

ing, they ventured out and "had the advantage of the enemy and maintained it"—without opposition, for the enemy had long been gone away!

In what I have written respecting this battle I have made no charge against the Union soldier of the want of courage or the desire to surrender.

It is they who furnish the evidence of their distress, refusal to man the parapets, and desire to surrender under the long delay and disappointments of the so-often-promised aid. Amidst all their environments, let none condemn them without cause.

THE SOLDIERS' GRAVE.

BY JOSEPH M. BROWN.

[In Allatoona Pass, by the Western and Atlantic railroad, is the grave of an unknown soldier who fell in the battle there October 5, 1864.]

In the railroad cut there's a lonely grave  
Which the trackmen hold sacred to care;  
They have piled round it stones, and for it they save  
Every flower, when their task calls them there.

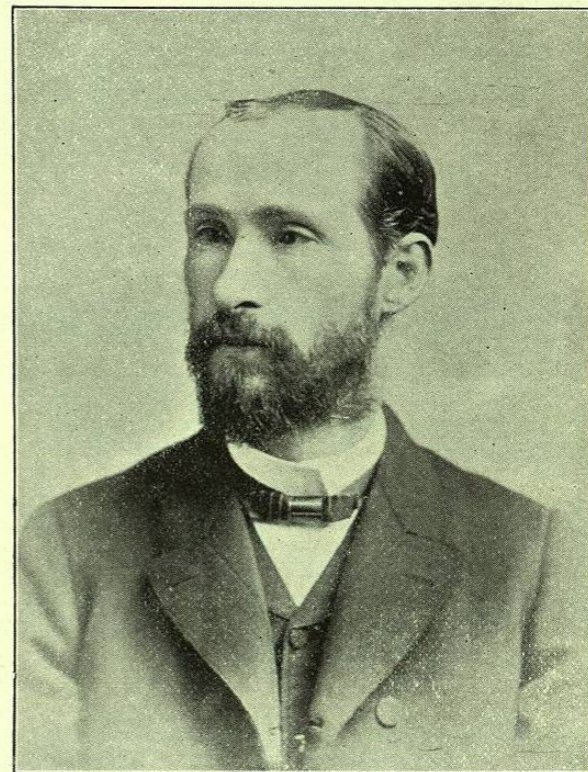
Away from the home of his love,  
Away from his sweetheart or wife,  
Away from his mother, whose prayers went above,  
He gave for his country his life.

We know not if, wearing the blue, he came  
'Neath the "bright, starry banner" arrayed,  
And, dying, that it o'er the mountains of fame  
Might forever in triumph wave prayed;

Or we know not if, 'neath the "bonnie blue flag,"  
He rushed forth, his country's defender,  
Valiant, smote those who her cause down would drag,  
And only to death did surrender.

That God only knows; and so in his hand  
Let the secret unfathomed e'er rest;  
But this we know, that he died for his land,  
And the banner he thought was the best.

Heav'n pity the dear ones who prayed his return,  
Heav'n bless them, and shield them from woes,  
Heav'n grant o'er his grave to melt anger stern,  
And make brothers of those who were foes!



JOSEPH M. BROWN.

THE LONE GRAVE.

BY PAUL DRESSER.

[“The Lone Grave” is situated on the Western and Atlantic railroad between Chattanooga, Tenn., and Atlanta, Ga. A plain board marked the resting place of a soldier. Name “unknown.” None could tell whether he had been a Federal or Confederate. The section hands, when laying the track, discovered the grave, sodded it over beautifully, and placed a headstone over it bearing the above inscription. The traveler’s attention is always called to this spot, and the trains “slow up” in order to give all an opportunity to see it. Let this be an olive branch to the North and South to be again a united people.—AUTHOR.]

A story I am going to tell of a grave  
In the South where a brave soldier fell.  
For his cause he now sleeps by the side of a track—  
What his colors none able to tell.  
A plain, simple board, rudely carved, that was all  
That was left to remind one of that sacred spot.  
The words, as we traced them, were simple enough;  
“A soldier sleeps here; O! forget me not.”

*Chorus.*—The lone grave is there by the side of the track;  
It contains a wanderer who never came back;  
And when he appears on the great judgment day,  
Our Father’ll not ask: “Was your suit blue or gray?”

There’s a mother that sits by a fireside to-night.  
She is thinking of days long gone by;  
And she pictures “a loved one who went to the war,  
But returned not,” she says with a sigh.  
If the mother could know that her boy calmly sleeps,  
Undisturbed by the march or the progress of time,  
What feelings would haunt her, what thoughts would she have,  
Sobs, tears, and heartaches, what sadness sublime!

Joseph M. Brown, who was for many years engaged in collecting facts relating to this battle, and which he privately published some years ago, states that the remains of Col. W. H. Clark, of Mississippi, rest in this grave. He fell, with the colors of his regiment in his hands, leading his men in the attack. That is an error.

These now deserved tributes to a brave soldier were made “To an Unknown Hero.” For it is not known whether he was in the United States or Confederate service. As the last resting place of a man who gave his life for his country, it was regarded a sacred spot, and it is hoped it will always be reverently

cared for out of respect to the dead. It is an honored grave. Millions of travelers pass by and do it reverence.

And now, in conclusion, I have shown :

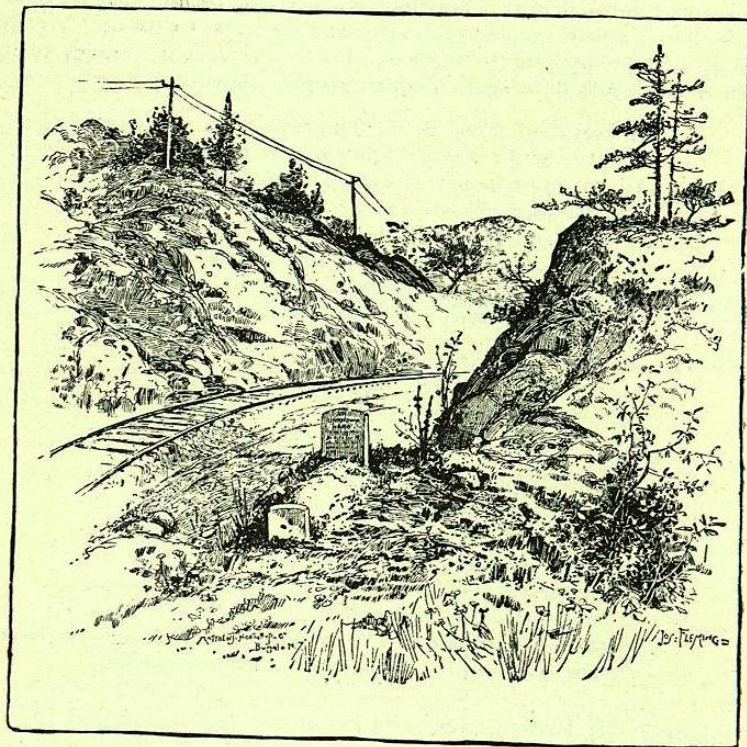
1. That the remarkable orders I received from Gen. Hood were given before he had any knowledge of there being a garrison at Allatoona; and that his later statements may be erroneous.

2. That I was not aware that the garrison in the fortress had been reënforced (two hours before my arrival) by Gen. Corse and troops, when I summoned the commander to surrender; and that I never received any reply to my summons.

3. That when the outer line of the fortress was gained, and Gen. Corse with all his troops west of the railroad were driven into the "slaughter pen," the battle was lost to him; his troops would not face their assailants; would have surrendered, only their officers implored them to "hold out" longer, as relief was momentarily expected to end "the prolonged strain of that mortal day."

4. That when I received the dispatch from Gen. Armstrong informing me that the advance infantry of Sherman's army from Atlanta had passed Gen. Hood at Lost Mountain, and were at Big Shanty, I deemed it best to forego the gratification of a complete victory for myself and troops, which, if won, must still result in further fight (by my exhausted troops) with the reënforcements hourly expected. And so I would not yield to the opportunity of both officers and men, who were mad, and wanted, also, to "hold on" until they captured the entire works. I weighed their promises to capture the last work when ammunition was obtained with the after probable consequences, and pointed them out, and adhered to my decision; deeming it best for the "Confederate cause" not to lose more men for the mere eclat of a victory of doubtful compensating utility. We could not remain an hour if the place were taken.

5. Considering the number of urgent dispatches that Sherman sent to his general officers to take possession of the road over which I passed (on the 5th and 6th) on my way to New Hope Church, it is left for them to account for permitting the Confederates to pass by them without any serious skirmishing, because dispatch No. 15, received by Gen. Stanley at 2:30 P.M. on the 5th (when I was at Allatoona), gave him seventeen hours to



THE LONE GRAVE.

occupy and hold the Sand Town road, as ordered, before I moved over it to join Hood at New Hope Church.

Lastly. Gen Corse's "famous" dispatch, originally, "I can lick all h—I yet," has not the merit of the excitement or inspiration of the battlefield. It loses its significance entirely for the want of applicability. He had "whipped" no one; his command was now doubled in numbers; no enemy was within twenty miles of him; an entire day (lacking an hour) had passed since the last shot was fired, when he deliberately and thoughtfully prepared that dispatch, perhaps to divert attention from the real, actual occurrences of the battle the day previous and tickle the public ear.

The testimony of hundreds of witnesses now living has been recorded to substantiate what I have written. For the Union soldier in this battle I have tried to

nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice,

and in after years, I trust, to the noble Confederates who fought this battle the impartial historian will

Give them the honors they won in the strife,  
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

CHICKAMAUGA, GA., April 12, 1897.

Gen. S. G. French, Pensacola, Fla.

*My Dear General:* The manuscript history of the battle of Allatoona which you recently sent me has been read over twice, very carefully. It was exceedingly interesting to me, and must be correct in every particular. Those facts and circumstances which fell within my personal knowledge are stated correctly, according to my recollections; and your unswerving fidelity to the truth and careful attention to details are well remembered. Moreover, the account given of the conduct of your troops is just what every one who knew them, as I did, would expect of Cockrell's Missourians, of Young's (Ector's) Texans, of Sears's Mississippians, and of Coleman's North Carolinians. Do you not owe it to these men as well as to yourself and the truth of history to publish this account of that battle? I hope you will do so, and would suggest, in the event you do, that the route taken by Sears to reach the north side and rear of the Federal position, and the positions of your three brigades, be indicated on the topographical map (page 339).

Very sincerely yours,

ALEX. P. STEWART.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Return from Allatoona—Hood's Department—Cross the Coosa River—Devastation around Rome—Rome Burned—Garrison of Resaca Refuses to Surrender—Capture of the Seventeenth Iowa Regiment at Tilton—Dalton Taken—Dug Gap—Dinner of Roasting Ears—Supper—Captured Officers are Jolly Good Fellows—Gadsden—Encampment at Mrs. Sansom's—Her Daughter a Guide for Gen. Forrest when He Captured Gen. Streight—Cross the Black Warrior River and Sand Mountains—Decatur—Some Fighting at Decatur—Gen. Beauregard with Hood—Beautiful Valley of the Tennessee made Desolate by War—Tuscumbia—Dreary March to Columbia, Rain and Snow—Stewart's and Cheatham's Corps Cross Duck River *en Route* to Spring Hill—Hood Slept—Schofield Passed By—Pursue Schofield to Franklin—Battle of Franklin—Incidents—Remarkable Order for a Second Assault at Night—Losses in My Two Brigades—Exchange of Prisoners Stopped.

THE battle of Allatoona having been fought as I have described it, the blockhouse at Allatoona creek with a garrison of 110 men captured, we marched on toward New Hope Church, and near midnight encamped at the residence of Dr. Smith, in the midst of an awful rainstorm, and within three miles of Federal forces.

October 6, 1864. The rain is still falling in torrents, and it continued until we reached New Hope Church and joined the other two divisions. When I called at headquarters, Hood reminded me of a disheartened man. His countenance was sad and his voice doleful. He received me with a melancholy air, and asked no questions; did *not refer to the battle*, "told me where my corps was, and said he would leave next day." He seemed much depressed in spirits. Perhaps he experienced a feeling of remorse that his want of information had induced him to send me to burn the Etowah bridge, stopping an hour or two *en route* at the Allatoona cut, "fill it up and obtain information." Encamped on Pumpkinvine creek.

7th. Marched early this morning to Van Wirt, by a road leading along a high ridge. Was invited to the house of Dr. Pearce for the night.

8th. Started at dawn and marched to Cedartown, and encamped near there.

9th. Remained in camp till 12 M. Left the sick and lame-footed men with the baggage wagons to move on to J, and took up the line of march from . . . toward Rome. Struck the road over which we marched May 17, last. Encamped at Cunningham's, on the road from Cave Springs to Rome. Gen. Beauregard arrived at Cave Springs; he was heartily cheered by Cheatham's Corps.