

WAR STORIES.

Tenth Georgia at Spottsylvania.

Col. A. J. McFried, in Atlanta Journal.

After an all night march the Tenth Georgia got to Spottsylvania Court House May 8, 1864, just ahead of the Yankees. The battle was on in a few minutes and was hot and furious, but only for a short time. The firing suddenly stopped and we marched rapidly about half a mile, went into line of battle and were ordered to build breastworks. By daylight of the 9th we were behind works that we held during all that storm of lead and iron which raged with such fury till about the 14th. On the 10th I was ordered with eight companies to double-quick about half a mile to the left to help the Texans recapture their line from which they had been forced, but with the help of Colonel Jack Brown's 53rd Georgia regiment they had retaken their line. Colonel Brown was in his shirt sleeves, his arm in a sling, his shirt and pants bloody, his face pale, but grim and defiant as Atrides. A boy, who trembled at the sound of a gun, and who could not be kept at the front when a fight was on, dropped to the ground just as we started in a run to help the Texans. The Yankees poured a heavy fire in his direction and gave him a bad wound—the only man hit in that affair.

The Tenth went back to its works and remained comparatively quiet till the 11th, when we again moved a short distance to the left. While we were having some lively skirmishing with the enemy Mr. Dan Rhodes, of Hawkinsville, whose courage bordered on recklessness, concluded he wanted some coffee, and while the regiment was lying in an old road blazing away at the Yankees, who were pouring a hot fire into us Dan built a fire and put his quart-cup coffee pot on to boil. He would jump up and go to his fire to test his coffee. About the third time he stood by his fire a bullet struck him with great noise and force, giving him a wound from which he suffers to-day. On the 12th the Yankees broke through our lines about 200 yards to our right. The regiment next on our right held their lines, as did ours, but we suffered terribly. They began to enfilade our position, and many a poor fellow was killed by bullets coming from our right. They kept shooting all night. It was raining and dark. Captain Auvergne D'Antignac, Captain C. C. Kibbee, afterwards promoted to lieutenant colonel, for skill and valor on the field, and I got a log about eight inches in diameter, laid it at right angles with our works, put our heads against it and went to sleep. About 2 o'clock a man who had made a barricade similar to ours was shot in the shoulder and shrieked so as to wake me. I felt for our log and it was gone. I waked my comrade, but we never found our log. Just after we were aroused word was brought to me that the Yankees were between us and our pickets. I sent D'Antignac, Stovall, Fuller and some others who just fairly reveled in such hazardous work, to investigate. They crawled through the darkness to where they had posted our pickets and found all in their places. It rained all night and part of next day. General Goodo Bryan, his adjutant, John H. Dobbs (now living in New York), and a courier were sleeping under a tent some distance in the rear. Dobbs asked the courier to get up for some purpose. As he did not rise Dobbs took hold to awake him and found him cold in death—a bullet had pierced his heart. Another boy, James Rivers, from Fayette County, was washing his handkerchief in a branch and Manse Dorsey and J. R. Griggs were just below him washing their hands when they heard a rifle shot. The water became bloody and they looked up and saw Rivers lying in the branch dead. A man of the Eighteenth Georgia, attached to ordnance department, fired off his gun in that direction and the ball struck Rivers. He was in great distress when told of River's death.

In the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania it looked as if every bush had been hit. Great big trees, some of them 18 inches in diameter, were cut down by bullets. You could not see through the tangled undergrowth in many places more than 50 yards. Several times we were warned of the approach of the enemy by the flight of frightened birds.

About 8 o'clock on the morning of the 13th a tall man in his shirt sleeves, bareheaded, was wandering aimlessly among the soldiers with a large hold in his head, from which his brains were falling on his cheeks and shirt bosom. No one knew him. He never spoke or moaned, but walked on through the rain and we never saw or heard of him again.

hand to hand struggle down on our left on the 10th when the Yankees broke through their lines, and many were bayoneted. The Tenth Georgia only fought at such close quarters when I was with it once and that was at Crampton's Gap, in 1862, but the bloodiest hand to hand struggle they ever had was at Cedar Creek in 1864. The faces and mouths of the wounded and dead were blackened by powder. Near the bloody angle I looked upon wounded and dead men actually piled up on each other, and near the hospital I saw a pile of human arms, legs, hands and feet three or four feet high.

General Longstreet had a band of sharpshooters composed of the best shots in the corps, among others "Kansas Tom Johnson," of company E, Tenth Georgia. He killed General Sedgewick, who I believe was one of the best generals and best loved men in the Federal army. A few days after Johnson was shot and killed in a tree that he had climbed to see movements of the enemy; he was called "Kansas Tom" because he had fought before the war in Kansas against John Brown's forces. The Fifty-third Georgia had a band led by Professor Hensler, a good man and musician. On the 13th he and his band had to move past the Tenth; as they plodded along through the rain they were jeered and hooted and pined with all sorts of questions such as: "Oh, Professor, please give one toot, just one little toot for a sick man; oh, Professor, don't turn that end of your horn towards we uns, please play 'When This Cruel War Is Over,' etc." When he got nearly by the regiment Henry Daniel in tones of sympathy told him not to pay any attention to the boys of the Tenth; they were always troubling some d—n fool, and asked him what they had been saying to him. The professor, although a pious, God-fearing man, had become so wrought up that he indignantly told Daniel that they had been trying to get him to play, "Ven Tis Got Dam War Is Over." By some means Daniel got a small jackass on one of our marches and was riding along slowly when a musician with a big horn met him; he fell off the ass, pleading with the man with the horn not to shoot, and for mercy's sake turn the big end of his horn the other way.

Baffled and beaten, Grant again tried to slip around our right, but "Mars Robert" was always too smart for him, and when he got to North Anna River we were ahead of him. Wet, weary, hungry and mad as hornets, the men of the Tenth were an ugly set to tackle at any time, but about fifteen days marching and fighting with scarcely an hour they were not under fire had made them recklessly desperate. When Grant's men tried to approach the bridge over the North Anna they were met by such a destructive fire that they rushed in wild disorder back over the hill to escape it, and did not try it again till after dark, when they quietly placed their pickets on the north bank. About 12 o'clock that night an order came to me from General Kershaw to burn the bridge. The stream was narrow; the north bank rose perpendicular to a considerable height; the south bank was quite low, and the bridge extended over forty or fifty yards over the low ground on the right side. The Yankee pickets lined the north bank closely; the Confederates were some distance back from the stream on account of the flat ground. To set fire to that bridge was a dangerous job. I am sorry that I cannot recall all the names of the men who on that night crawled out under the bridge, shielding themselves like Malcolm at Dunsinane with bushes and pinetops as they approached its end. Lt. George Stovall, of Thomaston, Ga.; Capt Auvergne D'Antignac, of Augusta; Lieutenant Sam Fuller, of Jonesboro, Ga.; J. M. Dorsey, of Fayetteville, Ga.; L. L. Cochran, of Alabama; Wilson, of Thomson, Ga., and Brown, of Fayette County, were among those who in the very teeth of death set fire to the bridge. The Yankees had placed a line of "brass coehorns" just across the river, and were dropping shells with frightful precision; our works gave us no protection; we scampered out and begged our artillery to blow up the infernal "coehorns," but we got little relief till Strickland's sharpshooters made it so hot for the men manning the mortars that they had to fall back over the hill.

On the 26th General Grant wrote that "Lee's army was whipped." He discovered his mistake in a day or two and called for help. On the 27th of May the Tenth had sharp skirmishing near "Pole Green Church," and just before night it looked at one time as if we would certainly be overrun. Our line was on a ridge between Totop-

tomoy and Beaver Dam creeks, with a clearing in our front extending 200 yards. The Yankees advanced from a thick wood, column after column, till the clearing was filled with them. Our sharpshooters, under Captain Auvergne D'Antignac, poured a hot and deadly fire into them. Some artillery on our right threw a few shells into their midst and they fled in great confusion without driving D'Antignac and his brave men back on our main lines. We were ravenously hungry most of the time. Raw bacon and crackers; some days a single cracker. There had been scarcely two hours' rest for the past six or seven days, nor was there much for many days to come. Our sharpshooters brought in that night coffee, sugar and other good things. The Tenth did not lie down on the night of the 27th. We had slight skirmishing on the 28th. Saturday, the 29th, was quiet. That night we again moved to the right. At daybreak firing began on our left. In our front was a house and we could see women and children about the yard. Some of the Tenth went to tell them to come into our lines. Before reaching the house they had a brisk skirmish, but being reinforced they drove the Yankees, but the women declined to leave their dangerous position. They were not disturbed any more that day so far as we knew. There was a similar occurrence on another part of the line. The Yankees had a signal station at the house of a Colonel Shelton. Two brave Yankee signal officers stayed there all day watching and signalling our movements. The ladies stayed in the cellar. The house was riddled with shot, being hit more than 50 times with shells, and both the brave officers, Lieutenant W. H. Neel, of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania, and Lieutenant Holland were struck by shells. General Hancock advised the ladies to leave and offered them facilities for leaving, but they declined, trusting God to protect them.

The Tenth had slight skirmishing on the 31st. Late in the evening we moved a short distance to the right and while posting our pickets ran into the enemy and kept up a rapid firing for several minutes. Only one or two men of the Tenth were slightly wounded, but we had a little rest. A desultory firing was kept up nearly all night. With gun and sword in hand, hungry and without a wink of sleep, we double-quickened just as day was breaking on the morning of June 1, 1864, down to the bloody ground of Cold Harbor and went into line of battle behind some earthworks built by the Yankees in 1862. As the gray dawn began to break the bullets and shells came whistling and screaming over us. About sunrise long rolls of musketry, roaring cannon and loud cheering of the enemy was heard on our left, and we were ordered to double-quick in that direction. As we went almost on a run we were greatly exposed, being in an open field and in full view of the enemy. The men of the Tenth were falling rapidly. I ran to the right and jumped up on some earthworks in order to direct our sharpshooters how to stop the murderous fire that was being poured into our ranks, when I was struck and carried from the field by Mr. W. R. Tidwell, now living in McDonough, Ga., and others to be buried. Seeing signs of life they turned me over to the surgeons and rejoined the regiment in time to help retake a portion of our line which had been taken by the Yankees. The Tenth Georgia never received two higher compliments than were paid to it that day by that grand old Virginia hero, Col. James M. Goggin. While the Yankees were cheering over the capture of the works a courier dashed up to him and told him to hurry forward reinforcements, the Tenth had given away. He simply said: "That is not true; it is some other regiment," and on the 3rd, two days later, when told that the line of the Tenth Georgia had been broken, the lion-hearted general, J. B. Kershaw, of South Carolina, said: "It is false. The Tenth Georgia was the first to stem the tide at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Potopotomoy and Cold Harbor. It never breaks." He kept the regiment at the front. He depended on it.

In the letter which I wrote on the battlefield, May 29th, 1864, to one who with loving care has kept and treasured it through all these years, and which I now have before me, I said: "The great battle is not yet over; for twenty-five days I have been in command of the glorious Tenth Georgia! Every man has done his duty. I have witnessed deeds of valor done by men of this regiment, some by the men you presented the flag to, that have never been surpassed; but there is a lull; the sullen roar of artillery even now reminds us that the last act of the bloody tragedy is yet to be enacted; death is not satisfied, but even now is drenching the fair fields and blooming vales of Virginia with fraternal blood and is ready to begin a carnival more cruel and more terrible than any he has yet held on the bloody ground of the old Dominion. We all feel that another hecatomb of human bodies must rise to satiate the bloody Moloch of the North. Alas! yes, almost before the shrieks of his

wounded who perished in the flames of the burning woods in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania have died upon our cars; almost before their blood has dried upon the earth, he is ready with unparalleled cruelty to offer new victims. Oh, what frightful dreams must fill his brain as the ghosts of his murdered victims whose blackened bodies now lie scattered by thousands through the Wilderness and on the heights of Spottsylvania rise before him. There are many thrilling incidents which I would like to relate, but cannot now. Grant, after many desperate efforts, has been foiled, beaten and out-generaled, and is, after losing as many men as we had in our army, at a place he should have reached without the loss of a man. Oh, how much I regret the false report about my being killed; I know if it had not reached you I would have had one or two precious, dearly treasured letters to cheer me in these hours of peril. Longstreet's corps has made a matchless record of heroism. You may search the pages of history from the earliest times without finding a parallel to the long-continued, fierce, fatal fighting that has been done by this corps the last twenty-five days. I actually believe the Tenth Georgia has placed hors du combat at least four times as many Yankees as were in our regiment when we started at the Wilderness. My men take deliberate aim, careful aim, as if they were shooting at squirrels or at a mark for a prize. The fine and thorough drilling given to this regiment by McLaws, Cumming, Semmes and Holt, the long hard service, the many bloody battles, and, above all, the high character and matchless courage of the men make it simply unconquerable. What an honor it is to lead and be loved and trusted by such men, but I do not lead them; every one of them is a leader.

"This is Sunday; we have had some rest; we are behind Early's corps in reserve; they have had pretty hot skirmishing and it now sounds as if a regular battle was on. They may need us, so I must close. Good-bye. God bless and protect you; will write you again when the battle is over, if I am spared."

Early on the morning of June 1st Hagood's brigade of South Carolinians had a hot time and many of them fell, among others Captain Julius J. Westcott of company B, Eleventh South Carolina, was seriously wounded. Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Captain W. D. Ellis (then a boy) was rendering brave and devoted service as a lieutenant.

The gallant Captain Charles C. Kibbee took command of the Tenth Georgia and from then through all the bloody battles and suffering, in sunshine and in storm, on the march, in the bivouac, down to Appomattox, through all the weary marches in the sleets and snows of winter, when the men were ragged and hungry, his dauntless soul cheered and encouraged his companions. So conspicuous, intelligent and valorous was his service that early in the year 1865 Generals Kershaw, Longstreet and Lee gave him the distinguished promotion from captain to lieutenant colonel for "skill and valor on the field," skipping the rank of major. His services to his State since the war on the bench and in the halls of legislation have been no less faithful or intelligent. Georgia never had a better or more faithful son. Think of it, Grant with more than two hundred thousand men; his wagon train alone was said to be sixty-five miles long, with all the modern appliances of war, and the world to draw from; Lee with less than sixty thousand men had killed, wounded and captured over sixty-five thousand, and then on June 3d, when Lee's men were in their trenches laughing, smoking, talking, and, by way of diversion, repelling assault after assault by five times their number, and with a loss of about one thousand, thirteen thousand Federals killed and wounded, lay in their front; many actually expressed sorrow at the bloody slaughter of Grant's men; and then that strangest battle scene of history when Grant marshalled his hosts for one last grand, overpowering assault; a hundred thousand men of undoubted courage; veterans who had borne the stars and stripes to the very forefront on many a bloody field, passed silent judgment on the generalship of Grant, and when ordered to advance, refused to move, stood silent in grim defiance of orders which led to useless, hopeless, cruel slaughter.

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"Doctors" in Conference.

"Traveling on another fellow's pass is sometimes a dangerous thing," said a man well known in political circles yesterday.

"Not long ago I had occasion to go to Pittsburg, and borrowed a pass from a friend of mine who is a physician in addition to being one of those favored by the railroad for political reasons. The conductor took up the pass, with the others, for over night, as is the custom, and I thought everything was all right. But about 3 o'clock in the morning I was aroused from a sound slumber in my berth by someone shaking me. I looked up, startled. It was the conductor.

"Sorry to disturb you, doctor," he said, "but there's a man in the car very sick. Won't you take a look at him?"

"Here's a pretty fix, thought I; 'but I'll have to make the bluff good or forfeit the pass.' So I got up, slipped on my clothes and looked at the patient. He was breathing heavily. I felt his pulse solemnly, measured it by my watch, as though I knew just what ailed him: 'Is there any one here who has a flask?' I had half a dozen offers in a minute. 'Give him two teaspoonsful of whiskey every ten minutes,' said I, 'and bathe his head with ice water.' I knew that prescription wouldn't hurt him anyway. After the first dose the patient rallied and I was just congratulating myself when the conductor came up with another passenger.

"Here's a fellow physician, doctor," he said. "Perhaps a consultation will be in order."

"I shook hands with the newcomer, trembling in my boots. 'What have you given him, doctor?' he asked rather sharply. I told him. 'Excellent,' he said. The patient got better, and the next morning when we had alighted at Pittsburg the joke being too good to keep, I made a clean breast of it to the physician. He laughed. 'So, you're not a doctor at all, eh?' he said. Then he laughed again and looked about him cautiously.

"Say, old man," he said in a whisper, "that's a good one. Neither am I." —Philadelphia Times.

— A conductor who runs into Fulton, Ky., recently collected on his train a ticket from Cincinnati to Fulton which had been sold on December 21, 1892. The old man who presented it for passage said that just after he bought it, he had heard of a wreck on the road, and was afraid to get on the train. He never summoned up courage enough to use the ticket until last week.

— The world gets sufficient heat from the sun in a year to melt a coat of ice 46 feet thick all over the globe.

— A man is always more truthful in his opinion of his second baby than of his first. Women call it more brutal.

— Every man knows worse of himself than he knows of others.

Recently there have been several cases of prominent men suddenly falling in collapse just after eating a hearty meal. These men have all been under treatment for gastric "trouble," and yet the result shows that the treatment they had received had smothered the symptoms, but had not retarded the progress of the disease.

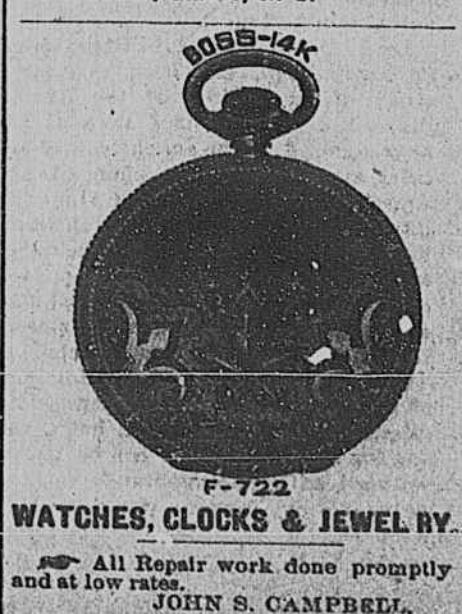
There is a real danger in the use of palliatives when there is disease of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. The disease in such cases goes on, while the distressing symptoms alone are stopped. Presently, like a smothered fire, the disease breaks out in new places, involving heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, or some other organ.

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