, by the light of turpentine vats which the soldiers had set on fire, I heard 10,000 soldiers sing "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on." I mention this incident not to put up any claim as a prophet, but as significant of the change in public opinion inspired by the war.

Probably George F. Root of Chicago is entitled to first place as a war-song writer. His "Battle Cry of Freedom" and "Glory Hallelujah" were sung in the camps and bivouacs throughout the war and had an immense sale in the North. Two other songs by Root, "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "The Vacant Chair," had an immense run. One couplet of the latter runs thus:

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair.
We shall linger to caress him,
When we breathe our evening prayer."

I first heard "Just Before the Battle, Mother," the hour before the battle of Franklin, Tenn. The boys in gray were arrayed in battle line on the hill and the boys in blue in the valley. Suddenly above the brooding silence that always precedes a battle I heard our band playing

"Just Before the Battle, Mother,
I Am Thinking Most of You."

There were tears in many eyes, both blue and gray, as this pathetic mother cry of the ages rang through both armies. Thousands on that battlefield heard that pathetic air for the last time.

That plaintive song, "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" sung both North and South, was of southern origin and was written by Charles Carroll Sawyer of Maryland.

"Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground," one of the most touching and pathetic of all the old war melodies, was written by a New Hampshire soldier, Walter Kittridge of Reed's Ferry. He wrote it one lonesome night by the bivouac fires in the

fever-cursed swamps of Chicahominie, Va., and he also composed the music and sang the song to the end of his days in 1910.

"We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More," was written by S. J. Adams of Massachusetts and sung all over the North as a recruiting song. The music is credited to a Quaker named James Sloan Gibbons of Wilmington, Del.

"Maryland, My Maryland," was the most popular war song of the South. The author is James R. Randall of Maryland, who wrote it to induce his state to secede from the Union. I first heard this song one star-light night along the Holston river in East Tennessee in October, 1863. It was the night of our arrival on our march over the Cumberland mountains. As field officer of the day, I was ordered to place a line of pickets and locate the vidette posts of our army. While riding along the river road I halted my horse quietly in front of a house, when I heard a sweet-voiced girl singing with great feeling, to an officer who stood beside the piano, these dramatic words:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland!
His touch is at thy temple door, Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore
And be the battle queen of yore,
O Maryland, my Maryland."

Just then a picket guard fired his musket at some object about 20 yards to the right, the song stopped at a semicolon, and a Confederate scout captain, as I afterwards learned, escaped suddenly from the house and rode out into the darkness. I never heard the remainder of the song until after the final surrender at historic old Salisbury, North Carolina, in early May, 1865.

Professor Gilmore, of peace jubilee fame, composed the rollicking and popular song, "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home."

Henry C. Work of Middletown, Conn., was a famous song writer. His crowning triumph was "Marching Through Georgia," of which 500,000 copies were sold before the war closed. The melody is spirited and martial. It was the most popular song of the closing year of the war. It was written to commemorate General Sherman's world famous march from Atlanta to Savannah, but General Sherman neither liked nor approved the song. I met him often at official receptions in Washington dur-

ing the winter of 1873-74, when he was in command of the army and I was serving my first term in congress. One evening at a reception given by Speaker Blaine, I asked him why he did not approve of the poem. He said the music was too jaunty for a poem and the words were too commonplace for a war lyric. General Sherman, as I remember, referred to the following stanza as not up to a literary standard:

"How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound,
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia."

Edmund C. Stedman sprang suddenly into prominence in 1862, when the country was looking for a general to command successfully the Army of the Potomac. He wrote the strong, brave poem, entitled, "Give Us a Man." Lincoln was deeply impressed with this poem and read it at a cabinet meeting.

The greatest dramatic poem of the war is "Sheridan's Ride," by our Ohio poet, Thomas Buchanan Read. The poem came white-hot from the poet's brain at a single sitting. It was the swift and

game thoroughbred stallion Rienzi that carried Sheridan from Winchester to Cedar Creek, 20 miles away, that gray October morning. The poet's thrilling story of that perilous ride, which enabled Sheridan to reach the staggering battalions of our army and turn defeat into victory, gives full credit to the horse. That is poetic justice. The cold pen of prose history fails to do this horse justice. Sheridan never would have evoked a great dramatic poem or won the victory at Cedar Creek had he gone in an automobile with a busted tire. Had General Pershing used a red-nostriled war horse at St. Mihiel instead of reclining on a soft-cushioned out-of-sight limousine, he might have been President today.

> "Here's to the horse that saved the day
> By carrying Sheridan into the fray
> From Winchester twenty miles away."

The finest lyric poem of the war was written by Julia Ward Howe, at a single sitting after a tour in the camps of the Army of the Potomac. A stanza sings the Alpha and the Omega of all the Union soldiers fought for in the four years' war:

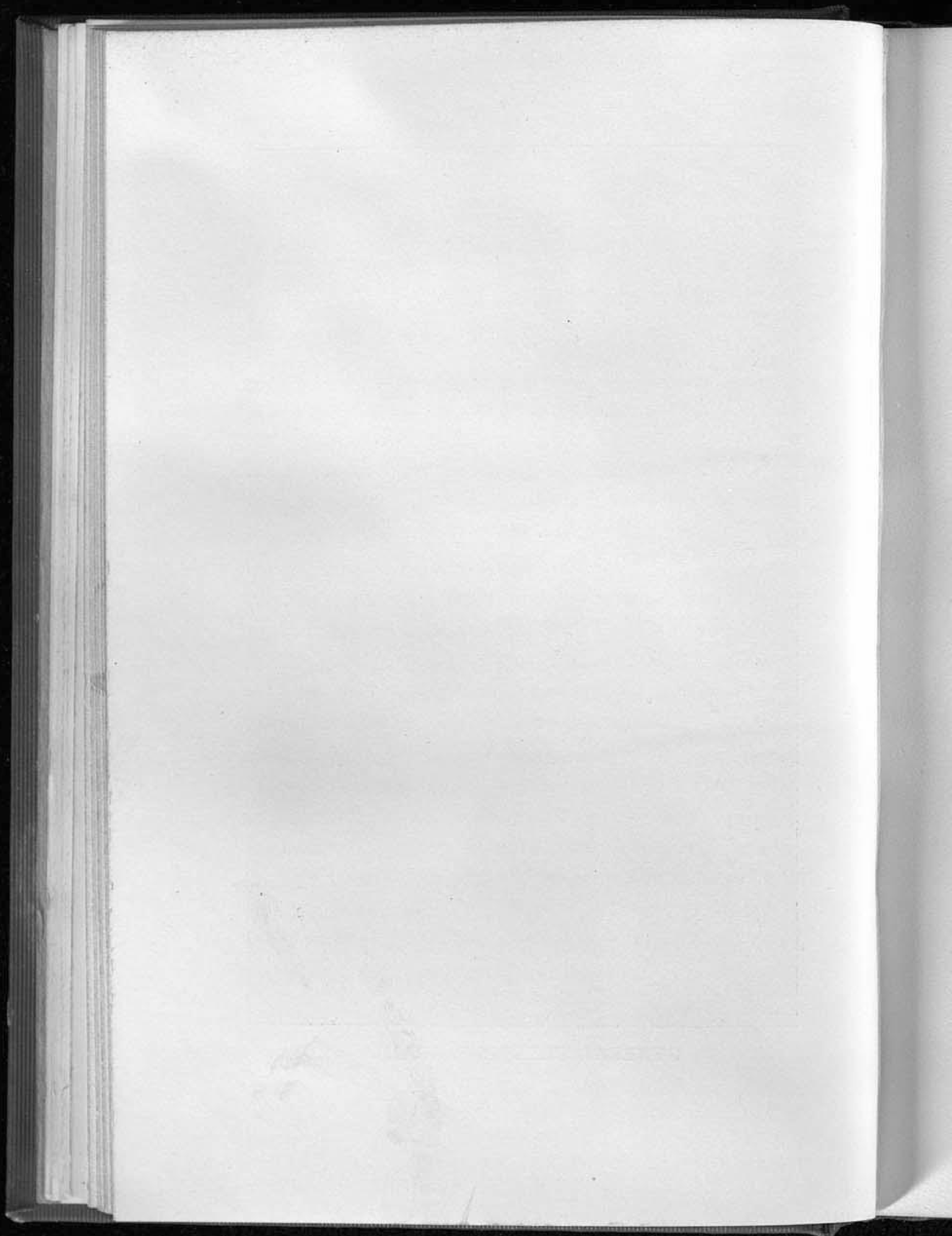
> "In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across
> the sea

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free."

It makes my old heart sad to note that 60 years and more have elapsed since the war and not one stirring national song of patriotism has been written in all these eventful years. What is the matter? Why, are we living in a sordid, commercial age? Above the altars of patriotism, above the sacred altars of the home hangs in a halo the sign of the almighty dollar.

A great historic poem is due. Some nearby day, let us hope and pray, some prescient American genius will arise and sing of this, the most memorable struggle of the ages, linking Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, Monmouth and Atlanta, Yorktown and Appomattox into a grand epic.

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT



CHAPTER III

THE FIRST WAR SHOCK AT FORT SUMTER—FIRST BATTLE IN WEST VIRGINIA

EVENTS of portentous import were startling the nation in mid-April, 1861. On the 13th the secessionists of Charleston, commanded by General Beauregard, bombarded Fort Sumter, commanded by Major Anderson. Thirty-four hours later Major Anderson surrendered. No blood was shed on either side, but the fiercest and longest war of the centuries was on. When cannon speak nations think. Sometimes they think great thoughts.

A great thought was born at Fort Sumter, voiced by Abraham Lincoln—"This Nation must be preserved intact and inviolate." President Lincoln immediately called his cabinet. William H. Seward of New York, secretary of state; Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, secretary of war (Edwin M. Stanton of Ohio did not succeed Cameron until January 15, 1862); Ex-Governor Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, secretary of the treasury, were the leading advisers of Lincoln.

At that first secret cabinet meeting it was unanimously agreed 75,000 volunteers should be called by the President to suppress the rebellion. Current history proclaims there were giants in those days, when we stood at the gates of war; but no statesman or prophet in the North realized at that time the formidable forces of defiance and armed aggression, then defying the right of the government to preserve and maintain the Union of the states by the gory argument of armies.

April 17 Virginia seceded from the Union. Two days later North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas passed ordinances of secession. Students of Civil War history of today don't know that Virgina, in April, 1861, held the most formidable military organization of any state, North or South. She turned over to the Confederate government 36,000 organized militia, including 5,000 well-mounted cavalry.

At this time the seceded state of Mississippi already had equipped 10,000 infantry and cavalry volunteers and was proposing to raise 65,000 more. And yet no statesman or prophet of national destiny north of the Ohio river or east of the Allegheny mountains voiced any adequate opinion of the magnitude and desperation of the coming conflict.

Historians of the Civil War never have at-

tempted to account for the want of foresight of our leading statesmen of that epoch. Surely it was an epoch in the evolution of civilization. It was a grave mistake in estimating an army of 75,000 citizen volunteers, unused to arms, could in 90 days suppress the rebellion and restore orderly constitutional government. And it is worthy of comment that leaders of the forces of the 11 seceded states recognized the call to battle was a momentous event, fraught with trials and tragedies that no prophetic vision could measure or estimate.

Feb. 9, 1861, the congress of the Confederate States, then numbering seven, met at Montgomery, Ala., and elected Jefferson Davis of Mississippi president, and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia vice-president. Stephens was an old Whig and voted against the ordinance of secession when it passed the Georgia convention. As soon as Davis was notified of his election he started for Montgomery. At that time he was a major general in command of Mississippi volunteers.

Ohio was the first state to send an army into Virginia. The Fourteenth Ohio Infantry, commanded by Colonel James B. Steedman, was the first regiment to open the war in Virginia, and the battle of Philippi, W. Va., was the first battle of the Civil

War. The battle of Philippi, fought June 2, 1861, was the first victory of the Union army.

This brief but decisive contest was fought at early dawn, with the Fourteenth Ohio Infantry, 1,000 soldiers, privates and officers, all volunteers, all unschooled in war's maxims and strategies, aided by the First Ohio Light Infantry of Cleveland, commanded by Captain Barnett, afterward General Barnett. I was a private in Co. C, and this was my first battle. The victory of our green soldiers at Philippi created great enthusiasm in Ohio and was given magnified importance all over the North as an omen of future battles and victories.

Ten days later we had another sharp but short battle on Cheat river, known as "Carrick's Ford." In this battle the Fourteenth Ohio regiment was at the front with Colonel Steedman on the firing line and did the most effective service. The commanding Confederate general, Robert S. Garnett, was killed. He was a West Point graduate, and was the first general officer killed in battle, either Union or Confederate. His death ended the battle, as his followers made a precipitate retreat, leaving their dead, wounded and artillery on the field.

In this battle I experienced for the first time the gruesome sensation of having a comrade with

whom I touched elbows in the battle line shot dead through the heart—Frank Reikeldifer of Bryan, O., the third volunteer in my company.

I visited an improvised hospital in a farmhouse the day after the battle, where wounded of both armies were treated. I remember meeting a soldier from Georgia who was suffering from a flesh wound in his left leg. He pulled a small blue silk flag out of a side pocket, with a motto in bold gilt letters, "Cotton Is King," and he believed it. At that time "Cotton Is King" was a popular slogan in the South.

General George B. McClellan commanded the department of West Virginia in the three months' service. He organized our armies and planned our campaigns. In the Kanawha Valley the Union army won an important strategic victory at Rich Mountain and the country north of the Ohio River was wild with enthusiasm over General McClellan's victorious campaign. All this happened before the disaster at Bull Run cast a shadow of gloom over the North.

After the battle of Bull Run the loyal people of the country realized for the first time the terrible truth that a long and desperate war was impending and inevitable.

Professor Armested C. Gordon, in his valuable book, "Noted Characters of History," gives a spirited account of ovations tendered to Jeff Davis on his way through Georgia and Alabama to accept the presidency and become commander-in-chief of the Southern Confederacy. That book is my authority for the contention that Davis appreciated at that time the tremendous responsibility and hazard he was about to assume. In all his speeches enroute Davis warned his friends against optimism, overconfidence or any cogent hope for a speedy ending of the coming war. Davis served as captain in the war with Mexico, alongside of Northern soldiers, and he indulged in no delusions that the North would not fight. On the contrary, he predicted a long and desperate struggle. This was before the surrender of Fort Sumter.

On a recent visit to Richmond, Va., I met an ex-Confederate captain, who served three years on the staff of General Robert E. Lee. He called my attention to some features of the war which he claimed are not now understood in the North; that is, the general understanding that the South went to war to protect African slavery. He denied this contention. He said General Lee never owned a slave, except a few he inherited from his mother,

all of whom he set free before the war; that General Joseph E. Johnston, who commanded the army in the Atlanta campaign, never owned a slave; that General A. P. Hill never owned a slave; that the leading cavalry general, Jeb Stuart, owned two slaves that he set free before the war; that General Fitzhugh Lee never owned a slave; that General Hood, who commanded at Atlanta, Franklin and Nashville, never owned a slave.

Well, these statements are interesting and alleviating, but what caused creation of the abolition party; what caused the famous Dred Scott decision; what caused the John Brown raid; what was the inspiration of Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe? African slavery was the sole cause. Without slavery there would have been no war.

Union victories in West Virginia made General McClellan a heroic idol in the North. In his farewell to the 90-day soldiers he summed up his series of victories in a stirring appeal from which I quote an extract: "We took from the enemy five cannon, 12 stands of colors, 1,500 stands of small arms, 40 officers, 1,500 prisoners and all baggage."

This ended the three-months' campaign in West Virginia. That campaign started the career

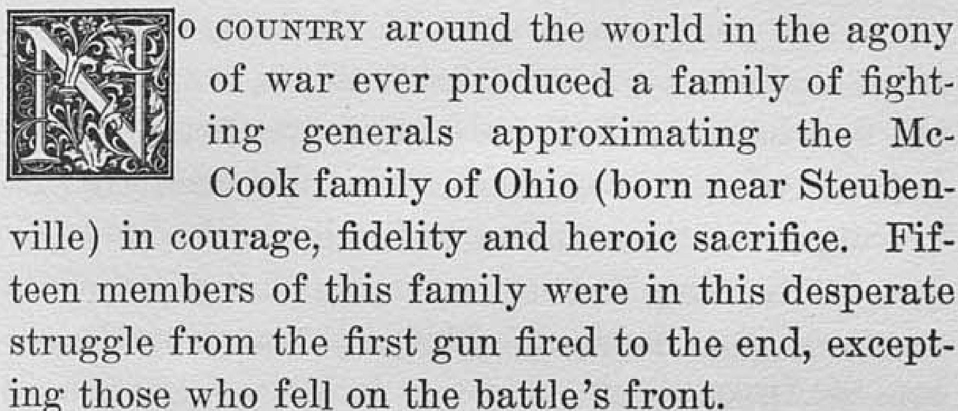
of three soldiers of Ohio, later of continental reputation: General Rosecrans, General Jacob Cox and General James B. Steedman. Having served four months, one month overtime, the Fourteenth Ohio, commanded by Colonel Steedman, was ordered home to be mustered out.

I remember the sum of my first soldier salary. It was $44 in gold and silver at the legal rate of $11 a month, the first and last honest money I was paid during the four years' war. This $44 enabled me to pay for my blue uniform, which I had ordered before I lined up at the head of Co. C as a six-footer green soldier April 20, 1861. I have never regretted that initial campaign in West Virginia. It had educational features of value.

During the 58 years since the war I have been asked by curious citizens, old and young, probably a thousand times, how does it feel to be under fire in battle the first time? I have only one answer: The terrible uproar of the guns; the crash of human bones by solid shot, the reddening of the trembling earth as a brave comrade is rent by infernal shrapnel; while all the blizzards of death are flying amid the stifling battle smoke, made me feel, like John Howard Payne when he wrote, "There's no place like home."

CHAPTER IV

THE FAMOUS FIGHTING McCOOK FAMILY OF OHIO—MOST REMARKABLE IN WAR HISTORY



NO COUNTRY around the world in the agony of war ever produced a family of fighting generals approximating the McCook family of Ohio (born near Steubenville) in courage, fidelity and heroic sacrifice. Fifteen members of this family were in this desperate struggle from the first gun fired to the end, excepting those who fell on the battle's front.

I served in the same army with the majority of this memorable family and enjoyed a personal acquaintance with five of the McCook generals.

This family represented the Scotch-Irish blood. This blood fusion has produced more martyrs of liberty, more orators, more poets than any other fusion of heroic blood known to Christian civilization. The father, Major Daniel McCook, was a volunteer soldier during the John Morgan raid and was killed carrying a musket in the fight at Buffington Island.

Five sons served with conspicuous gallantry as generals, another son, John McCook, served as

colonel. All told, the father and nine sons served with well-won renown. Dr. John McCook, a full brother of Major Daniel McCook, had five sons in the war. Two of them generals, General Edward McCook and General Anson G. McCook. Another son, Roderick S. McCook, was a commander in the navy, and another son, John F. McCook, was a lieutenant; another son, Charles McCook, was killed in the first battle of Bull Run. This game and gallant boy was offered a commission which he declined, preferring to carry a musket in battle.

Dr. George McCook served with distinction as surgeon, with the rank of major, from Fort Donelson to Appomattox. He was twice wounded, once in the trenches in front of Vicksburg, and again at Pocotalico bridge, near Savannah, Ga. He died from wounds and disability.

Another of the family, George Wythe McCook, formerly a law partner of our great Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, was one of the first brigadier generals commissioned by Gov. Tod. He was Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1871.

Robert Latimer McCook jumped into the reeling fray the day after Fort Sumter surrendered. He enlisted one thousand volunteers in two days, and was commissioned colonel of the Ninth Ohio

Regiment. In the battle of Mills Springs, Ky., where Commanding Confederate General Zollicoffer was killed, McCook, then a general, was severely wounded leading a victorious charge. He met his death near Salem, Ala., Aug. 6, 1862, while lying in a hospital. Shot to death by guerillas—a brutal assassination.

Major General Alexander McDowell McCook was a West Point graduate of the class of 1852. He was the first colonel of the First Ohio Regiment of the Civil War. In the retreat from the battle of Bull Run Colonel McCook, with the First and Second Ohio Volunteers, served as rear guard—always a critical and desperate command. General McCook rendered distinguished service in the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862, and Lincoln made him a major general. He was placed in command of the Twentieth Army Corps of 20,000 soldiers. He was in the desperate battles of Perryville, Ky., Stone River, Tenn., and Chickamauga, Ga. After the war General McCook was sent as a specimen United States citizen to represent democracy in its broadest and deepest sense at the coronation of the Czar of all Russians, May 24, 1896.

General Daniel McCook Jr., another daring son, was among the first officers, then a captain, to offer

a company of volunteers to the Lincoln administration. This was on the 20th day of February, 1861, or 12 days before Lincoln was inaugurated President. McCook was then stationed at Leavenworth, Kansas. The following is the first official offer of volunteers in the Civil War:

Leavenworth, Kan., Feb. 10, 1861.

To the President:

I have the honor to tender the service of a volunteer company, 60 rank and file, which I command. We are willing to serve against any powers which the constituted authorities order.

DANIEL McCOOK, Captain.

When Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 volunteers, Captain McCook was the first to get busy. The First Kansas Volunteers, one thousand strong, was first organized at Leavenworth, with Captain McCook, captain Company A. He served with his regiment in the battle of Shiloh and in June, 1862, was made a colonel of the 42nd Ohio Regiment by Governor Tod. At the head of his regiment, he led the assault on Kenesaw Mountain on the 27th of June, 1864, an assault that General Sherman ordered, and which I know, as every soldier knew who was in that charge, was a reckless sacrifice of pre-

cious human lives, that never should have been ordered. Colonel McCook, who led the charge, reached the top of the enemy works, where he was three times severely wounded by minnie balls. He fell back into the arms of comrades and was carried down the mountainside with the retreat of our army. He died 20 days later from his wounds, without knowing that Lincoln had made him a brigadier general for his heroic gallantry.

In a letter to a personal friend, dated Dec. 28, 1886, General Sherman wrote of Gen. Dan McCook as follows:

"The government of the United States exists alone, because of such sacrifices as Dan McCook made of his young life. Without such men we now would have no government; nothing would be left to us but degradation and ruin.

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN."

General Edwin Stanton McCook started early in the war as captain of the Thirty-first Illinois Infantry, commanded by Colonel John A. Logan, afterwards a distinguished major general. He was with Grant at Fort Donelson, where he was severely wounded. He served to the end of the war, was wounded three times, was in all the battles of the Atlanta campaign and the romantic march to the

sea. He, too, met a tragic death, Sept. 11, 1873, shot by an assassin, when acting as governor of Dakota.

Charles Morris McCook, 17 years old, a private in the Second Ohio Infantry, was shot to death by a member of the Black Horse Cavalry of Virginia in the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

Col. John James McCook, the ninth and youngest son of Colonel Daniel McCook, was a student in Kenyon College when the war bugles sounded in the middle of April of 1861. He enlisted in the Forty-second Ohio, but was refused on account of his youth—15. But he could not be kept back. He attached himself to the brigade commander and on Sept. 12, 1862, was made a first lieutenant of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry. He was at Perryville, Stone River and Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge and was then transferred to the Army of the Potomac, and was in the great battle of the Wilderness and Cold Harbor. He was brevetted major and later colonel for gallant conduct in battle. Was severely wounded at Shady Grove, Va.

Major General Edward Moody McCook was appointed major of the Second Indiana Cavalry at the outbreak of the war. He served with credit to the end of the war and was promoted to colonel, brig-

adier general and major general for meritorious service and gallant conduct in battle. After the war, General Grant, then President, made him governor of Colorado, then a territory.

Brigadier General Anson George McCook was 26 years old when Fort Sumter was shot. He immediately enlisted and in 24 hours enlisted a company of volunteers and was elected captain. He was appointed major of the Second Ohio and rose speedily to the rank of colonel and brigadier general. In the battle of Peach Tree Creek in front of Atlanta he commanded a brigade. After the war he removed to New York. He served six years from the Eighth New York District in congress.

It was Victor Hugo who sang for all the centuries the tragic story of Waterloo. And yet no great idea was born at Waterloo. It ended the career of the greatest empire builder of the modern world, but knocked off no crowns from any hereditary kings. But a new nation was born at Appomattox.

Let us not forget that the brave and constant soldiers of this republic who made the four years' march to Appomattox fought not for the glory of kings nor for the conquest of lands, but for convictions and principles as precious as their blood.

CHAPTER V

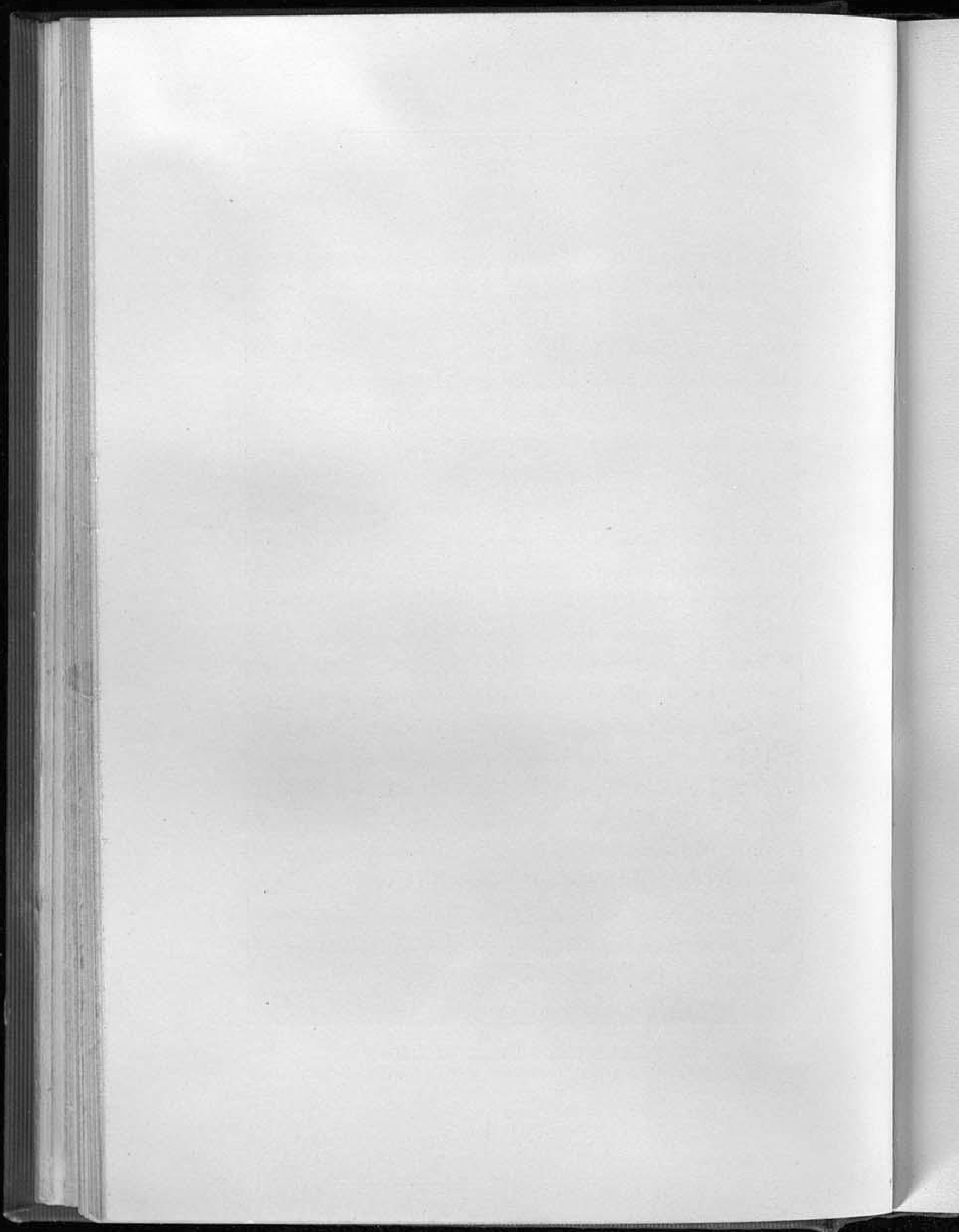
SHILOH—THE FIRST GREAT BATTLE AND VICTORY WEST OF THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS

ON THE disastrous battle of Bull Run friends of national unity realized for the first time the stupendous character of the impending conflict.

President Lincoln issued a call for 300,000 volunteers to serve three years, or during the war, and amid gloomy environment and fearful forebodings there arose a brave resolve, strident and articulate in oratory and song, to save the Union cause. This all-pervading spirit was voiced by Stephen J. Adams of Massachusetts, who wrote that inspiring lyric—"We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More"; Walt Whitman wrote a brave, strong poem (the most powerful of the entire war) entitled "Beat, Beat Drums"; Franklin Lushington's stirring poem "No More Words—Try It With Swords", and Richard Henry Stoddard's dramatic appeal:

"Men of the North and West,
"Wake in your might,

GENERAL JAMES B. STEEDMAN
Made Major General by President Lincoln for Gallant Conduct at Chickamauga



"They have torn down your banner of stars,
"You cannot shirk from the fight!"

I need not tell the 300,000 called for by President Lincoln responded to the appeal.

Having served four months in the first battle of the war in West Virginia, as a private soldier in the ranks, I felt duty was still calling for more service and sacrifice; I went out among the patriotic people and called for volunteers for the 111th Ohio Infantry and when 1,000 of the stalwart sons of Northwestern Ohio were ready I was appointed first lieutenant; when the regiment (1,065 strong) was mustered into the service I was appointed regimental adjutant.

Four great soldiers started on the thorny road to enduring fame in 1862: General U. S. Grant, General William T. Sherman, General George H. Thomas and General James B. Steedman. General Thomas won first public attention when he outgeneraled and defeated General Zollicoffer in the battle of Mill Springs, Ky. This was the first battle and decisive victory of the Union army in 1862. This battle occurred in January, 1862. In the short but furious contest, General Zollicoffer was killed by a pistol shot by Colonel S. S. Fry and General Zollicoffer's war horse was captured by General Steedman of Toledo, who was always at the front.

General Sherman won his first distinguished consideration in the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862, and General Grant took his first step for military glory when he caused the surrender of General Buckner at Fort Donelson with 15,000 prisoners and all his artillery. This was by far the greatest victory for the Union arms to that date, Feb. 12, 1862. The whole North went wild over this victory.

And yet it came near ending the career of the greatest general of the war. Current war histories have omitted mention of the effort of certain high officials to cut short the remarkable career of General Grant after Fort Donelson. And had it not been for President Lincoln, backed by an aroused patriotic sentiment of the people, General Grant never would have glorified and immortalized Appomattox; nor would that shining marble monument have been carved to his renown in Riverside Park, New York. Let us have the facts.

After General Grant had won Fort Donelson he went to Nashville to celebrate his victory. And it was a remarkable victory. Grant had only 26,000 soldiers in the field and General Buckner had 15,000 men in a strongly fortified fort, with more artillery than Grant. General H. W. Halleck, a ranking general, was in command of the department with head-

quarters in St. Louis. Feb. 19, 1862, General Halleck sent the following dispatch to both the secretary of war and General George B. McClellan in Washington:

"I have no report from General Grant for more than a week. He left his command without my authority. Satisfied with his victory he sits down and enjoys it without any regard to the future."

In the same telegram General Halleck requested General McClellan to indicate what to do with General Grant, and three days later General McClellan telegraphed to General Halleck:

"Do not hesitate to arrest him at once."

In the meantime the whole North was celebrating Grant's great victory with oratory and song, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." And General Halleck did not arrest General Grant. Whether General Halleck did not care to antagonize public sentiment or because General Grant had a good friend in the White House I do not know, but General Grant was not arrested and later President Lincoln placed him in supreme command of the Western army. It was only 46 days later that General Grant in command of 50,000 boys, all volunteers gathered from northern homes, won Shiloh's bloody field, the first great victory west of the Allegheny mountains.

It was about this time, as I remember, that a body of ministers called on President Lincoln and appealed to him to remove Grant from his command. Lincoln, as quoted at that time, listened with patient interest and then inquired of the delegation if they knew where General Grant got his whisky. They didn't know. Lincoln then remarked that he would like to know, as he wanted to send the same brand of whisky to all his generals.

General Grant was permanently on his war horse to Appomattox and Appomattox made him president eight years. Shiloh, a two-days' desperate struggle, was fought without a trench or a breast-work or a rifle pit; fought in the woods and fields on the west bank of the Tennessee river, 20 miles from a railroad. Here 100,000 soldiers were held in a death grapple from the rising and setting of two suns. Here, riding in what seemed a victorious charge, General Albert Sydney Johnson, in command of the gray army, ended his eventful career. He was a general-in-chief, the only Confederate general of supreme rank killed in battle during the four years of war. And his death halted the charge. All the war histories of the South claim his death lost the battle of Shiloh.

At Shiloh General Grant began his fadeless

march into the world's heroic history. He was not 40 and yet before he had reached 50 he was proclaimed by all his countrymen the foremost man of all the world. Here along the battle line was a shrill voiced young brigadier from Ohio, General James A. Garfield, who 19 years later was mourned by the whole nation as our second martyred president. A broad shouldered, stalwart man, with the figure of an athlete, the head of a statesman and the face of a college professor.

Here is Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll of the Eleventh Illinois cavalry, a soldier, an orator who, Memorial Day, five years later, delivered the most eloquent tribute to our soldier dead in all heroic literature. Here is a modest young soldier, John W. Foster of Indiana, who, when the peace angel supplanted the cruel god of war, sat at the cabinet table of a president. Here is Henry W. Lawton, a young lieutenant of the Thirteenth Indiana, afterward a leading general at El Caney in the Spanish-American War and a gallant and daring soldier in the Philippines.

Standing by the little log church on that historic field is General William T. Sherman, afterward the conqueror of Atlanta, the general who led that terrifying crusade from Atlanta to the Sea. Yonder

in the reserve is General Lew Wallace, the soldier statesman who wrote Ben Hur, the greatest historical novel of the nineteenth century. His statue, life size in shining white marble, adorns the room of immortals in our national capitol.

One significant feature of Shiloh never has been mentioned by any historian. The terrific roar of 100,000 muskets and the big guns drove all the wild birds, bewildered and in panic, 40 miles away. The short song linnets, the shy red wings, the rare cardinal birds, the blue herons, the purple martins, the yellow flecked orioles and the wild mocking birds flew away from the mad racket of Shiloh's bloody field, never to return.

Even the sand hill cranes, that have lived a full life among the marshes and lagoons of the river for thousands of years before the advent of the man with a gun, stretched their long necks in terror and flew away to a new home of sweet silence.

When the roar of battle penetrated the cedar thicket along the river scores of wild rabbits rushed out into the open field, utterly bewildered, and some nestled for safety under the coats of the soldiers, who were lying down on the battlefield to escape the rain of grape and canister and the shrapnel of the big guns.

I met an ex-Confederate soldier on the battlefield of Franklin 50 years after the war who said he was at Corinth, Miss. (20 miles away), during the battle of Shiloh and the roar of artillery and infantry was distinct at that distance.

All in all Shiloh was the most signal and remarkable battle of the war. It did more than Gettysburg to dim and dampen and discourage the hopes of the Confederacy. The tragedies at Gettysburg were 26 per cent. At Shiloh they were 29 per cent. The tragedies of battle include killed, wounded and missing; and Shiloh gave two Ohio-born soldiers a winning start for the White House.

CHAPTER VI

FAMOUS GENERALS AND NOTED WAR HORSES OF THE WAR, WHO CARRIED WAR HEROES TO VICTORY

ELIMINATION of the general on horseback has taken all the chivalry out of war. Chivalry derives its name from the French word cheval — a horse. The chemical laboratory that produces poison gas has made war more devilish and brutal. The men on horseback with the stars and eagles on their shoulders always were an appealing and inspiring example to the men behind the guns and the war horse was a vital part of war history.

During the four years' war I saw many generals riding war horses along the battle lines and I believe these game steeds that helped make heroic history are worthy of mention.

The coal black stallion Rienzi, afterward Winchester, is entitled to first mention. First, because he carried General Phil Sheridan, the greatest cavalry officer of the Civil War, to his most signal victory, and second, because General Sheridan's ride that gray October morning from Winchester to

Cedar Creek, 20 miles away, was immortalized by our Ohio poet, Thomas Buchanan Read, in the strongest dramatic poem of the Civil War. Many stories have been written about Rienzi. I have read them all. I saw Rienzi when he was owned and ridden by Captain Phil Campbell of the Second Michigan Cavalry.

When General Sheridan was ordered east from the western army to take command of all the cavalry of the eastern army, Captain Campbell gave him this high-bred horse, Rienzi. His name was changed to Winchester after Sheridan made his remarkable ride. Rienzi was given to Captain Campbell by patriotic citizens of Port Huron, Mich., when he went to the front in 1862. Rienzi was then only three years old. He was half thoroughbred and half trotting-bred, 16¾ hands high, as black as a black cat, of remarkable finish, style and stamina, of vicious disposition and dangerous at both ends.

General George A. Custer, mounted, was an inspiration. He was one of the most picturesque figures on horseback of all our Civil War generals. When I met him after the war, at Monroe, Mich., he was talking about his horses. From the time he left West Point to join the army in the Civil War to the end of his eventful career, in June, 1876, in the Lit-

tle Big Horn valley, his life was in the saddle. He owned six war horses. His favorites were "Dandy" and "Don Juan." General Custer captured Don Juan in North Carolina. He was a thoroughbred race horse and fleet as the wind, but hard to control.

General Custer rode Don Juan in the grand review after the war down Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, the observed of all observers. Don Juan went wild amid the hurrahs of the multitude, the blare of bugles and the rattle of nerve-racking drums and ran away. The President (Andrew Johnson) and cabinet were startled, fearing a tragedy, but General Custer threw a rapid salute to the President and his dizzy officials and guided the crazed animal between the marching soldiers and the sidewalk and halted him a block away with a powerful effort, as a giant would chain a thunderbolt. General Custer rode "Dandy," a beautiful chestnut of high style and remarkable stamina and courage, June 25, 1876, in the battle against the confederated Sioux savages, that terrible day when General Custer and all his soldiers and all his horses were massacred. The only living being that survived was a broncho, "Comanche," seven times wounded and left to die, but recovered.

Another noted war mount was Gray Eagle, rid-

den by General Pleasanton, who commanded all the cavalry of the army at Gettysburg. Gray Eagle was a stout dapple gray, bred in Utah, that carried General Pleasanton safely through the ordeal of three desperate days at Gettysburg. General Pleasanton also rode Gray Eagle at Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

One of the noted war horses was "Baldy," a trotting-bred bright bay, with a white face and four white legs, who carried the great commander General George G. Meade to victory at Gettysburg. This famous horse was twice wounded at Bull Run and was wounded and left for dead at Antietam, but recovered, to get a shot between the ribs at Gettysburg. "Baldy" outlived his great master. He was a notable part of the funeral procession that followed the commander of Gettysburg to his last resting place (1872). "Baldy" survived his general 10 years.

General Grant, in war and peace, was an enthusiastic friend of the horse, both the war horse and the American trotter. He was the only President of the United States who was an expert driver of a pair of trotters. I visited him often in the White House in '74 and '75 and it always seemed a relief to him to turn from the vexatious worry over

government patronage to the achievements of the record trotters in the grand circuit. This was long before motors, when the horse was master of the road and speedway. General Grant, when President, owned a pair of speedy trotters. He would abandon the White House early every pleasant afternoon and drive down to the speedway on the Potomac and race with the boys. In the war his famous horse was "Cincinnati," a thoroughbred gelding, given to him by a St. Louis man. "Cincinnati" was the son of "Lexington," champion four-mile runner. General Grant rode "Cincinnati" at Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge and Appomattox. He was not a showy figure on horseback like Joe Hooker, McPherson or Custer.

The horse that carried General William Tecumseh Sherman that wonderful day when we entered Atlanta was a strong, rather low-headed, quiet-mannered bay named "Lexington." I saw General Sherman often during the 100 days campaign from Rocky Face Mountain to Atlanta. He always rode with bowed head, evidently in serious meditation. He never posed for style. He had none of the spectacular.

He also rode Lexington from Atlanta to the sea and up from Savannah to the final surrender at

Durham Station, near Raleigh, N. C., April 26, 1865. The equestrian statue of Sherman mounted on Lexington (a truthful reproduction), stands in Sherman Plaza, Washington, in the rear of the White House.

Among the greatest of all our volunteer generals was General John A. Logan of Illinois, who rendered valuable and conspicuous service July 22, 1864, in the battle of Atlanta, after General McPherson was killed. My command in that battle occupied an elevated position at the right of the Howard House, where General McPherson's body was brought. General Logan, mounted on "Black Jack," rushed to the front on our left flank, rallied the staggering battalions and was a potent factor in turning threatening disaster into a substantial victory. "Black Jack" was a coal black horse of style and stamina that I saw in action many times during the Atlanta campaign, notably at Atlanta, Peach Tree Creek and Nickajack Creek. General Logan never rode Black Jack except in battle. Black Jack was poisoned after the war by political enemies of General Logan.

General McPherson, next to Joe Hooker, was the finest mounted officer of our army. I saw him often during the Atlanta campaign, the last time

July 19, near Decatur, Ga., when we were on the march to the battlefield of Peach Tree Creek. He rode through the marching columns, taking the side of the road. He was mounted on a coal black horse of high finish and mettle that he rode in all his battles from Shiloh to Atlanta, his last fight.

From a member of his staff I learned that General McPherson had come to feel horse and rider bore charmed lives. He never would ride another horse in battle. This horse was wounded when McPherson was fatally shot. After the battle I learned that his riderless steed was recovering from his wounds and would be sent from the battlefield to the clover fields of Clyde, O., the home of the great commander.

General James B. Steedman of Ohio ranks with General Logan as one of the most distinguished generals of the war. His famous war horse was Zollicoffer, ridden by General Zollicoffer at Mills Springs, Ky., where he was killed. The horse was captured by General Steedman, who rode him to his death at Chickamauga. It was in the most critical crisis of the conflict, when our battle lines were staggering that General Steedman snatched the flag of the 165th Illinois when the regiment was in retreat and ordered an about face and "follow your general."

The regiment obeyed and Steedman carried the flag up the death-swept slope. A few leaps into the fiery hell and the horse was shot dead and Steedman was thrown over his head and stunned and his hands lacerated. But the battle line held and President Lincoln remembered General Steedman with a major general's commission.

General George H. Thomas was the most popular general of our army, especially after his victory at Nashville. I saw him under fire a dozen times during the Atlanta campaign, notably at Resaca and Burnt Hickory. He was always mounted on a blood bay, strongly made horse of commanding style, but of name and breeding to me unknown.

I saw General Hooker, a dashing soldier of tried courage, first at the battle of Resaca. I was commanding the division skirmishes of the advance that day, when General Hooker rode up to the front line, magnificently mounted, in the full uniform of a major general, yellow sash and all the plumes. He was riding a 16-hand bay stallion, red-nostriled and furious. General Hooker was the most daring soldier I ever saw on a battlefield.

An old Civil War soldier at my elbow remarks with a significant gesture:

"In the World War we read of no 'Pickett's

Charge' or 'Sheridan's Ride.' The chugging motor car may aid and abet in romance and as an accessory to wholesale tragedy, but its romance is not historic and its tragedies are not heroic. Its large array of generals (478) rode no horses to the battle front and our hero soldiers of the rank and file were not inspired by their presence. The world today does not conjure up a vision of Foch or Haig or Pershing astride a battle charger."

It is interesting to know that our first commanding general, George Washington, was the foremost horseman of his time. When he left Mt. Vernon, June 30, 1775, to take command of the Continental army at Cambridge, Mass., he took with him five horses of his own breeding. His favorite was a highly finished bay 16 hands high named Fairfax. He rode Fairfax the day he took command of the army, creating enthusiasm, not only among the soldiers, but the throng of revolutionary patriots gathered at Cambridge to greet for the first time the hero of the epoch. Before the close of the war Washington acquired by gift and purchase seven other war horses. General Washington had three horses shot under him during the war and had his coat penetrated with four bullet holes, none of which drew blood. In the battle of Trenton, N. J., Fairfax

was fatally shot. In the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778, Blue Skin perished. Blue Skin, a white Arabian-bred, was given to Washington by Governor Livingston of New Jersey. Washington then rode to the end of the battle a very picturesque chestnut, with white mane and tail, of his own breeding, named Dolly.

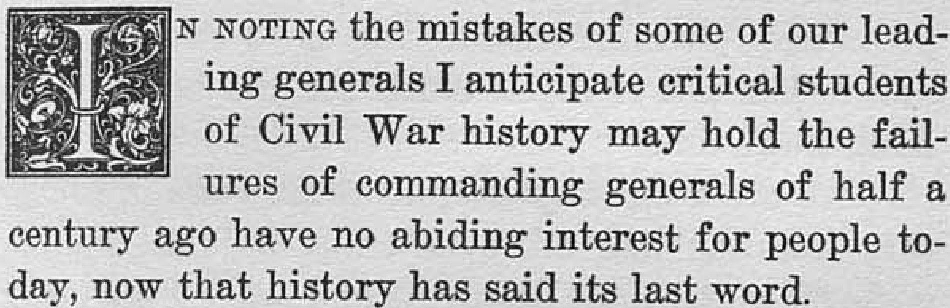
One of Washington's favorite war horses was a very high style light colored sorrel, with a white face and four white legs, a gift from Governor Nelson of Virginia. Washington named him Nelson in honor of the donor. Washington rode Nelson at Yorktown, Va., Oct. 19, 1781, the day of the final surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army. A new republic was born that day. This was also a great day for George; in fact his greatest day. Nelson survived his master 10 years. After the war he lived a life of ease at Mt. Vernon and died at the remarkable age of 36.

Napoleon had 13 horses shot under him, the world's record. His most famous war horse was Marengo, an Arab stallion, captured from a Mameluke chief during the Egyptian campaign. Marengo was 15¾ hands high, of remarkable style and almost white. He was seven times wounded in battle. Napoleon rode him last at Waterloo, where Marengo

was shot in the left hip. He rode him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram and in the disastrous winter campaign in Russia. Another famous war horse of Napoleon was an Arab stallion named "Ali." May 16, 1797, Napoleon rode Marengo to the top of the bell tower of St. Mark's cathedral in Venice that he might signal to his fleet of war ships in the bay that the queen of the Adriatic had surrendered This bell tower is 333 feet high, 45 feet higher than the lantern above the great dome of our national capitol. With the exception of the fiery chariot horse that the prophet Elijah rode to Heaven, Napoleon's ride to the bell tower of St. Mark's, Venice, is the world's record in dizzy-headed horsemanship.

CHAPTER VII

GENERAL BUELL'S CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY—GENERAL ROSECRANS WINS FIRST VICTORY



IN NOTING the mistakes of some of our leading generals I anticipate critical students of Civil War history may hold the failures of commanding generals of half a century ago have no abiding interest for people today, now that history has said its last word.

I assume all matters material to the welfare of the people, which touch the vital elements of our national life, always should command an abiding interest, whether occurring today or half a century ago. Recently a distinguished archeologist arrested attention of the civilized world in the discovery of the tomb of an Egyptian king who ruled almost 4,000 years ago. This ancient king, Tutankhamen, commanded the front page of all great newspapers on two continents, and scholars, scientists and eminent prelates gave the discovery absorbing attention. This old planet has traveled a long distance since King Tut ruled Egypt, but we gather valuable information of the quality of Egyptian civilization

from the gold gems and costly bric-a-brac found in the tomb.

Evidently the love of gold and gems was as ardent and articulate in the dreary time of King Tut as it is today. And we have the bauble vanities in this advanced age the same as in old Egypt 4,000 years ago. It is interesting for us to know human nature has not changed much for the better since King Tut's time.

We are a military people, as six wars in a century indicate, and mistakes made by commanding generals in our most desperate and longest enduring war should vitally interest our people, as a warning for the future. Again, military history, to be valuable, should be truthful, unsparing and accurate. Forty-seven years ago I heard Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll deliver his famous lecture on the mistakes of Moses. I don't remember the number of so-called mistakes; but I have a much alive memory of the mistakes made by our commanding generals in the disastrous campaign in Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi during the six months of dallying, delay and retreat, ending with the November of 1862.

General Halleck didn't arrive at Shiloh until April 11, five days after the battle. He immediately assumed command. He called to his support Gen-

eral Pope's army, fresh from victories at "New Madrid" and "Island Number Ten," reorganized the army of the Ohio under General Sherman; assigned General Thomas to a division, General Wallace to a division, and organized his cavalry under General Granger. General Buell was given command of the left wing of the army and General Grant was named second in command, about as important an assignment as the musical athlete who plays second fiddle in an orchestra. General Halleck organized the biggest army ever before concentrated west of the Alleghany mountains. The whole North was in the glow of confident expectation that Halleck would advance on Corinth, 20 miles away, and defeat or annihilate the Confederate army under General Beauregard. This, however, did not happen. Halleck was a capable organizer but not a fighter of battles. I quote from Van Horn's valuable history of the army of the Cumberland:

"General Halleck, though greatly stronger than his adversary, studiously avoided a general engagement."

Soon after organizing the army General Halleck was called to Washington and General Buell assumed command. We then held federal control over practically four great states, the most fertile agri-

cultural territory of the South—Kentucky, nearly all of Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri and North Mississippi.

After General Buell assumed command he seems to have become absorbed with the idea that it was more important to hold conquered territory than to put the Confederate army out of commission. He didn't get this idea from his book learning at West Point. He learned at West Point that a general in command of an army in the presence of a formidable enemy must always keep his forces intact and ready for any emergency. General Buell scattered his army in order, he said, to hold important strategic positions in conquered territory; with the result that he finally lost his strategic advantages, lost the conquered territory and retreated the bulk of a once victorious army 280 miles to the Ohio river.

Another mistake made by Buell was failure to organize a formidable force of cavalry. The North in 1862 held more than double the number of horses available for cavalry service than the 11 rebellious states. A soldier mounted on a horse has five times the velocity of a soldier on foot, carrying a musket and a haversack (for stomach's sake) 40 rounds of ammunition and a knapsack. Van Horn, in his history of the army of the Cumberland, says of these

doleful days of discouragement and disaster. I quote Vol. 1, page 198:

"It was the brightest hour of the war for the South and the gloomiest for the North, intensifying opposition to the war in the North and imposing on the government the most perplexing embarrassments."

Edwin M. Stanton succeeded Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania as secretary of war early in 1862. President Lincoln called his cabinet together Sept. 28 and it was decided to appoint General Thomas to command the army and relieve General Buell. This order was issued by General Halleck, then acting general in chief, with headquarters in Washington. Owing to the extreme modesty of General Thomas he declined to accept the command, and General Buell was allowed to continue as commander-in-chief, with the result that General Buell, failing to concentrate his army, failed to win a decisive victory in the battle of Perryville, Ky.

As the Confederate General Bragg commanded an inferior army, General Buell didn't anticipate an aggressive attack. Hence the army was not kept in close formation. General Bragg attacked suddenly and violently the army corps of General McCook, who held the advance and who bore the brunt of the

battle. General Buell didn't arrive on the battlefield until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the battle had been raging four hours, and then had no plans. Had he kept his army intact in close formation he could have defeated and crushed General Bragg's army and captured his artillery and wagon trains. But more than 25,000 of his army were not engaged. General Buell took immediate steps to place his three army corps for the attack the next day; but sunrise of the next day revealed to our sleepy general that Bragg, his army and artillery had left for farther South. Our losses at Perryville, General Buell's report shows, were 916 killed, 4,300 wounded and 89 taken prisoners.

The most gratifying army news I remember to have received at the front in 1862 was contained in the following telegram that I had the pleasure of reading to my regiment on Oct. 28, 1862, at Bowling Green, Ky.:

"Headquarters of the Army, Washington, D. C.,
Oct. 24, 1862.

"To Major General D. C. Buell, Commanding:

"The President directs me that on the presentation of this order you turn over your command to Major General W. S. Rosecrans and repair to In-

dianapolis, Ind., reporting to the adjutant general of the army.

"H. W. HALLECK,
"General-in-Chief."

No reference by President Lincoln to General Buell's service in the past; no regrets at parting. Three days later I had the pleasure of meeting General Rosecrans in our camp at Bowling Green, and to rejoice with all the Boys in Blue that at last we had a commander fit and anxious to win battles. General Rosecrans won his first great battle as commander of the army of the Cumberland at Stone River, in front of Nashville, the last day of 1862 and the first and second days of 1863.

Early in May, 1862, General Buell took command of the largest and best equipped army ever organized in the West—an army occupying a commanding position in the heart of the Confederacy. Six months later that army was at Louisville, on the Ohio river. It is due to say General Buell was an efficient organizer and disciplinarian and a capable commander in battle. He showed courage and efficiency in the second day's fight as commander of the army of the Cumberland at Shiloh, but as commander of an army in an aggressive campaign in a large field of operations he was a failure.

This disastrous campaign cast a dun cloud of gloom over the North. It was the darkest hour of the war. Fifty thousand of the brave boys of our volunteer army had either lost their lives in battle or died from wounds and exposure, and 50,000 stricken families sat brooding, speechless and disconsolate because of loyal and dutiful sons forever lost to home and country—the saddest human picture in the book of fate.

CHAPTER VIII

GENERAL JOHN MORGAN'S BOLD CAVALRY RAID THROUGH INDIANA AND OHIO—HIS CAPTURE

HE PEOPLE of Indiana and Ohio had the time of their lives in the hot days of July, 1863. General John Morgan and his 5,000 bandit buccaneers invaded both states, creating havoc, horror and hysteria everywhere. General Morgan was an unholy terror to the loyalists of Kentucky and Tennessee, killing unarmed citizens, capturing defensive block houses, destroying government property and capturing Union outposts.

He was regarded by General Buell and General Sherman as the boldest and most dangerous cavalry commander in the armies of the Confederacy. The Jeff Davis government at Richmond, Va., had a quick ear to the rumblings of discontent and violent opposition to the draft ordered by President Lincoln. The following dispatch, sent to the secretary of war indicates the alarming conditions:

"Columbus, Ohio. To Hon. Edwin Stanton, secretary of war. There must not be less than 10,000

to 15,000 men under arms in Ohio in September if the draft is to be enforced. John Brough, Governor."

Captain John S. Newberry, the provost-marshal of Michigan, July 1, 1863, sent the following dispatch to the provost-marshal general, dated Detroit:

"There is existing here an armed body of men to resist the draft, estimated as high as 5,000. The feeling has become intensified to an alarming extent by successful violence in the city of New York compelling the draft to be deferred."

General Morgan hoped to rally these malcontents to his standard. Hence the John Morgan raid. From start to finish of this demon campaign of outlawry, pillage and murder I was fated to take an active part. My regiment, the 111th Ohio Infantry, was in the Morgan chase from Bowling Green, Ky., to the final surrender in Ohio.

That campaign was the most exciting, sensational and dramatic that ever happened anywhere since the days of the intrepid and dashing Robin Hood. And it had so many ridiculous and grotesque features that after a lapse of 60 years I am still laughing and wondering about it. I am still considering how an army of only 5,000 soldiers could march 400 miles through Indiana and Ohio, among

hostile peoples and in the presence of at least 50,000 militia and improvised armed minute men and not be halted.

July 4, 1863, under a hot Kentucky sun, my regiment made a forced march of 25 miles from Bowling Green to a point on the Louisville and Nashville road beyond the railroad tracks torn up by Morgan. Then we were railroaded to Louisville and again put on foot and marched seven miles to a point opposite Jeffersonville, Ind., on the Ohio river, where we learned that Morgan had captured two steamboats, crossed the river and started on a rapid stride eastward. Then we were marched rapidly back to Louisville. The name of the bewildered general who was in command of this countermarch I have forgotten. We were put aboard a steamboat at Louisville and given a rapid ride to Cincinnati. Here we learned from overly-excited natives that John Morgan, with 15,000 cavalry and a six-gun battery of artillery, was in Ohio and was threatening Cincinnati, that he was burning bridges, tearing up railroad tracks, burning homes, shooting citizens and robbing banks.

I never before witnessed such wild excitement and terror in any city of the South when our army entered as I witnessed in Cincinnati that day. Governor Morton of Indiana issued a proclamation call-

ing out 50,000 militia and Governor Tod of Ohio issued a call for 50,000 more. As we landed from the steamboat and marched through the city to the Ninth street park (as I remember) we were greeted with wild applause from the crowds that lined the streets. It was not 15 minutes after the boys had stacked their guns in the park that I received 10 different invitations to dinner from well dressed and enthusiastic citizens.

Genteel society turned out to welcome and feast the Boys in Blue. It was a grateful and joyous change from the hardtack and salt pork to chicken and sardine sandwiches, with real butter, and from muddy water to well iced and foaming Cincinnati tonic. But ideal living is never long for a campaigning soldier. We were soon saying farewell to the angels in dimity—so loyal and sympathetic and spontaneously patriotic—and again marched to the river.

We were loaded on two passenger steamboats lashed together, with a battery of artillery on the bow of the boat on the Ohio side. My regiment was reinforced by 1,500 convalescents gathered from the hospitals of Cincinnati and Louisville, mostly armed with Springfield muskets. Colonel John R. Bond was placed in command of the two boats and I was

assigned to the command of the regiment. At this time Morgan's army had passed north of Cincinnati and was moving east. Our mission was to keep in touch with the Ohio shore and Morgan's army and prevent his crossing into Kentucky. We were informed Generals Hobson and Shackleford and Colonel Wolford, with 3,000 cavalry, were chasing Morgan 30 miles in the rear. When we reached New Richmond, on the north bank of the river (in Clermont county) near Mount Pleasant (where General Grant was born) we noticed a great cloud of dust along the river road and the cloud moved rapidly east. Colonel Bond, thinking it was a portion of Morgan's command, ordered the captain of the battery to throw a long distance fuse shell over the town.

Suddenly hundreds of citizens came out of their homes and were running toward the hills back of the town. Colonel Bond ordered the pilot to land the boats, which he refused to do, evidently fearing death in the pilot house by sharpshooters. I was standing on the bow of the boat just behind the big guns when Colonel Bond rushed to me, much agitated, and, handing me his six-shooter, said:

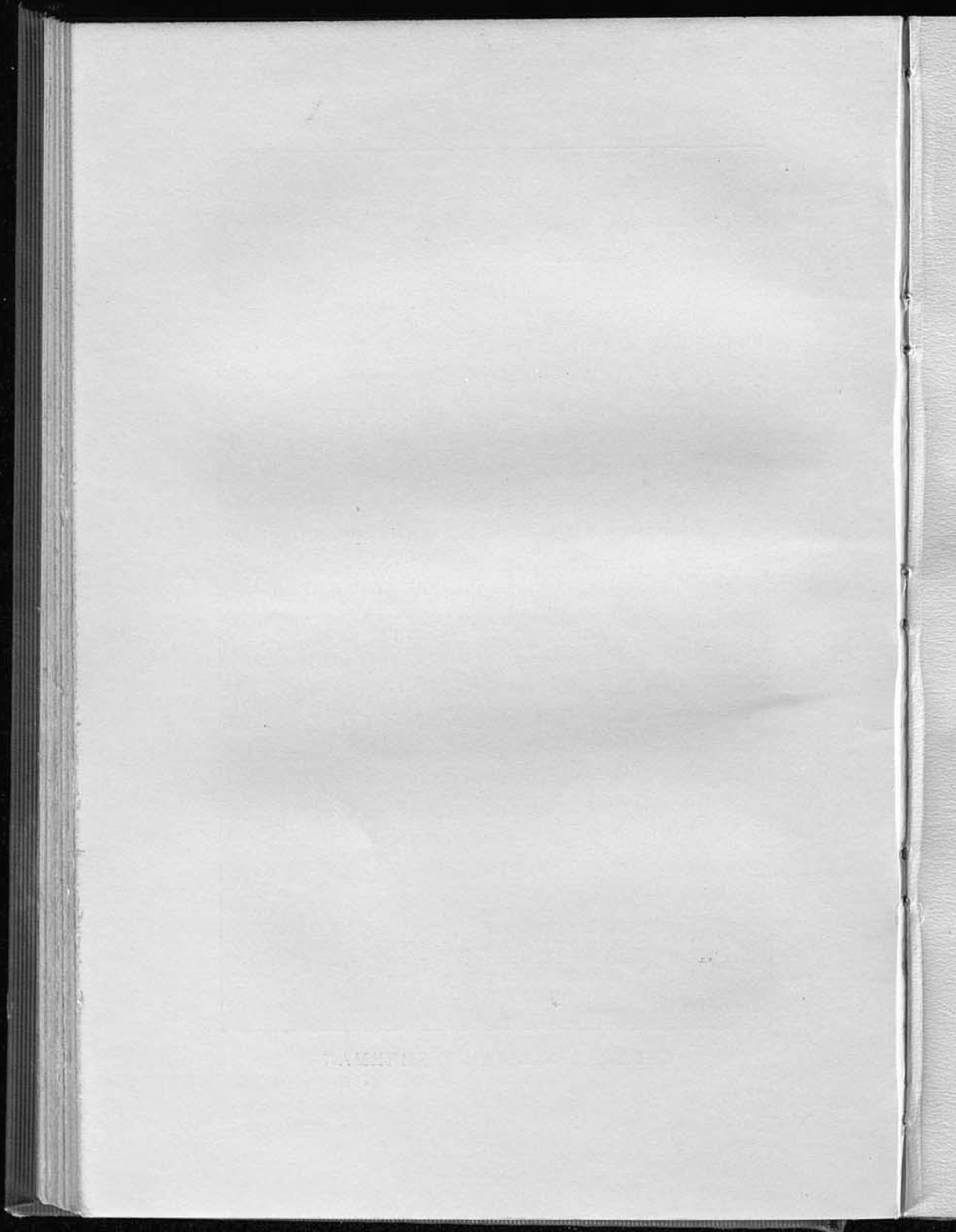
"Major! Go up to the pilot house and tell that pilot to land immediately. If he doesn't obey, shoot his damned head off!"

Of course, I obeyed the order of my superior officer, but didn't shoot. After a short but persuasive argument the pilot landed the boats. When the scared citizens found we were friends and not rebels with gunboats they came to us in great rejoicing. I saw a banker, whose name I do not recall, who carried a satchel filled with gold and greenbacks and treasury notes. When the shell screamed over the town he locked his bank vault, after taking out what he could carry, and took to the hills.

We learned that the clouds of dust we saw along the river road was made by a company of a hundred mounted home guards, who had started a rapid chase after Morgan. Our next landing was at Pomeroy, where we learned Morgan was at Chester, only five miles away. The whole town was in an uproar and men and women, frantic with fear, came down to the wharf with tears of joy as they saw two boatloads of Union soldiers. They overwhelmed us with thanks and "God bless you all."

Near here the Union cavalry had come up and the home guards had barricaded the roads, halting Morgan's army. Morgan was aiming to ford the Ohio river at Buffington island and was moving rapidly in that direction. Some 250 of Morgan's band succeeded in swimming their horses across the river,

GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN



but grape and canister from our boat battery killed or wounded 150. In the meantime General Hobson's and General Shackleford's cavalry made a dash on Morgan's forces and captured all his artillery and about 1,000 prisoners.

General Morgan, seeing all was lost, made a dash with about 600 of his buccaneers for the hills and escaped. It was a lively and thrilling occasion. Among the officers captured were Colonel Dick Morgan, brother of the general; two colonels, Ward and Grigsby, and some officers of lower rank. My regiment was detailed by General Judah to take the captured soldiers to military prisons. I detailed two captains, one to take half the regiment to guard the captured privates to Indianapolis military prison, and the other half to take the officers to Johnson's island, in Lake Erie. General Judah gave me leave of absence for 10 days to visit my wife at Poland, Ohio. The pursuit of Morgan's remnant of an army was turned over to our cavalry.

I met another excited crowd at Poland, Mahoning County, and a quiet visit to my best beloved was out of the question. Loyal citizens in buggies and on horseback were rushing toward Columbiana, in Columbiana county, to meet Morgan and his remnant of raiders. I was induced to enter a buggy pulled

by fleet horses, with an excited reinsman, and made a swift drive to Columbiana, arriving about noon. Some 2,000 nervously excited citizens were gathered there, many armed with shotguns, rifles, pistols and old iron cannon from Canfield, then the county seat of Mahoning county. Not a man had a musket with a bayonet. Not a man had surplus ammunition. Delegations were there from Canfield and Petersburg and Lowellville and Salem and New Waterford, all unorganized and frantically excited. Among the first I met was Judge Glidden of the county common pleas court. He rushed to the telegraph office and telegraphed to General Brooks at Pittsburg, who was in command of the military division, asking him to assign Major Sherwood, who was present, to the command of this excited aggregation. In half an hour I was ordered by General Brooks to organize and take command of this array of patriotic enthusiasts.

This was the most anxious and exciting day I ever experienced. I was furnished immediately with a snorting plow horse. I interviewed the five gunners who held the old iron cannon from Canfield. They had only 12 solid shots and no grape or canister. They consented to go out a half mile on the road leading south with the cannon, dig a ditch in

front of the cannon and build a rail barricade. Of course they wanted to know why. I told them to halt a cavalry charge by John Morgan's men. I then rode back to town and out of 2,000 excited but earnest citizens I found 150 who would stand up in line and be counted, who had shotguns or rifles. With the aid of Judge Glidden I selected a captain who would take command.

I marched them out to the position of the cannon and the rail barricade and gave them instructions in case of attack, then rode back to town to organize another company, if possible. In the telegraph office I found a message from General Brooks, giving Morgan's present location, and that he was evidently enroute to Columbiana. About 40 excited citizens looked over my shoulders as I was reading the telegram. Then the news spread to the crowd outside and all went wild with excitement. The saloons were open and many had braced up. It was impossible to get any more in line to organize. Happily I received a dispatch at 4:30 p. m. that Morgan and his gray army had been overtaken by General Hobson's cavalry and had surrendered at Scrogg's church, about 10 miles away. The telegraph office was full to suffocation, with the windows darkened by excited patriots when I received

this dispatch. When its contents were known everyone of this motley host was a brave and shouting hero.

John Morgan and his used-up raiders were made prisoners of war. Morgan was sent to the Ohio penitentiary, where later, in company with six other convicts, he tunneled out. Some friends outside, never known to the state, furnished him with citizens' clothes and he made his escape.

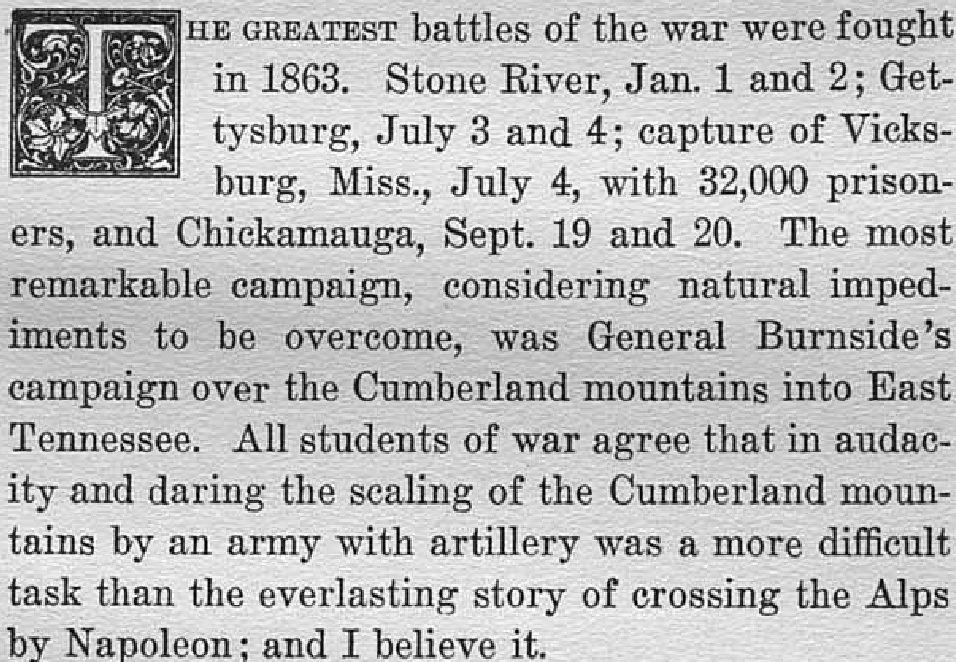
Sept. 4, 1864, General Morgan was killed at Greenville, Tenn., by federal troops under General Alvin C. Gillem. Thus perished the boldest raider, the most audacious and destructive cavalry officer of the Southern Confederacy.

As a fitting requiem ode to General Morgan I quote a couplet from Lord Byron's Corsair, canto III:

"He left a Corsair's name to other times.
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

CHAPTER IX

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S BOLD CAMPAIGN OVER THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS INTO EAST TENNESSEE



THE GREATEST battles of the war were fought in 1863. Stone River, Jan. 1 and 2; Gettysburg, July 3 and 4; capture of Vicksburg, Miss., July 4, with 32,000 prisoners, and Chickamauga, Sept. 19 and 20. The most remarkable campaign, considering natural impediments to be overcome, was General Burnside's campaign over the Cumberland mountains into East Tennessee. All students of war agree that in audacity and daring the scaling of the Cumberland mountains by an army with artillery was a more difficult task than the everlasting story of crossing the Alps by Napoleon; and I believe it.

With the return of my regiment to Cincinnati, after taking the captured soldiers of John Morgan's command to military prisons, we had only one night's quiet sleep (a ground sleep) when I received an order to report with all soldiers fit for duty to New Market, Ky., immediately. And in cattle cars we went.

When we reached New Market I learned General Burnside was gathering an army to invade East Tennessee; not through Cumberland Gap, which was held by an enemy army, but over the Cumberland mountains.

I was shown a dispatch from President Lincoln ordering General Burnside to make this perilous campaign, giving him no alternative. A year before I remember that President Lincoln, after the battle of Perryville, Ky., had issued a positive order to General Buell, then in command of the army, to invade East Tennessee. General Buell replied to the President by telegraph that the rebel army had fortified Cumberland Gap, had mounted heavy guns, had an army of 25,000 defending the Gap, and that it would take an army of 80,000 with siege guns to reduce and capture the fortress.

President Lincoln realized the necessity of driving the Confederate army out of East Tennessee. The shortest line between Richmond, Va., and Atlanta, Nashville and Chattanooga was via Knoxville, East Tennessee. In fact, it was the only direct railroad line. Had General Buell obeyed President Lincoln's direct order and invaded East Tennessee, as Burnside did a year later, the Jeff Davis government in Richmond could not have sent General

Longstreet's army corps of 25,000 veterans from Lee's army in Virginia to General Bragg's army in Georgia and the terrible slaughter of our army at Chickamauga would not have happened. I mention this to show the foresight and sage military acumen of Lincoln.

Our army started on this wild and rocky mountain march from New Market, Aug. 19, 1863. Cumberland Gap, with its array of big guns and 25,000 soldiers, was commanded by General Frazier. After we had swum the Cumberland river and the Big Emery river, as cold as ice water, and were well in the rear of General Frazier and his outfit, he surrendered. Hence we approved of the humane strategy which gave us Cumberland Gap and all its dangerous inhabitants without any tragedies.

When our army left New Market we had, including cavalry, infantry and artillery, about 25,000 men with a formidable ammunition train, but a very short commissary train. Here we differed from Napoleon's army when it crossed the Alps. Napoleon was a generous provider; we were supposed to drink river water and forage on the country. The hot dog days' sun and dusty roads made 15 miles a trial day's march. The third day we reached the Cumberland river. It was waist high. We forded the river

the next morning at daylight sans shoes and breeches. A mile stretch of magnificent muscle met the eyes of the timid crows that were flying high overhead. About 500 curious natives of the vicinity, who never before had seen an undressed dress parade, witnessed the spectacle! The next day we reached the desolate and deserted town of Albany, Ky., two miles from the Tennessee line and in the foothills of the Cumberland mountains.

Here we came in contact with Captain Ferguson's band of marauders. We killed seven in a skirmish and captured 50 horses. The remainder fled to the mountains. Just back of Albany General John Morgan organized 11 regiments of picked cavalrymen before he went to his doom in his raid through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio. Albany was a wreck. It is the county seat of Clinton county. The courthouse had been used as a horse stable and out of a normal population of 1,000 only two families remained.

Aug. 28 we reached Jamestown, Fentress County, Tenn. Here we experienced a coolness in the high mountain air that gave us a freezing sensation that made teeth chatter and bones ache. Jamestown is on the dividing line between east and west Tennessee. We had to stop here to rest our used up

mules and artillery horses. We found no classes in Jamestown. Land is worth 15 cents to $1 an acre, according to the improvements, and every unshaven flaxen-haired citizen can be lord of the manor with no fear of an income tax. Jamestown has a plumb hundred inhabitants and nobody is able to own anybody else; hence there are no slaves in Jamestown.

At 7 o'clock, Aug. 29, we reached a little hamlet on the mountain side after a 15-mile march through forests of pine and hemlock and camped by a swift stream the natives called Clear creek. The elevation was too high for comfort and the night air chilly. Our scanty rations of green corn and hardtack had not arrived and the tired and hungry mules were making hideous wails. Soon after midnight I wrapped the drapery of one of Uncle Sam's army blankets around an empty stomach and hoped to dream dreams that no soldier ever dreamed before in such wonderful environment. Other music was there besides the harsh jargon of the mules; the night hawks were cheering in a brief honk-honk overhead and scores of hoot owls were hooting. A mountain brook nearby was sounding a lullaby as it dashed into foam over the rocks and a mountain breeze was wafting sentient music through the pines. A timber wolf occasionally would set up a howl, sug-

gesting home. There was a weird fascination in the surroundings. The grand old mountain, rising peak on peak, scraping the sky with rocky brow, with all nature in primitive guise, impressed me with awe, wonder and bewilderment that I have no language to describe.

About midnight the Boys in Blue, chilled through, arose en masse and with the aid of the pioneer squad with axes built a big bonfire of pine knots and dry cedars, and I arose and joined the genial warmth as a grateful guest. The weird fascination of that night on the Cumberland mountains remains a vivid memory after the lapse of 60 years.

The next morning I had a grateful breakfast of hardtack, a roasted ear of corn and a venison steak, baked dry on a hot rock heated in the bivouac fire. My orderly, Joe Gingerly, who went out foraging, shot a deer in the mountain. Deer, catamounts, red foxes and an occasional bear are the life of the mountains. The next day we had the most difficult and rocky road. Neither artillery horses nor mules of the wagon trails could hold a footing. The infantry, with a strong rope 200 feet long, was utilized to pull the cannon and caissons up the rocky mountainside, some 200 soldiers pulling. We had been on half rations since crossing the Cumberland river

and this morning my urbane quartermaster said it would be quarter rations until we reached the green corn belt in the foothills on the eastern mountain slope. And yet I heard no complaint among the boys with the guns. They accepted the situation as inevitable and looked cheerful with hungry smiles.

At 5 a. m. a solitary horseman in a blue army overcoat rode into camp and ordered the bugler to sound the get up and march. I asked. "How about rations?" "Hold your appetites until noon," we were told, "and you shall have a wagon load of green corn fit for roasting ears." The boys were up and holding their guns and gave the solitary horseman a cheer. Two days later we were on the eastern slope of the mountains near the source of the Big Emery river, formed by the melting of the mountain snows and the eternal mountain springs.

Here in a deep and wide cove on the eastern slope of the mountain we discovered a settlement of about 1,000 primitive people, who never saw a church, a school house, a locomotive, an American flag, a fiddle, a bugle or a razor, and never heard a bell ring, who never saw a preacher or a school master. The men all wore full beards and the women tow frocks of their own make. They never had seen a soldier in uniform, but they came into our camp

in droves as we camped for the night and all said they were for the Union cause. They appeared to be a careless, free, contented people, and I was wondering as we stacked our guns when ignorance is bliss it is not folly to be wise. A white-haired, white-whiskered patriarch of the flock came to my headquarters in the early evening and wanted to know about the war. I asked him how old he was. He did not know about time or the years, he knew only what mother nature had taught him. These mountaineers are descendants of the poor classes from Virginia and the sand hills of North Carolina and probably have been here a hundred years.

Bashful maidens in tow frocks came into camp to gaze in wonder on the soldiers, with guns and shining bayonets, and flaxen-haired urchins gathered about my headquarters, neglected plants in the great garden patch of humanity, to become perfect specimens of healthy walking gawkys at maturity. And yet these men and women of the mountains were as carefree as the birds that fly and sing, or the speckled trout that swim the crystal waters of the Big Emery river. I was told they never heard of a suicide or a case of nervous prostration or birth control in the colony.

Friday night, Sept. 5, 1863, we reached Louden,

20 miles south of Knoxville, and stacked guns on the west bank of the Holston river. It was only three days later when I was ordered to an outpost six miles away to a half-finished barricade that the enemy cavalry had abandoned on the approach of our army. Two nights later we were attacked at midnight by a battalion of 200 cavalry, planning to surprise and ride us to destruction or annihilation. But I had learned enough of war to be on the alert. I had put out on the two roads leading to our camp watchful videttes with full instructions in case of a sudden attack; and every soldier of the regiment was instructed to sleep with a loaded musket by his side, with bayonet fixed.

When this fierce cavalcade of mounted buccaneers was seen by a sentinel he fired his musket and made a double quick rush to camp. As one man the boys jumped from their blankets and grabbed their muskets. Ad. Fulton, my color sergeant (a gamer soldier never lived), strung out the colors in front. I did not give the order to fire until the cavalcade was 150 yards away. They were coming with drawn sabers and shouting the rebel yell. As soon as we gave them this volley I ordered "charge bayonets." The night grows light with lines of fire, the air is stifling with dun smoke. There are staggering

lines of shouting men and riderless steeds gallop wildly out into the darkness—the line falters, there is a sudden retreat. The cavalry rush is over. The rebel yell was stopped at a full period.

The bold and jaunty cavaliers left their dead and wounded on the field. The smouldering fires of the bivouac were lighted and the wounded in blue and the wounded in gray were alike cared for. Fortunately I had only three wounded—flesh wounds by sabres—but there were three of our enemy dead on the field and six wounded. My pioneers dug a trench under the starlight and buried the enemy. They turned some green sod over the triple grave with their bayonets.

> We buried the three at dead of night,
> Under the gleam of dim star light
> Without a bier, without a tear,
> Without a prayer or sad farewell:
> Who was it said that war was hell?

Again we wooed sleep in our blankets and those who slept the sleep immortal and those who were to arise with the sun were alike lost in forgetfulness.

Thus ended our first brief onset in East Tennessee.

After Waterloo Lord Napier said:

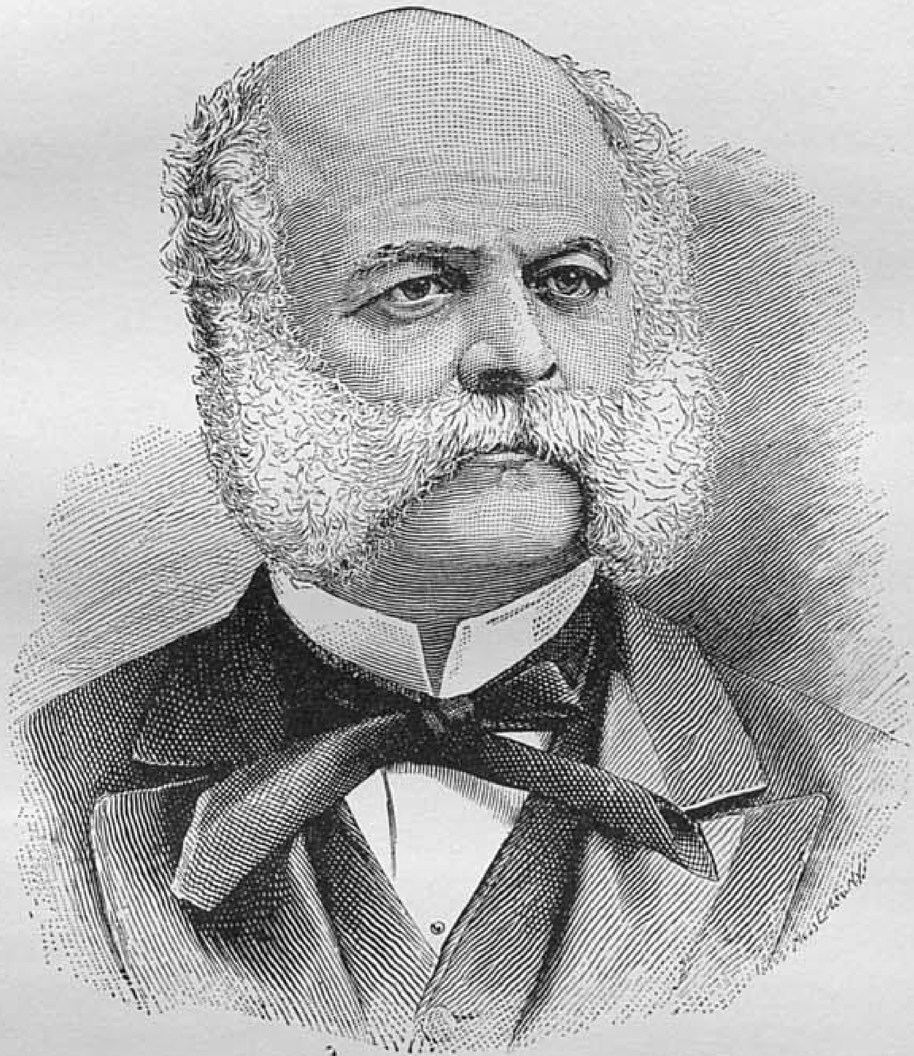
"Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields where every helmet caught some beams of glory." How different is a night fight in a desolate land, where only the stars look down on the conflict—a fight unheralded and unsung.

CHAPTER X

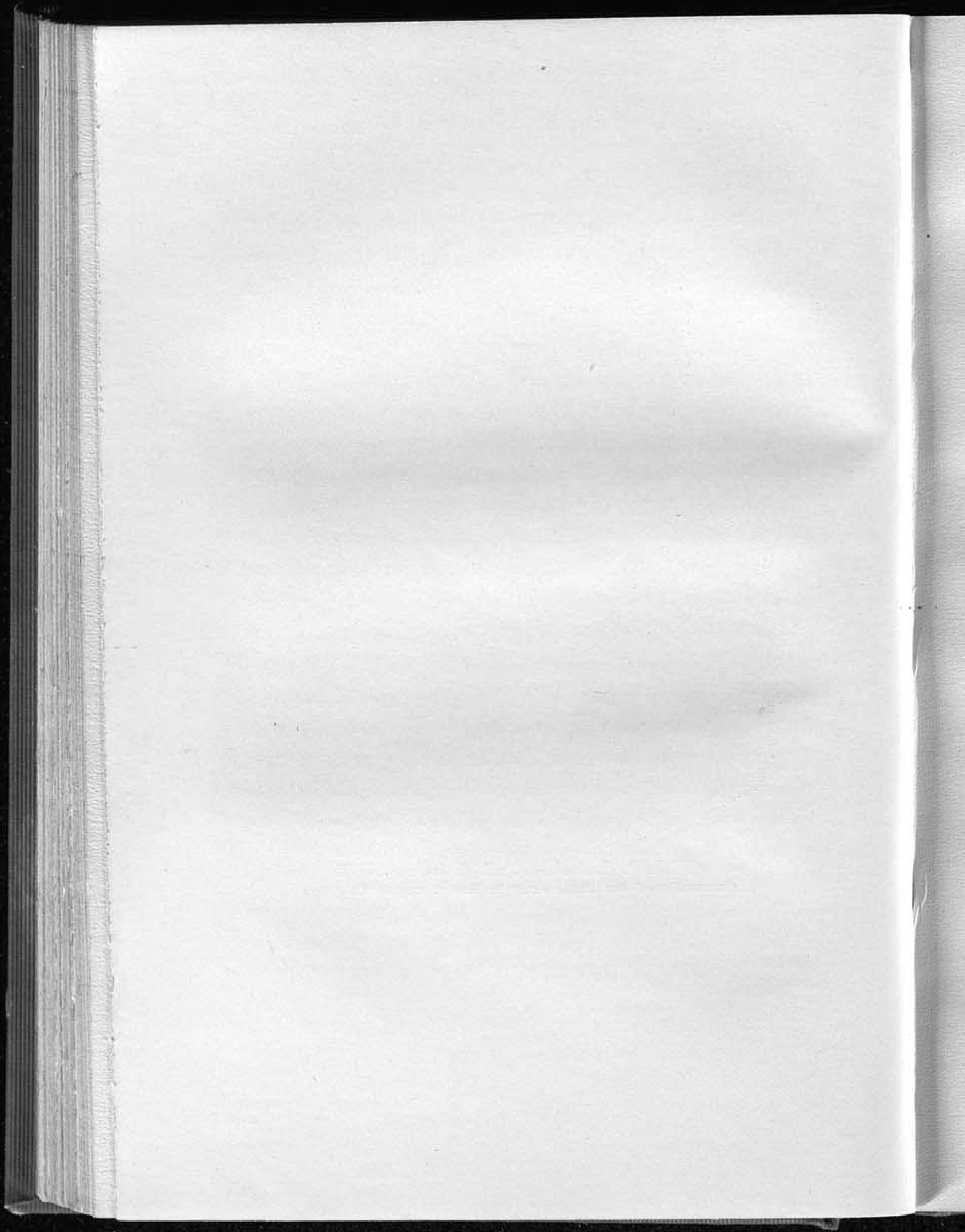
THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE—BATTLES OF DANDRIDGE, MOSSY CREEK, HUFF'S FERRY AND CAMPBELL'S STATION

HE SIXTH reunion of the Army of the Cumberland society met in Dayton, O., Nov. 21 and 22, 1872. It was the most notable gathering of war heroes since Appomattox. Fifty of the leading generals of the war were present, including two of the famous McCook family—General Alexander McDowell McCook and General Anson G. McCook. General Phil Sheridan, president of the society, presided at the morning session and General Joe Hooker at the banquet in the evening. Music hall on banquet night was glowing with flags and floral mosaics and the United States military band from Newport, Ky., played the patriotic airs of war days. General Grant had just been re-elected President. The first toast of the evening was "The President of the United States," and I had been assigned 10 minutes to respond. I happened to mention at the outset—

"The Appomattox apple tree,
Where Grant received the sword of Lee,"



GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE
Commander of the Union Army in East Tennessee Campaign



when Music Hall, which was crowded with the elite society and patriotic citizens of Dayton, broke loose in a prolonged demonstration. When the cheering lulled in volume the military band started in with "Marching Through Georgia."

Then the major generals and brigadiers and colonels and captains and corporals around the tables started another round of cheers and I was relieved of half of my 10 minutes' talk at the end of the first sentence. I mention this incident to give the people of today an idea of the popularity of Grant a half century ago. Of that remarkable gathering of war generals who met in reunion 50 years ago not one is on earth today. I am reminded of the pathetic poem by our own poet of the humanities, Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> "If I should live to be,
> "The last leaf upon the tree
> "In the Spring."

Yes, I am the last leaf.

One of the notable speeches of the Dayton reunion was by General Anson G. McCook, responding to the toast, "The Army of the Cumberland." General McCook referred to General Burnside's Winter

campaign in East Tennessee as "the Valley Forge of the Civil War."

Every soldier who suffered the tragedies of that Winter campaign in East Tennessee will, if alive, endorse the statement of General McCook that it was the Valley Forge of the Civil War. More than 59 years have elapsed since that terrible Winter and I am still wondering how any soldier, however robust, could have survived the ordeal. Have you ever recalled how short lived all our leading Civil War generals were? I will mention 10 commanding generals who saw hard field and battle service:

General Grant died at 63, General Sheridan at 67, General Hooker at 65, General McClellan at 59, General Meade at 57, General Schofield at 68, General Hancock at 62, General Thomas at 53, General Burnside at 57, and General Sherman at 71. Only one general of this heroic group lived out the days awarded to man by the Old Testament prophet. And yet all these generals were graduates of West Point Military academy and had to be in robust health and perfect physical condition to be admitted as cadets. Evidently the terrors and tragedies of war wear out life rapidly.

November 13, 1863, General Longstreet, with

20,000 veteran soldiers, approached one wing of our army across the Holston river, near Loudon, 20 miles below Knoxville. General Burnside, in command of our army, had been notified of Longstreet's intention to drive us out of East Tennessee and annihilate our army. But General Burnside waited until General Longstreet had laid his pontoon bridge across the river and crossed an army with artillery and cavalry before he ordered the retreat to Knoxville. I have occasion to remember that retreat with a sadness that lingers yet in memory, as I was detailed to cover 10 miles of that retreat with my regiment.

It was a critical day of skirmish and fall back, opposing a more numerous force. At nightfall we went into camp at Lenoir station and were ordered to put out a strong line of pickets. About 9 o'clock we were ordered to cut down our wagon trains and burn all our tents, provisions and clothing and continue the retreat toward Knoxville. The field officer of the day in command of the picket line failed to relieve 52 men of Company B of my regiment and they were captured with Lieutenant Omer P. Norris, commanding. By this unaccountable negligence of the field officer we lost from our effective force 52 as good men as ever carried arms in any army.

Our next stand was at Campbell's station, 10

miles south of Knoxville. Longstreet's veterans made an assault in three lines of battle stretching across the valley. We gave them, when within range, the contents of 5,000 muskets and 20 Parrott and Napoleon guns. The enemy line wavered and halted. Then rebel battery after battery swept into line and opened with grape and canister and shell which crippled the battery I was supporting, killed and maimed five gunners, dismantled three Parrott guns and killed six artillery horses. One shell exploded about two feet from my left ear, knocked me down and killed that ear for life. I picked myself up in time to hear the order to retreat and was ordered by a staff officer of General Burnside to cover the retreat with my regiment.

War Correspondent Loomis, writing to the Cincinnati Commercial, under date of Dec. 1, Knoxville, says of that retreat:

"The 111th Ohio with Major Sherwood at its head retired from the field in fine style, exhibiting no consternation at the hissing, screaming shells." We reached Knoxville at daylight next morning, hungry and with no rations, no shelter in sight, to commence that terrible siege of 19 days of constant skirmish, privation and starvation. We were three days and three nights on foot and without sleep and were utterly exhausted.

Some 5,000 soldiers, citizens and Negroes with pick and spade were cutting a giant furrow around Knoxville, behind which our army was planted. I am not going to recite the doleful story of that 19 days' siege. I am only going to give a brief recital of one sharp, short battle, the most notable, in one respect, of the war—the battle of Fort Sanders, where we defeated the tried veterans of Longstreet's army. This was the first battle ever fought by any army where wire entanglements were used to trip and demoralize a charging line of battle.

It was at dawn, Nov. 29, 1863, when this memorable battle was fought. Fort Sanders was the key to Knoxville. Our engineers had cut down a forest of oaks in front of the fort and laid the trees in windrows, tops out, forming an abatis. They had twined telegraph wires from stump to stump. Our pioneers had dug a ditch eight feet wide in front of the fort, six feet deep, full of water. Our captain of artillery, in addition to mounted guns on the parapet, had placed a 20-pound Parrott gun on a line with the ditch.

This gun was not visible from a front view, as it was protected by earthworks and was on a line with the surface water in the ditch, so placed to rake the ditch by grapeshot and canister. This was

the situation when Longstreet's grim visaged warriors rushed to the fort with fixed bayonets. Five days previously I had been detailed by General Burnside to take position with my regiment near the center of our fortified line of earthworks around Knoxville and be always ready to rush on the double quick to any part of the line attacked. I reached Fort Sanders before the culmination of the charge. The mass of dead, leaf colored gray moving up through the underbrush was hardly distinguishable from the gray mists of the morning until they had reached our skirmish line.

After firing our skirmish line had retreated rapidly to the fort. Our six Parrott guns and 2,000 muskets opened fire. Wide gaps were made in the line of the bold chargers, but on they came with the defiant rebel yell. When the line reached the wire entanglements men commenced to stagger; some were thrown forward with their bayonets stabbing the ground and a hurricane of grape and canister from our big guns and whistling bullets from the infantry were making mad havoc on the staggering gray lines.

Hundreds reached the ditch to be annihilated when the concealed Parrott gun let loose. I saw a ghastly spectacle as I looked over the parapet to

the ditch, reddened with human blood and filled with the mangled dead and struggling wounded in the agony of death. Not a gray soldier got over the earthworks. The battle of Fort Sanders was won.

God help the poor soldiers who fell in that fight,
No time were they given for prayer or for flight.
They fell by the score in a flash—with a thud
And reddened the ditch with their sacrifice blood.

When the sun appeared the flag still waved over Fort Sanders and the uncertain gray mists of early dawn had disappeared. The gray army was short a thousand stalwart soldiers. Longstreet lost 500 in killed and wounded and we had in our care and protection 500 prisoners who had just dropped their guns. Our loss was 43 killed and wounded.

I have seen a good many battlefields, but with the exception of Franklin, Tenn., the battlefield in front of Fort Sanders after that fateful day was the most gruesome and ghastly I ever witnessed during the four years' war.

This charge on Fort Sanders was one of General Longstreet's mistakes. Yet he was regarded as one of the ablest, most experienced and most sagacious generals of the Confederacy. He commanded

an army corps at Chickamauga and at Gettysburg. At Gettysburg he advised his commanding officer, General Robert E. Lee, not to make the disastrous charge led by General Pickett. General Longstreet was a West Point graduate.

I was talking with General Grant one day in the White House in January, 1874, and I asked him how he rated the leading generals of the Confederacy as to military genius and battle strategy. He said General Lee was the greatest military genius but Longstreet ranked next or on a par with Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sydney Johnson and Joseph E. Johnston. This estimate by General Grant of the relative capacity for mischief of the leading generals of the Confederacy should be interesting to all students of Civil War history.

This battle didn't end the siege of Knoxville. The enemy's shot and shell were still busy and roaring and we were still starving and freezing. Four hundred starving mules were shot and mule steak was distributed.

Owing to the high elevation around Knoxville the Winter climate is about the same temperature as central Ohio. The Winter of 1863-4 was one of storms and snows, with the thermometer down close to zero. Finally the war office in Washington took

notice and Dec. 10 General Gordon Granger, with an army of 20,000 veterans, came to us on a rapid march from Chattanooga. Then General Longstreet moved his army up the valley.

We made a hasty pursuit with sharp skirmishing at Blaine's Cross Roads and Mossy Creek and fought a winning battle near Dandridge on the French Broad river. Later we went into camp at Mossy Creek. This Mossy Creek is a wonderful stream. Its source is at the foot of the mountain. The channel is 50 feet wide, making a succession of falls over limestone ledges 15 miles when it empties its great volume of crystal water into the Holston river. Here we rested a few days, unvexed by General Longstreet's gray army.

January 29 Longstreet took his army out of East Tennessee and left for Virginia to reinforce the army of General Robert E. Lee. Fortuitous fate took us next to the red clay roads of northern Georgia from Rocky Face Mountain to Atlanta.

CHAPTER XI

GREAT REUNION OF WAR HEROES IN TOLEDO AFTER THE WAR—TWO FUTURE PRESIDENTS PRESENT

FOUR PRESIDENTS of the United States—all born in Ohio—gave eclat and glamour to two notable reunions of Civil War veterans in Toledo—Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Harrison. Four great army generals added interesting war history by their presence—Sherman, Sheridan, Hooker and Howard. And four of the greatest volunteer generals of the war, who learned war's red lesson on the battle's front and not in the war books and polo games at West Point, embellished heroic literature by their presence—General Logan, General Steedman, General Garfield and General Hurlbut—the latter won his twin stars at Shiloh.

Few students of Civil War history remember that two of the most memorable reunions of war heroes were held in Toledo. The surviving soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland met here Sept. 22 and 23, 1880, and the Army of the Tennessee Oct. 17 and 18, 1873. These two armies constituted nearly

a majority (not counting cavalry) of the combined armies commanded by General Sherman from Rocky Face Mountain, Ga., to Atlanta. At these two reunions the Toledo of half a century ago learned new and thrilling lessons of the Civil War; lessons never to be forgotten by those who mingled with these hero hosts. I have looked over the list of generals, and colonels, captains and soldiers of the rank and file who met at these historic reunions and, sad to say, not one is on earth today save the writer of this chapter.

Few Ohio citizens of today know President Hayes, a brave soldier of conspicuous modesty, was one of Ohio's notable volunteer generals. He was made a major general by brevet for gallant conduct at Cedar Creek, Va., the day General Phil Sheridan made his memorable ride. General Hayes was wounded in the battle of South Mountain, Md., where he was complimented for gallant conduct. It was the oration that General Ben Harrison delivered at this reunion of the Army of the Cumberland that started him on the road to the White House. That never-to-be-forgotten banquet of Oct. 18, 1873, in an almost all-night session, was the last reunion of the yellow-haired Custer, the bravest of the brave, who three years later was massacred by the Sioux sav-

ages in the Little Big Horn valley. It was the last reunion attended by Major General Pope, who commanded the Army of the Potomac in the second battle of Manassas, who was made a major general for gallant conduct at Island No. 10.

Among speakers at that banquet I remember General O. O. Howard, who commanded the 17th Army Corps after the death of General McPherson at Atlanta. General Howard lost his right arm in the battle of Fair Oaks, Va., was made a major general for heroic conduct at Gettysburg and was thanked officially by congress. I saw him ride the battle lines at Peach Tree Creek in the full fury of the contest with his sword between his teeth, guiding his startled and furious horse with his left hand. General Logan, the hero of Atlanta, was here. He rallied the staggering battalions after General McPherson was killed.

Here at the head of the banquet table was General Grant, then the foremost man of all the world, silent, alert, observing, cheering with handclaps the thrills of the orators, but voiceless. At the other end of the table sat General William Tecumseh Sherman, the commander of the armies of the West, from Rocky Face Mountain, Ga., to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the Atlantic ocean and from Savan-

nah to the end of the war. Here was General Belknap, secretary of war under Grant, who was in the war from start to finish; won his stars in battle; was wounded at Shiloh and did valiant service at Vicksburg and in the Atlanta campaign. This was General Belknap's last reunion.

It was 3 a. m. before this notable gathering of Civil War heroes adjourned. I was assigned to respond to the toast—"The Army of Ohio"—the last regular toast. This army constituted the 23rd Army Corps, commanded by General Schofield in the Atlanta campaign. My talk was preceded by the John Brown song—all joining with uncorked, hilarious voices. I finished at 2:40 a. m. when there was a universal call for General Sheridan.

General Sheridan was rather short-legged; hence he looked his best on a war horse. He arose to respond. Then the enthusiastic banqueters asked him to stand on his chair. This General Sheridan attempted when a full chorus of voices yelled—"Stand on the table." He again responded and jumped upon the banquet table in front of General Grant. He very unexpectedly paid a high tribute to the noble women who aided the war for the Union. I quote:

"I saw two young women in Winchester, Va.,

while we were driving the enemy through the streets amid the dead and dying, lead the advance, holding up the flag, which they previously had concealed, fearing rebel insults. In the gracious presence of so many splendid women here tonight an orator should have been selected to do them justice. I am a bachelor and have only been on the skirmish line of matrimony. An orator should have been selected like General Sherman or General Belknap or General Logan to do justice to the subject."

The 12th reunion of the Army of the Cumberland was held in Toledo, Sept. 22 and 23, 1880. The conspicuous generals at this reunion were General Garfield, afterward president; General Harrison, afterward president; Major General Steedman, Major General Cox, General Phil Sheridan and General Joe Hooker, who looked just as handsome as when he rode a snorting war horse above the clouds on Lookout Mountain. During the first day's session the following dispatch was read amid much applause:

"San Francisco, Sept. 21.—We are among friends on the golden shore and cannot be with you. Kindest greetings to all comrades assembled in Toledo. Signed R. B. Hayes, W. T. Sherman and A. McDowell McCook."

This was General Garfield's last reunion. He died at the hands of an assassin a year later and served only six and a half months as president. General Grant's message to the reunion was his last. He died five years later at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., near Saratoga.

This reunion was distinguished by the high quality of its literature. General Garfield and General Harrison made notable speeches of signal literary merit and historic value. A thrilling event transpired at the last session. General Sheridan, who was presiding, made the following announcement:

"Comrades, I have the pleasure of presenting to you Elizabeth Mansfield Irving, who will read to us a poem written by Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood on General Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga." Mrs. Irving recited this poem with great pathos and power in a ringing, melodious voice. There was a prolonged demonstration. She was recalled and recited "Sheridan's Ride," which called forth another spontaneous demonstration. I quote from the "Rock of Chickamauga" poem:

"Blow, blow ye echoing bugles, give answer, screaming shell;

Go belch your murderous fury, ye batteries of hell.
Ring out, O impious musket; spin on, O blistering
shot,
Our smoke encircled hero, he hears but heeds them
not!"

Since the Civil War I have heard hundreds of patriotic orations at soldiers' banquets. I heard Henry Ward Beecher and Wendell Phillips, and I heard Colonel Ingersoll at his best, but I never heard a more fervent or appealing tribute than the one General Garfield made this wonderful night. General Garfield was chief of staff to General Rosecrans at Chickamauga and the poem touched him deeply. I remember his first sentence:

"I am sure not one of you tonight but feels brighter, tenderer and truer for being here this hour to feel the glorious inspiration the poem and beautiful recital have given us."

Then General Garfield paid a tribute to General Steedman and made a glowing eulogy of General Thomas, who stood firm as a rock at Chickamauga when all about him was chaos and disaster.

Among the names of Toledo soldiers attending the reunion I remember General James B. Steedman, General Wager Swayne, General George E.

Welles, General John W. Fuller, General Doolittle, Captain J. Kent Hamilton, Captain P. H. Dowling, Colonel Nat Haughton, Colonel Neubert, Colonel Little, Captain Goldsmith and John S. Kountz, the drummer boy of Mission Ridge, who dropped his drum and seized a musket and lost a leg in the charge —afterward commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

As I recall the speech made by our former commander and intrepid fighter, recounting the appalling losses of our army, I feel that comparisons of the casualties of other great wars would be of vital interest. The war histories of the world have been full of the great battles fought by Napoleon. Compare his casualties with the great battles of our Civil War.

At the battle of Wagram the French loss was 6 per cent. At Shiloh, Tenn., Union loss was 29 per cent. At Lodi Napoleon lost 4½ per cent. At Gettysburg the Union Army loss was 22 per cent. At the world-heralded battle of Waterloo the French loss in killed and wounded was about 18 per cent and the loss of the English and Prussian armies commanded by the Duke of Wellington was only 16 per cent. In the battle of Stone River, Tenn., fought by the Army of the Cumberland, the loss in

the Union army was 30 per cent. Napoleon never fought a battle during all his conquering career where the loss was 20 per cent. In the battle of Franklin, Tenn., the Confederate loss was 40 per cent. In the great battles of Marengo and Austerlitz Napoleon's loss was 15 per cent. At Peach Tree Creek, Ga., our loss was 20 per cent. In the battle of Hohenlinden the French loss was only 8 per cent. This would be called a skirmish in the Atlanta campaign; yet the English poet, Thomas Campbell, has caused Hohenlinden to be sung for a hundred years on both sides of the Atlantic. As a boy attending the district school the first poem I learned to recite was Hohenlinden. This was about 80 years ago. I quote five lines of two stanzas:

> "On Linden, when the sun was low
> All bloodless lay the untrodden snow
> * * *
> "Where rushed the steeds to battle driven
> And louder than the bolts of heaven
> Far flashed the red artillery."

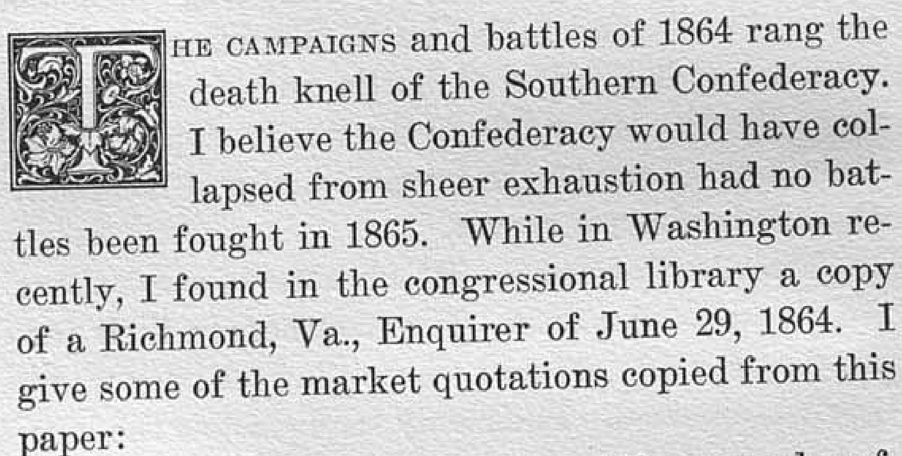
When we trod the bloody snows in front of Nashville, December, 1864, and 200 pieces of red artillery thundered, the loss of the gray army was 35 per cent.

General Sherman reported his losses in the Atlanta campaign as 31,000, but this only includes killed, wounded and prisoners. It does not include the thousands who died in field hospitals from disease or privation nor the brave boys who fell on the skirmish line and were reported missing when the line was compelled to fall back. Doubtless the loss in that hundred days of battle and skirmish was about 40,000. Many fell on the woody slope of Pine mountain. Many on the tangled abatis of Kenesaw, who filled unknown graves.

Time has leveled the little billows of earth above their uncoffined corpse. The mourners in their faraway homes do not know where they fell; nor where they were buried. Their only requiem was the lonesome wail of the whippoorwill and the simple songs of the wild birds. But gentle Nature is kindly and in some quiet nook on the sunny side of the mountain or some grassy cove in the valley, where a comrade has turned the green sod with his bayonet above an unshrouded grave, the fragrant magnolia will diffuse a sweeter balm and the wild passion flower, winding its succulent tendrils above the waving grasses, will gather tears beneath the stars and shed them in the sunlight.

CHAPTER XII

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—THE TWO DAYS' DESPERATE BATTLE OF RESACA, GEORGIA



HE CAMPAIGNS and battles of 1864 rang the death knell of the Southern Confederacy. I believe the Confederacy would have collapsed from sheer exhaustion had no battles been fought in 1865. While in Washington recently, I found in the congressional library a copy of a Richmond, Va., Enquirer of June 29, 1864. I give some of the market quotations copied from this paper:

Quinine, $100 an ounce; tea, $22 a pound; coffee, $12 a pound; flour, $120 a barrel; corn, $12 a bushel; sugar, $900 a barrel; cavalry boots, $200 a pair; shoes, $125 a pair; army coats, $300; pants, $100; beans, $120 a bushel.

Hence Jeff Davis' salary of $10,000 a year as president, payable in Confederate money, would buy only 83½ bushels of beans and 33 pairs of cavalry boots, and the condition of the Confederate army was no better. Lack of clothing was serious. In a Louisiana brigade 400 men were barefoot and had

no underclothing or socks and 1,000 men in General D. H. Hill's division were without blankets or shoes.

In the Charleston, S. C., Mercury of the same date I find about the same deplorable figures and conditions. Another important factor in the situation was our effective blockade of all important seaports of the South, both on the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. We had 313 armed vessels in this blockade, covering all ports from Norfolk, Va., to the mouth of the Rio Grande river in Texas, 1,800 miles. Hence the Confederacy could neither export cotton nor import war munitions or medical supplies. None of the war historians of the North seem to have appreciated the blockade as a potent factor in the general discouragement.

While far-seeing leaders of the Confederacy recognized the fact that the Jeff Davis government was tottering to its downfall there was a determination everywhere apparent in 1864 to fight desperately to the bitter end. And the North was equally determined. Lincoln, as notice to the South and the world, issued three calls for soldiers in 1864. One for 500,000, one for 300,000 and one for 200,000—in all a million men.

Early in 1864 President Lincoln called General Grant from his western victories to the command of

the Army of the Potomac and all the armies of the Union, and the intrepid and invincible Sheridan was placed in command of all the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. A pall like a black night cloud hung over the Army of the Potomac before Grant assumed command. Up to 1864 we had six commanding generals of the Army of the Potomac. All except General Meade fought great battles and retreated. Grant fought great battles and went on. And Sheridan, at the head of our cavalry, drove General Early, the boldest and ablest cavalry general of the Confederacy, down and out of the Shenandoah valley and redeemed the most fertile region of old Virginia to the Union arms.

That other Ohio soldier, General William Tecumseh Sherman, conceded to be the master genius of military strategy, organized in April, 1864, an army of veterans 100,000 strong, schooled in the hot crucible of battle and full of confidence in the wisdom and courage of the great commander. May 4 this army, camped in the heart of the Confederacy, was ready for battle. Ready for a campaign and battles, the most brilliant in achievement in all war's cruel and relentless history. A campaign that ended when the Confederate armies of the West were not only defeated but annihilated. For 100

days the valiant veterans of Sherman's army fought without ceasing—covering 100 miles of hostile territory and capturing the strongly intrenched gate city of the South. From Rocky Face mountain to Atlanta we followed the feathery fringe of skirmish smoke by day—and at night slept only fitful moments amid the red fury of the big guns. General Sherman, at the opening of the Atlanta campaign, was 337 miles from his base of supplies, Louisville, and 152 miles, from Nashville to Chattanooga, was only a single track railroad.

Southern historians of the war invariably magnify the size of the Union army in this campaign and underestimate the number of effective soldiers of the Confederate army. These writers generally estimate General Sherman's army at 120,000 and General Johnston's at 60,000. The latter claimed General Sherman had about double this number. General Hood, who commanded an army corps of the Confederate army from Rocky Face May 4 to Peach Tree Creek July 18, estimates the Gray army at the beginning of the campaign at more than 72,000 and verifies these figures by quoting official reports of the adjutant general.

I propose to give the facts from reliable official reports. Sherman had an army at the start of the

Atlanta campaign of 88,188 infantry, 4,460 artillery, 5,549 cavalry and 254 cannon. Of this number 6,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry were detailed to guard 337 miles of railroad to his base of supplies. And this whole perilous advance was through hostile territory. While General Joe Johnston may have had only 60,000 effective soldiers along the entrenched line of Rocky Face Mountain, he had two army corps; one commanded by General Hardee and another by General Hood in the immediate vicinity. He also had 4,000 cavalry.

These two corps with the cavalry gave Johnston an available army of 72,000 and Sherman, after deducting details to guard his line of communication, had an army of 90,197. All war experts agree that to attack an army behind formidable entrenchments the attacking army should have two to one. Yet at the outset of this unprecedented campaign Sherman's army stood at the ratio of only 9 to 7.

From the start General Johnston adopted the Fabian policy—that is to worry the enemy with feints and surprises and attack at weak points, but avoid a general fight in an open field. The Roman General Quantus Fabius was responsible for the Fabian policy. He wore out with feints and false move-

ments and sudden retreats the superior army of Hannibal. This was 2,150 years ago.

Our army of the Ohio, known in the Atlanta campaign as the 23rd Army Corps, commanded by Major General John M. Schofield, left Mossy Creek, East Tenn., April 26, and made the long march to Red Clay, Ga., arriving May 21, in time to take an active part in the attack on Rocky Face Mountain. One day's battle in front of Rocky Face Mountain satisfied General Sherman, after losing 1,000 men of our army in killed and wounded, that it was an impregnable fortress. His next move (a wise one) was through Snake Creek Gap, which General Joe Johnston, for some unaccountable reason, had failed to fortify. By this strategic movement General Johnston was compelled to abandon Rocky Face and retreat to Resaca, also strongly fortified.

Our division was actively engaged at Resaca both days—May 14 and 15—resulting in the defeat and retreat of Johnston's army. My regiment lost heavily at Resaca through the criminal neglect of General Henry M. Judah of the regular army, in command of our division. General Judah sent us into a disastrous charge without artillery support when he had 20 big guns at his command. In this fateful charge we were subjected to a continuous fire

of musketry and artillery behind an open field and had to cross a deep and muddy creek practically impassable by infantry.

As Van Horne, in his history, says: "To be shot and drowned in a muddy creek." The horse I rode that day, a thoroughbred, jumped the creek, and was the only horse on the charging line that was not killed. The next morning I went to General Schofield's headquarters and explained the negligence of General Judah and Judah was relieved of his command and General Milo S. Hascall, an alert, brave and competent officer, was placed in command of our division.

Captain Thurstin, in his history of the Atlanta campaign, says of that muddy creek:

"We were made the victims of an inexcusable blunder. The ridge from which we charged was much higher than the opposite ridge occupied by the enemy, and had our artillery been placed on it we could have silenced the rebel guns, covered our charge and given us victory instead of defeat."

The night after the battle Adjutant Thurstin and myself, accompanied by the pioneers of my regiment, with spades, went down to the battlefield beyond the muddy creek to give the brave boys who fell in the advance soldiers' burials. Lieutenant

Leander Hutchinson of Company F, Defiance, was lying with upturned face in the advance, a beautiful boy—a placid face. He seemed in the moonlight to have died without agony. In his coat pocket I found a letter from his sweetheart, an encouraging letter, invoking the God of battles to protect her brave boy and bring him home to her and thus save her from never-ending despair.

As I stood in that misty midnight gloom with my dead comrades all around on the damp grass, red with precious blood, I thought of the thousands of devoted women in far away homes who will be sitting silent and brooding for a lost son or husband or father when the fearful story of Resaca is told.

The next day our brigade was transferred to the left of the army to support General Hooker, commanding the 20th corps, whose line was threatened. We formed on the left of General Hooker and in a successful charge broke the battle line of the enemy's right and captured some 400 prisoners, mostly wounded. That night, May 15, General Johnston took his army out of Resaca and the next morning we entered as victors—a costly victory.

Our next halt was at Cassville, where we found the enemy army strongly entrenched. We later learned Johnston decided to give battle at Cassville,

but suddenly changed his mind after he had issued a thrilling appeal to his army to stand firm and "drive the brazen Yankee invaders from our heritage and our homes."

Our corps was severely engaged at Burnt Hickory. The Confederate commander threw his whole army in solid ranks across our front in the woods and made an effort to smash our corps, without success. It was a perilous day. Our heavy line of advance skirmishers, the 23rd Michigan and 107th Illinois, encountered a charge in force and were pushed back and broken. Colonel Bond, in command of our brigade, ordered me to make a counter charge with my regiment. We rushed to the attack with fixed bayonets and found the enemy, firing a volley. This broke their line. Their line overlapped the left of my regiment and we were exposed a few minutes to an enfilading fire, which lost us 50 brave boys killed or wounded severely.

One of the most desperately wounded was Comrade Gould of Company K. A minnie ball, full force at short range, struck him in the neck, just missed the jugular vein and cut off a portion of his tongue. It was diverted upward when it hit his jaw, tore out his right eye and a portion of the frontal bone. He was lying in the woods, apparently dead, when the

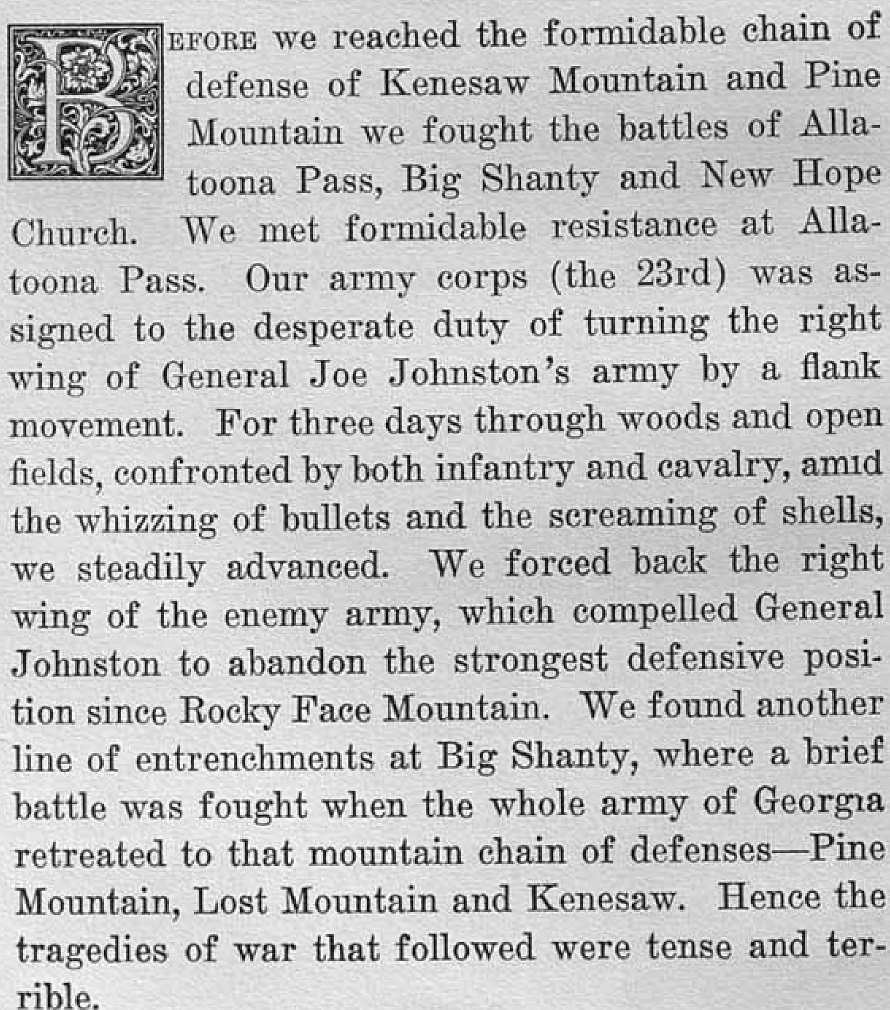
stretcher bearers went over the field gathering the wounded. He revived and pleaded to be carried back to the field hospital. He recovered and I understand he lives in Clyde, O. Our brigade surgeon said it was the most remarkable recovery in all the records of desperate battle wounds.

Comrade Charles Rump of Company H made a remarkable escape. A musket ball at short range struck the big brass shield of his waist belt, but the tough mass of brass and lead stopped the bullet and only gave Rump an acute stomach ache. After that Rump never grumbled about the weight of his waist shield.

Of course we won the battle of Burnt Hickory. Our next fight was at Pumpkinville Creek, a few miles southeast.

CHAPTER XIII

BATTLES OF ALLATOONA PASS, PINE MOUNTAIN AND KENESAW—GENERAL SHERMAN'S MISTAKE



BEFORE we reached the formidable chain of defense of Kenesaw Mountain and Pine Mountain we fought the battles of Allatoona Pass, Big Shanty and New Hope Church. We met formidable resistance at Allatoona Pass. Our army corps (the 23rd) was assigned to the desperate duty of turning the right wing of General Joe Johnston's army by a flank movement. For three days through woods and open fields, confronted by both infantry and cavalry, amid the whizzing of bullets and the screaming of shells, we steadily advanced. We forced back the right wing of the enemy army, which compelled General Johnston to abandon the strongest defensive position since Rocky Face Mountain. We found another line of entrenchments at Big Shanty, where a brief battle was fought when the whole army of Georgia retreated to that mountain chain of defenses—Pine Mountain, Lost Mountain and Kenesaw. Hence the tragedies of war that followed were tense and terrible.

The charge of Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, was fittingly characterized at a reunion of the Army of the Cumberland five years after the war by General Dawes of Ohio, when he said: "We failed at Kenesaw because success was impossible."

The Jeff Davis government in Richmond hailed the contest on Kenesaw as a dire disaster to the Union army and President Lincoln, who was in the campaign for re-election, was deeply depressed. After a conference with Secretary of War Stanton, General Sherman was asked for an explanation.

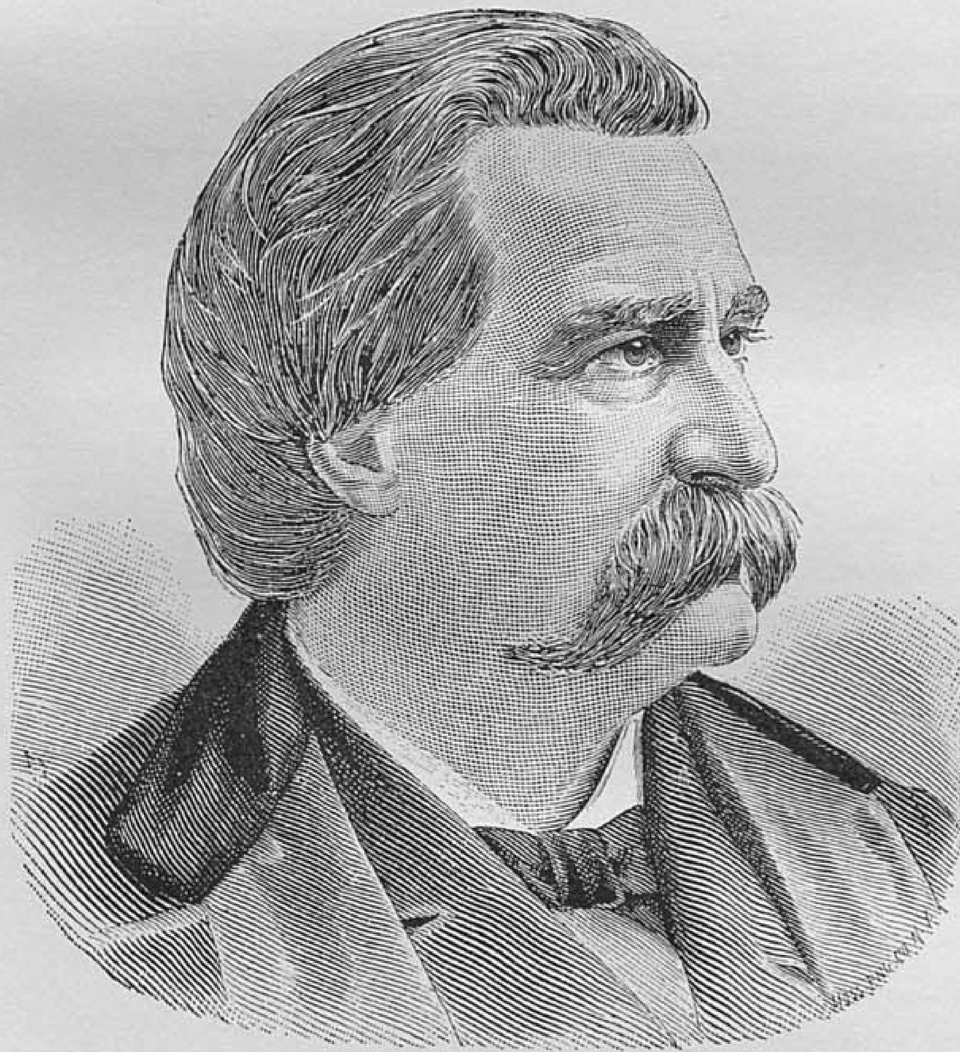
July 3 General Sherman telegraphed to General Grant at Petersburg, Va., that he intended to break the center of Joe Johnston's army, then rush all his reserves and confuse, demoralize and defeat the rebel army by crushing the left wing; but when General McCook and General Harker were killed and Colonel Rice, Colonel Harmon and Colonel Shane and 20 other gallant officers were killed or wounded, our assault was halted. I never learned what credit either Lincoln or Grant gave Sherman's explanatory message.

Before reaching Kenesaw Mountain front our corps marched 13 miles one night from the extreme left to the extreme right of our army. This brought our brigade in front of Pine Mountain, a high,

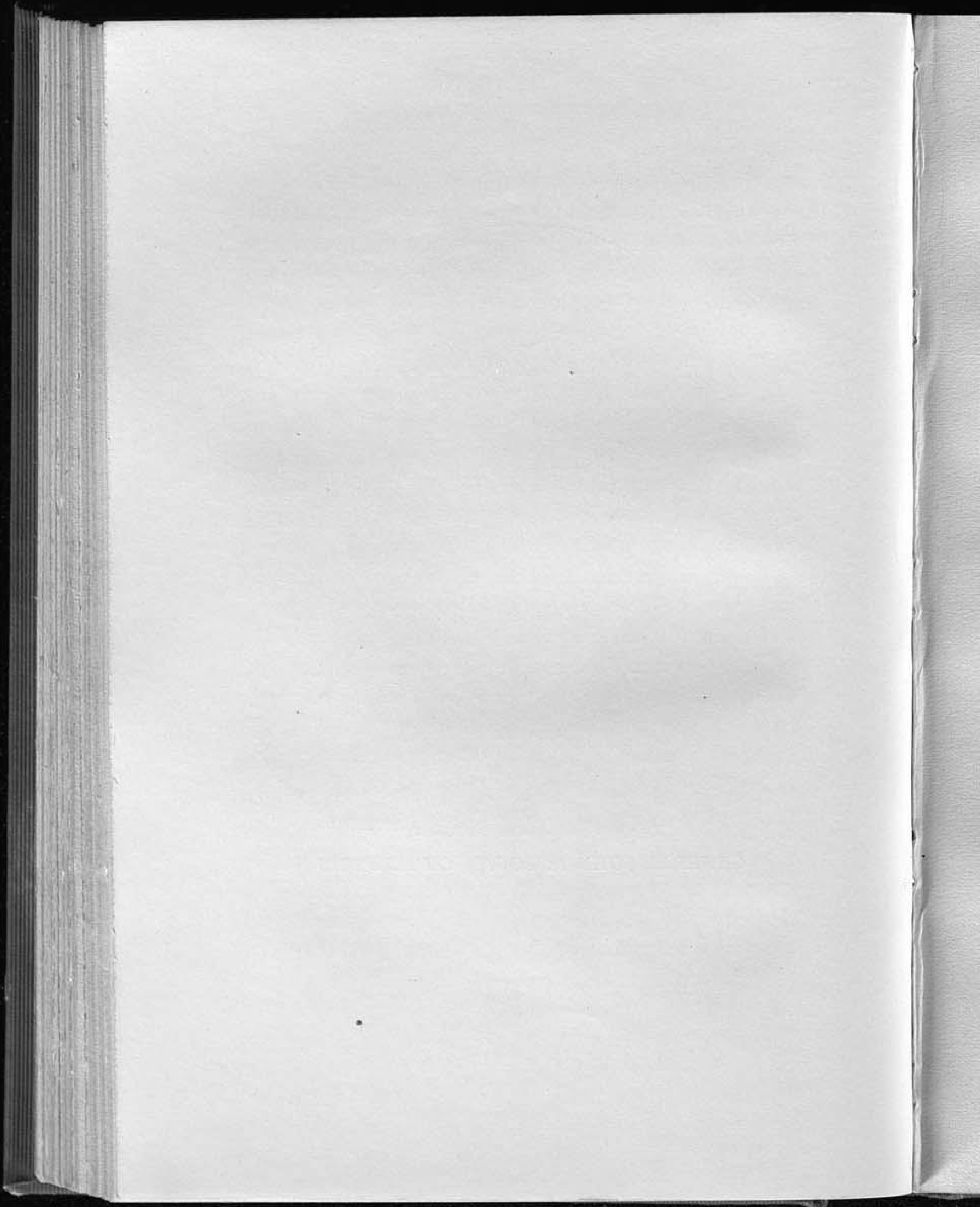
short mountain in front of Lost Mountain. The morning after our arrival I was ordered by General Hascall to take command of the division skirmishers and make a formidable demonstration against the enemy on the slope of Pine Mountain. This line of skirmishers, with select details, covered nearly a mile of territory with four guns of Captain Knapp's battery in support.

Owing to underbrush it was a difficult line to keep in sight or in proper alignment. We had a rapid exchange of musketry with enemy sharpshooters concealed in the dense foliage or behind trees, but our boys were experts in woodcraft warfare and we drove back the line until we had a fair view of the entrenchments on the mountain side. As I was riding a white horse, the sharpshooters took me for a target and swift bullets zipped through the foliage and spattered the ground around me. That was very uncomfortable. After we had established an advanced line of pickets I ordered my bugler, Greene, to sound a halt. We were in full view of the earthworks on the mountain side. One gun of Knapp's battery came forward and fired a well-timed fuse shell at the embrasure in the entrenchments, where an enemy battery was planted.

This shell, which exploded just behind a caisson,



GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN OF ILLINOIS



killed Lieutenant General Polk, commander on Pine Mountain. General Polk was the first and only lieutenant general killed in battle during the four years' war. Two other lieutenant generals died of wounds, Stonewall Jackson, wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863, died May 10, and A. P. Hill, wounded at Petersburg, April 2, 1865. General Polk was a graduate of West Point and was a leading bishop of the Episcopal Church South when the war opened.

That night General Johnston abandoned Pine Mountain and planted the left wing of his army on Lost Mountain on a line with Kenesaw. We made a flank movement in force to the right and rear of Lost Mountain, which forced General Johnston to retire his army from this entire chain of mountain defenses. He made a stand at Nickajack Creek, where a battle was fought, and then took a position on a range of fortified hills on the east bank of Big Chattahooche river.

When our army reached the west bank of the river we discovered a line of entrenchments with cannon on the wooded hills on the opposite bank. That night after twilight I received an order from General Hascall, commanding our division, that we would attempt a crossing of the river at daybreak

and that my regiment would take the advance. I went back to General Hascall's headquarters, where I learned our engineers would lay a pontoon bridge across the river at night and that I was to make the first crossing in the early dawn with my regiment and charge up the hill with fixed bayonets, capture the battery and disperse the infantry, and that the whole division, with Parrott guns planted on the west bank during the night, would engage the rebel battery and infantry across the river. This impressed me as a bold, critical and desperate job. As I left General Hascall's tent I looked upward to a purple tinted sky and saw the slim rim of a new moon over my left shoulder. From my boyhood to maturity I had been told by superstitious and more aged superiors that seeing a slim moon over the left shoulder meant bad luck that month and I was severely depressed with the conviction that my career as a soldier would end the next morning, but it was far different. The left shoulder new moon sign was a cheerful failure.

In the early dawn, before the hot Georgia sun had risen, my brave boys were up with bayonets fixed, with 40 rounds of ammunition in their belts and ready for either death or victory. We had half crossed the bridge before we were discovered by the

enemy. We reached the opposite bank before the belch and scream of grape and canister and minnie balls sputtered over our heads. We were in a hurry and charged up the steep wooded hill and captured the four-gun battery, the gunners and a few of the musketeers who failed to double quick to the rear. By noon our whole division, except our artillery, was across the Chattahooche river. Hence what seemed like a perilous, if not impossible, demonstration, was a thrilling success.

The wooded hill was so steep enemy gunners could not depress the cannon sufficiently to strike us. They only made harsh and unnerving music overhead, but too close to be comfortable. Farther down the river to our right General Sherman had forced a crossing of the river under protection of massed batteries of big guns and General Joe Johnston took a night march to rest behind the extensive line of formidable defenses of Atlanta. We were 447 miles from our base of supplies, a critical condition for a big army.

Our army corps reached the vicinity of Peach Tree Creek July 19, the day preceding the desperate battle. July 18th President Davis, in response to demands of Southern leaders who were desperately discouraged over Johnston's series of retreats, re-

lieved Johnston from supreme command and placed the destiny of the army of Georgia in the hands of General John Bell Hood, the one-legged hero of Chickamauga.

As soon as General Sherman heard of this change of commanders he knew desperate fighting was just ahead, but he didn't anticipate it so soon. The battle of Peach Tree Creek was fought July 20, General Hood attacked our army in full fury and was defeated. Our 23rd Army Corps, two divisions, the 14th corps and the 20th won a victory in the open field against superior numbers. This was before an alignment had been completed. Our 23rd corps and the 14th corps, commanded by General Thomas, were separated by a gap. Our brigade, the Second, was on the extreme right of the corps and was subjected to an enfilading fire from enemy infantry. General Hascall ordered me to make a charge through the woods with my regiment and to yell as loudly as possible and develop the strength of the battle line of the enemy on our right. In this charge we broke the line of the enemy infantry behind hastily constructed earthworks, but it was costly.

Among officers severely wounded was Lieutenant Woodruff, stationed on the left flank of the regi-

ment. Woodruff was shot at close range through the loins, the bullets going through his body and cutting his elbow. We held the line until we had exhausted our ammunition, when we were relieved by a brigade sent by General Hascall. The brigade surgeon who examined Lieutenant Woodruff said the wound would prove fatal.

After the battle of July 22, known as the battle of Atlanta, our corps was ordered one night to march 13 miles from the left flank to the extreme right and my stretcher bearers carried Lieutenant Woodruff the whole distance, very feeble but hopeful, game and uncomplaining. And Lieutenant Woodruff is one of the only four officers of the regiment alive. If you want to see as game a soldier as ever carried a musket or sabre see Lieutenant Woodruff at Fostoria, Ohio.

Major Norris, a Wood county boy, lost his life by a bullet of a sharpshooter in front of Lost Mountain. He was a brave and constant officer. Before sunset, July 20, 1864, General Hood retired his defeated army behind the Atlanta entrenchments. He left 600 of his bravest dead on the battlefield and had 3,000 wounded. Two days later, when he found General McPherson's corps was six miles from the left of Sherman's army, he again sallied out in force and

made a violent attack, aiming to defeat and destroy McPherson's corps. General McPherson was killed early in the battle and for a time there was chaos and panic, but in the end Hood was defeated with heavy loss.

I commanded the skirmishers of our brigade the day we fought the battle of Atlanta. After we had driven back the forward line of the enemy skirmishers I took a position on an elevation at the right of the Howard House where General Sherman had his headquarters during the battle and where the body of General McPherson was brought on a stretcher. From this position I had a fair view of the formidable earthworks in front of Atlanta. I could see with my field glass a large force of men strengthening the works.

While I was standing there General Sherman came up and noting that I wore the sash across my right shoulder as the field officer of the day, asked me some questions as to conditions at the front. He took out his field glass and stood in front of a tree about two feet to the left. Suddenly I heard the whiz of a minnie ball. It came from a sharpshooter concealed in the deep foliage of a tree. It was a line shot, but penetrated the tree with a thud, about 12 inches above Sherman's head. Without a twinge

or a tremor General Sherman never took down his field glass. Soon he turned to our corps commander, General Schofield, who had arrived and stood a few paces in the rear, with the observation: "The men at work on our front are Georgia militia. They have on white shirts." It was not a minute later when a roar of artillery and infantry broke loud and threatening on our left. Hood had shot his guns and the memorable battle of Atlanta was on. I speedily returned to my regiment and was ordered to a position to the right of the Howard House to support 12 20-pound Parrott gun batteries, 12 guns that did such terrible execution during the battle. General Logan was ordered to the command of the seventeenth corps after General McPherson was killed. He did heroic service that day in saving the integrity of the corps and in winning a signal victory for our army.

After the battle President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton requested General Sherman to give General Logan command of the Seventeenth corps, but Logan was not a West Pointer, only a volunteer general, and the command was given to General O. O. Howard, a West Pointer.

Twenty-six Ohio regiments and 10 Ohio batteries (60 guns) won fame in the battle of Atlanta.

Thirty-six Ohio battle flags of blue and red and gold flamed on that desperate field. After Atlanta our corps was marched to the extreme right. July 28, near Ezra Church, General Hood made us fight another battle which further illustrated the folly of Hood's defensive tactics.

Aug. 25 we attacked Hood's left wing at Utoy Creek. Our brigade made a bayonet charge and carried the enemy works. We were also in the battles of Jonesboro and Lovejoy Station. Sept. 1 General Hood and his army abandoned Atlanta. That night we were suddenly awakened from a fitful sleep by a series of loud explosions. I arose to witness a lurid light against the sky and the boys also were up and curious. Was it a battle or a calamity? We soon learned that Atlanta had been won.

General Hood applied the torch to the arsenal and all war material he couldn't move. He left 20 cannon and hundreds of small arms. He also destroyed eight locomotives and 81 cars loaded with ammunition and supplies. The explosion of ammunition was heard 20 miles away. Three days later our army made the triumphal march through Atlanta. There were no flowers, no waving of lace handkerchiefs, no applause. Not a woman was seen on the streets and not a man smiled approval as

Old Glory was strung out by a hundred regiments. We had a reception there like the Greeks met when they invaded ancient Troy inside the wooden horse.

The only woman to give us a cheer was Dr. Mary Walker, who was standing on the upper balcony of the leading hotel in the full uniform of a major of cavalry, boots, spurs, yellow trimmings and yellow shoulder straps. All the boys in blue cheered Dr. Mary Walker. She was an angel of mercy in the camps, hospitals and battlefields of the Atlanta campaign. She earned the right to wear man-like clothes during all the days of her life. Unquestionably Dr. Mary Walker was the greatest self-made man in American history.

And yet the generation following the war failed to remember her heroic sacrifices and treated her as a joke. How soon we forget! For the first five centuries of the Christian era the bishops of Rome wore bonnets.

After all the noise and tumult encountered in reaching Atlanta we enjoyed that quiet triumphal march that day. The victory of Atlanta and General Sheridan's victories in the Shenandoah valley, Virginia, changed depression and gloom in the North to hope, cheerfulness and courage.

CHAPTER XIV

GENERAL SHERMAN'S MESSAGE TO GENERAL CORSE—
"HOLD THE FORT, FOR I AM COMING"—
GENERAL HOOD'S MISTAKE

OT MANY singers of songs today know the origin of the stirring war lyric "Hold The Fort For I Am Coming." This poem and music, both written by Professor P. P. Bliss, a composer of gospel melodies, had the battle of Allatoona Pass, Ga., as its inspiration.

"Hold the fort, for I am coming—
Fierce and long the battle rages
But our help is near,
Onward comes our great commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer."

Although Professor Bliss is forgotten, his hero-inspired song is still a vivid vibrating melody and is being sung in Sunday schools and churches all over the United States. October 4, 1864, our brigade was making a forced march to save our imperiled army in front of Allatoona Pass where we had immense military and commissary stores.

General French's whole division of Confederates, aided by cavalry and several batteries of artillery, was making a series of desperate assaults on the fortress. Brigadier General Corse was in command of the fort and refused to surrender, although his army was outnumbered three to one. It was during the fury of the conflict that General Sherman signalled to General Corse from Kenesaw mountain: "Hold the fort, for I am coming." We made fast time that day and reached the fort in time to save our little army and all supplies.

The enemy made a precipitate retreat when our first volley was fired 600 yards in their rear, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. It was a bloody field of about four acres in front of the fort. The enemy loss in killed and wounded was 1,000.

Hence the slogan and the song, "Hold the fort, for I am coming." Our loss was 700 hundred killed and wounded. General Corse was wounded. For courage and stamina in this unequal fight President Lincoln made General Corse a major general.

Oct. 7 General Sherman arrived at Allatoona Pass. On the ninth day he sent the following dispatch to Lieutenant General Grant at City Point, Va.:

"It will be a physical impossibility to protect

the railroads, now that Hood, Forest and Wheeler, and the whole batch of devils are turned loose. I propose that we break up the railroad from Chattanooga and strike out with wagons for Savannah. By attempting to hold the roads we will lose 1,000 men monthly. I can make the march and make Georgia howl."

Neither General Grant nor President Lincoln approved General Sherman's proposal at that time. They opposed the surrender of Tennessee, Northern Alabama and Georgia to the enemy after the loss of so many thousand lives. Later, after determined pleading by General Sherman, the march through Georgia was approved by General Grant.

After the fall of Atlanta General Hood retired his army to points of vantage and safety and added 5,000 recruits to both infantry and cavalry. He had a formidable force of cavalry under Generals Forrest and Wheeler. We had possession of a vast territory. Still General Hood with his army was an impending menace. It was a critical situation. We were holding too much territory to protect effectively and too far from our base of supplies. Suddenly and in full force General Hood started a movement to the north and west of Atlanta, led by all his cavalry, struck General Sherman's railroad line of

communication west of the Chattahooche river and tore up the tracks and burned the cross ties for 20 miles. This left General Sherman's army in a critical situation. I voice the expressed judgment of General Grant, General George H. Thomas and General Schofield that our army was only saved from defeat and disaster at Spring Hill, Tenn., and Franklin, by the mistakes and blunders of General Hood and his subordinate commanders.

General Schofield, in his history, published after the war, claims the march through Georgia by General Sherman was a mistake. If his object was to defeat Lee's army defending the Confederate government at Richmond, he should have made a direct march through East Tennessee via Knoxville and follow the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad and struck Lee's rear either at Roanoke, Va., or Raleigh, N. C., and destroyed his base of supplies. General Lee would then have been compelled to abandon his entrenched position in front of Richmond and fight in the open or starve. The distance from Atlanta to either Roanoke or Raleigh is only a third the distance via Savannah. General Grant evidently was of the same opinion, as he telegraphed General Sherman that his first and most important duty was to defeat and destroy General Hood's army.

That was more important than winning new territory. Later General Grant agreed to allow Sherman to make the march through Georgia, but he didn't suspect or anticipate Sherman would take the bulk of his army on this extensive raid and leave only a fragment behind to meet General Hood's formidable army. It was the opinion of General Thomas and General Schofield and all the ranking officers that General Sherman should not have taken more than 25,000 soldiers on his march through Georgia. He didn't meet 10,000 hostile soldiers in the entire march from Atlanta until he reached Savannah on the Atlantic sea coast. General Sherman took 60,000 infantry, 5,500 cavalry, 65 pieces of artillery and nearly all his pontoon equipment.

Nov. 21 our army was at Columbia, Tenn., on the north bank of Duck River two counties south of Nashville. We were confronting General Hood's army on the south bank. General Hood's purpose was to force a crossing of the river and defeat our army, capture Nashville and restore Tennessee to the Confederacy. He had a vastly superior army in effective numbers—204 regiments of infantry and 108 big guns. We had only 85 regiments of infantry and 65 big guns. In cavalry General Hood

had a largely superior force. General Thomas, with headquarters at Nashville, was in supreme command and General Schofield was commanding our army in the field. While General Hood was making a demonstration in our immediate front with cavalry and artillery he was five miles up the river to our left, at a crossing General Schofield had failed to guard, and had crossed the bulk of his army and artillery and was marching to our rear to the great surprise of General Schofield.

Immediately General Schofield ordered a retreat. Colonel Orlando H. Moore of the regular army was then commanding our brigade. He came to me with a special order detailing my regiment to occupy the line on the north bank of Duck river until midnight and then fall back and rejoin the brigade in the rear. I asked Colonel Moore where I would find him at midnight and he replied: "I will send you a guide."

Just at nightfall there was a roar of artillery and a rattle of musketry in our rear. A moment later a cavalry officer came riding down the road at full speed, and as he approached our line he shouted: "They are fighting at Spring Hill." Spring Hill is 10 miles north of Duck River. I knew then the situation was desperate. In about 25

minutes the roar of artillery at Spring Hill ceased, I was under orders to hold that line until midnight, but when Colonel Moore gave me the order he didn't know the enemy was in our rear in force.

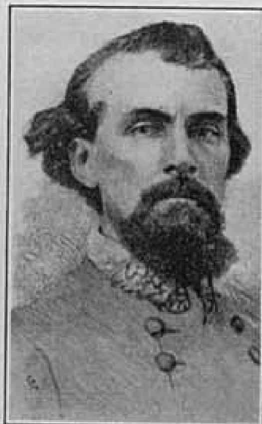
I felt the situation called for quick action to save my command from capture or annihilation. I decided to fall back and take all desperate chances, as a new emergency had happened. I moved my regiment to the left until I reached the Franklin and Columbia pike, near the block house protecting the railroad bridge. Here I found a captain of the 24th Missouri regiment with his company guarding the bridge. And he had no orders to fall back. He joined his fate with mine and ordered his company to fall in behind my regiment. He said: "I approve your action and will share your peril."

Together we started our march to the north with no guide but the North star. Just about midnight, as we were approaching Spring Hill, we saw the glimmer of bivouac fires, but didn't know whether this army was friend or foe. I halted my small command, ordered silence in the ranks and rode forward to make observations. It was a starlit night with occasional clouds, but no moon.

When I arrived near enough to make observations I saw stacks of guns revealed by the light of

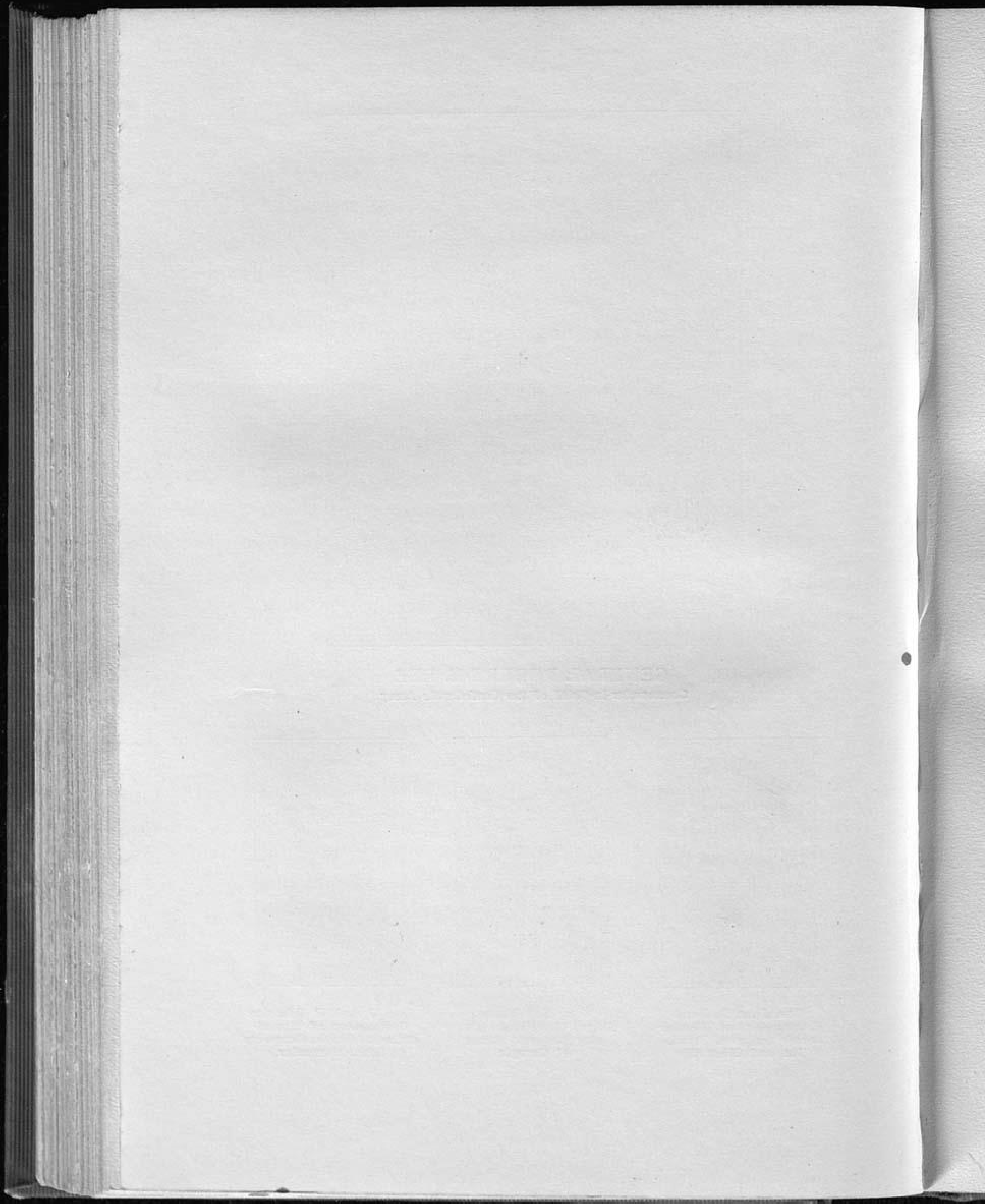
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE
Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army

Gen. John B. Hood
Commander of Confederate Army at Franklin and Nashville



Gen. Ned Forest
Ablest Confederate Cavalry General, Army of Georgia

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston
Commander of Confederates, Atlanta Campaign
Final Surrender



the bivouac fires and I saw human figures moving about, indicating the presence of a large army. I saw a man approaching on horseback, but it was too dark to distinguish his uniform and I couldn't tell whether he was friend or foe. As he drew nearer I called out: "Whose division is that on the left?" He replied: "General Cleburne's." I answered: "All right" and turned and rode back at a gallop to tell my boys we were in the immediate presence of the whole Confederate army. The officer I met was evidently putting out his outposts in the rear of the army. I have always been grateful to an overruling Providence, who guided our destiny that night.

I felt our only safety from capture was a silent march to the left to avoid the enemy pickets and cavalry outposts. I felt sure the enemy cavalry was on the right flank. I made a detour to the left across fields and fences and plantations for at least three miles, when I turned to the right. At four o'clock on the morning of Nov. 30 we reached the Franklin pike, where we met the last section of our wagon trains with the muleteers hurrying north whipping and cursing the animals. Just at dawn, when my tired and sleepy veterans were marching alongside the wagon train, a battalion of enemy cavalry that

had formed over a hill at our right swooped down on us with drawn sabres and that defiant rebel yell that we heard so often in the Atlanta campaign. I gave the command:

"By the right flank halt! Commence firing!"

Ad Fulton strung out our regimental colors and the Missouri captain lined up on our right. We fired a volley at the bold raiders, who thought to capture our last wagon train. Then I gave the order to fix bayonets. The bold captain of the raiders pulled up his charging steed, his followers soon followed and the cavalry cavalcade scattered in swift retreat. A tired soldier on foot with a musket and a bayonet at the muzzle is not scared by a cavalryman with a sabre, because you can't ride a horse against a pointed bayonet.

Spring Hill was General Hood's first blunder and it was our good luck, and only luck, that saved our army from being split in the middle and defeated. General Hood just at nightfall ordered General Cheatham, an educated and experienced soldier, to attack our army at Spring Hill with his whole corps of some 20,000 veterans and take possession of the road, our only line of retreat. At that time we had only a brigade on Spring Hill, but as good luck was on our side, two batteries of artil-

lery were moving to the rear on Spring Hill just when General Cheatham made his attack. These 12 guns unlimbered to the left of our brigade of infantry and opened a furious fire with grape shot and canister on Cheatham's charging veterans. This halted Cheatham's army. He reported to General Hood that General Schofield's whole army was at Spring Hill. The next day, when General Hood learned we had only a brigade at Spring Hill he called General Cheatham to his headquarters and cursed him violently. (General Hood had a venomous vocabulary of cuss words.) He then sent a telegram to President Jeff Davis at Richmond to replace General Cheatham at once with a competent corps commander; which Davis did not do.

These were days of peril and nights of more peril. We were still on the march—two nights without sleep, two days without rations and facing a destiny more desperate, more destructive of human life than any army ever faced before or since. We had marched 30 miles since leaving Duck river, testing to the utmost physical endurance and involved in perils never to be forgotten by those who survived the ordeal. At 10:30 a. m., Nov. 30, we reached the valley of the Harputh river and saw the little town of Franklin in the distance, soon to be the scene of the bloodiest battle of all history.

CHAPTER XV

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN, THE BLOODIEST BATTLE OF THE WAR—THIRTEEN GENERALS KILLED OR WOUNDED

THE BATTLE of Franklin, fought Nov. 30, 1864, was the most destructive of human life, in proportion to the number engaged, of any battle in the four years' war. It was the fiercest death grapple of all battles on either continent. Thirty-six authentic recitals have been published in book form of this battle, North and South, and all agree it pointed the most signal gesture to the speedy downfall of the Southern Confederacy. Even the president of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, in his after-the-war book, "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," classes the battle of Franklin as the bloodiest of the war.

Major General Schofield, who commanded the Union army at Franklin, has been criticized by war students and writers because he was not on the field during the battle and because he placed his lines of defense in front of a river which would prevent safe retreat of his army in case of defeat. It is said General Thomas, supreme commander, ordered General

Schofield to make his defensive stand on the north bank of the Harpeth river, in order to put the river between the two armies and give the Union army an open road to Nashville in case of defeat or disaster.

Several prominent soldiers who were in the battle of Franklin have criticized General Schofield because he didn't appear on the field. I never have joined in this criticism because of my high regard for General Schofield as commanding officer and soldier during the hundred days' Atlanta campaign.

Captain Shellebarger of Company C, 64th Ohio veterans, was in the Franklin battle. He is a brother of Congressman Shellebarger of Nebraska and formerly governor of that state. In 1916 Captain Shellebarger published a book on the battle of Franklin. As he has a record which entitles him to be heard, I quote without comment an extract from his book:

"General Schofield was sitting idly in Dr. Cliffe's house in Franklin just before the battle, indifferent to reports that were coming to him, when he skedaddled for the fort across the river as soon as the firing began, abandoning the conduct of the battle to his subordinates."

I am not attempting to rewrite history; only to give my memories of a day never to be forgotten.

It was 3:30 Nov. 30, 1864, that General Hood, commanding the gray army, sat on his war horse under a wide spreading linden tree overlooking the little town of Franklin. He threw the stump of his leg that was shot off at Chickamauga over the pommel of his saddle, pulled out his field glass and took a survey of the Union army, in plain sight in the valley below.

Of this scene John Trotwood Moore, historian and state librarian of Tennessee, says in his book on the battle:

"It was the silence that always precedes a great battle. Presently the silence was broken by the soft strains of music which floated up from the town below. It was the Federal band playing "Just Before the Battle, Mother." The men in gray on the hill and the men in the valley below listened. There were tears in many eyes, as the pathetic words were well remembered.

'Just Before the Battle, Mother,
'I Am Thinking Most of You.' "

I remember the scene just before the battle, as described by John Trotwood Moore; I see it now as I saw it then—a lovely valley basking in the mel-

low glory of November sunshine. I see the little town of Franklin, quiet yet restless, just inside the circle of the Federal lines. These lines extended from river to river. Suddenly General Hood closed his field glasses, wheeled his horse and rode back to General Stewart, with the command: "General, we will charge the Federal lines in front." Stewart formed his corps on the right. General Cheatham formed his corps on the left. A cannon on the ridge sounded the signal for the charge. With bayonets fixed the heavy columns, all veterans, marched with a steady and even tread down the slope. The fiercest and bloodiest battle of the centuries was on. General Forest's cavalry on the extreme right rested on the Harpeth river.

In 1874 a Southern soldier who was in that battle line with General Cleburne, wrote a valuable article on this marvelous charge in the Southern Magazine, then edited by General Bazil Duke of Louisville. I quote a paragraph:

"The hottest part of the line was a black-locust thicket just at the right of the Columbia pike."

This is correct; I was at that part of the line. I have a distinct recollection of that locust thicket and I can see now, as I saw then, that waving line of shining bayonets as it rushed to the works with that

defiant rebel yell, and the mad, murderous conflict that followed.

My horse "Firefly" was shot at the first onset. On the immediate left of my regiment our line was broken and a brigade was forced back in confusion. General Cox, in command of our army on the battlefield, in his valuable history of Franklin (page 131) says:

"When the front line gave way, Moore's brigade was seriously involved. Colonel Sherwood, commanding the left regiment of the brigade, had his men fix bayonets and prepare for a hand-to-hand fight on the parapet."

General Cleburne, commander of a division, was leading the charge of the gray army. His horse was fatally shot within 50 yards of our front. Then he attempted to lead his division on foot, but he fell fatally pierced by minnie balls. General Carter fell, mortally wounded, before reaching our line. Brigadier General Strahl reached the ditch. He stood on the bodies of the dead and gave commands, trying to rally his men. He was shot dead. Just in front of my regiment, facing that famous locust thicket, General Cockrell of Missouri was wounded. (This officer recovered and was later United States senator from Missouri). Two brigades to the left

General George W. Gordon of Tennessee was wounded and captured. Not a hundred yards to the right lay General Granberry dead, close to the Federal line. General Walthal, at the left of my command, had two horses shot under him and was wounded.

General John Adams, who was leading his brigade, fell mortally wounded in front of the brigade of Colonel Jack Casement of Ohio. Deeply touched with his splendid courage Colonel Casement had cotton brought from the old cotton gin nearby and placed under the head of the dying soldier, saying as a last word: "You are too brave a man to die." In the full fury of the contest, when a whole brigade front of our line of battle was held by a cordon of the gray army three lines deep, Colonel Emerson Updyke of Ohio, who was commanding a brigade in reserve, without waiting for orders, led a charge against the furious hosts of Hood and not only stunned them but partially restored our broken lines. The salvation of our army at Franklin is due to General Updyke's quick and heroic action.

Thirteen Confederate generals were either dead or wounded. Colonels were commanding divisions and captains were commanding regiments. Colonel Banks of Mississippi in his war book pub-

lished in 1908 says (and he was in the battle):

"In addition to the 13 generals killed or wounded 45 colonels were killed or wounded and eight others were missing."

Here is the list. Killed: Generals Gist, Cleburne, Adams, Strahl and Granberry. Wounded: Generals Gordon, Brown, Carter, Cockrell, Scott, Manigault, Quarles and Walthall.

About 9 o'clock at night, when there was a lull in musketry firing, the wails of the wounded and the dying were heart-rending; but the smoke had settled on the field in front so dense that vision was obscured 100 yards away. I was then in command of the battle line of the brigade, as all officers of the brigade of higher rank had been killed or wounded. I gave the order to cease firing. Standing on our hastily constructed breastworks (about four feet high) I saw a gray figure approaching on his hands and knees, moaning piteously. I jumped over the earthworks and pulled him over to our side. He lived only a few minutes. His last words, "We are all cut to pieces—Oh, God, what will become of my poor mother?" He was from Missouri, General Cockrell's brigade.

And what a night that was.

After the battle the dead lay around the breast-

works from river to river. Outside the breastworks in a wider line from river to river—a wider and thicker line—lay the Confederate dead. Amid the smoke and grime of battle and under the dun clouds of smoke almost hiding the stars, the blue and the gray looked the same. I stood on the parapet just before midnight and saw all that could be seen, I saw and heard all that my eyes could see, or my rent soul contemplate in such an awful environment. It was a spectacle to appall the stoutest heart. A Nashville poet wrote:

"Ten thousand men, when the warfare was o'er,
"Lay on the battlefield crimsoned in gore."

The wounded, shivering in the chilled November air; the heart-rending cries of the desperately wounded and the prayers of the dying filled me with an anguish that no language can describe. From that hour to this I have hated war.

The editor of the Nashville Times was on that battlefield. In an editorial, Dec. 3, three days after the battle, he says:

"The 111th Ohio Infantry, Colonel Sherwood commanding, was exposed to the shock of the fierce charges at Franklin and stood firm with signal valor.

Its losses were very severe. Of its officers, Lieutenants Bennett and Curtis were killed, Major McCord was severely wounded, Captains Southworth and Dowling were very severely wounded, also Lieutenants Baker, Beery, Kintigh and Dalton."

Colonel Orlando H. Moore, the assigned commander of our brigade, issued a general order after the battle in which our brigade was given credit for saving the integrity of the battle line in the severest crisis of the battle, with especial reference to my regiment. I quote a paragraph from Colonel Moore's general order:

"Headquarters Second Brigade, Second Division, 23rd Corps, Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 2, 1864. General orders:

"The heroic spirit which inspired the command was forcibly illustrated by the gallant 111th regiment of Ohio infantry (Colonel Sherwood commanding) on the left flank of the brigade. When the enemy carried the works on their left they stood firm and crossed bayonets with them, holding them in check. By command of Orlando H. Moore, commanding Second Brigade."

Colonel Lowry of the 107th Illinois, just at the right of my regiment, was killed at the first onset. Three minutes later Colonel Mervin Clark, com-

manding the 183rd Ohio, was killed. His regiment was on the immediate left of the 111th Ohio and was forced back in the first onslaught. He was a brave soldier of many battles, but his regiment was under fire for the first time. He refused to fall back and stood waving his sword at the left of my regiment.

I rushed to his side and yelled in his ears: "Go back and rally your regiment." He was shot dead, falling against me. A report was sent to the field hospital that I was killed. My faithful orderly, Joe Gingery, who was assisting the operating surgeons, obtained a stretcher and started for the front with the intention of taking my body to the field hospital. He was shot dead 20 yards from our line of battle. My regiment lost more soldiers in killed and wounded than any regiment of the Union army. I make this statement after a careful investigation of the casualty list of every Union regiment in the battle.

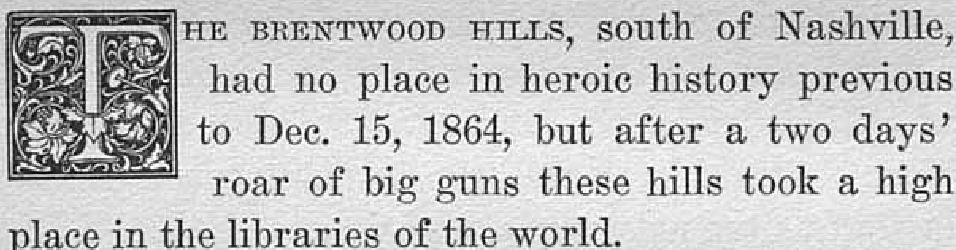
The battle of Franklin broke the morale and aggressive spirit of General Hood's army. It made possible the decisive victory of General Thomas at Nashville. Franklin dug the grave of the Confederacy and Nashville sounded the requiem. These two battles were fought only 15 miles and 15 days apart.

When the true story of this war is written the valley of the Harpeth river and the Brentwood hills, south of Nashville, will become the valor-crowned fields where the destiny of the Southern Confederacy was settled.

The final day was Appomattox, four months after Franklin; but Appomattox was not a battle. It was an event—a surrender. Four months before Appomattox the black curtain of destiny had fallen on the vast stage of human grief and woe amid the lurid lights of flashing guns. The epochal date was April, 1865, but the forces that made that day possible were marshalled on the green gray hills around Harpeth river. At midnight on the battlefield of Franklin, the finger of destiny was lifted, pointing the open road to Appomattox.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE—LAST GREAT BATTLE AND VICTORY WEST OF THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS



THE BRENTWOOD HILLS, south of Nashville, had no place in heroic history previous to Dec. 15, 1864, but after a two days' roar of big guns these hills took a high place in the libraries of the world.

More gallant American boys gave up their lives on these hills and woods in two brief winter days than were killed in all the seven years of the American Revolution. Nashville was the decisive battle of the four years' war. Not a battle was fought west of the Allegheny mountains after Nashville.

Nashville ended the military career of Brigadier General John Bell Hood, the most audacious and fighting general of the gray army—and immortalized General George H. Thomas as the most successful military strategist of the Union army; a general who never lost a battle.

Gettysburg was the greatest battle of the war, but the result was not conclusive. It staggered the Southern Confederacy but did not destroy an enemy

army. The Confederacy survived a year and nine months after Gettysburg.

It isn't the size of an army nor the number killed in the clash of arms that make a battle decisive. It is the result achieved. Had General Meade captured General Lee's defeated army it would have enabled our Army of the Potomac to capture the Confederate capitol in Richmond and would have ended the Southern Confederacy in 1863. Then Gettysburg would have taken its place in war history as the most signal and decisive battle of the war. But General Meade didn't pursue the defeated and retreating army vigorously, but allowed General Lee to recross the Potomac into Virginia with his army and artillery and all prisoners of war.

After Nashville there was no formidable Confederate army between the Mississippi river and the Atlantic ocean except General Lee's army in front of Richmond. General Hood invaded Tennessee in November, 1864, with 60,000 soldiers—all veterans. After Nashville he crossed the Tennessee river into Mississippi with only 16,000 men—merely a discouraged mob. December, 1864, was the crisis month of the whole four years' war. The battle of Nashville in mid-December settled the fate of the Confederacy in all that vast territory west of the Allegheny

mountains, and on Dec. 16, the day General Hood's army was defeated at Nashville, General Sherman completed his memorable march from Atlanta to the sea and was halting his victorious legions in front of Savannah.

General Thomas' great victory at Nashville, which caused universal rejoicing all over the United States, was supplemented nine days later by General Sherman's dispatch to President Lincoln, dated Dec. 25, 1864:

"I present you the City of Savannah as a Christmas present."

Neither the memoirs of General Grant nor the elaborate biography of General Sherman make any mention of the controversy among President Lincoln and General Grant and General Halleck and General Sherman as to the disposition of General Sherman's army from Savannah to the North.

President Lincoln and General Grant favored transporting General Sherman's entire army of 60,000 veterans by ocean from Savannah to the James river in Virginia. In fact President Lincoln had given that order to General Grant. We had 313 vessels in the blockade service and plenty of available passenger boats to have transferred Sherman's army to the James river in 15 days. With General

Grant's army surrounding Richmond on the north and Sherman's army on the south, General Lee would have been compelled to fight in the open or be starved into surrender in 30 days. The Southern Confederacy would have collapsed in January, 1865, instead of April 26, 1865.

But General Sherman, backed by General Halleck, insisted on punishing South Carolina, the original home of secession, where the first gun was fired against Fort Sumter. After Sherman pleaded that he could not transport his cavalry by ocean with safety, General Grant consented to allow Sherman to march through South Carolina. As war historians have not mentioned this controversy it is of interest to know the evidence, I will submit the facts.

In a dispatch dated Washington, Dec. 18, 1864, General Halleck, major general and chief of staff, advised General Sherman at Savannah as follows:

"Should you capture Charleston I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed and if a little salt should be sown on its site it may prevent a future crop of secessionists. Signed, H. W. Halleck, major general, chief of staff."

General Sherman, Dec. 24, replied to General Halleck as follows:

"I am very glad that General Grant has changed his mind about embarking my troops for the James river, leaving me free to make the broad swath through South Carolina. I can chuckle over Jeff Davis' disappointment in not turning my Atlanta campaign into a Moscow disaster. The whole of the Fifteenth Corps will be on my right when we move and if you have watched the history of that corps you will know they do their work well. The whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance on South Carolina. Signed, W. T. Sherman, major general." (See Van Horne's History, Vol. 2, page 304.)

General Sherman marched his army through the center of South Carolina and left Charleston 100 miles to his right. This took him to the important city of Columbia, capital of South Carolina. Soon after Sherman's army arrived Columbia was burned.

In biographies, memoirs and encyclopedias it is claimed that when the Confederate General Wade Hampton evacuated Columbia he burned several thousand bales of cotton to prevent the precious stuff from falling into the hands of General Sherman's army and that a high wind carried the blaze across the city. On the other hand all the war histories and biographies in the South say Sherman

burned Columbia. I thought the dispatches that passed between General Halleck and General Sherman might throw some light on this historic controversy.

Nashville was not only the most decisive victory of the four years' war, but it was the only great battle that was executed without a failure or a mistake, as originally planned by that greater master of military strategy, General George H. Thomas.

At 3 p. m., Dec. 14, General Thomas called a council of war of all his generals and submitted his plan of battle. This plan was unanimously approved. An hour later General James B. Steedman, in command of 5,000 infantry, including 3,000 colored troops, made a formidable demonstration on General Hood's right. In the meantime our division was massed in front of Fort Negley, stripped for battle. General Hood was deceived by this first demonstration. He assumed he would be assaulted the next morning on his right flank and during the night ordered troops from his center and left flank. As soon as darkness settled over Nashville our whole army corps under General Schofield was put in action and marched to our extreme right and to the left flank of General Hood's army. There was a dense fog the next morning as the mantle of snow

was melting. This fog didn't lift until noon, when General Hood was surprised to see the pick of General Thomas' army in force on his left flank.

I am not going to print a story that is old and has been told—and well told—for half a century, but only to give some incidents of that battle. When our brigade moved in force against a group of fortified hills near the Hillsboro road the battle had been raging a half hour. Citizens of Nashville, nearly all of whom were in sympathy with the Confederacy, came out of the city in droves. All the hills in our rear were black with human beings watching the battle, but silent. No army on the continent ever played on any field to so large and so sullen an audience. At the tragic end of the first day we had driven back the gray army and taken possession of the hills overlooking the Granny White pike and had captured 16 guns and 1,200 prisoners. Major General Couch, from the Army of the Potomac, was in command of our division, the second. The snow covering the field and the soft mud underneath made footing difficult.

During the final charge and while the regiments of the brigade were going forward, but scattered, General Couch, who was in the rear watching the charge, sent one of his staff to me with the order:

"General Couch directs you to close up your ranks as your men are scattered." I said to give my compliments to General Couch and tell him I will report after we capture the battery on the hill. That night, after the fires of the bivouac were lighted, I walked back to General Couch's tent in the rear and we talked over the stirring events of the day. He said at one time he commanded a corps of 20,000 men in the Army of the Potomac and had witnessed a number of bayonet charges by that army. As a rule when a solid line was broken the chargers became demoralized and would lose direction and be halted, but in the charge today he added that every soldier was advancing and going directly forward, independent of his elbow mate. Every soldier was an aggressive, independent factor in winning the victory. That, to me, was a new idea and I took it home after the war.

The first day's battle was a triumph for our army at every angle of the battle lines and all the boys behind the guns were full of enthusiasm. At the end of the day General Thomas sent the following dispatch to President Lincoln:

"Nashville, Dec. 15, 1864. Attacked enemy's left this morning and drove his army from the river below the city very near to Franklin pike, a distance

of about eight miles. George H. Thomas, Major General."

President Lincoln sent the following reply:

"Washington, Dec. 16. Accept for yourself, officers and men the nation's thanks. You made a magnificent beginning. A. Lincoln, President."

The next day opened bright and clear, but there was still a mantle of snow over the fields and especially in the woods. The audience from Nashville was not so large. The result of the battle is well told in an official dispatch sent to President Lincoln by General Thomas.

The last day (Dec. 16) was from sunup to sundown a series of victorious charges and successful flank movements. An hour before sunset our commanding general, George H. Thomas, appeared along our line of battle. He was an idol of the boys in blue and was loudly cheered. Sixty-five pieces of artillery had been thundering on our line more than two hours. Just before sunset, with long lines of infantry in line, the grand charge was ordered. When the brigade bugles sounded the advance I looked back to the rear in range of the enemy cannon on the heroic figure of General Thomas sitting calmly on his tired horse. There was still a mantle of snow over the field,

flecked here and there with the red life blood of some hero. This charge ended the battle with the defeat and practical destruction of the last Confederate army of the West. My regiment captured three Confederate battle flags and about 650 prisoners, including two colonels.

Just before culmination of this victorious charge I saw a sight never witnessed before on any battlefield. I saw a group of the Sisters of Charity on our line of battle, each with a decanter of wine, going from wounded comrade to wounded comrade, lifting their heads from the snow and giving wine with words of comfort and cheer. I never shall forget the spectacle.

During the two days' battle our army captured 4,462 prisoners, 287 officers, 43 cannon and thousands of small arms. The enemy abandoned all his dead and wounded on the field. The pursuit of General Hood's defeated army from Nashville to the crossing of the Tennessee river near Mississippi is a sad and pathetic story.

The long chase from the Brentwood hills to the Tennessee river was over roads rendered almost impassable by winter rains, beaten into thick mud by the trams and artillery of the defeated army. De-

serters, weary and worn out, came to us daily, tired of war and its horrors.

And when we reached the Tennessee river and were hoping for a long rest and a few days of the simple quiet life the order came that our whole 23rd Army Corps was ordered to North Carolina to be present at the death of the Confederacy.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MIDWINTER TRANSFER OF OUR ARMY TO THE NORTH CAROLINA CAMPAIGN—FORT ANDERSON

FTER chasing the remnants of Hood's army across the Tennessee river near the north line of Mississippi we felt (privates and officers) that we had earned a little quiet and rest. Since our branch of the army left New Market, Ky., Aug. 19, 1863, to cross the Cumberland mountains into East Tennessee we were constantly on the go and had marched 1000 miles and fought 30 battles. We never had been 30 days in one camp, Winter or Summer, and now, after winning the war in the South and Southwest, we were ordered to the Atlantic coast to help the Army of the Potomac win the final victory in the East.

Richmond is only about 120 miles from Washington and while the Union army of the West had won territory as large as the German Empire the Army of the Potomac had not advanced 100 miles in the entire four years' war. When the order came from Washington to our tired and worn-out army that another midwinter campaign was on and that

we were to be transported East to finish the Confederacy every private and officer of our army was in mental revolt.

January 14, 1865, our army was loaded on transports at Clifton, Tenn., on the Tennessee river and started on our long journey by river, rail and ocean to witness the last gasp of the Confederacy in North Carolina. We were transported down the Tennessee river to Paducah, Ky., up the Ohio to Cincinnati and from Cincinnati to Washington. We struck zero weather at Cincinnati. None of our boys had overcoats or Winter underclothing. Without halting to provide necessary Winter clothing or make provisions for rations enroute we were immediately loaded, like so many hogs, into cattle cars without even straw for bedding and shipped to Washington on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

When we reached Columbus, O., the thermometer registered only five degrees above zero. The train was delayed three hours. My boys were freezing and were demanding hot coffee. I reached the local quartermaster with an urgent appeal to furnish the regiment with coffee, at least. He said he had no authority. I then went to the state capitol and appealed to Governor Brough with some language quite emphatic. He said he had no notice of

the arrival of our troops in Columbus and failed to order the quartermaster to furnish my regiment with either coffee or refreshments. I said to the governor: "We have two Ohio regiments in cattle cars in this capital who were conspicuous and won renown at Franklin and Nashville, the 100th Ohio and my regiment. This is outrageous neglect and we will carry home a bitter memory of this day after the war is over."

I had in my hand the battle flag of the regiment. The old flag was blood-stained and tattered, with the stars and blue canton all shot out, and the flag staff splintered in three places by rebel bullets. The governor was sitting behind a table covered with papers and documents. I reached across the table and handed him the flag. His whole body shook as if made of jelly (he was a heavy man) and I saw tears trickle down his cheeks; but no official action was taken to relieve the freezing distress of my brave boys in the cattle cars. The governor called General Cowan of his staff and said to him: "Give Colonel Sherwood a new flag." Ad Fulton, my color sergeant, who was present, said: "No, let us keep what is left of the old flag. I am proud to carry it, for it stands for our record." We didn't accept the new flag.

It took us five days to get the frost out of our systems and banish the bitter memories of this trip. After we reached Washington a number of the officers attended a reception given by President Lincoln in the White House. President Lincoln was exceedingly gracious to the bronzed and weathered veterans of our army.

Feb. 1 we marched across the long bridge spanning the historic Potomac into Virginia and at Alexandria took a government transport for a very rough ocean voyage for Fort Anderson, on the North Carolina coast. I am glad I have forgotten the name of that old transport. We struck one of the most violent storms of the century off Cape Hatteras. When we were stowing away our baggage and provisions at Alexandria the vessel's mate advised my boys to tie everything down as we would encounter rough seas off Cape Hatteras.

At nine o'clock on the second night out the storm was so violent that the captain ordered the pilot to put into the nearest port. The old ship swung around. She fell into the trough of the sea and then went on her beam ends. It seemed as if the masts lashed the angry waves. It looked like all was lost. The fleet was scattered. One transport, carrying a Maine regiment, went down with all on

board; not a soldier was saved. All "In the deep bosom of the ocean buried!" Yes, Lord Byron hits the angry ocean right in Childe Harold:

"The wrecks are all thy deeds nor doth remain
"A shadow of man's ravage, save his own
"When for a moment like a drop of rain
"He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan
"Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

Our tents, camp equipage and rations were going overboard. The big stove in the cabin broke loose and a fire added panic to the general alarm. The crew commenced to cut away the life boats; but the brave boys of my regiment (none of whom had ever before sailed any ocean) rushed to the cabin and smothered the fire with their blankets. Well, to make it short, the old transport finally failed to submerge us and we reached Fort Fisher in a fairly good state of preservation, but with the universal opinion that we preferred land to ocean transportation. We were glad that destiny and good luck had shaped our end "rough hew them how we will."

At last our boat came to anchor off Fort Fisher and a lighter came alongside and landed us on Federal Point. This is a sand beach between Cape Fear

river and the ocean. This was Feb. 5, 1865. Fifteen days before Fort Fisher had been captured by General Terry, in command of 8,000 Union soldiers, and Admiral Porter, in command of our Atlantic fleet. Admiral Porter, with 620 guns, bombarded Fort Fisher 36 hours, when General Terry made the charge, capturing the fort. At the date of our arrival a quarrel was on as to whether General Terry or Admiral Porter was entitled to more credit.

Among the big guns we found in Fort Fisher that it is interesting to know (even now), was a rifled cannon manufactured in an English arsenal and mounted on a carriage of mahogany. On its finished side was a silver plate with the name of Sir William Armstrong as the maker. Another British aristocrat, whose name I have happily forgotten, was the donor to the Confederacy. This gun carried a death message weighing 150 pounds. The entire armament of Fort Fisher was 48 guns, mostly Columbians.

The sand dunes around and in front of the fort were nearly covered with shot and shell from Admiral Porter's guns. We could walk around without touching the ground. During the awful storm the ocean had absorbed our tents and cooking utensils and most of our rations and when we went into

camp there were no plantations, no rail fences, no sweet potato patches or chickens in sight. We were individually and collectively dissatisfied. The climate, however, was balmy and wholesome. The next day we felt better. We were marched over to Smithfield near the coast. Amid a soft breeze from the pacified ocean we waded out to the limestone reefs at low tide and returned with succulent oysters in the shell.

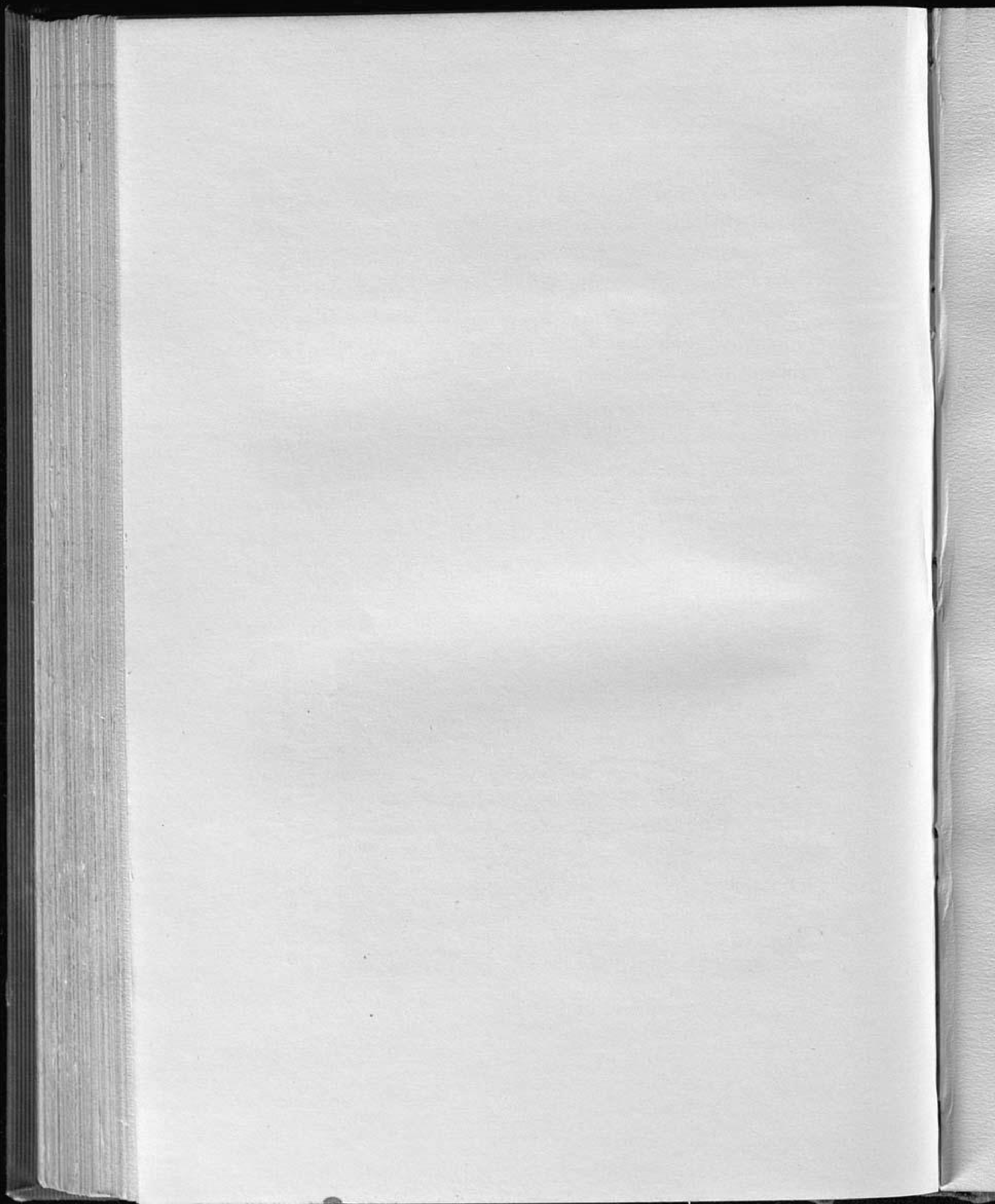
We built fires of driftwod along the shore and soon had those oysters sputtering and frying and doing good service. It beat four years of salt pork and hard tack by a large majority.

Feb. 17 we were ordered out of Smithfield and, marching through woods of pine, approached Fort Anderson. The fort stood on the north bank of Cape Fear, southeast of the then important city of Wilmington. Fort Anderson was garrisoned by a strong force under General Thurstin of South Carolina. Wilmington, defended by Fort Anderson, was the Liverpool of the Southern Confederacy. Here the Confederate blockade runners unloaded war materials from England to supply the Confederate army. Hence the military importance of Fort Anderson.

Feb. 18 we reached the danger zone of Fort An-

GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS
Commander of the Army of the Cumberland

GEN. JAMES B. McPHERSON
Killed in the Battle of Atlanta



derson. We moved out of the pine woods and into the open field covered with broom sedge. The sun was setting. We were under the fire of Blakely guns in the fort, but the fire was uncertain. Admiral Porter was dropping some dangerous explosives at long range, which caused gunners in the fort to seek the bomb proofs. After dark orders came to assault the fort by a direct charge of our division at dawn the next day.

It was the usual do or die duty and at daylight we were ready. The footing among the sand dunes was heavy, but we were accustomed to heavy work. Admiral Porter was also busy at dawn with the big guns of the fleet. We were making fast time and were within musket range of the fort when one of the big mortar shells from the fleet fell short and struck a sand dune about 100 yards in front of our charging line and exploded. It made a hole in the sand dune big enough to bury a whole regiment. An immense cloud of smoke and sand flew 100 feet high, scattering sand in our faces and in the fort. It created a mild panic among the fort infantry and gunners. And it was a menace to our battle line. Colonel Moore shook out a square yard of white canvass dog tent and waved toward the fleet as a flag of truce. We then advanced to the fort on the double

quick and found the defenders gone. They had left in a hurry, as they failed to spike their big guns. We captured only about 50 men of the rear guard.

The flag of my regiment (the 111th Ohio) was the first flag planted on the parapet of Fort Anderson. The armament of the fort consisted of 10 heavy platform guns, similar to those found in Fort Fisher. Ten minutes later we saw the gig of Commodore Porter's flagship approaching the dock. The commodore and his staff stepped ashore. They were elegantly attired in their brass buttons, gold lace and bright blue uniforms and were in marked contrast to our shabby and begrimed garbs. Of course we didn't linger at the fort.

We were not looking for more territory to conquer. We were looking for the army that stood in the road to peace. The enemy had fled, we knew not where. The country was new and strange to us. The birds were new to us and we saw and felt a new assortment of bugs and insects and snakes and mosquitoes. The flavor of the yellow pines and the turpentine vats were all new and interesting. The native population, with their awkward manners and gawky curiosity, who gazed at us from afar, were a crude and curious element in the evolution of the race. The men of the tar and turpentine vats are

the real "tar heels" of North Carolina, and the mosquitoes around Fort Anderson are the champion blood suckers of the world.

After fighting short but successful battles and skirmishes at Town Creek and Kinston we were ordered to Goldsboro to meet our old comrades of Sherman's army, marching up from Savannah.

On the morning of April 10, as our brigade was in the advance, marching along the right bank of the Neuse river, with the boys in blue ragged but robust and enthusiastic, I saw a man on horseback riding like mad down the sandy road. As he approached our front he shouted at the top of his voice in great glee: "Lee's whole army has surrendered." His horse's flanks were white with foam, as he had ridden 10 miles at full speed. This message made the whole army wild. This officer was Lieutenant Ricks of General Schofield's staff. As he rode down the line he constantly repeated the grateful message. This was the happiest day our army ever saw. A feature was the remarkable demonstration of the Negro slaves.

The news of Lee's surrender spread rapidly among the colored people and they seemed to drift out of the woods. They gathered by the thousands at every cross road literally to yell themselves out

of breath. Our military band (the bandsmen all felt like playing) gave patriotic music. All sizes and all ages joined in the jubilee and went into ecstasy, many giving fantastic dances, keeping time to the music of the band, shouting "Bless the Lord the Yankees has come in the day of jubilee." I have no adequate language to describe this joyful day.

We knew the war was over and that the long-hoped-for time had come when we would be welcomed to peaceful homes and clasp again in love and loyalty the angels of our better destiny.

We saw the dove of peace, serene and white
It hovered o'er us with glad wings of light.
From sunrise East to sunset West there came
The glad hozannas in one wild acclaim.
We knew the end of the cruel war was nigh
'Twas mirrored on the rosy tinted sky.

CHAPTER XVIII

SURRENDER OF THE LAST CONFEDERATE ARMY NEAR RALEIGH—COLLAPSE OF THE CONFEDERACY

THE STARS AND BARS, the battle flag of the Southern Confederacy, waved over the serried hosts the last time April 26, 1865. Those who saw this last act in the war's cruel tragedies never will forget the day. The requiem was sounded by Father Ryan of Mobile, Ala., chaplain of a Mobile regiment, in the most powerful dramatic poem of the war. It was written in a single hour. A stanza is worth a memory:

"Furl that banner; it is weary.
" 'Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
"Furl it, fold it—it is best.
"For there's not a man to wave it
"And there's not a sword to save it,
"Furl it, hide it—let it rest!"

April, 1865, was the epochal month of the war. Events tragic, all-absorbing and portentous marked its opening days and the end, Sunday morning, April 2, while Jefferson Davis was sitting in the pew of

his church in Richmond a young officer in a gray uniform entered the church, and, passing down the aisle to Davis' pew, whispered something in his ear. Davis immediately left the church without a gesture to the pastor. That message was from General Robert E. Lee, commander in chief, that he was about to abandon Richmond. At 8 o'clock that night President Davis left Richmond with a military escort, never to return, as a citizen of either the Confederacy or the Republic.

April 2—General Wilson's cavalry captured Selma, Ala., an important military post.

April 6—General Canby captured the defense of Mobile with 200 big guns and 4,000 prisoners.

April 9—General Lee gave up his sword to General Grant under the famous apple tree at Appomattox and surrendered his whole army.

April 26—The last formidable army of the Confederacy surrendered at Durham Station, 10 miles from Raleigh, capital of North Carolina.

April 30—General Kirby Smith, in command of the Confederate army west of the Mississippi river, surrendered his entire army.

April 14—Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, the saddest day our army saw in all the 48 months of war.

While very few of our boys behind the guns knew Lincoln personally, they all knew him by intuition. His master intellect, his great moral force, his universal sympathy for his fellows made him the outstanding figure. Throughout the four years' conflict, the most desperate and long continued of modern wars, the leading hand, the guiding spirit in the camps and courts and capital of the nation was Abraham Lincoln, the President and commander-in-chief.

The morning of April 16 I rode from our camp in the environs of Raleigh into the capital to make observations. I noticed unusual quiet in the camps. As all the boys behind the guns were anticipating an enthusiastic welcome home the camps were jolly and full of noise, some singing the popular war songs; all full of talk of bivouac and battle, making a halo of buzzy music over the camps. I met a mounted officer of General Slocum's staff and saluted him with this inquiry: "Why this stillness in the army?" He replied: "Don't you know President Lincoln has been assassinated?"

During the war I saw hundreds of brave soldiers die on the battlefields. I saw many popular idols in their death agonies surrounded by devoted comrades in grief and repining too sad for tears,

but I never witnessed before such universal regret and sorrow over the death of a great soldier as I witnessed that day over the death of Lincoln. There was a magic cord of human sympathy between Lincoln and the boys behind the guns.

When we met Sherman's army at Goldsboro—a grateful and happy reunion—we had added Franklin, Nashville and Fort Anderson to our list of victories and Sherman's army had marched 2,600 miles and added Savannah and Bentonville. It was six months since we had met—six months of deathless history.

Our reunited armies started on our final march to Raleigh on a morning of bright sunshine, April 10. We had been in camp five days at Goldsboro and April 13 we reached the environs of Raleigh. General Joe Johnston, the celebrated Fabian tactician, had again assumed command. General Hood, who supplanted General Johnston at Atlanta July 18, 1864, by order of President Davis, was not in command even of a brigade. General Hood, after Franklin and Nashville, had lost his high place in heroic history in the estimation of Jefferson Davis and his secretary of war and was never afterwards given a chance.

General Johnston had moved his army west of

Raleigh and was wise in not venturing a battle with General Sherman's combined armies, which included the Tenth Army Corps, under General Terry. April 14 General Johnston opened communications with General Sherman under a flag of truce with a view of surrender in case the terms were reasonable. General Sherman responded and terms of surrender were agreed upon which also involved the civil rights of surrendered soldiers. These terms both General Halleck, chief of staff, and Secretary of War Stanton declined to accept. General Grant then left Washington for Raleigh to aid in negotiations. In the meantime a truce was agreed upon between General Sherman and General Johnston. April 26 the terms given to General Lee at Appomattox were made the basis of Johnston's surrender, which he accepted the same day. The gray army stacked its muskets, parked its artillery and folded on caissons and musket stacks the battle flags of the lost cause.

Curious citizens will wonder whether soldiers of the Union army taunted soldiers of the South or gloated over their defeat. I remember they did not. It is not the spirit of chivalry either to gloat or glorify over a faltered or fallen foe. While all our soldiers were in the acme of ecstasy over the end of the war and the final realization of all their hopes

and prayers they viewed the soldiers of the defeated army with profound pity. They were doomed to return to desolate homes with more than one-half of the young manhood of the South either in battle cemeteries or unknown graves.

After the surrender officers and privates of both armies mingled and talked over the stirring events of the eventful years. That evening General Sherman and General Joe Johnston were engaged in animated conversation. General Johnston told Sherman he didn't intend to give battle to save Raleigh as he knew after Lee's surrender the cause of the Confederacy couldn't live a year before the collapse.

At the surrender the army in the gray uniforms didn't realize it was better for the gray soldiers, better for the South that the lost cause was lost. That lesson has been learned in the peace years following the war. A new South was born with the death of African slavery. A better South in all the moral and material elements of individual and national life.

There is a difference in figures given of the effective force of General Johnston's army in April, 1865. Historians of the South generally fix his effective strength, infantry and cavalry, at 30,000.

The best available figures as nearly official as could be obtained follow:

General A. E. Lee's corps, 4,000; General Cheatham's corps, 5,000; General Hoke's corps, 8,000; General Hardee's corps, 10,000; cavalry, 8,000; state troops and detachments, 10,000. Total 45,000. Total number surrendered and paroled by General Sherman, 31,243 (official). While negotiations between General Sherman and General Johnston were pending the majority of General Johnston's cavalry saddled their horses and left for a more quiet life and nearly all detached and state troops deserted.

Bankers and business men of the South never were unanimous for the Southern Confederacy. The drastic conscription laws, drafting into the army all able-bodied men from 18 to 50, created wide opposition. Many leading bankers failed to surrender their gold and silver for Confederate bonds. For instance, the bank of Newbern, North Carolina, took $75,000 in gold and silver at the outset of the war and buried it in jugs in a grove near Salisbury, N. C. Nearly all that gold drifted into Ohio after the war and the story is interesting, even after a lapse of 58 years.

On Sherman's famous march through Georgia and South Carolina his foragers lived on the coun-

try and they contracted the habit of grabbing everything in sight, from a silver spoon to a brindle cow. And prudent people on the line of march adopted the habit of burying silverware and gems. Hence the soldiers contracted an early habit of digging for things.

An Ohio cavalry regiment in May, 1865, while the peace angel was brooding over the fair fields and forests of North Carolina, went into camp near Salisbury in the grove where the $75,000 was buried. Digging was still a habit and while one of the cavalrymen was running his sabre into the earth he struck something metallic, which induced him to dig —and he struck a brown jug—well corked. He knocked off the neck of the jug with his carbine and $4,000 in gold and silver was discovered. News of the discovery spread through the camp. There were 17 jugs and a wild scramble ensued among the soldiers of the regiment for the treasure. Comrade Harkness of Norwalk, O., told me after the war that this was the most exciting, enthusiastic and joyous day the regiment ever experienced. When a new jug was dug out there would be a wild scramble for the gold. About $15,000 was in one dollar gold pieces and the sand and earth and torn sod would all be flying in the air together. It was a case of

the survival of the fittest. The strongest and most alert cavalryman got the most gold. Colonel Sanderson of Youngstown, O., was colonel of the regiment. He arrived at the exciting contest when nearly all the precious stuff had been muscularly distributed.

Some friends in Salisbury telegraphed to the bank of Newbern of the discovery of the treasure and three days later the officers of the bank appeared in Salisbury demanding the gold. At that time gold was scarce in North Carolina. Of course there was an investigation, but no laws were in force in North Carolina then. There were no courts, no sheriffs, no recognized machinery of civil government.

Our army (the Second brigade) was encamped six miles from the precious grove. A few days later I received an invitation from Colonel Sanderson to enjoy a Sunday dinner with him in camp. As I was leaving his camp a captain of his regiment from Northwestern Ohio called me into his tent with the inquiry, "How much greenback money have you?" I told him I was short, as the paymaster hadn't arrived. He said: "I will give you gold dollars for every dollar you have in greenbacks." He took

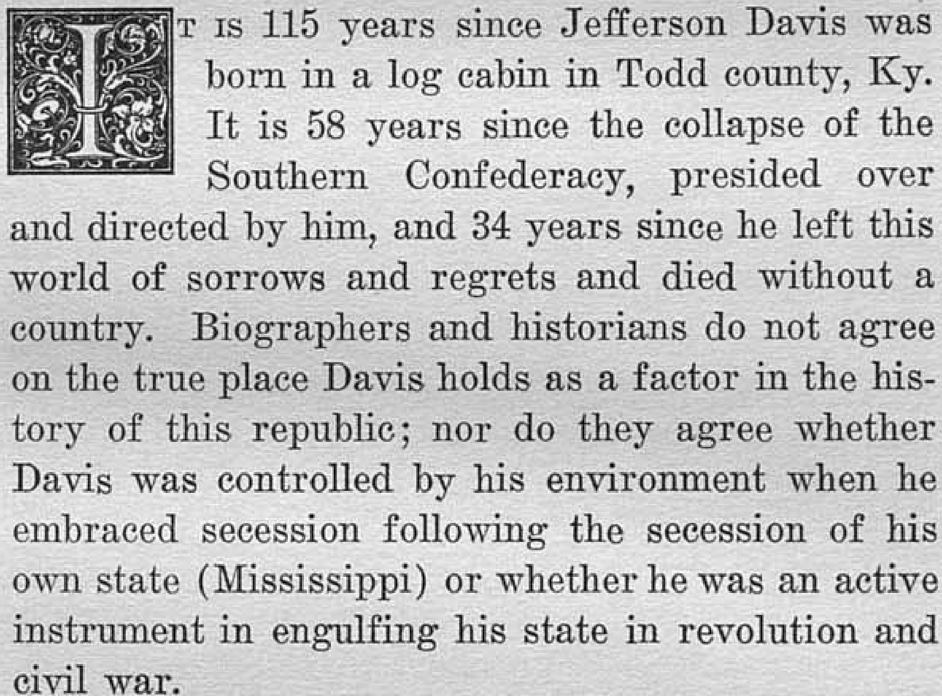
me to the rear of his tent and showed me a cavalry boot nearly full of gold dollars."

There was an investigation by a body of military officers, but so many of the investigating committee were encumbered with this gold that they failed to find any amount to return to the bankers. Comrade Harkness, who gathered a valuable bunch of this shining stuff, told me after the war that nearly all the boys who dug up the treasure landed it safely in Ohio at the muster out.

The ethical quality of the argument for keeping the coin never appealed to me. The claim was that as the bank had refused to surrender the gold to the Confederate government, as required by a law of the Confederate congress, and buried it, it forfeited all right to recovery. The soldiers claimed the money by right of discovery. They also said the bank lost nothing, because if it had accepted Confederate bonds for the gold it would have lost just the same, as Confederate bonds were worthless.

CHAPTER XIX

CAPTURE AND IMPRISONMENT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS—WHY GENERAL MILES PUT ON MANACLES



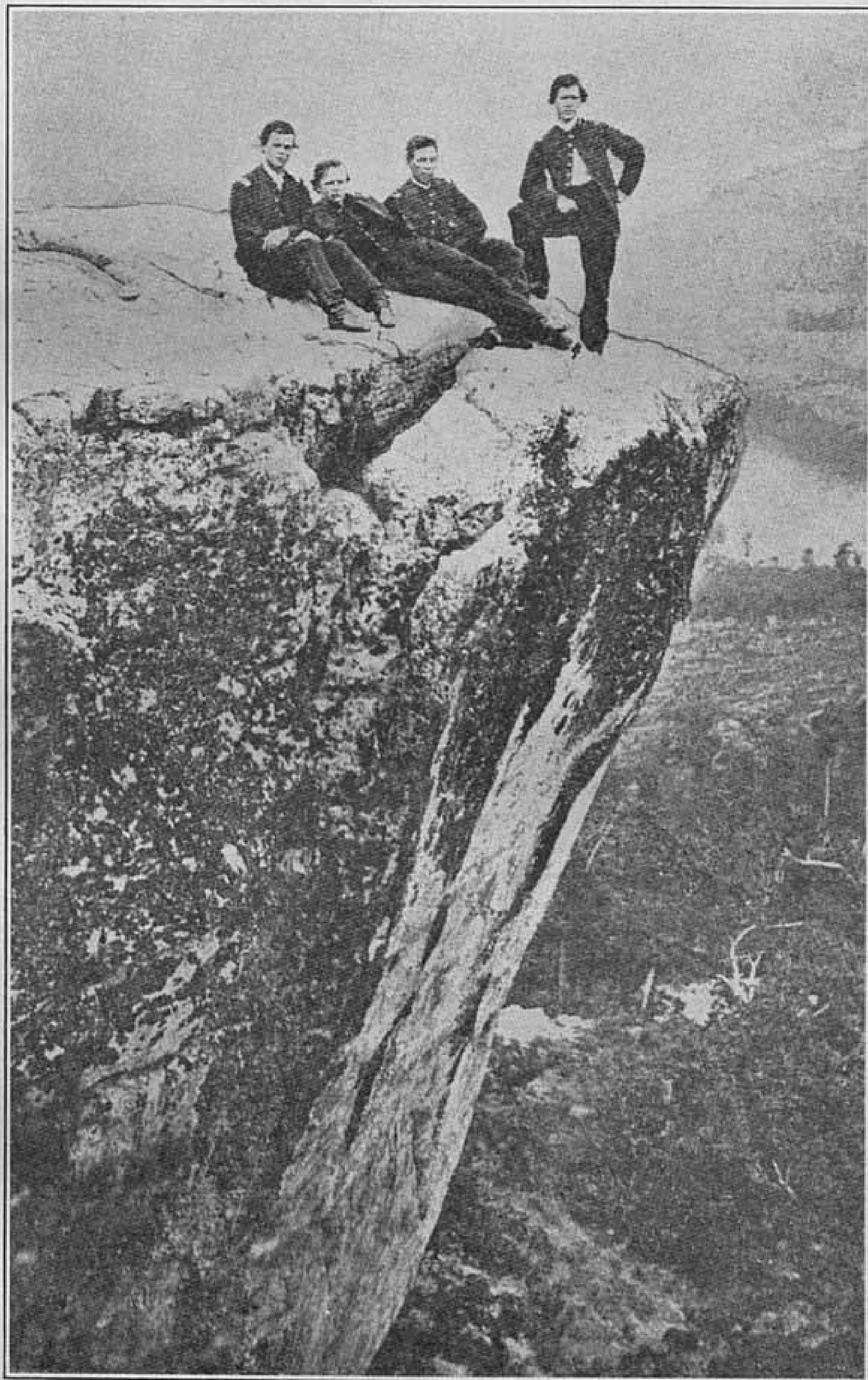
IT IS 115 years since Jefferson Davis was born in a log cabin in Todd county, Ky. It is 58 years since the collapse of the Southern Confederacy, presided over and directed by him, and 34 years since he left this world of sorrows and regrets and died without a country. Biographers and historians do not agree on the true place Davis holds as a factor in the history of this republic; nor do they agree whether Davis was controlled by his environment when he embraced secession following the secession of his own state (Mississippi) or whether he was an active instrument in engulfing his state in revolution and civil war.

All agree that in the camps and courts of the Confederacy Davis was the guiding hand and dominating force. He was the maker of his destiny, but he was not the master. Destiny, which is the will of God, decreed otherwise.

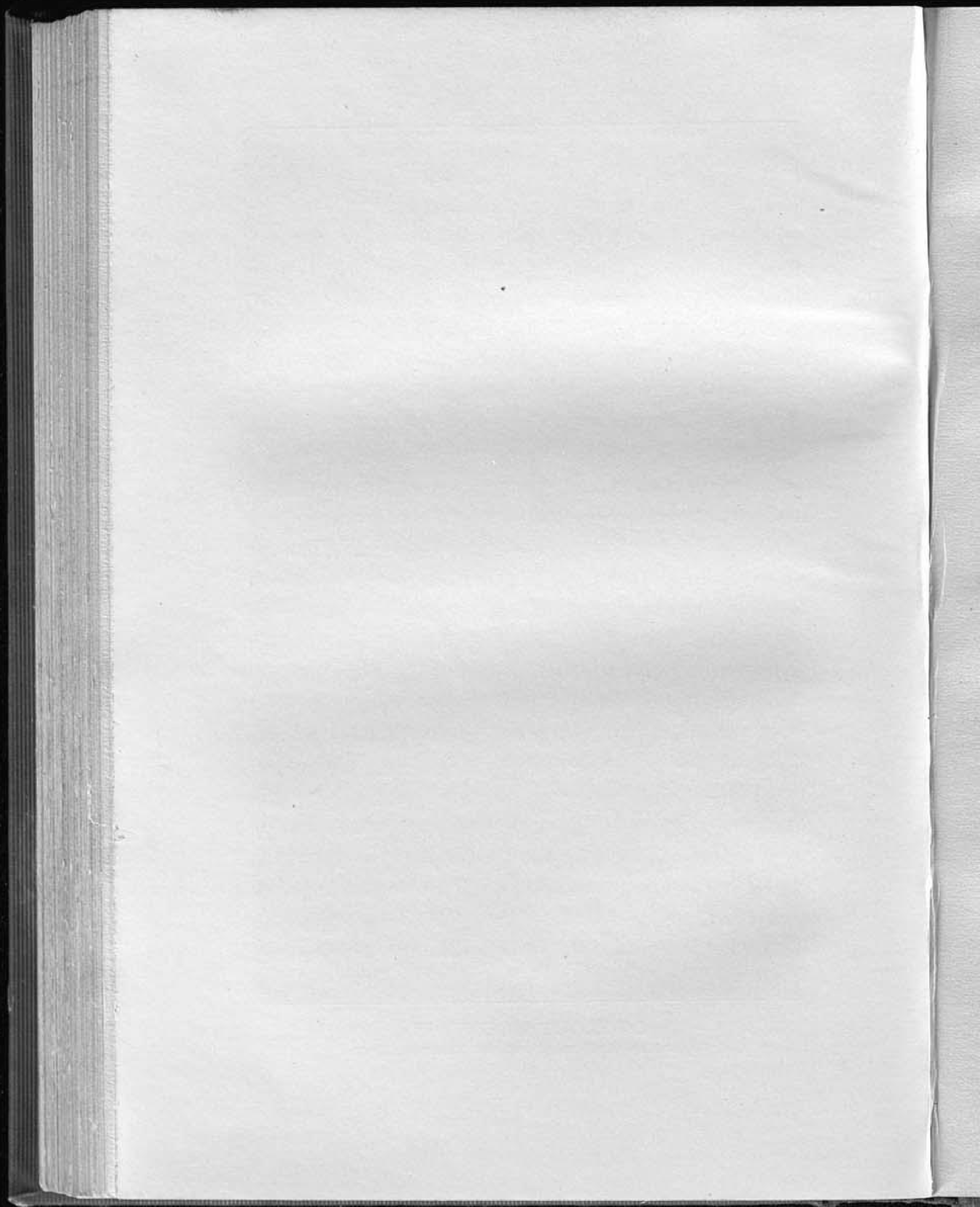
In the midst of the hurrying world of today the

average citizen may not care what the spot light of history reveals of the great actors of half a century ago, but the lessons taught by history are valuable. They should be made so plain that he who runs may read with moral profit. When General Lee surrendered at Appomattox would it not have been more fitting and honorable for Davis, the president, to have surrendered with the surrender of his army? Many times during the war, President Davis, in addressing his fellow citizens, said he would live with the life of the Confederacy or would die with the Confederacy. Instead of dying (officially) with the Confederacy, he sought safety in flight, caring first for his personal safety.

May 2, 1865, President Andrew Johnson issued a proclamation stating that the assassination of Lincoln and the attempted assassination of Seward and Grant "were incited and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late president of the Southern Confederacy, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker and other rebels and traitors. Now, therefore, I, Andrew Johnson, President, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons or either of them, as follows, $100,000 for the arrest of Jefferson Davis," etc., etc.



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN
Overlooking Chattanooga and the Tennessee River



There was no evidence that Jefferson Davis was in the conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln, but this proclamation appealed to the spirit of retribution and revenge and set the loyal North rankling in venom. When Davis was captured and returned to Fortress Monroe, Va., under guard of Union soldiers, General Nelson A. Miles was in command of the fortress. In order to guard against any chance of escape General Miles ordered the guard to put manacles on Davis' ankles.

General Miles is now 83, the most distinguished living soldier of the Civil War. He commanded an army corps in the Army of the Potomac when he was only 25. For more than half a century General Miles has been criticized in the South because he put manacles on Jefferson Davis and made him a chain gang victim. When I was in Washington recently I met General Miles by appointment and asked him to state why and by whose order he put the manacles on Jefferson Davis.

I said to General Miles that students of the Civil War and all other citizens were interested in the stirring events which characterized the last days of the Southern Confederacy and as he was a maker of history all historical events should be known to the present generation. General Miles then gave the

circumstances of the imprisonment of Davis as follows:

Details of the safekeeping of Davis were prepared by Major General Halleck, chief of staff. Charles A. Dana, assistant secretary of war, was sent to Fortress Monroe by President Johnson with a written order for the custody of Davis. The following is the order:

"General Miles is hereby authorized and directed to place manacles and fetters on the hands and feet of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay whenever he may think it advisable in order to render their imprisonment more secure."

Dana advised putting the manacles on Davis' ankles when he delivered the order of President Johnson. General Miles made the following comment:

"To comply with the order of General Halleck and the secretary of war, light anklets were placed on the ankles of Jefferson Davis in order to prevent the possibility of his jumping past the guard while the wooden doors were being removed and grated doors substituted. The wooden doors were removed in five days and the anklets were then removed."

This story of General Miles' cruelty to the late president of the Confederacy has been published in

the South more than half a century. And General Miles has remained silent. The much exploited story that Davis was sick or feeble when manacled by General Miles is not true. General Miles said Davis left Fortress Monroe after his two years' imprisonment in much better physical condition than when he entered. During his confinement Davis had the freedom of the fortress. He was given one of the casements of the fortress formerly occupied by an army officer and his family. The fact that Davis lived 24 years after his two years' confinement is evidence that he suffered no hardships. He lived to be 81.

Of leading Confederate generals who survived the war General Robert E. Lee died at 63, General J. B. Hood at 48, General Braxton Bragg at 56, General Kirby Smith at 69, General Cheatham at 66, General Ned Forest at 56, General Joe Wheeler at 68, General Hardee at 56, General John B. Gordon at 68, General Walthall at 67, General Beauregard at 75 and General Hoke at 62.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, Davis thought Lee's army was invincible and the invasion of Pennsylvania was ordered by Davis for a double purpose: First, to demoralize and discourage the loyalists of the Union, and second, to induce Great Britain to recognize the Southern Con-

federacy. The defeat of Lee's army at Gettysburg caused despondency through the South which was voiced by the public press. The Charleston, S. C., Mercury printed a savage criticism reflecting on the capacity and judgment of President Davis, and the Richmond, Va., Enquirer indulged in criticism equally pronounced. General Lee was so hurt by these reflections that he tendered his resignation as commander of the army, which Davis, after a week's consideration, refused to accept.

As I remember, Davis was indicted for treason a dozen times by federal grand juries but never was tried. Governor Morton of Indiana had him indicted in Indiana on the ground that one of President Davis' generals (John Morgan) had invaded Indiana with an army. Governor Morton claimed this hostile act gave the state jurisdiction and that he, Morton, would see to it that Davis had a fair trial. The attorney general of the United States held that the John Morgan raid into Indiana did not give the state jurisdiction, as treason was a personal crime that could not be committed by an agent. Chief Justice Chase of the United States supreme court refused to try the case because under the Constitution and laws Davis must be tried in Virginia or in one of the seceded states where the crime was commit-

ted. The trial of Aaron Burr for treason in 1807 at Richmond, Va., was referred to by Chief Justice Chase. Burr attempted to establish a new republic in the southwest.

Davis was brought to trial Dec. 3, 1867. After hearing the arguments of the able and eminent lawyers, Chief Justice Chase favored quashing the indictment. The case was certified to the supreme court to decide when a "nolle prosequa" was entered and May 14 he was admitted to bail in the sum of $100,000. Two foremost Republicans and abolitionists, Horace Greeley and Gerret Smith, signed the bail bond. Davis refused to take the oath of allegiance, hence he was a man without a country when he died, Dec. 6, 1889.

The drastic conscription law of the Confederate congress, drafting all able-bodied men between 18 and 50 into the army, dampened the enthusiasm in the South for the Confederacy. Revolutions based on force by law cannot succeed. Before conscription there was a silent but considerable minority in the South against the Confederacy. After conscription that silent minority became a sullen majority. Jefferson Davis could not have been captured in Georgia by a few Union cavalrymen had the people of Georgia rallied to his support or felt enough in-

terest in his welfare to hide him. Not only was Davis left without help by his fellow citizens of Georgia, but citizens of North Carolina neglected and insulted his wife and family. In a volume by an officer of the Confederate navy in 1917, a book of 500 pages entitled "Recollections of a Rebel Reefer," I find some pointers.

Naval Officer Morgan's wife was a full cousin to the wife of Jefferson Davis. When Davis sent his family from Richmond to a place of safety further south, Naval Officer James Morris Morgan was one of the guard. At Charlotte, N. C., the engine gave out and the train carrying Mrs. Davis, the children and the military guard was stalled. I quote a brief extract from the "Rebel Reefer":

"The inhabitants did not rush forward to offer this lady in distress any hospitality, as they might have done a year or two before misfortune had overtaken her. They seemed to take it for granted that the end of the Confederacy was at hand. The news of Mrs. Davis' arrival at Charlotte quickly spread.

The city was thronged with stragglers, deserters and conscripts. A mob of these wretches gathered round the car in which Mrs. Davis sat and reviled her in the most shocking language."

The author of the above extract was not only a

prominent Confederate soldier, but he was an intimate and trusted friend of Jefferson Davis. He was an officer on the Confederate cruiser Alabama, one of the famous war craft built in English shipyards and armed in English arsenals that drove the commerce of the United States from the seas of the world. Another matter that caused wide estrangement in the South was the law that President Davis put through congress after a long and tumultuous debate, drafting able-bodied Negro slaves into the Confederate army. Before the Confederate congress met in November, 1864, Senator Benjamin took up the question of drafting the Negro slaves. Davis recommended it to congress and the Richmond Enquirer advocated it. It passed three weeks before Richmond was evacuated. The end of the war came before the scheme was enforced.

Had the close of the war been delayed we would have witnessed the heart-rending spectacle of slaves fighting to continue their slavery against soldiers fighting for their freedom, a spectacle to make the angels weep.

Few of the present generation know Davis is mainly responsible for the fact that we have no Goddess of Liberty above the great dome of our national capitol. Jefferson Davis was secretary of

war in the cabinet of Franklin Pierce, president in 1855, when the eminent sculptor Crawford was in Rome preparing the model for the heroic statue to crown the dome. The first photograph of the figure sent home by Crawford was rejected by Davis because it was the figure of a woman crowned with a liberty cap, blazoned with 13 stars, to represent the 13 original states. Davis rejected this model because the liberty cap was the symbol in Greece of a freed slave; that the United States was half slave and half free territory and that the figure bearing a liberty cap, crowning the dome of the national capitol would be a menace to the South. At the suggestion of Davis the figure was changed and the figure that stands above the great dome, and has stood there 67 years, is not the Goddess of Liberty. It is the figure (approved by Jefferson Davis) of a woman with the right hand resting on the hilt of a sheathed sword, the left hand on a shield and holding an olive wreath.

On the head is a helmet with a crest of eagle quills. It is the figure of a woman, the sword and shield of a soldier and the phrygian helmet of a pagan. In January, 1888, I wrote from Washington a letter to the New York World stating that Jefferson Davis was responsible for this spurious statue.

Mr. Davis denied this responsibility in a letter to the World. This reply seemed to call for the proof.

General Phil Sheridan was then in supreme command of the regular army. I made a request of him to have a clerk detailed in the war office to look up and report the official correspondence between Jefferson Davis, secretary of war, 1855-1856, and the creator of the statue on the dome. In a week I had the correspondence duly verified and I published it in the New York World, and I have copies yet. To this Mr. Davis never replied.

I have no hesitation in stating that we have no Goddess of Liberty on the great dome. I believe we should employ an expert with a cold chisel and cut that pagan helmet off the head of the statue and place instead a liberty cap with a tiara of 48 stars of the states—something to symbolize liberty, unity and America.

CHAPTER XX

PEACEFUL DAYS IN NORTH CAROLINA AFTER THE WAR—TWO NOTABLE ROMANCES OF CAMP LIFE

HE NIGHT of April 26, 1865, in the open field and groves near Raleigh, N. C., 120,000 veteran soldiers lapsed into a peaceful sleep, side by side. The warm April sun had made a carpet of lush grasses for a bed; the covering was the misty starlit dome.

> Two armies lay asleep, the blue—the gray
> And side by side, sweet peace had come to stay.
> No more shall cannon roar
> On angry sea or shore
> Awakening little children in their sleep
> To gaze on scenes of woe, and, gazing, weep.
> A Better Spirit rules above us now
> Before Whose shine in gratefulness we bow.

Never before had the stars looked down on a spectacle like this. Home seemed so appealing and alluring when we awoke with the dawn, with no bugles sounding reveille, no waking cannon. Two days later the order came that our army of the Ohio

was not yet to see Ohio. While the bulk of Sherman's army was ordered to Washington to glorify the grand parade and be mustered out our army was to stay in the old North state until civil government was re-established.

Zebulon Vance, secession governor of North Carolina, had fled the capital without leaving his address. The legislature also had fled. There was no gold in sight and no legal tender money that would buy a lame duck of a Confederate hatched chicken. All was chaos and confusion in the eleven seceded states. Martial law, enforced by soldiers, was the temporary solution. While the electors of North Carolina had voted against secession in 1861, the state must now share the fate of the 10 other seceded states.

It is not generally known and it is not recorded in current history that an election was held Feb. 28, 1861, to decide whether North Carolina should join South Carolina in withdrawing from the Union. But Governor Ellis, a hot-headed secessionist, defied the popular will and, with the aid of the military force at his command, carried the state into revolution and civil war. He seized Fort Macon in Beaufort harbor and all the government forts on the Atlantic ocean and took possession of the United States arse-

nal at Fayetteville and the United States mint at Charlotte. He then called a convention and May 21, 1861, this convention passed the ordinance of secession. Citizens of North Carolina never were allowed to vote on this outrageous, unprecedented action. Governor Ellis didn't live long afterward. This same John Mills Ellis died July 7, 1861; long since forgotten. It can be said of him in the language of Victor Hugo on the death of Talleyrand:

"The gilded and glittering flies that buzz through history die like flies."

They are as soon forgotten.

The first political convention in the United States after the war was held in the state capitol of North Carolina, May 2, 1865. It was called informally by a group of Ohio soldiers to boost the candidacy of Major General Jacob Dolson Cox for governor. Every Ohio regiment in that army selected three soldiers who attended the state convention in Columbus and General Cox was nominated and elected governor. Students of psychology may find mental and moral profit in comparing the sluggish and inert patriotism of today with the active and absorbing patriotism of 58 years ago. The 26 northern state capitals of the restored republic were filled from governor down to messengers by Union

soldiers after the Civil War. Some 85 Union soldiers, from Major General Ben Butler of Massachusetts to Captain Danford of Ohio, were elected to congress. And, still more significant, we elected five Civil War soldiers president of the United States from 1868 to 1896. How many world war heroes have been made governors or how many given a nomination for president?

This outline of history doesn't seem like a waste of words. Surely it is a study of our numerous groups of self-exploiting psychologists. The lessons we learn from current history should prove more valuable than the lessons we hear by professional lecturers and teachers, however gifted and learned.

Five days after the surrender our brigade was ordered to Salisbury, N. C., 110 miles west of Raleigh. While we were deeply disappointed that the order didn't take us home, we were consoled with the thought that we were not ordered to the region of the Dismal Swamp. There are 3,000,000 acres of dismal swamps in North Carolina and no one who has stood by the shore of the big Dismal Swamp and caught in his breath the malaria of its dead waters or encountered the venomous insects, lizards and snakes or been stung by its overgrown mosquitoes ever would care to risk life in such an en-

vironment. We rode in cars to Salisbury. The quartermaster said it was cheaper to ride than to pay shoemakers to repair our wornout shoes.

Salisbury was a town before the revolutionary war. There was a settlement of Moravians and Irish Presbyterians from the north of Ireland at Salisbury near the Yadkin river in 1765. The country around Salisbury is healthful and beautiful and the climate ideal. The Blue Ridge mountains in western North Carolina reach the highest peak on the continent east of the Rocky mountains. We had never before in all our campaigning in seven states encountered such a pleasant and wholesome region for tentless outdoor life. Our reception by the citizens of Salisbury was cold, sullen and negligent. They didn't know their fate. The secessionists feared revenge.

President Andrew Johnson sent Major General Daniel E. Sickles to act as military governor of North Carolina. General Sickles commanded the Third Army Corps in the battle of Gettysburg, where he lost a leg. This appointment caused grave apprehension among leading citizens of Salisbury. They apprehended a severe military rule, but were agreeably disappointed.

After the surrender of all the Confederate

armies Governor Vance returned to Raleigh with the view of again assuming his office, but he didn't succeed. He was arrested May 15, 1865, taken to Washington and paroled. In April, 1867, President Johnson pardoned him. Governor Vance was not only a pronounced secessionist, but a fighting man. He was the colonel commanding the Twenty-ninth North Carolina state troops. When our forces were invading the capital Colonel Vance, at the head of his forces, marched boldly out to meet and drive back the "ruthless invaders," but he was overwhelmed and put on a speedy home run. On the wings of the lightning the news went to his devoted wife that her imperial consort was on the run, chased by the Yankee barbarians. She went into hysterics and when young Zeb Vance, 9, came home from school, he found his mother in tears and prostrate. When the boy was told the cause of this supreme anguish, he said: "Don't cry, mamma, dad will be all right. He can outrun any Yankee." I met Governor Vance in 1888 in Washington. He was then United States senator. He admitted this war story was true.

One of the most interesting and pathetic romances of either peace or war occurred in Salisbury during our occupation. So far as I know, it never

has been printed. When the Fourth and Twentieth corps of General Sherman's army was ordered to Washington after the surrender, Major Ben Lefevre of our brigade obtained a 10 days' leave of absence and went along. Ten days later Major Ben came back to Salisbury with the rank of brevet brigadier general. He was shining in a well-fitting blue uniform with all the plumes. He was of remarkable personality and one of the handsomest young officers in our army.

This is the General Benjamin F. Lefevre who was placed at the head of the Democratic state ticket for secretary of state of Ohio in 1866 and who represented the Fifth congressional district of Ohio for six years and was United States consul at Neuremburg, Germany (a city of 350,000) four years; and was for 25 years attorney for the Erie Railroad.

After General Lefevre's return from Washington the news spread in Salisbury among citizens that he was a close friend and advisor of President Johnson. He was invited into the best families. Major Carr, late of the Confederate army, belonged to the best, and his dove-eyed daughter, Pauline, was the reigning belle of Salisbury. She was also a sweet singer. When General Ben was in his new regalia and rode through the streets of Salisbury

mounted on his blaze-faced war horse he was the observed of all observers.

The society girls had met previous to the advent of our army and voted unanimously that they would never—no, never—speak to or smile on a Yankee officer or soldier. General Ben, mounted on his war horse, caused some regret among the obdurate divinities in dimity that the boycott resolution had been passed. When General Ben called on the family of Major Carr and the dove-eyed Pauline greeted him as a hostile guest she changed suddenly all her aversion to one Yankee, at least. And what of General Ben? When he greeted the dove-eyed Pauline he was no longer the captain of his soul. In that casket of jewels—"The Loves of the Poets"—Mrs. Jameson gives the pathetic story of the world famous poet Petrarch in his spontaneous love for Laura—a story of profound pathos and melancholy tenderness.

Petrarch, a poetic genius who had outrun his time, wrote to his bishop of his emotional weakness as follows: "I love Laura in spite of myself in lamentation and tears."

General Ben knew no bishop in North Carolina to write to; hence he concluded to let his romance sizz. The night General Ben called on Major Carr's

family and heard Pauline sing the "Bonnie Blue Flag" he came to my tent on the hillside in a tremor of conflicting thrills. He told me of Pauline, of her wondrous beauty and charm; but he added. "I am disconsolate over that damn rebel song she sung." Not to dwell on this quick-speeding romance, General Ben kept up his visits to the Carr family and in 10 days he induced the lovely Pauline to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" and two weeks later to sing the "Vacant Chair," by George F. Root, and "We Are Coming, Father Abraham," by Stephen J. Adams of Massachusetts. But she balked on "Marching Through Georgia" and the John Brown song, in deference to her father. This was an ideal love affair of overwhelming intensity. When the order came June 23 to be mustered out Ben and Pauline were engaged to be married Sept. 5. When Ben reached home—(the old farm in Shelby county)—and told his proud parents of his engagement to a rebel girl there was furious rebellion in the family. All the relatives were called in and all agreed Ben had a brilliant future that would be utterly ruined if he married a rebel girl. All his political friends joined in the protest and in an unfortunate moment Ben ceased to be the captain of his soul again and wrote a letter to Pauline canceling the

engagement. That letter proved the death knell of Pauline Carr. She died five years later of a broken heart. And General Ben never married. He carried his love of Pauline to the end of his life, 80 years.

There was another romance in my regiment at Salisbury of a more practical character. William Cesar was a member of Company C. He enlisted at Bryan, O., and served at the front in all the battles of the regiment from the muster in to the muster out. He never responded to sick call, never asked for a furlough, never kicked on half rations, and was the best forager in the regiment. He was always calm in the storm of battle. The boys in the regiment dubbed him "Old Caesar," not because he was named Cesar, but because in courage and deliberation he reminded them of Julius Caesar.

One day when June roses were ripe and the woods were aglow with dogwood blossoms, Old Caesar marched out six miles from Salisbury on a foraging raid along the Yadkin river. He found a plantation with a pleasant cottage home, with chickens, geese and ducks roaming about the house, with a cool rivulet a rod away. Old Caesar was exceedingly fond of ducks and started a chase around the house to capture one extra waddling duck, which looked fat enough for a good dinner. A woman

rushed out of the house and, seeing the intruder wore the blue blouse of a Union soldier and must be treated with due deference, yelled: "For God's sake, don't take all my ducks." After Cesar had captured a duck he followed the woman into the house with the duck under his arm. He learned she was the widow of a Confederate soldier who was killed at Chickamauga. A widow for two years. Cesar inquired: "How much land do you own?"

"Three hundred acres," she replied.

"Do you expect to marry again?" he asked.

"No. Nearly all the young men of draft age were either killed or disabled in the war."

"Well, if you ever should marry would you not prefer a soldier?"

"Yes. Henry was only 27 when he lost his life at Chickamauga and I am only 25 now."

"Well, I am a soldier," said Cesar. And Cesar made only three more visits to the widow, when the date was set—the next Saturday—for the wedding. I rode out to the farm with Adjutant Thurstin and the chaplain and at noon, in the sunshine by the brook under an old linden tree, with martins singing in the foliage overhead, Cesar and the widow were married. The next day Cesar came to my headquarters with the request that I draw his pay when we

would be paid off in Cleveland and send him the money by express.

He said: "I like this country and 300 acres of producing land looks good to me. It is more enduring than any love hallucinations."

June 10 I sent to Comrade Cesar his dues, $51, by express, but never have heard from him since.

CHAPTER XXI

OHIO'S PART IN THE FOUR YEARS' CONFLICT—GENERAL GRANT'S LOSSES IN THE ARMY

N EX-CONFEDERATE soldier at Charlotte, Va., disputes my statement that Grant was the greatest general produced by the Civil War. He says the honor belongs to General Robert E. Lee. This is not a new claim. For more than half a century this claim has been made generally in the South. It will be conceded the value and status of a commanding general must be measured by his achievements in battle and campaigns. Because General Grant accomplished more than any general of the Civil War he is entitled to be classed as the foremost general.

The statement has been continuously printed in Southern histories and biographies more than 50 years that in the closing battles of the war around Richmond, Va., General Grant lost 63,000 soldiers in killed, wounded and missing or more killed and disabled soldiers than General Lee's entire army of 60,000 men. This statement has stood unchallenged through all the years since the Civil War. It is con-

ceded by all intelligent students of war history that an army, fighting in the open against an enemy army entrenched and fortified, should have double the numerical strength of an entrenched army to make successful battle.

At the start of General Grant's memorable campaign of 1864 he had 120,000 soldiers. Of these about 100,000 were effective fighters. Some 20,000 were on detached duty, in hospitals, guarding lines of supplies or reported unfit for duty. General Lee had an army of about 82,000, of whom 70,000 were fit for duty. First let us examine the claim that General Grant lost 63,000 in battles or more than Lee's whole army. I will quote Grant's losses from the best available figures.

Grant's losses in the Wilderness campaign, including the battles of the Wilderness and Cold Harbor, were killed 2,246, wounded 12,037, missing, 3,383, for a total of 17,666. His losses at Petersburg were killed 1,298, wounded 7,471, missing 1,814, a total of 10,586. Grant's losses at Spottsylvania were killed 2,725, wounded 13,416, missing 2,258, a total of 18,399. Entire losses in killed, wounded and missing were 46,646. Entirely too many precious lives lost, but the difference between 63,000 and 46,646 is 15,354. This is a valuable difference. History should

be accurate to be valuable. Grant was assaulting fortified positions by front attacks, which was a cruel mistake. Let us see how many lives Lee lost in this destructive campaign—Lee, who is lauded as the master strategist of the war.

In the Wilderness battle, May 5, to 7, Lee's army lost, killed 1,503, wounded 7,138, missing 2,000, a total of 10,641; at Spottsylvania, killed 1,982, wounded 8,517, missing 5,078, for a total of 15,577. The official report of Confederate losses at Petersburg is not available. A fair estimate is around 5,000 killed, wounded and missing. This makes Lee's losses in battles and campaigns of 1864, 31,-218, as compared with Grant's losses of 46,646. As Grant was, in every engagement, making his attacks in the open against a strongly fortified army, the difference in the loss of life is not so startling.

Let us examine the claim made by my critical correspondent, a claim that has been made more than half a century, that Lee, when he confronted Grant in May, 1864, had an army of only 60,000. I say he had more than 80,000. Let me prove it. In the campaigns and battles of 1864, best available facts show Lee lost 31,218 men. On April 1, 1865, General Sheridan defeated part of Lee's army at Five Oaks, Va., and captured 5,487 prisoners. April

2, 1865, General Grant carried the entrenched line at Petersburg and captured Fort Gregg and 12,000 prisoners. The sixth corps of Grant's army at Sailors Creek under Sheridan captured 7,000 prisoners and the second corps captured four guns and 1,500 prisoners. In these captures and campaigns in April, 1865, Lee lost 25,987 soldiers. The first day—April 9, 1865, Lee surrendered 28,350 soldiers. Later when the liberal terms given to surrendered soldiers by Grant were known, 20,000 more surrendered. This aggregate is verified by the American Cyclopedia of American Biography. Adding the 31,-218 lost in battle by General Lee in 1864 to the 48,-350 surrendered at Appomattox we have 79,568 as the aggregate strength of Lee's army at the outset of the campaign of 1864.

And these figures do not include soldiers captured at Petersburg, Five Forks and Sailors Creek previous to the surrender, numbering 25,987. I do not add these captured soldiers to the aggregate of Lee's army because many of them may have been among the 20,000 who surrendered and were paroled after the first day at Appomattox. Hence it is a conservative estimate that General Lee had a veteran army of 80,000 strongly fortified, when he confronted Grant in April, 1864. Let the facts be

known and recorded. History should be full of truth and scant on exaggeration. The temple of fame dedicated to the War God is high and ample with room enough for all war heroes.

Again the battle of Bull Run, fought July 21, 1861, has gone into history as an overwhelming calamity. It was the first victory for the armies of the Confederacy and caused wild enthusiasm throughout the 11 seceded states. It was described by leading journals of the newly born Confederacy as a Yankee footrace from Bull Run to Washington. The story went around the country that Union soldiers didn't fight. What do the official figures disclose? I give the official reports:

Union soldiers killed 460. Confederate soldiers killed 387. Union soldiers wounded 1,125. Confederate soldiers wounded 1,582. Union soldiers captured or missing 1,312. Confederates captured or missing 13. Our loss in prisoners was in the retreat, picked up by cavalry. Our army had no adequate cavalry force to compete with the Black Horse cavalry of Virginia. When Virginia seceded she turned over 5,000 well mounted cavalry to the Confederacy. Horace Greeley in the New York Tribune was largely responsible for sending our army into battle

before it was ready, with his daily rallying cry "On to Richmond."

Before Bull Run our army won a signal victory at Rich Mountain, Va. July 11, under General Rosecrans, and at Carrick's Ford, Va., July 14, under General Steedman, where General Garnett, the first Confederate general was killed.

The story of the Civil War would be a fading fragment and war memoirs a fallow memory without substantial mention of Ohio's foremost place in the great struggle. First: Five Ohio-born soldiers were elected President of the United States—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and McKinley.

Secondly: Four of the greatest soldiers of the war were born in Ohio—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Rosecrans.

Third: Four of the greatest volunteer soldiers of the war were citizens of Ohio—Steedman, Cox, Opdyke and McCook.

Fourth: Although Ohio was the third state in the Union in population in 1861, she furnished more soldiers (more than 313,000) than any state.

On the first call for 75,000 volunteers April 16, 1861, Ohio furnished 27 regiments (27,000), more more than a third. She furnished 120 regiments of three years troops and 25 regiments for a year, two

regiments for six months and 42 regiments for 100 days. Ohio also furnished 13 cavalry regiments and five independent companies for three years.

Three regiments of artillery for three years and 26 independent batteries of artillery for three years also came from Ohio. In addition 5,692 colored troops were enlisted in the state. More than half the adult male population was from 1861 to 1865 enlisted in the service. Besides there were 3,443 Ohio boys in the gunboat service. In all 313,180 Ohio soldiers responded to the 10 calls of President Lincoln. And they did some fighting. Eight hundred and seventy-two Ohio officers were killed in battles, 6,536 Ohio soldiers were killed in battles, 4,674 died of wounds, and 13,381 died of disease, from hard service and exposure.

Fifth: Ohio furnished more major generals than any state, 33, and all with battle records. Here is the list: Sherman, Sheridan, McPherson, McClellan, Rosecrans, Garfield, Steedman, McCook, Hazen, Opdyke, Fuller, Swayne, Buckland, Keifer, Beatty, Runkle, Crook, Stanley, Mitchell, McDowell, Buell, Banning, Warner, Wolcott, Wood, Ewing, Willich, Schenck, Custer, Force, Garrard, Gilmore and Kautz. It is a sad thought that of this great group of splen-

did soldiers, only one is alive today, General J. Warren Keifer, 87, of Springfield.

Sixth: Ohio contributed more heroic literature and more dramatic war poets to glorify the Union cause than any state. I mention four: Thomas Buchanan Read, who wrote "Sheridan's Ride," the most powerful dramatic poem of the war; Forsythe Wilson, W. D. Gallagher and John James Piatt. Wilson wrote a poem that never has been excelled in lurid description of a battle. I quote a stanza:

> "I see the death grip on the plain
> "The grappling monsters of the main,
> "The tens of thousands that are slain;
> "I see the champion sword strokes flash;
> "I see them fall and hear them clash;
> "I hear the murderous cannon crash."

In Redpath's History of Universal Literature our Ohio poet, W. D. Gallagher, is given a high place in heroic verse. John James Piatt wrote a number of stirring war songs of deep pathos and patriotism of which "The Mower of Ohio" was most quoted. Piatt was also a poet of the woods and brooks and fields and wrote musical gems of nature in her gentler moods.

I had the honor to recommend Mr. Piatt for an important consular position in 1873. When President Grant learned of Piatt's patriotic songs and lyrics of patriotism he appointed him consul to Cork, Ireland, without consulting his secretary of state.

It was the poems like these that the Boys in Blue sang on the march and around the bivouac fires, that gave cheerfulness and confidence to our armies and hope and faith in the loyal homes of the North where grief and anguish sat brooding and speechless around every stricken fireside.

For more than half a century no poet has arisen to give us a lyric, a historical or dramatic poem of the Civil War. Let us hope at some nearby day some prescient genius will be inspired to sing of this, the most memorable struggle of the ages, linking Gettysburg and Atlanta; Chickamauga and Franklin and Nashville and Appomattox into a grand epic.

CHAPTER XXII

CHIVALRY OF WAR—THE HORSE AS A FACTOR OF ALL WAR HISTORY—THE GREAT DRAMATIC POEMS

A CONFEDERATE soldier wrote to the Southern Magazine, published by General Basil Dake in Louisville, Ky., after the war that the Southern Confederacy was doomed to downfall when the supply of cavalry horses was exhausted. The so-called blooded young man of the South refused to enlist as a foot soldier and carry a knapsack and haversack, holding foot service to be menial and servile. Riding a thoroughbred under such leaders as General Ned Forest, General John Morgan or General Joe Wheeler in a dangerous, dashing raid into the camps of a sleeping army of infantry at midnight had its allurements more than its perils and tearing up railroad tracks and capturing poorly defended trains carrying rations and commissary stores of the enemy was a life full of thrills.

The magic tales of the Knights of Chivalry in the Holy Crusades have added glamor and allurement to the literature of all languages for 10 cen-

turies. And the Civil War, from 1861 to 1865, produced a distinctive heroic literature that never has been equaled or approximated. For half a century no poet has arisen with a poem to equal the most powerful dramatic poem, "Sheridan's Ride," by Thomas Buchanan Read, or Julia Ward's semi-religious lyric—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic." And the World War, the most disastrous and destructive of human life in all history, hasn't produced a poet or an orator in any language to approximate in dramatic power, "Sheridan's Ride."

It may be that since we have abolished the horse in our recreations and pastimes and substituted a machine of more speed that we are appreciating only machine-made rhymsters and that our literature has been toned by our machine environment. Again, there is no inspiration for an inspired poet in a social era where a champion nose smasher and rib cracker commands $300,000 for a short fistic bout, while our most profound prelate and most eloquent orator cannot command a $900 house.

While the horse may never come back in the pastimes of the people it is interesting and valuable to know what a dominating factor the war horse and the horse of chivalry and the horse of literature has been in the heroic past.

The Holy Crusaders in the Eleventh and Twelfth centuries made a history and literature that will endure for all time and the horse was the chief factor.

A thousand years before Christianity the horse was one of the most potent deities of the weird and fascinating religion of the Pagan world. The history of this achievement covers three continents and runs through 10 portentous centuries of triumphs, wars and conquests.

As a potent missionary of the Christian religion the horse was first conspicuous at the close of the Eleventh century.

The first crusade (1069), organized by that great plebeian, Peter the Hermit, failed because there were no horses. Nearly all his soldiers were slain by the Turks in Asia Minor. The second crusade, organized in 1097, was led by Knights of the Holy Cross; and no soldier could be a knight who was not mounted, and he must also be a horseman, strong enough to wear steel armor and to wield a broadsword.

June 7, 1099, 20,000 of these crusaders reached Jerusalem. After a five weeks' siege the city was captured by a cavalry of the most reckless daring. Godfrey, the leader, wrote home as follows:

"In Solomon's porch and in his temple our knights rode in the blood of the Saracens up to the knees of their horses."

The seventh and last crusade didn't end until 1272, and while I am not here to say the mounted cavalier with sword and spear was the true follower of the lowly Nazarene, the mailed knights of the Middle Ages were the avant couriers of that kind of Christian civilization that dominates all Europe to-day, and it is getting a firm grip on the United States.

Hernando Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, as an appointed Knight of the Cross, never could have subdued the fierce and warlike Aztec nation without the Spanish war horse of the Sixteenth century. It may not be known that the entire force of Cortez when he successfully captured the strongly fortified City of Mexico was less than 1,000 Spanish foot soldiers and only 87 splendidly mounted knights riding powerful Spanish horses, encased in steel armor. The Aztec warriors never before had seen a horse and they regarded him as a supernatural terror—death-dealing and irresistible.

And what Cortez and his cavaliers did to the Aztecs of Mexico a still more daring knight and horseman, Francisco Pizarro, did to the Incas of

Peru in 1535; and he did it with his knights on horseback in armor of steel.

The age of chivalry was an age of fierce adventures and long and bloody wars, in which the horse was the chief factor; but it humanized war, inaugurated knightly honor and did much to eliminate the brutal instincts which before had found vent in the butchery or slavery of soldiers captured in battle. Knightly honor, the growth of chivalry, forbade a knight to kill another knight when he was unhorsed or had dropped his lance or called for mercy.

When Nero sat above Rome Christian martyrs were taken to the arena to be devoured by wild beasts, caught in the German forests, in the applauding presence of the Roman populace. Later, under the Emperor Augustus, under a gentler and more benign civilization, the chariot races, in which the horse was the main factor, supplanted the brutal bouts in the bloody arena. And in the age of chivalry the horse did for Christian civilization what the chariot races did in Rome for Pagan civilization. He made mankind better and more humane.

Spenser, Sir Walter Scott, Longfellow and Tennyson have drawn plots, romances and poems liberally from chivalry, but none so successfully as Lord Byron and Washington Irving. Next to Waterloo

Byron's most thrilling dramatic poem is "Mazeppa," in which the wild horse of the Ukraine is the leading factor.

All poets of modern times put horses under their heroes. King Richard III, Shakespeare says, offered his kingdom for a horse after his game steed fell dead on the bloody field of Bosworth. He couldn't get another horse on his offer and thereby lost the battle and the crown, and the blood of Plantagenet was dried up forever, and the blood of Tudor came to rule in England, all for lack of a horse.

All standard English poets were horse fanciers. Sir Walter Scott, in immortal Marmion, puts into Lady Heron's mouth the story of "Young Lochinvar," one of the most thrilling musical gems in the English language.

Even Tennyson, late poet laureate of England, with all his finical, fine ladyisms of versification, occasionally braces into the robust heroic when he mounts the English thoroughbred. He does this in "Locksley Hall." But his best effort by far is "The Charge of the Light Brigade." But Tennyson is hardly in the same class with Sir Walter Scott. In all the minstrelsy of Scott the horse always comes in to gild the heroics, whether he sings of love or war.

In the songs of the troubadours the horse is

everywhere sung. Many of these songs were written by women. The troubadours were the offspring of chivalry. They first appeared in France in the Eleventh century and sang their last lyric poetry in the Fourteenth. The troubadours composed and sang songs and one of the accomplishments was to play the harp or guitar. They were the inventors of lyric poetry, devoted entirely to sentimentalism. They often were mounted when attached to courts of princes and nobles, they sang praises to the gallantry of knights and often indulged in rustic rhymes on the degeneracy of the clergy. Irving won his greatest fame in fiction imbibing the lyric songs and romances and wild witching tales of the Moslem Moors. Lyrics once sung in the subtle moonlight to the blackeyed daughters of Andalusia; who danced in the orange groves of the Gaudalquiver in the heroic age of Moorish chivalry.

We learn that the God Neptune controlled all the waters of the great ocean (Mediterranean sea being the only ocean the Greeks knew) and that he created the horse. Homer, in his Iliad, sings of Neptune thus: "He yokes to the chariot his swift steeds, with feet of brass and manes of gold, and himself (Neptune), clad in gold, drives over the waves."

Professor Murray's Manual of Mythology, speaking of Neptune and his sea horses, says: "The sea rejoices and makes way for him. His horses speed lightly over the waves and never a drop of water touches the brazen axle."

A Chicago preacher, good intentioned and on the right track in denouncing an extravagant champagne supper of the "400" after the horse show, charges the horse show with the dissolute innovation. Here is where the learned divine is wrong. The banquet after the horse show is not new, neither is there anything particularly new in the horse show. The modern horse show is an old love that has come back in different guise and environment. And the afterfeast of the so-called swell set, with the effervescent spirit in the champagne, is not new. More than 20 centuries ago in Rome, after the victorious charioteers had put away their billhooks, the Roman senators, consuls and captains of the pretorian guard, who had won coin on the races, stamped with the phiz of Caesar, adjourned to the room of Apollo, where feasts were spread more lavishly than any dilettant midnight supper of our "400" after the horse show.

Lucullus, a Roman consul, not half as well fixed as either the Morgans or the Armours, or even Gary

of steel, gave a wine supper to the conquering soldier Caesar and more pompous Pompey, in which the brains of 100 peacocks and 500 nightingales were served as a delicacy in the room of Apollo, and his wine bill was $6,500. If our Chicago preacher had said human nature has changed little since the pagan world of 2,000 years ago, so far as the habits and tastes of notable men are concerned, he would have come nearer to the bull's-eye.

The first real horse that is fully verified a war horse, or a horse of the heroics, is Bucephalus, the favorite war horse of Alexander the Great, who was born 25 years before Christ. Evidently the Macedonians were breeding horses for quality, as Plutarch, one of the earliest of reliable historians, says Bucephalus was offered to King Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, for 13 talents, $12,590. It is not my purpose to mention any of the famous war horses of the pagan world, except to note the fact that Bucephalus was the first war horse of heroic quality to get into current history.

Let us skip 2,000 years of man's constant warring, including the so-called age of chivalry, and start our brief history of the horse heroics with the dying years of the Eighteenth century.

If I should name six of the most famous hero

horses of the Nineteenth century, I would mention Marengo, the favorite war horse of Napoleon; Copenhagen, the favorite of the Duke of Wellington; Cincinnati, the famous war horse of General Grant; Traveller, the noted war horse of General Robert E. Lee; Lexington, the horse General Sherman rode on the Atlanta campaign, and Winchester, the game and fleet black stallion that carried General Phil Sheridan from Winchester to Cedar Creek, 20 miles, that gray October morning in 1864. Winchester has the unique distinction of having his master for a biographer.

Another famous horse that has been preserved true to life is the one Stonewall Jackson rode the day of his tragic death. This horse is the central attraction of the relic room of the Confederate Soldiers' home, Richmond, Va.

Copenhagen won his fame as the horse the Duke of Wellington rode at the decisive battle of Waterloo—a battle that ended the conquering career of Napoleon and gave enduring fame to Wellington. Copenhagen has inspired more animal hero worship than any horse in all history, ancient or modern. He was a powerful chestnut stallion, 16 hands high, an English thoroughbred, a grandson of the famous English racehorse Eclipse. The Duke of Welling-

ton bought him in 1813, paying 400 guineas for him, or $2,000. His magnificent form, style and high quality are indicated by the price.

At 4 o'clock, June 18, 1815, the day the great duke and Copenhagen won immortal fame, Wellington mounted Copenhagen and was in the saddle continuously 18 hours. And when the day was done and the duke had held his historic interview with the Prussian Field Marshal Blucher, the duke dismounted and turned Copenhagen over to his orderly.

From time immemorial the horse has been immortalized with his immortal master. He has been perpetuated in stone and iron and bronze with the poets, philosophers and soldiers of the world.

In Berlin it is Frederick the Great and his horse.

In Trafalgar Square, London, it is Wellington and his horse.

In Paris it is Napoleon and his horse.

In our national capital it is Grant and his horse, Jackson and his horse, Sherman and his horse. General Logan and his horse and glorious old "Pap" Thomas and his horse. In Richmond it is Washington and his horse, Robert E. Lee and his horse and Stonewall Jackson and his horse.

On the obelisks of dead old Egypt, on the arch

of Trajan at Rome and the arch of triumph that Napoleon built in Paris to celebrate his victories the horse and his hero rider are multiplied on every ascending circle.

The Old Testament prophetess Miriam, taking her timbrels to swell the song of triumph which Moses gave to the poetry of the ages, in celebrating the drowning of Pharaoh and his cavalry in the Red Sea, says:

"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider He hath thrown into the sea."

You will notice that the inspired prophetess gives the horse first mention over the soldier, doubtless on his merits, as the more humane of the two.

Darwin doesn't tell us in his great work on the evolution of the human race the number of years which elapsed between the development of the man-like ape and the ape-like man, but since history was born we know the horse with hoofs has been co-existent with the devil with hoofs.

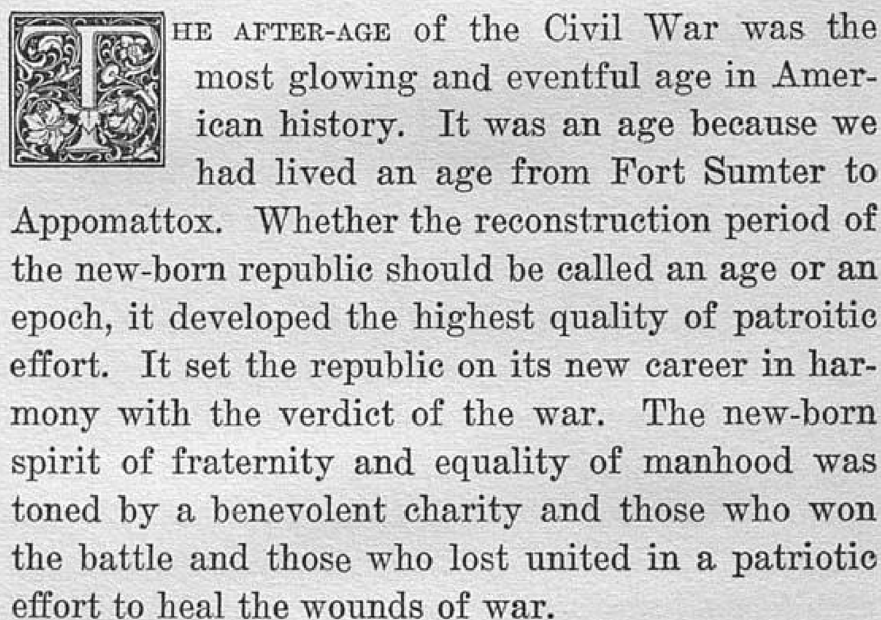
Nowhere is the horse of heroics more conspicuous than in sculpture. Sculpture beats history and is more potent than books, which speak only one language. Some 20 languages have passed into the grave with dead nations, while monuments, statues

and tombs built by these nations still stand. The Roman empire is dead, the Roman race has died out of Italy, but the heroic statue of Caesar, mounted on his war horse crossing the Rubicon, still stands. The Latin language is dead, but the arch of Trajan and his horse still stand. Napoleon is dead and his empire is dead, but the Arch of Triumph the great Corsican built in Paris to celebrate his victories, still stands.

I still hope some day the live horse will be the most wholesome recreative factor for the live man; and he is only good when alive, not like the miser or the pig—no good to the world until after death.

CHAPTER XXIII

REUNION OF THE BLUE AND THE GRAY AT CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, SIXTEEN YEARS AFTER THE WAR



THE AFTER-AGE of the Civil War was the most glowing and eventful age in American history. It was an age because we had lived an age from Fort Sumter to Appomattox. Whether the reconstruction period of the new-born republic should be called an age or an epoch, it developed the highest quality of patroitic effort. It set the republic on its new career in harmony with the verdict of the war. The new-born spirit of fraternity and equality of manhood was toned by a benevolent charity and those who won the battle and those who lost united in a patriotic effort to heal the wounds of war.

In 1867, on the sacred Sabbath of the nation (Memorial Day), a group of splendid Southern women at Columbus, Miss., scattered flowers on the graves of Union and Confederate soldiers alike. This gracious act, so benign and unexpected, touched the heart of the nation. It was the inspiration of one of the finest poetic gems in the literature of patriotism,

entitled "The Blue and the Gray" by Francis Miles Finch. I quote the last stanza:

> "No more shall the war cry sever,
> "Or the winding rivers be red.
> "They banish our anger forever
> "When they laurel the graves of our dead,
> "Under the sod and the dew
> "Waiting the judgment day,
> "Under the roses the blue,
> "Under the lilies the gray."

The next movement of continental import occurred at Chattanooga, Tenn., when the Society of the Army of the Cumberland met the Society of Confederate Veterans in fraternal reunion Sept. 21 and 22, 1881. This reunion was on the invitation of leading Confederate officers and soldiers of Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama. It was the first formal meeting in the south since the war of organized veterans of the Blue and Gray and was the first ever held on any continent where the survivors of hostile armies have met on battlefields in fraternal reunion.

The veterans of Lord Wellington's victorious army couldn't have gone back together with Napoleon's shattered legions to the battlefields of

Waterloo to fraternize above the sod of their fallen comrades. Neither can the soldiers of France and Germany fraternize on any battlefield of the World war. Neither will the soldiers of Bulgaria and Roumania (two Balkan states lying side by side).

The meeting of the Blue and the Gray at Chattanooga, in the presence of the greatest battlefields of the war, was a lesson in patriotism never surpassed in importance in all heroic history. This reunion made more patriotic history than any single event since the Civil War. And the environment in historic interest never has been approximated in spectacular grandeur. Judge Cochran of Toledo, an Ohio soldier, who delivered the oration, said:

"Fifty seven thousand gallant soldiers lie in seven known cemeteries of Tennessee and 13,000 lie here at Chattanooga."

The actual number of soldiers buried at Chattanooga is 13,516, and of this number 4,972 are in unknown graves. Immortal Arlington, on the Potomac overlooking Washington, the sacred Mecca of the nation on Memorial day, where all the unknown soldiers of the Army of the Potomac are buried, numbers 4,625 or 347 fewer than Chattanooga. For more than half a century our poets, orators and statesmen have glorified Arlington; and

Chattanooga and the Tennessee river have had scant mention. What does history disclose? No great battle was fought on either shore of the Potomac during the four years. Six important battles were fought along the Tennessee river or within cannon range: Shiloh, Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Iuka and Corinth. And the Tennessee river has a history, herioc and human, surpassing the Potomac, although unsung.

It rises in North Carolina at the foot of Kings mountain and runs 1,000 miles through five states, passing through South Carolina, nipping a corner of Georgia, running across the whole of Alabama, then, after rounding a corner of Mississippi, it turns due north for 350 miles through Tennessee and Kentucky and empties into the Ohio. Its source at the foot of Kings Mountain suggests a chapter of history worth a memory, even now in this swift utilitarian age of autos, airplanes and evolution. In the story of the American Revolution the battle of Kings Mountain has a live chapter. It was here, Oct. 7, 1780, that a brave band of backwoodsmen of North and South Carolina, under command of a green soldier, Colonel Clarke, defeated a superior force of Tories and British commanded by Colonel Ferguson of the British regulars. Only 200 of the

British army escaped. This battle was a fitting prelude to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown a year later. Surely this battle incident is worth a memory in the story of the Tennessee river.

This reunion was held amid the grandest environment on the continent. I refer to the open air exercises on Cameron hill, overlooking Chattanooga.

More than 10,000 citizens met with the Blue and the Gray in the bright sunshine of that glowing September day. The stage was grandly set. To the right, where General Joe Hooker led his victorious legions, stood Lookout Mountain in near view—still towering without a cloud to mist its crowning dome. To the left Missionary Ridge called up the story of that battle won by our army under Sherman, Thomas and Sheridan, directed by the watchful eye of Grant. In the background, behind Lookout, rose in the distance chain after chain of mountain ranges until they merged to a blue mist in the distance. By this historic river, in these wooded valleys and up these rocky mountain slopes the Blue and the Gray only a few years before were in the hell of war. Now there is sweet silence in the valleys and on the mountain sides and the Blue and the Gray are brothers.

The flag raising on Cameron Hill opened the day. It was an inspiring spectacle to see the flag of

the Union, with 40 stars in the blue canton (we had only 40 states then) with two Confederate major generals, Joe Wheeler and General Cheatham, standing side by side with General Cox of Ohio and General Parkhurst of Michigan pulling together the cord that carried "Old Glory" to the top of the flag staff.

Ten thousand citizens gave this spectacle unstinted applause. Amid the universal rejoicing there were tears with the cheers, because memory called up the thousands of brave boys whose lives went out in these valleys and mountain sides and because the wires just told of the death of President Garfield by the hand of an assassin. General Garfield was president of the Army of the Cumberland Society.

This reunion was the first occasion since the war where a prominent Confederate soldier endorsed all the war amendments to the Constitution and expressed the bold opinion that the South gained as much as the North when the lost cause was lost. I quote an extract from the speech of Major Key, who served all through the four years' war in the Confederate army:

"Your country is our country; your destiny is our destiny. We recognize the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. The august tribunal to

which we appealed (war) decided you were right. The decision is irrevocable. We are satisfied that the results of the war are as beneficial to us as to you."

General Joe Wheeler, the dashing cavalry general of the Confederacy, made an address of the same import, but more diplomatic. A number on the program was a poem dedicated to the reunion by Kate Brownlee Sherwood of Toledo, which was read by a Confederate soldier, James R. McGuffie of Chattanooga. At the close there were 10,000 prolonged cheers. I quote a stanza:

"Show me the men in the ranks, I will show you the might of the nation.
"Crown them with laurels and love, the battle scarred sons of our peril.
"Sacred the hills where they lie, the plains that received their baptismal.
"Lead us, O, Liberty, lead, under the zenith of hope.
"Conflict and carnage behind, glory and grandeur ahead."

The reunion of the Blue and the Gray at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1914, on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, was another history making event.

Two leading historians of the South were present, John Trotwood Moore, state librarian of Tennessee and leading historian, magazinist and poet of the South, and Colonel R. W. Banks of Mississippi, who was on the staff of General Walthall at Franklin and who published a valuable book on the battle.

I was appointed to speak for Union soldiers who fought the battle of Franklin, and General Bennett Young of Louisville, who was then the national commander of the Confederate veterans, was assigned to speak in behalf of the Confederates.

After I had finished my address General Young asked all the Southern soldiers present (some 800) to stand. "Now give the old general from Ohio the rebel yell," he said. It was given with a will amid laughter and cheering. I heard the rebel yell quite often during the war, but this was the first time I ever heard it when I thought it was a compliment. I met at this reunion many of the leading actors in the battle of Franklin, conceded by all historians, North and South, to be the bloodiest of the war. Many of the cavalry officers who fought under General Forest in that battle verified the contention of John Trotwood Moore in his dramatic history of the battle that if General Hood had acted on the advice of General Forest he would have won the battle.

This view of General Forest, as voiced by Moore, was shared by all the Confederate officers with whom I talked. General Forest appealed to General Hood to allow him to take his cavalry and a division of infantry and charge our left flank, which was weak, on account of the withdrawal of all reserves from our left to save the center of our line.

Critical war talks 50 years after the war may be more prolific than profitable, but it is never too late to gather ideas of historic value. General Hood, who commanded great armies and fought many battles, most of which he lost, was educated in the school of the soldier at West Point. General Forest had no book education, either civil or military. Yet he is classed as the foremost cavalry general of the Confederate army. His equestrian statue can be seen at Memphis, Tenn., while General Hood has scant mention in Southern histories and biographies.

General Grant was graduated at West Point as twenty-first in his class. The young man who was graduated first in the same class was never heard of afterward. This is not quoted to discredit a military education, but as evidence that a military education doesn't always make a capable general in battle or a military strategist. General Beauregard was the highest educated general of the Civil War,

either North or South. On account of his thorough military education he was made superintendent of West Point military academy. Yet as a commanding general he was a failure. He never won a battle, although he won a skirmish against a force under General Butler at Drury's Bluff, Va., in October, 1864, where the list of casualties has not been reported. General Beauregard missed a great opportunity to win the battle of Shiloh, April 26, 1862, after General Albert Sidney Johnson was killed, when Beauregard took command.

He waited too long. He did, however, put up a defensive fight the next day, but too late, and he conducted an orderly retreat to Corinth, Miss., 20 miles away. General Beauregard also made a graceful surrender at Durham Station, N. C., with the last Confederate army.

It is a mistake to suppose you can make a successful or competent general by a military education. You cannot make a poet by presenting an educated medic with a rhyming dictionary. Neither can you make a real general, however educated, by placing gilded stars on his shoulders or on his collar. A military genius is like an inspired poet, born, not made.

An entertaining and felicitous entertainment

occurred in Washington May, 1917, a month after we entered the World War. Soldiers of the 11 seceded states held a reunion, the first ever held outside a Southern state for more than half a century. I learned more at this reunion of the war history of the Confederacy from a Southern standpoint than during all the intervening years since the war. Thousands of the gray army were present (many of the more prosperous in new gray uniforms) from Richmond to Key West, Fla., and from Charlestown to Brownsville, Tex., on the Gulf of Mexico. Josephus Daniels of North Carolina, then secretary of the navy, gave the veteran commanders of the Confederate camps of the 11 seceded states an elaborate banquet on that much mentioned deep ocean craft, the Mayflower. I was honored with an invitation.

The Mayflower is as fine a boat as rides on any river or lake or ocean in the United States. The dining room or banquet room seats 60 guests without crowding elbows. On this occasion there was an ex-Confederate general or admiral at every plate but three; one occupied by Secretary of the Navy Daniels, one by Captain Lee, son of General Robert E. Lee, and one by the writer. After disposing of the feast, which was ample and appetizing, there came three hours of solid oratory by seven gifted orators

who wore stars in the great war. I learned more battle history and heard of more Confederate battle victories than I had during all the years since the war. The last and one of the best speeches was by Captain Lee, a tall, robust built 215-pound son of Virginia. Captain Lee received the most applause, more than General Harrison of Opelika, Ala., national commander of the Confederate Veterans.

It seemed remarkable to me that in these addresses, no speaker mentioned Jefferson Davis, four years president of the Confederacy. At midnight Secretary Daniels arose and said: "Gentlemen we have with us tonight a veteran general who fought on the other side." He then called on the writer to respond. This was the most embarrassing moment of my life and I have had many, as all of the 60 veterans around the table cheered. I felt some remarks were due. I was an invited guest and not there to debate the war. It suddenly occurred to me that something in lighter vein would be appreciated and I gave them seven stanzas of some verses I had written 25 years after the war on the "Army Grayback." As every soldier present had ample experience with those pesky insects my talk on the grayback called to memory the tragic days of bivouac and battle when the grayback was so busy. They

burst into applause after the first stanza and at the finish I received more applause than any Confederate soldier except Captain Lee. This was my first and last experience as a banquet guest with the Confederate veterans.

I quote the first, tenth and last stanzas of the "Grayback" verses:

"Say, comrades of the old war days, long gone,
Do you remember, while yet fresh from home,
When in the night the camp fire light was low
And dreams of home and peace would come and go?
Do you remember how you cursed and raved
When on your 'broidered shirt your sweetheart gave
You caught in active act with open maw
The very first grayback you ever saw?

"And now I lie beneath the August night
While dying embers glow of camp fire light.
I see the shining stars in silvery bars
Wink calmly o'er the sleeping field of Mars.
There is no cover save the sombre sky;
There is no music but the night hawk's cry;
Yet as I gaze into the mellow moon
I feel the grayback in my pantaloon!

"And now, at last, we tramp the Old North State;
We stand crowned heroes at the Golden Gate
Of glorious peace! Farewell to war's alarms!
The Gray confronts the Blue with grounded arms,
Two armies lay asleep—the Blue, the Gray—
And side by side! Sweet peace had come to stay.
The grayback, too, was there, ten millions strong;
He knew no North, no South, no peaceful song;
And by the fire-flies' light, the last tattoo,
He clawed and clawed, the same he used to do—

"Why were ye made with that terrific maw?
Why were ye born with that infernal claw?
Why were ye sent a soldier's life to mar;
In the damp night bivouacs of cruel war?
To sit on glory's brow and leave a scar?"

In writing these memories of the war I have not aimed to rewrite history; only to give incidents that came under my personal observation. I was the first volunteer soldier in Northwestern Ohio, enlisting the day following President Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers.

I carried a musket as a private soldier in the first battle of the war at Phillipi, W. Va., and I was in the last battle of the war in North Carolina. In

February, 1865, President Lincoln gave me a new commission as brigadier general by brevet, in which the following language occurs: "For long and continuous service and gallant conduct at Resaca, Franklin and Nashville." I was mustered out of the service as a brigadier general Oct. 3, 1865. I believe I am the oldest living general of the war. As my time on earth is but a span I feel the above quotation from the official records will not subject me to the charge of egotism.

Fifty-eight years have elapsed since the curtain fell on this vast field of human agony and glory and it is written in the eternal verities that no battle tragedies ever were played to grander characters. I am not a militarist; on the contrary, I believe war should be outlawed. War is the greatest crime of the human race. I mean aggressive war for conquest or gain. We should put aside all thoughts of gun and sword now that we are at peace with all the world. The World War, with all its enormous slaughter of human life and its aftermath of chaos and revolution, gaunt famine and hopeless debt, should teach us the better way.

We have dedicated thousands of monuments in national cemeteries and in the sacred places to our heroic dead, but monuments have no voice, no emo-

tion. What we need, and it is a need that cries, is a revival of the soul spirit that inspired these monuments. A great student of ethics says "the soul grows in the direction of its attention." We do not need more monuments; we need more attention to the great souls that made these monuments possible.

We need no military idols to make civil liberty a vibrant quality or democracy a vitalizing force in our national life.

CHAPTER XXIV

MY MEMORIES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NLY once did I ever meet Abraham Lincoln. That was on the fourth day of March, 1865, when I was clothed in the grim harness of war, with my once blue uniform tarnished in grime from the red clay roads of northern Georgia. Then I stood within 10 feet of him on the east front of the capitol and heard him deliver his last inaugural—his last oration on earth. I heard him say:

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan."

We have made 58 years of history since that eventful day, but I can see Lincoln now as I saw him then, a tall, gaunt, stalwart man, with deep lines of care furrowing his cheeks, with inexpressible sad-

ness in his face, the face of a man of many sorrows. A sad face, a strong face, a face radiant with the inspiration of a great soul, as he voiced in prophecy the ultimate destiny of this nation. As a soldier of the Republic I heard Abraham Lincoln voice his national ideals in his last message to the American people.

I am the only government official now in public life who was present and heard Lincoln's last inaugural address.

Nov. 4, 1864, was election day for President. I have a vivid memory of that day. Our veteran army was on a forced march to the bloodiest battle of the war—Franklin.

The Ohio legislature had passed a law that the soldiers in the field should vote. The Ohio presidential tickets had been sent to me for my regiment, the 111th Ohio. We were to start at daylight. Just before daylight I had my horse saddled and rode back three miles to the rear and borrowed from our brigade surgeon, Dr. Brewer, an ambulance and a camp kettle. Whenever we rested that day, on that rapid march, the soldiers of my regiment voted in that old camp kettle. We counted the votes at night by the light of the bivouac fires. There were only

seven votes against Abraham Lincoln in the whole regiment.

All concede that nothing new can be said of Abraham Lincoln. History and biography and the muse of poetry have been busy with his name and fame for over a half a century, and history has said its last word.

The American people were leading a dull and melancholy life before that awful struggle of arms, but with the crash of cannon shot against the walls of Sumter came a new and inspired life. When the storm burst, the finger of God dropped the plummet into the Dead Sea, and with the overflow came new hopes, new ambitions, and new inspirations. And throughout that four years' war the leading hand, the guiding spirit in the camps and capitols of the nation was Abraham Lincoln, the President and Commander-in-Chief.

The unprecedented career of Lincoln is a symbol of hope and cheer to every poor boy struggling in poverty for an honorable career. It is the story of a man, born in a rude log cabin, who learned to read books at night in the silent woods by the light of a pine-knot fire, and who became the guiding hand—the leading spirit—in one of the greatest epochs of history.

The End.

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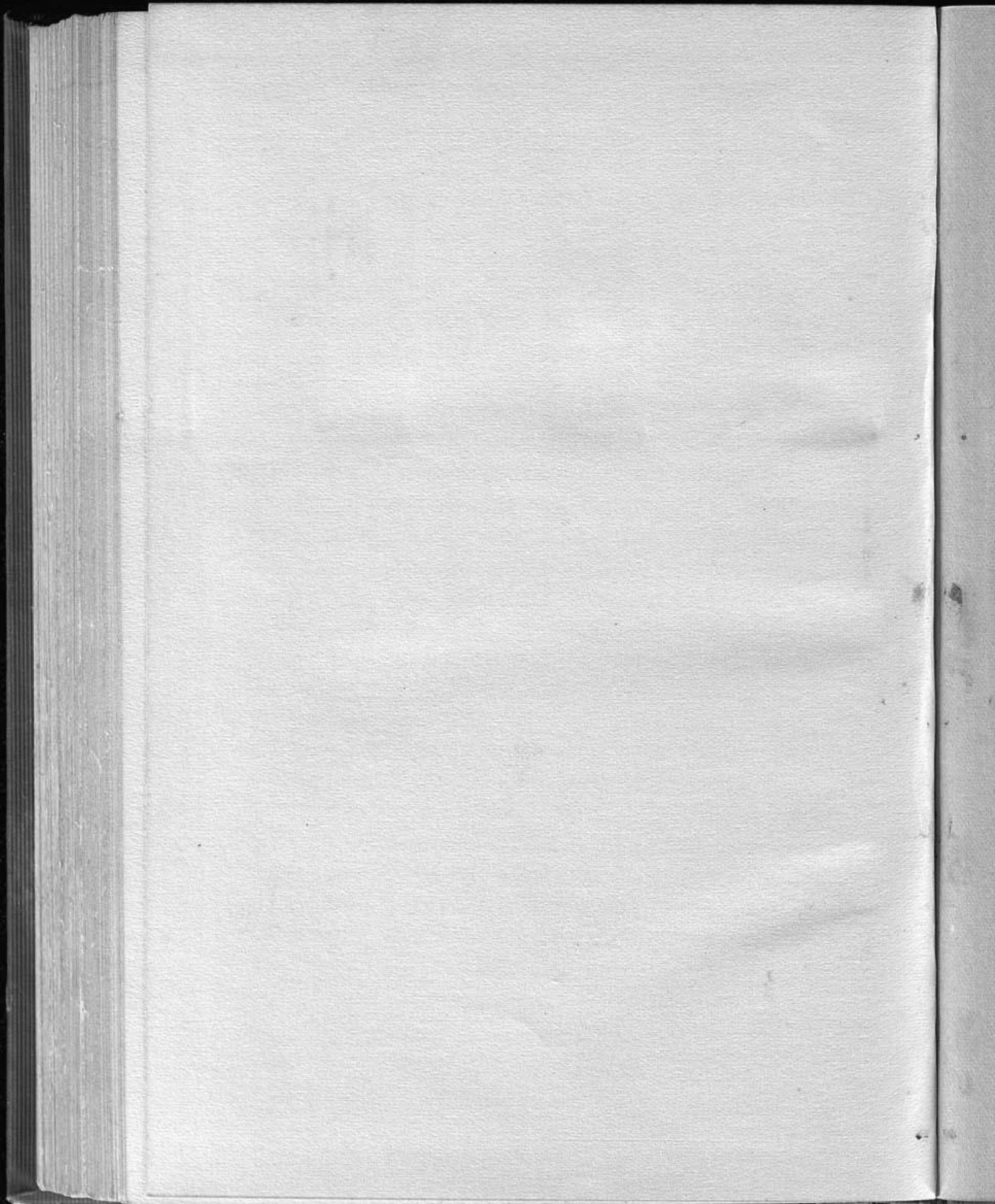

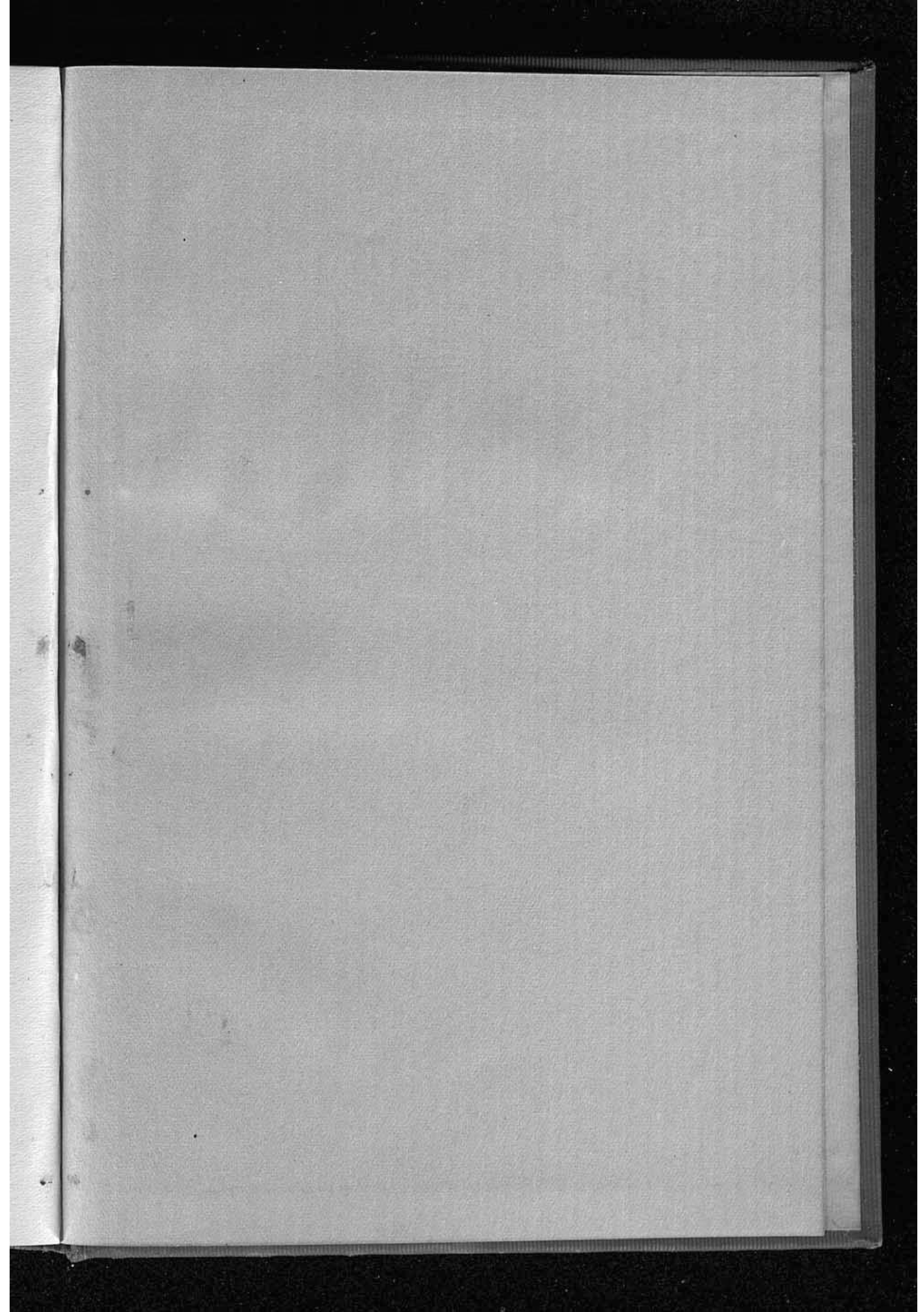

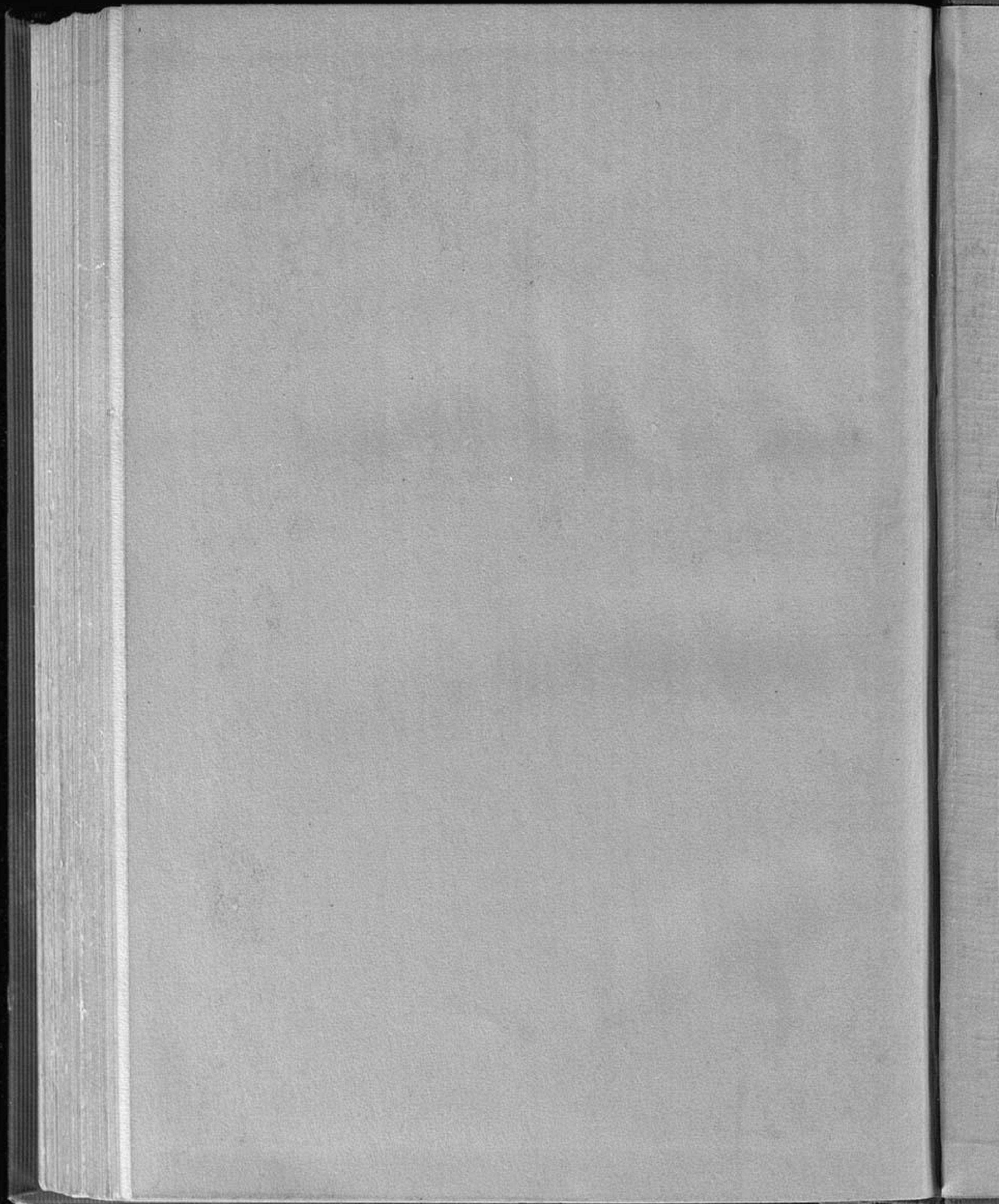

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