

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.

10th. Moved by a wood road to near a ferry over the Coosa river. Arrived there at noon, but could not cross on the pontoon until the corps of Hardee had passed over. When my division was across we marched about three miles to Robinson's, at the gorge of the Texas Valley road. All over the country within a radius of ten or twelve miles of Rome the citizens have been robbed by the enemy of everything. Bureaus broken, women's clothing torn to pieces, children left in rags, mirrors broken, books torn, feather beds emptied in the road, stock driven off; and no effort left untried to distress the families.

On the 8th of this month Gen. John M. Corse, from Cartersville, near here, wrote Gen. Sherman that he could not *now burn* or abandon Rome because there were one thousand four hundred sick there. (War Records, page 150, Vol. 39, Part III.) I mention this to show that it was saved for a while but afterwards destroyed.

11th. This morning we crossed into Texas Valley, and marched to Amuch post office, where we encamped.

12th. Started this morning at 4 A.M., and after a tedious march all day struck the railroad one mile above Resaca. Gen. S. D. Lee took a position in front of the works at Resaca. It was garrisoned by five hundred men. Hood summoned the garrison to surrender. It refused to do so. Here Hood showed his good sense not to make the attack even with twenty thousand men. We did not want the place nor the garrison, and had no men to spare or lose in a useless fight. Allatoona was a warning to him. Stewart's Corps moved up the railroad about three and a half miles, and captured a blockhouse and a construction camp, and burned an immense amount of lumber. There was one company captured in the blockhouse, which, however, was a temporary structure of hewn timber. Worked all night destroying railroad.

13th. Moved my division up the railroad, and surrounded a very large and strong blockhouse at Tilton. It was garrisoned by the Seventeenth Iowa Regiment, commanded by Col. Archer. He refused to surrender. As it was, from its oaken walls, impregnable to field artillery, it resisted a long time. Gen. Stewart, hearing the firing, came on the field and also called on the commander to surrender. Again he declined. I had placed a field battery in position, and directing shells to be fired at the narrow loopholes, we succeeded in driving shells through them, which, exploding inside, filled the structure with a dense, suffocating smoke, and soon the white flag was waved. Seventy shells were fired. The garrison consisted of three hundred and fifty men. Col. Archer, not being well, was paroled. The plundering of the stores, especially the sutler's, was the work of a few minutes, and our hungry men obtained some articles not found in the Confederate commissary department. The sutler came to me with his books and begged me to keep them for him, as he had no other evidence of what was due him from the regiment. I introduced him to my quartermaster, and asked him to keep them for the sutler. To add to the quick confusion, Loring's division was passing by at the time and tried to obtain some of the sutler's stores. Burned everything but the transportation, arms, stores, etc., and then moved on to Dalton. I had now four

hundred and fifty prisoners. Dalton was captured by Cheatham. It was garrisoned by negro troops.

14th. My division became the rear guard. We crossed the mountain at Dug Gap and encamped near Villanow. When I crossed the mountain ridge I found a large field of corn by the roadside. The roasting ears were fine. I halted the division; called the brigade commanders, and gave them half an hour to get dinner out of the cornfield. Wonderfully quick were the fires made, and the corn roasted and fried. The prisoners and men dined indiscriminately. The Yankees made themselves useful, and knew how to rob a cornfield. Encamped in an orchard, and had some cows driven up and shot for supper and breakfast in the morning.

15th. Cheatham in advance. Loring, Walthall, and I were in the rear. During the march most of the field and staff officers of the Seventeenth Iowa walked along with me. They were jolly, good fellows, and laughed heartily at their dinner of green corn, and warm cow beef for supper and breakfast, and one of them presented me with a silk sash. He insisted on my accepting it. He told me "that much stress was placed on starving us out, but from the experience they had in the past two days they did not think we could be starved out at all, and that they would write home and tell their friends that the starvation game was played out." They made no complaint, for they messed with our men.

16th. Left Treadway's Gap this morning. Gen. Sears's Brigade and Kolb's battery remained to defend the Gap. I moved on through Summerville and encamped at Rhinehart's. Ordered to move to Lafayette at 2 A.M. Pigeon Mountain looms up in sight, and the scenery is beautiful.

17th. Started to Lafayette, as ordered, but returned and went to the junction of the road from Lafayette and Rome with the Alpine road. Here Sears's Brigade joined the division. Encamped at Mr. Mosteller's.

18th. Took the road at 5:30 P.M., passing through Gaylesville, and encamped four miles beyond the town. There are some good farms on the Chattooga river, which is here about twenty-five yards wide, with rocky bottom.

19th. Started at 6 A.M., intending to go to Blue Pond, but left the road and marched across to the Rome and Gadsden road, thence to Gadsden. Crossed Little River. Encamped near the Jacksonville and Gadsden roads. Cheatham's Corps near by. I hear various rumors in regard to Sherman's movements. The main question is, has he transportation with him to enable his command to move far away from the railroad? I am sure he will find all he wants in the country as he proceeds. I *think* we do not leave much in the way of rations behind us. Received letters from home to-night.

20th. Marched about two miles beyond Gadsden and encamped at Mrs. Sansom's. Her daughter, Miss Emma, was at home. When Federal Gen. Streight with two thousand men from Rome was captured by Gen. Forrest, he was under many obligations to Miss Sansom, who during the fight mounted Forrest's horse, sat behind him, and piloted him across Black Creek, which contributed much to enable him to capture the enemy. Out of compliment to Miss Sansom, I got Gen. Cockrell's band to play for

her and her mother. While we were honoring Miss Sansom, a hungry soldier was skinning one of the Madam's hogs, and, *apropos*, I had the skin secured to the soldier's back, and thus he was marched about camp, a warning to others not to plunder. There is a waterfall on Black Creek, near here, reported to be one hundred feet high.

The Legislature of Alabama has granted to Miss Sansom a section of land. If she had betrayed Forrest, she might perhaps now be in receipt of a pension from the United States treasury, because the pension roll is a Roll of Honor, and so comprehensive that it embraces deserters from our army who enlisted in theirs. I have not inquired if substitutes receive pensions, but it is fair to presume they do. Were they not patriots? What is a patriot? What is patriotism? Dr. Sam Johnson, the great lexicographer, declared it to be "the last refuge of a consummate scoundrel."

21st. Remained in camp. Next day marched nineteen miles. Crossed the Black Warrior river, and crossed over Sand Mountain. On the 25th we passed the dividing ridge between the waters of the Tennessee and Coosa rivers. Heard artillery firing all the morning, apparently at Decatur. This sounds natural, as I have heard big guns almost daily for three years. It must have been inspiring, for we marched twenty miles to-day. I am to-night within seven miles of Summerville, and six miles in advance of Walthall.

25th. I had to wait until noon for Walthall to pass on in advance, consequently I marched only four miles. Rain is falling fast. It rained all day on the 26th. In the afternoon reached Decatur. Loring's division took position near the defensive works and commenced firing with his batteries on a fort in front. Went into bivouac in columns of brigades within easy cannon range of the guns of the enemy. At dusk sent Ector's Brigade to the Danville road to guard it until Cheatham's Corps arrived by that road. And still it rains.

27th. Here we all are in front of Decatur. Will Hood attack the defensive works of the town? I can see nothing to be gained by it to compensate for the loss of men. We do not want the position. This afternoon I received orders to move over west of the Danville road. Reached the position at sunset. Relieved Gen. Guist, and went into line not far in front of Mr. Garth's residence. Rode down to the skirmish line; found Gen. Brown there. I relieved his men on the line with three of my regiments, and drove in the Federal skirmishers. There was firing all round, but most on Loring's line. I believe some negro troops made an attack on him. Gen. Beauregard is at the residence of Mr. Garth.

28th. Remained in camp. Cheatham's pickets formed a line in front of my division pickets and Gen. Brown's also during the night. Had to send Cockrell's Brigade to report to Gen. Loring, who generally magnifies

the forces of the enemy. Received orders to move my command to Courtland in the morning. The nights are cold and the frosts very heavy.

29th. Started this morning by the railroad, but *not* in the cars. The line of the railroad crosses from the right to the left bank of the Tennessee river at Decatur, and I am marching down the left bank. The country is beautiful, and the soil rich; but what a desolation everywhere! The dreamy silence, the absence of life, the smoky atmosphere, the abandoned dwellings, the uncultivated fields, the destruction of fences—everything, everywhere mark the ravages of war that has changed this once beautiful valley of the Tennessee into a desert in all save the rich soil. Here the tide of war has ebbed and flowed; and far and wide have the raiding parties roamed until almost every means of subsistence has been consumed or destroyed. The only signs of life are here, and there a rabbit startled from ambush, and now and then a solitary crow perched on a dead limb of a tree. Made my camp on a farm belonging to Mr. Swoope, but now occupied by Mr. Watkins. Cheatham's Corps and some cavalry were left at Decatur.

The Federal forces in Decatur were commanded by Gen. R. S. Granger, an old friend of mine, and he was brevetted for his gallant defense of the town. Dear me! I did not think there was a skirmish there, and no effort was made to take the place, although the forces were, in strength, less than those at Allatoona. Gen. Granger told me, when I met him after the war, what his numbers were.

30th. Left Courtland this morning, moving along the track of the railroad toward Tuscumbia. Stopped at Col. Saunders's for dinner. They have a beautiful and costly residence. There were present for dinner Mrs. and Miss Saunders, Miss Sherod, Gen. Cheatham, Col. Shotwell, Col. Brown, Mr. Foster, and others. Encamped at Leighton, near the house of Dr. Kompy. Took tea with the family.

31st. Arrived at Tuscumbia. Encamped on the creek. Stopped at Mrs. Chadwick's. Gen. S. D. Lee had crossed the two divisions of his corps over the Tennessee river. I was surprised at this because of the width of the river, and the apprehension of the pontoons giving way or being broken. The day is bright and beautiful. Rode up to see the spring. The volume of water gushing out of rocks, from far below, is sufficient to form a large creek. The town is old, and now dilapidated. Most of the dwellings from Leighton to this place have been burned by the enemy.

The houses of absentees were always destroyed in that way, it being a crime to leave home.

November 1. Busy arranging transportation. I am told that the pontoons do not reach to the other shore. From to-day to the 13th we remained in Tuscumbia because of the heavy rains that delayed the arrival

of supplies. During this period the Yankees made two attempts to cut the ropes of the pontoons; once they went down the wrong channel; next day they cut the rope, but their boat upset and they were captured. Rumor reports that Sherman, with a large force, is between Chattanooga and Atlanta. I remained at or near Tusculumbia until the 20th, when I prepared to cross the river. For three weeks it has rained almost continuously, making the roads very bad. I remonstrated with Gen Hood, at a meeting of his officers, against taking so many pieces of artillery with the army unless we had a *full* supply of horses for the guns. But he insisted that, once in Tennessee, men would join us, horses could be obtained, and the men be supplied with shoes and clothing.

20th. I passed over the Tennessee river by the pontoon bridge *en route* to Nashville. To-day we learned that Sherman's advance had reached Griffin on the 16th. Here are two armies that have been fighting each other from about the first of May to the first of November, six months—parted—the one heading for the Atlantic ocean, two hundred and ten miles from Atlanta, and the other marching from Tusculumbia, Ala., for Nashville, Tenn., one hundred and fifteen miles distant. The one is a strategic move against the army of R. E. Lee, in Virginia, and the other appears a military error, because it must meet accumulative forces as it advances into the enemy's zone. Winter is near and the army not clothed.

21st. Having crossed the river yesterday, and moved out on the Lawrenceburg road five miles, we started this morning through mud from four to twenty inches deep, and through snow that the keen wind blew in our faces. In the afternoon we encamped by the roadside, near a deserted habitation. The weather is bitterly cold, and the snow falling. Sleeping on the ground covered with snow.

22d. Resumed the march. Roads miserable. Encamped seven miles beyond Priwit's Mills. Lee's Corps is on our left and Cheatham's on the right. Stewart's is the central column. Snowed some to-day, and the ground was frozen so hard that it bore the wagons. Artillery delayed everything, and some of it did not reach camp until daylight, just as I told Gen. Hood it would be; in fact, men had to haul their guns over bad places. In the conference, I told Hood he would take the guns to Nashville only to turn some of them over to the enemy for want of horses. This is my birthday. What a delightful time I have had!

23d. This morning I was ordered to remain in camp and await the arrival of the supply train. Artillery went on under charge of Col. Williams. Bushwhackers reported on the road. Continued the march to Mt. Pleasant. Remained all night with Mr. Granbury. The roads still in very bad condition. Started on the morrow amidst the rain and mud. Passed through a beautiful country. Passed the home of Gen. G. J. Pillow. Reached Columbia. Encircled the town with troops, and some skirmishing ensued. The enemy left the place last night, and early this morning we entered the town. Gen. Schofield with his army is now on the north side of Duck river, offering a strong resistance to our crossing. I was invited to the house of Mr. Mathews. In the afternoon I moved

my division up the river to cross it: but as the bridge was not ready, I turned back.

29th. This morning Cheatham's Corps, Johnston's Division, and Stewart's Corps, and one battery of artillery (the cavalry in advance) moved up the river to near Hewey's ferry and crossed it on a pontoon bridge; Gen. S. D. Lee, with the remainder of the army, remained in Columbia, making a strong demonstration to hold the enemy there.

This was a strategic movement of Hood's to gain the Franklin pike in rear of the enemy. We marched rapidly for Spring Hill by a country road. Hearing the cannonading all the time at Columbia, we were encouraged and hopeful of reaching Spring Hill before the enemy did. Schofield, no doubt, was informed that we were crossing, and, having a shorter and better road to travel, got Gen. Stanley with a division and much artillery at Spring Hill and in position before Hood arrived there at the head of Cheatham's Corps. Perhaps, apprehensive that the enemy might move on the Murfreesboro road, he halted Stewart's Corps and Johnston's Division at Rutherford creek, some four miles from the pike. Our corps was kept here until dark, when it was ordered to move on toward the pike.

When Hood arrived in view of the pike and saw the road filled with United States wagons in hasty retreat to Franklin, what orders he gave Cheatham I know not, for *his* version differs from what Hood says were given *him*. But Hood was on the ground present, and that settles the question. The sun went down, darkness came, and later we went into bivouac. The head of our army reached the pike about 3 P.M. and we were halted. As but little musketry was heard, officers naturally asked: "What did we come here for?" There was a house near by my headquarters, and about 9 P.M. I walked over to it. In the drawing room I found Gen. James R. Chalmers and other cavalry officers. Chalmers said they were short or out of ammunition. On inquiry as to the cartridges they used, Maj. Storrs, my ordnance officer, said he could supply them with ammunition, and I ordered him to issue them cartridges at once. Occasionally we heard some picket firing toward the north. It was Gen. Ross's men on the road to Franklin. Cheatham's Corps went into bivouac near the pike, and so in comparative silence the long night wore away. Hood slept. The head and the eyes and ears of the army, all dead from sleeping. Ye gods! will no geese give them warning as they did in ancient Rome?