

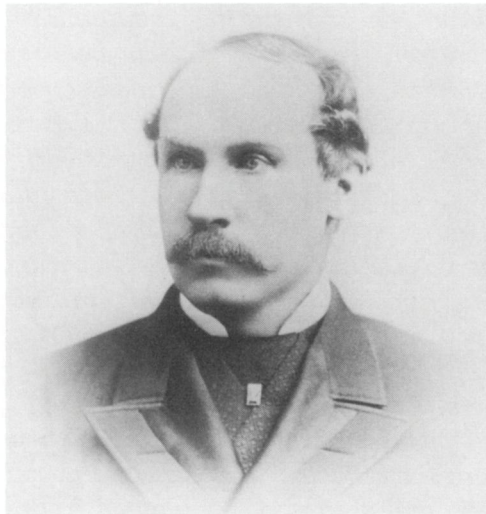
Recollection of the War by a Confederate Officer from California

BY HARRY INNES THORNTON, JR.

INTRODUCTION

Recently, the California Historical Society was presented with a portion of the papers of Harry Innes Thornton, Jr., the gift of his great-nephew, Colonel Harry I. T. Creswell. Among these papers was Thornton's remarkable recollection. A transcription of this unique document was made available to this *Quarterly* for publication by James de T. Abajian, the California Historical Society's Librarian. We wish to acknowledge our appreciation to Mr. Abajian, and to the Creswell family for permission to publish this Civil War manuscript.

In order to cast the recollection in proper perspective, a biographical account of Colonel Thornton precedes his memoir. This memorial sketch appeared in the San Francisco *Breeder and Sportsman*, March 2, 1895, on the occasion of Thornton's death. [*The Editor.*]



Courtesy California Historical Society
Harry Innes Thornton, Jr.

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FRESNO, February 25—Colonel Harry I. Thornton [Jr.], died this evening at 8:30 o'clock at the Grand Central Hotel. He was surrounded by members of his family, who had been at his bedside since Saturday evening.

For twenty-four hours before the end came it was evident that his case was hopeless. From noon Sunday till noon today he was unconscious and it was expected that he would never recover consciousness; but about 12 o'clock today he roused and seemed better, although the improvement was but temporary.

He realized that he could live but a short time, and with his mental faculties seemingly clear he arranged certain minor details of his business. He had ordered nursery trees for his farm on the San Joaquin River in this county, and he dictated a letter to the nurseryman requesting that the order be annulled.

Then he dictated to Mr. Creswell, his nephew, a letter to one of his old-time friends, stating that the hour of his dissolution was at hand, saying good-bye and expressing the hope of meeting his friend on the other side of the great divide.

His mind was remarkably active. He had messages to leave to many friends and relatives, but nearly all of them were verbal. He talked calmly and rationally until within ten minutes of his death, but he had grown very weak, and when the last moment came passed peacefully away.

The above brief telegram startled thousands of the friends of this brilliant lawyer, warm friend, able horseman, brave and courteous gentleman, who bade his friends good-bye last week for a visit to his recently purchased farm in Fresno.

Colonel Harry Innes Thornton [Jr.], was born in Huntsville, Madison County, Alabama, May 3, 1834. His father was Judge Harry Innes Thornton, Judge of the Supreme Court of Alabama, and who afterwards came to California as Government Land Commissioner, being appointed by President [Fillmore]. He was a nephew of John J. Crittenden of Kentucky. The latter served four terms in the United States Senate and was a member of both President Taylor's and President Fillmore's Cabinet.

Young Harry spent his boyhood days in Huntsville, and after graduating from the schools there went to the college at Princeton, New Jersey, and afterwards graduated from the University of Virginia. Not long after graduating he determined, like many

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other young men, to go to the "land of gold," California, and started, arriving here in 1854. He saw at once that there was an excellent field for the practice of law, and immediately completed the studies he had commenced in his far away Southern home.

He was admitted to the bar in 1855, and went to Nevada City to practice his profession. He remained at this mining town a few years, and then being imbued with the idea that Sierra County was to be the greatest mining county in California he removed to Downieville and at once built up a lucrative practice. He was as popular there as he had been at Nevada City, and when his name was presented as a candidate for District Attorney in 1857 he was elected by a large majority. He only served one term in this office, for his friends saw in him the material for still greater and higher honors, and when he gave his consent to be nominated for the State Senate he had no idea of his popularity until the returns of election were in and he found himself elected by an overwhelming majority. The anti-slavery agitation in the East and the low mutterings heard from time to time by the people on the Pacific Coast proved that a great civil war was inevitable, and when Sumter was fired upon and the President's famous proclamation was heard, the sparks of fire in every Southerner's breast were kindled into fire, and when Senator Thornton, in the Senate at Sacramento, during his famous speech in reply to that other able orator, Henry Edgerton, was heard, the scene was one never to be forgotten by those present. Senator Thornton at once resigned his position, and with a number of followers proceeded to the sunny South and enlisted in the army of the gray as Captain in the 37th Alabama Infantry, and was speedily promoted to the position of Major. He was wounded at the battles of Chickamauga and Resaca, and as soon as he was able to march, again went to the front. He was made Lieutenant Colonel of the 58th Alabama Infantry and served under Colonel Stevens. In the meantime, the reason why he was not promoted quicker was, he served on the staffs of Albert Sidney Johnston, General Braxton Bragg and Jos[eph] E. Johnson. He was with Albert Sidney Johnston the time the latter was killed [at the battle of Shiloh]. Col. Thornton at the battle near Franklin, Tennessee, specially distinguished himself. All the brigade officers higher in rank than he being killed, including

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General Jack Adams, he took command of the brigade and led it over the Harpeth Bridge against General [John M.] Schofield and captured the celebrated Gin (Cotton Gin) house on the other side of the river. Seven times he led his men to the charge and seven times were they repulsed. The Harpeth was red with the blood of the Fifty-eighth, and scores of them lay dead on either bank. As they were preparing for another charge an order came which carried the regiment to another part of the battlefield. His command was then ordered to Georgia and in a battle near Dalton he was severely wounded and had to retire for a short time. As soon as he recovered he again joined his command and shared with his men all the trials and sufferings which they were forced to endure. Malarial diseases attacked them and the seeds of the complaint which compelled him to retire from active law practice were sown in that memorable campaign. With General [Joseph E.] Johnston he surrendered to Gen. W. T. Sherman at Charlotte, North Carolina, and then he, shattered in health returned to California.

He only remained in this State a few months, and hearing of the great mining operations in Nevada, started for Austin, and in a little while formed a copartnership with an attorney named [Delos R.] Ashley, who was afterwards made a member of Congress [1865-1869] and was noted for his brilliancy as a lawyer and an orator. He met John Garber, another prominent attorney of that lively mining town, and at once an attachment was created that never was severed until death. The firm of Thornton & Ashley was dissolved, and Colonel Thornton joined his friend Garber, and the firm became the most influential in Nevada. Mr. Garber was elected Judge and the partnership was dissolved. After serving a term on the bench Judge Garber, recognizing the remarkable ability of his former partner, again resumed practice with him.

Those were stirring days in Pioche, Nevada. Col. H. Thornton was the acknowledged head of the Democratic party, in fact, he was recognized as the leader of the Thornton-Bradley wing of the Democracy, and had it been possible to have elected a Democratic Senator, Col. Thornton would undoubtedly have carried the day. The other branch of the Democratic party had for its leader Gen. Thos. H. Williams (father of President Williams of the Jockey Club), but Col. Thornton's party in every contest defeated the Williams branch. They were personally warm friends, and we

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doubt if there ever could be a closer or more fatherly friendship for a young man than that at all times shown by Col. Thornton for the son of his old political opponent but personal friend. He admired Thos. H. Williams Jr.'s executive ability and was ever his adviser and counsellor.

In August, 1868, Colonel Thornton was married to his cousin, Katherine Marshall Thornton, the daughter of James Innes Thornton, of Greene County, Alabama. Two children were born to them, but both died in childhood.

The Colonel at one time was noted as one of the best criminal lawyers on this Coast. His success was so remarkable in those exciting pioneer days that every one who had need for a brilliant counsellor sent at once for the brave and talented pleader. The work became distasteful to him, and the last case he was ever engaged in was when he acted as attorney in the defense of McKinney, who killed Morgan Courtney (Rick Moriarty), superintendent of the Washington mine. This was one of the most sensational cases ever tried in Nevada, and created great excitement. Col. Thornton pleaded his client's case and had him acquitted at the first trial. When the prisoner was acquitted Col. Thornton said: "I have accomplished what I expected I would. This is my last criminal case."

He was beloved by all who knew him in Nevada, and had a kindly word for all, rich or poor. The miners almost worshipped him and his courteous bearing, kindly ways and generosity to all who applied to him for advice or pecuniary assistance made him a popular favorite everywhere. He took for his specialty mining litigation, and became so successful in this line of practice that his leadership was at once acknowledged. In nearly every litigation of note he was engaged as one of the leading counsel. His handling of the following cases is a matter of record and stamped him as a great advocate: Eberhardt vs. Richmond, Raymond & Ely vs. Hermes, Raymond & Ely vs. the Kentucky Mine, Eureka Consolidated vs. Richmond, Pelican vs. Dines (in Colorado), Golden Terror Mining Company, Boulder Ditch vs. Haggin & Hearst, Gilmore, Saulsbury & Haggin vs. the Caledonian Company (in Dakota). After several years of practice in Nevada, Colonel Thornton removed to this city [San Francisco] and became one of the law firm of Garber, Thornton & Bishop, and just as he was to

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achieve the crowning triumph of his career he was prostrated by sickness and compelled to retire [1884]. He journeyed to Europe in search of health, only to learn he would never be able to resume the practice of his profession and work as hard or as constantly as he formerly did.

When feeling well he loved to speak of the horses he rode in the rebellion, and tell of their different traits. He was an ardent lover of a good horse, and when he fitted up Rancho Resaca in Contra Costa county, he purchased some of the best bred mares and mated them with the best stallions procurable. He took a great fancy to trotters, and became noted as the breeder of James Madison, 2:17¾; Ramon, 2:17; Katy S., 2:20, and several other good ones, but his fancy was for the thoroughbreds, so he sold all of his trotters but two or three, a few years ago, and engaged more extensively in the breeding of the former.

He was one of the very best-posted men in America on the pedigrees and performances of race horses in all parts of the world. He studied the breeding problem with the keenest pleasure, and in his library could be found pretty nearly every book on the thoroughbred horse worth having. It was the Colonel's greatest delight to discuss breeding with those posted on the subject, and his eyes would fairly dance when the name of some celebrity of the turf he knew was mentioned. For more than a dozen years Col. Thornton has been breeding horses on a moderate scale, and with notable success. From the paddocks of his Contra Costa rancho, Resaca, came Guido, who, sold at auction for \$90, has won more than forty races against the best horses in the West, and is to-day the holder of the world's record at mile heats; Dare, the best two-year-old in California, sold to Charles Fair for \$6,000; Martinet, Sea Spray, Seaside, Oporto, Castro (winner of California and Racine Stakes), Jovita, Bordeaux, Sunrise, Miss Ruth and El Rayo and many other winners of note. About six years ago he purchased the stallion Mariner (Oat Cake), a horse got in England and taken in utero to Australia, where he was foaled and ran with success. He also owned and raced Sobrante, a good young sire, Narcola, Carrie Covey, Sunlit and other noted thoroughbreds.

His love for horses was a natural one, and one of his friends, who became reminiscent as he read the notice of his death, said:

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"I remember when we were in Pioche, Nev., the Colonel, M. F. Tarpey, J. R. Wilson, Al Eastland and a number of others, formed a racing association. The Appleby boys, now at the race track, rode in a number of races given there. The programmes were unique in their way. We had four-mile races, quarter races and mile races that created the utmost excitement; thousands of dollars changed hands, and the element of fairness and justice was so strong that any suspicion of crookedness meant a great deal more than suspension. The great sixty-mile Montana-bred mare Lizard raced there, so did Pogonip and Panaka, and several other famous ones. Col. Thornton and J. R. Wilson acted as judges, and thoroughly understood the duties of their office. Those were great days, and everyone who attended those meetings will feel sorry when they hear of the Colonel's death."

He was appointed by a syndicate of English and Scotch capitalists to take charge of their properties, Rancho de la Teche, Fresno Canal and Irrigation Systems and the Barton vineyard in Kern and Fresno counties, and to fill his place will be a most difficult thing.

He was an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton and loved to fish for the golden trout which are only to be found in the Kings River. He formed parties of intimate friends and was delighted to have them happy. At night-fall, after the day spent in whipping the streams, it was a treat to listen to him telling incidents of the bench and bar, the great races he had seen, the people he had met and incidents in their careers. As a raconteur he had few equals and no superiors.

As a gentleman he was all that the name implies—courteous, affable, considerate to all, kind of heart and liberal to those who needed assistance. To young men his sympathies seem to pour out, and to help the deserving ones was one of his greatest pleasures. Among men who love racing he was one whom to know was to respect, and his honor he held to be more sacred than all the gold and precious jewels in this world. He was brave and chivalrous, and even while suffering the most excruciating pains he never murmured but bore them like a martyr.

Colonel Thornton left three sisters, all of whom reside in San Francisco. They are Margaret Thornton Fall, whose husband died on December 24 last; Sarah Frances and Bessie Thornton, a

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widow. Of his other relatives in this City the best known are City and County Attorney Harry T. Creswell and Crittenden Thornton, the well known attorney. Both are sons of the late Colonel's sisters.

* * *

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR

In 1861, after the fall of Fort Sumter, and before the first battle, I left the state of California to join the Southern army at Manassas. I was a native of Alabama. I believed in the right of a state to secede. I believed that the abolition war upon slavery justified secession. The aspirations of youthful ambition led me with ardor from the conflict of words to that of arms. I was willing to maintain my opinions at any cost—to follow them to their logical consequences.

In the fall elections of 1860, I was chosen to represent the County of Sierra in the Senate of California. I ran upon the Breckenridge ticket opposed by nominees of the Lincoln, Douglas & Bell & Everett parties. I was elected by a very small plurality. The session lasted from the 1st of January, 1861 to the middle of May. The constant theme of discussion was the state of the Union. The first waves of the convulsion were sweeping over the country. I took a prominent part in vindicating the South—in advocating peaceable secession—in opposing Northern invasion & war.

The “Irresistible conflict” culminated in arms. After the Senate adjournment in May, I saw the armies gathering at Washington and Richmond. On the 1st day of July, I sailed from San Francisco. Austin E. Smith, John Meredith, & Clay Smith were my companions, bound upon the same errand. I hoped to reach the army of Beauregard in time to participate in the first battle. But that privilege was denied me, and how deeply do I regret that I go to my grave without any of the glory of Bull Run!

On reaching Panama, I found that the connecting steamer on the Atlantic had broken her shaft, and that I would be delayed upon the Isthmus eleven days. At any other time, this would have been pleasant; now in my eagerness & haste to get on it was extremely unpleasant. However, I bore it philosophically as possible, and busied myself in observing the people and productions of the first and only foreign land I have ever visited. But curiosity and

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interest in these could not distract my mind absorbed in the civil war of my own country, and I shall not now tarry over them from the recital of the great events I soon found shaking the body of the continent.

From Panama, we crossed the Isthmus on the railroad to Aspinwall. Thence on the angry Atlantic, we were seven days to New York. At Aspinwall we were joined by another steamer's passengers from San Francisco: among them my fellow member of the Senate, R. D. Crittenden, and Dr. Frank Sorrel of the Assembly, both bound for the same destination with myself and making their way for Richmond. They were an agreeable accession to our forces, my warm and congenial friends. Also with them were Capt. John Adams of the United States Army with his family and Col. Silas Casey and Capt. [August V.] Kautz of the Army going on to bear a part in the struggle. To Adams, I became much attached. After parting from him on the ship at the wharf in New York, I next saw his dead body at Franklin across the enemy's works with twenty-eight wounds. He was a General of Brigade in the Confederate army and gave up his life in battle on the soil of his native state and near the home of his infancy.

Silas Casey became Major Gen'l. in the U.S. Army and was in command of the corps routed by the Confederates at the battle of Seven Pines. Kautz, a stupid but earnest man, became a Maj. Gen'l. of cavalry in the U.S. Army and was under Grant at Richmond. He told me that he was formerly in the infantry and did not even know how to ride on horseback, but that he had been commissioned by Lincoln a Colonel of cavalry and ordered to report at Washington. Is it strange that this Dutchman was ridden down by the horsemen of Stuart & Hampton!

When the quarantine officer came on board our ship near New York, he brought papers containing the accounts of the battle of Bull Run. All had been a sealed book to us since the 10th of July, the day on which our steamer had left Aspinwall for New York. We were on the tiptoe of expectation. We at once got the fact that a great battle had been fought, and that the South was victorious. We saw the federal officers and the passengers gathering together and reading the few newspapers brought on board with long faces and downcast eyes, cast all at once from the summit of vain glorious & boastful pride to the depths of humiliation and disgrace. At

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length Austin Smith secured a [New York] *Herald*, and we Confederates went silently off together to read the thrilling, glorious tidings, to be joyful, and to exult. To our delight, we found the accounts of the Richmond press given at length, telling of the commands and of the commanders and of their heroic parts in the great victory. And foremost figure in these columns of the Southern soldiers was that of ex-Gov. Smith of Virginia, the father of Austin and Colonel of a regiment. I have often since rejoiced when grieving over the sad fate of Austin—his sad hours so soon then to begin—that he had these moments of joy and of pride in the honor and gallantry of his distinguished father.

Among the first days of August—I think it was the 2nd—we landed in the busy, bustling city. Meredith and myself went to the Astor House. Austin & Clay Smith went to the New York Hotel. Crittenden went to the city of Brooklyn to visit his married sister living there and Sorrel put up at the Metropolitan among old friends of his. We left the ship at 11 o'clock, a.m.

When I said goodbye to my mother, she promised to write to me by Pony Express across the continent from San Francisco to New York, and the letters would be there for me on my arrival from the sea. When has my heart not turned first to my mother; when in absence are not her letters the greatest happiness I know or feel! I hastened to the Express office, but was answered, "No letters." Then to the post office with the same reply. I then returned to the Express office and asked for the registered list of letters from San Francisco. It was at first denied me, then given with reluctance. I found two letters registered received for me. Asked for them and was told that they had been sent to the post office, and that I could get them there. I applied there for them, and was told that no such letters were there for me. I, then tired and enraged, returned the third time to the Express office and demanded them in such a manner that the clerk called the superintendent who told me that the letters had been taken *by the Government*. I was amazed and startled. But I could do nothing and returned to my room in the hotel. That evening and night, without molestation, Meredith and myself sauntered about enjoying the sights and luxuries of that splendid metropolis, so much the more enjoyable after a sea voyage. The next day after breakfast, we walked up to the New York Hotel to see Austin. We were told that he had been arrested by the

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United States Marshal and carried away. We could not ascertain where. We went quickly to the metropolitan police headquarters, [and] were told he was not there. We went to the U.S. Marshal's office, were told he was not there; that they knew nothing of such a man, that no arrest of such a man had been made, and we were told by the Marshal *himself*. We then walked from this office, which is on Chambers Street, back to Broadway, distressed and hopeless of finding him, when suddenly I saw a carriage with Austin & Clay in it and two other persons. Austin beckoned to us to follow. We did so, and came up with it when it stopped in a few moments at the Marshal's office. The two persons in the front seats were deputies. One took Clay immediately out of the carriage and led him across and put him in the Tombs. Austin told us hurriedly that he was arrested for embezzlement (he had been Naval Agent at San Francisco under the administration of James Buchanan), that he had settlement papers with his successor and the government secret agent to disprove the charge, and that he would demand a speedy trial & had demanded his release upon bail. Then the Marshal came up and told Austin that he was ordered to arrest him by telegram from Mr. [William H.] Seward as a political prisoner and send him immediately to Fort Lafayette. As the carriage hurried off, we bade him adieu, telling him that we would employ Brady to get him out on *habeas corpus*, and solitary tears stood in his eyes! Bravest of the brave! Daring, restless spirit made for another Richard of the lion heart! For the last time on earth, I saw you then. Long weary months in prison fort, then, exchanged, you flew to your native Virginia. Lee and Longstreet & Jackson were winning the seven days' fight before Richmond. You heard the cannons roar, and, turning neither to the right to see your mother nor to the left where your father fought, you rode into the battle's storm—found glory & a grave! Those who knew Austin E. Smith know his worth and how his friends loved him. Can they refuse to shed tears over his early grave?

We had been with him but a moment at the carriage door. As he was driven hurriedly away, we went in search of an attorney to see if the law could rescue him from the grasp of arbitrary power. We could not find Brady; we could not find O'Conner; we could not find Van Buren. By that time, the [New York] *Evening Post* was issued, and we read in it that the judges had that day refused

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a *habeas corpus* for a prisoner held for disloyalty by the order of Mr. Seward. Already, "the little bill" had silenced the judiciary! Then we gave up the effort, and, unable to do anything more, we determined to leave for Cincin[n]atti, Louisville, Nashville, and Richmond the next day.

After my sailing from San Francisco, my mother ascertained that Maj. Gen'l. E. V. Sumner, commanding the Department of the Pacific, had sent by Pony Express to New York an order for the arrest of Austin Smith and myself, both of us just out of prominent public office and on our way to join the Confederate Army. She determined to prevent my arrest if possible. She resorted to a stratagem. She applied for letters of introduction for me to Mr. Lincoln from prominent Union men, stating that I was to be in Washington and Kentucky on a flying visit from California, and requesting that I might be allowed to see the army then across the Potomac from Washington, that this would be my only opportunity to behold so grand a spectacle as California was so far from the seat of war, and that never again in my life might so great an army be drawn up on the American continent. With these she enclosed a letter from herself to Gen'l. [Winfield] Scott renewing my acquaintance with him and asking the same favor, also a letter from herself to her brother, Hon. John J. Crittenden, then a member of Congress to the same effect, describing the business connected with my father's estate I was to look after in Kentucky and speaking of my speedy return to California. Thus she wrote me—the letter of a mother to a son—repeated her directions concerning the transaction of my business connected with my father's estate in Kentucky, mentioned what she had omitted in the hurry of my departure, spoke of my visit to my relations, and referred as matter of course to my return, speculating how long I should be absent and on what steamer I might return. These were the letters taken by the government from the Pony Express office. They accomplished their purpose. I should not complain of the tyranny and dishonor of a government which steals the letters of its subjects. Under any other system of espionage, my mother might have had greater difficulty in planning a successful ruse. These letters convinced the officials that Gen'l. Sumner was mistaken in ordering my arrest and saved me from the casemates of a political bastille.

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About this time, Congress adjourned, and my uncle, Mr. Crittenden, returned to his home at Frankfort in Kentucky. Passing through that state, I tarried one day at his home to see him for the last time, for he did not survive the war. It was the day after his arrival from Washington. He had taken decided ground for the Union and against the South. During that day, large numbers of old men of business and farmers, his constituents of many years, called to see him. Their carriages & buggies & horses filled the street at his door. They represented the steady old people of the commonwealth. As they went, I thought would the state go. And they came as they had come for 30 years to ask him what was going on, and what they should do! And they said that their sons wanted to go into the Southern army, but they had kept them back until they could see him and get his advice; and, as I heard him tell them to stand by the dear old Flag and Union of their fathers, I saw and felt that the fate of Kentucky was sealed, that she would not go with her sister South. Deeply as this grieved me, I could not condemn the honest error of the aged statesman whose life and fame had been so linked with the government that he could not consent to its destruction. Had he been younger, the fire and lofty enthusiasm of his nature would have led him to that cause which was consecrated by the genius of Right and which opened such dazzling avenues to renown & glory.

From Frankfort, I passed on through Louisville and Nashville to Richmond. From that city, in August, 1861, I wrote a letter to my mother which I had no opportunity to send and from which I make the following extracts:

I last wrote you from Louisville, thence I came by cars to Nashville, the communication by R.R. yet uninterrupted, with nothing notable along the way beyond the greeting of the splendid new Flag as it floated to the winds of Southern Kentucky, and, more constantly still, over the soil of the Confederate, seceded, Tennessee!

Crossing the line, I felt like McGregor on his heath. Poor, miserable Kentucky! Is there hope that "Greece may be living Greece once more." From Nashville to Richmond all was bright as the New Flag. The skies propitious; the earth covered with an unprecedented and abundant crop of corn; and the monarch, Cotton, spreading to the sun his plumes and garlands of red and white; the slaves contented, quiet and at work save where they turn aside to vent their common enthusiasm with their mas-

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ters—from every house and village and city the waving of flags and handkerchiefs and hats by men, women, and children, and Negroes, and everywhere camps and men in arms and glowing zeal for the war.

I find established here a great, perfect, and living government. There is the Congress in session, the Departments in constant activity, and a people devoted to this government of their choice and willing to die for it, intelligent, free, noble—their chosen leaders, statesmen and warrior chief-ta[i]ns. And can the human mind believe that these can be put down and subjugated?

You may cease to regard with so much interest a recognition from foreign powers. While the blockade lasts, it has put the South, even during the war, to the extensive manufacturing of everything needed for war or for support, and, if it lasted for years, it would cause but little suffering.

The institution of slavery has never proven itself more beneficial to society than in this crisis. The slaves are busy cultivating the soil, and thus supporting the nation, and making fortifications, while the white population is engaged in the war. Far from being an element of weakness, it is one of strength. They were never so submissive and quiet even in peace, and they enter zealously into the spirit of the struggle. There are not even ideas of insurrection. The banding and movement of troops adds to their usual quietude, and, if it did not affect them thus, the number of men necessarily remaining at home in every war would be sufficient to keep them in subjection.

I find distinguished lawyers of Alabama and ex-members of Congress privates and officers of companies, and ministers of the gospel, privates, and one a Major General, and Pendleton commands a battery which did fine execution at Manassas.

The odds overcome by the victors at Bethel, at Vienna, and at Manassas dissipates the idea that Southern slaveholders cannot cope with Northern workingmen. Ellsworth's Zo[u]aves, the flower and boast of the workingmen and brave men of the North—and we have read descriptions and seen pictures of them for months in the New York & Boston pictorials, huge as giants, fierce as death, and terrible as Hell, inured to dangers in fires and all avengers—left the field like lightning when confronted by a smaller regiment of Alabamians.

The Northern papers have dwelt upon the idea of starvation in the South. God in his beneficent providence has given the South this year such crops as her fruitful soil never yielded before. There is no want yet. Plenty reigns everywhere. Even the luxuries can yet be obtained. I am stopping at the Exchange & Ballard House with about 1,000 guests and can have always a sumptuous meal and drink a quart bottle of Heidsieck

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for dinner and, instead of paying for it, \$5 in gold as in California, pay a paper rag with the words "three dollars" printed on it and a picture of Jeff Davis. There is but little gold or silver, and it is hard to make change, but the paper of the banks and of the government is at par and buys everything. The expense of the war thus far to the South has been \$57,000,000 while to the North it has been \$300,000,000. As yet there are no contractors and jobbers with the Confederate government, a curse at Washington stealing millions and getting rich out of the war. The South is wanting in arms and ammunition, but these are being received through the blockade and *taken in battle* and manufactured at various places. Cannon are being made at the Tredegar Iron Works in this city and at some other points in the other states of a very fine quality.

When I left California on the 1st of July, it was confidently believed that the news would come of the celebration of the 4th by the Yankees in Richmond. Grand preparations had been made; the great power of the North was put forth; five immense columns were investing the rebel capital, already doomed. Old [Gen. Winfield] Scott, the grand mogul of modern humbugs had made *perfect plans*, and was to have his anaconda crush the rebellion. And the outfit was complete and magnificent, and the "rifled cannon" and "Sherman's Battery" and "Enfield Rifles" and "Sabre-bayonets" and "Zo[u]aves" and "Things" were irrepressible and innumerable and terrible! And, lo and behold, the 4th comes and passes, and the 4th of August comes with the tables turned, and Beauregard investing Washington and the grand armies in their fortifications resting from the labors of such retreats "*in good order*" as have modernized the Persian flights from Greece, and the rebels victorious, powerful, elated, impatient to pursue. And talk after this of subju[g]ating a nation more powerful than the rump Union with all its braggadocio!

If I were an impartial spectator, not bound to this land of my birth and her sacred cause by the convictions of judgment and the impulse and feelings of my heart, and saw what I now have seen of both nations and had the choice of being dictator of either, I would, with an eye to success, glory, and immortality, turn to the South and lead her legions to such victories as they win and are bound to win in this great struggle.

While I write, the accounts of the defeat and death of Lyons in Missouri have come, and another Northern army flies before Southern valor at the Manassas rate of "two hundred and forty." No one but the generals commanding and the President and the Departments here ever know anything about military movements or plans, and no newspapers "boss" the campaigns for this nation, "you bet." The clamor of soldiers or of politicians does not control the movements of our army. I see that old

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Hastyplate of songs lays his disaster at Manassas to the Cabinet and the New York press. When Southern generals lose a battle, there will be no such unmilitary and contemptible dodge.

President Davis is a wonderful man—the *great man!*—first in the Peace Department, first in the War Department, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. Of generals, there is the trio: Lee, Johnston, and Beauregard. The last is the popular and the army favorite, with much enthusiasm gathered about his name.

Perhaps, my dear mother, you will determine to come here to live again in this Imperial South, and, above all things, it is my desire that we should spend together the days of life which are left us. But with me in the South and in the Army of the South, I know where your heart will be no matter where you remain.

I am going into the Army to remain there while honor calls and my country needs a soldier in this war. I go on now without faltering or looking back, ready to make any sacrifice though it be an offering of blood for my native land and constitutional freedom. The cause is noble, and it were noble to die in it. I dream of nothing but success & joy & glory. Fill your mind, too, with these visions. But if an overruling Providence decrees that I should suffer or fall, and sorrow comes to your heart, bear it at my request firmly and calmly and with that noble fortitude of yours upon which I rely so much, and with the consoling satisfaction that it was in a grand and sacred enterprise, regretting only that you have one son to offer to its moving columns.

I remained in Richmond until the second week of September. With me at the Ballard House were Dr. Sorrel, R. D. Crittenden, John Meredith, and Phil Moore, making a pleasant party of Californians. The city was thronged with people from every Southern state. It had become the center of military preparations. Everywhere was the glitter of the new Confederate uniform, and we from the far Pacific were eager to adopt it and to share the honor it conferred. My wishes were gratified on the 6th day of Sept., 1861. I received the commission of 1st Lieutenant in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States and was ordered to report to Brig. Gen'l. George B. Crittenden. He had but lately arrived from Kentucky, and, tendering his services to the new government, was appointed to the command of the 7th Brigade of G. W. Smith's corps of the Army of the Potomac. I reported to him at his headquarters in the field near Centerville. Soon after I reached the camp, the Brigade was moved up the turnpike to

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within 3 miles of Fairfax Court House. Here we went into Camp Toombs and remained until the night of the 15th of Oct., 1861.

I was assigned to duty as aide to Gen'l. Crittenden. This was the beginning of my military career. After the battle of Manassas, the Army of the Potomac of Beauregard and the Army of the Shenandoah of Johnston were consolidated, preserving the name of the Army of the Potomac, and commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard retaining most of his army as the first corps and the Army of the Shenandoah that was composing the second corps under the command of Maj. Gen'l. Gustavus W. Smith. I took extreme interest in military matters and in the army which had already made itself illustrious, and my position as a staff officer gave me every opportunity to see and know the men who had then made names and who afterward become immortal.

Camp Toombs was on the turnpike from Warrenton crossing Bull Run on the stone bridge and passing through Centerville and Fairfax Court House to Alexandria. While there in September, I rode often over the battlefield of Manassas only seven miles distant with officers who had participated in the struggle and who knew the points of interest. I studied every inch of the ground and learnt the movements of the different commands. I saw where Bee and Bartow fell, where Hampton's Legion charged, where Jackson stood like a stone wall. I saw where Rickett Battery was captured, and I followed along across at Ludley's Ford where the routed thousands ran. I saw where the 4th Alabama and the 8th Georgia and Wheat Battalion had first met and held in check the proud army of McDowell, where they were driven back beyond the stone house and the Warrenton turnpike to the Henry house. And I saw the plateau about the Henry house where Beauregard, charging at the head of a regiment, and Johnston at the head of another, and Pendleton with his battery, and Jackson with his brigade, met the immense column at its center—its right on Groveton, its left toward the stone bridge—and hurled it back, valor victorious over numbers! On this very field afterward, Lee, Longstreet, & Jackson again routed the immense army of Pope! What a halo rests over this sacred ground twice consecrated by Southern victory!

While we were resting here, McClellan was organising [sic] his army, over 250,000 strong, at Washington, and, with this

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array in his front, Johnston pressed his pickets forward to Mason & Monson's Hills, five miles only from the Capitol, and from which its flag could be seen waving from the lofty dome.

The two brigades encamped adjoining Camp Toombs were Stonewall Jackson's and that of Gen'l. Robert Toombs. Here I first saw these distinguished men. The latter I saw every day, and listened with delight to the voice which had attracted the listening Senate and made the orator-statesman famous. He was brilliant, eloquent, social, and I thought, in his boldness and determination, had the elements of a great soldier. But insubordination, which was even then somewhat discernible, marred his subsequent career and prevented that promotion he might have received. He commanded his brigade in many of the great battles of that army but then resigned and, discontented, retired to less prominent service in Georgia.

One Sunday morning during our stay at Camp Toombs an order was received from the general commanding the army for Jackson's brigade to move at once to a certain named position, and for General Crittenden to move his brigade and form immediately on the left of Jackson. I rode over to see if Gen'l Jackson had moved and to ascertain his left in the new position, so that I could establish upon it the right of Gen'l. Crittenden's brigade. I found that he had not moved, and the General & his brigade were in the midst of religious services conducted by Gen'l. Pendleton of the artillery. I interrupted Gen'l. Jackson, called him to one side and asked when he would move according to the order. He replied that he was averse to moving on Sunday, & had sent his staff officer to Gen'l. Johnston to request that he might not move till the next day, which had been granted him, and he invited me to remain & hear the sermon, but I had to decline, feeling called upon to return with this information to my brigade so that they might know that the movement was postponed. That night the order was countermanded. This was the first time I ever saw this great commander. He was tall, thin, gaunt, solemn, indifferently dressed, generally unmilitary in his appearance. But there was something in his earnest, inflexible manner giving indication of his greatness. The minister, Gen'l. Pendleton, was the one who, firing his guns into the lines of the enemy at Manassas, would command the fire and say, "God have mercy on their souls!"

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On the 15th of Oct., orders were received from army headquarters that tents be struck and wagons packed at tattoo that evening, that the brigade bivouac in order of battle and be put in march at 30 minutes past 2 o. c., a. m., for encampment on the north side of the Warrenton turnpike to the left of Centerville near to Rocky Run, the front parallel to the turnpike. On this night, the Army of the Potomac removed from the line on and about Fairfax Court House to a line on and about Centerville. The night march, lighted by the moon and the blaze of camp fires, was solemn and interesting. The morning saw the army on the eminence of Centerville and on both sides of that village. [Diagram.] The above diagram shows the defensive line of battle. The town of Centerville had artillery in earthworks. In rear, in reserve, were three brigades: *A.*, Jackson's; *B.*, Longstreet's; *C.*, Elzey's. On the turnpike on the left were 4 brigades forming the corps of G. W. Smith: *D.*, Sam Jones'; *E.*, Robert Toombs'; *F.*, Crittenden's; *G.*, Kirby Smith's. On the left of Centerville were 4 brigades of Gen'l. Beauregard's: *H.*, Bonham's; *I.*, J. Walker's; *K.*, Cocke's; *L.*, David Jones'. At Union Mills were brigades *M.* & *N.*, of Ewell & Early forming a division under Maj. Gen'l. Earl Van Dorn. Gen'l. Johnston formed his army thus to defend Manassas, the strategic point, expecting the advance of McClellan. The left rested on Bull Run, the right on hills beyond Union Mills.

When Beauregard had formed a line to defend Manassas, against McDowell, he rested behind Bull Run, his left at the stone bridge where the turnpike crosses the Run; his right at Union Mills. *O.*, *P.*, and *Q.*, are Mitchell's Blackburn's and McLean's Fords by which roads run from Manassas to Centerville. McDowell, moving from Centerville, crossed at Ludley's Ford and was advancing by the stone house toward Manassas. To meet him there, and to reinforce that point, Beauregard had to move his troops by long lines. This caused their great exhaustion when they came into action. The advantage of Johnston's position was short interior lines by which he could have reinforced any point heavily pressed.

On Friday the 18th of Oct., General J. E. Johnston, Commander in Chief, Major General G. W. Smith, Brigadier Gen'ls. Sam Jones, Crittenden, & Toombs, and Col. Forney commanding Kirby Smith's brigade made a reconnois[s]ance on the left from Center-

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ville to Bull Run. I rode with the party as the aide of Gen'l. Crittenden. The guide of the party was Stewart Thornton, Esq., a citizen beyond middle life whose old Virginia mansion stood near Ludley's Ford. He had been captured in it by the Federals during the first battle of Manassas and carried away to Fairfax Court House in the retreat but then released. He gave us amusing & interesting accounts of what transpired behind the scenes on that memorable occasion. He was able to trace distant relationship to my father, but so distant that I could not recognize it, though it would not have been unpleasant as he is a hospitable, worthy gentleman.

I found my commanding major general, G. W. Smith, a most elegant and accomplished man. He was the favorite of Gen'l. Johnston who had him at his own headquarters and seemed to defer much to his opinion. Gen'l. Smith had but lately come from New York to join the South. He had been Commissioner of Streets in that city, and, from his skill as a politician and his ability as an engineer, held a prominent position there. He had a splendid army reputation, for he was a West Pointer and on his arrival was at once advanced to this high command. He was graceful, handsome, and imposing, his bearing military and his talents great, but withal, as subsequent events proved, he was wanting in some element of military character, and, instead of rising on the crest of coming victories, he was submerged beneath the wave and became lost to sight.

On Saturday the 19th of Oct., with Gen'ls. Crittenden & Sam Jones, I made a reconnois[s]ance of the lines of Van Dorn at Union Mills and of General Beauregard's, visiting the headquarters, respectively, of Gen'ls. Van Dorn, David Jones, Cocke, and Walker. This was Brig. Gen'l. W. H. T. Walker of Georgia, commanding the Louisiana brigade. He was already distinguished for his service in the Mexican War where he had received several terrible wounds and led a storming party and had done many feats of daring. He was afterward a Major General and killed commanding a division under Hood at Atlanta.

At dusk, we reached the quarters of Major Wheat commanding the Tiger Rifle Battalion of the Louisiana brigade. There we found at the table, still just after dinner, Gen'ls. Johnston & Smith and Col. Harry Hays of the 7th La. Reg't., and Major Skinner of the

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1st Virginia who had distinguished himself in the engagement on the 19th July preceding the great battle of Manassas. We were cordially received by Major Wheat & made to participate in the closing festivities of the occasion. Around passed the flowing bowl, and toasts were proposed & speeches made and witticisms sparkled, and, foremost in eloquence & wit, was the host himself, the splendid Major Wheat. As the evening wore on, he called in his minstrels, the private soldiers of his command from the stage in New Orleans, and they gave us music & singing, martial & merry. The contagion of frolic had seized all the "Tigers," and, when at a late hour of the night, I walked out of the hospitable tent, I found the brass band playing and the brigade gathered around a ring by the moonlight in which ten or a dozen "Tigers" with their striped zo[u]ave uniforms, mounted on the foam covered horses of the generals, were riding at topmost speed in the dizzy mazes of the circus. I owned a splendid steed, the Black Duke, my pride and pet, who was trained to obey many commands and could have almost made a good staff officer himself. At one side, I saw two Tigers on his back making him waltz on his hind legs with some degree of terpsichorean art, but my remonstrance brought them down yet so late that I found on my ride home that he was exhausted with his novel performance.

Major Wheat was a soldier by nature, gay, brilliant, brave, dashing, and the handsomest & most magnificent soldier in face & form I ever saw. He had already been shot through the body at Manassas, and he fell at the seven days before Richmond, dead on the field of honor, and his only words after the fatal shot in the midst of the battle were "bury me on the field, boys," wanting to rest on the spot of his glory!

Before the middle of November, there were some changes in the organization of the army. E. Kirby Smith, a Brigadier wounded at Manassas, returned a Major General, and a division was formed for him & made a reserve corps of the brigades of Gen'l. Crittenden, Gen'l. Elzey, & Gen'l. [Richard] Taylor who had superseded Gen'l. Walker in command of the Louisiana brigade. With this, we changed camp from the line on the turnpike and moved to the rear of Centerville. I was then for some time in this division under Kirby Smith who afterward became *General* and commanded the Trans-Mississippi Department.

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About the middle of November, President Davis wrote a private letter to General Crittenden tendering him the command of ten regiments to march into eastern Kentucky through Cumberland Gap, and inquiring if such command would be agreeable to him. The General, thinking it his duty to exert himself wherever the President thought he could do the most good, accepted the offer. Kentucky was his native state and in it lived his father, who adhered to the idea of the Union and represented his district in the Congress of the United States, and his brother, Thomas L. Crittenden, a Lincoln Brigadier General commanding in the field. The kindness and delicacy of President Davis, in first privately submitting to the General the question of his assignment to this new command under these circumstances, is indicative of the thoughtfulness and friendship of that exalted magistrate. General Crittenden felt constrained by love of his native state and devotion to the sacred cause of the South to sacrifice the most tender affections of his heart in the effort to redeem her from the miserable despotism of the North and to win her people over to their natural alliance with the Confederacy. Upon his signifying this followed his commission as Major General in the Provisional Army and an order assigning him to the command of the Eastern District of Kentucky and Tennessee.

His friends in the Army of the Potomac and the brigade which he had commanded manifested much feeling on the occasion of his departure for this new and distant field of service. The evening preceding the day of his leaving was passed with many friends gathered at his quarters. Major Wheat had him serenaded by his Ethiopian Minstrels. He was also serenaded by the band of the 1st Va. Reg't., said to be the best in the army. The officers of the 16th Mississippi held a meeting and passed resolutions complimentary & of regret and marched up in body and read them with an introductory speech by Capt. Davis. This was replied to on behalf of the General by Major Hillyer and myself, and speeches were also afterward made by Lt. Col. Clarke, Major Stockdale, Major Wheat, Capt. W. W. Porter, and others. The night rolled on, my last in this historic army, and we sat around the blazing camp fire "vexing with mirth the drousy ear."

The next day, the officers of the 21st Georgia regiment in a body paid their respects and adieus, and Col. Mercer was anxious to

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escort the General to Manassas with his regiment but could not obtain his consent to this. Also Col. Cantey drew up the 15th Ala. with a present arms in front of headquarters and made a handsome farewell speech to which the General appropriately responded. The 11th North Carolina regiment, Col. Kirkland, was out on picket duty on the advanced line near to the enemy. As we rode away to Manassas in the afternoon, Capt. Courtney brought up his artillery and fired a parting salute. From a letter I then wrote, I make the following extract:

I leave the Army of the Potomac with deep regret. I wanted to do a part in the next battle to be fought on that line already celebrated, and which has upon it the eyes of the world. But as an officer of the army, I obey orders and am willing to serve the South in any quarter where she needs a soldier. Besides, from the letter of President Davis asking Gen'l. Crittenden if he would lead ten regiments through Cumberland Gap, I supposed that I would find immediately active and agreeable service in that quarter.

Several years have now elapsed. I have passed through the war and was in its last battle, but ever afterward in the West. And the deep regret I yet have is that I was ordered from Virginia and was never in any of the splendid victories that were gained upon its soil. The brigade I left was soon dispatched with Stonewall Jackson to the Valley of the Shenandoah and followed his eagle swoop upon Shields, Fremont, and Banks. Returning, it fell with deadly force upon the right flank of McClellan in the seven days before Richmond. Side by side with the men of Longstreet under the great Lee, it hurled back the thousands of Burnside at old Fredericksburg. Under the genius of Jackson, it struck the flank of Hooker at Chancellorsville. At Cedar Run & Second Manassas, it helped in the discomfiture of the boasting Pope. It stood at Antietam and Gettysburg; charged victoriously at the Wilderness against the advancing multitudes of Grant's; at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, at Richmond to the last, it held the feeble line before the hosts attacking; and when the sad end came, it surrendered with Lee. And what of my friends, its officers, I left that day? Mercer fell leading his brigade at the storming of Plymouth under Hoke. Posey fell a General at Fredericksburg. Kirkland, a General wounded often, has survived, and so has Cantey

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whom I afterward met commanding a division under Johnston before Atlanta fell. And another is famous, not to be forgotten: Latimer, a boy, the cadet Lieutenant of Courtney's battery, under the eye of Jackson, became a major of artillery and lost his young life commanding 20 rifled pieces at Gettysburg.

I was to meet Johnston & Beauregard & Van Dorn again, and to serve under them; to see Longstreet at Chickamauga; but never again to see the immortal Jackson, the dashing Stuart, the towering Toombs, the whirlwind Hampton! I was to campaign among the ignorant towns of East Tennessee, amid the barren pines of north Mississippi & north Alabama, and the unlettered, rude but heroic people of Georgia. To the army I left was the beloved Virginia with its happy hospitality, its noble men, its loveliest, noblest women—angels hovering over the clouds of war—such as no other land ever nurtured, no other skies ever saw!

Manuscript endorsed: Personal recollections of H. I. T. on the Civil War.