

ceeded with his flocks, trains, and stores toward the Tennessee river, which he crossed in the face of the enemy on the 30th. During his raid of two weeks he had fought three battles, destroyed fifty railroad bridges, and so much of the trestle-work of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad as to render it useless for the rest of the war, captured or killed more than 2,000 of the enemy, and returned with all his men fully armed and equipped, and his command stronger in numbers.

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[Written for the Bivouac.]

#### MANEY'S BRIGADE AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The morning of the 25th of November, 1863, the day of the battle of Missionary Ridge, dawned beautifully clear, crisp, and cool. The night before, the moon had filled and had given us the comparative rarity of a complete eclipse. Cheatham's division, comprised entirely of Tennesseans and embracing four brigades, had, a day or two before the battle, been dismembered and Maney's brigade was assigned to Walker's division. This was done by order of the War Department, for these reasons: Being composed of troops from but one State, the brunt of a heavy battle falling upon them, might cause a disproportionate loss to that State. Another reason was, that, by dividing it, and assigning the different brigades to commands composed of troops from the various States, an inspiring influence of State pride, would produce an emulation to greater courage and discipline. These reasons certainly seem sound, but they were, nevertheless, regarded with some dissatisfaction by the men. And this arose from three overwhelming facts, which the successor of General Bragg (General Johnston) afterward fully recognized. These reasons were, first, they had every confidence in their division commander, General Cheatham; second, they had every confidence in the brigades with which they were associated, and with whom they had fought in numerous battles and skirmishes; and third, they had a bountiful amount of self-respect, State pride, and national pride. They knew the men on either side of them, and they believed and felt that no undue portion of the hardship and fighting would be borne by any one brigade, but that all of them would not only do their full share, but insist on the privilege of doing it. Well might a commander feel complimented, when some month or so later, upon the order being given, making Cheatham's division to consist of the old four brigades which had so long been associated together under

one of the best and most provident of major-generals, to find the men—the private soldiers—demanding the privilege of marching to army headquarters to thank the general for his consideration.

The January number of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC* contains a well written article on the battle of Missionary Ridge, and the writer of this acknowledges the general truth and accuracy thereof. But he wishes to supplement this admirable statement in order to show, as nearly as recollection will permit, the operations of Maney's brigade on this particular day. Daylight found it a short distance to the right of Bragg's headquarters. It was understood among the men that Walker's division, to which we had been attached, upon the dismemberment of Cheatham's was to occupy the position of a reserve, and our experience had proved that this position means simply this: When the line in front of you breaks, and disorganization becomes visible by the sight of men retreating in confusion right over your lines, the reserve is expected to do still harder fighting, and to succeed where other gallant men have failed. This had been the case with us at Murfreesboro. There Maney's brigade, having been held in observation for some days before the battle, and being placed in the reserve, found themselves called upon to fill up a gap in the Confederate line, within not more than ten minutes from the time the battle fairly commenced. It was thus at Missionary Ridge. Just after daylight, the Federal army of nearly 70,000 men became exposed to full view as the fog arose. They were drawn up in three double lines, at intervals of some three hundred yards as nearly as the eye can guess. Suddenly are seen three steamers pushing out from Chattanooga, up the Tennessee. General Bragg rides up behind us, and with field glass in hand, watches the proceedings. Pretty soon the steamers stop. They are now five or six miles above Chattanooga. They go back and forth across the river as ferry-boats, and later, for all this took time, we see regiment after regiment filing into line. General Hardee rides up and orders a battery to open. The steep nature of the ground prevents the men from getting one of the guns into proper position. He shouts for a spade and presently some artillerist brings one. He snatches it himself, and hastily plugs out a hole in which the trail of the gun can rest. The cannon open. We can see the shells burst directly in front of the forming columns. We can see the men fall who are killed or wounded. Ambulances drive up hastily and get the wounded, but leave the dead. We can almost count the number, killed or wounded by each discharge. The infantry, standing as we were behind the guns with muskets stacked

in line, collect in groups and watch the effect of each shot. It is not shooting birds, but men. There is a silence and reserve on every face. We look around us and see our own single line, and in front, three lines stretching for miles to the left, and know that it is a question of one to three. The infantry talk quietly, almost in whispers. Seldom has the eye of man rested on a grander sight. But there is no sign of wavering; it is solicitude. The enemy can see us as well as we can see them. After awhile we are moved behind the ridge, and are slowly marched toward the right. The private soldiers are thinking, but there is little talk. The signs are unmistakable that there will be bloodshed before night. There is a dreadful suspense. We are looking every moment for an announcement of attack, by the sound of musketry. We know the sound and have been in it. At length we reach the tunnel over the East Tennessee & Virginia railroad. There is a line in front of us, but it is hidden from view, being just over the crest of the ridge. Looking around at this point we see in the support of the front line, the single brigade of General Maney. As nearly as I can recollect, it was then composed of the First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee Regiments (consolidated); the Sixth and Ninth (consolidated); Colonel Suggs' Tennessee Regiment (the Fifty-fourth, I believe); a small battalion of some four companies, and the remnant of McMurray's Fourth Confederate Tennessee. Turner's battery was attached to the brigade. It was armed with four twelve-pounder Napoleon guns, captured at Perryville by the First Tennessee Infantry. By act of the Confederate Congress, and under the orders of General Bragg, they had been engraved with the names of several gallant members of Maney's brigade who fell there. We crossed the tunnel referred to and came to a halt. It must have been about midday. Shells were coming over, and bursting set fire to the woods. The infantry lean on their guns, and know that musketry will soon displace artillery. A man rides down the hill. He is dressed in citizen's clothes, and with no insignia of rank, but every one knows who he is. It is General Pat Cleburne. He hurriedly dismounts. General Maney meets him and he is off his horse in an instant. There was a road used by country people for hauling wood, which ran just above the tunnel on the north-east side of the ridge. The company of which I was a member ("Rock City Guards") was at that time, immediately left, of the left center company, and corresponded to what in the old organization would have been Company G. In the regiment it was never known, or called, by any other name than "Rock City

Guards." We were about one hundred yards north of the tunnel and facing toward the west. The generals mentioned above, when they dismounted were within ten feet of the writer, and he heard every word. General Cleburne rapidly explained to General Maney the nature of his lines, which was that of a semicircle, and which covered the front of but one brigade, as I believe, that of General Govan, and one of the finest in the army. General Cleburne drew with his finger in the sand of the road, an outline of his line, and added that the enemy had possession of a hill immediately in his front, and were preparing to attack. This hill was about five hundred yards from the crest of the line occupied by the one brigade of Cleburne's division. The writer had, about a month before the battle, been all over both hills, and had stood picket in their neighborhood. At that time the First Tennessee Infantry of Cheatham's division, formed the extreme right of the Confederate line, and its picket duty further on to the right, was supplemented by details from a cavalry regiment. I am certain, that on the day of the battle, not more than one small brigade of Cleburne's division was on the line of Missionary Ridge, north of the tunnel. General Cleburne hurriedly said to General Maney, "When I send for re-enforcements, send me the best regiment you have," and instantly started to the front. Judging by my recollection, not five minutes elapsed before heavy musketry firing took place immediately in our front, and not more than ten minutes had passed before a courier dashed down the hill with summons for assistance. The First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee Regiments (consolidated) were ordered forward instantly, and Colonel Suggs' regiment was also sent.

General Maney, a few days ago, stated to the writer that it being a new addition to his brigade, he was anxious to train it in the methods of the other regiments while under fire. Its gallant commander lost his life, and his regiment did splendid service. But when the order was given to the First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee Regiment to advance, they rushed forward, and reaching the crest of the hill were greeted with a shower of bullets which came "as though they were sifted." The semicircular nature of the line, which was protected by a number of trees, felled and piled one upon another, threw a converging fire upon the right and the left two center companies of the regiment, while the left three companies were, from the nature of the ground, placed in a position which caused them to face toward the railroad cut from which point no attack could possibly be made. The Tennessee regiments merged themselves into the line

in front, which enabled Govan's brigade to press its line still further to the right, and to gallantly and successfully resist every attempt to turn his flank. The writer scrambled as best he could, over the forms of the brigade in front, and found himself hugging the earth underneath a piece of artillery, with one other gun, some twenty paces to the right.

These were the only pieces to the right of the tunnel so far as my observation extended. The enemy, in three columns, had, in the meantime, pressed forward to within fifteen paces of our line. Our battery, double-shotted with canister, was completely silenced, for it was instant death to expose any vital part of the body. The bullets were riddling the spokes of the carriages, and numbers were flattened on the tires and muzzles of the guns. Stones were thrown into our lines, and we threw them into the lines of the enemy, at a distance so short that they had an effect. A man immediately on the right of the writer, raising himself up to fire, received a bullet in his cheek before he could pull the trigger. A hat raised above the logs, on the point of a bayonet, was riddled in less time than it takes to write it, and the writer distinctly remembers brushing fragments of bark from his own hat which were clipped off the logs in front by bullets. This dreadful fire could not long continue. There was no sign of yielding on either side. But the Confederates were trained soldiers, as well as the enemy. There was no order given to charge. The men knew that the only hope of ending the conflict was to charge. We had the advantage of position, and this we well knew. The order to advance came from no general officer. It came from the men themselves. It meant death to many, but perhaps safety to the majority. The first men to jump over the works were the left three companies of the First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee Regiment. These companies were commanded respectively: Company K, Captain Lawler; Company I, "Railroad Boys," by Lieutenant Smith; Company H, Captain Beasley. Up to this time these companies had been unable to participate effectively in the fight. They principally faced toward the railroad cut, full twenty feet in depth, and a foe in front could not reach them. Between the extreme right of the Federal attacking column and this railroad cut there was sufficient space for them to deploy. The men, as well as officers, saw that by jumping over the logs and wheeling to the right they could take the enemy in the flank. This they gallantly did. The effect on the Confederates was instantly perceptible. There was an almost universal cry of "Charge them!" Every man with an unloaded gun

was hurriedly sending a cartridge home. Seeing what was certain to take place, the artillerists sprang to their guns, shouting, "Wait till we can give you a good send-off," and hastily turning them slightly to the right, and, at the same time depressing the muzzle until they seemed almost to the ground, at the short distance of not more than fifteen paces, fired them off with terrific effect. At the sound of the discharge the whole line of the Tennessee regiments and Govan's brigade, leaped over the works, and in less than two seconds found themselves in the very midst of the Federals. The enemy had not calculated on the Confederates abandoning their works to meet them in the open field. But the truth is, that the opposing lines had been so close that the works protected the enemy as much as ourselves. It was like shooting at each other across logs. The issue of the conflict at this point was not, for an instant, doubtful. Numbers of the Federals dropped their guns, and, with hands over head, rushed through our lines to surrender. In this change of position, hats were hurriedly exchanged, without the slightest ceremony, and without regard to the equality of the trade. The Confederates were, in all cases, the gainers. The great bulk of the enemy withdrew down the hill in confusion. Those who manfully stood their ground were, for an instant, unable to fire, for fear of shooting their own men, who had rushed forward in surrender. Their color-bearers, in many instances, bravely stood up, and their colors were torn from their hands. Joseph Carney, of Company C, Rock City Guards, seized a flag, while another Confederate grasped the staff. The colors were literally torn in two between them. Lieutenant House, of the "Railroad Boys," informed the writer that one of his men had a difficulty on the field with a member of Govan's brigade, as to which of them was entitled to another stand that had been seized by both at the same instant. Colonel Field, of the First Tennessee, is reported to have knocked down a Federal color-bearer with a stone, and seized them as he fell. Certain it is, that the conflict partook largely of the nature of a hand-to-hand fight, but the enemy were driven down the hill with great slaughter, the lines being so intermingled that the supporting Federal batteries could not fire for fear of killing as many of their own men as of us. It was not until the foot of the hill was reached, that the lines of the two armies became disengaged. The Federals were clambering up the opposite hill to reach their reserve. The Confederates slowly returned to their own works, stopping every now and then to deliver a musket shot at long, but still practicable range. No sooner, however, had

the Confederates started back to their works, than the Federal batteries re-opened fire with great fury. A Confederate battery to the left of the tunnel took up the fight and drew a large share of attention from the batteries which were firing at us. When the Confederates reached their breastworks of logs, they had several hundred prisoners, and a number of stands of Federal colors. The original line of Cleburne was exactly where it was when the attack was brought on, and the supporting Tennessee regiments, of Maney's brigade, were quietly withdrawn, under a terrific artillery fire, to the shelter behind the ridge. Here guns were stacked. The fragments of the captured Federal colors were cut up, and portions distributed to every man who wanted any, so that nearly every one in the regiment had a strip of red, white, or blue in his hat-band. The prisoners were sent back to the rear. The men drew out their rations and proceeded to eat their dinner. Noon had long since passed, and still the private soldier on the right knew nothing of disaster, and thought that a victory had been gained. These thoughts were speedily dispelled. The order was given to fall in. The line was formed. But this time it is to the left of the tunnel, and facing toward the south-west.

It was now plainly to be seen that disaster had overtaken the left of the Confederate line, and that, in all probability, more fighting, and of a desperate nature, might be apprehended. Several lines were drawn up in our front. But it seems that the enemy had, at length, been checked in that quarter, and I believe that General Bragg, in his official report, gave great and well-deserved credit for this result to Bates' brigade. So far as Maney's brigade was concerned, the operations of the day were closed.

Returning to the proceedings of the early morning, it seems certain, from conversations held by the writer with members of the Second Tennessee Infantry, at that time a part of Lucius Polk's brigade, of Cleburne's division, that this brigade, on the starting out of the steamers from Chattanooga, had been ordered to the right bank of Chickamauga creek, where it empties into the Tennessee river, and, upon finding that the Federals on the opposite side of the river had landed further down, it was ordered back to guard the railroad bridges across the Chickamauga, which were situated about half a mile to our rear. One of these, on the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad, was of stone; the other, on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, was of wood. The latter had been floored with plank, and, at nightfall, the Confederate army began crossing it. We

found, when Maney's brigade crossed, after dark, that preparations had been made to fire it, and, marching some two miles further, we halted for the night near Chickamauga Station.

PRIVATE SOLDIER.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

• "PELHAM, OF ALABAMA."

Up to the forefront, spoke never a breath,  
 Up to the battle, the cannons and death,  
 Up by the fierce guns over the ford,  
 Rode young John Pelham, his hat on his sword.  
 Out spoke bold Stuart, our cavalry lord,  
 "Back to your guns, lad;" never a word  
 Uttered the gunner as onward he spurred,  
 On with the cavalry; no business there;  
 Backward the wind blew his bright yellow hair,  
 Black blew the battle smoke from the red fire,  
 Up rose the battle dust higher and higher;  
 Out rang the silver notes clear as a bell,  
 Heard above the bursting of shrapnel and shell;  
 Out rang the orders from Fitz Lee, the brave,—  
 "Charge the left battery." "God! 'tis his grave,"  
 On by the crashing balls, hissing balls, then—  
 Sabers and pistols and horses and men  
 Over the hill went, over the dead,  
 Fitz Lee and cavalry, Pelham ahead!  
 Down by the sulphur smoke to the red plain,  
 On the left battery Pelham is slain.

"Gently now comrades, take up the bier,  
 Bear it back quickly, the battle is near,"  
 Re n'own the charger, muffle the tread,  
 "Weep, Light Artillery," Pelham is dead.

Soft, let me look at the white, white face,  
 Fair, as of woman, all womanly grace;  
 Closed are the eyes that flashed on the field,  
 Broken the falchion that never would yield.  
 Still is the heart that beat for his land,  
 Hushed is the voice, and cold is the hand;  
 Never to ride with the ringing brigade;  
 Never to lead with the glittering blade;  
 Never to charge with the Red Cross again—  
 "Weep, Light Artillery!" Pelham is slain.