

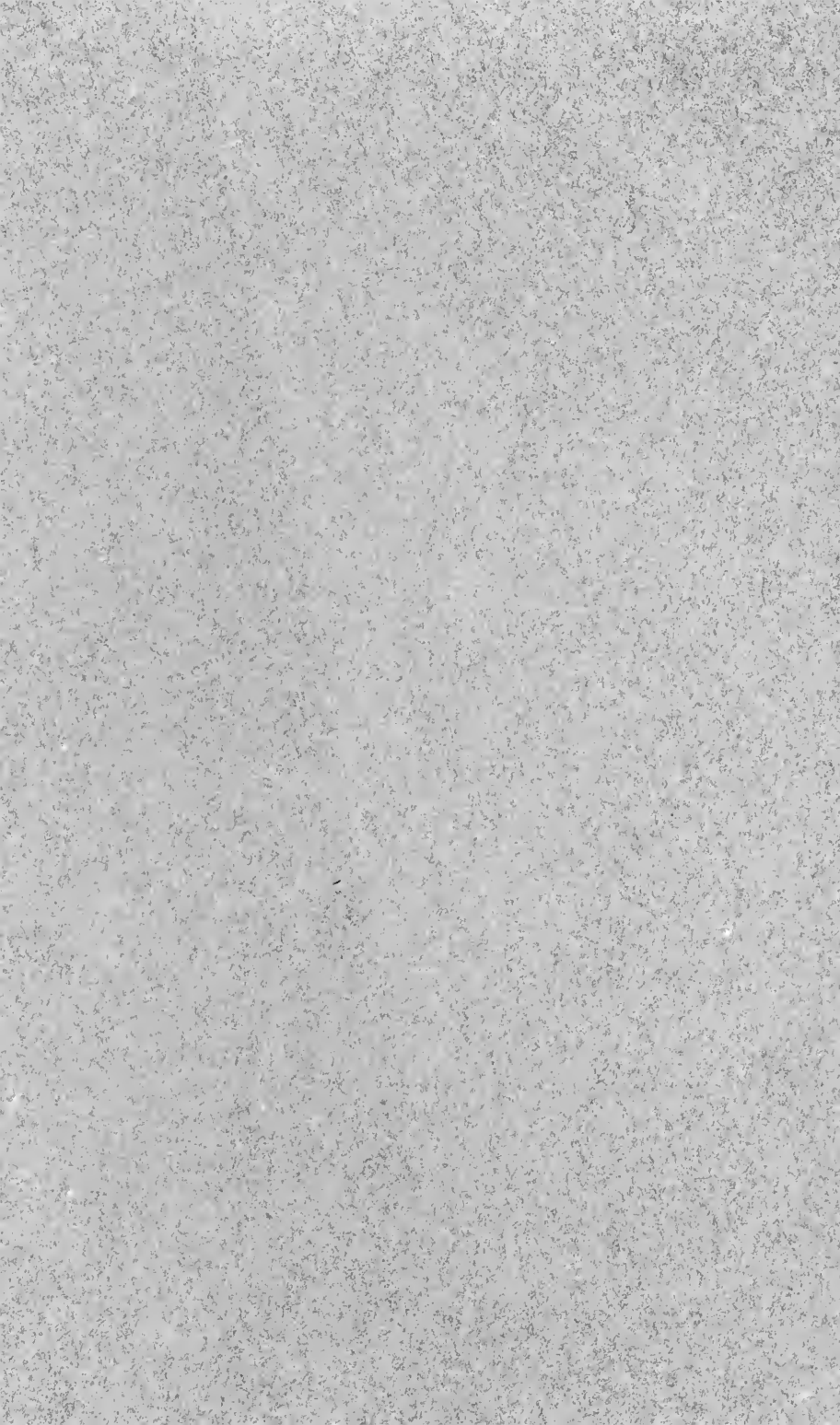


ARMY OF THE OHIO



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THE  
RETREAT FROM PULASKI  
TO NASHVILLE, TENN.

Battle of Franklin, Tennessee  
November 30th, 1864

*With Maps, Sketches, Portraits and  
Photographic Views*

By LEVI T. SCOFIELD  
Late Captain and Engineer Officer 23rd Army Corps

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MAJ. GEN. U. S. GRANT,  
Com. U. S. Army.



MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN,  
Com. Military Div. of the Mississippi.

WHILE the weary but hardy veterans of Sherman's army were enjoying a short but sorely needed breathing spell on the wooded hills of Cherokee County, Ala., Gen. Hood with his army, equally worn and more destitute of supplies, was content to rest at a fairly safe distance near Florence, on the Tennessee River.

After he was compelled to abandon the Atlanta stronghold, the intrepid Southron had determined to destroy our Cracker line, the army name for the railroads over which our supplies were transported, and to prevent this audacious movement there had been a severe strain of constant watching and tedious night marches on the part of our army.

Sherman, in his quick, nervous way would direct his Corps Commanders, as they started off in the darkness, to occasionally set a house afire to let him know where they were.

Hood's wily and energetic cavalry leader, Gen. Forrest, had with his force been almost constantly in their saddles, and this temporary suspension gave him the opportunity to rest his jaded steeds and recruit with fresh mounts. On one of these quiet days our great commander stood on the slope in front of his quarters, grimly peering adown the smoky valleys and over the purple ranges that separated him from his impulsive antagonist, and deliberately planned the boldest military movement recorded in history, the famous "March to the Sea."

## THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

When on one bright morning of early May Sherman's 100,000 marched out on the red-clay hills of northern Georgia to battle against the 75,000 that Johnston had held together, it was well known the contest would be mighty and that the oak-shaded hills and cottonfields on the path of war would be bathed with blood. The ablest commander in the Confederate army was opposed to us, and the proof of his military genius was manifested by his masterly retreat upon his stronghold, where for 120 consecutive days of fighting, with spirited skirmishes every day and general engagements every week, he entered the fortifications of Atlanta without having lost by capture a single fieldpiece, wagon or even a camp kettle.

The long Summer had cruelly tested the endurance of both armies, and during the first three months of the campaign, in the frequent assaults of the blue-uniformed warriors against the strong fieldworks that formed a gridiron across our lines of advance, we lost 20,000 brave men, and in the fourth month the Confederate army, under their new commander, lost an equal number in their mad rushes and sallies against our fortified cordon, and this, with the train loads they carried back over the Etowah and Chattahoochee Valleys, together with those buried on the battlefields, swelled their losses to 30,000.

In the early days of November, 1864, Sherman's army, divided at Gaylesville, the General, taking the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth Corps, numbering over 60,000 men, formed them into two wings and started for the Atlantic coast.

He left the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps, mustering 26,000 men, to oppose Hood's army of 54,000 men in all branches of service.

It seemed perhaps natural for Hood to believe that the way was left open for him to lead his army where he pleased, and that he could easily sweep away anything that would confront him in his triumphal march to Nashville, Louisville and Cincinnati.

But Sherman selected from his able associates the two commanders in whom he had the greatest confidence—Thomas and Schofield; having full knowledge of the former's wonderful power in organization, and the brains and capacity of the latter for execution.

As he marched his splendid army down through the mountain valleys of northern Alabama and Georgia toward Atlanta, he realized that the fighting would be done by those he left behind. But his experience in the Summer campaign gave him full reliance that their work would be well done, and that the two Generals would make no mistakes, but with the forces under them would accomplish as much as might be done by



MAJ. GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS,  
Com. Federal Troops Nashville  
Campaign.



MAJ. GEN. JOHN M. SCHOFIELD,  
Com. 23d A. C., 4th A. C. and Wil-  
son's Cavalry at Franklin, Tenn.

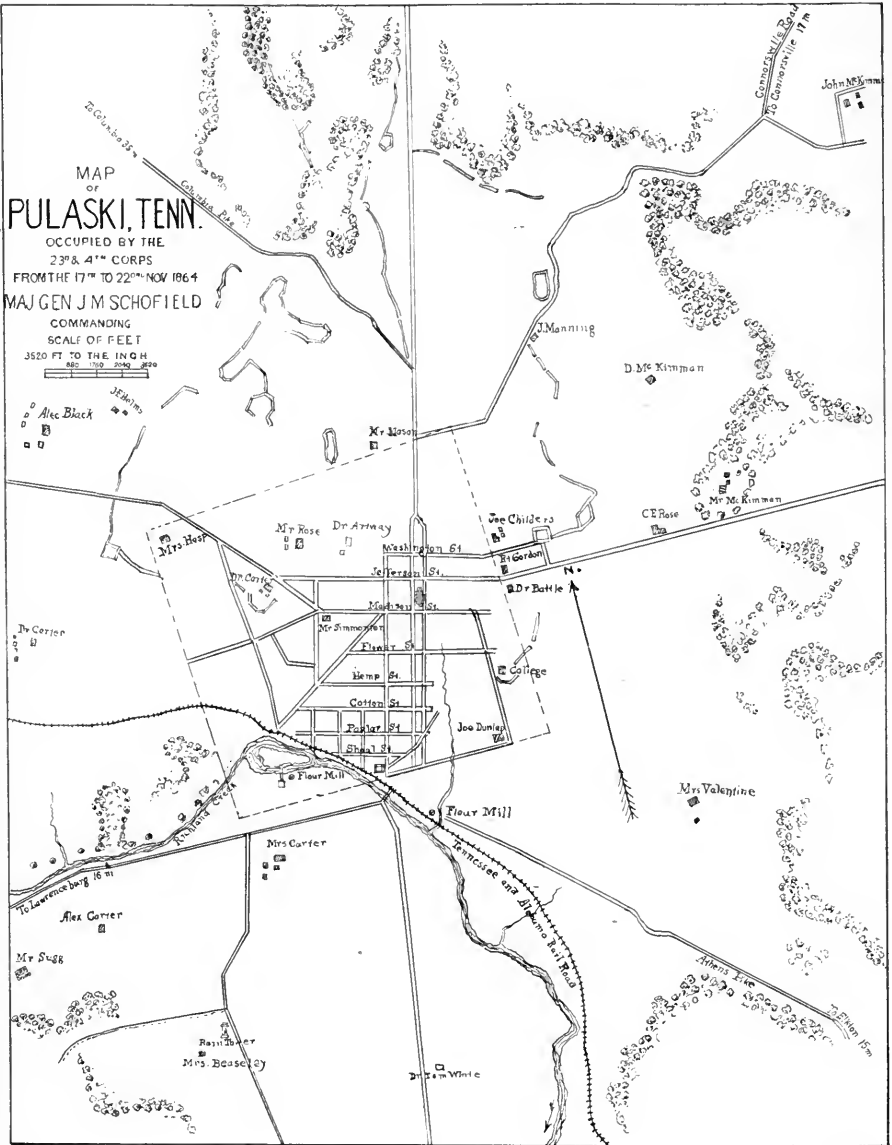
any two leaders in any country or age. The Twenty-third and Fourth Corps, upon whom so much depended, marched in quick order. The former to Resaca and Dalton, where transportation awaited to take them by rail to Nashville, and thence to Pulaski, arriving there the second week in November.

This movement was ordered by Thomas, the senior officer, but was under the direct command of Schofield.

The commanding General made his headquarters at Nashville, and remained there to organize a strong force, made up of detachments that had been on duty in the rear, also new regiments that had been recently recruited, and those, together with Gen. A. J. Smith's Corps, which had been ordered from the West, would reinforce the army at the front to an equal or larger number than Hood's, and enable us to face him, or even overcome his army.

At the same time vigorous efforts were made to remount, equip and place our cavalry on a better footing, with Gen. Wilson in command, who was expected to cope with the same branch of Hood's army, under Forrest, which numbered over 12,000 men.

Schofield's duty was to watch and retard Hood while this concentration about Nashville was progressing. Hood, however, was not inclined





LT. GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD,  
Com. Confederate Forces in Middle  
Tennessee.



GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON,  
Com. Confederate Forces, Atlanta and  
North Carolina campaign.

to wait for our preparations, and was ordered by Beauregard, who was his superior in command, to push forward from Florence, which he did on the 20th of November, expecting to flank Schofield at Lawrenceburg and cut off his retreat by rail from Pulaski. Hood's friends, spies and scouts, in and about Nashville, kept him accurately informed as to Thomas's movements, so that he determined upon as rapid an advance as possible; but bad roads retarded him so that almost a week had passed before he was able to concentrate his whole force at Columbia.

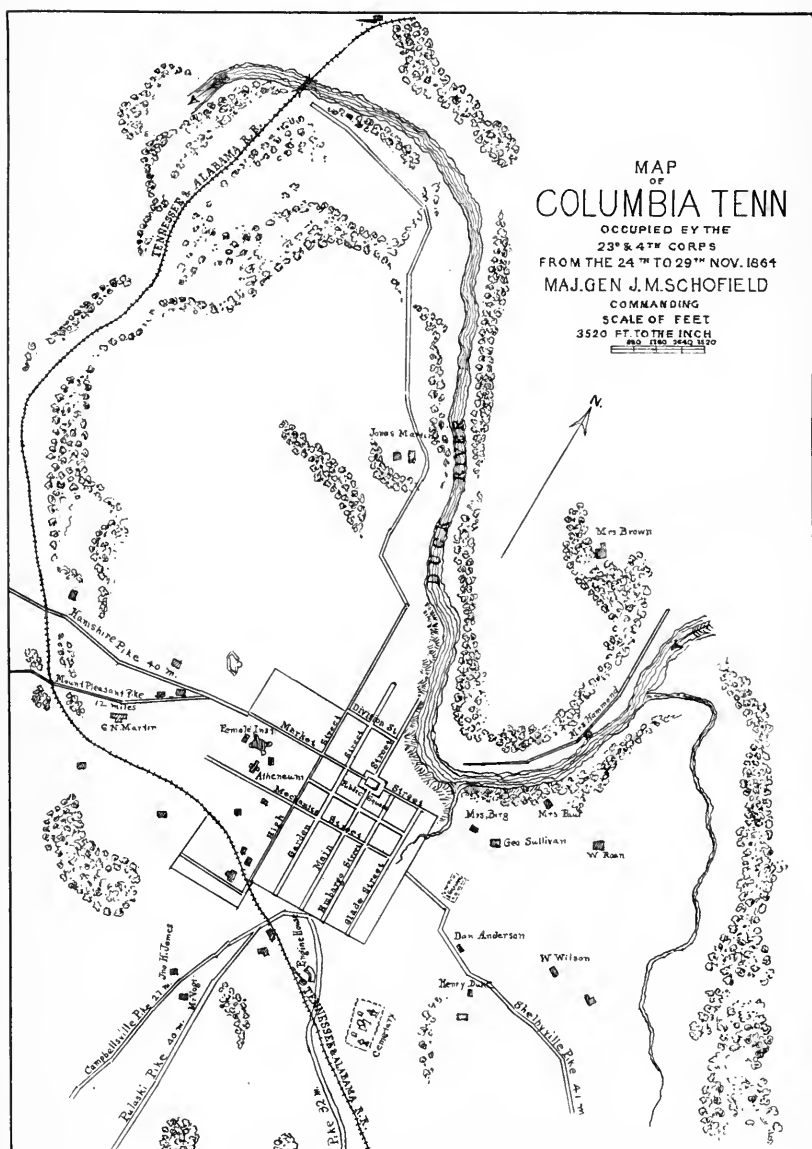
In the meantime Capron's, Croxton's and Hatch's cavalry were covering his front and on the lookout, and sent word to Schofield, who immediately prepared to fall back to Columbia.

Gen. Cox's Division of the Twenty-third Corps left its camps and started on the Columbia pike on the 22d and marched to Lynville, where it was joined by Wagner's Division, Fourth Corps.

On the afternoon of the 23d we marched to the junction of the Mt. Pleasant and Shelbyville roads. Before daylight of the 24th we were ordered to march to Columbia, and arrived there just after sunrise. As we approached the town the well-kept farms and spacious lawns, with long, straight lanes bordered with trees, leading up to the handsome mansions, gave us the impression of peace and comfort. But how quickly there was to be a change.

MAP  
OF  
COLUMBIA TENN

OCCUPIED BY THE  
23<sup>RD</sup> & 4<sup>TH</sup> CORPS  
FROM THE 24<sup>TH</sup> TO 29<sup>TH</sup> NOV. 1864  
MAJ. GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD  
COMMANDING  
SCALE OF FEET  
3520 FT. TO THE INCH  
PRO. 1190. 2840. 1120







LT. GEN. JOHN B. HOOD,  
Com. Confederate Forces, Nashville  
Campaign.



MAJ. GEN. NATHAN B. FOREST,  
Com. Cavalry of Hood's Army.

We were met, south of the town, by an officer of Ruger's staff, who informed us that Capron's cavalry were pouring into the town, and that the Confederates were not far behind them. Gen. Cox took in the situation at once, and with the instinct of an engineer, having a full knowledge of the lay of the ground, from the study of maps that were furnished him, decided not to enter the town; but the head of the column, then coming up, was double-quickened by a diagonal shortcut, at the outskirts of the place, and arrived on the Mt. Pleasant pike just at the critical lucky moment to meet the tail-end of Capron's fagged-out cavalymen, closely pursued by Forrest's exultant troopers. A dashing Captain on a splendid black charger with foam-flecked shoulders and a yellow saddle blanket, was in the advance, deliberately shooting our men in the back of their heads with his revolver. He was dropped from his seat by the first infantryman that crossed the road. The plucky tooth Ohio was in one short minute deployed as skirmishers and advanced rapidly to meet the enemy, but, as usual, when cavalry meet an infantry line, they stopped, falling back on the road and through the fields beyond the range of our skirmish fire.

Gen. Cox's Division was soon in position, and before noon Gen. Stanley arrived with the Fourth Corps, approaching Columbia by a parallel road, and with the addition of Strickland's Brigade of Ruger's Division, Twenty-third Corps; reinforcements of cavalry and a Regular

battery which joined us here, we were in better shape as to numbers than we were at Pulaski. Our stay at first in this position was rather monotonous, with only cavalry in our front, but an occasional skirmish added to the interest. When Hood's infantry arrived, and his batteries were placed in position, there was more excitement, with artillery practice; but they evidently did not like the looks of our position, for they made no demonstrations leading to an assault, but kept our cavalry on the flanks uneasy, as though they contemplated flanking us out of our positions.

Schofield was anxious to preserve the railroad and wagonroad bridges that spanned Duck River, which he could only do by remaining on the town side; but he knew, too, that this would not be important if Hood should cross the river at some other point and get between him and Nashville; so, at the end of two days, after dark, Cox's Division was crossed over to the north side of the river, and works were thrown up to protect the bridge crossings. Two days later the balance of our troops, with artillery and trains, were brought over, and to prevent the enemy from using the bridges they were destroyed; but that did not prevent some of the venturesome from crossing in the darkness of the night, and our pickets had considerable trouble from the enemy's skirmishers. This annoyance was so great that Gen. Cox determined to drive them into the river, and sent word to his Inspecting Officer that one of the regiments of the First Brigade should charge them with the bayonet, and demonstrate right there whether or not those iron candlesticks they were carrying around with them could be turned to any other use as implements of war. The attempt failed, because their men were too well protected by the skirmishers and artillery on the opposite bank, their covered batteries pouring in a rapid plunging fire as soon as our line formed for the charge. The men were ready and eager to go, and had started a yell which invariably accompanied a double-quick advance, but the staff officer ordered them back under cover when he saw the attempt would result in too great a loss for the advantage to be gained.

On the morning of the 29th we learned that Hood was crossing some of his troops a few miles above Columbia, at Huey's Mill.

Gen. Stanley moved in the forenoon with a part of the Fourth Corps to guard the wagon trains then on the way to Spring Hill, and reached that place at noon. They were just in time, and Wagner's Division deployed at double-quick. Bradley on the right, Lane next, and Opdycke on the left, and pushed forward through the eastern suburbs of the town against Forrest's cavalry, which command had been repulsed by Wilson at Mt. Carmel, five miles east of the Franklin pike, and had turned over



MAJOR WILBUR F. GOODSPEED,  
Asst. Chief of Artillery 4th A. C.



CAPT. ALEX. MARSHALL,  
Com. Battery 4th A. C.



LT. COL. HARRY S. PICKANDS,  
Com. 103d O. V. I. at Spring Hill.



CAPT. CHARLES E. SARGEANT,  
Co. E., 103d O. V. I.



The 103d O. V. I., com. by Lt. Col. H. S. Pickands, supporting Marshall's Battery at Spring Hill, Tenn, Nov. 29th, 1864.



MAJ. GEN. DAVID S. STANLEY.  
Com. 4th A. C.

to Spring Hill by the Murfreesboro road to obstruct our trains. They were driven back to the woods by our infantry, and moved under cover to Thompson's Station, two or three miles toward Franklin. When Gen. Schofield arrived at Spring Hill with Ruger's Division, soon after dark, he learned from Stanley that some of the enemy were across the road at Thompson's Station, and he pushed on with a brigade of Ruger's command, leading the troops in person, gallantly charging, and drove them from their position.

Leaving Ruger there, he returned to Spring Hill, arriving there just as Cox at midnight reached the place in the lead of the Twenty-third Corps. A small body of the

enemy reached the pike between Spring Hill and Columbia, but were easily driven back by the wagon guard and artillery.

Col. Lyman Bridges, Chief of Artillery of the 4th Corps, had charge of and posted the batteries on the left of the pike, and Maj. W. F. Goodspeed, Assistant Chief of Artillery, had charge of the batteries on the right, which were handled so admirably against the assaulting lines of Cheatham's Corps. There was some slight skirmishing until the middle of the afternoon, when the head of Hood's infantry column arrived, with Cheatham's Corps of nine brigades in the lead. Hood was aware from the artillery firing that Schofield was still at Columbia with a portion of his command, and he ordered Cheatham to march in line against anything he should meet and drive them across the pike. Cheatham did push forward, and with solid force struck the right of our line, crowding Bradley's Brigade back in confusion almost to the pike; Bradley being wounded in the assault. The loss was about 250 men. The other two brigades were not much engaged. This attack was followed up vigorously until they struck a slight line of fortifications occupied by a single battery and a small regiment of infantry. The



BRIG. GEN.  
LUTHER P. BRADLEY,  
Com. Brig. Wagner's Div.  
4th A. C. Wounded at  
Spring Hill, Tenn.



MAJ. GEN. THOMAS T. WOOD.  
Com. Div. 4th A. C.



BRIG. GEN. NATHAN KIMBALL.  
Com. Division 4th A. C.

battery was commanded by the valiant Alec Marshall, who was absolutely fearless in short-range work, and the regiment by Col. Harry Pickands, as full of mettle as any one that ever commanded men. The men of this regiment were what were left of the 103d Ohio. They had been so cut up and reduced in numbers during the Atlanta campaign that they were detailed as Gen. Schofield's headquarters guard, and were the first troops to reach Spring Hill, arriving there with the train between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning. Gen. Fullerton, of Stanley's staff, saw them there when he arrived, and ordered them in line to support the battery. As Stanley's report does not mention their presence, even, it would seem proper to here note the part they took in the engagement. Bradley's men as they fell back rushed by them on either side, but they remained to support the battery. The officers had broken open boxes of ammunition and built a little parapet of cartridges in front of the men, from which they loaded; and a rapid, withering fire was poured into the advancing lines, doing terrible execution at this short range. The guns also were handled by Lieut. Bills with wonderful rapidity. This furious, driving storm of lead and iron had never been surpassed, and rarely equalled, by the same quality and number of arms. Cheatham's troops, encountering at this point such fierce opposition, and believing they had struck our main line of fortifications, halted, fell back, and commenced building a line of earthworks. Of course, it is not prob-

able, nor is it claimed, that a small regiment of infantry, no matter with how much bravery they fought, could, under the same circumstances, hold in check a line that a well-trying and splendid brigade had retreated from; but the situation here was such that the rebel General commanding was deceived as to the force confronted. At the same time, the little band is entitled to the credit of staying where it was put. If the men of the 103d Ohio had fallen back with the brigade, Cleburne would have crossed the pike, Brown would have followed him, we would have lost possession of the road, our army would have been cut in two and the result might have been different.

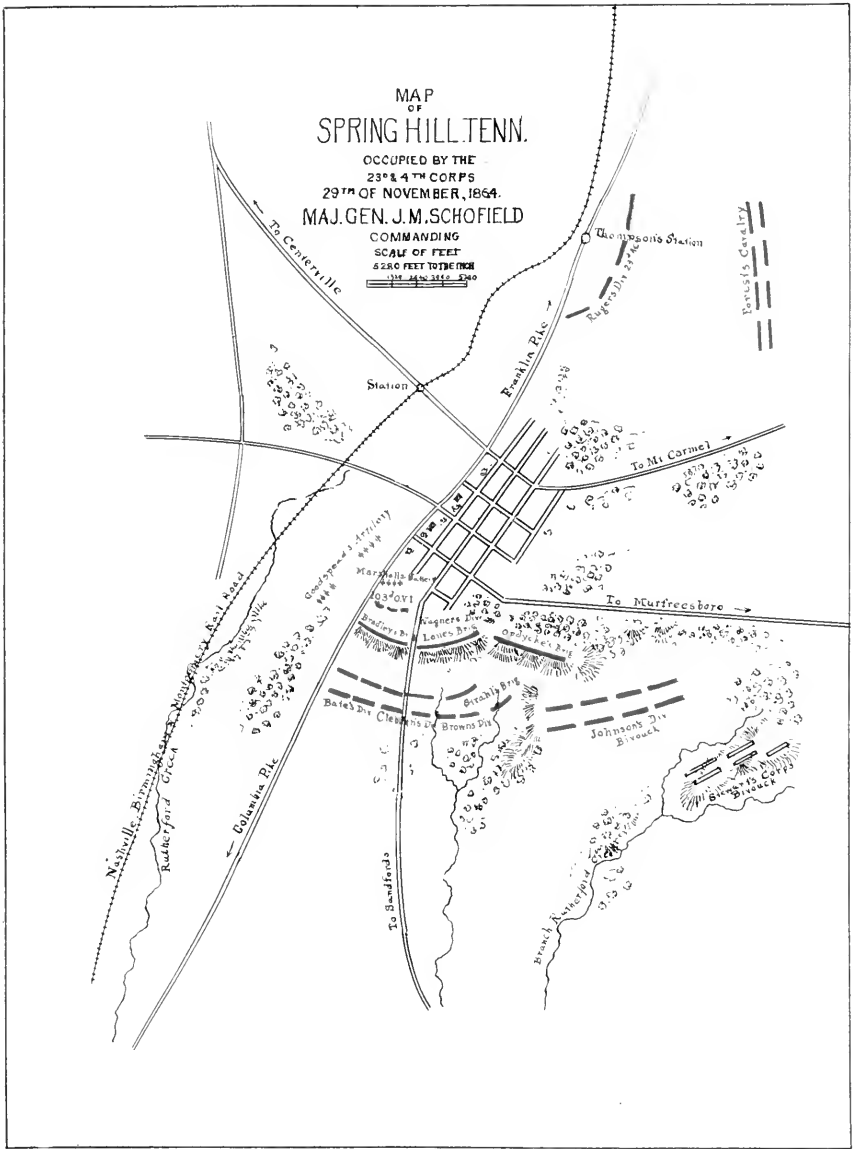
The officers of the 103d Ohio tried to check the fleeing troops, and taunted their officers with the bad example they were showing their men. Capt. Charley Sargeant grabbed one officer who was tearing past him, who shouted "For God's sake, don't stop me! I'm a Chaplain!" Additional troops coming up, the rebels pushed out some to feel Wagner's left flank, but made no further attempt to carry our position.

The officers commanding the regiment and battery were old friends, and had not met for years, but during the fight there had not been time for even a nod or a handshake; but when the engagement was over, Marshall came forward to the infantry line, which was only a few yards in advance, and greeted his friend in a modest manner, with the remark: "Well, this was a warm reception!"

An eye-witness said that he had noticed the artillery officer in action, and he was holding his men and handling the guns with the fury of a demon, and while he stood talking with the Colonel his face was still flushed, the big veins were bulging on his temples, and perspiration and smoke had streaked his face, but in other ways he appeared as serene and smiling as though nothing had happened.

Col. Pickands showed a hearty pride in the action of his men, with whom he mingled from beginning to end, steadying and encouraging them, and the last one would have died for their Colonel, for they fairly worshiped him. Their duty having been well done during this emergency, they were led back to their train.

Darkness was now approaching, and Stewart's Corps of four divisions arrived, and together with Cheatham's command went into bivouac for the night.





## THAT TRYING NIGHT MARCH.

About this time Gen. Cox's Division, which had been under a heavy artillery fire all day from Hood's guns stationed in and near Columbia, started for Spring Hill, leaving Wood and Kimball, who had been ordered to follow soon after. This night march was a very rapid one, and, with the exception of a halt at Rutherford Creek to help out some artillery and teams that were there clogged, the distance to Spring Hill, about 12 miles, was made at the rate of four miles an hour. The rear-guards were ordered positively to use the bayonet on fence-corner stragglers, and the orders were in several instances obeyed. When the General and staff reached Spring Hill we were stopped on the road by Col. George Northrup, of a Kentucky regiment of infantry. He cautioned us, "Hist," with finger to his lips, not to speak above a whisper, and pointed to the camp-fires on the rolling slopes within sight of the road.

We could plainly see that the soldiers standing and moving about the flaring lights were Johnnies, and in the quiet of the night could hear their voices. An officer was left to repeat the caution to the advancing column.

Farther along on the road we found Gen. Stanley at his headquarters in the dooryard of a mansion, and from whom we learned the whole situation. While mingling with the staff officers, we found them quietly commenting on the loss of one of their number, who, accompanied by an Orderly, had been sent with orders to the line, and then pushing out on a quiet reconnoissance, was captured by the rebel pickets; the Orderly, fortunately escaping, reported the circumstances.

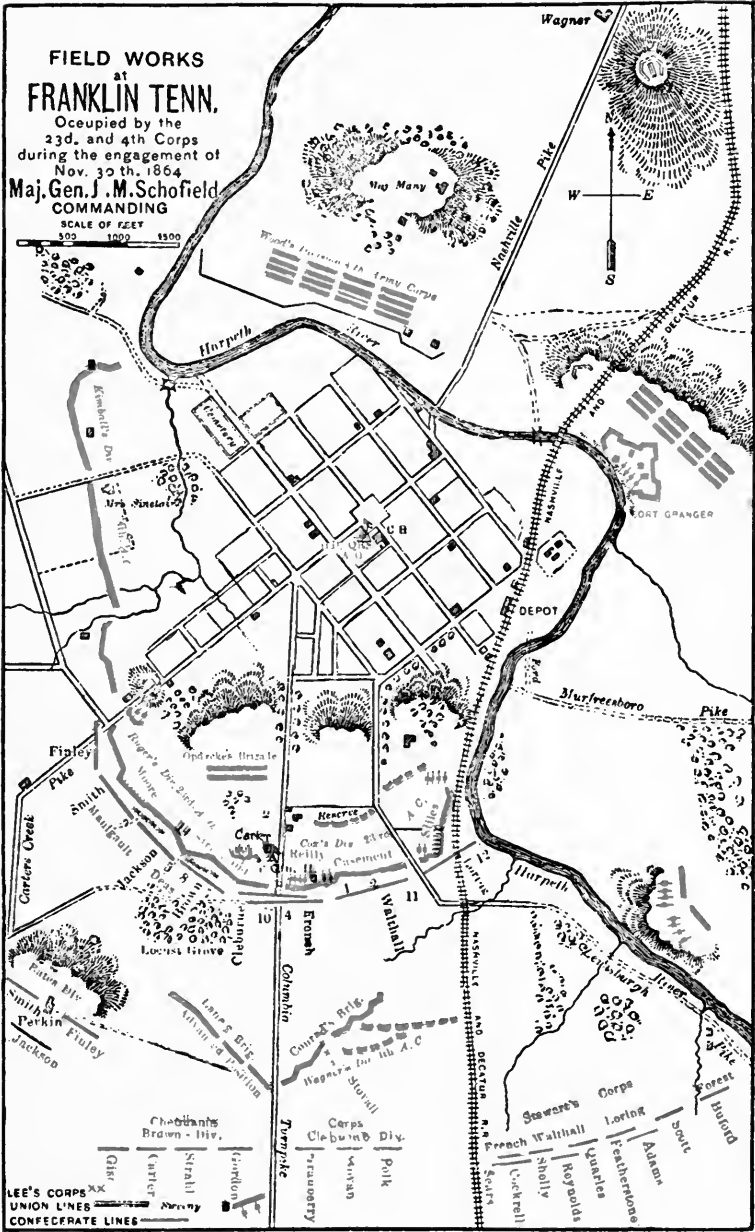
The promixity of the two armies was such that it seems incredible there were not frequent clashes during the night, or even a general attack to break our line on the night march.

Gen. Schofield, arriving at this time from Thompson's Station, ordered an immediate march to Franklin, and Gen. Cox's Division to lead the advance. Keeping up the long, steady stride of four miles an hour, in the clear starlight, without meeting a soul on the road, we reached Winstead Hills about 3 o'clock in the morning.

The General and staff then pushed on rapidly to Franklin, awoke Col. Carter, and made headquarters at his little brick cottage, the last house in the southern suburbs of the town, on the Columbia pike.

In the absence of the Inspecting Officer, who was with the rear-guard, the writer was instructed to place the troops in position; and while sitting out in front of the house, waiting for the head of column to arrive, everything was as still as the grave, and there was time to ponder on what the following day would bring forth.

I did not realize, and very few, perhaps, anticipated, the dreadful and bloody outcome: but, rather, looked for another flank movement,





Northeast view of the Carter Cottage.

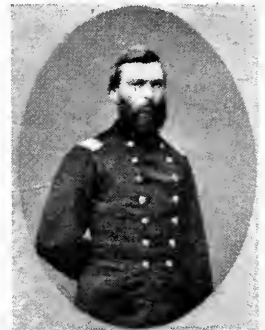


MAJ. GEN. JACOB D. COX,  
Com. 23d A. C. and Two Divi-  
sions of 4th A. C. in Battle of  
Franklin, Tenn.

as at Columbia. Presently the tramp of horses in the distance and the rattle of tin cups against bayonet clasps foretold the coming of the troops. First the brigade officers, mounted, appeared, and they were led off to the right of the road, where a hasty inspection of the ground was made in the darkness; then the weary men came marching by the left flank. The night tramp had been wearing to those on foot, for they had been pressed to unusual speed, and their anxiety about the train, that was strung along by their side, kept them peering out into the dim distance, lest Forrest's cavalry might strike them at any point, although every regiment had a company deployed in the fields to our right. The Third Division of the Twenty-third Corps was led into position on the east side of the pike—Stiles, commanding Henderson's Brigade, first, Casement

next, and Riley last, all facing the south. Col. Henderson was temporarily unwell, and had requested Col. Stiles, of the 63d Ind., to relieve him of personal command of his brigade; but he remained with the brigade during the engagement, and watched every movement with as much solicitude as though he were giving the orders direct to the regimental commanders. Gen. Cox was placed in command of the two divisions, his own and Ruger's, and was instructed—as soon as the troops could get a short breathing spell, a few winks of sleep, and their morning coffee—to strongly intrench themselves.

It was deemed expedient by Gen. Schofield to make our stand on the south side of the town and river, so that the trains could mass in the streets and open spaces in the village, while a wagonroad bridge was being built and planks laid on the sleepers of the railroad bridge for their transfer across. Gen. Schofield had the previous day sent an urgent request to Thomas to ship by rail a pontoon bridge to Franklin for the Harpeth crossing, and expected to find it there, but in this was disappointed. It had instead been sent by the wagonroad, in charge of Maj. Jenny, of the Engineer Corps, and did not arrive in time to be of service.



BRIG. GEN. THOS. H. RUGER,  
Com. 2d Div. 23d A. C. at  
Franklin, Tenn.



The location of the Railroad Bridge across the Harpeth, with Fort Cranger on the bluffs.



COL. JOSEPH CONRAD,  
Com. Bradley's Brig. Battle of Franklin.

pouring in, the infantry on the right side of the road and wagon trains and artillery to their left.

The march was not so rapid as during the night, for they were continually harassed by Forrest's cavalry attaching in weak points on the road. Wood's Division of the Fourth Corps passed through the town and formed in position on the north of the Harpeth; Kimball's Division of the same corps was ordered to report to Gen. Cox, and was placed by him on the right of the Twenty-third Corps, with its right flank resting on the Harpeth River. Two brigades of Wagner's Division, Fourth Corps (Lane's and Conrad's), were countermarched, and placed something over 100 rods in our front, across the Columbia pike, to watch the approach of the enemy, and to their right and front, on a little knoll, a section of Marshall's Battery, supported by an infantry regiment.

Opdycke's Brigade, of the same division, which had been acting as rear-guard from Spring Hill, passed through our line, and was ordered by Gen. Cox to take up position in reserve behind Carter's Hill. The two regiments of Reilly's Brigade that

In this embarrassing situation there was nothing to do but construct the bridges with the meager facilities at hand; so, with his Engineer Battalion and details of troops, the work was performed, requiring his constant personal attention. He remained in this position up to the time of the engagement, so as to better superintend the crossing, and at the same time be near the railroad and telegraph station; while from Fort Granger, on the bluff east of the railroad and near the river, he had perfect command during the battle of the entire field, and to direct the fire of the artillery stationed there with him. During the forenoon the troops, in close order, kept



The Drummer Boy killed while trying to block a gun.



View of Winstead Hills from Franklin.



BRIG. GEN. GEORGE D. WAGNER,  
Com. Div. 4th A. C.



COL. EMERSON OPDYCKE,  
Com. Brig. Wagner's Div. 4th A. C.

were left back in the skirmish line at Duck River arrived, and formed the second line behind the main works. The batteries of the Fourth Corps were placed in our main line. They were ordered to report to Gen. Cox, to take the places of the Twenty-third Corps artillery that had been posted on the north side of the river, as it was the first on the ground, and it was the intention, at that hour, to have all the artillery pass over as it arrived. By the middle of the afternoon our trains were nearly all across the river, and it was intended the troops should follow after dark, and accompanying them during the night toward Nashville. But it seemed that Gen. Schofield's plans were to be somewhat interfered with, to the extent that the continuation of our march was some hours later.

For when Gen. Hood's sleepy army awoke at Spring Hill, and he found how skillfully Gen. Schofield had marched his command past him during the night, and an examination by daylight showed him how easily he could have cut us in two at any time during the night or headed us off entirely the previous afternoon, had he known our exact situation, he was so chagrined that he cursed everybody, high and low; censured Cheatham and Cleburne, and the entire forces that were present, for not taking possession of the road; and made his whole army understand that it must make up for that blunder at once, and that no time was to be lost in overtaking and destroying our army wherever found. So he pushed on in pursuit, their cavalry occasionally attacking our trains and burning a wagon or two, until they came up with our rear-guard about noon at Winstead Hills. These two splendid fighting Generals, Cheatham





The north view of the Carter Cottage. The frame part in the rear has been reversed since the battle.



LT. GEN. ALEXANDER P. STEWART,  
Com. Corps Hood's Army.



MAJ. GEN. BENJAMIN F. CHEATHAM,  
Com. Corps Hood's Army.

and Cleburne, felt keenly the morning's reprimand, which they considered undeserved, and as they rode together at the head of their commands they discussed it with bitter resentment, and determined at the first opportunity to make the fight of their lives, and disprove the unjust charges of their commander. Stewart's Corps moved on to the right, toward Lewisburg pike, turning Opdycke's flank, when he fell slowly back to the town.

Gen. Cheatham with his corps moved by the Columbia pike, and formed in line north of Winstead Hills. From our position the officers and horses could be plainly seen on this range of hills, a little more than two miles away, as though studying our position.

From this elevation the beautiful panorama, embracing the rolling intervening country and the town of Franklin nestling in the Valley of the Harpeth, was plainly in the vision of Hood's officers, showing also the disposition of our troops and the earthworks encircling the town. Bate's Division marched over to Carter's Creek pike and formed behind the Bostwick house. Stewart's Corps moved over to the McGavock house, where the first skirmish firing was heard in the grove; it was by Reilly's men, who had gone there for logs to put on the earthworks.

Firing was now commenced over on the right where Bate was forming, and the guns stationed on the pike poured in volley after volley with great rapidity. Gen. Cox rode over to Henderson's Brigade, which was on higher ground, and from a parapet, with his fieldglass, watched the advancing lines until they ran over Wagner's men.



The Valley of the Harpeth, and view of Franklin, where Hood and his generals studied our position before attack from Winstead Hills.



LT. GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE,  
Com. Corps, Hood's Army.



MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM B. BATES,  
Com. Division Cheatham's Corps.

He then mounted his horse and pushed for the center, steadying the line and directing the men to withhold their fire until the advanced lines were inside of the works. The suspense was now growing, for we knew there was to be a battle. The men were heated from the exertion of strengthening the works, but they laid down their shovels and picks, and took up their guns with a firm grip, and stood there with bated breath and blazing eyes, frowning over the works at the advancing foe and awaiting the order to commence firing; for they were fairly burning to avenge the deaths of their brave comrades that were left on the bloody battlefields of northern Georgia, and this was their first good chance for wiping out many an old score; and, oh! what a real comfort it was to know that we who, during the hot Summer campaign, had stood the crash of so many fierce assaults against their solid fortifications, were now on the right side of the works, and in such a splendid position, with a gentle slope away from us and not even a mullein-stalk to obstruct our fire for a good third of a mile.

Before the break in the advanced lines, Gen. Cox's Engineer Officer, the writer, was standing on the parapet of the 100th Ohio, the first one on the left of the Columbia pike, urging the men to strengthen the works, and talking with Gen. Wagner at the time. The General was reclining on his elbow, his feet hanging over the works, with a staff or crutch in his hand; he had fallen with his horse and was lame. They remarked that the musketry firing was becoming more rapid, also that the section



BRIG. GEN. ORLANDO M. POE,  
Chief Engineer, Military Division of  
the Mississippi.



CAPT. LEVI T. SCOFIELD,  
Engineer Officer, 23d A. C., Gen.  
J. D. Cox's Staff.

of artillery was doing some lively work. By and by a staff officer rode fast from one of the brigades and reported to Wagner, excitedly, "The enemy are forming in heavy columns; we can see them distinctly in the open timber and all along our front."

Wagner said firmly: "Stand there and fight them."

Then turning to the Engineer Officer, he said, "And that stubbed, curly-headed Dutchman will fight them, too." Meaning one of his brigade commanders.

"But, General," the Engineer said, "the orders are not to stand, except against cavalry and skirmishers, but to fall back behind the main line if a general engagement is threatened."

In a short time another officer of Stanley's staff rode in from the right in great haste and told him the rebels were advancing in heavy force. He received the same order. The officer added: "But Hood's entire army is coming." Then Wagner struck the ground with his stick. "Never mind; fight them." But even after this, they had time to come back in good order if they had been so directed.

Soon we heard the rebel yell and heavy firing. Marshall's men with the two guns had fixed prolonge and fired as they fell back on the pike

to the advanced rifle pits, leaving their dead, but bringing in their wounded. The horses then brought the guns in on an easy trot. As they turned in around the short apron earthwork covering the gap across the pike, Alec Clinton, one of the gunners, jumped off the limber, his face black with powder smoke, and said, with a grim smile,

“Old hell is let loose, and coming out there.”

The firing now was continuous, and under the rising smoke we could see a commotion in our advanced brigades; officers were hurrying from point to point to hold the men to their work. A few horsemen were in sight, some mounting and others dismounting, but only an occasional dropping back. Soon we noticed the right of Stewart's command wrapping around Conrad's left, and then our men rose up and the break



Marshall's battery firing at fixed  
prolonge.

commenced. The right of Cheat-ham's corps was sweeping over the little rise of ground on which the low earthworks were built, in what appeared a solid human wave. And such a racket! Their shouting seemed to show such confidence as men would have who had been

led to believe that the line they were assaulting was a weak one. The firing had slackened and the smoke cleared, so that we could plainly see the splendid advance.

It was a grand sight! Such as would make a lifelong impression on the mind of any man who could see such a resistless, well-conducted charge. For the moment we were spellbound with admiration, although they were our hated foes; and we knew that in a few brief moments, as soon as they reached firing distance, all of that orderly grandeur would be changed to bleeding, writhing confusion, and that thousands of those valorous men of the South, with their chivalric officers, would pour out their life's blood on the fair fields in front of us. As forerunners well in advance could be seen a line of wild rabbits, bounding along for a few leaps, and then they would stop and look back and listen, but scamper off again, as though convinced that this was the most impenetrable line of beaters-in that had ever given them chase; and quails by the thousands in covies here and there would rise and settle, and rise again to the warm sunlight that called them back; but, no, they were frightened by the unusual turmoil, and back they came and this repeated until finally they rose high in the air and whirred off to the gray skylight of the north.

The day had been bright and warm, reminding us of the Northern Indian Summer; the afternoon sun, like a ball of fire, was settling in all its southern splendor in a molten sea of bronze, over the distant hills; and in the hazy, golden light, and with their yellowish-brown uniforms,

those in the front ranks seemed to be magnified in size; one could almost imagine them to be phantoms sweeping along in the air. On they came, and in the center their lines seemed to be many deep and unbroken, their red-and-white tattered flags, with the emblem of St. Andrew's cross, as numerous as though every company bore them, flaring brilliantly in the sun's rays, with conspicuous mounted groups of general and staff officers in their midst, and a battery or two in splendid line charging along between the divisions. Scattered along in front of them were our men bent almost to the ground, with their heads turned to see if the enemy were gaining on them. It was every man for himself and the devil take the last man over the works; but here and there brave fellows would hesitate as if they would like to face and fight them.

On the right of Walthall's and the left of Loring's Divisions there were occasional breaks made by our infantry and the terrific volleys from the batteries on the opposite bank of the river; also, from Marshall's and Canby's Battery M, 4th U. S. Art., who poured canister into the enemy that were swarming through the railroad cut; but officers on horseback and afoot were at every gap, trying to close them up, so that, on the left, Stewart's living sea, with raging surf, in wave following wave, broke and fell, and plunged onward over the sloping beach in our front.

Those who have stood on the Cliff road at Newport and watched the masses of brown seaweed from the gulf stream carried by the white-capped waves over the bright green water of the beach will have a fair idea of the appearance of those lines that charged forward and receded on that fateful day. Still the great seething mass came rolling on to our center. Although the smoke was spreading, we could see them plainly, but could not open with our artillery and infantry fire until our men were safely over. It was a situation that required the greatest bravery for the men to stand there firmly, and to hold their fire until the enemy were within 100 yards of our intrenchments. But those stern-faced veterans from the Middle West, in regiments that were short, though compact, touched elbows and grappled grimly their trusty Enfields, ready to pour in their first volley as soon as the Fourth Corps men uncovered their front.

Oh, what a mistake the brave Wagner made! Through the gap, at last, and over the works our men came, with Cleburne and Brown hot after them. Wagner by this time was on his horse riding backward and facing the disorganized brigades, trying as hard as ever a man did to rally them. With terrible oaths he called them cowards, and shook his broken stick at them; but back they went to the town, and nothing could stop them. The writer was also mounted and assisted Wagner until, in front of the Carter House, he was so unfortunate as to be dismounted,



The Railroad Cut where Marshall's and Canby's Batteries piled the dead in great masses.



receiving a slight wound in the leg from the same shot that killed his horse. Just then a young Sergeant, all made up of true mettle, and with flashing eye, turned and brought his gun down on the ground and said: "Hold on, boys; I don't go back another step." About 20 stopped with him. I patted him on the back and led him with his men into our reserve line; perhaps others stopped, but the great mass went through the town and across the river. Wagner was a great fighter; it is said that bullets rattled out of his clothes for a month after the battle of Stone's River, and his division was as good as any other, but they had been pressed too closely, and for some reason thought the whole line would break. Their



Gen. Wagner trying to rally the two brigades in their routs to the rear.

officers tried hard to check them, but their organization was broken in their scramble back from the front. It was not the fault of the men, nor their officers, but of their rash General, and it was the only fault in his long, splendid career; but it lost him his command. Poor Wagner is now dead; his soul is in Heaven

with the heroes, and let us exercise our full measure of charity in forgiving this one error, and cherish the memory of his personal valor and dauntless courage on the hard-fought battlefields of the West.

If our men, in this part of the line, with every fiber strained to almost breaking tension, could have had time to fire two or three volleys, they would have regained the nerve they had lost during this awful suspense, and held the line without a waver. But Cheatham's whole corps was right on top of those few regiments before they could fire a shot, and some of them were forced back a short distance from the line on either side of the pike. Now was the great opportunity for the brave Cols. Rousseau and White and the battery commander, Charley Scoville. The two former were in command of Reilly's second line and had been cautioned by Gen. Cox, before riding over to Henderson's Brigade, to look out for a break at this point, and when it did come they were ready. These troops were made up of those daring, earnest men from the mountains of East Tennessee and Kentuckians from the northeastern part of the State, where they were so thoroughly loyal that they kept on shooting rebels after the war was over. They did not wait for an order, but sprang over the low rifle-pits like tigers, and with a shrill shout that was heard even above the rebel yell, and a heroism rarely equalled by men, went pell-mell into the mass of Confederates that had taken our line and did not know what to do with it. At the same time Charley Scoville cracked his blacksnake whip around the ears of his artillerymen, and drove them

back to the guns. At it they went with pick-axes and shovels, slashing all around them with the ferocity of demons.

For a few minutes there was a fierce hand-to-hand combat, and it was right in those few minutes that the fate of one or the other of the armies was to be decided. For a little time it looked decidedly against us, but the desperate determination of our men, who were rallying to regain the line, had its effect, and a change began to show itself.

A moment before Gen. Cox had sent Lieut. Tracy, one of his Aids, to order up Opdycke's Brigade, but they were already filing up the pike, left in front, with their chivalric chief on foot by their side. Gen. Cox led them diagonally across the pike, so as to uncover the buildings in Carter's yard, preparatory to charging the broken line in Strickland's front. They were pointed directly toward the place Rousseau and White were engaged, and the Confederates took it for a heavy reinforcement of that part of the line. One by one they seemed shaken, feeling that they were to be overpowered; and, not wishing to place themselves again in our front, they threw down their arms and rushed to our rear, prisoners without a guard.

When Opdycke's men faced to the front to charge the line, it was a more serious undertaking, as a larger number of men had broken over the works at this point, and had obtained a firmer footing. But there was nothing too alarming for Opdycke's bravery, and he urged his men forward, placing himself where he could prevent stragglers from dropping out. He broke his revolver over men's heads, and then seized a gun, and whoever looked back within his reach was jobbed under the blouse. So he rushed them on, and forced Brown's men from the out-buildings in Carter's yard. Strickland's men rallying, counter-charged and joined him and soon the ground was in our possession again, and a second line established.

Gen. Cox remained mounted during the entire engagement, so as to carefully watch the whole line; and while the confusion was greatest,



during the break, he was in the midst, displaying heroic bravery, with hopeful look and sword poised above. The men saw his conspicuous figure, rallied around him, and he waved them back to the line. His sublime courage was an inspiration, and the weakest man in his command could not withstand its influence. If ever an example of personal bravery turned a tide of battle, surely at this point Gen. Cox's quiet but superb magnetism impelled every man who caught his eye to redoubled effort in wresting victory from defeat. Gen. Stanley was also there, showing

Gen. Cox rallying his troops.



CAPT. A. P. BALDWIN.  
Com. Battery 4th A. C.

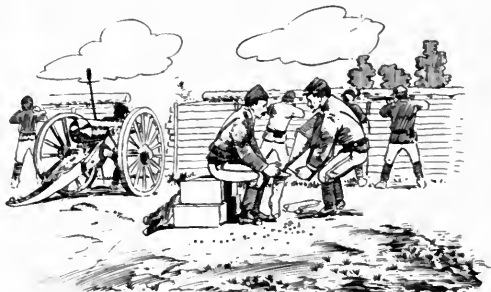
great gallantry in encouraging the troops, but was wounded before he had been on the field 10 minutes; his horse was shot under him and Gen. Cox dismounted his staff officer, Tracey, who was riding his heavy clay-bank horse, turning it over to Stanley who rode to the rear.

Every charge ordered by Hood, or any of his Generals, after this first dreadful avalanche crumbled and broke, was foolhardy and reckless. After our line was re-established it was as steady as a granite wall; it was next to impossible to break it, and the enemy could only get over our parapet as prisoners or by being killed in the attempt.

The brave soldiers of the South

felt it, too, for their after charges, although started with a yell, were silent as they reached our furious sheets of flame, and as they were forced in their heads were bent, their hats pulled down, and their arms shielding from sight the almost certain death that awaited them.

It was the writer's pleasure, a few years since, while on a pilgrimage to the old battlefields, to meet at Nashville the late Gen. Cheatham, a very comfortable man to approach, with a make-up about equally divided between a well-to-do Southern farmer and a Prussian Field-Marshal, having a ruddy, full face and snow-white mustache. He greeted me most cordially, clasping me in his arms, and said: "Well, I heard you were here, and I've been looking all over for you. Welcome to Tennessee; any man who was in the battle of Franklin, no matter which side, is my friend." Then we had a good chat about old times. Referring to the two brigades out in front: "Ah," he said, "if it hadn't been for the mistake your side made there, you would have killed every man in our army, and God knows



Artillerymen filling their stockings with bullets.

you killed enough of them." It is undoubtedly a fact that if the brigades had been called in at the right time, no part of our line would have been broken; and if all our brigades had heeded the precaution to place head-logs on our works, and abatised our front, as Casement's did, the loss all along the lines would have been as light as his, which was comparatively insignificant. The officers of Casement's Brigade had their men take timbers from the cotton-gin house at the right of the line, also cut trees from the grove, and carried the logs in to be placed on the top of the parapet. They rested on cross-ties hollowed out to receive them, leaving a three-inch space through which to fire.

Henderson's Brigade, on our extreme left, reached to the railroad track, and the works were built in the grounds of a large mansion, which were bordered by a splendid osage-orange hedge.

The line was located about 50 feet from this hedge, so that by cutting off the trees about four feet above the ground it left an impenetrable obstruction, and at the same time open enough through which to fire. The tops were scattered along in front of Casement's Brigade, making one of the most deceptive rows of abatis ever formed; it was light, but an occasional crotched stick held it in place.

Walthall's men stopped when it was reached; they were bewildered; they couldn't get over it; they undertook to pull it away, but the sharp thorns pierced their hands, and they gave that up; then right in the smoke of our guns they faced to the right, and filed through a gap made by a wild charging horse. All this time death was pouring into them sheets of flame and lead from the three-inch gap under the head-logs. One company of the 65th Ind. had repeating Spencer rifles, and at that short range their execution must have been terrible.

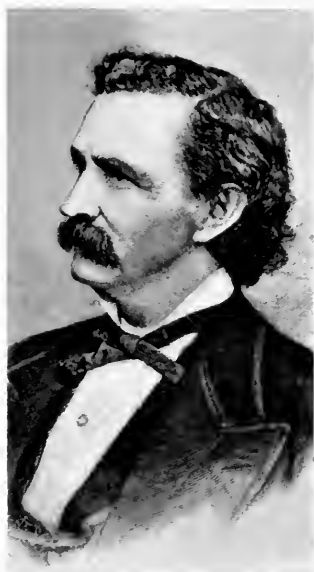
Capt. Baldwin's battery was stationed at this point (15 on map), where the dead were piled up like snowdrifts in Winter time, and here it was that the obstructions caused them to mass so many deep.



Gen. Adams' horse killed on the breast-works.



BRIG. GEN. JOHN ADAMS,  
Killed at Battle of Franklin.



MAJ. GEN. EDWARD C. WALTHALL,  
Com. Division Stewart's Corps.

The brave Captain quickly took advantage of the situation, and to mow down this dense forest of humanity he loaded his guns to the muzzles with triple rounds of canister and dummies made with stockings which the gunners took from their feet, and filled with bullets from the infantry ammunition boxes. To use the Captain's words, "At every discharge of my gun there were two distinct sounds—first the explosion, and then the bones." What fearful carnage, where, at short range, such loads of iron and lead were driven through the living wall of men, that the crunching of the bones could be distinguished! It was the same battery that was saved while marching out of Spring Hill by the coolness of one of the non-commissioned officers. Orders had been given to try to push through on the Franklin pike, with instructions to abandon and destroy the guns, and to save themselves and horses by breaking off into the fields on the left, if attacked and hard-pressed.

They were halted by a rebel picket reserve, posted a short distance from the road, and the demand came out from the darkness: "What battery is you-uns?" The commander was about to reply by unlimbering and turning his guns upon them, when the quick thought struck one of his Corporals to say, in a careless voice, "Tenth Alabam. What regiment is you-uns?" "Fourteenth Missipp." was the reply, and, apparently satisfied, the drowsy sentinel settled down in the fence-corner to sleep. They pushed on, and were not again molested until nearly daylight, when they were attacked by Hood's cavalry. "Battery by the left flank: Fire to the rear," was the Captain's prompt order. A half-dozen rounds of



BRIG. GEN. JOHN S. CASEMENT.  
Com. 2nd Brig. 3d Div. 23 A. C.

12-pound solid shot scattered the cavalry and saved the trains of two corps.

After dark, when it was safe to look over the works, it was a ghastly sight to see the mangled dead. All along in front of Casement's line the bodies reminded one of a rail fence toppled over and crossed many deep; or as if grim death had built a new abatis of thickly-tangled boughs. The ditch at Fort Sanders, Knoxville, just one year before, where the pick of Longstreet's army lay writhing as thick as the sealions on the cliff rocks near the Golden Gate was bad enough to look at, but this was horrible.

The groans and moanings were pitiable from the poor fellows who were so badly wounded that they could not move away.

[The figures that follow refer to positions indicated on the map.]

(1) Here is where Gen. John Adams plunged through the abatis, cleared the ditch, and fell across the crest and headlog; the rider fell outside the line, with from 30 to 40 wounds. He was gently handled, and placed upon the ground inside the lines.

(2) This is where Jack Casement stood when he made his great speech.

When the approaching enemy was nearing our line he sprang upon the works and turned to his troops, and, with that noted ringing voice that every one could hear: "Men, do you see those damn rebel — — — (you all know the other three words) coming?"

Then a shout went up. "Well, I want you to stand here like rocks, and whip hell out of them." He then faced about and fired his revolvers until they were empty, and jumped down with the men.

The oratory may not have been as elegant as though studied for the occasion, but Caesar to his Romans and Hannibal to his Carthaginians never made speeches thrilling their ar-



Gen. Jack Casement holding  
his men to the line.

mies with more effect. It was what they understood and appreciated, and what they did afterwards showed how well it was heeded. Not one man left the line, and it was Col. Jack's example that held them to the firing line. As a commander of men he had no superior, having that magnetic influence which drew from them their full capacity of service. His look and command held them as firmly as the silken sashes that bound together the Greeks at the pass of Thermopylae. —

Just at this time, when the Confederate line was close to our works, and our men were concealed by the head-logs, Jim Coughlan, a Lieutenant of the 24th Ky., and Gen. Cox's favorite Aid, mounted his black horse, and, swinging his cavalry saber over his head, charged back and forth along the whole line, cheering the men, and they all turned and gave him a cheer, for every man knew the gallant officer. He is the one who, on the white horse, led every charge of the Twenty-third and Fourth Corps across the field on the first day at Resaca; and all through the Atlanta campaign just such brilliant achievements on his part were noticed. It was not his dashing gallantry alone that made him such a favorite, but his military genius was of the highest order, and he was ever ready and anxious for duty, with no thought of the weather or hour of the night. If there was a spice of danger in it, he was better suited. Often, to avoid the dullness of camp life, he has begged to accompany me on topographical trips, when it was necessary to get information about the country ahead of us.

He was always of the greatest assistance to me. But what risks he would take! It was my custom to approach a log hut or rail pile on the road cautiously and expose as little of myself and horse as possible; but he would gallop on ahead in the middle of the road, singing or whistling with the greatest glee, and there had to be more than two rebel cavalrymen stationed in the road to keep him from charging. When he mounted his horse at Franklin and rode off along the line, with his full figure exposed above the works, the staff officers remarked to each other that he would surely be killed. It was late at night when we found him near the cotton-gin, where the hand-to-hand fighting was the fiercest. We lifted the cape from his pale face, and the stars looked down with us and wept. He was a handsome fellow of 22 years, with intelligent blue eyes, classic features, and a trim brown beard that the contaminating razor had never touched. He was born in southern Illinois, of Irish parents. Previous to the war he found employment as a school teacher in Kentucky, and when his regiment was recruited he was one of the first to offer his services.

The ride to Nashville was lonely to me, and I expected, after three days and two nights without sleep, when we spread our blankets on the floor of a small house outside the lines, that slumber would come quickly; but it was not so with me. After supper I called my black servant,



FIRST LT. JAMES COUGHLAN,  
Aide de Camp Maj. Gen. J. D. Cox's  
Staff.

Killed at Battle of Franklin.  
Photographed before the war time.

for nearly a year was back at the Harpeth River, near the bridge-head, with two feet of earth over him. This brave officer could see only one thing in martial glory, and that was to die in battle.

His mind had been usually bright and happy, but gloomy spells were coming oftener as the dread disease of epilepsy increased and blighted his future. The nights were more frequent, when, after one of these spasms, I gently rolled him back in bed.

There was no suffering, and he had no recollection in the morning of what had occurred; but once in a while a depressed feeling would prompt him to ask me if he had been unwell in the night, and I would satisfy him with a cheering word. We who knew him, when we saw him dead, believed that what he most dearly wished had come. Dying like a hero in one of the greatest battles of the world's history, before his mind

Scott, to bring me a bucket of water, with which I swashed out my boot, that was plastered thick on the inside with foul mud made from the dust of the pike and blood that trickled from two wounds that were not at all painful. After making myself as clean and comfortable as possible, I sat on the side of my bed and looked over to the empty half that my good friend Coughlan had occupied, and my only utterance was "Poor Jim." In my broken sleep I rolled over several times during the night, and the same sorrowful words escaped me. It made me wakeful, and I was broken with grief to think that I could not be with him while he was dying to hear his last request and give him my hand for his death-grip. Before daylight I got up and sat by the window, for the bed was so lonely. The one who had shared the blankets with me



Gallant Jim Coughlan on his  
last ride.





The south view of the Carter Cottage, showing the location of the main line of works west of Columbia Pike.

became clouded and his system broken with bad health, was to him well treasured as his dearest prayer.

(3) During one of the charges that was made on this part of the line, an incident occurred at Scoville's battery which is worth relating.

A slight boy of not more than 15 years, with drum on his back, belonging to one of the Missouri regiments, foolishly attempted to force his way through one of the embrasures and thrust a fence rail into the mouth of the cannon, thinking, by his brave act, to stop the use of that gun. It was heavily loaded at the time, and was fired, tearing the poor boy to shreds, so that nothing was ever found of him.

After our return from Nashville, we again put up at the Carter House, where we found a young man nursing two companions. After breakfast he accompanied me in front of the works, and pointed out where his regiment was buried. There were only three of his company left—two wounded and he alone unhurt. All the other companies suffered about the same loss. Their graves were marked with slabs of stave timber and the names painted thereon.

Our dead were gathered from the field and thrown promiscuously into the ditch and covered en masse with a foot of earth. There is nothing left of the old cotton-gin but the stone foundation piers on which the timbers stood, but near the site is a brick college building, and on the sloping grounds in front of same the ditch where our men are buried is plainly marked by a strip of verdure much brighter in color than the adjoining lawn, and studded with daisies and buttercups of luxurious growth, enriched with the blood of the heroes of both sides, whose spirits were here intertwined and ascended together into bivouac above the skies, reporting to the Great Commander with equal faith in the justice of their cause.

This little locust grove, shown on the map, was a sight to see after the battle. The trees stood in a swampy swale, were from two to five inches in diameter, and very close together. They were in front of Opdycke's and Strickland's Brigades, where more charges were made than on any other part of the line. The firing here from both sides was



Confederate soldiers charging with their hats pulled over their eyes.

terrific. Many of the larger trees were cut entirely off by bullets, all that were standing and all the stumps had each hundreds of bullet marks. Some were cut in shreds from bottom to top, and had the appearance, as much as anything, of broken hempstocks. The slopes beyond our whole front resembled fields recently raked or harrowed.



MAJ. GEN. PATRIC R. CLEBURN,  
Com. Div. Cheatham's Corps.  
Killed on Columbia Pike.



BRIG. GEN. S. R. GIST.  
Killed at Battle of Franklin.

The Carter cottage, at this point, is the first place visited by Southern tourists. The dwelling, which is of brick, looks on the south end as if it had been marked with smallpox in blue spots, and all the surrounding outbuildings have bullet marks in almost every square inch. There were also holes from solid shot or shells from rebel guns.

Col. Carter, who at the time was a paroled prisoner, his father, with members of the family and neighbors, remained in the cellar during the whole of the fearful carnage. After the battle was over, and our men had left, the sisters and others of the household took lanterns and went out in the rear of their house, hoping to be of some service to the wounded, and among the first was their own dear brother, between the locust grove and the abatis, mortally wounded.

A large proportion of Cheatham's command were raised in this part of Tennessee, which accounts, to a great extent, without doubt, for their determination and bravery in trying to drive the invaders from their homes.

(4) This is the spot where Gen. Pat Cleburne, the raw-boned Irish General from Arkansas, one of the greatest fighters in the Confederate army, fell with his iron-gray stallion, in a perfect cyclone of leaden hail. The horse was 100 feet from the line, but Cleburne's body was found close to the works in the middle of the pike.

(5) Gen. Gist was killed here trying to carry Strickland's line; and (6) Gen. Gordon was captured here by the Carter House; (7) Strahl was killed here, and (8) Carter mortally wounded.



BRIG. GEN. OTTO F. STRAHL,  
Killed at Franklin, Tenn.



BRIG. GEN. JOHN C. CARTER,  
Wounded at Battle of Franklin.

What record will compare with that? BROWN, the division commander, was wounded, three of the brigade commanders killed and the fourth captured. Surely, Cheatham and Cleburne had kept their promise of the early morning that Hood would have no occasion to again find fault with their bravery and determination, and the Generals under them had by their peerless leadership sustained them in their efforts; but, oh, at what fearful cost! After the battle it was found that in some parts of Brown's line the dead were lying seven deep, and regimental and company officers were found supported stiff and erect against this barricade of dead, with their ghastly eyes wide open and their chins dropped down, as though looking in horror and reproach at the enemy who had made such ruthless havoc.

(9) Gen. Managault fell severely wounded in front of Moore's Brigade.

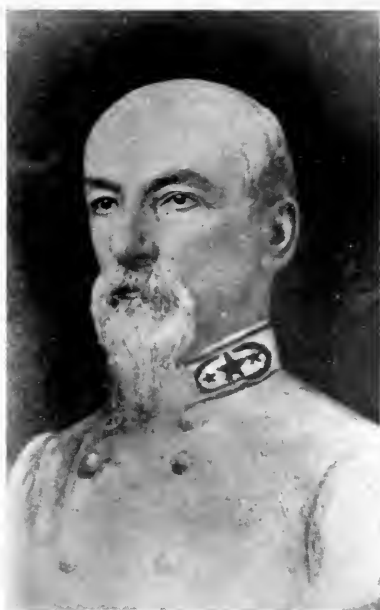
The loss of general officers in Stewart's Corps was also large, but not so fatal.

(10) Gen. Cockrell, brigade commander in French's Division, fell with two severe wounds.

(11) Gen. Quarles's command of Walthall's Division suffered heavily; he himself was terribly wounded; his staff officers were all killed, and



BRIG. GEN. HIRAM B. GRANBERRY.  
Killed at Battle of Franklin.



BRIG. GEN. ARTHUR M. MANIGAULT.  
Wounded at Battle of Franklin.

the regimental field officers were all killed and wounded, so that the ranking officer of the brigade who led them off was only a Captain.

(12) Gen. Scott, brigade commander in Loring's Division, was wounded by a shell during the first charge.

(13) Gen. Granberry, of Cleburne's Division, was killed on the pike in one of the desperate charges that were made to carry the center. This terrible loss of general officers is probably the greatest shown in so short a battle. The loss of field and company officers was also surprisingly large. In some of the regiments of French's line there were no commissioned officers ready for duty, all being either killed, wounded or captured. Many of the field and line officers gave themselves up and came over our lines, the most of them reporting to Gen. Cox, and their stories were gloomy in the extreme.

They said the organization of the whole army was broken; that there was hardly a company officer that knew where his men were.

Some of them were in the battle before Atlanta on the 22d day of July (the day McPherson was killed). This was the second fierce battle that Hood made after he



Confederate dead standing erect among the wounded.



LT. COL. MERVIN CLARK,  
Killed while in command of the  
183d O. V. I.

him better as Mervin Clark, who went out in the very beginning of the war as Orderly-Sergeant of DeVillier's Zonaves. He was the light, delicate boy of 17 who was so brilliant in the bayonet exercise. He was the idol of the old 7th, and soon received a commission for gallantry. It was his example in front of the firing line, with his bright smile and apparent unconcern under heavy firing, that stimulated many an older officer and impelled them to deeds of bravery. He had the lovely character of a gentle girl and the lion heart of a hero combined. After his term of service as Captain of the 7th and muster-out, he returned to his Cleveland home. During a visit to a neighboring town on the lake shore he became engaged to a beautiful young woman, whom he had known since childhood; but parental consent was refused, and in his despondency enlisted in the Regular army. Some of his influential friends secured a commission for him as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 183d Ohio, and he was with it, in command. They were mostly young recruits, with a few veterans from old regiments. To a large

superseded Johnston, where the Confederates assaulted our works and were repulsed. Then their right wing enveloped our left flank and attacked us in the rear, our men springing over the rebel side of the fortifications and meeting their assault, defeating them with great slaughter, and pursuing them with loud shouts, which the enemy in our front mistook for a success by the flanking columns, and again attacked us with much fury, only to be terribly cut by the fire of our men for the third time. They thought that was hard fighting, but it was nothing compared to this, and they added: "What is the use in fighting any more? Haven't we had enough of it?"

(14) Right here is where Clarkie died. The men of the 7th Ohio will need no other name to understand whom I mean, but others will know



Lt. Col. Mervin Clark killed while rallying his men.

proportion, though, this was their first baptism of fire. When the solid lines of Brown's Division rushed against them, one wing broke, and Col. Clark seized the colors from the bearer and rushed to the crest of the works, then turned to his men, holding the flag above his head and begged them to come back. They did go back, but found poor "Clarkie" dead.

He fell in the arms of Col. Zollinger, of the 123d Ind. It was a great loss to the men, with whom he was so popular, but under other brave officers they remained in the works until they were relieved with the rest of the line. His loss was to me a source of great sorrow, for we



MAJ. GEN. JOHN C. BROWN,  
Wounded at Battle of Franklin.



BRIG. GEN. GEORGE W. GORDON.  
Captured at Battle of Franklin.

were schoolmates and he was my boyhood chum. After dinner, Col. Casement called at our headquarters and told us that Clarkie, with his new regiment, was over in back of our house on the line. My first impulse was to rush over and see him, but at that instant was called out on the works in our front. When I heard that he was among the killed, I regretted that I did not steal even a few minutes to go over and greet him before the battle commenced. They captured some of our colors while crowding Wagner's Brigade back from the front, and at the breaking of our line; but we secured a great many more of theirs.

My recollection now is that 20-odd stands were taken in front of Reilly's Brigade, and that Lieut. Brown, of Reilly's staff, captured eight



COL. WILLIAM M. WHERRY,  
Senior Aide Maj. Gen. John M.  
Schofield's Staff.



COL. THEODORE COX,  
Adjutant General Maj. Gen. J. D. Cox's  
Staff.

of them, and carried them in person to Washington. About 10:30 o'clock at night a staff officer from headquarters rode over to our line, and told Gen. Cox that Gen. Schofield had received a dispatch from Thomas to immediately fall back on Nashville. Gen. Cox then related to the staff officer the true condition of affairs in our front, and the reports we had received from the prisoners of the terribly cut-up condition of their whole army, stating that, under the circumstances, it would be a mistake to retreat, and begging him to go back to the General, and see if Thomas could not be prevailed upon to countermand his orders, to send on in the night fresh supplies of ammunition, and, if possible, Gen. A. J. Smith's command. He also sent his Adjutant-General, Col. Theodore Cox, with the message that he would answer with his head for holding the lines; and that we ought to assume the offensive from that point, without delay, and reap the full benefit of the terrible defeat we had already inflicted upon Hood's army.

Gen. Schofield's reply was: "Tell Gen. Cox he has won a glorious victory, and I have no doubt we could do as he suggests in the morning. But my orders from Gen. Thomas are imperative, and we must move back to Nashville as soon as possible."

Orders were then given to leave a strong skirmish line in the works in charge of Maj. Dow, Cox's Inspector, and withdraw the troops to the other side of the river. About the time the movement was started,





BRIG. GEN. FRANK M. COCKERELL,  
Wounded at Battle of Franklin.



BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM A. QUARLES,  
Wounded at Battle of Franklin.

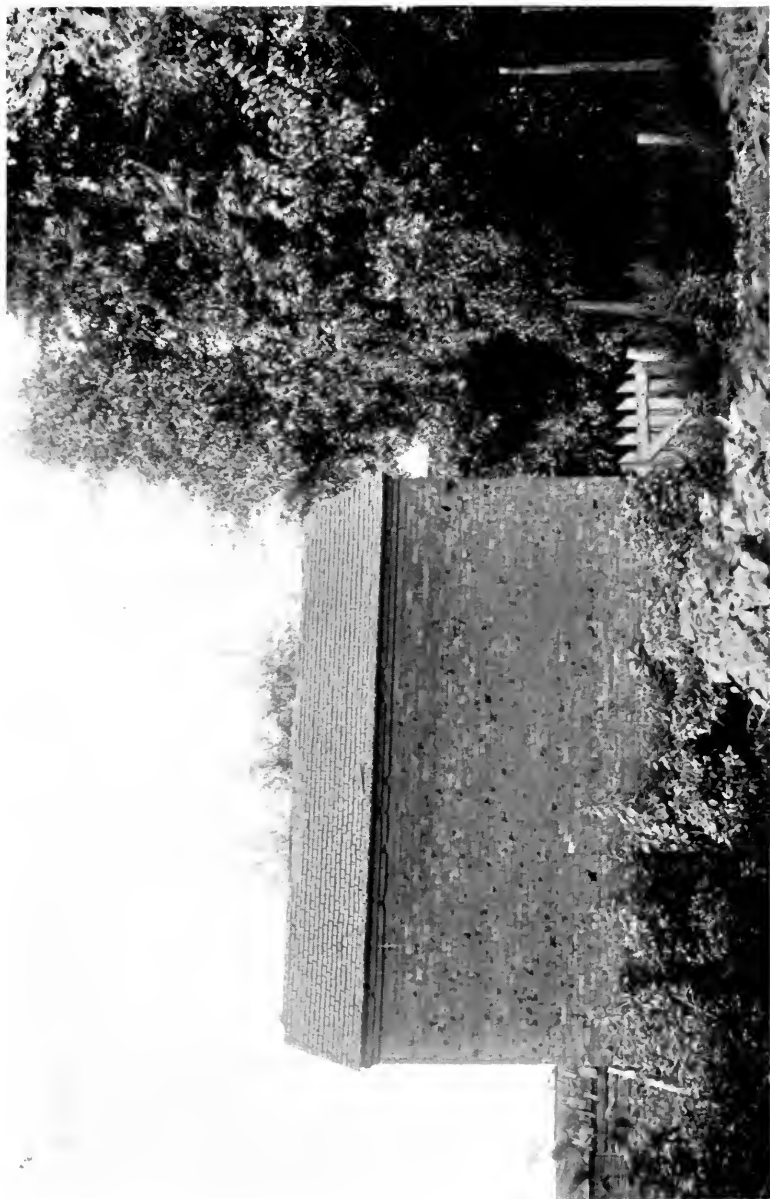
a house was set on fire in the town, the light of which would expose our withdrawal, and the fire had to be extinguished before we actually started; in due time, though, everything, including troops, trains, wounded, and prisoners, also the skirmish line, were safely crossed. The planks were removed from the bridges, and we again took up our retreat to Nashville.

A few years after the war it was my pleasure to ride in the cars from Columbus, Ohio, to Baltimore, in company with Gen. S. D. Lee, one of Hood's Corps Commanders in the Tennessee campaign. After introducing ourselves, he being from Mississippi and I from Ohio, our conversation soon drifted into war matters, and when he found that I had a pretty fair idea of the battlefield of Franklin, we were warm friends, and in a friendly way we fought over that battle all the way to Baltimore. He told me what shape they were in that night. At 12 o'clock they were not aware of our retreat, and Hood had called a council of war. He first asked Stewart what he had to report. That General replied that his corps was all cut to pieces; that there was no organization left except with the artillery; that his losses had been very heavy, that he would not be able to make an active move in the morning.

Cheatham was then called upon, and his report was even more despondent and gloomy. Then looking fiercely at Lee, Hood said: "Are you, too, going back on me?" He replied: "General, two of my divisions are badly cut up, but I have one division left that has not been engaged,



Gen. Hood's Headquarters during the battle of Franklin.  
(THE SWEENEY HOUSE.)



Carter's brick Smoke House, that was in the line of battle.

and, if you say so, in the morning I will take them and charge with the bayonet." Hood saw, of course, that there was no use in attempting offensive operations again, but decided right there at daylight they would mass their artillery and hurl shot and shell at our works and the town during the entire day, and make as bold a show as possible preparatory to getting out of the bad situation into which his foolhardy intrepidity had led him. There is no doubt that when in the early morning he discovered our troops were withdrawn, there never lived a man more surprised. He fully expected that we would take advantage of his crippled condition, and move out to crush him; knowing full-well that he could only fall back to the hills and rely upon his artillery and cavalry to hold us in check, while he withdrew his shattered army back across Duck River.

In fact, instead of at once pursuing, he remained there, not knowing what to do, and it was not until the 3d of December that he moved up to Nashville and established his lines. Even this timid movement was doubtless intended only to cover his retreat, and give him a chance to fix up the railroad and bridges, so as to get his transportation safely back on the south side of the river. How well he succeeded in this was demonstrated from the fact that notwithstanding our rapid pursuit, no wagons or equipment were captured on the road from Nashville to Columbia after we passed through the camps south of the town. After so many facts had been learned, there is no doubt that Gen. Cox was right when he first advised against the retreat from Franklin. Although the result at Nashville has been considered glorious, still, if the "Old Rock of Chickamauga" could for once have been turned, and sent the 9,000 of Smith's command, who were at Nashville on the 30th of November, by forced march to Franklin, and the balance with Steadman's troops as soon as they could have been forwarded, the result at Franklin would have been far more glorious. We would have had the enemy in the open field instead of behind intrenchments, and we would have found them that morning in the most thoroughly demoralized state in which an army could be placed. We would, to say the least, have saved the losses of the first day of the battle of Nashville, and would have captured very much more in the way of prisoners, artillery, and trains. It would have given us the opportunity to bury our dead as soldiers, and not have them thrown in the ditches as carrion and covered with only a foot of earth. Perhaps the most important advantage, though, to our side would have been the fact that their army would be so deficient in leaders, so many of their best Generals, field officers and commanders in the line having been killed and disabled; and there would not have been time for the reorganization that was accomplished in the next fortnight at Nashville. Besides they would have been burdened with their thousands of wounded and the absence in the line of the able-bodied men who would have to accompany them to the rear would still farther weaken their effective force. It re-



The re-modeled Court House, which was the Headquarters of the Army of the Ohio at the time of the Battle of Franklin Tenn.



View at present time in Public Square of Franklin, Tenn.

quired a full day to get the seriously wounded in field hospitals and those who were able to travel loaded in wagons for the rear.

Among the prisoners that we captured there were a large number that were slightly wounded and able to accompany us to Nashville.

Just before starting on our midnight march north of the river I alighted from my reserve horse to give him a rest, for he was slightly wounded, and visited with a group of prisoners and guards that had been halted on the road by a hillside, where overhanging roots and boughs concealed them sufficiently, so that they had made small fires, and were preparing coffee. The big-hearted guards were sharing liberally from their haversacks with the prisoners.

It was an impressive incident to witness such comradeship and listen to their jokes. In the red flickering light and blue smoke, with a dark background, it was a picturesque sight that would have delighted a Salvator to study. Some of the prisoners were grimy, had long hair and black stubbed beards with blood-stained bandages over scalp wounds, and arm slings of yellow and red bandannas.

All were ragged and dirty, mostly in butternut homespun, and nearly all wore black or gray slouch hats, several marked with bullet holes. Some of the older ones were silent and thoughtful, but the younger men were cheerful and apparently enjoying their captive life.

They were congratulating themselves that their guns and accouterments, which had been tossed into army wagons, would be no longer a burden to them; and there was an evident feeling of relaxation after the fearful ordeal that had so thoroughly tried their splendid courage.

It was plainly noticeable in the faces of nearly all of them that they had lost heart in their cause; but there were exceptions, for some were still defiant and full of fight, as shown by their bold and dogged expressions.

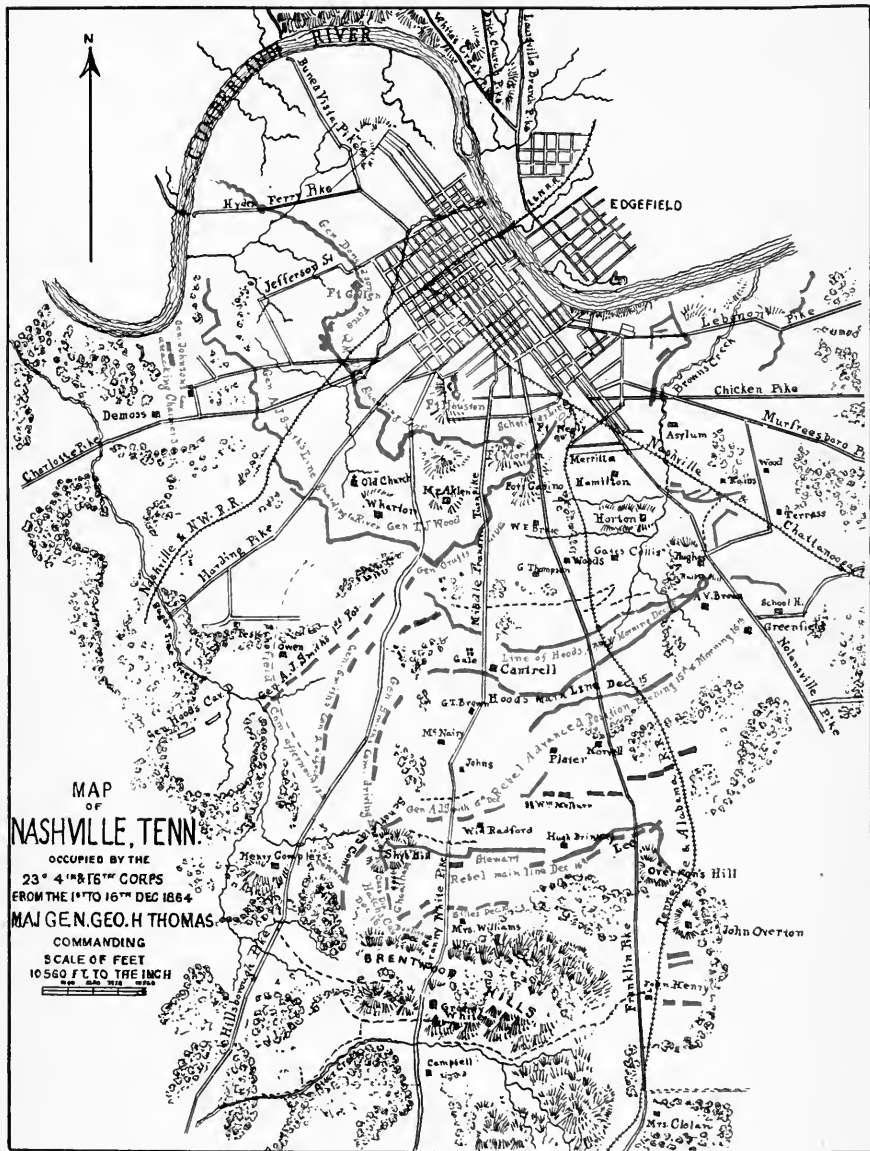
The battle of Franklin was without doubt the most decisive engagement of the campaign, and perhaps tended more than any other towards terminating general hostilities in the West; for on this bloody field the strongest army of the Confederacy in this section of the country was so thoroughly cut-up and weakened that it was no longer feared in offensive operations.

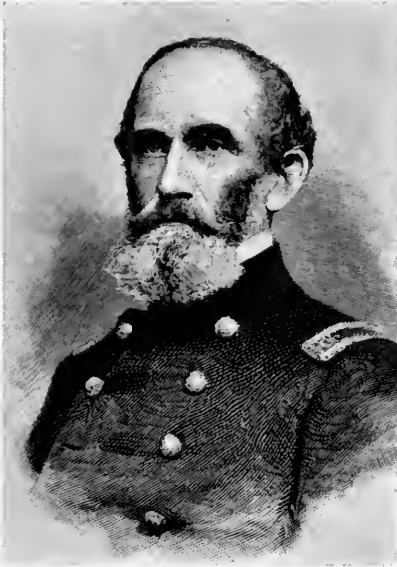
The heroic stand made by the Twenty-third Corps and Opdycke's Brigade of the Fourth Corps, with the magnificent valor displayed by the sturdy veterans of these organizations, was the cause of their downfall. After the completion of the campaign at Nashville and the subsequent rout of the Confederates, it was decided that Gen. Schofield's army was no longer needed in the West, and it was transferred to and became a part of the grand army in the East. The Fourth and Sixteenth Corps, under the able leadership of Gen. Thomas, were considered strong enough to wipe out the last vestiges of the rebellion in the West.



The porch of the John McGavock House, where dead Confederate Generals were placed.







MAJ. GEN. ANDREW J. SMITH,  
Com. 16th A. C.



MAJ. GEN. JAMES B. MCPHERSON.  
Com. Army of Tennessee, Atlanta  
Campaign.

It would seem proper, perhaps, before terminating this story of the retreat, to give some account of what happened subsequently at Nashville. But this paper has already been drawn out too long, and as our first two weeks' besiegement was of a very monotonous character, beleagured by an army that we know was crippled to death, almost by defeat, it would hardly be interesting to you to hear a description of our chafing and uneasiness—particularly the last week, which would appear as slipshod to you as it did to us.

The authorities at Washington were very uneasy because of our inactivity, and Gen. Logan had been sent by Halleck with an order to relieve Thomas and place Schofield in command. He was detained at Louisville by the same ice storm that had for several days made it impossible for us to move. Nothing occurred until the last two days of our stay at Nashville, the 15th and 16th of December.

The sun coming out bright and warm, melted the ice, and our army started early. The first day's maneuvers, however, were confined to skirmishing and crowding back the advanced lines to their main works, which were accomplished with light losses. Gen. Steedman, with his colored troops, moved out vigorously, and were cheered by the whole army for their admirable discipline and soldierly appearance. Gen. Schofield with his Whiplash Corps, the Twenty-third (this name was given us on the Atlanta campaign, because we were always cracking around the flanks),



MAJ. GENL. DARIUS N. COUCH,  
Com. 2nd Div. 23d A. C.  
Battle of Nashville.



MAJ. GEN. GORDON GRANGER,  
For whom the Fort was named.

which had been in reserve the morning of the first day, was instructed to move to the extreme right flank, and connect with the right of Smith's command. We took the fields near the Harding Pike, and marched around by the Hillsboro Pike. Couch's Division of the Twenty-third Corps drove the enemy from their advanced works late in the afternoon of the 15th, and took up position about a half mile in front of Smith. Cox's Division formed on the right, and went into position before dusk right under Hood's fortifications on Shy's Hill. There a strong line of earthworks was thrown up at the edge of the cornfield near the wood-skirted hills. Our skirmishers and the enemy's were within 100 yards of each other, shielding themselves behind trees.

Our artillery was placed where we could plant every shell right in their embrasures. Capt. Cockerell, our Chief of Artillery, was an excellent gunner, and the first shell he fired from one of our steel Rodmans cut the head of a Confederate giant who must have been quite seven feet in height, for when we advanced in pursuit my horse jumped through an embrasure and over his headless body, which was more than six feet in length.

On the morning of the 16th we were confined mostly to artillery and skirmish firing. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Gen. Wood pushed the Fourth Corps forward, supported by Steedman on the left, to try the strength of the enemy's line, but were repulsed with great loss; Col. Post, a brigade commander, being wounded.



MAJ. GEN. JAS. B. STEEDMAN,  
Com. Colored Troops and  
other detachments at  
Nashville.



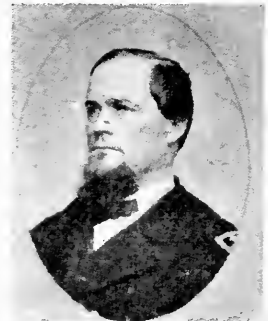
MAJ. GEN. JAMES H. WILSON,  
Com. Cavalry, Franklin  
campaign.

After noon, Gen. Wilson's cavalry, supported by Henderson's Brigade of Cox's Division, moved around further on Hood's left flank. This movement was made easier by reason of the absence of Forrest's cavalry at Murfreesboro. This mistake of Hood's in allowing such a useful branch as the cavalry had been in his support to be absent on this day, contributed more to his easy defeat than any other single cause. It enabled Wilson to dismount his men and crowd around in the rear of Chalmers, who was supported by Govan's Brigade.

Here, with their repeating rifles, they kept up an incessant firing which made Hood extremely anxious, not knowing but one-half of our army was in his rear. In the meantime, Gen. McArthur, of Smith's Corps, had discovered that Bate's position had been weakened in looking after the flank, and reported to Thomas that an attack on Shy's Hill would probably meet with success. Thomas approved of the suggestion, and rode over with his staff to where Gens. Schofield and Cox had made their headquarters. From this point every move could be seen. McArthur placed McMillan's Brigade in position for assault. The artillery from



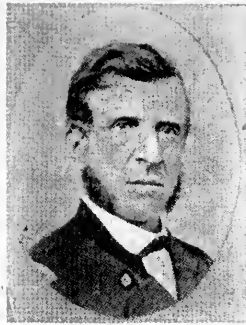
BRIG. GEN. JOHN McARTHUR,  
Com. Div. 16th A. C.



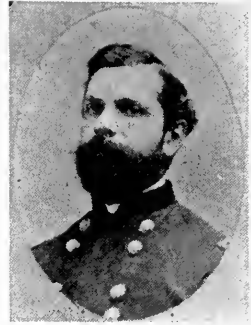
BRIG. GEN. JAS. W. McMILLAN,  
Com. Brig. McArthur's Div.  
16th A. C.



BRIG. GEN. JAS. W. REILLY,  
Com. 1st Brig. 3d Div. 23d  
A. C.



BRIG. GEN. JOS. A. COOPER,  
Com. 2d Div. 23d A. C.



BRIG. GEN.  
CHARLES C. DOOLITTLE,  
Com. Brig. 3d Div. 23d  
A. C.

all our advanced batteries opened with an intense fire on the hill, and our skirmish lines were pushed to the utmost. McMillan's double line went up the hill as steadily as troops in review. Occasionally a rebel gun could be depressed enough to make a gap in the line, but it would immediately close up and press on in superb alignment. This was about 4 o'clock.

Gen. Thomas, the grand old hero, had dismounted from his horse, and stood in the pouring rain watching the movement closely through his field-glass. Steadily forward moved the lines; gradually they approached the crest of the hill. All this time Wilson's rattling din of arms in their rear was as continuous as hell's clamor; now they were up to their works; only for a moment they hesitated, which was followed by a rapid exchange of fire, face-to-face, and a fierce hand-to-hand clubbing of rifles, then the line broke.

Logan remained at Louisville. Thomas had been standing as rigidly as a statue of bronze, but quietly turned to Schofield and said: "General, will you please advance your whole line?"

The order was repeated to Cox, and the staff officers rode at a plunging gait over the fields to the different brigades. But the orders were not given to the troops; they had been watching the movement, too, and followed it without orders. It was one of those momentous occasions when immediate action was justified, and time was too precious to await formal instructions. From this point the whole of Hood's army crumbled right and left. Their backbone had been broken two weeks before at Franklin. There was no fight left in them.

No such stubborn resistance as when they repulsed our pounding charges at Kenesaw and Lost Mountain. Their officers, of fine ability, who held them with their lines with such tenacity during the Georgia campaign, were lying cold and stiff on the southern banks of the Harpeth. Without the leadership they could not stand, and pell-mell they scattered over the Granny White Pike to the Franklin Pike, flying as if old what's-

his-name was after them. Artillery stuck in the mud, cartridges, guns and accouterments of every description bestrewing the ground, as though they never again expected to have any need of them, but as if their only thoughts were to put as much distance as possible between themselves and the dreadful Yankees. Oh, it was a glorious picnic to rush them from one hill to another, shouting all the way. Brave Walthall checked us occasionally with his strong rear-guard; but Wilson harassed his flanks until he had to fall back again. Little heed was taken of time and approaching darkness. One officer was so carried away with enthusiasm that he became separated from the staff and pushed over to the Fourth Corps, who were in pursuit, and then on with the cavalry over the Brentwood hills, so that he did not find his way back to headquarters until 3 o'clock the next morning, and there found the General and staff stretched out in the mud, each one having two fence rails for a bed, no blankets, no fire, and a drenching rain to cool off the ardour of the previous day.



Confederate Soldiers' Monument in the Public Square of Franklin, Tenn., at present time.

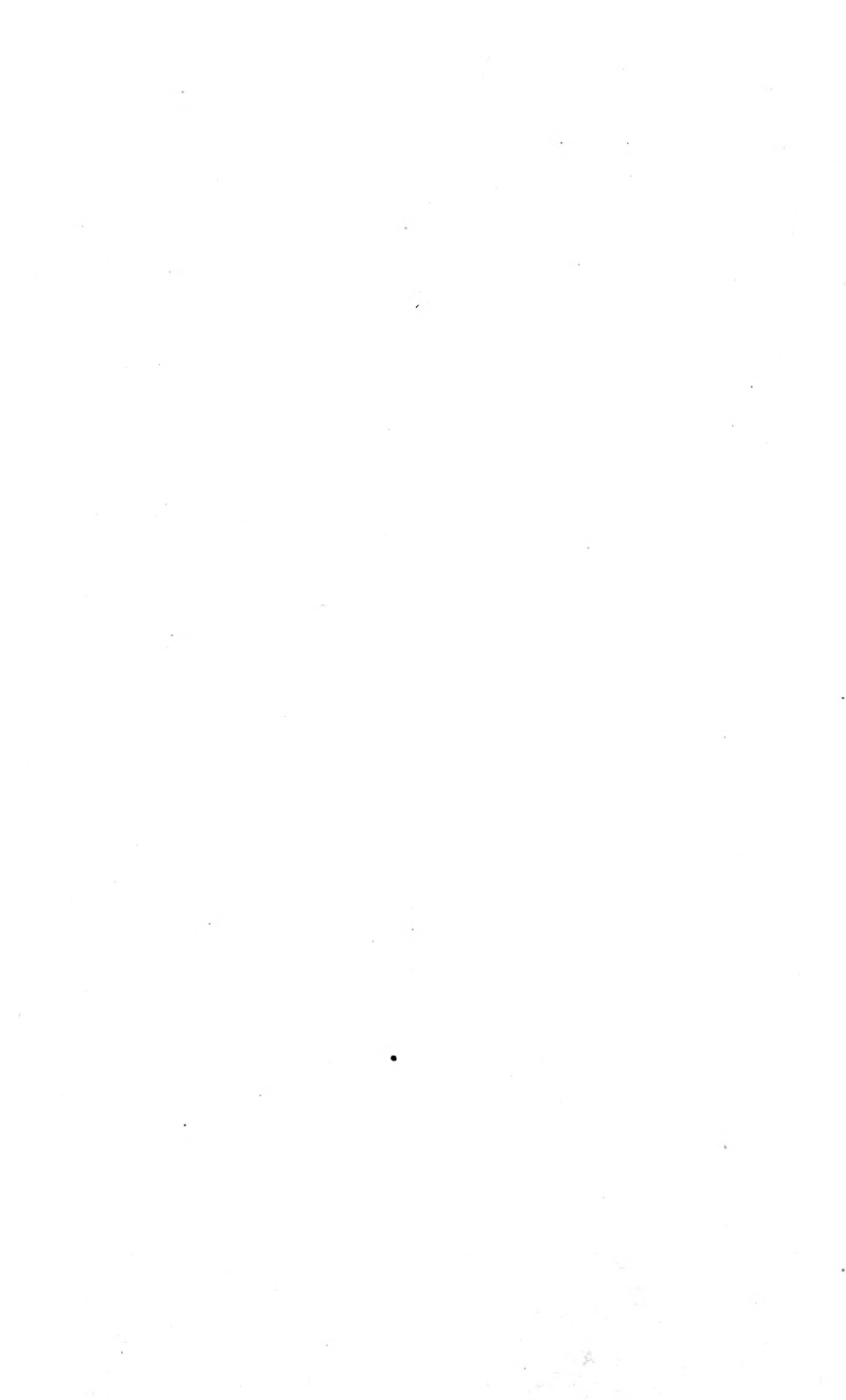














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