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CAMP FIRES

OF THE

CONFEDERACY

A VOLUME OF

*Humorous Anecdotes, Reminiscences, Deeds of Heroism, Thrilling Narratives,
Campaigns, Hand-to-Hand Fights, Bold Dashes, Terrible Hardships Endured,
Imprisonments, Hair-Breadth Escapes, Exploits of Scouts and Spies,
Perilous Journeys, Daring Raids, Boarding and Capturing
Vessels, Sea Fights, Tragic Events, Etc.*

CONFEDERATE POEMS AND SELECTED SONGS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

*Col. L. T. Dickinson, Adjutant N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. U., Chattanooga, Tenn.,
Charles Grunwald, E. W. Girard, John C. Johansen, Salina B. Flexner,
and other well known Artists.*

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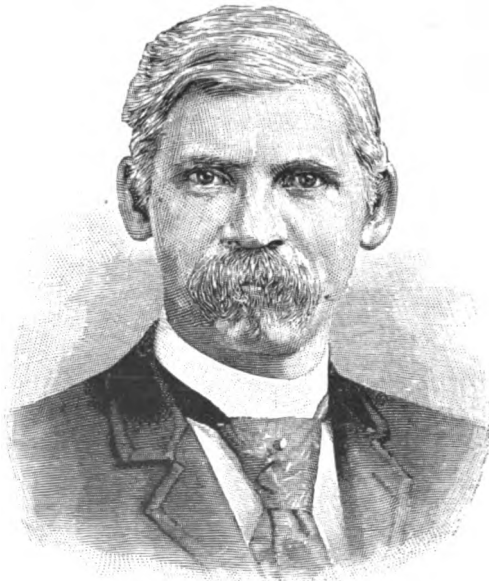
Our Cavalry:

"Cheerful and merciful in victory, hopeful even in defeat, they rode to death dauntlessly and won many a field. Equaled by some, surpassed by none."

BY COL. BENNETT H. YOUNG,
OF MORGAN'S CAVALRY.

It was natural that the Confederate cavalry east of the Mississippi should come from Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. These were the horse-producing states, and this created the cavalryman.

When we come to make up the record of that greatest of all



COLONEL BENNETT H. YOUNG.

wars, jests and jealousy, if any there be, are swept away in the patriotic desire of every heart to have the true story of the self-denial, bravery, courage and heroism of the Southern soldier stand right on the world's record.

The cavalryman's life was one of constant danger, sleepless vigil, unending fatigue, and ceaseless activity. He did not flood the soil with offerings of his blood on the great battlefields of the

war, but day by day and night by night, in the skirmish, in the picket charge, in the wild dash, and on the long raid, he hourly laid down his sacrifice for the common cause; and when, at the end of the war, he called the roll and the troopers rode out for review, the shattered ranks, the star which betokened death, showed a mortality none the less dreadful than among the men who walked in their marches and who on great occasions made great sacrifices at war's demand.

I purpose to describe briefly three events, which are in the highest degree typical of what the war demanded of the cavalymen; and be eloquent and faithful witness of what the Confederate horsemen did and suffered at their country's call.

STUART.

On the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th of October, 1862, General J. E. B. Stuart performed his most brilliant military feat in the raid on Chambersburg, Pa.

Fording the Potomac on the morning of the 10th, at early dawn, he proceeded to Mercersburg and thence to Chambersburg. The crossing of the river had been skilfully and bravely done, and the march of forty miles to Chambersburg was no mean task in the fifteen hours which had elapsed since morn. Fair weather marked the day's ride, and at nine o'clock at night, the brilliant cavalry soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia housed himself and men in the quiet and quaint old town, well up in the boundaries of the Quaker State.

It was a new experience for the loyal men of the North, to find the hungry Confederate raiders in their very midst and feeding themselves in their pantries, and their horses at their granaries.

But the romance of the raid was to end here.

The Potomac, never very sure in its movements, might rise, and Stuart must then return some other way than the one he came. The splashing of the rain, relentless and constant, during the night, and the pattering of great drops as they drive against the window panes, awaken in his bosom the most harrowing uncertainty; and throughout the long and (to him) almost endless hours of the darkness, came the harrowing thought that the streams fed by the torrents now falling would swell the Potomac and thus cut off all possibility of escape for his command.

His aides and guides, less troubled with responsibility, assured



OUR CAVALRY.
"The wearied horsemen peer through the gloom."

him that his fleet troopers would outride the currents that flowed toward the ocean ; but the danger and the trials of the coming day and night rose up in the heart of the dashing commander and disturbed the quiet of his gay and chivalrous soul.

On the morning of the 11th, he began his homeward march. Eighty miles from the boundary, where he might pass it ; far into an unfriendly country, every resource of which was now placed under contribution to effect his capture or the destruction of his force, and with thousands of troops, both mounted and unmounted, converging to the points where he must pass, rendered his situation acutely desperate and such as to cause keenest apprehension and profoundest fear.

But with Stuart rode officers and men who never quailed. Hampton, Lee, Butler, Robertson, Jones, and Pelham, and 1,800 men, the pick of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas, were in the saddle with him, and there was no foe they feared and none who could whip them except by brute force and superior numbers.

Forth from Chambersburg this splendid division began the march homeward. Twelve hundred horses, the fruits of impressment, made up a part of the train—for already the Confederacy felt the need of stable recruiting—no stragglers nor laggards. A great work was ahead of a great command, and no heart felt apprehension at any fate which awaited.

All day long the steady trot of the troopers was kept up, and when the sun began to hide its face behind the Alleghanies the cavalcade had made less than half the distance required of it for safety and rest. A few minutes' halt was all that could be allowed. The troopers dismount and shake themselves ; the wearied horses munch a little feed, and the bugle-call again commands to saddle.

Thirty-one and a half miles since morn, and yet thirty-three and a half more before dawn.

The knightly Pelham, later to shed his blood, rode all through the night with the advance, and close behind the watchful commander and his escort.

A full day's work already done, but a fuller night's work yet to be done.

Peremptory orders are transmitted to ride over everything that opposes the march ; and so, trot, trot, trot, through the long hours of darkness, and the wearied horsemen peer through the gloom, and in silent and anxious wonder gaze at the spectres—the creation of their fancy and imagination—which on parallel lines ride by their side ; and they scan the horizon with anxious longing to

catch the first appearance of the much-desired dawn, which might relieve the dismal and oppressive foreboding of the lengthened night.

Sixty-five miles in twenty-four hours. No halt. Still sixteen miles more.

Thousands of busy and eager enemies and uncalculated dangers beset them. The bodies of these hard riders begin to feel the trying effects of the rapid march, and nature raises a solemn protest against war's demands upon her children. But the order



MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, OF VIRGINIA.

for the swinging trot abates not, and man and beast, brightened by the rising sun, are put under sterner tribute for stronger effort.

Wearied marchers: the crisis is now at hand.

Stuart and his riders had vanquished nature: Could they now vanquish man? If Stuart crossed the Potomac to reach Chambersburg, he must recross it to reach Virginia; and to prevent the latter, all the skill, energy and genius of the Federal commanders were called forth.

Pleasanton, who with Federal cavalry was hard behind the Confederate raiders, had marched seventy-eight miles in twenty-

eight hours, but this wonderful gait still left him in Stuart's rear, and now that the point at which Stuart was to cross was revealed, every Federal soldier that could be reached was pressed forward to dispute the passage. Whit's Ford was guarded, but not sufficiently well to impede the rush of the Confederates, and the Federals at the crucial moment retired, and the way was opened for the escape and safety of the valiant Confederate corps.

Twenty-seven hours and eighty-one miles. No sleep. No rest.

Galloping, fighting, scouting, and ready to assail any enemy, with human endurance tested to the greatest possible limit—what think you, reader, of the conduct of these riders, when, out of those three brigades, only two men, either by sleep, illness, hunger, weariness, or straggling, were missing when, at noon, on the 12th of October, on Virginia's soil, Stuart called his roll to calculate losses?

Measured by any human formula for patience or endurance, courage, loyalty and chivalry, this service of Stuart and his command stands unparalleled in military history. They did all men could do, and the Divine Judge himself requires nothing more than this at man's hands.

FORREST.

At the end of April, 1863, General Streight, an Indiana officer, was designated by the Federal General commanding the Army of Tennessee, to prepare for a raid into Northern Georgia, the object being to cut the Confederate communications by destroying railways, bridges, and to burn commissary stores and, above all, to wreck the splendid arsenal at Rome, Georgia.

It was calculated that Streight's raid would require a march of some 300 miles. He was given picked troops and supported by a large force for reconnoissance, to hide as long as possible the real purpose of the incursion.

Streight began his real operations on April 28th, and by the 29th General Forrest, who had been ordered to pursue and baffle the Federals, was close at his heels.

Forrest was one of the wonderful men of the war. Judged by his resources and opportunities, no man who wore the gray accomplished more, and an enemy who opposed him was bound to fight, conquer, run or die.

The moment Streight felt the first stroke of Forrest's hand, he

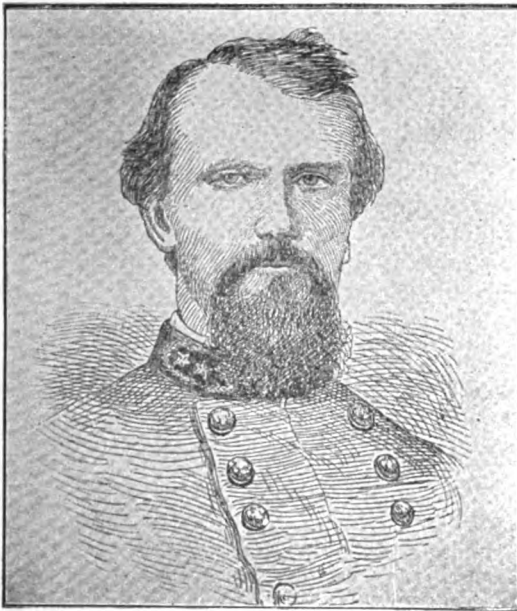
**OUR CAVALRY.**

"Forrest, like a mighty and tireless bloodhound, would follow the prey."

realized that a tireless, skilled foe was on his track, and for ninety-six hours, never by day or night, was the Federal column at rest.

Like some insatiate monster, the Confederate General followed the Federal column, and, whenever and wherever found, there was a vigilant and relentless attack. In 164 miles he fought eight battles by day and three by night, and in two of the latter, where artillery was drawn by his men to within 100 feet of the enemy's line, the only guide or light was the flash of rifles and the blaze of cannon.

Streight was himself a man of nerve and resource. Skillfully-



LIEUT.-GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST, OF TENNESSEE.

arranged ambushes, fierce charges and stubborn resistance met Forrest, and in a fair proportion of the conflicts the Federals held their own; but they greatly outnumbered the Men of the Gray.

The fierce onslaught of Forrest, his impetuous attack, his unyielding tenacity and uncompromising assaults, combined with his swift and rapid movements, were enough to paralyze the stoutest heart and make the bravest soul question the outcome. Like as a mighty and tireless bloodhound would follow the prey, so this wizard of the saddle pursued the hard-marching Federals, and

never for a single instant in these days or nights was there other thought or plan but to destroy the invaders.

Streight found friendly guides and helping hands amongst the Union men and women of Northern Alabama ; but these could not hide him from the eagle eyes or the smiting arm of those following the trail, or stay the avenging hand that was ever uplifted in his rear.

With horses dropping dead in the roads, with men falling in the unconsciousness of sleep from their steeds, and with their guns sliding from their paralyzed grasp, Forrest still hunted the foe. One-half of the command, on the third day, was killed, wounded, or broken down ; but still, with only 500 soldiers he hunted the Federal raiders, and, on May 3d, within twenty miles of Rome—the objective point of the expedition—Streight and his 1,600 men laid down their arms and surrendered to the Confederate General, who could then, after his terrible pursuit, muster less than 500 followers.

Every mile of the 164 was covered with war's wrecks. Dead soldiers, mutilated animals, wounded men and stricken beasts, broken wagons, abandoned trains and scattered supplies, told the story of the relentless and pitiless assault. Nearing the end, in forty-eight hours, four battles and ninety miles marching and four hours' sleeping.

Surely these deeds of the Cavalry of the Army of Tennessee are not unworthy of Confederate valor.

MORGAN.

On the morning of July 2, 1864, the Division of General John H. Morgan, 2,600 strong, crossed the Cumberland river at Burksville, Ky. Ninety per cent of the men were Kentuckians under 25 years of age.

A thrill of joy passed along the entire line as the word of command was given to turn faces homeward. The men of Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky were the orphans of the Confederacy, and to them home-going in army days was the truest blissfulness of life.

Our regiment passed the river under fire and as our clothes, guns and ammunition were in the single ferryboat, while many swam with the horses, we sprang upon the shore naked, and, as with only cartridge boxes and guns we rushed at the enemy, they fled, thinking we were soldiers just born into the world, full armed



OUR CAVALRY.
"Burning of the Big Miami Bridge."

for conflict ; and thus was begun the 1,000-mile march which constituted Morgan's Ohio raid.

We were not long in discovering that our presence was not only unwelcome but expected, and dead troopers and dead steeds lying along the highways made mute but convincing proof of war's exactions.

The next ten days were days and nights of incessant fighting, marching and watching, and the night of the 12th of July found Morgan and his men sixty miles north of the Ohio river and far into the state of Indiana. The average march for all these days had been fifty miles, in the midst of stifling dust, fiercest heat and constant battle.

On the 12th the command made twenty-eight miles, although this was the eleventh day in the saddle.

Scattering along in the fence corners for four miles, at a road crossing, the Confederate Raiders caught a few hours' sleep. A subtle and mysterious instinct came to them that the morrow demanded heroic work, and that during its hours they were to attempt the longest continuous cavalry march of the world. Stuart, when starting from Chambersburg, was rested. For twelve hours his men had slept. Forrest, when in pursuit of Streight, had marched from Courtland, Ala., fresh ; but these Kentucky cavalymen had now been marching and fighting for eleven days, and yet fate was to put upon them the task of excelling human record.

There was no unsaddling : 2,500 Federal troops were only two and a half miles away, and every man lay with his wearied arm upon his gun.

We were 400 miles in the enemy's country, beset on every side with forces sent for capture, guides always unfriendly and treacherous, roads blockaded and ambuscades frequent and strong. A column three miles long, already encumbered with more than a hundred sick and wounded—well might men ask, Can this thing be done?

True, the men Morgan led were thoroughbreds. They were the grandsons of the Pioneers, given in large part by Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, to wrest Kentucky from the savage, and these pioneers had given Kentucky men a name and fame wherever the English tongue had been spoken. They were descended from the men who had fought the great Indian battles for the conquest of the Northwest. Memories of the Raisin, the Thames, Tippecanoe, New Orleans, and Buena Vista, stirred

their brains and quickened their hearts; but yet,—might not the great leader ask, Can this tremendous ride be made?

These troopers had never failed him, either in the march or on the field. If it were possible for men to do it, it would be done. They would at least try, and if they failed it would be because the accomplishment of such a task was a human impossibility.

The command to mount was the answer to these curious ques-



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN, OF KENTUCKY.

Killed at Greenville, Tenn., September 4, 1864.

[From an oil portrait.]

tionings which forced themselves into his brain, and out into the dusty roads, beneath the scorching sun of July, the command rode.

By 2 o'clock thirty miles were done, across the White river into Harrison, Ohio, and, as the blaze which consumed the great bridge there lifted hissing tongues into the air, the advance guard of the pursuers exchanged shots with our rear guard.

An hour was consumed in marching and counter-marching, so as to mislead General Burnside and his 30,000 soldiers, gathered at Cincinnati, thirty miles away, who were planning to create

a trocha, across which it would be impossible for Morgan to pass.

Down the valley the column moved. When near dusk the Big Miami river was struck and the 600-foot wooden bridge fired.

As the red flames flung themselves skyward they illumined the entire valley and the flickering shadows which they cast for miles around, amid the gloaming of the evening, created among the trees and fences huge weird images, born of imagination, which lent a sublimity to the surroundings and filled the invading horsemen with apprehensive awe.

At midnight fifty-five miles had been measured by the ceaseless tramp of the wearied steeds: 144,000 steps they had already taken, and yet more than 100,000 were still required before their could rest their tired limbs; and well might they inquire, as they riders still spurred onward, Masters, Masters, be ye men or be ye devils, which exact from your beasts such unseemly toil?

As the intense darkness which precedes the coming day enveloped the column, the strain became terrible. Horses sank down in death with their riders astride still urging them forward, and strong men fell from the beasts as if smitten by sudden death. Hundreds of the men lashed themselves to the saddles while fighting the assaults of sleep. Constant closing up kept a large proportion of the column in a gallop, and here and there it became necessary, with lighted candles, to crawl upon hands and knees and by the tracks determine on which road the vanguard had ridden. Comrades, dismounted by broken-down steeds, walked in the line, keeping pace with horses, while others sprang behind their companions until a convenient stable would provide a new mount.

The most ignorant private knew that the passage around Cincinnati was the moment of greatest danger, and the thought gave renewed strength and wakefulness to the majority of the men now attempting this unprecedented march.

Three times during the night General Morgan changed guides, and each time it was necessary by threats to force an enemy to lead the column.

Most of the roads ran with section lines, and the constant changing of direction did much to confuse the march. Heading now east, now north, now south, alarmed and disturbed both rank and file. The care of the artillery and the hundred buggies bearing sick and wounded comrades over a hilly and woody country, amid almost absolute darkness, disquieted here and there

by an unfriendly shot, made an ordeal which rarely, if at all, ever came into soldier life.

By 2 a. m. the dead line at Glendale was passed; and now the Federal commander at Cincinnati, by General Morgan's strategy, had lost his chance to check the invader.

But safety was not yet assured.

Large bodies of infantry were close at hand. The herculean task had not been accomplished, and another thirty-eight miles must be covered before solid rest should be attainable.

Sunshine came to brighten the earth and cheer the struggling soldiers. The record was still unbroken. Every mile seemed to lengthen and each step to bring increasing suffering. Skirmishes and conflicts with militia would arouse the men for a brief season, but with the cessation of the excitement nature would lift its cry for mercy and plead for rest for man and beast.

And so on, and on, and on, until another sun was nearly set, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th the staggering column reached Williamsburg, Ohio, and camped for the night; and the greatest single cavalry march of the world came to an end.

Ninety-five and one-fourth miles in thirty-two hours: surely such work as this was not unworthy of what the Confederacy asked of its sons.

Men stood helpless with fatigue. They slept standing, and in eating would sink into slumber with the food unswallowed in their mouths. But it was a great triumph for Confederate Cavalry, and, amid all its horrors, it was worth much to realize that the limit of human endurance had been lifted many degrees higher.

THE FINALE.

There came a time when even hope failed; when armies were shattered and scattered; when Lee had surrendered and Johnston had capitulated; when the illustrious Army of Northern Virginia was paroled, and its bronzed veterans turned their tear-stained faces toward their desolate homes and took up anew the burdens of life; when the Army of Tennessee, where the rate of mortality reached the highest point, and whose unconquerable courage never failed in defeat; when all the mighty legions east of the Mississippi, which for four years had withstood the mightiest of conflicts, had stacked their arms and accepted war's stern decree; when the President of our Nation went forth from its seat of government and, in sadness and gloom, yet undismayed, sought refuge

south of Virginia, there were still some who clung to his fortunes and defended his person in that period of completest gloom and anguish. Even here a pitying Providence provided the retreating chieftain with protectors whose hearts still bled for the first and only Confederate President, and with him went some who, even in his reverses and humiliation, were ready to offer their lives to guard him and his cabinet from the pursuing foe.

When the darkness of death was hovering around and over the Southern Cause, when the last council of war had been called, when all was lost, there were those, even in such an hour as this, who made declaration of their constancy and devotion to that cause to which they already had sacrificed their fortunes and now anew tendered their lives, and the history of that moment glorifies the manly courage and gives those who participated in it a place on the brightest pages which perpetuate human heroism.

When the last sun which should ever shine on the Confederate States as an organized nation was lengthening its rays, and finding repose in the mysterious depths of its westward course, and was sending forth a fading but sympathetic light to illumine the sad and dreary scene of a nation's dissolution; when its departing shadows made glorious and immortal the faces of the heroes who, in silent solemnity and reverential awe, looked upon the death throes of the Confederacy, it appeared to those who stood amid the terribleness of that moment to become fixed for an instant, as if to paint in fairest, brightest, and eternal colors, the lineaments of those Kentucky and Tennessee Cavalrymen, who in that supreme moment alone remained with its defenseless President.

"Fate denied us victory, but it crowned us with a glorious immortality," and these are some of the leaflets which the Cavalry of the Confederate States offer as their contribution to the superb record of patriotism, valor, chivalry, courage and devotion, which make up the illustrious volume of Confederate history.