



Henry W. Allen

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN,

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY

EX-GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.

BY

SARAH A. DORSEY.

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DEDICATED

TO

THE PEOPLE OF LOUISIANA,

WHOM HE LOVED SO DEARLY, SERVED SO TRULY, AND FOR WHOSE

SAKE HE DIED AN EXILE,

BY FILIA.



“ A man that fortune’s buffets and rewards hast ta’en with equal thanks !
And bless’d are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune’s finger, to sound what stop she please.”
HAMLET, Act iii., scene 2.

“ And you ought to take very great care, when you are about to praise or blame any man, that you *speak correctly*.”

PLATO—The Minos.

“ But such acts as no poet has yet thrown round them a renown suited to their worth, and *which are still in remembrance*, all these it seems I ought, by praising, to call to mind, and by introducing them to others, make them a subject for songs and other kinds of poetry, according to the actors.”

PLATO—The Menexenus.

“ For the main point in biography is, to present *the man* in all his relations to his time, and to show to what extent it may have opposed or prospered his development. What view of mankind and the world he has shaped from it, and how far he himself may be an external reflection of its spirit.”

GÖETHE—Wahrheit und Dichtung.



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P R E F A C E.

MANY friends of the late "Confederate" Governor of Louisiana, cognizant of the close friendship and intimacy which existed between us, instigated by an affectionate curiosity, awakened naturally by the unusual circumstances in which, as a people, we find ourselves placed at this epoch of time,—desirous to know all that can be made public of the private life of one so justly beloved, who expiated in exile the "crime" of having fought for us and served us,—these still grateful friends have requested me to write a sketch of his life and give it to the public. It is very essential, for the sake of Southern honor, and the position which may be accorded us in the future pages of impartial history, that we, Southern people, should also put on record on the files of Time, so far as we can, our version of the terrific struggle in which we have been so recently engaged, and from which we have emerged—after four years of unparalleled suffering, gallant resistance, and stern endurance of all the fiercest vicissitudes of any war ever waged by any peoples—broken in fortunes, defeated in battle, crushed, bleeding, and subjugated! Yet, amidst the misery and ruin that surround us, we feel sadness, but no confusion of face; regret, but no humiliation. We did put lives and wealth in the balance of fortune, risking, and willing to risk all for what we considered more valuable than they. We believed our rights invaded, our liberties attacked, and we fought to defend them as well as we could.

“That for which man offers up his blood or his property must be more valuable than they. In short, only for the nobility within us, only for virtue, will man open his veins, and offer up his spirit. But this nobility, this virtue, presents different phases: with the Christian martyr it is faith; with the savage it is honor; with the republican it is liberty.

“JEAN PAUL F. RICHTER.”

In the thought of the Southern people in 1861, all three sentiments were combined—faith, honor, love of liberty. They conscientiously believed all these to be attacked. I am, by no means, asserting here that it *was so*,—that the Republican party of the Northern States was, and had been for years, preaching with all the fervor and enthusiasm of Peter the Hermit, a crusade against Southern institutions, and outraging the Southern heart in its keenest and most vital susceptibilities! *That* question must be decided in the mind of each individual, for him or her self. I only say, the Southern people *thought so!* and acted under the force of that impression. The justice or injustice of their cause must be decided by a higher and more impartial Judge than I.

According to *human judgment*, *success* is the measure of righteousness in any cause. In that aspect, the South has been judged already. She fought—she *was weak*, she *is defeated!* She, however—and on this point we must insist—she fought this war from beginning to end, believing conscientiously she was *doing only her natural duty*.

The “Confederate cross,” we were persuaded, was raised in honor, and when it sunk below the world’s horizon, crimson with the blood of Southern men, shed so freely and so vainly, we felt it went down behind the purple sea of war without *dishonor*. Frankly and courageously, we, as a noble, true people should do, have accepted the issue from the red hand of Mars. It remains to be seen, whether those fraternal adversaries, who forced us into peace, overpowering us by superior numbers—whether they who have been the victors in this Titanic contest, are as great in the intoxication of success as we, the conquered, show ourselves to be, in submission. Our

faults as a People are doubtless many, but deceit and hypocrisy are not among them.

There will probably be as much instruction for us in the study and close examination of the men who have been prominent among us in our recent contest; as many lessons for us to learn of what is admirable and what is weak in the Southern organization, as, perhaps, pages of interest or pastime for the world beyond, in learning what sort of men they met in the shock of battle—what kind of Greeks they have overpowered!

To some extent the very fame of our recent adversaries is concerned in this matter. They should remember it heightened the glory of Achilles to have a Hector as an opponent! Some Homer, some Thucydides, may hereafter arise for us both!

I do not, therefore, apologize for the spirit or expression of feeling, the tone of this work. It is only what would naturally be looked for in a Southern woman. I have some hope for my country, that it may yet live, even if "brokenly on," if President Johnson's policy can be sustained; and would be loth to say or write one word which could frustrate his noble efforts. But regarding the War as being the full fruitage of the tree of Radicalism; knowing that my people believed themselves fighting, not against the true version of the Constitution of the United States, but to sustain the fundamental principles of Republican liberty; thinking that New England taught us the doctrine of Secession, which we were very desirous to apply peaceably, and were not permitted to do,—I do not hesitate to say openly what we thought, felt, and did, during the war. I write of what was, not what *is*. I have nothing to gain. I have nothing to fear. Why should I not write truth, for the sake of my dead friend, and my almost dead country! I believe in the continued though transformed existence of my friend. I have hopes in the resurrection of his body. I have some glimmering trust, some faint hopes, in the resurrection of my native land. Allah, Akbar!

We are grateful to the men who fought, bled, died, are in prison, or exile for our sakes ! We ought not ! we must not ! we cannot ! we *will* not, forget them !

Hymns and pæans of praise ; essays in prose and verse ; orations, ovations, and triumphs, decreed to the heroes of the successful army, swell from the lips of poets and orators and writers in the North, and are wafted to our ears on the wings of every breeze. Can we be expected to ignore, so soon, all that made our hearts burn and glow twelve little months ago ? Because we are unfortunate, because we have no sympathy in all this wide world, no royal coronations of wreaths or "*golden crowns*," no clapping of hands to stir our souls, but are alone in our sorrow, must we forget deeds as brave and hearts as true as any the world has ever produced ?

Memory and gratitude are all that is left us. *Our hopes* are laid in the deep, deep graves scattered through our once fertile valleys. Are buried under the mounds, rising like beacons on our hillsides. Be silent then, and let us weep !

We are not mourning over a desolated land ! The soil is quick and prolific. It will bloom again, even under the hands of the Invaders. We are not raising the sad lament over burnt homesteads or hearthstones dyed in blood ! They can be rebuilt. We do not groan over riches that have flown away in smoke on the pinions of fire ; or that lie heaped in ashes at our feet ! We weep only for our *Dead*, our slain in battle, fallen in vain. We are weeping silently tears of blood in our seemingly quiet hearts, over that Man, the embodiment of our Cause, the faithful servant of our will, shut up so long in the dreary prison-walls of Fortress Monroe—for those beloved ones who have felt themselves driven by necessity away, "to lay their mutilated limbs in stranger soil." Day after day we number over the leaden hours and think of that man in that weary, weary prison ; the marks of the chains still on those noble limbs, that the generosity and the *strength* of a great and victorious people ought never to have permitted to be fettered. We are not indifferent to all these things. We

would be more or less than human if we were ! But we are very patient, and are a very sad people !

What is there to fear from us now—from sick, worn, feeble, wounded men, broken down by care, anxiety, personal privation, and national distress—from a people sitting in sackcloth among the ruins of their homes !

On the sad day, June 7th, 1865, when my friend turned away from the door of our temporary home in Texas, and set his face pilgrimwise towards the West,—still dark, under the faint rays of the early morning, while we stood grouped around him, with aching hearts and eyes too full of tears even to see clearly the slender, worn, maimed form, the face so pale from fatigue and emotion, for whose dear sake we kept the tear undropped, and forced back the words of grief that would else have sprung bitterly from our lips,—as he pressed my hand for the last time, he said : “I have been asked to give notes for my biography—I have not yet done it—but if *you* survive me, *will you write it*, if it should be asked for again ?” This request he often repeated in his letters—in the last one I ever received from him he makes it again.

The promise then given I now attempt to fulfil. I do not, therefore, in undertaking this task of friendship, waste the time, or exhaust the patience of readers with vain and useless apologies for unskilfulness and deficiency on my part. It is enough for me to know that my friend considered it wise to intrust the rendering of his life's history to my feeble hand, although I feel it to be a task better fitted to fingers used rather to handle the sword than the distaff.

It is an ambitious venture for a woman, with her feminine mind, which, though often acute, subtle, penetrating, and analytic, is too entirely *subjective*, to attempt in any way the writing of *history*. It was a mistake in the wise Greeks to make the Deity presiding over History, a woman. It needs the broad, objective grasp of the masculine soul to do justice to general History ; but women may perhaps write Biographies, just as they paint best, flowers, animals, subjects of still

life, that require close, refined, loving scrutiny, in which affection and patience may be useful in giving accuracy and penetration to the eye, and which require fine, dainty touches of the pencil, and minute, careful elaboration.

I know of no instance in any Literature where a woman has written general History in a manner at all satisfactory. From Anna Commena to the still living Greek Princess Doria d'Istria, whose History of Roumania has some local celebrity; Mrs. Strickland, Mrs. Pardoe, etc., etc., have all merely written Biographies. But Annalists and anomalies must precede Livys and Tacituses. Women make very good story-tellers. So then, it is with no vain or audacious thought of attempting to enter the Arena occupied—if occupied by any woman, by the two Imperial Greeks, “born in the Purple of genius,” as well as of temporal empire—that I take up my pen and relate in plain and simple style, the only way I know how to write, the story of the life and fortunes of one Confederate Soldier, whose career involved grave questions of public history and interest.

It can readily be perceived how difficult it will be to write fully and unreservedly any man's inner life, and yet observe the reverence and decorum due to all other persons necessarily connected and mingled with that single existence! I beg, therefore, that all those persons who may be incidentally mentioned in the course of this narrative, will do me the justice to believe that I shall try to say honestly what I have to say, endeavoring to free my mind from partialities and prejudices, regarding them as a painter does his subordinate figures, using them only to give light and shadow to his central group, and disposing them as well as he can to give vitality, distinctness, and prominence to the one portrait it is his aim to present to the world. This is only one difficulty I have to contend against in this pleasing task. Humboldt says, that in gazing at any star, each man sees it differently, owing to the diversity of the receptive power in the visual organs, common to all humanity. *He* saw eight rays of light proceeding from a single star, while other astronomers saw

but four, or six, and some but two. So is it with mental vision. It is not your idea, My Reader, it is not anybody's but my own, of the man whose life I attempt to sketch in the following pages, that I must place before you—it is what *I* saw, I must describe. And here arises another source of dissatisfaction between us. You may consider the drawing I make exaggerated, because I see eight rays where you saw but four ; or imperfect, because I see but two where you saw six. Coldly, a portrait of my wounded, exiled, dead friend, could scarcely be drawn by my pencil—too warmly, perhaps, you may think it.

Should this attempt be favorably received, I may be encouraged to progress still further in this, my labor of love ; like Old Mortality, freshening the epitaphs, which are already yielding to the corroding tooth of Time, on the gravestones of Southern heroes.

I may be able to lay a branch of Yew, on your grave in Augusta, oh ! beloved, Spiritual Father, who sealed with your precious blood your pure devotion to your flock, unless it should be done by abler hands than mine.

“ Sicut

Parvula [nam exemplo est] magni formica laboris,
Ore trahit quod cunque potest atque adit acervo,
Quem struit haud ignora, ac non incauta futuri !”*

Most of this work, where it touches upon the story of the War, is merely a compilation of careful selections from official documents and contemporary journals. I offer no apology for the literal and free use I have made of such papers, feeling assured the authors will justify such needful plagiarisms. I beg to acknowledge special obligations to Generals Beaure-

* “ Thus the little ant (for she may serve for an example) of great industry, carries with her mouth whatever she is able, and adds to her heap, which she piles up, by no means ignorant of and not improvident of the future.”—HORACE

gard, Mansfield Lovell, S. B. Buckner, and Pemberton. To Colonels Thomas H. Hunt, J. M. Sandidge, Henry Denis, Major E. Sinjet, of Taylor's staff; Captain Eglin, of Polignac's staff; Captain James McCloskey, Mr. Halsey, Dr. Amzi Martin, Ex-Governor Ligon, of Maryland, Hon. F. Watkins, of Virginia, Dr. Lindsay, of New Orleans, and all the other friends of Ex-Governor Allen, who have aided me in procuring data for this Memorial.

"FILIA."

LAKE ST. JOSEPH, Tensas Parish, Louisiana,
July 16th, 1866.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN.

BOOK I.

Birth.—Ancestry.—Childhood.—Youth.—Manhood.—Texas.—Marriage.—
Death of Salome.

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN was born in the county of Prince Edward, near Farmville, State of Virginia, on the 29th day of April, 1820. His father, Dr. Thomas Allen, a graduate of Hampden Sydney College, was of Scotch extraction. Dr. Allen was a medical practitioner of some distinction; a man of sterling integrity and uprightness—indomitable in the vicissitudes of fortune—but who seems to have been somewhat stern and inflexible in his family relations. The mother of H. W. Allen—Ann Watkins—was descended from a Welsh family, who doubtless transmitted with the Cymric blood, its hereditary virtues of daring, valor, constancy, and impulsive tenderness, as well as its faults of impetuosity, sudden passion, and hastiness of revenge—for sometimes even imaginary insults or griefs. In the mother, however, as is often the case in women belonging to such fiery races, only the gentlest and softest characteristics were developed. The ancient British blood in her veins was truly “gentle.” She was universally beloved, and only distinguished among her own sex by pre-

senting in her character all feminine virtues in their loveliest and most attractive form.

The first mention of a Watkins in the history of Virginia, was of one "James Watkins," a companion of "Captain John Smith," in his expeditions in 1607 and '8.

Another of the family, Thomas Watkins, of Chickahominy, died in 1783. This ancestor seemed to think his children would succeed better in the battle of life, unencumbered with the burden of money. So he added a codicil to his will devising large bequests of real and personal estate to persons "not members of his family." There was no proof of the execution of the writing purporting to be a codicil to the will, and it never went to record. By operation of the then existing law, the old man died intestate as to the property mentioned in the codicil; the real estate, therefore, descended to the eldest son, Henry Watkins, and the personal assets, by virtue of the will, went to the brothers and sisters. The sons and daughters, however, appear to have been anxious to carry out the old gentleman's wishes, though it deprived them of interests of value. There being some infants, minors interested in the succession, there seems to have been some difficulties in fulfilling the intentions of the testator. But these were overcome, and the children not only relinquished to the intended Beneficiaries their right and title to the property in question, but also made liberal contributions to the intended Devisees. Instances of integrity and virtue such as this, are rare in any age. Henry and Thomas seem to have continued to be family names amongst these worthy people throughout their generations—names now borne honorably by the subject of this sketch, Henry Watkins Allen, and Thomas Watkins Ligon, his cousin, ex-governor of Maryland. The Watkinses are related to many of the best Virginia families—the Finchards, Carringtons, Venables, etc., etc., etc. Thomas Watkins, grandson of Thomas of Chickahominy, deserves most honorable mention. His father resolved to give him the best advantages of education (these people always prized

learning and cultivation, it seems), afforded by the schools of the period of his youth, and although the Revolutionary War prevented the full execution of this purpose, Thomas received far more cultivation than was usually bestowed upon the sons of Planters. In 1780, Thomas Watkins made an earnest appeal to the patriotism of his neighbors and youthful companions, to give him their aid in attempting to achieve the liberties of the country. By his efforts a troop of Horse was organized in Prince Edward County, and he was elected Captain of it. He offered his company of Cavalry to "Colonel Lee," and desired to be enrolled in his "Legion." Watkins' troop presenting a rather plain and unattractive appearance, his application was rejected; subsequent events proved to Colonel Lee that he had acted unwisely, but when the Colonel, after the battle of Guilford, expressed a desire that the Prince Edward troop should join him, Captain Watkins indignantly refused to do it—he preferred serving under General Greene. This Troop has continued its organization to this day. The "Watkins troop" fought in the recent war. At the battle of Guilford Courthouse, March, 1781, Captain Thomas Watkins was distinguished for his gallantry: in single combat he won laurels. "Colonel GEORGE WASHINGTON" wrote a letter to Captain Watkins, after the action at Guilford, in which the bravery and skill of the Prince Edward troop and their commander is highly extolled and commended. Thomas Watkins died in 1797. On his death-bed he revealed a secret, "that had pressed heavily on his soul, and caused him great unhappiness," he said, "from the time of its occurrence until the end of his life." In a personal rencontre with a British Officer, at the battle of Guilford, he gave, in his impetuosity, a mortal blow, with his sword, to his gallant adversary, before he perceived that the Officer had asked for "quarter," and was surrendering his weapon. He said he had never forgiven himself this hasty act, but had mourned it in silence.

Doctor Thomas Allen had seven children born to him in his marriage with Ann Watkins. Mary, the eldest daughter,

married the Hon. P. L. Edwards, of Missouri, now of California ; Elizabeth, the second, became the wife of Ephraim B. Ewing, Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri. Both of these daughters are living. The eldest son, Nathaniel, was killed in the battle of San Jacinto, Texas ; the second son, William, served a campaign in Florida, removed to Missouri, died in Kay County ; the third son, Charles, a very promising young man, died also in Kay County, immediately after graduating at the University of Missouri ; the youngest son, Richard, at the age of fifteen years, joined General Price's command, and went through his Mexican campaign. Returning home, he remained but a short time in Missouri, then went to California, where he resides at present.

Henry Watkins was the fourth son of Dr. Allen. It would be easy for an Ethnologist and Psychologist to trace back the sources from whence he has derived those personal characteristics which have given him some fame in the history of the South. The Scotch blood, with its proud independence and its determinate resistance to the ruggedness of fortune ; the Cymric, with its fire, its impetuosity, its soft-heartedness ; and the American principles—the Revolutionary pride, instilled into him at his mother's knee—the models of military skill and burning *Virginian* patriotism amongst his ancestors held up, as examples and stimulants, before his youthful mind—all these influences could scarcely fail to produce a proud, romantic, chivalric nature, in which we find so much to admire,—perhaps something to condemn—a courageous rashness, an impulse to strike at a word, which oftentimes leads, indeed, sometimes *did* lead, to sorrow and regret in our hero, for a hasty speech or angry stroke ; as the same qualities produced in his grandfather, at the battle of Guilford, an act which caused life-long self-reproach.

But there never was any malice or nursing of wrath in this nature ;—rash, but true ; quick, but not malignant ; flashing with sudden ire, but sweet and sound in temper ; with nothing hidden, nothing mean, heartfelt warmth, earnest affection,

constancy, generosity, no revenge, with a softness and tenderness of soul almost feminine. Behold here the qualities which have made the name and memory of Henry W. Allen a sound of love and pleasant recollections in the ears of Louisianians, and which forced them to turn away with poignant regret from the thought that he should have been compelled to divide his fate from that of the Land of his birth, and to lay the limbs, mutilated for her sake, in the sad grave of an Exile.

In 1833, Doctor Allen removed to Kay County, Missouri, with his motherless children, leaving the remains of his gentle Wife, the sweet, tender mother, to rest under the daisies that spring so abundantly all over the green sods of Virginia. Doctor Allen's natural sternness was perhaps increased by the very great grief he experienced in the loss of his incomparably lovely Wife. He mourned her always, but in silence, shutting up his sorrow in his own heart. He was a devout man, according to the rigid tenets of Scotch Presbyterianism, in which denomination he was conspicuous, being what is called "an Elder" in their organization, His faith was firm, his aspirations lofty, his integrity undoubted; strong, able, compressed in nature, reserved in speech, immutable in will, immaculate in character, not unloving, but never demonstrative; a man who would be felt as a power, an influence in any position or Society.

While *en route* from Virginia to Missouri, a little incident occurred which exhibits the fugose temperament of the child Henry. His father reproved him for some petty misdemeanor, harshly, in words that so wounded the sensitive heart of the child, that they turned all his natural sweetness of temper into gall, and made him gloomy, furious, and miserable—so miserable he desired to die. The transit of the family was made overland—there being few facilities of water-carriage in the West at that period. Whilst Henry was in the midst of his tempest of passion against his father, himself, and the whole World, the family caravan arrived at a narrow bridge, over a very deep stream. As the wagon crossed this bridge, Henry

observed that it shook and swayed fearfully under the heavy weight. The father drove very carefully and slowly, seeing the tremulous vibration of this Western Al Sirât; but the angry, dauntless child was seized with a sudden desire to put an end to his own wretchedness, and to revenge himself on the whole party. Springing from the wagon, when it reached the middle of the rocking bridge, he deliberately set himself to leaping up and down upon it, frantically hoping to make it give way from its already trembling supports. Of course he was instantly seized by his alarmed friends, and his impotent childish rage being appeased, exhausted itself in floods of penitent tears. He never could be governed by brute force; but gentleness and persuasion were irresistible powers over his quick sensibility. Henry had attended school in Virginia, from the house of his uncle Henry Watkins—for whom he was named—and for whom all the contemporary members of the family appear to have had the deepest reverence and the highest estimation. The School he went to was a mixed neighborhood school, such as are common in the South in rural districts, "Where," writes a schoolfellow of his, "Henry was distinguished for his aptness to learn, for his high-toned honor and politeness, especially towards the little girls, whose champion he was always ready to be, as well as of the younger and weaker boys. He had always a blow prepared for *any sort of an Oppressor*; though he was quite obedient to rule, never was contumacious nor unforgiving." Even as a child, he had found the fairy secret of winning love from those about him. A secret he had either inherited or learned on the soft bosom of his mother—"Love begets love!" He retained it through life, being, even to the day of his death, simple, frank, eager, grateful, demonstrative—some might have thought to excess. But in spite of Mr. Locke, and the profound Reasoners of his school, every-day experiences teach us, that *nature*, like *murder*, "will out," to a greater or less extent. Proclivities may be restrained, they can rarely be eradicated, and so Henry was always more like his warm, loving, Welsh mother, than his

reserved, colder, Scotch father. Henry was sent to school for awhile in Missouri. Dr. Allen now decided to make a merchant of this son. So he was taken from school, which he quitted most reluctantly, and put in the store of S. B. Stramacke, in the little town of Lexington, Missouri. He acted here in the capacity of store Boy, at first—later, as an under Clerk. He remained here twelve months, but his tastes were not for trade, the life and its occupations were insupportable to him. He longed to go back to school to pursue his studies, so rudely broken off in the midst of his ambitious application to them. Books were always his delight. To become a lawyer, or better still, a *soldier*—his earnest, eager, boyish dream of glory and distinction!" Dr. Allen, growing slowly conscious of his son's great unhappiness in the career his paternal prudence had marked out for him, seeing Henry's unconquerable distaste to mercantile life, yielded at last to his son's importunities, and removing him from Mr. Stramacke's establishment, permitted him to enroll himself among the students of Marion College, Missouri. We will see later in the history of our hero, that the knowledge of trade, and the laws which govern it, that Henry learned at Mr. Stramacke's, during what he then regarded as lost and misapplied time, proved of immense value to him and to thousands of human beings under the exigencies of his gubernatorial responsibilities. But he was now very glad to get away from counters and book-keeping. He remained at Marion College only two years; his College friends speak of him with great affection. Amongst these were Slaybrock, Page, the Bentons, and Brant of Missouri; Poller of Texas; and Charles Singleton of New Orleans.

While at College he heard accidentally that his father had been insulted by an officer of the State militia. Just at that hour, Henry was not altogether pleased with his father. Loving each other profoundly, yet there was no affinity between the reserved father, cold and rigid as Brutus, and the impulsive, impassioned son. As Henry advanced in years, he learned to value his upright Father, to understand and reverence the fine,

strong nature ; but during his childhood and youth, it was only his Mother, and his Mother's memory that he worshipped, with a lavish idolatry, that neither time, absence, nor death itself was ever strong enough to lessen. Even to the day of his death, in speaking of her, his voice trembled and took a softer tone. But he would not allow his old Father to be insulted, so he sat down immediately, wrote to the Officer, demanding either an ample apology to his Father, or a hostile meeting without delay. The apology came. His companions of this period declare him to have been affectionate, generous, and just, but impatient of ridicule, and sensitive to a fault, in what he esteemed "matters of honor," of which, even at that early age, he had formed his *own* code ! He had a merry, light heart, an April temperament, full of sunshine, yet clouded in an instant with sorrow. Always ready for fun or frolic ; a lithe, active frame, thrilling with nervous energy. Stung by some fancied wrong at the hands of his Father, Henry resolved to leave College and be "independent." "Honor, independence," those two words, and the qualities they represent, were the master-keys in the intricate wards of his impetuous, often suffering heart, through life. One other passionate desire, *the love of being loved*, the love of approbation, was as strong in him then, as Dr. Brown says, "it should be," in all human souls ; as strong as it was in the exquisite soul of Mozart, who wept when his friends hesitated in responding to the naïve question of the wonderful Musician—" *M'aimez-vous bien ?*" It is a beautiful chord in a human soul, especially when it is the dominant—that of *honor, self-reliance, and love !* It was beautiful in this boy's heart.

Henry ran away from College at the age of seventeen, came down the Mississippi River to the little village of Grand Gulf—which during the recent war has acquired historic fame. It was a thriving place at that time. He did not know a human being here, and was without a dollar in his pocket ; but he had capital in his youth, energy, health, and a fair English education.

It was Sunday morning, a group of three Gentlemen stood talking together, when a steamboat landed, and a plank was hastily thrown out. A lithe, active, fair-haired boy of seventeen, walked briskly off the Boat to the shore,—beardless, neatly dressed, a small carpet-bag in his hand. Stepping up to the gentlemen, he accosted them frankly and trustfully—

“Gentlemen, can you tell me whether there is a probability of my getting a place as a teacher anywhere here?—my money is out, and I want work.”

Attracted by the candor and youthful confidence of the lad, one of the group replied “Yes,” and taking the youth by the arm, led him to a gentleman just issuing from the church door. “This gentleman wants a teacher for his sons : Mr. M’Alpine, this is Mr. —,” looking at the youth to supply the hiatus in the introduction. “Allen,” replied the boy promptly. The preliminaries were soon settled, and Allen was installed as pedagogue in Mr. W. R. M’Alpine’s family—a wealthy planter, who lived a few miles back of Grand Gulf. He taught for two years in this estimable family, who have ever since been numbered among his warmest friends. The two boys he educated here, now fill Soldiers’ graves, on the battle-fields of the Confederacy. They grew to be noble youths, developing in manhood the lessons of high feeling and principle instilled into them by their young Preceptor. They were always devoted in their attachment to him. His influence over them only ceased with the bright young lives that they offered so bravely on the altar of the country.

Henry now decided to remove to Grand Gulf and open a school on a large scale. He had begun to study law in his leisure hours, that profession which gives the *open sesame* to ambition in the United States, which, like all Republics, is governed principally by Oratory. Masses of people, who have elective privileges, are always under the magical influence of eloquence. It was so in ancient Greece ! It was so in republican Rome ! It is so in America ! Henry studied law at night, while he continued to teach school during the day.

After a while he devoted himself altogether to his law-books, in the office of Torrey & Brenham. He was licensed to practise by the late Judge Coalter. He was doing very well in his favorite profession, was quite successful as a young lawyer, when a bombshell fell in the midst of his pacific pursuits, and scattered all his ideas of devotion to Themis. In 1842, President Houston issued a proclamation calling for assistance against Mexico—for volunteers to fight for the freedom of Texas. Here was an appeal to all the weaknesses (?) of our hero in one loud call. An oppressed and outnumbered people, begging for aid, and also an opportunity for attaining military experience, and perhaps *distinction!* Of course the grandsons of old Thomas Watkins, of Guilford C. H., could not resist that temptation. It was not in their nature to do it. So, as we already know, Nathaniel in Missouri, and Henry in Mississippi, without consultation, volunteered, *a principis*, to go to Texas.

Henry immediately raised a company and went over. On his arrival at Galveston his services were gladly accepted by President Houston. The battle of San Jacinto was fought—Nathaniel Allen fell. The brother's heart was mourning; though he was content with the recompense bought by the sacrifice of that, to him, most precious life. Texas was now free. Nathaniel fell in the hour of victory, and slept with honor on the flower-embroidered prairie of the enfranchised republic.

It is a pleasant resting-place, one of those Texan prairies—they are so thick with bloom and verdure. In that dry atmosphere, the wild-flowers seem peculiarly fragrant. Bulbs abound—hibiscus, glowing crimson; narcissi, a sort of blue narcissus with a golden centre; ornithogalliums of fine-rayed corollas double as daisies, white with calices of tender lilac bordered with green, so delicate they droop in the plucking; crimson poppy-mallows, hanging their heads heavily, as Clyte did hers in the Greek Sculptor's thought, on their long, slender, hairy footstalks; purple Iris, small, Tyrian-dyed,

flecked with white and gold dots ; larkspurs, pink, and white, and blue ; pale, flesh-colored prairie-pinks ; long, full racemes of straw-colored cassias ; great bunches of white papilionaceous blossoms, set in ovate leaves of light olive-green ; starry heleniums ; coreopsis too, yellow, eight-cleft, darkening into brown-red disk florets ; foxgloves, white and violet-spotted ; pink and purple campanulas, cymes of golden bloom, like English wallflowers ; panicles of downy, azure, four-petalled blossoms, like Swiss forget-me-nots ; bull-nettles, with prickly runcinate leaf, guarding a tender, snow-white, soft bloom, which rivals the Indian jasmine in its exquisite fragrance and graceful beauty. All sorts of salvias, verbenas, mints, and wild balsms, grow profusely on those prairies, mingled with the delicate, fine-leaved, close-creeping vines of the lemon-colored and pink-blossomed, vanilla-scented sensitive plants (mimosas), and the rich green of the musquite and gamma-grasses, making a lovely covering even over graves. And above all this blossoming earth, stretches out a vast dome of clear blue sky, vast as the horizon on the wide open sea !

Being mustered into the service for six months, Captain Allen and his company were shipped to Corpus Christi, thence to San Patricio, where they guarded the frontier and fought the Mexicans during the Summer. On the termination of his engagement, his command was ordered to rendezvous at Egypt, on the Colorado, where they were honorably discharged. Most of them returned to their homes in the United States. It was here, while only twenty-two years of age, that Allen exhibited the qualities essential to military command—the whole responsibility of conducting the expeditionary forces, from the frontier to the Colorado, devolving on him. He made his report to Secretary Hockey, the head of the War-office of the Republic of Texas, received the thanks and praises of the President and Secretary of War, and then resolved to return to his home on the banks of his beloved Mississippi—that stream, which, though unattractive and devoid of beauty to the eyes of strangers, exercises a magic power of attraction to

all who have lived on its banks, until they come to think a draught of its brown water a drink of the Gods, and long for a view of its dark, rapid, hurrying current, with the same yearning that the German feels for his father Rhine, or the Swiss for his snowy Alps. We do not say our land is more fair than any other—our rivers as limpid—our skies bluer. We only say—just as it is—*we love it!* That *we* find beauty in those vast, level, prolific lowlands; in the tangled swamps, filled with precious cypress-trees; in the luxuriant vegetation; in the stately oaks; in the long, gray, sweeping, Spanish-moss; in the wild prodigality of wreathing, garlanding, climbing, clasping, crushing vines, in which our forests are almost smothered; in our lovely lakes—glimmering opals in the declining light of such glorious, deeply-hued sunset clouds, as colder and clearer climes can give no idea of; in all the peaceful charms of a purely agricultural life; in all the associations of the hospitable homes of a cheerful, simple, refined people, whose ancestors once bowed in the stately presence of Louis XIV., did homage to the haughty Spanish king, or rode with Sir Walter Raleigh in the tourneys held in honor of the virgin Queen.

We have heard Captain Allen relate with gusto, one or two incidents that occurred at Houston on this youthful expedition, which we incorporate here as illustrative of life in Texas at that early period. On his arrival at Houston, 1842, he reported to President Sam Houston, who occupied as the Executive office a small brick building on the Buffalo Bayou. The President received him very kindly. After the ordinary civilities had been exchanged between them, Captain Allen told him he “had brought a company of volunteers from Mississippi to join the *army of Texas.*” Houston’s eyes twinkled. He said, with mock gravity: “Captain Allen, I did not know there *was any army* of Texas.” [Those familiar with the history of Texas, and Houston’s almost despairing efforts to gather an army, will not wonder at such words from his lips at that time.]

Allen looked surprised. "Mr. President, is not General Burleson with the army at San Antonio?"

"Yes," was the caustic reply, "*the thief is there.*"

"What! is your vice-president *a thief?*"

"Yes, sir! *he is!* and I intend to have him *shot!*"

Allen became uneasy, and grew anxious to get out of the presence of the chief magistrate of Texas, who was going to have the vice-president *shot!*

But General Houston soon got over his pettishness, and relaxing into a bright, fascinating smile, said with great amiability—

"Allen, Burleson is a good-natured sort of a fellow: how do you suppose he spells *whig?*"

Allen responded respectfully, he could imagine but one way to spell that very simple word.

Houston laughed; turning to his private secretary he said dryly: "Mr. Mills, be good enough to show Captain Allen the letter just received from General Burleson!"

Allen took the letter, and was amused to discover that the vice-president had made terrible havoc amongst vowels and consonants all through the epistle, and that he spelled "*whig,*" "*whigh.*"

Allen returned the letter with the thought that Burleson was partial to what Greek scholars call "rough breathings." But if the vice-president of Texas could not spell correctly, he knew how to make "his mark" with his sword. And he *did* make it, so that his memory is deeply revered in Texas, which owes him a large debt of gratitude.

The other incident we take from a private letter, giving it in Allen's own words.

"When I was in Houston, in 1842, I saw a large crowd at the Courthouse; being a lawyer, as you know, I was naturally attracted by the concourse flowing into the place of justice. I found a criminal trial in progress there—a man was being tried for murder in the first degree. He was defended by Esquire T——, who was considered the greatest criminal

lawyer in Houston. The prosecuting attorney closed his case, and informed Esquire T——, in legal parlance, "that he *rested*." The counsel for the murderer informed the prosecuting attorney, without proffering a single additional word, that he also rested the case, having no witnesses to produce.

"To the surprise of the court, jury, bystanders, and even of the criminal himself, who looked visibly uneasy, the case was thus submitted to the jury without any evidence whatever on the part of the defendant. The prosecuting attorney read the indictment, cited the law, summed up the facts, and gave way to his brother of the law to reply, in evident consciousness of entire success.

"Esquire T—— rose up and said very calmly: 'May it please the court, I deny that there has been anybody killed in this case. Much has been said about shooting, and stabbing, and all that, but sir, my learned brother, the prosecuting attorney, has failed to prove the "*corpus delicti*.'" No witness has yet proved that there was a dead body! I therefore *demand* of your honor, to instruct this jury to return a verdict of not guilty!' The judge smiled, the prosecuting attorney looked confounded. It was true! A most atrocious murder had been committed! The victim, a respectable citizen, had been killed in the streets in presence of numbers of people, but the attorney had neglected to prove the man was *dead*. The jury were obliged to return a verdict of 'not guilty.' Esquire T—— was radiant with triumphant exultation." Captain Allen quitted the court-room highly edified with the Texan mode of managing criminal cases. At Galveston, Allen had a *rencontre* in a bowling-alley with a Captain E——, an Alabamian, who made a remark in regard to the repudiation of the State of Mississippi, which gave offence to our sensitive hero. Allen struck him. E—— retaliated. They had a fight, a rough-and-tumble affair. The combatants were soon separated, but not until they both had bloody faces and

torn clothes. They were immediately reconciled, and continued good friends ever after, though they religiously refrained from all discussion of the merits of their respective States.

Allen returned now to Grand Gulf and resumed the practice of the law.

Now began his real experiences of life. He met, in social intercourse, a beautiful girl—Salome Ann Crane—daughter of a well-known planter near Rodney, Mississippi. Salome was only eighteen; very bright, gay, somewhat coquettish, much admired by the gallant youths of the neighborhood, especially by the college students of Oakland, who were set wild by her brilliant, sparkling, brunette beauty, her wit, playfulness, and wilful girlish caprices. It was a Romeo and Juliet affair with these two. Captain Allen had nothing but his honor and his profession to depend on. This was enough for Salome, but parents are properly prudent about the future of beautiful daughters, and so the course of this true love did not run any more smooth than that did in the old days of Verona. After exercising what *they* regarded extreme patience for a reasonable period, the young people took matters in their own hands, eloped together one bright moonlight night, and were married at Grand Gulf, on the 4th day of July, 1844. Four days after his marriage, taking up the quarrel of his friend, the Rev. Dr. Hunt, a Presbyterian minister, who had been severely criticised by the Vicksburg Sentinel, Allen challenged and fought a duel with Dr. M——, a physician of Grand Gulf. They fought with large pistols loaded with buckshot, at the distance of three paces (ten feet). Both fell badly wounded. In abdominis partibus inferioribus vulneratus fuit Allen; ictu transcidente et lacerante prorsus membra vitalia.

In 1846 Allen was elected to the legislature of Mississippi. As a young debater Allen took a prominent position in the councils of the State. His ambitions were now being grati-

married July 4th

fied; his heart rested satisfied in the ties of home. This was the happiest period of his chequered life. But a cloud began to gather slowly over his horizon, now so flattering in its bright promise,—a cloud from whose bosom would be launched the thunderbolt that would strike his heart to its centre, and render the rest of his life cold and solitary.

As time elapsed, the parents of his Salome, missing her bright face in their family circle, had made the best of what couldn't be helped, forgave the disobedience of the young lovers, and Mr. Crane aided in establishing them in their own house, on a plantation in Claiborne County, Mississippi. They were very happy together, those two. They suited each other exactly. Allen found in his wife a piquancy, a spirit of humor, frolic, and independence, which gave variety and interest to the usual monotony of conjugal relations. She had a good mind, quick intellect, but she had been the spoiled child of wealthy parents, and though pure, innocent, and good at heart, she was sometimes rebellious and "naughty," in her pretty petulance and graceful minanderies towards her friends. To society and its conventionalities she bade defiance whenever she chose to do so. She liked truth and frankness, and nobility of soul. Hated sham and ostentation, and when she met with it, was as unsparing in ridicule and denunciation of it as Mr. Carlyle is. She was perfectly fearless of consequence in what she thought right. Her friends used to say, "Salome would never be mated, there was not a man in existence to suit her." But after her marriage they agreed unanimously—she had stumbled on her true life's companion. "They suited marvellously well." Salome, so tameless and so proud to all others, yielded an entire obedience, a complete homage of her whole nature to her husband. The unity of heart, will, and instinct, was a never-ceasing subject of remark and surprise to the admiring friends of the spirited beauty, whose prototypes must be sought in the Marphisas,

Belisas, the Clorindas, the Britomarts of an elder age ! They had a simple cottage home, which love and Salome made paradisaical enough for Allen,—Love, which like the lamp in the hands of the Ferryman in Goëthe's fairy tale, turns every thing into gold it shines upon.* But Salome—the bright Hebe-like Salome, the laughing picture of youth, and health, and beauty, the rose of his life's garden—began to droop, to look delicate, and to grow weak. She was stricken with consumption, and her adoring husband had the agony to see her fade, wither, and die ; to watch how, day by day, her light bounding step grew feebler and slower, till at last he had to bear her from her couch into the sunlight, cradled in his arms like a frail infant. He devoted himself to her, struggling passionately, with love strong as life, against the cruel hand of death, that hovered over his darling. And she, poor child ! she *tried* to live for his sake ! she loved him so much ! She was so young, so fair ; her life on earth was full of sweetness. But God had called her !

Allen was almost weakly indulgent to his wife. Salome's mercurial temperament was greatly oppressed by disease. It made her nervous, exacting, irritable, jealous of attention. She clung with desperate hands to the beautiful life of earthly love that was fast sinking away from her. Allen petted her to excess ; he soothed her waywardness, met all her exactions with unvarying tenderness and perfect patience, upholding with his manly strength the tottering steps of this weak, young, loving creature, as she was forced to tread the dark valley of the shadow of death ! These hours of mortal

* "Every passage through which the old man bent his course, became immediately filled with gold : for the lamp which he carried possessed the wonderful property of converting stones into gold, wood into silver, and dead things into jewels. But in order to produce this effect, it was necessary that no other light *should be near*. In the presence of another light, the lamp merely emitted a soft illumination, which, however, gave joy to every thing."—DE MARCHEN.

anguish are almost too sacred for any hand to dare to touch, or to attempt to lift the veil which hangs so low before this Holy of Holies—a man's domestic sorrows! These griefs, broad and deep as humanity itself, touch us all too nearly. We shrink like sensitive mimosa at a careless grasp of these tensely-drawn heartstrings of the deep tetra chord of human passion, in the hand of sphinx-like Fate. A remark of this young child-wife, so touching, so naïve in its tenderness, was repeated to me by a dear friend of hers, that I venture to write it here, although it is almost too piteous in its strength of innocent love, for any ears but those of the friends to whom her remembrance is sacred.

One day, this friend, who loved her, remonstrated about some wayward words Salome had uttered in hasty, childish vexation.

“Salome, Captain Allen would not like you to say that!”

Turning quickly, her black eyes flashing, her red lips pouting saucily, Salome said: “I *know very well* he wouldn't!” Then in a softer tone she added: “I know you think I deserve he should slap me sometimes! Well! I would not care if *he did!*—if he were to strike me to the ground, so he would only pick me up and *kiss me afterwards!*”

One of Salome's chief charms was her magnificent dark hair, which was remarkable for its length, beauty, and abundance. Her favorite position, in the nervousness produced by delicate health, was on a cushion on the floor, at her husband's feet, while her head, weighed down by its heavy tresses, rested on his knee; and she would make him smooth by the hour the glossy locks which fell around her, a dark shining veil, down to the very floor. Nestled so, she would prattle and gossip like a true woman, in happy forgetfulness of all the world but him. But the brief, bright dream was soon over. Let us hasten over this period of anguish for these clinging hearts doomed to part. Salome faded out of the passionate clasp of her husband's arms, trying to smile to the very last

on him she loved so unutterably. She died in 1850. They had been married six years. She left no children.

“Quasi un dolce dormir ne' suoi begli occhi,
 Essendo 'l spirto già da lei diviso—
 * * * * *
 Morte bella pareo nel suo bel viso.”*

* Like a sweet sleep upon her beautiful eyes,
 The soul already parted from them—
 Death itself seems fair upon her lovely face.”—PETRARCHO.



BOOK II.

Planting in Tensas.—Cooper's Wells.—Colonel N.—Baton Rouge.—Alford.—Lake St. Joseph.—The Swans.—College.—European Tour.—State-House grounds.—Love of Flowers.—Music and Poetry.

ALLEN removed his negroes to a plantation in Tensas Parish, Louisiana, trying to find distraction from his sorrows in the labor of a pioneer's life ; but his health now began to fail him.

"Mens est quæ diros sentiat ictus."*

Suffering terribly in body and mind, he repaired to the famous Cooper's Wells in Mississippi. He soon experienced the healing effects of those excellent waters. These finite affections of ours, so complex and so mysterious, have a wonderful vitality. All organizations which are healthy, free from morbidities, possess a great power of reaction, a marvellous tenacity of Life that seems almost Zoophytic ! Allen had this power in a very remarkable degree ; wherever he was thrown, in any position of life, however adverse, he assimilated himself to the altered condition of things, and sent out green and vigorous shoots of fresh growth and interest, taking new hold of the new earth about him. As soon as he became convinced that any event in the chain of existence was inevitable, he yielded instantaneously, without repining, without bitterness. He thus "accepted his fate," as Mr. Carlyle expresses it, and set himself to work sedulously to see what could be

* "It is the mind, they say, which felt the wound."—OVID.

done with it. According to Plato, this is true fortitude, true heroism. Hence, while Allen was romantic, he was not *sentimental*; Bayard-ish, Quixote-ish, perhaps, sometimes, but not Byron-ish. He never sat down and mourned "like a slave,"

"By any sad sea wave,"

which swept off, in the tempest of an hour, the fruit of the careful labors and hard toil of a lifetime. "Ultra pergere" was his motto, *unconsciously*, as it was Mr. Pitts' determinately. And yet, De Quincy says, "there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind." We do not think Allen an exception to this rule. We do not think he ever knew Indifference, "Cœcæque oblivia mentis!"*

What he lost on Earth of Love and Hope, he seemed to lay up with childlike trust in the hands of the Divine All-Father! He had the most unquestioning faith in the received doctrines of Christianity. He believed in God, in Christ, in the Restitution of all things, in the Immortality of the Soul, and the Resurrection of the body. He did not like to hear these vital questions of religion attacked, or even discussed philosophically—he became restless, uneasy, impatient, under such arguments. His own soul was so permeated with simplest faith, that he had neither pity, patience, nor sympathy with doubtings or infidelity in any form. This is a very rare and beautiful trait among men; especially was it so in Allen, who had never taken time, nor had interest enough in doubt, to study closely the vast perplexing questions of Theology, which, after all, generally prove to be a Dædalian Labyrinth to all those who enter its winding paths, and which almost deserves to have inscribed above its doorway the doleful inscription—

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi chi entrate;"

a Labyrinth where is seldom found an Ariadne with a golden clue, or still fairer Beatrice, to guide one upward into lovelier

* "Oblivion of the blind mind."—OVID.

resplendent regions of everlasting light ! Allen knew no more of religion than what his Mother had taught him ; neither was he an adherent of any church or sect. His life had probably been controlled by as pure principles as that of most men. Mistakes he made, errors he was guilty of, but his faults were of such a quality, as only made his friends smile and love him better than before. And his enemies, if he had any, could never accuse him of any thing premeditated, calculated, malignant, or bitter. And the eyes of the Great Impartial Judge has probably made sufficient allowance for impetuositities of temper and fire of organization in one of His creatures who never claimed to be all-perfect ! A fermenting nature he had : rapid, rushing as a mountain torrent—hurrying along the narrow rocky channel of life—eager, restless, ambitious, dashing itself clear and pure against obstructions, until at last it lay calm in its crystal transparence, and was a still mirror to reflect the soft moonlight and steady radiance of the stars of Eternal Truth and Divine Beauty. It must ever be so, where faith in God, in man, and in one's self, make the substratum of a nature ! Integrity, love, and truth, have preservative and clarifying properties—like alum and charcoal in muddiest waters—or like the innate refining qualities in pure grape-juice. They perhaps increase the fermentation for a while, but leave the true wine of life clear and sparkling upon the lees at last.

Allen's love for his Mother was always one of the strongest forces in his nature: says the wise author of the *Soireés de St. Petersburg*, "That which one calls *man*—that is to say, the moral man—is formed perhaps at *ten years* of age ; and if a man has not thus been *formed upon his mother's knees*, he will feel it a heavy misfortune throughout his life. Nothing can stand in the place of such an education. If the mother has made it a duty to grave deeply the Divine character on the forehead of her son, we may be almost sure that the hand of vice will never be able to efface it."—Vol. i., p. 215.

He was fortunate too in his incorruptible and stern Father.

The heathen moralists considered the power of a Father's influence and example all-important—

“By whom each vice and folly of their own
Is handed down, and by their children shown.”

Surely, Christians cannot rate this influence less than Pagans did !

While at Cooper's Wells, Allen became acquainted with Colonel N——, an aged planter of West Baton Rouge. Colonel N—— was very sick : Allen, always tender-hearted, and now much more so, suffering as he was under his recent bereavement, was exceedingly kind to the sick old man. When Colonel N—— left the Wells, he had become so much attached to Captain Allen that he insisted on his accompanying him to Baton Rouge, where he was certain the young lawyer would find a larger circle of practice than in Grand Gulf. Allen, who had neither desire nor heart to return to the desolate place, which was nothing but a tomb of buried hopes, shadowed by sorrowful remembrances of the happiness he had lost, eagerly accepted the idea of change. Colonel N—— continued his friendly attachment, associated the young lawyer in the management of his estates, and at his death, having no children, he sold to Allen, in connection with his nephew, a large estate at a very low price, on a long time—thus almost presenting him with an immense fortune. About this time there was considerable turmoil in the Public mind, in Claiborne County, Mississippi, where Allen had lived. A well-known Presbyterian minister was most wantonly killed, and the affair assumed a political phase. Allen, according to his ideas of chivalry, ever ready to break a lance for a friend for right, or to defend the weak, especially women or preachers, stepped forward as the champion of the ministerial order. A very remarkable instance of disinterested knighthood—very Bayard-ish, rather Quixote-ish, and entirely Allen-ish ! In all the difficulties and *affaires-d'honneur* that this man was concerned in, it is very extraordinary that he never fought a single duel on

his *own* account, but had himself shot to pieces for other people and—*his country!* We do not forget that this Hero of ours, with his high and most delicate sense of honor, all his refinement of feeling, all his tender emotions, could and *did* sometimes rave and storm, and discharge blistering anathemas like a full battery of Parrott guns. For instance, he published two articles, one against Mr. A——, and another, at a later period, in regard to ——, which could only be considered fair specimens of Billingsgate, and would be unworthy of mention here, except to give an opportunity to declare, as publicly as they are known, that Allen ever regretted them, and entertained afterwards a high regard for the men he once so violently and rudely assailed. He was ever ready to acknowledge and to repair an error. Emerson says: “Errors are our *best Teachers!*”

Allen was engaged to be married, for a short time, to a lady still living; but He was not destined to be fortunate in *les affaires du cœur*—circumstances were unpropitious, the engagement was broken off, and the lady married another person. Allen never again attempted to renew his domestic ties.

In 1852, Allen removed to his estate of “Allendale,” in West Baton Rouge. He was nominated for the Senate, and was defeated by General S——, who got a small majority of votes. The next year he was unanimously elected to the Legislature from his Parish. It was in 1853 that I first met Captain Allen; he had long since, whilst he was residing in Grand Gulf, become intimate with my relatives, who were planters on the banks of Lake St. Joseph, immediately opposite Grand Gulf. The R—— family were numerous, gay, and hospitable; fond of good living, and of having their friends about them, to aid in the enjoyment of well-stocked cellars; abundant tables, billiard-rooms, libraries, and fast horses. As Captain Allen liked all these things, and was pleased with the society of these frank, warm-hearted people, he was much among them. It was very gay in the winter on Lake St. Joseph. Every house was filled with guests; for boats on the

lake, forests full of game, camp hunts, fishing expeditions, for gentlemen, and every social amusement that could be thought of to wile away time, for ladies, drew guests from the cities to our country houses in small crowds. Mr. J. R——'s Christmas Banquet always united the greater portion of the R—— family around his splendid Board at that Holy Season of the Year. To this grand family reunion, where we mustered nearly a hundred strong, Mr. R—— would ordinarily add an "outside" friend or so. These invitations were always esteemed a special honor by the favored guests, as, with these limited exceptions, birthright alone gave the *entrée* to the brilliant festival.

Captain Allen was frequently a guest here, and at the evening dancing-parties. We all liked him. He was joyous, gay, light-hearted, and threw himself into any social amusement with entire abandon. We used to laugh at his vehement dancing. He would insist on making "*all the steps*," which, however actively and skilfully performed, was somewhat startling and amusing, when it was the fashion to glide through a Quadrille with as little perceptible motion of the feet as was possible. But He did not mind our laughing—He *wouldn't walk*—He *danced*, according to rule, in an altogether wonderful way. He was especially fond of Polkas, reels, and all sorts of round dances. In after years, when I would congratulate him upon the increased interest, grace, and dignity, he had acquired by being lame in both legs, from his wounds received at Baton Rouge, assuring him it was so much more becoming and attractive than the ancient "*ballét style*," he would accept my friendly congratulations with a very wry face, declaring *he* infinitely preferred the youthful mode of progression, in Lake St. Joseph days. From his bright gray eyes, in those days, there certainly looked forth a winged soul, and in beholding his marvellous pirouettes, I used to think, like Mercury, he also had *winged feet* !

Very soon after my marriage he came over to dine with me. I had several distinguished guests that day, one or two among

them inclined to classicality. As was usual in our rural *ménage*, we kept a huntsman, who supplied my Larder with game from the Forests and fish from the Lake. In my rides I had noticed with great admiration a group of seven beautiful white swans, who had found comfortable winter-quarters in the reeds which bordered the calm waters of the Lake. I was never weary of watching the graceful, stately birds, and felt a most loving interest in their welfare. But my huntsman, unfortunately, had no sense of *To Καλον*, so he had shot at the "big wild geese" and killed a lovely, tender, cygnet. My exclamations of surprise and regret, when he proudly emptied his bag of the "biggest goose he ever saw," filled him with dismay. However, the cygnet was dead, lamentations would not restore its life. I resolved to try how this antique luxury would suit the taste of my classical friends, without letting them know what dish they were served with. After all the usual courses of meats and *entremets* had been removed, my cygnet was brought in state and placed on the table. There was a general exclamation at the size of the bird—it looked like the hugest of huge geese—and I had departed from Apicius so far, that it was not stuffed with onions and assa-fœtida, but simply with mashed apples and celery sauce. Everybody was helped in silence. They all seemed to enjoy the dish greatly—it tasted very well. After the feast was concluded, I asked if they knew what bird they had been fed upon? They declared it to be the tenderest goose, but the largest, they had ever eaten. I laughed, and turning to Captain Allen, said: "Yes, it was the *Mæonian* goose." In an instant he seized the idea, and exclaimed: "It was a swan!"

"Et quæ Mæonias celebrânt carmine ripas,
Fluminæ volucres medio caluere Caystro."

"Yes, it was a cygnet!" and like the guilty Procne I produced the swan's head. They unanimously declared that cygnets were very good food; though afterwards, and particularly

on one occasion, when I remonstrated with Captain Allen about his eating "Robins," on account of a sentimental infantine sympathy I had retained for the ancestors, who were so good to the poor little babes in the woods, he reproached me vehemently for having been guilty of the barbarity of feeding him on the Bird of Apollo. My beautiful Swans forsook the Lake after the murder of the cygnet, and never returned again.

Allen was five feet ten inches high, very erect, slight, muscular in make; had high cheek-bones, denoting his Scotch extraction, bright gray eyes, fair hair and moustache; his mouth was large, mobile, and expressive, his chin square and firm. He was exceedingly neat in his person, and careful in dress. Like an antique knight, he appreciated "bravery" in externals as much as "bravery" in spirit. He was very observant of such matters, especially of delicacy of taste and daintiness of apparel and person in women. I have seen him notice, with critical eye, the delicacy of embroidery on a lady's pocket-handkerchief, the fineness of her lace, the fit of her gloves, the glossiness of her hair, and the beauty of her slippers. His rapid glance would take in all these petty details, and he usually formed some idea of her character by the general effect of her dress. He was closely observant, but so quick that very few discovered this trait that did not know him well. Whatever was refined, spirituelle, dainty, in womanhood, he liked and instantly appreciated. He "*worshipped intellect,*" he would very often say. His house was very large at Baton Rouge, and he was generous in his use of it. The young people in his neighborhood were fond of him. He was always ready to further their plans for amusement. He allowed them to keep their dancing-schools* in his large apart-

* Since the death of Ex-Governor Allen, I received a visit from the Dancing-Master who conducted this school. He is quite an original,—an Italian, a native of Rome, who has not yet lost his foreign accent in speaking the rough English. He is a man well known and universally respected: a musician of very considerable ability, both as a violinist and vocalist. All who know this excellent man esteem and value him.

ments, and to use his Bachelor establishment pretty much as they pleased. However, his popularity was not without its cares—all popularity gives some trouble to the fortunate or unfortunate possessor. He became unfortunately involved in the domestic dissensions of one of his neighbors, whose wife wished to marry him to her daughter. He acted rather imprudently in the affair. It produced dissatisfaction, and a quarrel which ended in a divorce, between the Parents. It made some noise at the time, but very justly died away, leaving our Hero somewhat mortified in vanity, sobered in enthusiasm, and doubtless benefited by his experiences.

In the spring of 1854, Allen took the romantic notion into his head to return to college and complete his course, which we remember was unfinished at Marion College. Perhaps Plutarch, who studied Latin "so late in life," and Cato, the censor, who learned Greek when he was an old man, would not have considered this act unworthy of a wise man; but we, in the nineteenth century, regard such conduct as eccentric, to say the least. However, Allen quitted his fine estate in Louisiana, went to Cambridge University, Mass., and matriculated as a student of law. He remained there some time, reviewing his studies and attending the lectures of Agassiz. At this time he formed valuable acquaintance with Parsons, Loring, Worcester, the lexicographer, Edward Everett, and Green of the "Boston Post," and other lions among the Bostonians. In 1859 he went to Europe, attracted by the Italian War. He got there too late to take personal part in the struggle, as he had intended to do. He spent several months in travel, and then returned home. He was a most industrious traveller, displaying as much energy in sight-seeing as he so characteristically did in any thing he undertook, obeying literally the

In the course of conversation the death of Governor Allen was spoken of. Signor G—— turned to me with deep feeling and said: "H'Allen was a good, good man. Everybody loved H'Allen. I am sorry he is dead." The strong aspirate prefixed, could not mar the depth of tender emotion with which he enunciated the name of my departed friend.

apostolic precept, to do with all his might whatever his hands found to do.

It was our good fortune to be with him during a portion of this tour. We were often amused at his eager and vivacious activity. He knew very little French, but he bought himself a grammar, a phrase-book, a guide-book, and provided himself with a master, the day after his arrival in Paris. He then methodically devoted part of the earliest morning hours to study, and the rest of the day to the most indefatigable sight-seeing. We venture to say he saw more of Paris in three weeks than ordinary travellers do in as many months. It was absolutely fatiguing to listen to his accounts of what he *did see* every day ! He learned a good deal of French, too, though he had no talent, no facility for acquiring languages ; which was always a trouble and a matter of regret to him. He overrated this mechanical gift of memory when he met with it in others. It was wonderful to him—the readiness with which some persons could learn a language ! It was very hard work for him. But then, perhaps, he *thought* more wisely in his own, than some people, who, as Mr. Pitt says, “knew how to say foolish things in seven tongues.” He was always eager “to learn.” In one of the last letters I received from him, just before the sudden illness which snatched him from his arduous labors to the rest of eternal life, he regrets that he has not been able to devote as much time “to *Spanish*” as he desired,—the constant work for his newspaper, which the necessities of life forced him to undergo, not permitting him any hours of relaxation in lighter tasks. He liked, while in Paris, to ride in the Bois de Boulogne in the cool evenings, accompanied by a very beautiful Louisianaise friend of his. I do not know that he ever invited her *plainer* companions to go on these expeditions. It was pleasant to have the Frenchmen stare at the gold ringlets and blue eyes of this unusually fair American ; and the others would probably have not excited a *sensation*, as *she did* ! Like a true knight, Allen had a great deal of what Jean Paul calls “general love” for all women—particularly pretty ones !

He was extremely sick, for several weeks, on his return to London, in the fall of 1859. He received during this dangerous illness the most devoted attention from two English gentlemen, whose acquaintance he had formed whilst travelling in Italy. He was very grateful for the affectionate services rendered him in this hour of need by these gentlemen, and often spoke of it. He was happy in the possession of the "divine power which moved him like that in the stone which Euripides called Magnesian and the common people Heracleian,"* which attached all things to itself and held them there, as he did friendship and affection wherever he went. He wrote a number of letters to a journal in Baton Rouge during this tour, which were afterwards gathered up into a book, and made quite a readable volume, entitled "Travels of a Sugar Planter."

His criticisms on art are original, and often amusing if not valuable. Among statues, he liked Dännecker's Ariadne better than any thing he saw. He thought the head of the Venus de Medici "too small" and her "toes too short," "the arms placed very ungracefully," etc., etc.

The Fornarina, he preferred to all the Madonnas of Raphael. He said "it was the most beautiful thing on canvas;—no angelic face, no spiritual conception of ideal fancy, but a sure-enough beautiful woman, of blood and flesh, capable of loving and being beloved, and of continuing to love with passionate devotion even beyond the grave." His ideal of beauty, it can be seen, like that of most fair men, was brunette. This book of his can be obtained, and therefore I do not make extracts from it. It is of no value, except as a bright pleasant diary and journal of travel for his friends.

Contrary to my earnest entreaty at the time, Allen persisted in going *first* into Switzerland, then coming *down* the Rhine, "which reversed the usual order of receiving impressions, as well as changed the approaches to the exquisite views on the most beautiful river." So he did not "see the Rhine" to advantage, therefore writes ill-humoredly about it. At Shreveport,

* Plato: Ion.

just previous to his departure for Mexico, he laughingly acknowledged his mistake in this matter, and regretted the obstinate haste which made him rush into Switzerland, among the sublime mountains, instead of accompanying us to the milder beauties of Germany.

He wrote with ease, in a somewhat dashing style, rather poetic and ardent, with considerable shrewdness; was thoroughly American in his observations and proud of his own country. He had a most passionate love of his own country. His addresses, either written or spoken, always told on the masses of people, or the soldiers, who were devoted in their love to him. He was so frank and true, so peculiar, so swayed himself by those lofty abstract romantic principles which are recognized by and responded to by all humanity, that he made himself always thoroughly understood by men in masses, even where he might have failed to influence them as individuals by cold reason.

During his absence he was re-elected to the Legislature. He took a prominent position in this body. His talents qualified him for leadership; his acts are upon record, they can speak for themselves. He was quick and ready as a Debater, spoke with sharpness and energy; his utterance was rapid and distinct; his enunciation clear and defined; always enthusiastic, he was sometimes violent, but he had the good fortune to have generally his political adversaries his personal friends. In his politics he was Whig, until the election of Mr. Buchanan, when he became Democratic, with nearly all the South.

Allen took great interest in the improvement of the State-House grounds at Baton Rouge. He made trips to Cuba for the purpose of procuring plants, seeds, and exotic trees for its ornamentation; it was a delightful task for him. He sent for Afleck, the horticulturist, to aid him in laying out these grounds, where he spent many busy, pleasant hours afterwards, in perfecting the plans they devised together. Lord Bacon says, "God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment

to the spirit of man ; without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks : and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely ; as if *gardening* were the greater perfection." The Greeks would have considered it a great deficiency in any of their heroes not to love flowers, music, and poetry. Allen loved them all. I have frequently received in my letters from him a rare or peculiar wild-flower, gathered by the wayside in his walks or rides, some plucked on the prairies and deserts between Texas and Mexico, as he travelled along in his ambulance on that last sad journey of exile. In a letter from Monterey he says : " In passing through the deserts of Mexico to this place, I often stopped my ambulance and gathered the beautiful flowers and thought of those I loved, and who, though so far away, I know loved me so much. I have seen twenty different species of cacti, all beautiful. I wish I could send you a specimen of each one to put in your garden at home, as you are so very fond of flowers."

Again, the next day, he writes :

" MONTEREY, Mexico, July 7th, 1865.

" *My Dear Friend :*

" I wrote you on yesterday, and as Major L—— leaves to-day I will write again. He will tell you all—how we travelled through the desert, etc., etc. I have only time to write you a few words *in pencil*, as I leave within an hour for the City of Mexico. Write me immediately, and direct your letters * * * * *

" Good-by, my dear, dear friend. May God bless you forever. I send you a lovely flower I gathered in this desert for you. Oh, I wish you *could see* these flowers! You would like to paint them!" * * *

Again, from Monterey, he writes :

" In this place there is every thing but *butter* and buttermilk. These luxuries have never been seen by the oldest inhabitant ! This is quite a city ; 40,000 inhabitants, with many fine buildings, and much wealth. The French are in power here. They are rapidly conquering the country, and in a few months all will be quiet in Mexico. I dined, or rather breakfasted, yesterday, with Col. Van Negros, the commandant ; *sixteen courses!* Every thing in elegant style ! I have been treated with great considera-

tion and kindness everywhere, by everybody. I never expect to be able to return to the United States, although it is my *sincere desire to do so!* It is my intention to leave this place in a few days for the City of Mexico, and there make my permanent residence. Do write *immediately—do write often. Think of me often*, poor exile that I am! Many Confederates here, all in destitute circumstances. A good many *distingué*s among them. Generals, judges—all seeking a resting-place—all *out of money*. I think of you daily, I might say hourly, in the midst of these lovely, lovely flowers, you like so much; I wish I could send you some.”

In one of the last letters I had from him he writes, after visiting Carlotta :

“April 7th, 1866.

“You ask about the flowers of Mexico, and the Flower of Paradise. It is our Passion-flower. The Roses are the same as with you in La.; the Camelias I don't think are as pretty as I have seen in New Orleans. But the Flora of Mexico is most exuberant, and excessively lovely in the “Tierra Caliente.” Around Cordova and on the road to Vera Cruz the woods are filled with the finest specimens of exotics I ever saw. Each large tree and every shrub is covered with blossoms of the rarest and richest colors. I know none of their names. One species, especially, attracted my attention. It is a large tree without a single leaf. The ends of the limbs or branches have great scarlet flowers. I would call it a species of mimosa. The mango (a fruit-tree) has a most beautiful and delicious blossom. It grows very large and gives a magnificent shade. General Price has a fine grove of these trees, near his shanty in the village of Carlotta.”

I could add a number of such extracts from his letters, showing how fond he was of music, poetry, and flowers; no beauty of nature, no charm of a landscape escaped his quick observation—from a little blue gentian at the foot of a glacier, to the effect of the sunset clouds on the crown of a snow-covered Alp; from a tiny cactus on the sands of Mexico, to the fierce dashing of the waves around the Fortress of San Juan d'Ulloa. He had naturally a good voice, and sang with taste and expression. He was very fond of the ballad of Annie Laurie, and of the tenor song in the *Trovatore*—

“Ah che la morte ognora.”

He made me write for him some "*Confederate*" words, to be sung to the tune of Annie Laurie, which he was fond of singing. He says of this: "Your welcome letter, with the verses set to 'Annie Laurie,' has just reached me from —.* Thank you a thousand times for your kindness in gratifying my whim. I do like that air so much, and you know I like every thing you write. This poetry is really beautiful, and exceedingly patriotic, as is every thing from your wonderful pen!"

He wrote verses himself, sometimes; but rhymes good enough for a Troubadour or a Soldier to sing, should not be submitted to cold criticism as poems. He was especially fond of Moore and of Lyrical poetry. Melody in any form he liked. He had not much sense of harmony, though as he grew older, and had deeper experiences of life, his appreciation of combination of tones, and the mysterious and infinite in Music, deepened, as well as his tastes in poetry and in character of man. But he was born several centuries too late. In all respects he would have suited better with the age of Tancred and Rinaldo, of Bayard and Gaston de Foix, than he ever did with this. He was essentially a Troubadour, singing his bright melodies under sunny skies, in gardens of blossoming roses of Provence, with little sympathy for the Bards, who learned depths of strange harmonies from the sough of the wind around the Hills of Morven, from the sad murmur of the bending Pine Forests, the lament of the Fir Trees in the snow blasts of Norway, or the dying echoes of sea-waves in the fluted basaltic Caves of Fingal. He never liked Ossian nor the Lake Poets. He read aloud admirably. There are portions of Shakspeare's plays and some of Moore's Songs that I have heard him read, that are now inseparably associated with his memory in my mind. He was not particularly fond of Byron—he had no sympathy with misanthropy or gloomy

* If I could recall the verses I would insert them here, as he liked them so much; but they were dashed off in a moment, and not even copied before I sent them to him.

views of life in any shape. He was usually cheerful, full of *bonhomie* and impetuous warmth of outflowing feeling. He had a good memory, and it was stuffed with odds and ends of poetry, which he was very apt to introduce as he spoke or thought it. I once heard his perplexed Secretary exclaim reproachfully, when the Governor was dictating a State paper, and involuntarily quoted some lines that happened to come into his head at the moment: "Good Heavens! Governor, I believe if you were saying the Multiplication Table you would introduce a distich between twice one and twice two." Allen laughed, submitted with perfect good-humor to the rebuke, and *omitted the verses*. Again, after he became the Editor of the Mexican Times, he began to write and publish in his paper several pieces of poetry, which he sent me for criticism. I wrote him frankly, remonstrating with him about publishing his rhymes, which, though interesting and valuable to those who loved him, were not *worthy of publication*, and I felt sensitive about it. He took my reproof with beautiful humility, and said: "Your advice, my dear friend, is always good, and so far from being offended at it, I shall profit by it. I know that I ought not to try to write poetry—it is so trivial. But you must remember that Sir Philip Sydney, and John Quincy Adams, and Richard Henry Wilde, and Lord Derby, and Mr. Gladstone, all have written poetry. You must therefore excuse this little recreation in a *poor Exile, who gets lonely, and sick, and tired, and completely disgusted with all the world!* But your advice shall be followed, *because it is good.*"

After all, it is not necessary

" Verbi sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis
Sed veræ numerosque, modosque ediscere vitæ."*

* To scan words to be set to music for the Roman harps, but rather to be perfectly an adept in the numbers and proportions of real life.

BOOK III.

Virginia.—Visit to his Mother's Grave.—In Havana.—Confederate War.—Joins Fourth Louisiana.—Ship Island.—Duels.—Fort Berwick Chêne.

IN 1861 Allen visited Virginia, and spent a short time with his relatives at his Birthplace in Prince Edward. Whilst there he went to the family Cemetery, where the Watkins' had been interred since Virginia had been colonized, to see his Mother's grave. "Never," says the Cousin* who accompanied him, "never did I witness such uncontrollable emotion as seized him when he approached that hallowed spot. I said to him, 'Henry, *there* is your Mother's grave!' The firm, bold man was melted, and bowed to the earth. He knelt down by the grave, overwhelmed with a burst of grief, not surpassed, I am sure, by those who witnessed her dying hour, when she calmly and beautifully passed into her home in Heaven." He could never speak of his Mother without showing strong emotion; nor of his wife, we might add here, nor of any love that had once been his, that had passed away from earth. He was so grateful for love, and prized it above all things. Mr. Watkins goes on to say: "When Henry was here, he gave me unlimited authority to improve and beautify this spot." He had a *horror of being forgotten*—of having a neglected grave! Frequently spoke to me of how he would like his own to be visited, and adorned with fragrance and bloom, as

* The Hon. F. N. Watkins, of Virginia.

we saw them in Germany and Switzerland. In this cemetery rested old Colonel Thomas Watkins, who, "Peter Francisco" (so well known in Virginia) said, "was the best soldier in the Southern army in Revolutionary days;" and also his Maternal great-grandfather, Nathaniel Venable, member of the House of Burgesses, in 1767, whose descendants still show with pride, as evidence of his patriotism and self-sacrificing desire to sustain the Government of the United States, many thousand dollars of Continental money, which Nathaniel Venable "received for his dues, *after it was proclaimed throughout the country to be worthless!*"

On his return, Allen went to Havana, and remained there till May. His health had never been strong since his first duel with Dr. M——, of Grand Gulf. The sword of the spirit fretted the scabbard of the flesh, with him, too, very much at times! He had no pity on himself, always exacting from his wearied frame, work that robust men would have hesitated to undertake. I may as well mention here, *en passant*, that he was entirely reconciled with his former adversary, Dr. M——. He met him at Nacogdoches as he was *en route* for Mexico, and the former enemies, who had borne for twenty years the marks of each other's bullets, parted with friendliest feelings and mutual respect.

When he returned home, the Confederate War had begun. He immediately joined the Delta Rifles as a volunteer. We have the old muster-roll, with Henry W. Allen, the first "high private," upon it. Regiments were formed upon the rendezvous of the troops, Allen being elected Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourth Louisiana infantry, Robert J. Barrow being Colonel, and S. E. Hunter, Major. The Fourth Louisiana was sent to the sea-coast of Mississippi, Headquarters at Pass Christian. Allen, with four companies, was ordered to Ship Island. This is a low sandy island, about seven miles long, with a group of pine-trees at one end,—remarkable only for being entirely barren, and for having been the spot where the French attempted to make one of their first Colonial settlements in

Louisiana. But it was so sterile and unpromising that they were forced to abandon it. Later in the war, it was used by the Federals as a depot and a prison for Confederate civilians. It is situated about midway between New Orleans and Mobile.

Allen remained here with his small force for several months. He kept his men amused and healthy by making them build sand-bag batteries—warm work under a tropical sun! The labor was hard (though essential): one company (not of the Fourth Louisiana) mutinied about it, and refused to work. Allen promptly ordered the guns turned on the mutineers, marched the whole force, with loaded muskets, upon them, and quelled the mutiny without shedding a drop of blood. The soldiers liked him none the less for his resolute discipline. The Confederate Army, being composed, in the beginning of the war, principally of Volunteers from the highest circles of social life in the South, was a peculiar body of men. They proved themselves to possess in the greatest degree the qualities of gallant soldiers in the hour of strife. *They rather liked to fight!* But handling spades and digging ditches went hard with men who had worn kid gloves all their lives, and never held any thing more disagreeable than “the ribands” of their “teams,” the sword or the pistol in a duel, or a rifle and fowling-piece in hunting over their plantations in winter. “*Noblesse oblige,*” however, and gallantly did they devote themselves to the dullest, most arduous, and to them most disgusting labors, for the sake of their beloved Country. We don’t think the Southern men deserve so much credit for *fighting well*—that was to be expected of such a race as ours—but to submit for years, so cheerfully, so uncomplainingly as they did, to every species of personal privation, *was heroic.* The Spartans never did any better! Allen was the right sort of a commander for such men—strict and rigid in discipline. Off duty he was the companion and genial friend of his men, whom he knew to be as well-born and as educated as himself. He never forgot his *was an army of gentlemen—some of our officers did!*

Whilst on Ship Island there occurred an incident, that is really so *outré* that it is scarcely credible to modern thought ; at least would be incredible of anybody but our Hero, who must not be judged by modern standards. The man was unique, and belonged to an older age than this. Taking offence at an expression in the official report of the Federal officer in command opposed to him—regarding the observation as individually insulting, independent of the public quarrel—Allen sent him a cartel. The officer refused it. The Federal did not understand *Sir Lancelot, redivivus!* Allen fought duels. He thought it right. I know, from his own lips, that he always said his prayers as piously before going out to fight a duel as when he went into battle. In a letter on this subject he says : “Although my services as a duellist have been very often sought after, thank God, I always succeeded in compromising the affair honorably to both sides. I know you approve of this, *and I am proud of it.*”

There was a period in the life of the world, when God was nearer in the belief and *hearts* of men than He is now, when man intrusted entirely the resolution of a doubtful question of justice to single combat, to a decision by *sortes virgiliae*, or to lot—the ancient classic and pagan belief, in the direct interposition of the Gods, in behalf of the just sword, prevailing over the mind of all peoples. This Pagan superstition was grafted by popular custom upon Christianity, and gave the laws to knight-errantry. From the customs of chivalry the duel has descended to us. There is, however, a deeper view of the meaning of the Code of Honor. I insert here the version of this peculiar law, as held by Allen and such men as he, taking the words literally from the letter of a mutual friend sent to me :

“I do not take the same view of duelling that you do.

“The very flower of civilization is a refined and delicate sense of honor. Savages know nothing of this sense. Savage men, in a civilized community, know nothing of it. The rabble in all lands are wholly ignorant of its existence. The low

may repeat its words, they never comprehend, never understand, never appreciate its spirit, its high commands, its rigid rules. *Noblesse oblige* is the motto only of *noblesse*—it is Greek to the vulgar.

“Pretentious fellows, endowed always with audacity and often not deficient in physical courage, attempt to assume the attribute of true nobility, because they have the physical courage to maintain their claim at the risk of limb and life; they are bold men—yet they may not be gentlemen. They are brave, but they have not been educated in the school of honor.

“The law rights many wrongly—but there are wrongs of a very grievous nature, of which the law cannot take cognizance.

“If men and women were all one in grade and social position, laws might be passed to protect them in their respective rights, and to punish aggressions on those rights. Precisely as a man or woman is endowed with an extremely delicate (and therefore extremely *just*) sense of honor and propriety, just in so much is he or she liable to wrong, insult, or injury by acts and words that contravene this high sense, yet which do not violate the letter of any written law whatsoever. Do you not know that men and women may be wronged—may be most grossly outraged, may be poisoned, blasted, mildewed, blighted, and overwhelmed by words and acts that the law does not reach, or only punishes by some paltry, miserable, filthy sum of money? What would you have men and women do when thus injured? Men of honor and the brothers of women of honor have in all times had but one answer to this question. At all costs, at any risk, at every hazard they have taken upon themselves the responsibility of rectifying the wrongs they have suffered. Though the law forbids a challenge and a meeting, they do not hesitate to incur the penalties of the law rather than undergo the pangs of wounded honor. In cases of injury derogating from his honor, the gentleman ignores all risks, all perils, all consequences, all suits of law, and all prosecution. True honor is an inestimable

jewel ; the desire to preserve it overcomes the love of life. The love of law and order are very worthy and becoming to all men, but the love of a fair and spotless fame is an immeasurably higher feeling. He who gave life and the love of life to all, has given this high pride of character, and this keen sense of honor to some ; and to these it is a stronger feeling than the love of life. Will you hold them guilty in the sight of Him, when they risk and sacrifice life for honor ?

“How far beyond all price is reputation ! How futile are the fines and penalties of the lawmaker against the crime which would rob men and their sisters of this invaluable possession ! How pitiful, how mean, how despicable does it seem in the eyes of a gentleman to seek a compensation in vile coin for the wrong of the calumniator ! What mountain of gold can pay for tarnished honor ? What shall be weighed in satisfaction to him who has lost the one priceless jewel ?

“The duel is but an incident to the Code of Honor. When one gentleman suffers a grievance at the hands of another, the Code gives him a remedy more or less complete as the spirit of the Code may be more or less completely carried out. The party aggrieved calls for amends, and submits his case to honorable dispassionate friends, in whose hands he is willing to intrust his reputation and honor. The injuring party does the same. The principals are, more or less, under the influence of excitement ; their respective friends are calm, unbiased, cool, deliberate. These friends assume absolute control of the matter at issue. They form a Court of Honor. They at once go to the bottom of the difficulty. They trace back the grievance, by severe investigation, to its cause and origin. They ascertain precisely who is at fault and the extent of the injury done. Their main object is to settle the difficulty *without a hostile meeting*. If, without such a meeting, they can save the honor of their respective friends, it is their duty to do so. All are supposed to be averse to wanton bloodshed. None wish any thing else than a fair and equitable settlement. If, in their careful and solemn investigations, they find the griev-

ance complained of real, it is their duty to compel the wrongdoer to make immediate and ample apology and reparation ; but if they find the grievance imaginary or trivial, it is equally their duty to compel the party wrongly supposing himself injured to withdraw his demand for satisfaction. When sensible gentlemen are thus formed into a Court of Honor, self-respect and their regard for the friends they respectively represent forbid a meeting on any trifling or puerile cause of complaint. Impetuous principals sometimes control their friends, and ignorant and thoughtless seconds sometimes *miss* very obvious methods of preventing a meeting. These are perversions of the Code, and are both silly and brutal. The Court of Honor has no place for bullyism, and its rules can only work their legitimate results when administered by men of honest purposes and cool judgment. The strict rule is, that the principal places his honor entirely in the hands of his friends, and promises to do any thing which they, in their cool deliberation, may command him to do. This should be made an invariable condition by every one acting for a friend ; and the *Code* requires it should be made.

“The hostile meeting is that which gives sanction and vitality to these efforts of friends to arrange difficulties. Without such sanction the efforts would be rarely made, and when made, very rarely succeed. This necessary consequence of failure is the strongest stimulant to earnest effort at adjustment. The consequence is, that, in a very large proportion of cases, where bloody personal rencontres would otherwise have occurred, leaving the parties, if surviving, their relatives and friends more at enmity than ever, the difficulties are amicably, completely, and finally settled without a meeting. Four-fifths of otherwise deadly difficulties are thus settled ; nine-tenths would be, if the seconds had the requisite judgment and resolution. Be it understood, that what is occasionally done in wantonness and passion, by half-crazed or inebriate young men, is not to be charged to the Court and Code, whose adherents are in no manner responsible for the criminal follies of those who

do not know or abide by its behests. I speak of the Code as it is known and administered among men of character and sound sense, and not as abused by thoughtless and impulsive youths, or by riotous and swaggering fellows who seek the fame of personal courage, and who are but too ready to convert a bar-room dispute into a formal deadly meeting. What they seek and covet is precisely what the truly honorable and humane believer in the *Code* tries most diligently to shun.

“ If, after this careful arbitration of friends, formed into a Court of Honor, the grievance in question cannot be otherwise adjusted, a meeting must result ; but it is the right and duty of seconds to secure equality in weapons and conditions, and to bring the meeting to a close with the least possible damage. It is not necessary to repeat the rules prescribed, either for the guidance of seconds in their efforts to adjust difficulties, or in their attempts to conduct an inevitable meeting in the fairest possible manner. I have only sought to give the spirit in which the Code is construed by men of highly cultivated sense of honor, joined with humanity of disposition and sound sense. Nor have I done this with the view of advocating and justifying this method of settling troubles between gentlemen. I had much rather the law could, if possible, be made so perfect as to reach all offences against right, reputation, and honor. I had much rather see men, so just, so kind, and so courteous, as to preclude the possibility of insult or injury. I would much prefer a state of society where chivalric and most kind-hearted Christian gentlemen would never feel called upon to defend their names and rights with deadly weapons, on the field of honor. While I grant there is something semi-barbarous in the duel, I only wish to show that in its theory and practice it is not, in the hands of thorough gentlemen, altogether an unmitigated evil, especially when we consider that for every actual hostile meeting, under the rules and sanctions of the Code, there would probably have been half a dozen street-fights, each of which would have been the fruitful source of others. I can certify from personal

experience that a far more respectful and courteous demeanor marks the intercourse of men in a country where the Code is recognized, than in those where it is wholly ignored. It were to be wished that all men should become so considerate in their conduct as to entirely avoid offence ; duels and lawsuits would then cease among individuals, and wars among nations. In that Millennium of ploughshares and pruning-hooks, perfect men, obeying a perfect law, will need neither pistols, rifles, nor swords.

I do not defend this Code—but this much was needful to be said—in order to relieve Allen and his *countrymen*, who live under this Code of Honor, from the accusation brought against them of bullying, and “fire-eating,” because they fight duels on principle. The reasonings may be sophistical in the belief of the Man of God, who sees written on the Table of Stone, by the finger of the Deity, the simple words, “Thou shalt not kill !” But this Code governs the whole South, and all men, except they may be clergymen, are considered to be bound by it ; by the adamantine fetters of opinion, caste, and custom. We have seen how ready Allen was to assume the championship of such persons. Whenever he found the weak or defenceless attacked, he regarded it his duty as a gentleman to defend them. He must be judged by the thought of his people. In many respects he was a Representative Man—his virtues and his faults were entirely Southern.

It makes a very curious argument for metaphysicians, this common instinct of a whole people, rating the immaterial life higher than the material, the *πνευμα* above the *ιλη*—a strong confession of the immortality of the soul, in this preference of it over the body. No man had deeper faith in man’s immortality than Allen always felt and avowed.

By the urgent appeal of the gallant Colonel Barrow, backed by the Engineers, Allen was removed from Ship Island and sent by Lovell to take charge of the important post of Fort Berwick Chêne, at the mouth of the Atchafalaya. In the month of March following, the Fourth Louisiana was ordered

to Jackson, Tennessee, to report to Beauregard. Colonel Barrow was forced to resign his command by reason of ill-health, and Allen was elected Colonel of the Fourth Louisiana. He was now appointed Military Governor of Jackson, by Beauregard, and considerable responsibility and much power given into his hands.

Plutarch says : " It is an observation no less just than common, that nothing makes so thorough a trial of a man's disposition as power and authority, for they awake every passion and discover every latent vice." In natures who rise to meet responsibilities—who are instinctively gifted with qualities of fortitude, truth, justice, and freedom from covetousness—power only develops and enobles, as it always did with Allen. " For though he had such an insatiable avidity for honor, he was never unwilling that others should have their share—for he was entirely free from envy !"*

* Plutarch : Life of Cicero.

BOOK IV.

“ Holding the River.”—Beauregard.—Lovell.—Polk.—Shiloh.

To retain possession of the Mississippi River ! That was the problem which occupied the thoughts of the Confederate Leaders in the West. Above all, Beauregard felt and urged the vital necessity of the control of the River to the success of the Southern Cause. He had disapproved the removal of the Confederate Government from Montgomery to Richmond. It was contrary to the usual rules of defensive war, to put the Capital of a country, with all its cumbrous appendages of governmental workshops and offices upon the borders of that country. However, this first step, which cost so much in the sequel, was made partly from an idea of political expediency—*principally* to gratify the pride of Virginia, noble Virginia, who bared her bosom, like a true mother of States, to receive the blows aimed at her offspring ! But this removal was probably a mistake ! It was once said of a political measure, “ *A mistake is worse than a fault !* ” We, Southern People—our Leaders, both civil and military—our Politicians and our Press—made a good many *mistakes* in the course of the war, and we, alas ! were not strong enough to be able to endure or amend a single one. From the very beginning of the conflict, in our desperate circumstances, opposed as we were by superior numbers, an organized government of superior wealth, unlimited credit, and a people of wonderful perseverance and

marvellous ingenuity, as well as by the *morale* of the world, any, the slightest mistake, on our part, was almost necessarily mortal.

Napier says wisely :

“Error is common in an art which at best is but a choice of difficulties.”

“He who wars, walks in a mist through which the keenest eyes cannot always discern the right path.”

“So vast and so complicated are the combinations of war, so easily and by such slight causes are they affected, that the best Generals do but grope in the dark, and they acknowledge the humiliating truth. By the number and extent of their fine dispositions, then, and not by their errors, the merit of Commanders is to be measured.”

Turenne says :

“Speak to me of a General who has made no mistakes, and you speak to me of one who has seldom made war.”

Beauregard had been stationed for years in New Orleans, employed in building the Custom House, and in strengthening the coast-defences, especially those at the entrance of the Mississippi River. He was therefore thoroughly informed on these points. He was a son of Louisiana, and of course vitally interested in her defence. All his personal and private interests were concentrated here ; but he was ordered to Western Tennessee, where he remained until after the retreat from Corinth, when he was sent to take charge of Charleston and Fort Sumter. He quitted the valley of the Mississippi with reluctance, but was too good a soldier to hesitate to obey any order, or to take any position assigned by his superiors in office, if not in wisdom. His whole heart was absorbed in the Southern cause. He gave repeated evidence, throughout the war, of his readiness to assume any, even subordinate commands, when it was deemed essential to the welfare of the Confederacy. He is probably one of the most thoroughly trained and scientific (*secundem artem*) of the Southern Generals. He fights and plans boldly, but always according to

the best rules of the Art of War, which he modifies, as he can, according to circumstances, by inexhaustible ingenuity and prompt invention.

“Mere professional skill and enterprise do not constitute a great General,” but, “sagacity as to the general course of the war, and promptness in taking advantage of particular opportunities, are the distinguishing characteristics of *real genius*.”

Gustave Pierre Toutant Beauregard, is a descendant, on the Maternal side, of the Ducal family of the Reggios of Genoa. Beautiful Genoa! who has sat a crowned Queen, on the side of her mountains, so many, many centuries, with the blue Mediterranean kissing her feet, and tossing in homage before her all the treasures of commerce of the world, its spices and pearls, its silks, its jewels, gems of art and perennial beauty, bearing riches to her—to her—throned on the everlasting hills, on the crests of its sapphire waves—those azure waves, on which once sailed the mimic fleet of chips and straws, made by the child Columbus in his merry play, before the dream of the undiscovered world ever rose before his spirit. It is but a step from the home of Columbus to the former palace of the Reggios, and just below, close down by the sea, stands yet the ancient mansion of Andrea Doria, who, “singly”—“of the Corsair,”

“With his own forces, purged the briny flood,
So that we see, each Continent and Isle,
Shake at his name from Calpe to the Nile;
But on his country, not himself, that fee
Shall he bestow, which is his labor's pay,
And beg *her* freedom, where himself perchance
Another would to sovereign rule advance.
The pious love he bears his native land,
*Honors him more than any Battle's gain.”**

Lineage tells, the Southern people think! The Paternal ancestor of Beauregard, a French emigré of distinction, † came

* Ariosto.

† Of the family of *Montaigne*.

to Louisiana by way of Canada, as did the Ibervilles and Bienvilles. Beauregard is therefore a true Creole—French is his native tongue—and he exhibits, both in physical and mental traits, the characteristics of his ancestry. The enthusiasm, the clear, rapid, analytic thought of the French temperament is his, combined with the tenderness, lofty impulse, impassioned constancy, profound religious reverence, a deep piety (according to the faith of the Church of Rome), and fixedness of purpose, the ingenuity and subtle cleverness of the Italian nature. There is in his conversation a calm, logical, concise sequence of idea, a clearness of conception and definiteness of utterance, that is surprising to those who do not know that the brilliant, dashing, enthusiastic soldier is also a profound and reasoning student, who has burned the midnight lamp many an hour, when the rest of the world was sleeping. He seizes an idea and pursues it through the intricacies of thought and the episodes of conversation like a sleuth-hound, and piles his arguments in different heaps, as easily as the Fairy assorted, with the touch of her wand, the seven barrels of mingled feathers, whose separation was given as a task to the Amiable Princess we all remember to have sympathized with so warmly in our earlier days.

Beauregard spoke freely to President Davis in regard to strengthening the Forts at the mouths of the Mississippi River, of the great importance of putting larger guns in position at the Forts, and of placing *obstructions in the River itself*. This latter point he insisted upon as a matter of *supreme necessity*. Mr. Davis agreed that the Forts ought to be strengthened—he doubted the absolute need of the obstructions in the River. He thought the Federal ships could never pass the Forts if they were properly defended. Beauregard reiterated his warning to General Mansfield Lovell, who visited him at Fairfax Courthouse, Virginia, for the purpose of consulting him, before he (Lovell) came out to take command of the defences at New Orleans. Lovell heartily concurred in Beauregard's opinions about the obstructions to be placed in the

channel of the River. The question now was, what were they to consist of, and how to place them? Beauregard gave the plan of a double swinging-boom raft. One raft to be firmly fastened to the shore, and held by anchors at the other end, was to extend more than half way across the river, diagonal to the current: the other raft, fastened by one end to the opposite shore, was to swing loose towards the centre of the River. This latter end, fastened by a chain which crossed the river to the shore. This chain was to be loosened or tightened by the working of a steam-engine, so the raft could be opened at will, to allow the drift-wood to pass on to the sea. Beauregard, born on the banks of the river, knew how the huge masses of drift could be collected, in a little time, by this giant in its Titanic play of rushing waters, and therefore he was careful to provide it with an outlet, a door of egress to the Gulf, else he knew the "Stream God" would rise in his might, laugh at man's feeble attempts to restrain his free course, and hurl the puny fetters from his fierce, roaring bosom with contempt. These long rafts were to be constructed of timbers laid in a peculiar manner, so as to be perpetually acted on by the strong pressure of the current, and thus be forced up stream and kept in position, except when the chain should be loosened and the raft allowed to swing around to let the drift-wood pass out.

I am thus particular in describing this design of the favorite son of Louisiana, because, as the reader will see later, it was the accumulation of drift, the breaking away of the raft, caused by the vast weight of matter collected against it, that opened the river and permitted the enemy's fleet to enter the stream, which brought about the fall of New Orleans, the loss of the river, and aided greatly to overthrow the Southern Confederacy. Torpedoes, and all the usual instruments of marine warfare, should have been used abundantly about this work, and the shore ends should have been protected by forts. We will see later why Mansfield Lovell did not, and *could not*, make such obstructions as he desired. "It can never be too

often repeated, that war, however adorned by splendid strokes of skill, is commonly a series of errors and accidents."

General Lovell assumed command of the Department of Louisiana on the 18th of October, 1861. Before quitting Virginia he had an interview with the President at Richmond. In the course of conversation Lovell spoke of the "obstructions" for the River. Davis smiled, "Ah, you have been talking with Beauregard?" Lovell acknowledged that he had seen Beauregard, and that he shared his opinion on this point. It must be remembered that both Beauregard and Lovell were officers and artillerists of high consideration in the old army of the United States.

Beauregard's defence of Charleston, Savannah, Drewry's Bluff, have, of course, given *him* immortal fame. He also instructed Capt. Harris, of the Engineers, as to the defences of Vicksburg. But *Lovell* has not had justice done him; neither his abilities nor his patriotism have been duly acknowledged by the people of the South. Let us be unjust no longer!

Mansfield Lovell came—on the maternal side—from a Georgian family.* He was born in the District of Columbia—all his antecedents were Southern. He was educated at West Point. He remained always Southern in his sympathies. He was, as a young officer, a special pet and cherished friend of General John A. Quitman, under whom Lovell fought during the war with Mexico. It was at the house of General Quitman, whilst Lovell was still suffering from a wound in the arm, received at Chapultepec, that the writer of these pages first met him, and had an opportunity to witness the high appreciation of the military ability, as well as warm affection for the man, lavished by the indomitable champion of Southern rights upon his gallant young guest. Lovell had retired from the army of the United States, was living in New York city as a civilian when the war broke out. He immediately abandoned a situ-

* His father, an officer in the old United States army, was a New Yorker by birth. He was always a Democrat in political principles, and a slave-owner all his life.

ation, where the emoluments were very large, to come South and east in his lot with the fortunes of his own people. Two of his brothers had become sons-in-law of Quitman. The people of New Orleans, and the Department generally, were dissatisfied with the appointment of Lovell to this command. They murmured loudly. They did not know him. They did him great injustice—for they mistrusted him. They would have preferred Bragg to Lovell—and, of course, Beauregard to either. Lovell had, consequently, forced upon him immense responsibilities; no sympathy and little aid from either Government or people to meet those responsibilities.

“The great mass of men in all nations are only endowed with moderate capacities and spirit, and, as their thoughts are intent on the preservation of their families and property, they must bend to circumstances; thus fear and suspicion, ignorance, baseness, and good feeling all combine to urge, and in troubled times, to put on the mask of enthusiasm, for the most powerful, while selfish knaves ever shout with the loudest. Let the scene change, and the multitude will turn with the facility of the weathercock.”

General Leonidas Polk, the beloved Bishop of Louisiana, now acting as an officer in the Southern army of “Patriots,” finding that the Southern territory was about to be invaded through Kentucky, and appreciating the necessity of “*holding the River*,” seized upon Columbus, on the 4th of September, 1861. It was a valuable strategic point of the external line of Southern defence, which, passing through Bowling Green, Forts Henry, and Donelson, protected Nashville and the railroads. The Federals were already occupying Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee River, and Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio. The Battle of Belmont, one of the most glorious of the war, was fought and won by Polk on the 7th of November. The Battle of Mill Spring, in which the Confederates were defeated and compelled to retreat, after experiencing the severe loss of Zollicoffer, was fought on the 19th of January. After this reverse Beauregard was sent out to consult with General

Albert Sydney Johnston, who was in a situation of extreme peril at Bowling Green, and who seemed to be abandoned—a prey to the enemy—by both people and Government, without any effort being made to assist him on the part of either. The suffering so cruelly inflicted on this noble man, which eventuated in producing the recklessness by which he exposed and sacrificed his most valuable life, will be an eternal stain on the escutcheon of the Southern people, Press, and Government. We can only mourn in bitterness of spirit that we appreciated him too late. In speaking of him, in a private letter, Beauregard says: “Albert Sydney Johnston possessed *all* the qualities of a good general. He was intelligent, brave, and patriotic. Truly, his was a noble heart.”

Beauregard consulted with Polk about the defence of the River. He approved of the seizure of Columbus and the exterior line of defence north of Nashville, “*as a temporary measure.*” He feared the distances were too great between the detached works at Columbus, for the line to be held for any length of time. He recommended the immediate fortification of an inner and more southern line, beginning at Fort Pillow and extending towards the Tennessee River; an advice, the wisdom of which was very soon made apparent by the surrender of Forts Henry, Donelson, and of Nashville, and the forced retreat of the Confederate troops from Columbus and Bowling Green.

Some remarks have been repeated to me, which occurred in the conversation between Polk and Beauregard, that are very characteristic of the two men.

Polk was a grand man: a colossal nature, both in physique and morâle. He thought largely, he acted nobly—his instincts were all right and true. He had invention, imagination, policy, skill, and valor of a high degree—but no sense of economics—no frugality. To travestie a homely proverb, if he “had a coat to cut, he must have plenty of cloth;” he would cut a good coat, but not a full one, out of scant measure. His was a broad, lavish hand! He had recognized, instinctively, the

right points of defence. He seized them, unhesitatingly. He never shrunk from responsibility. He fortified Columbus without orders ; but——

Beauregard went to see him. Polk explained his views in his firm, earnest, *seignorial* manner.

“ All right, my dear General Polk ! but how many men do you require to man these well-designed but very extended works ? ”

“ About fourteen thousand ! not more ! ”

“ *Fourteen thousand !* ” with an uplifting of the eyelids and French shrug of the shoulders ; “ *fourteen thousand !* My dear General, that will never do ; you can't spare so many ; you must make *fourteen hundred* do ! ” and, seizing his pencil, Beauregard showed Polk how the works could be contracted and yet be equally strong. The fortifications were made at Island No. Ten, and at Fort Pillow. General Buckner's heroism could not save Fort Donelson. After a terrible siege he surrendered with his men, whom he would not desert, but shared their fate, and became a prisoner of war ! Island No. Ten fell—the second line of defence was broken. The Confederate possession of the River was growing narrower and more strictly defined. The third line of defence was formed. Beauregard had ordered Vicksburg to be fortified, and concentrated his forces near Corinth. This is a village situated about ninety-two miles east of Memphis, at the junction of the Memphis and Charleston, the Mobile and Ohio railroads. General Johnston joined Beauregard on the 1st of April. Several regiments had come from Louisiana, sent by Lovell at Beauregard's call. Two divisions under Polk from Columbus, and a corps of troops from Pensacola and Mobile, had also united with Johnston. It was one of the *largest* armies ever assembled by the Confederates ; but composed principally of new levies, raw and undisciplined ; most of them volunteers ; some of them regiments of ninety-days men, who had thrown down their pacific avocations and rushed to the field enthusiastically at the peal of Beauregard's slogan-cry. They were opposed by General Grant, who held a position at Pittsburg, in

the direction of Savannah. He was only waiting to be re-enforced by Buell, who was now advancing by forced marches from Nashville by way of Columbia, Tenn. To prevent this junction of the enemy's forces, and to check their onward movement, Beauregard resolved to attack Grant without delay. He had to seize the favorable instant; a day would entirely change the aspect of things. He felt assured he could crush Grant before Buell could re-enforce him. At Beauregard's suggestion General Johnston moved his men as rapidly as he could, in hopes to attain this end. Corinth was the strategic point—that was not to be abandoned; but Grant was to be whipped; the fruits of victory, in his well-supplied commissariat, gathered up; then the Confederates were to fall back to Corinth if necessary, or to cross into Middle Tennessee.

Johnston began his march on Thursday, the 3d. A fall of rain made the roads heavy, and the army could not be got into position before Saturday evening, the 5th. Had Johnston been able to have fought, according to Beauregard's plans, on *Saturday*, he would have gained a complete victory, instead of being only partially successful. As it happened, by this unfortunate rain, one precious day was lost. It is a very trite, but nevertheless a very true proverb, that history always repeats itself in the cycle of time; therefore I do not hesitate to transcribe frequently, in the course of these pages, observations which strike me as being as justly applicable to us as they were when applied to the Patriots of Spain, by the wonderful historian of the Peninsular War. Our state, our faults, our virtues, and our weaknesses were very similar to those exhibited by the Spaniards in their struggle for national existence,—a struggle which would probably have ended as disastrously to them as ours has done to us, had they not been so efficiently aided by England. We had the same kind of troops, but better Generals than they had, among their own people. Napier says:

“When Sylla, after all his victories, styled himself a happy rather than a great general, he discovered his profound knowledge of the military art. Experience had taught him that the

speed of one legion, the inactivity of another, the obstinacy, the ignorance, the treachery of a subordinate officer was sufficient to mar the best-concerted plan—nay, that the *intervention* of a *shower of rain*, an unexpected ditch, or any apparent trivial accident might determine the fate of a whole army. It taught him that the vicissitudes of war are so many, that disappointment will attend the wisest combinations ; that a ruinous defeat, the work of chance, often closes the career of the wisest and most sagacious of generals, and that to judge of a commander's conduct by the event alone, is equally unjust and unphilosophical, a refuge for vanity and ignorance."

The morning of the 6th of April dawned before Johnston got his lines ready for battle. Twenty-four hours had been lost through the rain and the difficulty of moving rapidly his undisciplined levies over the heavy roads. The enemy were encamped along a broken country, a succession of hills and valleys—filled with woods, interspersed with an occasional open field. Their principal camp was near a log-cabin used as a meeting-house, called "Shiloh." Their line stretched away on the road leading from Pittsburg Landing to Corinth,—their camps generally located in the small open fields, scattered at intervals throughout the forest. The Battle was, therefore, necessarily fought in fractions ; giving opportunities for exhibitions of personal courage and deeds of heroic daring, always eagerly welcomed by Southern men. Johnston and Beauregard had formed the army in three parallel lines of battle—the first under Hardee, the second under Bragg, the last under Polk and Breckinridge ; each line had its centre and two flanks, protected by artillery and cavalry. Johnston was with the second line under Bragg, and Beauregard was with the third line under Polk and Breckinridge. This *résumé* of events was needful in order to make the reader understand why the Battle of Shiloh was fought,—the first field on which Henry W. Allen was engaged and was wounded in the service of the Country. He commanded his beloved Fourth Louisiana, in the line of Bragg. He was overflowing with military ardor and

eager patriotism, and communicated magnetically his excited interest to his regiment. The Fourth Louisiana, as well as its Colonel, was ready for any thing. The night previous, talking with some of my relatives, in their tent—discussing the probabilities of the morrow—Allen said, very gravely, “A man ought always to expect to be killed in battle, and should be willing and prepared for death always before he goes into it;” then he repeated the beautiful invocation to death, from Halleck’s “Marco Bozzaris.” On the morning of the 6th he was ordered by Bragg to charge a battery of the enemy, stationed in a thicket; it was a strong position on an eminence, and the guns were very troublesome. The aid-de-camp, who took the order to Allen, says, “I found him near a small copse or bosquet of woods. He received the order in silence; then turning his head around, he called his servant, Hyppolyte, who was standing near by. ‘Hyppolyte,’ he said in his rapid way, ‘we are going to charge; stand here in a safe place, but watch that flag,’ pointing to the regimental colors. ‘I shall either be before it or by it. If I fall, search for me, and take me to the rear if wounded; if *dead*—bury me decently; and now, God bless you, you have been a faithful servant,’ wringing the hand of his now weeping slave. Allen led his regiment.” Twice he charged on the battery: his men were fearfully cut up, but they heard the rallying voice of their beloved Colonel, clear and distinct through the noise of battle, and they followed him through the storm of shot and shell unhesitatingly, never faltering an instant. Allen’s heart bled to see his men dropping around him—wounded—dying. After the second charge he sent to tell General Bragg that his regiment was suffering fearfully, and to ask if he must make another charge with them. “Tell Colonel Allen I want no faltering now,” was the stern reply. Allen was startled and stung at the unjust insinuation of lack of courage. He *never forgot nor forgave it*. Rising in his stirrups, without a word of reply, he waved his sword to his men to follow, and charged the guns once more. The men rolled from their saddles like leaves about him. This last

charge was as useless and ineffectual as the other two. The enemy's position was too strong. A Minnie ball struck Allen in the mouth, as he cheered his men on this fruitless ride to death—for so many of them. The ball passed out through the cheek. Catching up a handful of cotton lint, Allen stuck it on the wound—which, though painful, was not serious; tied his handkerchief around his jaws with *sang froid*, in the midst of the rain of bullets and shells. His clothes, cloak, and cap were riddled with shot-holes; but he remained in his saddle all day, never quitting the field, but doing his utmost to the last lingering hours of daylight before he sought medical relief or repose. The day declined on a glorious victory for the Confederates. Grant was cowering near the River, under the protection of his gunboats, when Beauregard, careful of the lives of his men, finding them much wearied and exhausted from the day's work and want of food, discovering, too, that there was some difficulty in manœuvring with his raw, undrilled troops, ordered the pursuit to be checked, the lines reformed, and the attack to be continued at daybreak on the following day. Grant was still strong behind his batteries along the River and under the cover of his gunboats. It is questioned whether Beauregard was right or wrong in checking this pursuit. But there are several points to be considered in viewing Beauregard's conduct at Shiloh. In the first place, his plans—owing to circumstances that he could not control—were only tardily carried into effect.

“Rapidity in war depends as much on the experience of the troops as on the energy of the chief.”

Beauregard was always careful of the lives of his soldiers. Though an Engineer, he would abandon any, the most cherished fortifications, to save his army. And also—

“It is too common with soldiers, first, to break up the arrangements of their Generals by want of discipline, and then complain of the misery those arrangements were designed to obviate.” So it proved here.

Our undisciplined forces became much demoralized by the

sight of the rich booty they found spread before their victorious eyes, in the captured tents of the Federal encampments. The costly viands, the splendid accoutrements, were so many golden apples of Atlanta, to our poor, hungry, thirsty, weary boys. In vain the Commanders stormed and raged, the gallant army, "who had rushed," Beauregard said, "like an Alpine avalanche" on the enemy, on the morning of that eventful day, at nightfall were mostly a dissolved, disorganized rabble of soldiers.

The 7th of April broke upon Grant, re-enforced by Buell. The Confederates had been gathered in some order by their indomitable Leaders. Grant attacked them, now strong in his re-enforcements. On the centre and right he was steadily repulsed—he could make no impression there. The left he attacked obliquely, pouring line after line of fresh, vigorous troops on it, who were as continually repelled by the Confederate phalanx. But, opposed to an enemy who were constantly re-enforced, the Confederate ranks were growing thin. A gentleman on Beauregard's staff, narrated, with humor, to the writer, how he came unexpectedly on Colonel Allen, with his face still tied up in its improvised dressing of the previous day, trying to rally his broken troops, who were nearly decimated by the hard fighting he had led them into. He said: "There was Allen, his face tied up in a bloody handkerchief, with a bit of raw cotton sticking on his cheek—which certainly did not improve his beauty—one minute entreating, praying, weeping, tears streaming as he implored the men to stand; the next moment, swearing, raging at them, abusing them, berating them, giving them every angry epithet he could think of; then addressing them in the most affectionate words. But he succeeded in gathering together, not only his own men but a number of stragglers from other regiments, whom he coaxed or abused back into the ranks. The last I saw of him he was off with them like a whirlwind into the thick of the battle. It made me both laugh and cry to watch him. He was a regular Murat—but instead of the '*white plume*,' it was

the white speck of cotton, and head tied up in the white handkerchief, that was always in the van." According to General Beauregard, the number of Confederate troops engaged on the 6th, at the Battle of Shiloh, was about 33,000—lost one third. Grant had 55,000. On the 7th, the Confederate force did not exceed 17,000. The Federals had—Buell 22,000, Lewis Wallace 8,000, Grant 10,000 or 15,000, making nearly 45,000 in all. The battle-ground extended about two miles and a half or three miles. The Federal loss in the two days' fights was nearly 20,000, killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. On the first day of the battle, while the Confederates were pressing Grant down on his Gunboats, the firing was very heavy on the part of the boats' batteries, in order to cover Grant's retreat. The great conical shells were rather alarming to our verdant, unused troops. They would strike and cut down large trees, with a neatness and dispatch that startled tyros in the art of war. We were all somewhat timid, at that time, about bombardments from mortars and howitzers, a timidity that we soon got rid of, as the war progressed, especially all of us living on the water-courses, where we were exposed to being shelled every day—we got used to it. However, these marine batteries did considerable damage to our troops at Shiloh, killing and wounding the men frightfully, until they got inside the range of the boats' guns. Allen was leading his men in the fight when one of these huge messengers of death demolished a tree in front of him, and lodged in the earth at his horse's feet. Seeing the extremity of danger to his men, Allen spurred his horse, leaped the cavity formed by the unexploded shell, waving his sword and calling to his men to follow him. They obeyed instantaneously, and were all safe beyond when the shell exploded. By his presence of mind and coolness, he thus preserved his men and his own life.

In the meleé, Major Aaron Vertner, a nephew and aid of Van Dorn, was killed accidentally by his own troops. He had captured a Federal Flag by a dashing charge; tearing the

veil from the staff, he carelessly wrapped it round his body. His clothing, unfortunately, was bluer than the usual blue-gray of Confederate uniform (if, in the poverty of our people, our army could be said to have had any uniform :—our men wore any clothes they could get, of any material or color). Major Vertner, thus accoutred, rode up at full speed to give an order for a sortie to his regiment ; just as he approached, waving his sword, cheering to the troops to “ come on,” a volley was sent from the muskets of his friends, and the brave Confederate fell dead from his saddle. He was recognized almost immediately, and his inanimate body sadly borne from the field by the hands of his comrades. A brave and gallant officer, Major Edward Ingraham, was basely murdered by a party of Federal troops in ambuscade, near Farmington, in a skirmish succeeding the battle. Major Ingraham, who was much attached to Van Dorn, commanded a battalion of cavalry. He happened to be near Van Dorn, who was desirous to send a message to General Price, in a distant part of the field. Major Ingraham volunteered to go ; while skirting a small piece of woods he was struck in the arm by a ball from the foe, who were concealed among the bushes. Feeling himself wounded, and about to faint, Ingraham threw up his arm and called aloud, “ I surrender.” He was instantly surrounded by the enemy. Three times he called aloud for quarter, three times he was shot, and assailed with oaths and imprecations as he lay helpless upon the ground. A number of Confederates coming up at a gallop, made this cowardly troop of the enemy take to their horses, and put them to flight. The grieving friends lifted the still breathing man from the earth, and tenderly transported him to the rear. Major Ingraham lived twenty-four hours, long enough to press the hands of his weeping commander, Van Dorn, who was most deeply attached to this gallant young officer, and to tell him of the cruel manner in which he had been killed, contrary to the rules of civilized war. Major Ingraham was universally beloved, and most widely lamented, both in the army and in social life. His

brother fell at Chancellorsville. They were nephews of General Thomas Meade, U. S. A.

These young men came from the neighborhood of Port Gibson, in which Allen formerly resided. I have heard him speak with much feeling of their early deaths.

After eighteen hours' hard fighting, Beauregard thought it best to withdraw his wearied troops to his camp at Corinth. General Breckinridge covered with his command the gradual withdrawal of the Confederate army. This retreat is regarded as a remarkable one. It was managed so quietly, so rapidly, so steadily, so skilfully, the enemy were completely deceived. Breckinridge presented a bold, resolute front to the last hour, while Beauregard drew back his lines without confusion, and concentrated them again at Corinth. Sydney Johnston had been killed : the news of his death, and his mode of meeting it, sent a pang of regret and bitter remorse through every Southern heart. We recognized, too late, the great spirit of the man we had driven to reckless desperation.

Colonel Allen had retired at last, his wound growing painful from the twenty-four hours neglect to have it properly dressed by a surgeon. While under the surgeon's hands, he heard the cry of retreat, raised by the wagon-drivers. Jumping up, he rushed among them, mounted on his horse, and aided greatly in restoring order among this portion of the army. Afterwards, when he got time, the dressing of the wound was completed. His careless treatment of this wound in the face, which he regarded so slightly at this time, caused him much unnecessary pain from it ever after.

Bragg made the amende honorable to Allen by a very flattering and handsome mention of him and his beloved Fourth Louisiana, in the official report of the Battle of Shiloh ; but Allen never entirely forgot the implied censure of the rigid Commander—never heartily forgave it !

Allen was now ordered to Vicksburg, which was being fortified by Major M. L. Smith, by General Lovell's orders, according to Beauregard's plans. This city was the strategic

point of the third and last, north line of defence of the Mississippi River. Here both people and army had resolved to make a stand, and to fight to the last for their homes and liberties. We all fully appreciated the importance of Vicksburg, perhaps we *over-estimated* its value, as Pemberton certainly did, when he declined to evacuate the city, thus allowing himself to be caged with his army, like rats in a trap.

“In matters of great moment, and in war especially, it is not the actual importance, but the *comparative* importance of the operations which should determine the choice of measures ; and when all are very important, this choice demands judgment of the highest kind !”

In a private letter, Beauregard says : “The reason why Helena or Napoleon, Vicksburg and Port Hudson, were not fortified sooner, was, that we had no heavy guns to spare for those places. It was not until Lovell informed me (shortly before the fall of New Orleans) that he would let me have a few guns, to which Bragg added a few more from Mobile, that I gave detailed instructions to Captain (afterwards Colonel) Harris, of the Engineers, to commence at once the construction of Batteries at Vicksburg. The time was then so short, New Orleans having fallen, that the Governor of Mississippi telegraphed me to know if it would not be best to remove the guns into the interior. I replied, ‘*No*, by all means, but to put the guns in position first, then to build the parapets of the Batteries around them *after*,’ which was done with some of the guns.”

Allen was singularly earnest in nature. His intellect was very quick and bright. If a jest or an amusing anecdote was repeated to him, he would seize the point instantly, and his merry laugh would ring out with all the enjoyment of a child. But he had himself no innate sense of humor, no appreciation of what Mr. Ruskin calls “the grotesque.” The simplicity of his nature, on this point, was amusing, and produced, sometimes, in those who loved him most, a sort of tender, wondering, smiling pity ; because, from the lack of this inherent

consciousness of the ludicrous, he was sometimes betrayed into the assumption of positions that in other men would have been ridiculous. The incongruity, however, never striking him, he would do and say peculiar things, that would make people smile, with such entire *bonhommie*, such singleness of purpose, honesty of heart, and open warmth of expression, as Sir William Hamilton expresses it, "*such outness*" of truth, and goodness, such high ideal perception of romantic sentiment, and so much clever, shrewd, practical, intellectual ability, shining through every thing, that while he was often peculiar, frequently amusing, he never was absurd or frivolous ! Though sometimes he seemed *vain*, he was never *affected*. He was honest even in his foibles. If he had had any sense of humor he would not have *seemed vain*. People that are gifted with a quick perception of wit and humor, instinctively avoid placing themselves in what they fancy might be "a *ridiculous position*." Their vanity is deep, perhaps, but it is hidden. It is a sensitive nerve, that warns them, and preserves them from peculiarity. They are sensitive to ridicule, and fear being "laughed at." Allen never had that fear ; he never for an instant supposed anybody *would laugh at him*. He liked the badinage and railleries of a friend, they amused him, even at his own expense. Allen never saw any thing amusing in his making a desperate charge at Shiloh, with his head bound up in white cotton ! He considered it all *en règle*. It was the best to be done under the circumstances !



BOOK V.

“ Holding the River.”—New Orleans.

THIS City of “ *Bienville's*” heart ;—this peculiar, half foreign, half American, Crescent City—low and flat as a town of Holland—built below the level of the magnificent river, that pours down upon it all the wealth of the vast valley between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, and that threatens it annually with a flood of waters, as it chafes and rages against the Levees, which repel the swift current with their immense, immovable breasts ;—this Babel of languages, and peoples, and manners, and customs, and trades, and commerce, so rich in historic associations, so gay with its French population, so fragrant with its gardens, where the roses and oleanders bloom, and the mocking-bird sings all the winter long ; where the night-air is heavy and faint with the perfume of the orange-flowers ; where the beautiful lemons glow like Hesperidean apples, and the tall bananas flaunt their great leaves, split into fringes by the Gulf breezes ; where the Date sends up its feathery plume-like head, and the earth and the air seem redolent with the sweet blue violets, that the quaintly-turbaned French “ *marchandes*” carry about for sale in the streets, heaped up in their wicker-baskets ;—this strange city, with its exuberant life, its teeming, bright, pleasure-loving people, its terrible epidemics—touching thus the dramatic extremes of both joy and sorrow — is situated in

an alluvial delta, on the left or northern bank of the river, about one hundred miles from its mouth. From below New Orleans to Donaldsonville, a distance of about ninety miles, the river runs in an east course, nearly parallel with the Gulf coast. Bounding the city limits, on the north, lies Lake Ponchartrain, which is forty miles long by twenty-five broad. Between the river and the lake lies the strip of land upon which New Orleans is built, through the end of which runs the New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad, the only line of land communication the city has with the Interior. It is virtually built on an island. The river divides above the city, and makes its way to the sea by various channels, forming a true delta. Lake Ponchartrain is in immediate communication with the Gulf of Mexico. Lake Borgne, also connected with the Gulf, gives water approach close to the river, at a point not far below the city. This was the route chosen by the English in 1815. The coast line of the Department was penetrated by passes and streams navigable in high-water season, at no less than twelve or fifteen different points, many of which required, in the beginning of the war, immediate fortification, as the Federals had command of the sea. Starting at Pascagoula, on the east, the coast could be entered by water at Biloxi, Bay St. Louis, and Pearl River, which latter empties itself by two mouths into the Gulf of Mexico, outside the entrance into Lake Ponchartrain, on which Fort Pike was located. A short distance up the Pearl River, a bayou connected the river and the lake, giving entrance into and avoiding the guns of Fort Pike, beside which a fair road led west to the Mississippi River, leading to the Jackson Railroad, as well as the whole north shore of Lake Ponchartrain. The lake was connected with the Gulf by two outlets, the Rigolets and Chef Menteur Pass, on the former of which was located Fort Pike, on the latter, Fort Macomb.

From the shore of Lake Borgne, four bayous put into the land, through which access could be had by water to points near to and convenient for attack on the city. Two of these

had small works on them—Bienvenue and Phillippon; and two, Gentilly and Cèillets, were unguarded. Proceeding west, three large streams gave access directly from the ocean to firm ground, near the River Mississippi, more than forty miles above Forts Jackson and St. Philip—viz., Bayou La Loutre, Terre aux Bœuf, and Aux Chênes. The enemy were now occupying Isle Breton with land forces, directly off the mouths of these bayous. The next main point of entrance is the Mississippi River, which enters the Gulf by five “*passes.*” Forts Jackson and St. Philip are located on opposite sides of the river, about twenty-five miles above the head of the passes, and seventy-five below New Orleans. Further west is Barrataria Bay, at the entrance of which is an island; on the west end of which Fort Livingston is situated. The pass at the east end was not defended. From Barrataria Bay there is direct water communication with the river, just above New Orleans, *via* Bayou Barrataria, Bayou Familles, and a short canal. The next principal inlets are Bayou La Fourche and the Grand Caillon, the former of which is one of the mouths of the Mississippi River, from which it offsets at Donaldsonville, and crosses the Opelousas Railroad at Thibodeaux. The other heads near that railroad. Atchafalaya Bay and River affords the next important water approach.

This river also connects with the Mississippi through Bayou Plaquemine, above Donaldsonville, and besides gives access, *via* Bayou Teche and other streams, to a rich and important section of country, as well as to the terminus of the Opelousas Railroad at Brashear City.

West of this are Bayous Sale and Dead Cypress, and Calcasieu Bay,—the latter of which gives entrance to a large grazing country, full of cattle. Besides these important points, there are numerous smaller creeks and bayous, through which an enterprising enemy could penetrate and obtain access to approaches above the defences.

West of Lake Ponchartrain, and between it and the Mississippi River, is situated Lake Maurepas, connected with Pon-

chartrain by the North and South Manschac Passes, which were separated by an island, and with the river by Bayou Manschac, in former years "leveed" so as to destroy the river connection. The New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad runs through the narrow strip of land between Lake Ponchartrain and the river, skirting the southern and western shore of the lake, and passing between it and Maurepas, across the North and South Manschac Passes, going northward into the interior.

The New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad starts from Algiers, opposite New Orleans, and runs westward, crossing Bayous Lafourche, Des Allemandes, and others, terminating at Brashear City, on the Atchafalaya, about eighty miles in length, whence the great road led into Texas. This road was the principal means of transportation for beef-cattle, and supplies, from Texas, for New Orleans and the East, and its security was a matter of great importance.

The Mexican Gulf Railroad connected the city with Proctorsville, on Lake Borgne, distant twenty-eight miles. There were also two short railroads from the compact part of the city to Lake Ponchartrain, besides a water connection with the lake by the new canal and the Bayou St. John, both of which led into the heart of the city. Through the latter, the Confederate States steamers Bienville and Carondelet were taken from their place of building to the lake. There were two good roads from the city to Lake Ponchartrain, one along the Bayou St. John and the other on the Metairie Ridge. Also a road following Gentilly Ridge to Fort Macomb, near which road heads Bayou Gentilly, emptying into Lake Borgne, by which route the Forts would be avoided. The city could also be approached by the enemy's fleet from the Upper Mississippi, descending the river.

It can readily be seen from this simple enumeration of the inlets to the coast, which commanded the city of New Orleans, that it was a costly and troublesome task to undertake its defence, and yet it had to be done. The Mississippi River was

the Trachea of the Confederate body. Lovell took command on the 18th of October, 1861. General Twiggs, his predecessor in the Department, welcomed his arrival with joy. Twiggs was old and infirm, and felt himself utterly unable to cope with the immense responsibilities of this onerous charge. In his rough way (he was very profane in his language), he told Lovell "he was d—d glad he had come; that he was too feeble himself to make personal inspection of the various points of the Department; that it was almost entirely defenceless; that he had no guns of proper calibre, no ammunition, no any thing; that he had been unable to get any thing done, and that at many points we could *not make an hour's fight.*"

Lovell's first act was to make personal inspections and critical examinations throughout the whole extent of the Department. This occupied him day and night for more than two weeks. He found matters in a woful condition. The troops (three regiments) on the Mississippi coast were badly armed and had very little ammunition—one of the regiments not more than five rounds per man. The entrances into Pearl River were entirely unobstructed, as indeed were all the other inlets and approaches into the country. In addition to the works hereafter to be named, there was an open Battery of ten twenty-four-pounders on Bayou Bienvenue, and one of five on Phillippon; and two small earthworks, intended for five guns each, had been thrown up, guarding the entrance to Berwick's Bay, but had not been completed. The forts in the Department—viz., Pike, Macomb, St. Philip, Jackson, and Livingston—were originally small earthworks of a very inferior class, built of brick and earth, and having been unoccupied for many years, had become much dilapidated, and in places they were crumbling with their own weight. These were armed principally with smooth-bore twenty-four and thirty-two pounders—there not being in the whole Department more than nine guns mounted of a greater calibre than a thirty-two-pounder and but thirty-six of these mounted. Seven or eight

of the thirty-twos had been rifled, but there was neither shot nor shell for them. The gun-carriages were generally old and defective, from long exposure to the weather,—many so decayed that a penknife could be inserted with ease into the wood. There was likewise a very great deficiency in all the implements and equipments necessary for the service of heavy guns, etc., etc. The ammunition did not average more than twenty rounds per gun.

There were no guns or works at Pass Manschac, Bayou Lafourche, Grand Caillon, or on the approaches, or Barrataria Bay, to the river near the city. No measures had been taken for obstructing any of the rivers or passes, either by felling timber, driving piles, or making rafts, except that materials had been collected in part for making a raft to be placed in the Mississippi River, at the Forts ; and work on it had been commenced. A line of intrenchments around the city itself had been planned and begun by Major M. L. Smith, but it was entirely unfinished, not a gun mounted, nor magazine built, nor platform laid. The length of this line was more than eight miles. General Twiggs had received from the Norfolk Navy Yard one hundred old navy-guns, many of which had been long in use, and the vents so worn as to be unfit for friction tubes. Many of these guns had been cast more than forty years. There were none above a forty-two-pounder, and a number were thirty-two-pounder carronades, a gun entirely useless except for firing grape and canister at short distances. No carriages, chassies, or implements came with these guns, and none of them were mounted when Lovell took command. There was a vast amount of engineer and ordnance work to be done, and both of these important branches were imposed upon Major Smith, who found it impossible to do justice to both. On the water, there were two small vessels, the *McRae* and the *Joy*, and the ram "*Manasses*," with one gun. Two river steamboats were being strengthened and ironed for service, the keels of two iron-clad ships, the "*Louisiana*" and "*Mississippi*," had been lately laid, and two smaller gunboats,

for service on Lake Ponchartrain, were on the stocks in the Bayou St. John. Several new regiments were in process of organization at Camp Moore, seventy-eight miles north of the city, but these were only partially armed and equipped. There were in all five new regiments, unfit to take the field.

Anticipating an attack in the January of 1862, Lovell set himself diligently to work, with all the available means at his disposal, to supply the deficiencies of his defenceless Department. He found himself materially delayed by the want of a sufficient number of competent officers, of experience and detailed knowledge. This deficiency was made known to the War Department and relief asked on several occasions, without success. We may as well observe here, in the beginning, that the apparent negligence and indifference of the authorities at Richmond, in regard to New Orleans, was most culpable and most inexplicable. Their whole attention seemed to be absorbed by the war in the East. They never realized the importance of the River, or the West of the Confederacy! Even Mr. Benjamin, whose interests were nearly all in Louisiana, seemed to ignore her necessities; but he never believed New Orleans would be attacked. When such representations were made to him, he laughed at the anxiety of Lovell, Beauregard, Conrad, and turning to them, in his careless, insouciant way, said gayly: "Bah! the truth is, you *are all scared* to death, *down at home!*" Mr. Mallory's inattention was gross and inexcusable. God forbid that I should ever write one word against the noble, immaculate man, whom we placed at the head of our Government. But he was, though one of the purest and grandest of men, still but a man—whose humanity limited his earnest desires; who was forced to delegate powers to subordinates, who often abused his confidence and betrayed his trust; and many terrible mistakes were made for which he, perhaps, is not responsible. Let the world say what it will of the late President of the Confederate States, we, Southern people, have only towards him, pride in his patriotism, in his purity, in his beautiful intellect; reverence for his morality,

for his fortitude ; gratitude for his love, his patience ; tears for the scars made on the feeble emaciated limbs, by the manacles worn for our sakes ; pity and grief for his sufferings, and *silence for his faults or his mistakes ! We had no abler, no better man among us !*

Lovell telegraphed to Colonel Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance at Richmond, for mortars or columbiads. He replied, "he had none to spare." Then Lovell telegraphed General Bragg, at Pensacola, for at least some ten-inch guns and mortars. Bragg answered : "Not a gun to spare." Then, knowing there was no hope of finding any in the Confederacy, Lovell resolved to try and have some made. He arranged with Leeds & Co., Burnett & Larges, and S. Wolf & Co., to put up reverberatory furnaces, and made arrangements for casting eight and ten inch columbiads, and ten-inch sea-coast mortars. He procured all the large chains and anchors that could be had from Pensacola, Savannah, and other places, for the purpose of constructing rafts and booms, to place in the various water-approaches, giving particular attention to that in the Mississippi River.

He contracted for building and sinking an obstruction in Pearl River ; had Salt Bayou, as also Gentilly and Aletche Bayous, filled with rows of piles driven across the channels ; and La Loutre, Terre aux Bœufs, and Aux Chênes, obstructed by felling timber on the banks ; and eventually, with the assistance of the Safety Committee of New Orleans, had two rows of piles, each more than a thousand yards long, and braced at the top, driven in the channel, under the guns of Fort Pike, where the water was nearly fifty feet deep. The channel leading into the Atchafalaya Bay was also filled up by sinking green live-oak trees, forming an obstruction forty feet wide at the base, and eight at the top ; and a raft was placed on the river just below Fort Berwick.

He had his guns rifled. He replaced the twenty-four-pounders—en barbette—bearing on the water, at Forts Jackson, St. Philip, Pike, Macomb, with the forty-two and thirty-

two-pounders received from Norfolk. He strengthened the various garrisons. He built a water-battery at Fort Jackson. He gathered up saltpetre and sulphur wherever he could find them, and began to manufacture powder—the little that was sent him was worthless, and had to be remanufactured in New Orleans. He arranged with the foundries to cast shot and shell. He established an arsenal for the repair of small-arms. He made cartridges, supplying not only his own needs, but sent more than a million rounds to the Army of Tennessee. He gave the Navy twenty-five thousand pounds of powder, sent seventeen thousand pounds to other departments, and twelve thousand pounds to Richmond, besides furnishing all the ammunition to the troops sent to General A. S. Johnston in Tennessee, and giving the River defence fleet what they needed. Earthwork forts were commenced on the Grand Caillou and on Bayou Lafourche; also on Bayou Barrataria, at the Manschac Passes, at Proctorsville, and two forts on Berwick's Bay. On the Mississippi River, works were put up above the city and on the southern and western shores of Lake Ponchartrain.

The general plan adopted was to have two lines of works, an exterior line passing through the forts, and earthworks erected to defend the various water-approaches, and an interior line, embracing New Orleans and Algiers, which was intended principally to repel an attack by land. The total length of the intrenchments on this line was more than eight miles, and when completed, it, in connection with the swamp, put New Orleans in an impregnable position, so far as regarded any attack by land. It mounted more than sixty guns of various calibres, and was surrounded by wide and deep ditches. One regiment of troops was taken from the Mississippi coast and stationed at Berwick's Bay, "*a point of vital importance,*" where was also located a battery of field-artillery, and a company of cavalry. *Colonel H. W. Allen was put in command here,* being withdrawn from Ship Island. Lovell now organized the twenty independent companies of

infantry, raised by Twiggs, into regiments, and placed them as garrisons in the various works of the exterior line. The infantry at Camp Moore, under General Ruggles, were organized into a brigade, and well armed and equipped out of Lovell's workshops. He laid a railway track in the city between the Ponchartrain and Mexican Gulf roads, so as to transfer troops as rapidly as possible from point to point, and established telegraph lines to Proctorsville and Brashear City, on Berwick's Bay. He made every effort to accumulate a supply of flour and meat sufficient for sixty days, for the whole city, to enable the inhabitants to stand a siege; but from causes beyond his control the effort failed, and this want of provisions for more than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, was an important element in determining the evacuation of the city in April. In obedience to the orders of the Secretary of War, about the 15th of January, 1862, he seized fourteen steamers, then at New Orleans, and proceeded to strengthen and protect them with cotton-bales, arming and equipping them. For this purpose one million of dollars was placed to Lovell's credit, and although not favorably impressed with the plan, he labored diligently to carry out the views of the Department. Montgomery and Townsend were sent from Richmond, and twelve other captains were selected by them to take charge of this fleet—the matter being placed in *their hands* by the Secretary of War. Eight of these vessels were sent up, by the 1st of April, to Fort Pillow, and the others retained by Lovell.

Immense requisitions of all kinds were constantly made on this Department,—provisions, clothing, camp and garrison equipage, powder, and munitions of war of various kinds, were sent to different parts of the Confederacy. He had twelve launches fitted up and armed with one good gun each, for service on the small bayous and canals with which the Department is intersected. These were to act as an Internal Police.

In December, 1861, Lovell was ordered, from Richmond, to

send out of the Department twenty-two heavy guns, to Tennessee and Charleston, S. C., and to provide one gun each for the fourteen vessels of the "River fleet." He also turned over to the Navy ten forty-two-pounders, for arming the steamers *Bienville* and *Carondelet*, for service in Lake Ponchartrain and Mississippi Sound. He also sent two regiments of troops to Columbus, Kentucky, at the urgent request of Polk. In February, Lovell was ordered by the War Department to send five thousand men to Columbus, which took away all his available force in New Orleans, leaving him without a single armed regiment of Confederate troops in the city. Every vessel of war ready for service was also ordered up to the same point, and the Department thus left without troops or men, except the garrisons of the works on the exterior lines. On the 25th of February, Lovell made requisitions on Governor Moore for ten thousand militia for the defence of the city; but the Adjutant-General of the State reported, that in November, 1861, he had only about six thousand armed militia, and that since that time three thousand of these had been sent to General Beauregard. This left for the defence of New Orleans less than three thousand militia, of which twelve hundred had muskets, and the remainder very indifferent shot-guns. These troops were commanded by their own State officers, and a part of them, when ordered to the support of Fort Jackson, mutinied, refused to go, and had to be forced on board the transports by other regiments. Lovell reported to the War Department the manner in which his district had been stripped of men, and guns, and ships, and objected to it.

But Mr. Mallory thought the place to defend New Orleans was "*above.*" So Lovell's complaints met with little favor. The strength of the land defences was great. Lovell had obstructed and fortified all the water-approaches, and relied upon the Navy to have such iron-clads and other gunboats as would enable him to compete with the enemy by water. The naval defences were entirely independent of Lovell, under the command of Commodore Hollins, and afterwards Commander

Whittle. These gentlemen complained constantly of the inadequacy of the means placed at their command—they were often without money to pay their workmen. The “Louisiana” and “Mississippi” were never completed, and yet it was very well known the safety of the city rested on these two vessels. Beauregard’s obstructions were never built. They would cost “one hundred thousand dollars,” and so, with a “penny-wise” policy, they were rejected. Lovell now had built the best raft (*cheap*) he could make, which he anchored as firmly as he could with all the anchors and chains he could possibly procure. The depth of the river, one hundred and fifty feet, with a bottom of shifting sand, made this a difficult task. The swift current, swollen to an unprecedented height, piled up the drift against the raft. Lovell kept steamboats and skiffs constantly at work to remove this accumulation, but the raft began to sag—at last it parted, in the early days of March. The river was opened. Lovell now sent down to make another raft, from the debris, with chains and schooners; which he did. This second raft was broken by the collision of the fire-rafts and tenders, at the time of the siege of the Forts. Lovell’s only hope about the rafts was, that he could probably keep them there in position until the iron-clads, the Louisiana and Mississippi, were finished, when they (the iron-clads) would answer for “*the keeping of the River!*” He had had made a long horizontal boom, but he could not get large chains to secure it with. He asked General Polk for some he had at Columbus, but received no reply. The chains were afterwards abandoned at Columbus. The building of the iron-clads progressed slowly. Everybody became impatient about them. The “Safety Committee” offered unlimited means and *carte blanche* to the builders, urging that the work should be pushed on by day and night. It was *vital* to the city. Application was made to Richmond to hasten it. It availed but little. The dreadful apathy about this Department could not be shaken off. General Lovell and the *Safety Committee* were the only people *awake* in it! Lovell was doing his utmost (and he is a

man of great activity, both mental and physical). He was aided by the State and Governor Moore, as far as possible. Some members of the Safety Committee, however, did not like Lovell. The people had no confidence in him. They were very prejudiced and unjust. On one occasion he asked for two hundred thousand dollars from the Safety Committee. They declined giving it to him unless he told them the use he meant to put it to. Of course he did not satisfy their curiosity, or their suspicion, so derogatory to him in every way, as an officer, a patriot, and a gentleman.

Lovell prepared and sent down forty or fifty fire-rafts, loaded with light wood, mixed with cotton, rosin, and tar-oil, which were placed above and below the second "obstruction." He tried to place torpedoes in the river, but the great depth (more than one hundred and fifty feet), and the powerful current, baffled this effort. He had a Drummond-light made and put on Fort Jackson, but the enemy's shells destroyed this. At Lovell's request, Governor Moore took two steamers lying in the river, had them strengthened with cotton-bales, and provided with officers and crews, which he placed under Lovell's orders. These two boats, the General Quitman, under Grant, and the Governor Moore, under Kennon, were armed with two heavy guns each, and sent to Fort Jackson. This was all of the *water* defence that Lovell could command absolutely,—the "River fleet," and the "iron-clads," the one under Montgomery, the other under Whittle, being responsible to the Secretary of the Navy alone. Lovell urged upon Commodore Whittle the completion of the "iron-clads," but he replied that they were not under his control, the contractors being made independent of his order, by the Secretary of the Navy. Lovell, and Whittle, and the Safety Committee, and the indignation and impatience of the people, could not move the contractors. They said they were doing all they could. "*Festina lente*" is not a good proverb, with a powerful enemy thundering with mortars and bombshells at one's door, but it seems to have been Mr. Mallory's and the Tifts'. The people, with the usual

inconsistency of popular prejudice, poured all the vials of their wrath on Lovell's head. Lovell found great difficulties in casting heavy guns. The pits for casting could not be used on account of the water, which, in that low, flat country, rapidly filled them. It became necessary to make casings in the pits to exclude the water. Learning by accident, in the early part of March, that Pensacola was to be abandoned, Lovell renewed his application for some of the columbiads and mortars, of which there was a large number there. He telegraphed to Mr. Benjamin, on the 7th of March, 1862: "In case of evacuation of points now fortified, please order ten-inch guns and mortars here." To this telegram he received no reply. On the 15th of March he telegraphed to Major-General S. Jones, commanding at Mobile, to send him ten-inch mortars, and also wrote on the 21st. Receiving no answer, he telegraphed the Secretary of War again, requesting him to order General Jones to send the columbiads and mortars promptly. To which he replied, "that he had ordered them to be sent as requested." On the 29th, Lovell telegraphed the Secretary of War—now Mr. Randolph—that the enemy were in force at the mouth of the river, and to "please send the guns immediately." General Randolph sent a telegram "to know what guns Lovell meant, whether guns in battery or guns on the way to him." Lovell replied: "A part of the ten-inch columbiads and sea-coast mortars which were at Pensacola—that New Orleans had only one of the former and none of the latter."

On the 4th of April the Secretary of War telegraphed Lovell that he had endeavored "to get from Pensacola columbiads and sea-coast mortars, but found that all had been sent to Mobile that could be spared."

Finding he could not obtain guns by authority, Lovell sent Major Duncan (son-in-law to General Quitman), since dead, an energetic officer, to get as many guns of that calibre as he could, and to bring them through, unless stopped by a superior officer. Major Duncan reported that General Jones would

let Lovell have the guns if he were in command, but that he had been ordered away. Major Duncan telegraphed General Bragg, who replied, "that the commanding officer was authorized to give the guns if he thought proper, *but that they regarded the points above Memphis as best for the defence of New Orleans!*"

The commanding officer at Mobile refused to give the guns. Duncan now went to Pensacola and *took three* guns, which he brought to New Orleans. Lovell telegraphed and wrote to Beauregard to request General Bragg "*to order*" him these guns—Beauregard knew he needed them. He had said to Lovell, before he took charge of the Department, "*Put large guns at the Forts.*" Lovell now borrowed some of the guns of the Louisiana, from Commodore Whittle. Lovell now sent a regiment of troops, under Colonel Schymansky, to Quarantine, to prevent an approach to the river-bank above Fort St. Philip by the enemy. He also organized sharpshooters for service on the banks of the River below the Forts. The unprecedented high water dislodged these troops, who were removed to the west bank, where they remained until captured by the enemy's fleet. General Duncan was put in command of all the works of the exterior lines, and he made his headquarters at Fort Jackson. Lovell sent to Beauregard for the ram Manassas, which he sent down the river as soon as he could. Commodore Hollins came down in April with the McRae. Lovell had held a consultation with Whittle and Hollins, which ended in his telegraphing to the Secretary of the Navy for permission to Hollins to take the River fleet, and his own, with the Manassas, to attempt a demonstration against Farragut. Hollins said "he felt satisfied he could cut Farragut up. He would fight him to the greatest advantage. Farragut's ships would have been exposed bow foremost to his broadsides, and the sides of his vessels to the fire of the Forts. If he should have exposed the sterns of his vessels to the fire of the Forts, they would have been sunk in a short time." But the Secretary of the Navy rejected the plan, replying, that the *main attack*

upon New Orleans was to be from above, not below." Hollins, in his reply to the "Court of Inquiry," says: "Had my squadron been at the mouth of the river, I could have kept the enemy from crossing the bar; their heavier ships had to be lightened very greatly, their armament, etc., taken out, before they could be put over. I could then have whipped their smaller craft with my squadron, and have prevented their larger vessels from getting over, if it had not been in my power to have destroyed them. Subsequently, when the enemy's fleet was in the river, if I had been permitted, I could have taken my squadron and have driven him back at the time he passed the Forts. The refusal of the Secretary of the Navy to allow these measures to be carried out, is the cause, in my judgment, of the fall of New Orleans."

On the 20th of April, Commodore Whittle decided to take the Louisiana, although not entirely ready with her motive-power, down at once to the Forts, but he could get no powder for the guns, except three thousand pounds Lovell had already given him. As she was an iron-clad ship, mounting sixteen guns, many of which were rifled, of the heaviest calibre and longest range, Lovell determined to give her fifty rounds from his battery of smooth-bore thirty-twos, on the lower line, which gave the Louisiana five thousand pounds additional, but left the Battery with only twenty rounds. He thought the powder would do better service on the Louisiana than on the inner line, with his light guns and new recruits. He issued no ammunition to the militia at the camp near the interior line, because they were utterly useless against ships; no land attack was anticipated. And, above all, they had in some regiments manifested such an insubordinate disposition, that Lovell felt unwilling to put ammunition in their hands. The best fighting material was gone from the city. Lovell had, however, six hundred thousand rounds of shot-gun cartridges, made up for the use of this line, and deposited in the arsenal, to be issued when the proper time should arrive. Lovell now employed two steamers, and sent them to General Duncan for towing the fire-rafts in

position for setting them adrift. Several other steamers were also provided to carry down sand-bags, already filled, for protection to the magazines, &c., &c., of the Forts. Captain J. K. Mitchell was put in charge of the fire-rafts, the steamers for towing them, and all other floating defences at the Forts. Steevenson, in command of "the River fleet," informed Mitchell, Lovell, and Hollins, "that all the officers and crews of the vessels under *his* command had entered the service with the distinct understanding, or condition, that they were not to be placed under the orders of naval officers; and, therefore, while willing to co-operate with the other forces, he could receive no orders from any one himself, nor allow any vessel of his command to do so; that he reserved to himself the right of *obeying or not*, any orders issued."

This was very embarrassing in the face of an enemy. Steevenson now undertook "to co-operate," by taking charge of the "fire-rafts;" but he cut them adrift too soon, so that they drifted against the banks at the Forts, firing the wharves, and lighting up the Forts, while they obscured the position of the enemy. One fire-raft was taken down successfully, by the little tug Mosher, which created much perturbation among the enemy. On the 9th of April, the enemy made his first reconnoissance—gradually his larger boats were worked over the bar, and the bombardment began. Hollins was not allowed to go down and fight him at the bar; the River fleet did what they pleased. The Naval force was represented by the unfinished "Louisiana" and the ram Manassas. Commodore Steevenson's fire-rafts had collided with the raft, and helped to break it away. The men in the Forts fought nobly. From the 9th to the 28th of April the siege continued. The river-water was eighteen inches deep in the Forts: the men had to work day and night to keep the magazines dry. Mitchell did not keep the river lighted with fire-rafts. Under cover of the darkness, on the 20th of April one of the enemy's gunboats came up and attempted to cut the chains of the raft and drag off a schooner. A heavy fire was

opened on her, but not until she had partially accomplished her purpose, could she be forced to retire. The mortar-fire of the enemy was accurate and terrible, many of the shot falling everywhere within the forts, and disabling the best guns. None of the boats acted as a Guardboat at night below the raft, though any of "the River fleet" were well fitted for this most important duty. Steevenson did not choose to send them. Perpetual failures in the fire-barges continued. The enemy sent up two launches to examine the character of the obstructions in the river. The men in the forts acted magnificently. So it went on till the 24th of April. Lovell and Duncan finding the obstructions gone, entreated Whittle to put the Louisiana, which was an iron-clad invulnerable floating-battery, in a certain position near Fort St. Philip. Whittle replied he could not, it would sacrifice the vessel, which had no motive-power of her own—being yet unfinished. Duncan said she would be under the guns of both forts, and entirely out of the bombardment, and that it would require a change in the position of the mortar-fleet to enable them to strike the vessel with shell, if she would have been struck at all. All these facts were explained to Whittle, and he was urged to place the vessel there, even if she was lost, as the maintaining the position of the troops in the forts, since the destruction of the raft, was only a question of time. Whittle told Mitchell "to strain a point to put the Louisiana in the requisite position." Mitchell would not do it; he said "she would be ready for service on the 24th." Duncan told him that would be "*too late for New Orleans.*" By the most criminal neglect, the river remained in total darkness, all the night of the 23d of April. The bombardment continued all night, and grew furious towards morning. On the 24th of April, at half-past three A. M., the larger vessels of the enemy were observed to be in motion. "The Louisiana" was still in her old position above Fort St. Philip, surrounded by her tenders, on board of which was the majority of her cannoneers and crew; and the other boats of the fleet were generally at anchor above her, excepting the

Jackson, Captain Renshaw, C. S. N., commanding, which had been sent, at Duncan's suggestion, the day previous, to prevent the landing of forces through the canals above. The *McRae* lay near and above the Louisiana, and the steam-ram *Manassas* with her tender lay in her constant position above Fort Jackson, both with steam up and ready for immediate action. "The enemy," says Duncan, "evidently anticipated a strong demonstration to be made against him with fire-barges. Finding, upon his approach, however, that no such demonstration was made, and that the only resistance offered to his passage was the expected fire of the forts—the broken and scattered raft being then no obstacle—I am satisfied he was suddenly inspired, for the first time, to run the gauntlet at all hazards, although not a part of the original design. Be this as it may, a rapid rush was made by him in columns of twos in echelon, so as not to interfere with each other's broadsides. The mortar-fire was furiously increased upon Fort Jackson, and in dashing by, each of the vessels delivered broadside after broadside, of shot, shell, grape, canister, and spherical case, to drive the men from our guns. Both officers and men stood up manfully under this galling and fearful hail, and the batteries of both forts were promptly opened at their longest range, with shot, shell, hot shot, and a little grape, and most gallantly and rapidly fought, until the enemy succeeded in getting above and beyond our range. The absence of light on the river, together with the smoke of the guns, made the obscurity so dense that scarcely a vessel was visible, and in consequence, the gunners were obliged to govern their firing entirely by the flashes of the enemy's guns. I am fully satisfied that the enemy's dash was successful, mainly, owing to the cover of darkness, as a Frigate and several Gunboats were forced to retire as day was breaking. Similar results had attended every previous attempt to pass or to reconnoitre, made by the enemy when we had sufficient light to fire with accuracy and effect. "The passage was of short duration, having been accomplished between half-past three and daylight, under a rapid and very heavy head of

steam." It must be remembered that it is very difficult to sink any vessel with shot, in smooth water. She does not roll, so a hole could not be put in her between wind and water, and all other perforations are readily plugged with shot-plugs, or other filling. "The River fleet" now ran away ignobly, adopting Falstaff's catechism, or the wise thought of Hudibras, as its creed for the moment. The McRae was gallantly and heroically handled, and fought by Captain Huger. The Governor Moore, under Captain Beverly Kennon, fought and sunk "The Varuna." The Manassas was riddled with shot, as if it had been made of brown paper. She was now abandoned and fired, and set adrift down the river. Lovell had come down to try to persuade Mitchell to place the Louisiana in the position he regarded so important. He tried in vain to check the shameful flight of the River fleet. He remained on his steamboat until "the Varuna" was sunk by Captain Kennon, then returned to the city, where he knew his presence was now necessary.

Lovell found the people in a very agitated state: the rumor of the passage of the enemy's fleet into the River had preceded him. He addressed the people, and tried vainly to allay the excitement. The feeling against him was very much exasperated. The populace were ready to believe that the city had been sold. It was intimated to him that the citizens were willing to sacrifice the city, like another Numantia, and that there could be found one thousand desperate men, who would man steamboats and attack the fleet—devoting themselves thus for the country. He had advertisements put in the different newspapers—offered to lead this "forlorn hope," or, as he was fully cognizant of the prejudice against him, to put it in the hands of Major S. L. James. There were one hundred and fifty volunteers only, and the matter dropped. As a matter of history—and of personal pride—it would be valuable to get the list of the names of these one hundred and fifty Decii, if possible, to put on record on the golden roll of honor!

Lovell now turned his attention to the removal of the Government stores from the city, to a more secure position. By

the most arduous labor and Herculean effort, nearly the whole of the valuable stores, machinery of the workshops, etc., were gotten out and sent off to Camp Moore, and Vicksburg, which was now being rapidly fortified under Captain Harris. Lovell resolved to evacuate the city, unless the citizens were willing to sacrifice it—for several reasons, which will suggest themselves to any one conversant with military movements. In the first place, the city was filled with non-combatants, women and children, almost destitute of provisions—utterly unprovided for a siege. In the second, New Orleans being an Island, except for the narrow isthmus which connected it with the mainland, through which ran the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad, a single ship of the enemy, laid to command this Railroad at Kenner, would effectually bar all further escape on the part either of the troops or people. There were but few boats in the River above. It would be an impossibility to remove by water one hundred and fifty thousand people, under almost any, the most propitious circumstances. All, then, that was left for Lovell—after, by the incompetency of the *water defence*, the city was virtually surrendered—to do, was to *save his troops*, if possible, and the Government Stores, so as to attempt the renewal of his effort “to hold the River” in another position; which he unhesitatingly did, unheeding the popular clamor, the ignorant vociferations of the multitude, whose best interests he was consulting. As a soldier, and a man of humanity and patriotism, Lovell’s evacuation of New Orleans was right, noble, and patriotic. Lovell advised the officer in command of the Gunboats, “to take the boats on the Lake to Mobile;” but the officer chose to destroy them in preference. “The Mississippi” might have been towed up the River and completed, when she alone would have enabled us to have “kept the River,” but she was burnt by order of the naval officers, who alone had control of her. Lovell took his troops to Camp Moore on the 25th of April, thus converting New Orleans into a defenceless city, and leaving the enemy no ground for bombarding it. The River was so high that the

ships lay at least nine feet higher than the level of the city, and the guns would therefore be able to sweep the streets in every direction.

Duncan, at the Forts, still continued to hold them. He now requested Mitchell to place "the Louisiana" in the bight above Fort Jackson, where she would be more efficient as a battery, and her guns could protect the rear of the Forts, and sweep the long reach of river above, towards the Quarantine. This was the more important, as all the heavy guns at the Forts had been mounted to bear upon the lower approaches, and not on those above. Mitchell promised to do it "on the next day"—but he never did it. The position of the Louisiana remained unchanged—the Louisiana had received broadside after broadside from the enemy, within the closest range, uninjured, showing she was bomb-proof; but she had no motive-power of her own, and no tender able to move her—owing to the fact of the men on the tender being intoxicated, one tender also being crippled, and the "*Defiance*" refusing positively to aid in moving her. On the 26th Captain Mitchell communicated with the city above and learned it had been surrendered, and that the "Mississippi" had been burned by the authorities. On the 27th, Commander David M. Porter, U. S. N., commanding the mortar-fleet, demanded the surrender of the forts. Duncan refused to surrender. "So far, throughout the entire bombardment and final action, the spirit of the troops was cheerful, confident, and courageous. They were mostly foreign enlistments, without any great interests at stake in the ultimate success of the Revolution. A reaction set in among them, during the lull of the 25th, 26th, and 27th, when there was no other excitement than the fatigue-duty of repairing damages, and when the rumor was current that the city had surrendered, and was in the hands of the enemy. No reply had been received from the city to Duncan's dispatches, by which he could reassure them. They were still obedient, but not buoyant nor cheerful—they had worked gayly in the almost submerged Fort, endured all privations and fatigues with great

and admirable courage—but they now lost hope, and fortitude failed them. Every thing, however, remained quiet until midnight, when the garrison at Fort Jackson revolted *en masse*, seized upon the guards and the posterns—reversed the field-pieces commanding the gates, and spiked the guns, while many of the men commenced leaving the Forts under arms. The men were drawn up under arms, and positively refused to fight any longer, and endeavored to force the St. Mary's cannoneers, who remained true, to join in the mutiny. The mutineers stated that the officers intended to hold out as long as possible, or while the provisions lasted, and that then they would blow up the Forts with every thing in them; that the city had surrendered, and there was no further use in fighting; that the enemy were about to attack by land and water on three sides at once, and that a longer defence would only be a butchery. Every endeavor was made by the officers to repress the revolt, but without avail. Officers upon the ramparts were fired upon by the mutineers, in attempting to stop the spiking of the guns. The revolt being so general among the men, the officers were powerless to act. In this woful condition, there was but one course left for the officers to pursue—to let those men go who desired it, in order to see the number left, and to ascertain what reliance could be placed on them. About one half of the garrison left immediately, including volunteers, regulars, non-commissioned officers and privates, and among them many of the very men who had stood, last and best, at their guns throughout the whole bombardment and during the action of the 24th. The St. Mary's cannoneers stood firm, but it was evident that there was no fight in the men remaining—they were completely demoralized. Mitchell came over to the Fort and discussed the whole question; after which he left, remarking he would “now put ‘the Louisiana’ in position and attack the enemy at Quarantine.” *It was too late!* Had he been willing to sacrifice the Louisiana—which now had to go—a few days earlier, it might have saved the city, the Forts, and we might still have “kept the River.” It was now decided best

to surrender the two Forts, as the men at St. Philip, though not in open revolt, were greatly discouraged. Duncan now sent a flag of truce to the fleet. While the negotiations were pending, the Louisiana, with her guns protruded, and she on fire, drifted down the River towards the Fleet. Her guns were discharged at random, as she floated down, and she finally blew up, near Fort St. Philip, scattering fragments everywhere within and around the Fort—killing one of our men and wounding three or four others—among them Captain McIntosh, C. S. N., who had been severely wounded in the discharge of his duty on the night of the passage of the Forts. He was lying in a tent near the Fort. The Louisiana was fired prior to the time of the arrival of the enemy's boats with white flags, at the Forts. Duncan now returned to the city. He found the enemy's vessels lying off the town—and *no flags* flying in it, except the flag of the State of Louisiana—which was floating from the City Hall. Farragut ordered the State flag removed, and the United States flag hoisted in its stead, upon the penalty of shelling the city within forty-eight hours, if the demand was not complied with—ordering the women and children out of the city within the specified time. Lovell was in the city, having returned from Camp Moore to reiterate to the Mayor, Mr. Monroe, his willingness to bring his troops back if the people desired to fight still—but his proffer was rejected. The Flag was taken down, now, by some of Farragut's men, and the United States flag placed there in its stead,—the people looking on in silence, and weeping, hopelessly. Lovell now quitted the city and returned to Camp Moore. Many of his guns were placed in the fortifications at Vicksburg and Jackson, and he had saved machinery and stores of great value, as well as his little army, which afterwards did good service.

Lovell fought afterwards gallantly at Corinth and Coffeeville; and it was Lovell who fortified Columbia. He now resigned his rank as Commander of the Department, and was relieved by General Van Dorn, a native of Port Gibson, Miss. The

clamor of the people still followed Lovell; but, perhaps, when the true history of the Confederate war is written, it will be discovered that Mansfield Lovell was neither unfaithful nor inefficient in the discharge of his duties while he acted as a soldier in the Southern army. So fell the first line South of defence of the River. The Battle of Baton Rouge eventuated in the forming another line, beginning at Port Hudson. Lovell had, by ingenuity, activity, and ceaseless industry, not only supplied his own defences, prepared all the land fortifications admirably, so as to resist almost any attack by land—at all the passes as well as the city—but also furnished supplies and aid of every kind to other parts of the Confederacy, as well as the Naval forces at New Orleans, which he aided to his full extent of ability; but though he thus met, and warded off, the indifference of the Secretary of War, he had no means, nor was he allowed to attempt to fill up the slackness of energy and negligence of the Secretary of the Navy, on whom must rest the whole responsibility of the fall of New Orleans.

Lovell was censured by the Court of Inquiry for not notifying Major M. L. Smith of the surrender of the city. The facts are, that Lovell was at the *Interior* line (Chalmette) on the 24th, after the first ships passed the Forts, and gave orders—not knowing the *number* which would succeed in passing, or the fact of the destruction of the River and Naval forces—to have the lines held against *small vessels*, if possible. He knew very well two small rifled 32-pounders, and works manned entirely with smooth-bores of the same calibre, could do nothing against ships of size. The interior works were intended to be held against *land attacks*, and the few guns put at the River were to protect the rear of the works against small or single ships which might get up through the shallower passes of the Mississippi. Smith, as soon as he perceived the fleet within range, opened fire with his "*pop-guns*,"* and shot away all his ammunition in a few moments. The stately vessels "opened their

* Smith's own words

ports" on him, and in a few minutes he evacuated the lines with his men—*being as well* posted as Lovell himself about the passage of the fleet, and necessary sequence of the surrender of the city. Smith now made his way across the country and joined Lovell at Camp Moore. The guns were lost on the interior line. After being spiked, they were abandoned. They were not of much value.

An eye-witness described to me the grand picturesque "effect" of the bombardment of the Forts, as the vessels dashed by. I give it in his own words: "I was standing on the stern of the little steamboat, who had her head up stream. The launch was just being lowered for General Lovell to go down to the Louisiana, to try to prevail on Mitchell to put her in a position to blockade the river. It was pitch-dark. Looking up, I saw what I supposed a shooting star rush over our heads and fade instantaneously. I observed to a sailor near me, 'What a beautiful star!'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'and it bodes no good to the enemy, for it falls our way.'

"I smiled at his superstition and turned away. Just at that moment another of the stars shot over us; then came the boom of a gun from the lower fort.

"'Those are rockets, not stars,' I exclaimed; 'the Yankees are showing a head round the corner. Listen to the gun!' It was so dark we could see nothing; but as the second rocket faded, in one instant the whole scene was brilliantly illuminated as if by magic. Every gun opened in the Forts. The vessels poured broadside after broadside as they rushed past. The mortars filled the air. It was so bright with the glare of the guns' rapid firing, that we could see every yard, every sail, every rope, every man in the rigging, every man at the guns in the Forts, dark against the red sulphurous light. The men working the little howitzers in the rigging of the Hartford looked like black imps or devils clinging and climbing about her ropes. It was the most superb sight I ever witnessed—so flashing, so bewildering, so magnificent, so brief!"

Flag-Officer D. G. Farragut took possession of the city and ordered all flags—State as well as Confederate—to be removed from the public buildings, and the United States flag substituted. The following correspondence may be of value to some future historian. I therefore introduce it here as explanatory of the heinousness of the murder of William B. Mumford—who was afterwards hung by order of General B. F. Butler on the 7th of June.

This extract is taken from a newspaper of the day :

We give the Mayor's reply to the communication from Flag-Officer Farragut, received on Monday, as follows :

CITY HALL, April 28, 1862.

To Flag-Officer D. G. Farragut, U. S. Flag-Ship Hartford :

Your communication of this morning is the first intimation I ever had that it was by your strict orders that the United States flag was attempted to be hoisted upon certain of our public edifices, by officers sent on shore to communicate with the authorities. The officers who approached me in your name disclosed no such orders, and intimated no such design on your part, nor would I have for a moment entertained the remotest suspicion that they could have been invested with power to enter on such an errand, while the negotiations for a surrender between you and the city authorities were still pending. The interference of any force under your command, as long as those negotiations were not brought to a close, could not be viewed by us otherwise than as a flagrant violation of those courtesies, if not of the absolute rights, which prevail between belligerents under such circumstances. My views and sentiments with reference to such conduct remain unchanged. You now renew the demands made in your former communication, and you insist on their being complied with unconditionally, under a threat of bombardment within forty-eight hours ; and you notify me to remove the women and children from the city, that they may be protected from your shells.

Sir, you cannot but know that there is no possible exit from this city for a population which still exceeds in number one hundred and forty thousand, and you must, therefore, be aware of the utter insanity of such a notification. Our women and children cannot escape from your shells, if it be your pleasure to murder them on a question of mere etiquette. But if they could, there are but few among them who would consent to desert their families and their homes, and the graves of their relatives,

in so awful a moment. They would bravely stand the sight of your shells tearing up the graves of those who are so dear to them, and would deem that they died not ingloriously by the side of the tombs erected by their piety to the memory of departed relatives.

You are not satisfied with the peaceable possession of an undefended city, opposing no resistance to your guns, because of its bearing its hard fate with something of manliness and dignity, and you wish to humble and disgrace us, by the performance of an act against which our natures rebel. This satisfaction you cannot expect to obtain at our hands.

We will stand your bombardment, unarmed and undefended as we are. The civilized world will consign to indelible infamy the heart that will conceive the deed and the hand that will dare to consummate it.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. MONROE,
Mayor of the City of New Orleans.

About half-past seven o'clock on the morning of the 29th, two naval officers from the Federal fleet in the river, presented themselves at the City Hall, bearing the following communication :

U. S. FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
At anchor off the City of New Orleans, }
April 29, 1862.

To His Honor the Mayor of the City of New Orleans :

SIR—The Forts St. Philip and Jackson having surrendered, and all the military defences of the City being either captured or abandoned, you are required, as the sole representative of any supposed authority in the city, to haul down and suppress every ensign and symbol of Government, whether State or Confederate, except that of the United States. I am now about to raise the flag of the United States upon the Custom-House, and you will see that it is respected with all the civil power of the city.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Flag-Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

About ten o'clock the City Council met, and after some consultation adjourned, it being understood that the members would individually do all in their power to suppress any violence or disorder during the visit of the Federal force to perform the acts of authority contemplated.

Subsequently the Mayor issued the following proclamation :

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,)

City Hall, April 29, 1862. (

It is requested that all citizens retire to their homes during the performance by the United States forces of those acts of authority which it would be folly to resist. Any violence or disorder would be productive of the most serious disasters, and entail danger and suffering on the unresisting population of the city.

Fellow citizens, the honor and dignity of New Orleans have been maintained. The flag of Louisiana is not to be removed from this building by any act of your authorities, but by those who have the power and the will to exercise it.

You are enjoined to preserve order, and that silence, more eloquent than words, which befits so solemn an occasion.

JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor.

Having heard that the Federals were preparing to land, we went down to the levee and saw some eight or more boats, filled with armed men, lying out in the river, a short distance from the levee, apparently waiting for orders, and a very large number of persons evidently watching with intense interest every movement afloat. Returning into the city, we, not long afterwards, heard that the armed force of the ships had landed and proceeded to the Custom-House, to hoist the Federal flag on that building. On going in that direction, as we turned into Canal-street, we witnessed the hoisting of the flag. This was at half-past eleven o'clock. There was a large crowd in Canal-street, especially around the Federal force, drawn up in line alongside the Custom-House. There was no disturbance, and we did not hear any insulting expressions towards the men engaged in doing their duty. The act in which they were participating was one calculated to mortify and excite the thousands of spectators, but, suppressing the painful emotions the scene aroused, the great mass of persons present displayed a calm dignity that was highly creditable to them and to the city. In very many cases, those who witnessed the painful spectacle, preserved "that silence more eloquent than words," while in others, the muttered exclamation betokened a volume of suppressed passion and hatred of the oppressor which boded no good to those who have overpowered us, but was indicative of a patriotism that cannot be extinguished.

The same proceedings were had as to the City Hall—the Federals, armed with muskets and bayonets, and sailors with two brass cannon, proceeded to their work. All was quiet among the populace until the Federals were about leaving for their boats, when there were long, loud, and deafening cheers given for their departure.

From Sunday Delta, of the 8th of June, 1862.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
New Orleans, 5th June, 1862. }

Special Order No. 70.

William B. Mumford, a citizen of New Orleans, having been convicted, before the Military Commission, of Treason, and an overt act thereof, in tearing down a United States flag from a public building of the United States, for the purpose of inciting other evil-minded persons to further resistance to the laws and arms of the United States, after said flag was placed there by Commodore Farragut of the U. S. Navy—

It is ordered that he be executed according to the sentence of the said Military Commission, on Saturday, June 7th inst., between the hours of 8 A. M. and 12 M., under the direction of the Provost Marshal of the District of New Orleans; and for so doing, this shall be his sufficient warrant.

By command of
(Signed) MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER,
General Commanding.

This extract is taken from a newspaper of the day. It was known among us that Mumford was not guilty of this “*crime*” (?), of taking down the United States flag, which was done before the City was surrendered, and not done by him. General Butler’s Court of Military Commission found him guilty. It must have been on circumstantial, if any evidence, because the flag was removed by a young lad of sixteen, “Adolphe Harper,” who was hurried out of the City by his alarmed friends immediately after the commission of the daring act, before Harper was aware of Mumford’s capture. Harper was sent up the River near Natchez. Learning afterwards of Mumford’s summary execution, young Harper, in an agony of distress, tried to get back to New Orleans, in order to surrender himself to the United States Authorities, in a vain thought of expiation to the martyred Mumford. But his friends about Natchez prevented this mad, boyish act—prompted by the lad’s sense of honor—and at last succeeded in convincing him that it would be a useless sacrifice of another life, which could be made valuable to

the South. Harper then joined Bradford's scouts, and was killed in a skirmish about ten miles from Natchez. He is buried in Fayette. Harper's friends say he was always "*under a cloud*," after Mumford's death. He was very handsome, and a very brave, reckless soldier.

I hesitated as to the expediency of writing this fact of history; but I have cast expediency aside in the presence of truth, and I write it.

NOTE.—Most of this account of the Fall of New Orleans is drawn from official sources, and the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry, held at General Lovell's repeated requests. From this I extract also the following portions:—

EXAMINATION OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

"The Forts commanding the river having been passed, New Orleans lay necessarily at the mercy of the enemy's heavy guns afloat, which, owing to the high stage of the River, commanded the banks on both sides to the swamps, skirting the River at a distance varying from a half to a mile. An army of fifty thousand men, or more, could not have saved the City from destruction. Whether the latter was desirable at the time, before New Orleans had experienced Butler's iron rule, could only have been determined by the State or Confederate Authorities, who should have considered whether the destruction of so large a city would have done more injury to the enemy than to ourselves. It is evident that to him (the enemy) Baton Rouge is a better strategic point than New Orleans, and the destruction of the latter would have relieved him of the necessity of keeping a garrison of five or six thousand men there to guard it; this act would have been *mere empty bravado*—a wanton destruction of an immense amount of private and public property, which would have shaken, at the time, the Confederacy to its very foundations, and thrown upon the Government a helpless population of about one hundred and sixty thousand non-combatants (men, women, and children) to feed and provide for, when already overburdened to supply the wants of the armies in the field.

"As I have already stated, the Mississippi River being extremely high, the streets of New Orleans could have been swept from one extremity to the other by the heavy guns of the enemy's fleet. Or, had Commodore Farragut preferred reducing the place to submission without using his guns, it would have been only necessary to have cut the *levee* above and

below the city, and the whole population would have been utterly defenceless and in a starving condition in a few days. Without the command of the Mississippi River, New Orleans is not worth holding as a military or strategic position.

“I am decidedly of opinion that Forts Jackson and St. Philip could not have prevented a certain number of steamers out of a fleet, from passing up the River in a dark night or a foggy day. A boom construction is, in my opinion, the only kind that could have answered the purpose of preventing the enemy’s steamers from passing those Forts ; but the problem of constructing those booms so as to enable them to resist the pressure of the drift-wood, is a difficult one, which would require very thorough examination and study to solve it satisfactorily. Knowing the importance of a boom for the defence of New Orleans, when the State seceded, I had made the drawing and estimates of a boom, to be put across the River, between those Forts. When, in February, 1861, I left New Orleans for Montgomery, at the call of the Confederate States Government, I placed the drawings and plates referred to in the hands of Colonel Paul Herbert, for the use of the State Military Board, calling their attention to the urgent necessity of having the boom constructed and put in position at the earliest moment practicable ; but I am informed it was never done, *on account of its cost* (less than \$100,000), and the time required for its construction, probably three months.”

EXAMINATION OF LIEUTENANT A. F. WARLY, C. S. N.

Question. “Why was not the Louisiana placed in the position desired by Generals Lovell and Duncan ?

Answer. “The vessel was not put in that position, desired by Generals Lovell and Duncan, because the vessel had no propelling power of her own, and to have taken that position she would have been under the fire of the mortar-boats of the enemy, while she would not have been able to have reached them ; her port-holes were so constructed that her guns could not have had sufficient elevation to bring their fire within range. In my opinion, she would have been sunk in that position in a half-hour, without effecting a particle of good. In that opinion the Senior Officers of the Council concurred without a dissenting voice. One shell falling perpendicularly on the upper deck of the Louisiana would have been sufficient to have sunk her. The upper deck was flat, and only covered with very thin plates of iron. She was built to fight against vessels throwing broadsides at close range. We hoped to be able in three or four days to propel her at the rate of three knots an hour, which would have enabled her to have destroyed every thing in the River.”

Question. "What measures not adopted might have been taken that would have been effective for holding the Mississippi River against the Federal fleet?"

Answer. "If the River-defence fleet and the Governor Moore and the General Quitman had co-operated with the Manassas, as rams, they might have prevented the passage of the Forts. One of the River-fleet, the Defiance, never left the bank, and all the other boats, except the McRae, steamed up the River without firing a gun, or taking any part in the fight. The next morning, the Stonewall Jackson and the Governor Moore came down to the Quarantine, ran into a Yankee Gunboat and sunk her. Had they acted in the same manner the night before, making their power available, they could have kept the enemy's fleet under the fire of the Forts, and the city would have been saved. If the fleet could *have been held fifteen* minutes under the fire of the Forts, I believe we might have sunk every vessel they had. Had there been proper use of the fire-rafts, it would have conduced greatly to the safety of the city. I know of but one fire-raft carried down to the fleet, which came near destroying the Hartford, the Flag-ship of the enemy; this was taken down by the Mosher, commanded by Captain Sherman, who was wounded, and had his vessel sunk. There was a large number of these rafts, thirty or forty of them (prepared by Lovell), which were not used, and which, even if not set on fire, would have been useful in blockading the channel, had they been sent down. Steevenson, generally called Commodore Steevenson, of the Montgomery fleet, in attempting to carry down some fire-rafts on the other side of the obstructions, permitted them to drift upon the obstructions, which caused them to be broken in the centre, so that the middle of the River was a free and open channel."

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, }
 DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
 Richmond, January 19th, 1863. }

Major-General Mansfield Lovell, present :

SIR—I state at your request, that while I was Secretary of War, in giving you orders to take charge of the defence of the Department of Louisiana, you requested authority to control the operations of the officers of the Navy within the Department, and to order such dispositions of naval force as you might deem best to aid in the defence. I answered you that your request could not be granted; that the Department of War could assume no control over naval operations, which were confided by law to a distinct Department, and that you must rely (for securing the aid of naval forces) on endeavoring to establish concert of action through

mutual understanding between yourself and the naval officer highest in rank in your Department.

Your obedient servant,

J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

HEADQUARTERS, RICHMOND, VA., }
 May 24th, 1862. }

Major-General M. Lovell, Commanding, etc., Camp Moore :

GENERAL—I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 11th instant. My reply to your former communication will have made known to you the opinion I entertain of your course in evacuating New Orleans. That opinion is confirmed by the additional particulars contained in your letter just received. After the enemy succeeded in passing the Forts, it seems there was nothing left for you to do *but to withdraw the troops*. I think you may confidently rely upon the judgment of intelligent and reflecting men, for the justification of your course, as soon as the facts, as they actually existed, shall be known. The city being lost, I approve of your purpose to confine the State from his ravages. The means with which you propose to accomplish this, seem to be the best you can now employ, and I must urge you to put them in operation without delay, soliciting bold and judicious partisans, who can raise proper corps, and whose appointment, when recommended by you, will be subject to the approval of the President. In the mean time set them vigorously to work. The want of arms is much felt everywhere, and no exertions should be spared to procure all of serviceable kind. I hope to be able to send you one thousand rifles from a cargo lately arrived, should it embrace arms for the Confederacy.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, General.

FORT JACKSON, LA., 3½ o'clock, A.M., }
 April 24th, 1862. }

Captain J. K. Mitchell, Commanding Naval Forces

Lower Mississippi River :

CAPTAIN—As I anticipated, and informed you yesterday, the enemy are taking up their position, at the present moment, with their large ships on the Fort St. Philip shore, to operate against Fort Jackson. They are placing themselves boldly, with lights at their mast-heads. You are assuming a fearful responsibility if you do not come at once to our assistance with the Louisiana and the fleet. I can say no more.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. K. DUNCAN.

BOOK VI.

“Holding the River.”—Vicksburg.—The Arkansas.

COLONEL HENRY W. ALLEN had been removed from fortifying Fort Berwick Chêne and sent to join Beauregard in Tennessee. Shiloh had been fought.

Brigadier-General M. L. Smith assumed command of the defences of Vicksburg on the 12th of May, 1862, in obedience to orders from Major-General Lovell. He proceeded immediately to prepare for the enemy, who had passed Baton Rouge with a formidable fleet, having in view the opening of the River to Memphis and Fort Pillow, which were then held by the Confederates.

New Orleans had fallen.

When Smith arrived at Vicksburg, of ten batteries that had been in use, three only were completed and a fourth begun. We remember Beauregard had ordered “the guns to be placed in position now, parapets to be built after.” He was obeyed. Colonel J. L’Antry was in command at this time, and pushed the works vigorously forward, under his Chief Engineer, Capt. D. B. Harris.

The work was prosecuted with all possible vigor, the men working night and day from the 12th to the 18th instant. On the 18th the First Division of the Federal fleet hove in sight. Six batteries were complete in the devoted city. The cannoners were at their posts, fairly drilled. The surrender of Vicks-

burg and its defences was demanded by the advance Division in the following terms :

U. S. STEAMER ONEIDA, }
Near Vicksburg, May 18, 1862. }

To the Authorities of Vicksburg :

The undersigned, with orders from Flag-Officer Farragut and Major-General Butler, respectfully demand, in advance of the approaching fleet, the surrender of Vicksburg and its defences to the lawful authorities of the United States, under which private property and personal rights will be respected.

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed)

J. PHILLIPS LEE,

U. S. N., Commanding Advance Naval Division.

P. WILLIAMS, Brigadier-General.

This reply was returned by the Confederates :

HEADQUARTERS, VICKSBURG, }
May 18, 1862. }

SIR—Your communication of this date, addressed to the Authorities of Vicksburg, demanding the surrender of the city and its defences, has been received. In regard to "the *Defences*," I have to reply, that having been ordered here to hold these "*Defences*," my intention is to do so as long as it is in my power.

(Signed)

M. L. SMITH,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

The citizens of Vicksburg had also unanimously resolved that its possession ought to be maintained at all hazards, even if the town had to be totally demolished. Persons of all ages and conditions, and both sexes, concurred enthusiastically in this determination. Thus encouraged by the feeling of the people, openly expressed by the mouth of their Mayor, Smith hurried on his preparations for defence. Numbers of the citizens cheerfully abandoned their homes and withdrew into the interior of the country, at Smith's suggestion; but some still remained throughout the entire siege, and gave most memorable illustration of their devotion to the Southern cause. The people of this Saragossa never failed, they did all they could, they endured all they could, they never asked for pity, never asked for quarter, were not consulted by General Pemberton at

the time of the surrender, were bitterly opposed to it, and have never forgiven him for it.

Smith's force, on the 18th, consisted of the remnant of the 8th Louisiana Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Pinckney, and the 27th Louisiana Volunteers, Colonel Marke. This force was increased by the 20th and 28th Louisiana Volunteers, numbering for duty, five hundred each; by five companies of Starke's Cavalry and four companies 6th Mississippi Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour. All these were fresh troops, just mustered into service and indifferently armed. These were thrown forward on the south side of Vicksburg, towards Warrenton, and ordered to dispute the approach by land—inch by inch. This force was subsequently increased by the 4th and 5th Louisiana, under Colonel H. W. Allen. Allen's wound had partially healed. He threw himself eagerly into the new work set before him, at the head of his dear Regiment. This was a most critical period in the history of the Defence of Vicksburg. The Batteries were incomplete, guns not mounted (the heavy guns Lovell had sent from New Orleans); troops were few; officers and men raw, undisciplined, new to service, and not a single regular officer to assist in organizing and commanding. But the Volunteers set to work with a will. The enemy opened fire on the afternoon of the 25th of May, 1862. Orders had been given the Confederates not to return their fire at extreme range, and even at ordinary range to return it only at "considerable intervals." The Confederates had *no ammunition* to waste; but little had been received as yet—Lovell's powder-mills had been lost with New Orleans. By this policy, as the earth-works could not be injured by direct firing, the men were kept fresh night and day, to meet close and serious attacks, such as were made before the termination of the bombardment. Six Batteries were completed by the brave Defenders of Vicksburg under the eyes and fire of the enemy. Allen was given one of these to construct. He went to work characteristically, and soon had five or six guns in position. The enemy discovering him, poured their fire on the

spot where his work stood. Just as he had placed his last gun, a nine-inch Dahlgren, aiding with his own hands in setting it, the shells fell about rather fast. Allen's men, unused to what our Indian allies called "the *Fire-pots and Kettles*," began to dodge from their work. Seeing this, their intrepid Colonel sprang upon the most exposed gun, and shouted to his command, "Soldiers, you came here to fight: you are ordered to build this Battery," and, drawing his revolver, "and d—n me, if I don't shoot down the first of you that dodges from this work; by G—d, no soldier of mine shall dodge from his duty!" This had an electric effect. He remained standing erect on his gun. The men rushed around him, saying, "We won't dodge—get off that gun—we'll die by you." Setting rapidly to work again, they soon had their dangerous task completed, to his, and—*their* satisfaction!

The Confederate Government had ordered a Ram built in the Yazoo River, for the purpose of aiding in the Defence of Vicksburg. This boat, the now world-famous "Arkansas," was in an unfinished condition, when the Federal Fleet took up its station before Vicksburg. Being aware of this, there were several efforts made on the part of the enemy to get into the Yazoo and destroy the Ram; but they did not succeed in passing the obstructions placed by the Confederates at the mouth of the River. The completion of the Ram was assigned to Captain J. N. Brown, who undertook it with energy. He succeeded, with difficulty, in raising up the iron plates for covering her, which had been sunk in the River previous to his undertaking the work, when it was the intention to abandon it from fear of the Federal capture. Captain Brown worked with vim. In a short time she was ready to run the race for Vicksburg—where her internal works were to be completed. The lower fleet had been augmented, and there was now, since the fall of Memphis, the expectation of an attack on Vicksburg by combined land and naval forces. There were nineteen vessels in position on the 20th, pouring in a shower of bombshells in a way that tried the nerve and courage of the officers

and men. But they repaired the damages to the Batteries as soon as breaches were made, and the men held their places at the guns undauntedly. On the 28th, the enemy bombarded from thirty-five ships—firing as rapidly as possible, the mortars filling the air with shells, and the sloops of war and gunboats delivering broadside after broadside of shot, shell, and grape, according to their distance. The Confederate Batteries replied in full force, as soon as the vessels were in range. “The roar of cannon was continuous and deafening—loud concussions shook the city to its foundations—shot and shell went hissing and tearing through trees, walls, houses, scattering fragments far and near in their terrific flight. Men, women, and children rushed into the streets, and amid the crash of falling houses, commenced a hasty flight into the country for safety.

Not a single gun, however, was disabled or dismantled in the batteries under this bombardment. This was a great encouragement to the heroic defenders of the city. They believed now that they could hold their position against any attack by water; but the peculiar situation of Vicksburg, located on the convex side of a deep curve or bend in the river, its proximity to the mouth of the Yazoo, by which its rear might be attacked, necessitated a heavy line of pickets, extending along a distance of twenty miles. It taxed the energies of the small force under Smith’s command to keep up this line and to sustain a heavy attack at the same time. General Breckinridge joined Smith, now, with a reserve corps. Lovell resigned, and the general command of the Department was given to Major-General Earl Van Dorn, a native of Port Gibson, Mississippi, an old friend of Allen’s.

The picket front was allotted into five divisions, the two extreme ones guarded closely by the Third Louisiana; the remaining three by detachments from Brigadier-Generals Preston, Helms, and Colonel Statham’s brigades, re-enforced by Light Batteries from Colonel Withers’ Artillery. The nearer picket duty was most efficiently performed by the 26th, 27th, and 28th Louisiana Volunteers, under Colonels Declouet,

Marks, and Allen Thomas; the 4th and 17th Louisiana, under Colonel *H. W. Allen* and Colonel Richardson; and by the 3d Regiment and 6th Battalion, Mississippi Volunteers, under Colonel Mellen and Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour. The picket duty was trying and ceaseless. The enemy were unintermitting in their attempts to break through it. The Fleet from Memphis made its appearance before the city on the 28th of June. It numbered in all, forty gunboats, mortar-boats, rams, and transports.

On the morning of the 15th of July a thrill ran through the hearts of the Defenders of Vicksburg—the keepers of the River—as the “Arkansas” suddenly steamed out of the mouth of the Yazoo River. Three of the Federal vessels—the *Carondelet*, *Tyler*, and *Queen of the West*—were watching the mouth of the Yazoo. They steamed up to attack her. The ram fought them; they fled. She halted for a minute, as if to take breath, then dashed out for a run through the Federal fleet—a pathway of fire. Several of the vessels rushed upon her like vultures. She wheeled around like a hawk, striking right and left, showing her terrible iron beak, and scattered them. The fleet poured shot and shell on her. They tried to grapple her—she slipped from them. She fought them fiercely. She ran like a thing formed of lightning!

After a breathless, hazardous race, the prolonged shouts of the anxious Confederates on the hills of Vicksburg announced that the *Arkansas* found herself safe at last, moored under the Batteries. That shout of thanksgiving echoed, was renewed and prolonged, a *canon* of joy in the valley of the Mississippi. When the swift wires told the story, we thanked God and took courage. The Confederates lost ten killed and thirteen wounded, by a shot through the smoke-stack, which exploded as it fell inside their vessel. Captain Brown was slightly wounded in the head.

From the 15th to the 18th, the enemy were mainly occupied in trying to sink the “Arkansas” with their mortars.

The *Essex* ran up to her one night, and grappled her with

powerful irons. The "Arkansas" fought so hard, the Essex was glad to let her go. Then the little hawk took the offensive; she rushed at the enemy and sunk one of her gunboats—then quietly moored herself again under the frowning Batteries. What days of excitement those were to live in! The enemy were in front of Vicksburg sixty-seven days, during which the combined efforts of two fleets were foiled and a land force of five thousand held at bay. Allen was in the midst of it all; and we listened with anxious hearts to every gun fired on the devoted city, and the cry, "*O God! save Vicksburg! Let us keep the River,*" was never off our lips. To us, "the holding of the River" was life and wealth; its loss, destruction. We have realized it fully! We were not mistaken! So it has eventuated for us! The Federals now despaired of taking Vicksburg by water, and began to dig the famous "canal," through a point of land opposite the city, on the Louisiana side. This, they thought, would enable them to pass around it. But the Mississippi was as rebellious as the denizens of its valley. *It wouldn't make the Canal!* It caved off the sides all the time, and filled up the bottom as fast as it was dug. There is a peculiar stratum of quicksand in our soil, which prevents our digging very deep drains. We can't do as we please with our River. It is very wilful. Perhaps such a canal, where the river does not choose to cut through, might be made by means of masonry, but scarcely otherwise. We laughed a little at the Federals, who had taken all of our negro men to help to dig "the Canal." After wasting a great deal of time and money, the Federals abandoned that plan. Now there was a lull in the siege, it settled down into a slow, irregular bombardment. At any hour of the day or night the shot and shell were poured into Vicksburg from the fleet. The firing did not harm anybody very much! The people in the beleaguered city scarcely noticed the occasional shells that fell among them; and we planters continued working our corn crops. We planted no cotton that year; we had been requested not to do it, by the Government. One lady—a Mrs. Gam-

ble—was killed by a shell. The casualties were few. We began to think Vicksburg secure.

Being one day near Raymond, during this lull in the siege, on business connected with his command, Colonel Allen found himself stopped on the banks of a creek, which, swollen by a recent rain, was pouring a wild frothing torrent down its usually gently-rippling channel. As he was in haste, he plunged in, not without some misgivings, and swam across on horse-back—"Ford there was none." He had scarcely arrived on the opposite bank, when a carriage drove rapidly up on the other side of the stream, that Allen had just quitted. The carriage contained a young lady and her still younger brother. Their countenances expressed blank dismay, when they discovered the state of the creek. The gallant Colonel paused to see what could be done to aid the distressed damsel, who was nearly weeping with vexation and disappointment. She was *en route* to a wedding that was expected to come off that night. She was in despair over the impossibility of crossing the stream in her carriage. The old negro coachman shook his head over the prospect, more decidedly than the boatman of Lord Ullin's daughter. Allen surveyed the group—the half-weeping girl—the swollen water; examined his saddle girths, then shouted aloud, offering to swim back and "bring the young lady over, if she was not afraid."

Her youthful face brightened immediately; she was a brave girl—the wedding was very attractive. She resolved to venture with the courteous stranger, in spite of the remonstrances of her black mentor, who shook his old gray head more vehemently than ever; but to the great delight of the young brother, she signalled her acceptance of the proffer. Allen spurred his horse once more into the stream, swam back, took her before him, and re-swimming the rushing water, landed the grateful girl on the wedding side of the creek. The brother followed after with the carriage-horses, bringing the bridal paraphernalia. Allen arranged a pad for the young lady to ride on, and all parties went their several ways rejoicing,—the

Colonel particularly delighted at the unexpected opportunity of exercising his knight-errantry.

The "creek" was "*Baker's*," a name now burnt, in letters of blood and fire, darkly on the page of Southern history.

Allen was oftentimes accused of egotism and vanity by his temporary enemies. But it was an egotism that his friends smiled at, but never found fault with. It was so fresh, so gay, so entirely childlike, in its eager trustful candor—he was so sure, so earnestly confident, that what he said of himself interested his auditors—that his harmless egotism grew to be almost a charm.

There was no arrogance in the man, but much cheerful gratitude. In talking of himself, it was always of his bright fortunes, that he would speak; he never "*whined*," nor sought sympathy, nor bored people with his *misfortunes*. Though he did not lack penetration, he was easily flattered; especially—like most men who are plain in appearance—he was readily pleased by attention from women, and was covetous of their applause. He knew very well, however, how to distinguish brilliants from paste; and although momentarily gratified by attention from almost any woman, yet his judgment was good, his instincts fine. There were some women from whom a word or glance of approval was precious as the balm of Gilead to his sensitive, susceptible soul, and he would bend before their feet in grateful homage. He believed in woman's goodness and purity—he remembered his own wife, his mother, his friends; *he thought reverently of women*, and yielded as instantly to such "sweet influences" as the solar system does to those of the Pleiades, in the "*mécanique celeste*." This made Allen very attractive to women who venerate their own sex. It gave one trust in him. He was very much *beloved by his countrywomen in Louisiana*

Breckinridge now picked his troops to make an attack on Baton Rouge, and among them he selected Allen and his Fourth Louisiana.



BOOK VII.

“ Holding the River.”—Baton Rouge.—The Arkansas.—Allen wounded.

BATON ROUGE, the capital of the State of Louisiana, was now in possession of the Federals. This town is situated on the east bank of the Mississippi River, about one hundred and thirty miles above New Orleans. It is built on ground which rises gently from the margin of the River, then runs back for a considerable distance, almost level, though slightly broken with ravines and gulleys, interspersed with thick woods and some open, cultivated, and some abandoned fields. The earth grows more rugged, more hilly, and more deeply ploughed by rain channels, as it recedes from the town. The “Weald” which forms this portion of the State of Louisiana, is very much filled with silicious particles—gravel, shells, and mica—which renders it soft and friable, and makes it subject to washing into large ravines by the attrition of rain. These deep gulleys are dry except during rain-storms, when they pour a flood of red, muddy water into the Mississippi or its small tributaries. These bayous, a sort of glen, are often sixty or a hundred feet deep, and as much as eighty wide; they are ugly places for an army to manœuvre about, especially at night. The soil crumbles off, near the edges, almost at the weight of a foot-step, like the Alpine land-slides. They are permanent traps for unwary cows or careless horses, which are tempted to graze near the brink. The treacherous earth gives way, and fre-

quently precipitates the unfortunate animals, with a sound like thunder, into the abyss beneath, breaking their necks, and strewing the bottom of the bayou with their bleached bones, where they have decayed! But though their sides, for the most part, are thus always kept jagged and red, bare and frightful, where they perpetually break off, yet these unpromising ravines often present attractive spots, picturesque with stately trees, that have caved off, slid down majestically, and formed little islands in the dry channel of these yawning gulfs. These islands, in the spring of the year, are "spots of greenerie" carpeted with soft velvet mosses, tufted grasses, starred with tiny four-cleft, tubular-petalled flowers, blue, white, and pink, embowered with blossoming Dogwood and Tulip trees, all wrapped, and garlanded, festooned and crowned with wild vines, such as Clematis, scarlet Tecomas and Trumpet-creepers, Monkey-cap, with its feathery lilac bloom, Jasmines, perfuming the air with their golden aromatic bells, red woodbines, broad-leaved grapevines, Muscadines, wreathing and entangling their clasping tendrils till they form a canopy, impervious to the sun's rays, over the head of the little Southern child, who climbs down the precipitous sides of the deep chasm, clinging with small, tense, nervous fingers to the tufts of cane, or the projecting, denuded roots of trees, swinging itself carefully, not unconscious of danger, down, down, into this fairy-land of its youthful dreams, in search of ferns, mosses, anemones, crimson spigelia, yellow myrtles, and the great pyramidal bloom of the white Hydrangea, all of which grow so abundantly here. Or stooping down in the little coves in the dry channel, it picks out of the conglomeration of pebbles and sand, left hurled up in heaps by the temporary stream, wonderful snail-shells, or strange cork-screw fossils, of the age of the Trilobites, or finds queer balls of clay, which, on being broken open by the busy little hands, show to the delighted infant eye treasures of bright "Indian paint," red, yellow, and white earths, hidden so mysteriously by the ever-working hand of Nature.

Nor does the little adventurer lack viands for the dainty

feast it spreads on the short, emerald turf, that serves as a board for the pigmy epicure ; exquisite in his tastes, as the humming-bird that flits above him, so busy about the honey, and the insects, in the long-necked bells of the Bignonia. For there are luscious dewberries, and purple mulberries, in the early spring ; and later comes the fragrant, yellow May-apple, and the fruit of the wild passion-flower ; and in the Fall, the cloyingly sweet drupe of the black haw, the delicate apple of the red haw, bunches of astringent black-jack berries, rich, ripe, sugary persimmons, black fox-grapes, chicken-grapes, and delicious wild plums, brown chinquepins, triangular beech-nuts, hickory, and walnuts—all to be had for the gathering—often joyfully piled up in acorn cups, or set out on broad plantain leaves, and so heartily enjoyed by the daring child, who surveys his solitary realm with trembling excitement, and the enthusiasm of a Lilliputian Robinson Crusoe, or an innocent Alexander, who has conquered a new unexplored world. With birds and lovely butterflies for companions in play, the little Southern child learns to love these deep, frightful ravines, though a careless stranger shudders at their aspect. Wherever open ground is abandoned, in this almost tropical climate, there quickly springs up a luxuriant crop of blackberry bushes, brambles, honey-locusts, and prickly green-brier vines. So thickets are very readily made, painful and difficult to penetrate. The forests here are principally composed of different sorts of oaks, hickory, gum-trees, and of the Queen of the Laurel family, the magnificent Magnolia Grandiflora. The magnolia woods, immediately about the city, had but little undergrowth. The shade of the Magnolia is too dense to encourage the springing up of smaller bushes, but a little out from the town, the oak forests were thick with young trees and shrubs, and furnished excellent shelter for the hidden troops of the enemy. The town is long and narrow, built along the river-bank, down almost to the water's edge. On the south side, not far from the margin, rises the handsome State-House—a pile of well-designed Norman architecture,

once the pride of the little city, now a melancholy but charmingly picturesque group of ruins—still beautiful in the midst of the desolated gardens, once the delight of Allen's leisure hours. On the extreme end of the city, towards the north, stands the arsenal, barracks, and the house so long the residence of General Zachary Taylor, when he commanded the United States troops at this garrison. Not far from this is the Protestant Cemetery, which lay surrounded with magnolia groves. Baton Rouge had been garrisoned by the Federals since the 28th of May, 1862, when the defenceless town was bombarded by Admiral Farragut.* The forces here consisted of about 3,500 men, in conjunction with five gunboats and some transports. The Red River poured its flood into the Mississippi seventy miles above. Three very powerful reasons influenced Van Dorn, inducing him to order an attack on Baton Rouge. In the first place, the enemy's gunboats, ascending from Baton Rouge, blockaded the mouth of the Red River at will. We had no boats with which to fight him back. This was most disadvantageous to the Confederates, who possessed vast supplies for their Commissariat, as yet almost untouched, in the Trans-Mississippi Department. The corn, sugar, and molasses of Louisiana—the cattle and bacon of Texas—its large crops of grain, its wool and hides, were all closed up from the use of the Confederate army, by these troublesome gunboats at the mouth of the Red River. The Mississippi River had to be free between the Red River and Vicksburg, to be of any advantage to us. Then strong military reasons required the dislodgment of the enemy from Baton Rouge, in order to facilitate the recapture of New Orleans—a thought never out of the Southern mind, after the fall of the Crescent City, until the surrender of General Lee. Besides, Van Dorn was informed that the enemy was threatening an attack upon Camp Moore, where General Ruggles, who had succeeded General Lovell, was now holding the enemy in check with the small force under his command.

* See correspondence between Bonnetage and Farragut, in Appendix.

This rumor of the advance of the enemy proved to be unfounded; but Van Dorn hurried the troops under Breckinridge down by rail to Camp Moore, in anticipation of such an attack. There were few cars on this road now. They were all needed for the transportation of the troops, so that nothing could be carried with the men, except their arms and ammunition. The soldiers were without comforts, or even necessaries of any kind. Moving rapidly under the burning rays of the July sun in that latitude, many were made sick. Breckinridge started on his expedition on the 27th of July, with a force of five thousand men, picked out of the troops at Vicksburg. On the morning of the 4th of August he had but three thousand effective men with whom to carry out Van Dorn's plans. More than two thousand of his troops lay sick at Camp Moore and on the Comite River. The men had suffered very severely from the effects of exposure, at Vicksburg, to heavy rains without shelter, and were now prostrated by the extreme heat and bad water. There is no good water in this portion of the State, except cistern water and Mississippi water. All the water of the petty streams and bayous is warm and unwholesome at this season of the year. Breckinridge, finding his force thus enfeebled, resolved not to risk an attack on Baton Rouge, unless he could have the assistance of the "Arkansas," now lying under cover of the batteries at Vicksburg. As we have seen before, the little ram was not only unfinished, but she had also received some slight injury or derangement about her machinery in her fierce tussle with the big Essex. The carpenters and smiths were at work upon her. Captain Brown, who had brought the "Arkansas" out of the Yazoo, and made with her the glorious run through the Federal fleet, was reluctant to have her go out again in her incomplete state. He positively refused to take her out. Van Dorn was anxious to dislodge the enemy from his position. It was growing more and more important every day for us to control the Red River. Lieutenant Steevens volunteered to command the Arkansas "*just as she was.*" Breckinridge declared he would not fight unless

the attention of the gunboats was engaged by her. Van Dorn ordered her to be sent. She was externally complete, and was therefore deemed to be as formidable as when she defied the fleet of forty vessels of war, many of them *iron-clads*. Van Dorn now telegraphed to Breckinridge that the Arkansas would be ready to co-operate with him at daylight on Tuesday, 5th of August. The ram ran down the River like a thing of life, under a full head of steam, carpenters still at work on her. *We could hear the ring of their hammers as she passed by.*

Ah! what anxious prayers ascended from the hearts of the dwellers on the river-banks, as they watched, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, the Confederate flag floating out behind, borne at lightning speed on the staff at the stern of the Arkansas, knowing how important it was she should get to Baton Rouge in time to aid Breckinridge! How we calculated the hours and very minutes, and compared her speed! *She had not a minute to spare! We knew that!* but we dared not permit the thought, the fear, to come, which rested unspoken in our minds—*that she might be too late!* We loved that little boat! We were vain of her! On the afternoon of Monday, the 4th of August, Breckinridge removed his command from Camp Moore to the Comite River, ten miles back of Baton Rouge. Here he learned by an express messenger that the Arkansas had passed Bayou Sara, in time to arrive at the proper moment to participate in the expected engagement. He made instant preparation to advance that night. The sickness among his men continued to increase—dysentery, that scourge of armies, had set in among them. Deducting those that were taken ill during the day, and those that fell out from the column of troops on the night-march, from weakness and inability to proceed, Breckinridge found himself at the head of only twenty-six hundred men when he went into action. There were some two hundred partisan rangers who had performed efficient service in picketing the roads, but who were rendered useless as cavalry from the broken nature of the ground, consequently they took no part in the action;

and there were about the same number of militia volunteers, hastily collected by Colonel Hardee, in the neighborhood of Clinton, who, though striving to do so, did not succeed in reaching the command in time for the Battle of Baton Rouge.

A section of Semmes' Confederate States Artillery, under command of T. K. Fauntleroy, two companies of infantry, and one company of partisan rangers, the whole numbering about one hundred and fifty rank and file, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Shields, were ordered to take a position, at four and a half P. M., on the Clinton plankroad, there to engage the enemy, who were supposed to be posted with a battery of artillery at the junction of this road and the Bayou Sara road. This body was ordered to make an attack at a given signal, "the firing of small-arms by the main body on their left." Exactly at the dawn of day, on the 5th inst., the sound of musketry being distinctly audible, Colonel Shields ordered the advance of his command at double-quick,—he had previously dismounted the partisan rangers, to increase their efficiency. The enemy's pickets fled precipitately at the approach of these troops, leaving accoutrements and equipments hanging on the posts and walls of the house where they were stationed, and on the trees about it. They sought shelter in the woods to the right of the Bayou Sara road ; gaining which, they fired a feeble volley on the fast approaching Confederates, then retreated immediately in the direction of the arsenal. The infantry were now posted in a cornfield on the right of a street leading to the Federal camp, with instructions to advance closely in support of the artillery, which was put in a raking position at the head of the same street. Two regiments of Federal infantry now made their appearance, disputing Shields' further advance. Their artillery opening obliquely on the enemy, the Confederates were enabled to press on to a position within two hundred and fifty feet of the camps of the Fourteenth Maine regiment, as was ascertained from papers found in the tents of this cantonment, held subsequently by the

Confederates. Fauntleroy's battery opening again in a rapid fire in direction of this camp, Shields maintained his position until the Confederate infantry, pressed by overwhelming numbers, fell back, and produced some slight confusion. Just then four horses in the section of battery were wounded, and Shields ordered its withdrawal to the junction of the Clinton and Bayou Sara roads, to await re-enforcements from the main body, then seen to be advancing towards him.

In this new position they were unfortunately mistaken for the enemy and fired upon by their friends, but happily without casualty of any kind. Disengaging the disabled horses, the section was supplied with others, urged forward once more, placed in position, and kept there during the whole engagement. The infantry were now withdrawn from Shields and attached to the twenty-second Mississippi regiment, leaving Shields with the artillery. The ammunition was poor, and the action of the artillery was rendered less efficient from the inferiority of the friction primers, nine out of ten of them proving worthless, rendering the working of the pieces at times difficult and unsatisfactory. Breckinridge now moved on to the general engagement. Unfortunately, while waiting for daylight to make the attack, a sad accident had occurred, which enfeebled still more his already weak force. The partisan rangers had been stationed in the rear of the artillery and infantry; but their curiosity and impetuosity were so great, that some of them leaked through under cover of the darkness, and riding forward they encountered the enemy, causing exchange of shots with the Federal pickets. Galloping hastily back, they produced some confusion, being mistaken for the enemy. This led to some rapid firing for a few moments, during which Brigadier-General Helm was dangerously injured by the fall of his horse. Lieutenant Todd, his aid-de-camp, was killed, Captain Roberts, of the 4th Kentucky, severely wounded, several enlisted men also killed and wounded, and two of Captain Cobb's three guns were rendered wholly useless for the time. After General Helm was disabled, Colonel Thomas H. Hunt, of

the 5th Kentucky, an officer who was already distinguished for his gallantry in Kentucky, and whose conduct at the battle of Hartsville, Tennessee, was said by General John H. Morgan "*to have been perfect*," took command of Helm's Brigade. Order was soon restored, and Breckinridge placed his men in position on the right and left of a road, called the Greenwell Springs road. His men were so few in number, he had to content himself with a single line of battle, keeping one small regiment of infantry and one piece of artillery as a reserve to each division. The enemy were drawn up in line with strong reserves, posted at intervals. As soon as it was light, the Confederates were advanced forward rapidly. General Ruggles, commanding the left wing, ordered to attack on the south side of the town near the State House, brought on the engagement with four pieces of Semmes' Battery and two Battalions, one composed of the 3d, 6th, 7th Kentucky, under Colonel Thompson, and the 35th Alabama; and the other, of the 3d and 4th Louisiana and Boyd's Louisiana Battalion, under Colonel *Henry W. Allen*, of the 4th Louisiana. "These troops rushed forward with great impetuosity," remarks General Breckinridge, "driving the enemy before them, while their ringing cheers inspired all our little command." The morning was dark, the whole earth was covered with a dense gray fog, such as so often prevails on and near the Mississippi River. It was difficult to distinguish any object in the thick white mist, or to know friend from foe. Colonel A. P. Thompson formed his line of battle in an open common adjoining a dense forest, into which Allen's Brigade had passed. Thompson found it difficult to keep his line straight in making the advance ordered by Ruggles, having to pass through numerous fences and around houses. The Brigade moved directly to the front, preceded by a company of sharpshooters; the line of the enemy being soon unmasked, the order was given to charge. The troops rushed forward with a cheer, the enemy breaking before them. Having reached the middle of a field, the Brigade was exposed to a fire from the right, which they could not return without

injury to the troops of Clark's Division, in the centre of the Confederate line.

So the Brigade was halted—then advanced a little, skirmishers covering the front. The second line of the enemy was thus unmasked. The Federals gave way precipitately here. On clearing this field, and arriving at the enemy's position, again the right wing of the enemy was found covered by General Clark's Division. Thompson now ordered a charge, and led it, upon an encampment to the left. This point was nearly cleared of the enemy, when Colonel Thompson was informed that a general order had been issued for the troops to fall back. This information he received from a mounted officer, whom he met, with troops falling back on the right, whom Thompson ordered to join in his "charge." The enemy now re-formed, firing, cheering, as the Confederates fell back. Thompson's men—the Thirty-fifth Alabama and Sixth Kentucky—were now ordered forward, but had already rushed on, taunted by the premature shouts of the enemy, *before the order reached them!* They now opened a steady fire on the enemy, and effectually checked their further progress. At this moment Colonel Thompson fell, severely wounded, and was taken to the rear.

Allen formed his Brigade in a piece of thick woods adjoining upon open and cultivated fields. The ground was very broken, the fields surrounded occasionally with a picket fence, or with tall, thick hedges of the Cherokee rose, which furnished an excellent ambuscade for the enemy's sharpshooters. The Cherokee rose is a creeper, not a bush; it laps and twists long interlacing branches, in the wildest and most luxuriant growth; it is armed with stout curved prickles, as large as the thorns of the Acanthus. These are set alternate along the flexible branch. They knot, and twine themselves together, as the plants increase their growth perpetually, by renovating suckers, from the parent roots. Thus spreading on every side, it grows to an amazing thickness: planters usually try to keep it pruned within a space of twelve feet in breadth. These solid walls of vegetation, frightful thorns, glistening leaves, long wreaths of flaunting

snow-white blossoms, though beautiful to look at, are almost impervious to *birds* of any size. Tiny wrens build their nests in the thick, matted covert; partridges find a hiding-place low down near the roots; rabbits and wood-rats burrow beneath them; but larger birds and animals avoid them. They made formidable fortifications, to assail with an ambushed enemy on the other side of them. Allen's left rested upon a fence (Bernard's) in the rear of Magruder's Institute: his right, upon Thompson's Brigade. He advanced his line, leading it. The men followed him closely, crossed an open field, under a fire from sharpshooters lying in ambush behind the hedge. These the Thirtieth Louisiana was ordered to dislodge, which it did in gallant style. Then the line re-formed, marching on steadily through a small strip of woods, and again over an inclosed field, driving the enemy back, until they reached an open field on the left. The centre of Allen's line was occupied by Boyd's Battalion. Colonel Breaux, of the Thirtieth Louisiana, was in command of the right, Colonel Hunter on the left. The Battalion had been formed three-quarters of a mile in the rear of Baton Rouge, and marched forward, feeling its way through briers, hedges, and over picket-fences, till it was halted in the face of a line of the enemy, drawn up to receive them. After firing two volleys, the Brigade charged upon the Federals. They fled.

The Fourth Louisiana was soon filed to the left, expecting to meet the enemy at right-angles to the right, in front of the original line. A battery was opened on them now! Allen halted his troops: the fog was so dense, the position of the Battery firing on his line could not be accurately ascertained. He dismounted, and crawled on his hands and knees, through the brush-wood and broken ground, one hundred and fifty yards, until he drew near the guns of the enemy, then cautiously returned in the same manner, calling for three cheers for the Confederacy. He ordered his men to charge. Alarmed at the confederate yell and dash, the Federals broke, taking off their Battery, but leaving heaps of slain and wounded in the hands of

the Confederates. Captain Chinn was badly wounded here, while bravely responding to Allen's orders.

Resuming his course, Allen marched his force rapidly on. Before going into the fight he had been commanded by General Ruggles, "*to march straight to the front until he was ordered to stop!*" He obeyed this order to the very letter. But he now found himself almost surrounded by the enemy—he had gone on too fast. Square in his front was posted along the roadside the enemy's skirmishers; to their left, a battery was planted, at the mouth of a street, in front of the outskirts of Baton Rouge. A regiment (the Sixth Michigan) supported this battery—its men were placed behind the fences and houses near by. Allen, turning to his men, shouted gayly: "Boys, we *must* take a battery—we want one!" Then, seizing the colors of Boyd's battalion, he gave the order "to charge," and dashed at full speed, ahead of his troops, upon the battery, holding the staff of the colors firmly with his bridle-hand, waving his drawn sword with his right. His men responded with a shout, and dashed after him across the open field—there was not a shrub, even, as a screen upon it. Over that open space, for three hundred yards, the enemy poured a raking and murderous fire, both with small-arms and artillery. But Allen had been ordered "*to charge to the front;*" on he went, his men not close behind him. Man after man went down on that dreadful ride. Lieutenant Causey, struck by a minnie ball, fell, shot through the brain—a few yards further on, Lieutenant-Colonel Boyd dropped from his horse, shot through the arm—still on, on, Allen pressed, getting partially into the street, up to the very muzzles of the guns. At this important moment a shell struck his horse, killing it instantly; the canister-shot scattering, struck him, shattering one leg—just above the ankle—and passing through the other. Allen fell—the flag went down; but it did not fall to the ground!—private Cedars, of the West Feliciana Rifles, sprang forward and caught it. "*Tell them to go on,*" said Allen, with the last effort of expiring consciousness, and fainted from pain and loss

of blood. A cry of despair went up from the lips of the Fourth Louisiana, as they saw their beloved commander go down. They rushed up like a tornado, in a fury of vengeance. They killed every man left at the guns without mercy, in their angry desperation. The rest of the enemy fled, taking off the horses of the battery (Nims'). Seizing the apparently lifeless body of their wounded Colonel, his soldiers placed it on four loaded muskets, forming a sort of bier, and bore him from the field. As they saw him borne away, seemingly dead, this portion of his command, especially the Fourth Louisiana, became paralyzed. The flag went down again, under the renewed fire of the enemy. Cedars was severely wounded in the thigh. This part of Allen's brigade now fell back in confusion; some of the men had flung down their arms, and were weeping like children over (as they supposed) the death of Allen. Colonel Boyd's Battalion missed him—*they faltered*. The Fourth Louisiana withdrew in disorder. Boyd's Battalion could not be rallied after a charge. Captain Bynum was called on to take command of Boyd's Battalion. Colonel Breaux managed to rally some of the men on the line formed by the Fourth Regiment, but to no good, since enough could not be gathered to push on to advantage. By the efforts of the officers, the men were at last withdrawn in some sort of order—saved from panic, that was all—drawn slowly back across the field over which they had rushed so dauntlessly when Allen led them, one hour before. Colonel Breaux withdrew the force to the shelter of a point of woods, and endeavored to reform his line. The officers did all that men could do to effect this. At length Breaux succeeded in rallying a sufficient number to show front to the enemy. Then Semmes' battery was brought up to their support, and by a well-directed fire checked the enemy's advance. Breaux maintained this position in spite of the heavy firing on the brigade from the enemy's gunboats and land-batteries, until Breckinridge ordered the whole body—or rather exhausted remnant of his body of troops—to fall back to the Comite River.

Judge A. W. Smith was very active in aiding to rally these disorganized troops of Allen's. This gentleman, a citizen of Clinton, had just returned from Virginia, the day before the battle of Baton Rouge. He had gone to Richmond, summoned to the bed of his last son, mortally wounded in battle. But he arrived too late; he could only weep useless tears over the graves of his noble boys, who lay side by side in the soldiers' cemetery at Richmond, both killed in battle. The heart-broken father—mad, desperate in his agony of bereavement—heard that Breckinridge was going to fight. Taking his gun on his shoulder, he joined the Confederate army, and did admirable service throughout the whole fight. He was utterly reckless of his life. He wished to be killed; but most wonderfully escaped without a wound. He was standing by Lieutenant Todd (Mrs. Lincoln's brother,) when Todd was killed. He describes Todd as being cool and self-possessed, when suddenly a shot struck him, passing clear through his body. The shot was so thorough that it robbed the body of sensation. It was paralyzed—just quivered slightly, and fell a lifeless mass, a heap of crushed, bleeding humanity!

The battle was now raging around on every side of the beleaguered city. It was a terrific combat, a hand-to-hand fight! Breckinridge *depended* on the *bayonet*! The Federals, led by General Williams—whom we already know so favorably—fought well and were handled well. Williams was a noble, upright, gallant man, who did his duty to his utmost, and always combined courage and skill with *courtesy* and *humanity*. He was conspicuous among his troops, mounted on a magnificent black race-horse, belonging to R. Chotard, of Natchez—well known to sportsmen—which had been taken from the stables of Wm. J. Minor, Esq., by the Federals. The Colonel of the Brigade opposed to Allen was riding Allen's favorite snow-white horse—which had also been appropriated, or as the Federals used to express it, "confiscated," to his use.

The First Division of Breckinridge's army, under General Charles Clark, had been ordered to attack the centre of the

town. After the disabling of Brigadier-General Helm, Colonel Thomas H. Hunt took command. The enemy had been repulsed from one of his encampments, and this Brigade was drawn up and formed into line in this first camp. Hunt now led them into action. He attacked the enemy hotly, in the face of volleys of musketry. A spirited engagement followed, the enemy were pressed back, out of his second encampment, when Colonel Hunt fell, badly wounded in the thigh. He was carried off the field. At this moment some one—it is not known who—*it was not Colonel Hunt!*—gave the order to fall back. The men obeyed, murmuring. They were unwilling to retreat when they were driving the enemy. General Clark rode up at this instant, and perceiving the confusion, ordered Colonel John A. Buckner, A. A. G. (who had been put in command, by Breckinridge, of this Brigade, left without a commander by the wounds of Helm and Hunt) to advance again on the enemy, who were now rallying on their abandoned encampment.

Buckner ordered his troops forward. They were just in the act of advancing, when Clark fell, terribly wounded, and ordered them to retreat again, to the cover of a small ravine, or bayou, in advance of the first encampment. Breckinridge came up just at this critical point, and Buckner asked if "*he* had commanded" this second withdrawal, which his troops made reluctantly, and not in very good order. Breckinridge replied, "*No.*" Joining Buckner, he gave himself the order to advance, and led the general charge which finished the action—driving the enemy straight forward, to their third and last encampment, on the river-edge, immediately under cover of their gunboats. The Confederates by this time were terribly exhausted, and were suffering much from thirst. They had been under arms for sixteen hours; they had had neither supper nor breakfast, nor sleep. They had marched twelve miles very rapidly, and had fought hard for four hours—they were almost worn out. Breckinridge had done all he could, with land forces—he began now to listen with impatient anx-

iety for the guns of the "Arkansas." But all was silent on the River. The Federal gunboats poured their fire, still undiverted, upon his worn and weary troops. Breckinridge now ordered Buckner's Division to destroy the camps, and every thing captured, and to withdraw the troops out of the range of the fire of the gunboats, and "*to wait for the Arkansas.*" The Confederates had no means of removing the very valuable stores and abundant provisions they had captured. So they were forced to destroy all their spoil. Buckner then withdrew to the house where General Clark lay wounded. He kept this position for more than two hours after Breckinridge ordered the withdrawal of the main body of the troops, when the battle was over. A section of Semmes' Battery, and a remnant of the Seventh Kentucky Regiment, Colonel Crossland commanding, remained on the field: these troops were very unwilling to leave Clark—but his suffering was so great on being moved, that he implored them to let him remain where he was. His wounds were supposed to be mortal. Lieutenant Yerger, one of his aids, insisted on staying with Clark. The next morning they surrendered themselves to the Federals, by whom they were kindly treated. Breckinridge says, "I cannot speak in terms too strong of the skill, coolness, and courage of General Clark—he played the part of a perfect soldier."

Buckner stayed here until the section of Semmes' Battery, seeing a better position, vacated by the removal of Cobb's Battery, withdrew their guns to that point. Buckner fell back with them, and remained there for the rest of the day. Breckinridge withdrew his troops, reduced now to one thousand exhausted men, to Ward's Creek, about one mile in the rear of the city, in the hope of obtaining water: finding no water there, fit for man or beast, Breckinridge returned to the field of battle, and procured a limited supply of the precious fluid, from cisterns, in the suburbs of the town. He stayed here the balance of the day. The enemy had been pursued down to the very water's edge, some of the Confederates following

them, and firing at them, down the street in front of the arsenal and barracks.

The Federals were effectually routed. They did not appear again. The hottest part of the fighting had taken place in the Grove of Magnolias, near the Protestant Cemetery.

The enemy put up a flag of truce early in the afternoon. Buckner consulted with Breckinridge, who agreed "to grant the privilege of bearing off the wounded and dead—*on condition of the agreement being reduced to writing—in the space of two hours.*" No communication *in writing* being received, "twenty minutes longer" was allowed. Shortly after the expiration of which time, a note was received from the Federal commander, disclaiming the flag of truce. Williams had been killed.

Breckinridge listened still for the guns of the Arkansas—intending to renew the attack when the much-coveted sound reached his ears.

The citizens of the surrounding country now exhibited the warmest patriotism, flocking in with conveyances to bear off the Confederate wounded. Every wagon teemed with its bleeding freight. Having neither picks nor shovels, the Confederates were unable to dig graves, to bury their dead. Late in the afternoon Breckinridge learned by express, that just before daylight, when within five miles off Baton Rouge, the machinery of the Arkansas had become disabled, and she lay now helpless on the right bank of the River. He therefore withdrew his command back to the Comite River, leaving a force of observation near the town. Breckinridge kept this position till, knowing the desire of the Major-General to hold the River below the mouth of the Red River, he selected and fortified the strong post of Port Hudson—leaving Brigadier-General Bowen, the noble Missourian, who distinguished himself so highly afterwards at "Port Gibson" and "Big Black," to hold the Comite camp—to protect the hospitals and the line of communication between Clinton and Camp Moore. The Confederate pickets extended to the immediate vicinity of Baton

Rouge, which the Federals soon after abandoned, and retired to New Orleans. The Federals suffered severely in this battle. They brought into action forty-five hundred men, against Breckinridge's two thousand six hundred half-fed Confederates. The casualties of the Confederates amounted to four hundred and sixty-seven men. But they had lost some most valuable officers! It was a most hotly contested battle. The Federals had all the advantages of numbers, position, strength, equipments, ammunition, and cover amongst the houses. The Confederates behaved with great gallantry, even with reckless audacity! It would have been a complete and crushing victory over the enemy, had the Arkansas kept her assignation. It was one of those events when the full fruition of justly hoped-for success is thwarted by a petty unexpected accident."

Allen had been borne off the field on the muskets of his men. They laid him down under the shade of a tree, a mile from the town. He had recovered consciousness enough to recognize his condition, and the men who were weeping over him. He asked them faintly "to lay him down—to give him some water, and to leave him." "I must die—I feel it!" he said. "God bless you! *go back and help some one else, whom you can benefit—I am past it.*" But they would not leave him; they sat around him trying to stanch the blood—watching him for several hours. He was wounded about nine o'clock, A. M., and it was past noon before Dr. Amzi Martin, a skilful surgeon, was despatched by General Breckinridge to look for him. "*Find Allen—save him—stay with him, Doctor! he is as brave a man as God ever made,*" said Breckinridge. Martin had him laid in a wagon and taken to the house of Mr. Granville Pierce, six miles back of Baton Rouge, where he was most hospitably and warmly welcomed. The Surgeons declared amputation of one leg, at least, to be necessary; but Allen refused, saying he would rather die. Dr. Martin then set to work to try and save the life of his wilful patient, as well as his legs. A feat which, by the most unintermitting care, skill, and watchfulness, he accomplished. He rarely left Allen's

bedside an hour for three consecutive weeks; having been detailed by General Breckinridge for the purpose of attending him. The bones of the right leg were shattered, and a ball had passed through the flesh of the left limb. Allen lay here for four months, under the hospitable roof of his kind friends, from whom he received the most devoted attention. I have often heard him speak, and he has written to me, with the deepest emotion and gratitude, of their goodness towards him. Dr. Martin was the right sort of surgeon for Allen. He was a Scotch Highlandman, quite as obstinate as his refractory patient, and *much more fiery* than Allen *was able* to be in the temporary calmness and weakness, produced by exhaustion from pain and great loss of blood. So he managed to compel his restless charge to obey his wise and prudent orders, and to submit to the strict regimen which was the only hope of saving his valuable life. One day when he was convalescing, however, the Doctor had gone off to visit another patient, and was expected to be absent most of the day. This was a ray of sunlight for our hero. Allen, very weary of the low diet upon which he had been kept so long, resolved to cheat the Doctor, take advantage of his opportunity, and have a *good dinner*: so he ordered his servant to bring him some pound-cake and claret, such luxuries as he had been craving, which the Doctor resolutely forbade. The Doctor being rather choleric, and knowing "*his man*," used even to swear at him, when Allen would be very rebellious. Allen had himself now propped up in bed, and enjoyed his stolen dinner with delight, chuckling over the idea of circumventing "*the old Doctor*." But his enjoyment was very brief; in a half-hour he was exceedingly ill, suffering most terribly with nausea, and *entirely repentant*. He sent messenger after messenger in pursuit of his Esculapius; but before the Doctor could get back to him nature relieved herself, and his stomach rejected all the improper food he had eaten; sinking back half fainting on his pillows, he whispered; "Thank God for that! The '*old cuss*' may come now as soon as he pleases. He would have turned me inside out, but what he

would have made me get rid of that cake! *God bless him! He can only give me a savage look now!*"

The physician and his patient used sometimes to have very fierce quarrels, but Dr. Martin always ended in getting matters his way. So Allen slowly convalesced, occasionally storming at Martin's rigid inflexibility, but profoundly esteeming him all the while. He was to the end of his life most gratefully devoted to him, and fully cognizant of the fact that to Dr. Martin's skill and firmness he owed his life and limbs. The Fourth Louisiana kept a watch over him. As soon as they learned he was out of danger, they took the regimental bands and serenaded him. Boyd's Battalion presented him with their colors, under which he had fallen.

He doubted whether he would ever recover the use of his right leg. In a note to a friend, H. H., about this time, he writes:

PIERCE'S, September 3d, 1862.

Dear Henry:

I am sorry to hear of your illness, but I hope it will not be serious. Dr. Martin can't leave to-day, as I am very unwell. My right leg is giving me much trouble—*I fear it will never get well!* I have directed Henry to call for Dr. Laycock, who will go down to see you.

My dear friend, you must stay quietly at home and get well. Don't think of coming up here any more, as I shall move off to some Springs as soon as I possibly can. In the mean time, *I shall not forget you.*

Truly your friend,

H. W. ALLEN.

He was often very desponding,—the confinement to bed was so irksome to his active, energetic nature. He would always resist sickness—never succumbed so long as he had any power to keep on his feet. He would endure intense suffering, before *he would acknowledge any.*

Allen says in his official report of the Battle of Baton Rouge, referring to the disorganization of his beloved troops: "The officers and soldiers of this Brigade fought with much gallantry, and with few exceptions did their duty nobly. I have been informed that, upon my fall, the Brigade could not be rallied.

This has often happened with the best of troops and the bravest veterans, and should not attach any disgrace to the soldiers. No one charges that the Brigade retreated from the enemy, or even retired from the place of danger. The enemy had been whipped, and had fled in every direction."

"Many acts of individual heroism came under my eye, and I shall ever feel proud that I had the honor to command the Second Brigade in the Battle of Baton Rouge."

In a letter to me, he says: "*My men were not to blame.* You remember when the brave McCulloch fell, *his* men refused to pursue the enemy, so great was their grief for their commander."

It would have been a bold man who dared to make an invidious expression in regard to the demoralization of the Fourth Louisiana on this occasion in Allen's presence. He would certainly have had to answer for it, with the risk of losing his life, all maimed as Allen was.

When he had recovered sufficiently to use crutches, he went to visit his old regiment, the Fourth Louisiana. It was a most affecting scene. These scarred men pressed around him with shouts of applause. They seized his hands and kissed them; at last some of them picked him up in their arms, embraced him, and bore him aloft through their camp, cheering and weeping as they went. Allen wept like a child.

The enthusiastic love this man inspired in nearly all who approached him intimately, was very remarkable. Since his death, I have received many letters, from stern, strong men, which speak of him with almost feminine tenderness and grief.

The Arkansas had made a fine run down the River—all was excitement and eager anticipation aboard of her. But the enthusiasm of Hope, with which every breast was glowing among her crew, was only to be measured by the depths of their consternation and despair, when they were almost in sight of the enemy's fleet—when they could distinctly and sadly number the guns of Breckinridge, as he made his attack on Baton Rouge, trusting, *they knew, to their co-operation—*

then, at that critical moment, the engineers announced that the injury to the machinery could not be repaired by all their available skill. Helpless and unmanageable, the dreadful conviction forced itself on every mind, that to avoid falling into the hands of the enemy, the crew of the Arkansas must now abandon and destroy her—the fate of all the Confederate vessels of war. It was a bitter moment. The brave crew of the little ram wept as they prepared her for sacrifice. Lieutenant Steevens had her moored to the shore. The enemy—her old enemy, the Essex, and other gunboats—cautiously approached. The rumor of her disability had already reached them; but they remembered the sharp fangs the little thing had exhibited so fiercely in their former strife, and they came up warily and distrustfully. As they drew near, Steevens landed his crew, cut her loose from her moorings, fired her with his own hand, and turned her adrift down the River. “It was beautiful to see her,” said Steevens, with tears in his eyes, “when abandoned by commander and crew, and dedicated to sacrifice, fighting the battle on her own hook.”

“With every gun shotted, the Confederate flag floating from her bow, not a man on board, the Arkansas bore down on the enemy and gave him battle. Her guns were discharged, one by one, as the flames reached them, and when her last shot was fired the explosion of the magazine ended the brief, glorious career of the Arkansas.”

The dwellers on the River wept when they heard the fate of the little darling. But we were not yet disheartened, though very anxious. Breckinridge's attack had been successful to a great extent, though he had not been able to destroy the fleet, as we had hoped he would. But we held the River for two hundred miles—could draw supplies from the Red River now, unmolested. Port Hudson was a very strong position, better than Baton Rouge, and Vicksburg,—we fancied—a Gibraltar. We were content with Breckinridge and the advantages gained by the Battle of Baton Rouge. The Federals put their wounded on transports and sent them down

to New Orleans, where they could have better attention than at Baton Rouge. At his own earnest request, General Charles Clark was sent down with them—he was anxious to be placed under the treatment of the great Southern Surgeon, Warren Stone, of New Orleans. The Federals were very courteous to General Clark and his aid, Lieutenant Yerger. They also sent down the body of their General Williams. The night after the transports left Baton Rouge, there was a collision between their boats—one of the transports was sunk. The collision was caused by their pilots' carelessness or ignorance, but they chose to say it was occasioned by Confederate Guerillas on the shore firing at the boats. It was proved that there were no Confederates near there at that moment. However, to screen their pilots, vowing vengeance, the Federals ran their boats to shore, and sent troops to ravage and burn the houses near by, from which they asserted the Guerillas had come. They visited several plantations, robbing the houses of silver-plate and every valuable, insulting and frightening the women and children, who were alone occupying the deserted mansions. At the house of Mr. K——, a wealthy planter, they committed every outrage. Mrs. K—— was ill, confined to her bed, with an infant three days old lying by her side. Her husband was unfortunately absent, some distance back on the plantation. These rude, lawless men, entered Mrs. K——'s apartment, accosted her most insultingly, and seizing hold of the faithful maid, a mulattress, who clung to her mistress' bed, they conducted themselves in the most shameful manner, outraging every instinct of womanly honor and delicacy, totally indifferent to, and contemptuous of Mrs. K——'s screams, her entreaties for mercy for her poor frightened servant, or her petitions that if they would not desist from their barbarities, they would at least have the decency to quit her apartment. They replied with oaths and indecent ribaldry. Their officers did not interfere. The highborn and delicate lady nearly fainted with anguish and terror. Just at this moment her husband returned to the house, rushed to his wife's room, and was so

overcome with anger and indignation at the scene before him, that he fell insensible to the floor, in a fit. This fearful sight checked the robbers in their merciless cruelty—they thought the man was dead. Taking off every valuable that was portable, they returned to their boats, swearing the next time “the d——d rebels fired on them, they would not leave a stick or stone standing within ten miles of the place.”

Mr. K——’s lifeless body was picked up by his servants, and laid out in his hall for burial; but the syncope gradually passed off, and he revived. In the mean time the débris of the transport floated down the river. Many pieces of the wreck and articles washed out of her, were picked up by the people who live on what is called “the coast.” Mr. Samuel Hollingsworth, a planter of St. John the Baptist, a true Southern gentleman, discovered the trunk of General Williams in the hands of some poor neighbors, who had fished it out of the river. As I have already stated, Williams was esteemed among the Confederates. Mr. Hollingsworth purchased the trunk, with its saturated contents, took it home, had the clothes, &c. dried carefully, and placing them, with the daguerreotypes, and little shells and other articles Williams had evidently collected, thinking of his children’s tastes—in another trunk, he sent the whole to the nearest picket-post of the Federals, with a request it might be delivered to Williams’ family. Such acts of courtesy were right, and should be recorded. They soften the horrors of war.

Both of these families, Mr. K——’s and Mr. Hollingsworth’s, are relatives of mine.

The Federals made an effort to get to Vicksburg by way of the Yazoo Pass.

They were repulsed at Chickasaw Bluffs by Brigadier-General S. D. Lee, with a small force. Pemberton was now in command in Vicksburg. He devoted himself to strengthening the defences, but neglected his commissariat, and either did not, or could not, procure a sufficient supply of ammunition. He had no caps provided for an indefinite siege. We saw the great heaps

of corn and provisions rotting on the banks of the River at our very doors, allowed to remain without even a tarpaulin spread over them, till they were worthless. The commissaries were very inefficient. The people began to murmur about it, but Pemberton turned a deaf ear to all such complaints. There was abundance in Louisiana, there was no reason why Vicksburg should not have been provisioned. By some mismanagement it was not done.



BOOK VIII.

“ Holding the River.”—Taylor’s Gunboat Expedition.—The *Indianola*.

IN February, 1863, was organized General Taylor’s gunboat expedition, which made considerable stir at the time, and was recorded as a very brilliant and dashing exploit, on the part of the Confederates. The expedition was proposed by Captain James McCloskey, aid-de-camp to Taylor, and was carried into effect under the command of Major J. L. Brent. We held the River, between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and it had been free to the navigation of our boats, until the *Indianola*, a magnificent United States gunboat, succeeded in running the Batteries at Vicksburg, and getting into our part of the River, where she was like a wolf among a flock of sheep. Our little unarmed cotton-boats had to get out of the way, as fast as they could manage to do it, and seek for themselves hiding-places, up the Bayous and Creeks tributary to the River. Now the trouble was, how to get rid of this Eagle among our trembling doves. We had a small, but very strong gunboat, that we had made out of a tug-boat, used formerly at the Balize. After being elevated to the rank of a ram, she was called “The *Webb*.”

At the fall of New Orleans, she had been run up the Red River, and lay at Shreveport, being incomplete when she fled from New Orleans: she was not iron-plated. Brent and McCloskey took the *Webb*, the Queen of the West, a cotton-

boat fitted up as an improvised ram, which had been captured from the enemy, and two other ordinary steamboats,—arming them and protecting them with cotton-bales—and started off in search of the superb “Indianola,” who was having it all her own way in the River. I saw her steaming slowly down stream, pausing at every little town, running up to their wharves, with colors flying, nettings up, guns threatening, and drums beating to quarters, commanding the surrender of unresisting villages, from whence she however only took the mails, which doubtless furnished her officers with a variety of amusing reading. As she passed the Confederate batteries, on the heights at Grand Gulf, she exchanged a few shots with them. Nothing could surpass the air of leisurely indifference and cool contempt for the Rebels, with which this splendid boat cruised about in “Our River.” Curses both loud and deep were heaped on her as she passed down and up. She was a magnificent vessel—beautiful to look at. The water was very high, and we were obliged to go about in skiffs—nearly the whole country was submerged. We had to be very cautious at that time how we ventured out in the River, because the Federals would catch us, destroy our boats, and take us prisoners. So we kept our skiffs hidden in the reeds by the river-side, or in secure places, and had to watch our opportunities to visit each other, when *our route lay by the River*. It added a strange interest and excitement to our social intercourse, to have to dodge the Federals, to pay our visits. We found the Indianola very inconvenient. On the morning of the 24th, a lady and gentleman were driving rapidly, in a light carriage, to the landing, a few miles above Hard Times. The road between this place and Hard Times, where they were going to visit some relatives, was all under water. The skiff which was to take them down the River, seven miles, to their relative’s house, was hidden in the bushes by the shore. Just as the two were about to step in their little skiff, the negro man who was their oarsman made an exclamation.

The “Indianola” was just turning the point, steaming slowly

—carelessly sauntering up the River. The “*vogageurs*” sprang out of their skiff, hid it again, and stood concealed behind some trees (else they would have been fired at) until the boat should pass. After she had gotten out of sight they hauled out their skiff again, and started down on their short voyage. They had barely gotten out into the middle of the stream, intending to take advantage of the current to aid them in their descent, when the gentleman made a hasty ejaculation. There were three distinct columns of black smoke and steam rising behind a point of land just ahead of them. The *vogageurs* began to think themselves “*gone*” now! They were too far out in the River to be undiscovered, or to get back to the covert of the shore. They had just a minute to nerve themselves up “for any fate,” even that of imprisonment in the filthy jails of Memphis or New Orleans, when three boats rounded the point, and swept up to them under full pressure of steam.

“It is no use to try to run, we had better stand our ground,” said the lady. “Perhaps they may let us off. You are a harmless physician, a non-combatant, and I have nothing about me more equivocal than my parasol!”

“Well, I suppose it will be best!” replied the gentleman.

“That ain’t no *Yankee flag*,” growled the negro, who had been carefully observing the new-comers on the field. “It ain’t got no blue in it, and *it’s got a cross on it. I never seed it before.*”

To stand up in their little boat, making it rock in rather an alarming style on the waves, now running towards them from the boats as they passed, was the natural impulse of the two Confederates.

“Good Heavens! it is the *Confederate flag*—row on! brisk! it is all right!”

Subsiding into their seats, they rowed on to meet the steamers, with feelings of mingled relief and apprehension. Did those Confederate boats know that the *Indianola* was just above them? Were they not rushing ignorantly in the lion’s mouth?

“Josh, row so we can hail the boats!”

Josh obeyed. They came up, *passed* the Queen of the West, the Grand Era, and the little Webb, which was so much faster than the other two, she ran like a duck all around them. The gentleman stood up in the skiff, raised his hat, and shouted,—the decks were manned with gray-coated men—“*The Indianola is just above you!*” pointing with his hand to the column of black smoke, yet visible, floating back from her pipes.

“*Ay! ay! we are looking for her!!!*”

Then the occupants of the skiff knew they had met “General Taylor’s Gunboat *Expedition.*” And the lady took off her hat and veil, and raised up above her bare head her clasped hands, in prayer to heaven, and then extended them with a blessing towards the steamers, passing rapidly. And the gray-coated men recognized the unspoken prayer and blessing, and they made the welkin ring with a cheer of hopefulness. And then the woman sat down and wept under her veil in silence, over her brothers now on the battle-field, and her struggling country. The travellers in the skiff arrived at their destination in safety, about 10 p. m. They heard the sound of the guns of the fight. The rest we give in the words of the Official Report to General Brent. It is from McCloskey, who commanded the “Queen of the West.”

Major J. L. Brent, Commanding :

MAJOR—I have the honor to submit to you the following report of the operations of the boat under my command in the engagement on the 24th, which resulted in the capture of the Federal iron-clad “Indianola.”

When proceeding up the Mississippi River, it was apparent that we could easily overhaul the enemy on the morning of the 24th, but in obedience to your orders our advance was delayed in order that we might attack him under cover of night.

We first discovered him about 9.30 p. m., lying quartering down stream, with his head towards the Louisiana shore—his sides protected by two large barges, loaded with coal, and extending from a little forward of her bow, back to her wheels. I immediately attempted to run him down, aiming at his wheel-house, but seeing our approach, he commenced backing his engines, and we necessarily struck his coal-barge

about twenty feet from its stern, passing entirely through it and into his side, disabling his wheel. The wreck of the barge had hardly disappeared, when the "Webb" came dashing up below us and struck the enemy on the bow, starting her other barge adrift and injuring him severely. The "Webb" was scarcely out of the way, when we ran into him the second time, striking him nearly in the centre and glancing under stern. We then ran off some distance, rounded to, and headed for the third blow, which we gave him with very heavy force abaft the starboard wheel. By this time we were considerably damaged, having received two of the enemy's heavy shot, one striking us on the port knuckles, killing two men, wounding four, and disabling three guns—the other striking our starboard knuckle, knocking overboard some fifteen bales of cotton, causing us to list very much to port. This was immediately remedied by throwing off cotton from the port side, and we were then in position for another blow, when it was announced that the "Indianola" had surrendered.

The next morning, at daylight, the Grand Era ran past Hard Times, loaded with prisoners, whom she put out at the batteries above Grand Gulf, to be sent on to Vicksburg. The "Indianola" was run as near as she could be got to the shore, and sunk in nine feet water. A lieutenant and some men were put on board of her, and the expedition returned in triumph, up the Red River.

Three days after, the Federals sent a canard down the River, consisting of an old hulk, painted black, and armed with logs—which ran past the Batteries of Vicksburg. As it had no men on board, of course it could not reply to the shots poured into it. The officer in command at Vicksburg, telegraphed to the Lieutenant who watched the Indianola, "*to blow her up,*" as a gunboat had succeeded in running past the Batteries. The Lieutenant hesitated, but on the command being repeated, he loaded the heavy guns, started a fuse, and abandoned the "Indianola." At daybreak on the 1st of March, we were all startled by the tremendous explosion, which shook the houses for miles around. We knew then the "Indianola" was destroyed. The canard floated quietly down, lodged at Palmyra (formerly General Quitman's plantation), and was filled up by

the owner of the plantation with hay and corn, and sent down with the supply to his family at Natchez.

The "voyageurs" of that eventful day, never met each other again. The gentleman was carried off, late in the war, from the town of St. Joseph, by the Federals, and died a prisoner at Alton. The woman lives still, to weep over the misfortunes of her family and her people. Pollard is in error in attributing this brilliant little affair to WALKER and HUTTON. McCloskey proposed it, and commanded the "Queen of the West," which *did the work*.

Walker was not with the Expedition, and Hutton was sick on board the Dr. Batey, which was only a Tender.

BOOK IX.

Grant's March.—Fall of Vicksburg.—The River lost.

WHAT we planters, living in Louisiana below the famous "*Canal*," had been anticipating, came to pass. Grant perceived that he could very easily march down the Richmond road, where we drove our carriages at nearly all seasons of the year, except during an overflow of the River.

We had not anticipated the movement of Grant's whole army, because we thought that would be too rash a proceeding on his part;—common sense suggesting, even to our unmilitary minds, that he ought to be met and cut to pieces while attempting to cross the River, or at some point on his necessarily prolonged march. But we did not make allowances for inconceivable blunders, unexpected ignorance, want of men, mutual misunderstanding, seeming negligence, or errors of judgment on the part of somebody, or of everybody in command of military affairs in this Department. We anticipated heavy *raids* on the part of Grant, by way of the Richmond road all Winter and Spring. We talked of them openly, among ourselves. There had been a raid of a large force, sent by General Williams in the year preceding—the 4th of July, 1862, when the Federals carried off all our negro men, to work on the "*Canal*." The Federals knew the country by this time, better than we did. Pemberton had made up his mind that "it was as impossible for Grant to invest Vicksburg from a

base below, as it was for Banks to besiege Port Hudson from a base above." So *his* attention was directed principally towards Haines' Bluff, and to retaining the long line, and the works on the Yazoo.

We, however, had even removed some "valuables," in anticipation of these heavy *raids*. Nothing is easier than to sit calmly down by one's fireside, after an event is over, and there criticize it to one's heart's content! One has then the board with all the moves before one, in this intricate chess-game of war! But, in writing of matters of history, and holding a *vehme gericht* upon the conduct of our leaders, it is essential first to disabuse one's mind of partialities and prejudices, and even of *knowledge* acquired *since* the event occurred—to become, as Swedenborgians say, "*vastated*." Then endeavoring to seize the points of the situation, and striving to become permeated with all the spirit of the moment of which we write—appreciating carefully all its difficulties, all its anxieties, its complications, its confusions, its ignorances, we may draw conclusions and form judgments! This is not an agreeable nor a simple task—especially for a woman; but it must be remembered I *am not* writing history, but telling the story of my friend's life to the people who loved him. I write for the South—not for *critics*.

So much I deem it just to premise before plunging into the details of a campaign, which has caused much angry discussion and bitter feeling among our own people. It is now, however, only a subject for *judicial* investigation—no longer demonstrative nor deliberative. I can only state facts, leaving every one at liberty to draw his own conclusions.

There was high water at that time, *but it was not high enough by several feet to aid us, as we desired, in our defence*—not high enough to submerge "the Richmond road." We tried to cut levees to overflow it, but did not succeed. People who had burned thousands of bales of cotton, taken the bells down out of their churches and plantation belfries—to prevent the one from falling into the hands of the enemy, and in order to give

the others to be melted and cast into cannon—were not unwilling to rival the Netherlanders, where they could cut their dykes to *any advantage*. But the River was not full enough to help us. Harrison had a small force of a few hundred men to defend this *practicable* route to Vicksburg. The batteries at Grand Gulf, about thirty miles below, were very small, though strong and well-placed, being located on the sides of two hills, one at either end of the village, which was built on the valley between them, nestled at the foot of a lofty range, that rose precipitously, making a picturesque background to the houses, which, in some instances, were perched on small plateaux cut out of the hill-sides. The projecting spurs of these great piles of conglomerate earth, sand, gravel, shells, and limestone rock, advanced quite to the margin of the River, in a bold isolation, their bases being washed by the swift current of the Mississippi. They provided admirable locations for batteries, enabling the Confederates to sweep the river with their shot for miles on either side. From their summits signals could be conveyed to great distances over the champaign of Louisiana, which lay stretched out like a map, on the opposite side of the river. The whole of this range of hills was covered with emerald-green grasses, and thinly wooded, to their very tops, with oak and broad-branching black walnut trees. About the cottage houses were clustered vines,* roses, and the never-failing “China-tree.” It was a pretty little place. The Big Black made its embouchure on one side of the more northern hill, and its mouth was protected by formidable batteries. The Bayou Pierre flowed into the River some miles below. This stream, navigable at certain seasons for boats of heavy tonnage, ran up in a circling course, turned several miles in the rear of Grand Gulf, and then flowed quietly past the beautiful inland

* I have drunk an excellent wine, made from foreign grapes, acclimated on the hills of Grand Gulf, by Mr. Pierson—a sweeter wine than any I drank in Texas from the native grape. The hills around the Gulf afford good shelter for vines! It seems to me as good a location for them as the Rhine mountains.

village of Port Gibson. There was a railroad, of eight miles length, connecting Port Gibson and Grand Gulf. There was a magnificent bridge, built on solid masonry, over the Bayou Pierre, where it bisected this road. The Confederates had discussed the propriety of fortifying the Bayou Pierre, but unfortunately concluded the batteries at Grand Gulf to be sufficient for the defence of the River here. At the mouth of the Bayou Pierre, on the south side, lay the plantation of "Bruinsburg." The land which stretched from Grand Gulf to the mouth of the Bayou Pierre, was a low, level swamp, running back from the Mississippi to the base of the hills, for several miles, intersected with small running streams or bayous, only navigable for skiffs. At this time nearly all this region of lowland was under water. There were but three landing-places for many miles—Grand Gulf, Bruinsburg, and Rodney. Grant chose Bruinsburg as his point of debarcation, *after* he had arrived at "*Hard Times*," a plantation at the south end of Lake St. Joseph, on the Louisiana side, three miles above Grand Gulf. When he started on his march, he was going to Rodney. All estates in the South have names given them, for the convenience of marking cotton bales; also, I suppose, from a feeling of pride in the landowners, being a remnant of Anglo-Saxon customs. Bruinsburg belonged to the Evans' estate, a family whose ancestor had not been undistinguished in the war of 1814. Colonel Harrison, with a small body, composed of the Tensas cavalry and some other troops, were stationed as pickets near New Carthage, a pretty village on the Mississippi River, in Madison Parish. Lake St. Joseph forms a horse-shoe, an arabic arc, about eighteen miles long, which curves with its convex side towards the River, either end about one mile distant from the River, terminating in a small bayou. New Carthage is situated about eight miles above the north end of the lake. Just below New Carthage lies the magnificent estate of "Somerset," formerly belonging to Hon. John Perkins, who is now a colonist at Carlotta, in Mexico. Lake St. Joseph is the second of the string of lakes, which form the most distinctive and beautiful ornament of the State of Lou-

isiana,—Lake Providence (into which the Federals tried to cut the beginning of their canal, designed to run down into the River “Bayou Maçon,” after they failed, in the shorter one, on the isthmus opposite Vicksburg), being the first of this necklace of pearls. Lake Bruin is the third, about three miles lower down than St. Joseph; then come St. Peter and St. Paul, St. John (a lovely piece of water), Lake Concordia, &c., &c. These lakes present the most charming feature of the State, and are connected with a network of bayous and small streams. They abound in fish and waterfowl, and the lands adjoining them are eagerly sought after as residences by the planters of North Louisiana.

At that time there was a camp of Instruction on Lake Bruin. Here was a Battery, as a reserve, and one company of cavalry. Bowen had three thousand men all told in his camp at Port Gibson and Grand Gulf. These were the only troops to contest Grant’s advance on Vicksburg with 90,000 men.

Harrison was surprised early one morning by the rushing in of his pickets, saying, “the Yankees were marching down in force towards his small camp,” which was pitched in the deserted “*Quarter*” of “Somerset.” Harrison’s men were at breakfast. This company, the Tensas Cavalry, was composed of the first men in the Parish. Young men, who counted their wealth, at that time, by millions, not by thousands of dollars. Harrison did not wait to mount his men, but ordering them to spring hastily to their arms, he formed them on foot behind the Levee, and waited the appearance of the enemy. The Federals soon came in sight, led by Colonel Stuart, a very gallant man. The Federals numbered about two hundred and fifty men—it was a party of reconnoissance. The Confederates had not more than a hundred men. The Federals came up boldly. Through their spies (whom they found no difficulty in obtaining among the negroes), they knew the exact location and means of resistance of Harrison’s small force. The Confederates now fired a volley, which was quickly returned. Stuart came out in advance of his troop, drew his sword, and rode to and fro determinately, marshalling them in line of

battle for a charge on the Levee, behind which the Confederates were ranged. Then turning with his face to the foe, he led the charge gallantly. Just at that instant clicked one of the unerring rifles of a Confederate, accustomed from boyhood to shoot birds on the wing, in the marshes and lakes of his native Louisiana. The noble Stuart fell. His men recoiled. At this moment the negro servants of the Confederate soldiers brought up their masters' horses, which they had of their own accord, without orders, saddled, and now brought to their owners. The Confederates sprang on their horses, dashed down the Levee on the Federals, who were still in some confusion, fired on them with their revolvers. The enemy retreated: Harrison pushed after them, and ran them several miles back on "the Richmond road." It was a pell-mell flight on the part of the Federals. When Harrison and his men returned from their race, they found Stuart was still living, though bleeding very much from a wound clear through the lungs. They picked him up and carried him as gently as they could into a house near by. The surgeon immediately examined the wound, and tried to stanch it and save the brave man, whose "pluck" they all admired; but it was in vain, the greatest skill was powerless to save him. The rifle "that never failed" had done its work too surely! They did all they could for him—tried to make him comfortable. They asked some questions about Grant's army, which he declined to answer. They did not press him. Thus his enemies remained, ministering to this brave man till he died. He lived several hours. He asked them "to send word to General McClelland, he had tried to do his duty." After he was dead, the Confederates had a coffin made and buried him as decently as they could. Two days after, a flag of truce was sent, to ask for Stuart's body. It was exhumed and delivered to the Federal officer, together with his sword, pistols, watch, spurs, etc., etc. The Federal seemed much touched, and was very grateful to the Confederates for the manner in which Stuart had been treated by them. But Harrison repulsed his expressions of obligation with a smile.

“He was a brave man, sir! and Southern soldiers don't prey upon brave men—after they are killed!”

Later, Bowen re-enforced Harrison with 1,800 men from Grand Gulf—noble Missourians! My heart warms whenever I speak of Bowen and his self-denying troops! Those men endured every thing—every privation—with a heroism, a self-devotion, a cheerfulness that was astounding! They lived on parched corn for days, at this time, without a murmur, having neglected to bring sufficient rations with them, in the hastiness of their removal. As soon as the people discovered this, they had bread baked and sent to them regularly. So long as we could remain at home, the soldiers could command all we possessed. “*Our own boys*” were all privates in the army: our hearts were very tender towards all Confederate soldiers!

Grant now advanced in earnest. Harrison had a sharp fight near New Carthage, with Grant's foremost troops; but finding that the vanguard, who were beaten back at first, grew every moment more and more in numbers and in strength upon his hands, as fast as the armed men did from the serpent's teeth of Cadmus, Harrison was compelled to fall back, burning the bridges and disputing the road, as he slowly retired. The Federals had kept their counsels so close and so well, that no one suspected that Grant was really advancing in all his strength to invest Vicksburg or assail it in the rear.

As the Levees were broken, the whole country was submerged except on the ridges. The lake-bank formed one of these ridges, on which ran the only road now practicable.

Our houses and gardens were situated on this wide ridge. It was a lovely spot then—one of the Paradises of Louisiana. These estates had been the homes of cultivated people since the settlement of the colony of Louisiana. The houses were as handsome as Southern country-houses could be made;—built in villa style, with wide porticoes or “galleries,” and large halls running through them; windows, glazed to the floor, opening on shady porches, overlooking beautiful gardens, whose roses rivalled those of Cashmere; the roofs of green; and hot-houses

glinted and shimmered under the glowing sunshine. Mirrors lined the spaces on the walls, unoccupied by treasures of art—great chandeliers swung their pendants from the lofty stuccoed ceilings—brocatelles and velvets covered the soft-cushioned lounges and graceful fauteuils—satin and lace curtains flowed round the tall windows. The sound of the harp, the piano, or the more solemn swell of sacred music, often rose on the air, awakened by the skilful fingers of the women who called these pleasant abodes their homes. Every means of elegant leisure, amusement, luxury, and convenience were assembled under those roofs. Books for the studious—horses and equipages for the gay—row-boats on the Lake. Forests full of game at the back of the plantations, cellars filled with rare wines, and occupants who were famed throughout the State for lavish hospitality, and whose family tree extended its ramifications over half of Louisiana and Mississippi. In the centre of these plantations lived Mr. J— R—, the Patriarchal Head of the family, who saw his descendants to the fourth generation, clinging about his knees. Most of the residents fled at the approach of the Federals. We had no right to expect from them any better treatment than other Southerners had received where their army had gone. There were only non-combatants among us, old men, women, and children; every young man of our blood, who could manage a musket, was already a volunteer in the Southern army. It was a terrible day for us. We had to take leave of our pleasant homes, brightening in the brilliant sunlight (it was an unusually clear bright day, even in our exquisite climate);—to take a last hurried look at our gardens, radiant with bloom and fragrancy, and at the smiling Lake, basking, sparkling like a sardonyx in a green enamelled setting. We fled in every direction—some, in skiffs, sought a refuge in the impenetrable swamps—others crossed the River, seeking a vain security among the hills of Mississippi. On all the plantations an overseer was left to take charge of the place and negroes. It was because we were *afraid* to stay—being only women and a few old men—that we fled, hoping to re-

turn in a few days, after the Federal army had either passed or retired. Year after year rolled on its leaden days of wretched anxiety, privation, and sorrow, before any of us returned to weep over heaps of ashes, and tall gaunt chimney-stacks, rising like indices towards Heaven, telling of ruin and desolation. The Federals took a delight in the most wanton destruction of every thing. They dragged out the beautiful rose-wood furniture and made bonfires of it, while they played Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia on the grand Pleyel and Erard pianos, and danced round the fires fed by such costly fuel. They stole what pictures and gems of art they chose, and burnt up the rest. They threw open the houses to be gutted by the negroes, and then they set fire to them and burnt them. From one house alone, that of Mr. J— R—, Ellett's Marine Brigade stole over thirty thousand dollars worth of table silver. Of course, this was the fortune of war. *We do not complain—neither can we be expected to forget.*

Generals Sherman, Osterhaus, etc., etc., knew how we suffered, and what we lost. But the Confederate army under General Lee, were not allowed to commit such outrages, when in Pennsylvania.

At New Carthage an incident occurred of which we heard at the time, which deserves to be recorded to the glory of Southern women. Mrs. — and her niece, Miss —, were left on one of their plantations alone, by the husband of Mrs. —. He was in the Confederate army. Mrs. — had been deserted by all her slaves as the Federals advanced (all who were still living returned to her afterwards); but at this time she was left alone. She and her niece were obliged to do all their own work with their own hands.

To Southern ladies, manual labor, though under the circumstances only ennobling and patriotic, *mentally*, was inconvenient and *physically* painful. It blistered our hands and made them ache, to cook, and wash, and scrub; *but we did it!* Thank God! few women were derelict in duty. Southern women learned to use their little, soft, white hands in every way be-

fore this war closed,—in the kitchen, in the hospital, in the loom, everywhere,—even sometimes upon the lock of a revolver, in defence of their own honor. The Federals showed no mercy to Southern women. They said we kept up the war-feeling among our men! Some few of their officers are, however, to be honorably exempted from this sweeping assertion. Such men as Brigadier-General Williams, General David Stuart, Judge William Bennett, General Canby, at Santa Fé, in some instances General Davidson and some others, were very courteous to us.

I dare here to express openly my deep gratitude to General Davidson for his firmness in protecting my young brother, who had been desperately wounded in a skirmish near Natchez, from the violence of a cruel mob of brutal men and negro soldiers; who would else have torn the bleeding boy in pieces. Davidson treated him as a prisoner of war should be treated, put a guard around his couch—permitted his friends to nurse him back into life, and said “he should be protected, if it took every man in the Department to do it.” For this we must be ever grateful to General Davidson.

Captain Kinnimant also protected a helpless family of ladies, who were ordered to jail by the brutality of General Brayman, at the risk of losing his position, saying, “If these ladies had to go to prison, he would go too, and protect them.” By his manly firmness he saved them from that indignity, and prevented the robbing of their house, by the greed of the commandant and soldiers.

I am glad to acknowledge such acts of courtesy. General Ransom, at Natchez, and General McPherson, too, were just to us—when in their power to be so. Those Federal officers who retained humanity and courtesy towards us, while they were enemies, remembering that they were gentlemen, dealing with ladies, even though the wives and sisters of their foes, will never find us ungrateful or forgetful. Their names will be transmitted with honor to future generations among us. I must also mention here the name of Captain Wright, of the

Avenger, who always protected women and children when he could.

But Butler, Banks, Dana, Brayman, Tuttle, are names that we shudder to pronounce.

“ But *their* ill fame *their* deeds so run before,
That men, whate'er they did, rebuke no more,
Nor longer care to waste one moment's time
On such immense capacity for crime.”

Miss — had waded in water up to her waist more than once, and walked miles to carry warnings to Harrison's pickets. After the skirmish at New Carthage, Mrs. — learned that Harrison, being compelled to retreat, had left the dead body of a young Confederate soldier lying unburied at New Carthage. She and her niece got in a “dug-out,” a very dangerous sort of a craft, for any but an Indian to paddle, rowed themselves several miles down the Bayou, went to the Federal commander, and asked for the body of the young Confederate, which was lying out on the Levee, where he had fallen: they received permission to take it. These modern Antigones lifted it up, laid it carefully in their canoe, rowed back home, dug a grave, and buried it. Two months after, I saw these ladies camped by the roadside in Franklin Parish, with a few boards over their heads, as a temporary shelter from the rain and sun; lying at night on the ground, with only a blanket between them and the earth, and a “*cashmere shawl*” as a covering for themselves and two little children, living on corn-bread and bacon—homeless, but cheerful, strong, and brave—without a change of clothing, until they procured some homespun to make some garments: they had lost every thing but their courage and their patriotism. Then we did not doubt for one moment our ultimate success, and so we laughed at privation, toil, and exposure. It was almost a satisfaction to us to endure them. Were not our best beloved, the idols of our hearts, bearing them in the camps *for us*? We were proud to be the mothers, wives, and sisters of our heroes, *and to suffer with*

them! Southern men have been noble in this war—Southern women have been nobler. The remembrance of the sufferings I have witnessed, borne with the steadfast soul of an Alcestis, by some of my nobler countrywomen, makes me draw my breath gaspingly, and sends a shudder through every quivering nerve. The South may have been wrong in the *casus belli*; but we were not wrong in our self-denial and patriotism. With the politics of our men, we had nothing to do. But we were right, *very* right, to aid “*our own*,” even, like our Pelican, with our very hearts’ blood. We are not to be blamed for this instinct of nature and true womanhood.

Grant marched about 60,000 men down Lake St. Joseph to Hard Times. There were several Bayous of running water, one very deep and wide, tributary to the Lake. This deep Bayou (Clark’s), which would been called a river elsewhere, was fortified with cotton-bales, and held by Harrison three days against the Federal vanguard. But the Federals discovering, through their spies, that they could flank the Confederates by making a detour of a few miles and passing through a good deal of shallow water, Harrison had to fall back. The batteries at Grand Gulf were still held firmly against the gun-boats and transports, by the Missourians under Colonel Wade. For two days these boats were kept back, until a shell struck Wade, as he was standing on an exposed gun directing the fire on the enemy, and he dropped dead, shot through the brain. In the confusion caused by this fire, transports loaded with troops succeeded in getting past. The only road for Grant’s land-forces lay down the Hard Times Levee. The country on every side was under water, and this narrow dyke, broad enough for a single carriage to drive on, was the only Ararat, standing out from the sea of waters. Harrison tried to cut this: he tried twice to mine it and blow it up with gunpowder, but he failed. The Levee was too solid and too wet, and he had not time to dig it down; the Federals were pressing him too close. We prayed for the River to break it, but it did not respond to our prayers in 1863.

It would have been impossible to have pontooned a crevasse, at least for several weeks. The river rushes through "a break" with the velocity, fierceness, and roar of the rapids at Niagara.

Bowen had visited Harrison's camp at New Carthage, about the 11th of April, and returned immediately to his post near Port Gibson.

General Grant now crossed his men without molestation. Bowen sent a despatch in cipher to General Pemberton, saying, "The enemy are now marching down the Lake St. Joseph plankroad, opposite me, in *immense* numbers."

Pemberton threw the despatch on the table, saying, "*Bowen is mad.*" He considered it impossible for the enemy to remain any length of time separated from "a base." He was right in that idea. They conquered "a base" very soon, on the Yazoo, and it was all over with Vicksburg; but General Pemberton's movements will be elaborately explained later, so I do not stop here to dwell on them.

Harrison was retreating fighting at Clark's Bayou with Grant's vanguard, and Bowen listened in despair to the reverberations of the feeble guns trying to check the enemy's overpowering numbers. Then Bowen marched with his little handful of gallant Missourians, hoping at least to embarrass the Federal advance, and delay it until he could receive re-enforcements—which seemed to come so tardily,—which *never came* to any extent, alas, for Vicksburg.

Harrison had an artillery duel of three hours on Choctaw Bayou, which connects the lakes St. Joseph and Bruin: his men stood nobly at their guns, though their pieces were insufficient, and of too short range to reach the enemy, who poured on them shot and shell with long-range cannon. Harrison, however, had only one man wounded here. He now retreated from this point, back into the swamp towards Tensas river. The fight at Clark's Bayou occurred on the 18th April.

Bowen made a gallant but ineffectual resistance, skirmishing for three days, and making a heavy fight at the Bayou Pierre,

near Port Gibson. Bowen defeated the Federal advance under Carr, on the 1st day of May. Grant now sent an express to Sherman to join him immediately with his 24,000 men. Pemberton re-enforced Bowen, but grudgingly, it seemed. He sent him one Brigade under Tracey. These men fought well. Tracey was killed at Port Gibson. Just as Tracey's body was borne off the field, another Brigade (Baldwin's) marched on. Thus Pemberton despatched these troops, it seemed to us, in morsels, just sufficient to glut the giant's maw, when he should have fallen on him, with his whole force, and crushed him.

Bowen now sent troops to Grand Gulf, dismantled the Batteries there which had done such good service, and began to retreat towards Vicksburg. The little village of Grand Gulf, Allen's early home in Mississippi, was a mass of ruins. It had been completely sacked by the Federals in 1862. I walked over it, when there was not a house standing, and gathered the delicate roses, that had sprung up from the roots of the burned bushes, and still leant lovingly, their perfumed faces, on the broken columns and piles of burnt brick. The Federals had flanked these Batteries, by ascending the Bayou Pierre, which was, unfortunately, "*not fortified.*" Bowen had forty-five hundred men; with the most desperate valor he could do nothing against 60,000 men. A part of Bowen's force (Baldwin's brigade) had marched one hundred miles, and fought ten hours in three days and nights. The Confederates reached the Big Black river in the middle of the night. They could find no one to point out the Ford of the River. Searching around, they discovered a house on a plantation near. It was occupied only by a young girl of eighteen and her mother. Their male relatives were all in the Southern army. The young girl knew the Ford, but the officers hesitated to ask her to go with them, at that hour, and show it! But she said very simply, pointing to the stable, "General Loring, have my horse saddled—I will show you the Ford! I am not afraid to trust myself, anywhere, at any hour, with my countrymen."

The officer obeyed. The young girl mounted her horse,

rode in front of the army, conducted them across the Ford, and several miles through by-paths, until she led them safely to the high road leading to Vicksburg. Then putting her horse at full speed, she rode back alone, in the dark night, to her mother, protected only by her own innocence, her trust in God, and her faith in her countrymen.

In relating the rest of this sorrowful story, I think it best, instead of using my own words and expressions, such crude opinions as one so ignorant in military matters could form, to exhibit simply documents which have been placed in my hands for reference, connecting them with such short explanations as may be needful for their intelligibility. This is, perhaps, more tedious to the reader; but though defeated, our military leaders still have keen sensibility to the condition of their fame in the hearts and mouths of our conquered people, and *we* care still to know how faithfully our battles were fought, even though they were lost. I have to explain why Pemberton did *not* abandon Vicksburg, and meet Grant at Bruinsburg.

Extract from a letter of General Johnston, dated

JACKSON, Dec. 31st, 1862.

It seems to me that in Vicksburg we should have just the force necessary to its defence: the remaining infantry, to constitute an active army, which, if you should be invested, might attack the enemy in rear. This seems to me the only chance for driving him off. Should he invest the force you have ordered to the place, the remaining force, only 11,000, could not attack with decided hope of success. *At the same time, your auxiliary positions, Chickasaw Bayou and Snyder's Mills, depend for connection with the place upon the difficulty of the ground along the Yazoo.* I fear that the Federals may causeway the swamp, as well as bridge the Lake. In which event, upon reaching the firm ground, the garrisons of the outposts would either be captured or driven off. I REGRET THAT SO DIFFICULT A SYSTEM WAS UNDERTAKEN. BY HOLDING VICKSBURG ALONE, *with the other troops in observation, I think we would have been safer.*

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

This extract is given to show how essentially General Johnston and Lieutenant-General Pemberton differed in their views, as early as December, 1862. The system of defence adopted

by Pemberton had so far given complete and entire success, against a vastly superior force. General Johnston's plan is developed above. It might perhaps have brought only disaster and speedier ruin to the Cause. In connection with this subject, one should refer to the following extract from the diary of McClernand's Chief of Cavalry, Colonel W. Stewart, U. S. A. It is well to add, that the selection of General Van Dorn to command the cavalry expedition against Grant's rear, was made by Pemberton, that he received no instructions except from Pemberton, and that he carried out those instructions, especially against Holly Springs. The United States Army, under General Sherman (McClernand not having arrived at the mouth of the Yazoo until January 2, 1863), consisted of two Army Corps—his own, the 13th, and the 15th, under General George W. Morgan.

The designation of each brigade and regiment of the respective corps is given in the diary. They seem to have been of equal numerical strength, judging by the number of the Regiments. That of Sherman's only is given in a tabular form—aggregate *present for duty*, 15,952; present, sick, 3,944. Total present, 19,896. Supposing Morgan's Corps of the same strength, the entire army may be set down at 40,000. The Confederate force did not exceed 10,000 or 12,000.

Extract from diary of Col. William Stewart, 15th Illinois Cavalry, U. S. A., Chief of McClernand's Cavalry, in the Expedition against Vicksburg, Dec., 1862, and Jan., 1863.

“General McClernand communicated (Dec. 28th), with General Grant at Holly Springs. Learned that Vicksburg expedition had left with great haste, December 20th, with orders to attack rapidly. General Sherman said “he would not let grass grow under his feet.” January 2d, 1863: Learned, at mouth of Yazoo, that our forces had been repulsed, and were then re-embarked, destined for Milliken's Bend. General Sherman came down, and said to General McClernand, “I have found it impossible to carry the enemy's works, on account of resistance, and the swampy nature of the approach. I had proposed to storm the enemy's works at Haines' Bluff, but the Admiral declined, saying it was too hazardous. I then determined to retire to Milliken's Bend.”

“ General McClelland suggested a point nearly opposite Vicksburg, to prevent communication with his (*Confederate*) supplies and re-enforcements from the interior.” “ General Sherman said Milliken’s Bend was the place, on account of its being dry and high land.” “ He also expressed great surprise when he was informed that Grant’s communications had been cut, and that he had fallen back ; he (Sherman) had expected every moment to hear his cannon in the rear of Vicksburg.”

JACKSON, March 20, 1863.

Brigadier-General Bowen, Grand Gulf :

Give every aid in your power to the construction and laying of a raft in the Big Black, in charge of General Steevenson. How about your heavy guns? *Examine Bayou Pierre, as a point of approach*, and report.

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, March 24th, 1863.

Gen. Buckner, Mobile :

I cannot spare an infantry soldier from the command, but want your cavalry regiment, for our mutual good—for N. E. Counties, to enable planters to sow crops. *The enemy press me on all sides.*

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, March 20th, 1863.

Gen. Buckner, Mobile :

Can you send me two regiments of cavalry to Northeast Mississippi, to assist in getting out supplies in that section, under the arrangement entered into with you at Vicksburg, and protecting the planters? I am not able to send a regiment there.

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To General Bowen, March 20th, shows that Pemberton was taking energetic measures to strengthen Grand Gulf (and therefore the mouth of the Big Black), as a secondary obstacle to navigation of the Mississippi, if the canal should prove a success, as then seemed probable, and the C. S. Batteries opposite its exit should fail to drive back the enemy’s vessels ; also that he had *not overlooked Bayou Pierre as a point of approach.*

To General Buckner, March 20th, shows that on those dates

Pemberton did *not* believe the enemy was abandoning his attempts on Vicksburg.

JACKSON, March 24th, 1863.

Major Dumontiel, Taucipahoe :

A company of infantry and a section of artillery go down to-night, intended to re-enforce Colonel Miller at Ponchatoula. If Colonel Miller has been forced to fall back, the train must proceed to meet him. Send what force you may have to his assistance. I think the truth of the operator's report doubtful, as Colonel Miller's last accounts to me were very favorable. Telegraph officers, with apparatus, must be ready to move if the enemy advance. This can scarcely be more than a raid, as it has no advantages for base of operations. Ascertain all you can, and inform me.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, March 25th, 1863.

Colonel H. H. Miller, Coates Factory :

Unless you feel entirely able to drive the enemy from his position, you should not attack. An attack and repulse would be disastrous.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To Major Dumontiel and Colonel Miller, in connection with other letters and dispatches, shows the correctness of Pemberton's statements, that, at this period (between General Johnston's return to Tullahoma, and April 14th), the enemy was "pressing him at *all* sides."

JACKSON, March 25th, 1863.

Major-General Loring :

Fort Pemberton—via Grenada, 10 A. M. :

It is utterly impossible to give you five thousand more men, or any thing approaching ; neither can I at this time send you any more heavy guns. I told you long since that I have not the means of defending both Fort Pemberton and Yazoo City. You have had full authority given you as to the disposition of Moore's Brigade, and the guns at Yazoo City. You have also Tilghman's, and all the cavalry at your disposal. If Fort Pemberton is now passed, no serious defence can be made at Yazoo City. We must look to a return of the troops to Vicksburg, for its immediate defence. I yesterday told Steevenson that if he was satisfied the enemy

was withdrawing from Vicksburg, that he had better send up to you another brigade from Maury, as you might need aid. More ammunition is on the way to you—have already sent more than can be spared from other places. You must husband it most carefully, *and remember that I have many other calls upon me.* Other heavy guns are en route from East: when they arrive, will try and send you another. Two boats attempted to pass Vicksburg this morning; one was sunk with all on board, the other lies at mouth of canal, supposed disabled. Featherston is at Deer Creek. Lee making a flank movement. Hope to keep them out of Yazoo in that direction.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To General Loring, shows the activity of operations in the Department, within the period of General Johnston's return to Tullahoma and April 14th.

JACKSON, March 25th, 1863.

Colonel B. S. Ewell, Tullahoma,

Chief of General J. E. Johnston's Staff:

COLONEL—It is probable as the Spring advances, and the dirt-roads become practicable for artillery and wagons, that the enemy, who now has possession of the Tallahatchie River, above Yallahusha, may make use of the former, which is navigable until May, and establish a base of operations on the river by means of his boats. I learn also that he is repairing the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad, and connecting it at Memphis with the M. & C. R., having abandoned all roads north. This may be only an indication of his intention to draw supplies from Northwest Mississippi, but it also affords him a means of rapidly concentrating his troops from Middle and West Tennessee, for operations against Vicksburg, when the roads become practicable. *Should he continue his threatening attitude against Vicksburg and Port Hudson, by the Mississippi River, and move a heavy force by land from the base supposed, unless greatly re-enforced in infantry, I shall need all the cavalry force withdrawn from the Department, under General Van Dorn, to cut his communications. The enemy is now using every effort to get possession of Vicksburg.* He is in large force on Deer Creek, and on the Tallahatchie, and this morning endeavored to pass two more of his boats by our batteries at Vicksburg. One was sunk with all on board, the other got by, and is now lying at the mouth of the Canal, supposed by General Stevenson to be disabled. Three of their vessels are therefore now

between Vicksburg and Grand Gulf, where I have established a battery of five heavy guns. The work on the Canal seems for the present to be abandoned.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To Colonel B. S. Ewell, March 25th, shows that Pemberton expressly declares "the enemy is using every effort to get possession of Vicksburg," that he was also in large force on Deer Creek, and on the Tallahatchie, &c., &c., and that it was perhaps an oversight in General Johnston to state in his official report (part 1, page 6), that between the date of his return to Tullahoma and April 14th, all Pemberton's reports were by *telegraph*, and "indicated that the efforts of the enemy would be against General Bragg, rather than himself, and looked to the abandonment of his attempts on Vicksburg."

JACKSON, April 3d, 1863.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma, Tenn. :

Scout from near Memphis, 1st April, reports all boats at Memphis pressed; thirty left Saturday and Sunday empty, POSSIBLY intended to re-enforce Rosecranz. *Enemy still in force on Mississippi and Tallahatchie. Loring reports re-enforcing on latter.*

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, April 9th, 1863.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma :

There is no communication by M. & C. R. R. between Grand Junction and Corinth. At Corinth there are four brigades, estimated at five thousand strong; *NO transports loaded with troops have been reported as having passed ABOVE mouth of Yazoo Pass.*

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, April 10th, 1863.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma :

Scout from near Memphis reports, 9 A. M. on 8th, in following words: "Enemy's force there about seven thousand. 'Tis said all force down Mississippi River to be brought up, to make grand military depot at

Memphis. Fifteen empty boats at landing. Enemy's lines closed for sixty days."

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To General Johnston, April 3d, gives report of a scout from near Memphis; and on this *report*, Pemberton merely suggests the *possibility* of a movement to re-enforce Rosecranz, but expresses no opinion.

On April 9th, Pemberton expresses no opinion, but does expressly state that "*no* transports loaded with troops have been reported as having passed above mouth of Yazoo Pass," i. e., towards Memphis.

Again, on 10th, Pemberton gives the report of a scout, but expresses no opinion.

Up to April 10th, none of Pemberton's despatches or letters report any movements of *troops* from Grant's army to re-enforce Rosecranz. Generally, the reports seem to have been transmitted by Pemberton in the words of the scouts, and General Johnston was, therefore, as fully informed as Pemberton, and equally able to judge whether the reports were *reliable*.

JACKSON, April 11th, 1863.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma, Tenn.:

Scout from Austin reports forty transports heavily loaded, but no troops passed up Mississippi River on 3d and 4th inst. Brigadier-General Chalmers reports Gen. Elliot's Marine Brigade, five large transports and two gunboats, passed up Mississippi River on 7th. Same evening three gunboats and nineteen transports, loaded with troops, passed up. The last ten boats from Tallahatchie, twenty miles up Cold Water on Wednesday, going up. I think most of Grant's forces are being withdrawn to Memphis.

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, April 11th, 1863.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma:

The following report just received: "Scout *Kemp* reports near Byhalia, 10th, strengthening guard on M. & C. R. R. Twelve thousand troops passed Memphis, going up river, on 7th. Fifty pieces artillery landed at Memphis same day, and were carried to Memphis & Charleston Depot.

Part of Grant's army reported to be going to Corinth, down M. & O. R. R. Balance to re-enforce Rosecranz. *Lawson reports*, near Memphis, 10th, "Marine Brigade gone to Cumberland River; also fourteen transports and two gunboats passed up river, night of 7th. Corps of engineers reached Memphis from below, supposed to work on Miss. & Tenn. R. R. Pushing work on track from M. & C. Depot to fortifications." I am collecting troops here. can send you four thousand at once, *if absolutely necessary*.

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To General Johnston, April 11th, Pemberton gives reports from General Chalmers and scouts, and for the first time expresses the opinion that most of Grant's forces are being withdrawn to Memphis. General Johnston had here also as good opportunities of forming an opinion as Pemberton seems to have had.

April 16th, gives additional reports in language of scouts, and expresses Pemberton's readiness to send General Johnston 4,000 men at once, "*if necessary*."

JACKSON, April 12th, 1863.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma :

The following despatches just received: "Hernando, April 10th—To T. L. Carter—I have following from Col. Falkner in front: 'A man well known to me, who is reliable, has just come from Memphis; he says twenty thousand troops passed up day before yesterday, from Vicksburg, to re-enforce Rosecranz.'"

W. E. FALKNER,

Colonel Commanding.

It is positively stated that Gen. Elliot's Marine Brigade has gone up.

(Signed)

M. W. BARR, Telegraph Agent.

GRENADA, April 12th, 1863.

I have just received following, from operator at Sonatabia: Colonel Falkner sends me a note, saying, a man well known to him has just come from Memphis, and says twenty thousand troops passed up Friday, from Vicksburg, to reinforce Rosecranz. (Signed)

SAM. HENDERSON,

J. C. PEMBERTON, Lieut.-General.

JACKSON, April 12th, 1863.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma :

Will forward troops to you as fast as transportation can be furnished—about eight thousand men. Am satisfied Rosecranz will be re-enforced from Grant's army. Shall I order troops to Tullahoma ?

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, April 12, Colonel Falkner and others report heavy movement of troops *up* the River ; and satisfy Pemberton that a large part of Grant's army was moving to re-enforce Rosecranz in Tennessee.

April 13th, Pemberton asks whether the troops ordered by General Johnston to re-enforce Army in Tennessee shall be sent to Tullahoma.

JACKSON, April 14, 1863.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma :

Lieutenant Carmon, near Austin, reports : "All troops from Pass expedition have gone down Mississippi River ; also Grant has ordered two hundred wagons sent down from Helena." Another scout, near Memphis, reports all of "Vicksburg army coming up." J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma :

JACKSON, April 16, 1863.

The following just received :

"Grenada, April 14, 1863.—Scout Eastham reports, 10 A. M., 12th instant, near Corinth, re-enforced there by four thousand men, making force there eleven thousand, including eight hundred cavalry. (They) speak of mounting two thousand men to scout around Corinth : intend sending a force up Tennessee River to Tusculumbia.

(Signed) S. HENDERSON, Commanding Scouts.

"Grenada, April 15th, 1863.—Reports reach me from front, that enemy are sending more troops down to assault Vicksburg soon.

(Signed) S. HENDERSON."

Lieutenant-General J. C. PEMBERTON.

JACKSON, April 16, 1863.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma :

I can only send you two Brigades at present. Last information received induces the belief that no large part of Grant's army will be sent away.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To General Johnston, April 14th, shows contradictory nature of reports on that day. April 16th, indicates renewal of operations against Vicksburg: call to mind that on the night of the 16th, 17th April, Porter's fleet passed the Vicksburg batteries. This fact, and the simultaneous return of Grant's army, which had been reported by scouts and others, on the 11th April, as "passing up" the river, confirmed the belief expressed in Pemberton's letter of April 17th, to General Johnston, to wit: "The arrival of Adjutant and Inspector-General Lorenzo Thomas, of the United States Army, who is now at Memphis, has, I think, made a great change in the enemy's plan of campaign." Pemberton believes Thomas instituted the plan of moving their troops by land to some point below Vicksburg; at first, he thought with the view of uniting with Banks against Port Hudson. A letter of *Lincoln's* to Grant, published in the papers, corroborates this impression of Pemberton's.

On the 16th of April, the change of circumstances, as the day developed them, brought an immediate expression of Pemberton's opinion, that "no large part of Grant's army would be sent away."

JACKSON, April 17th, 1863.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma:

Troops sent to you were taken from Port Hudson, a brigade under Brigadier-General Buford—aggregate present, 4,065. *Enemy has now nine boats between Vicksburg and Port Hudson; he has land-forces at New Carthage, from Grant's army, and can re-enforce them to any extent; he can use his nine boats to cross his troops to this side.* Arrival of Lorenzo Thomas has changed enemy's plans, *or his movement up the river was a ruse.* I ought to have back Buford's Brigade; certainly no more troops should leave this Department. Despatch, signed Brigadier-General Chalmers, yesterday, says: Sixty-four steamers left Memphis since Thursday, loaded with soldiers and negroes, ostensibly to assault Vicksburg. The raft in Yazoo, at Snyder's Mill, has given way and gone entirely; am therefore forced to strengthen batteries there, at the expense of Vicksburg.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, April 17th, 1863.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma:

Following from Steevenson, of date 16th. "The enemy are cutting a canal, using their dredge-boats from Milliken's Bend, into Walnut Bayou, thence through Roundaway Bayou, and Vidal Bayou into the Mississippi at New Carthage. The many reports received recently of the construction of batteries on the State Levee, are confirmed to-day, by observation with the telescope. I am placing batteries to-day within good range of them.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

As a comment upon this letter of April 17th, I deem it best to insert a portion of a letter of General Pemberton's to me. It is a strong expression of feeling on his part, but by no means unnatural, nor perhaps unnecessary, under the circumstances in which he found himself placed. General Pemberton writes: "When I notified General Johnston, on 17th April, that it was practicable for Grant to cross his army to this side of the river; that he had sufficient boats below Vicksburg to do so—*then*, (if such an order was ever proper) was the time to have directed me to unite *all* my forces, if Grant should land, to beat him. Had he then said, "It is *my order*, that if Grant lands on this side of the river, you will, *if necessary*, abandon Port Hudson and Vicksburg and its dependencies to beat him," I could not have been in doubt as to his intentions. I should have known what it was I was expected to abandon, and what success (if it came) was to give back. I would at least have had the time to concentrate and provide transportation and supplies in part; and when the men, women, and children of the whole Confederacy cried out, Crucify him! Crucify him! I could have held up to their eyes the unmistakable order of General J. E. Johnston."

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T MISS. AND E. LA., }
Jackson, April 17, 1863. }

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Tullahoma, Tenn.:

GENERAL—I address you directly, not knowing whether Col. Ewell is with you or not. I informed you by telegraph on 13th inst. that I was

establishing depots of commissary and subsistence on M. & O. R. R., at Macon, Meridian, and Enterprise; also at Columbus. The road can be run four miles above Okolona, but without a much larger cavalry force than I can control, I do not think it safe to locate depots above Macon, on the road. I have long regarded it as highly probable that the Army of Middle Tennessee might be forced to take such position as to require supplies to be drawn from Northeast Mississippi. You will, however, remember that the large force within this Department, particularly at Vicksburg and Eastward, has, by reason of the frequent closing of the Mississippi navigation to us, been fed from the same district. The want of transportation to Railroad has much impeded collection of supplies, and the indisposition of Railroad authorities to give zealous aid has been a great drawback. Corn can be had in large quantity if transportation can be provided, but meat is difficult to be got at any price. I have authorized 50 cents per pound, and have directed impressment, where parties refuse to sell at that, always leaving sufficient for family use. Every effort will be made to accomplish the object. *There is no doubt a considerable part of Grant's army did go up the River as high as Memphis, and perhaps into the Cumberland, but there seems now to be no doubt that re-enforcements are being sent down again. The arrival of Adjutant and Inspector-General Thomas, U. S. A., who is now at Memphis, has, I think, made a great change in the enemy's plan of campaign.* Under the circumstances, I think, that not only should no more troops be sent from here, *but that those who have just gone should at once be returned.* A large force of Grant's army has established itself at *New Carthage, below Warrenton, on west bank; another is at Richmond, La.* Five boats (I suppose gunboats, though not yet positively informed), as I telegraphed you this morning, passed the Vicksburg batteries last night. (I am momentarily expecting a report as to their character and condition.) These five, together with the three gunboats and small steamer under Farragut, gives *nine vessels available for crossing troops or operating from above against Port Hudson.* I am also somewhat apprehensive that the Charleston expedition, failing there, may join Banks against Port Hudson. The raft at Snyder's Mills, a great and important assistant in the flank defence of Vicksburg, has entirely given way, in consequence of the increased current and enormous pressure of drift. This compels *additional guns at Snyder's, and they must come from Vicksburg.* I received yesterday a Brooks' gun, but without a single projectile, and a ten-inch columbiad; they will replace those removed to Snyder's. My special purpose in this communication, is to endeavor to recover the troops I put en route for the Army of Middle Tennessee; believing when I started them that I might temporarily re-enforce it, *without immediate and pressing danger*

to my positions here. I have no precise information as to the defences at Corinth ; I learn, however, that they have been greatly strengthened since our army abandoned them.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, April 17, 1863.

Brigadier-General Bowen, Grand Gulf :

I have ordered the 6th Mississippi, 1st Confederate Battalion, and one field-battery to you from here.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, April 7th, 1863.

Jefferson Davis, President :

Telegram just received. On 3d of April, learning a large number of empty boats were being sent down from Memphis, I telegraphed General Johnston, *suggesting it might* be to re-enforce Rosecranz. *I still think this possible.* Latest official reports represent enemy as probably leaving Tallahatchie ; also that he is landing in large force at Greenville, moving down Deer Creek by land, and endeavoring to get through Hutchpucuna into Sunflower River. It is said in Memphis, *Grant will also attack Vicksburg* in front, in a few days. Attempt on Port Hudson is abandoned for present. I am moving a Brigade from there further North, *but do not think it safe, under existing circumstances, to diminish force in this Department.*

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To General Bowen, shows that immediately upon learning the enemy's fleet had passed Vicksburg, on the night of 16, 17, Pemberton strengthened Bowen for defence of Grand Gulf.

To President Davis, in answer to telegram asking whether he could not re-enforce Bragg, shows that as late as April 7th, Pemberton did *not* think it safe, under the (then) existing circumstances, to diminish the force within his Department ; and he states he had, on 3d April, on learning certain facts, telegraphed General Johnston *suggesting it might* be to re-enforce Rosecranz, and that he still thought this "*possible.*"

JACKSON, April 9th, 1863.

General S. Cooper, Richmond :

The River referred to is Mississippi. The report forwarded to General Johnston was from special scout near Memphis, and in same words. The

same scout reported " twelve pieces new steel artillery passed up M. & C. Road, on 1st April." On sixth, he reports as follows: " No change on M. & C. Railroad. No troops of consequence passed up road. More empty boats gone down River from Memphis, supposed to Vicksburg." *I am confident that no important re-enforcements, if any, have been sent to Rosecranz from Grant.* No troops whatever are reported to have gone above mouth of Yazoo Pass. *I endeavor to keep General Johnston informed of any movement which may affect his army.* Enemy is constantly in motion in all directions; appears now to be particularly engaged with Deer Creek by land, from Greenville—have force there to meet him. Also reported, but not yet confirmed, movement under McClelland in large force by land, west of River, and Southward.

Much doubt it. My operations west of Mississippi must greatly depend on movements of enemy's gunboats. I have several regiments now near New Carthage. Will inform you promptly of any thing important; and *if I ascertain that part of Grant's army is re-enforcing Rosecranz, will despatch troops of General Johnston as rapidly as possible.*

(Signed)

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

TULLAHOMA, March 23d, 1863.

GENERAL—I have just had the pleasure of reading your letter of the 14th inst. Your activity and vigor in the defence of Mississippi must have secured for you the confidence of the people of the State—that of the Government you had previously won. I presume, from the distances of your batteries from the mouth of the enemy's Canal, that you have found it necessary to place them on the bluffs, at a distance from the river-shore. Would it be practicable to place field-pieces on the immediate bank, which might prevent the exit of transports? Might not the transports, after the Canal is finished, attempt to pass your batteries at night? I should think that it might not be improbable. At the distance of a mile and three-quarters, they could do it with trifling loss, while guns on the river-bank, even light ones, could probably drive them back.

Will your two batteries, below Vicksburg, one opposite to the outlet of the Canal, the other at Grand Gulf, protect Vicksburg better than the concentration of all the guns near the outlet of the Canal? The commanding of that point by your artillery, seems to me the most important object. If the ten heavy guns, now at the two positions, could be placed near the River, opposite the outlet of the Canal, they would, it seems to me, deprive the enemy of the advantage of his Canal, as it would be as dangerous to pass them as Vicksburg itself. Or those at Grand Gulf, placed near the River, opposite to the Canal, would serve

your purpose better than at their present position—if the ground is not unfit.

Your fortification at Yazoo City is, I presume, a preparation for the time when the enemy will be able to march from the Mississippi to that point. You have evidence of the capabilities of Fort Pemberton to prevent the enemy from reaching that point by water. As far as that is concerned, additional force would be more effective there than anywhere else. Would it be practicable to capture the two Federal vessels which passed Port Hudson? Have we boats enough for the attempt? If so, it would be well to make it, after the best possible preparation.

I have no apprehension for Port Hudson from Banks; the only fear is that the Canal may enable Grant to unite their forces. I believe your arrangements at Vicksburg make it perfectly safe, unless that union should be effected. Van Dorn's cavalry is absolutely necessary to enable General Bragg to hold the best part of the country from which he draws supplies. The Governor of Mississippi promised 6,000 men for the protection of the people of the northern part of the State. How many of them are in the field?

In a recent telegram you express the opinion that the enemy is about to use the M. & C. instead of the M. & O. R. R. Would not the Tennessee River be better for them than either? Or do you suppose that they are preparing to attempt again to advance by Holly Springs upon Grenada?

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSTON,
General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PEMBERTON,
Commanding Department Mississippi and E. Louisiana.

Again I insert an extract from a letter of General Pemberton's. It is best he should speak for himself. I am no partisan in these matters.

General Johnston seems almost to commence his Official Report of operations in Mississippi and East Louisiana, with the design to throw upon *me* the entire responsibility of the transfer of troops from that Department to re-enforce Bragg's army. (See part 1, page 6—as numbered in Congressional copy—of his report.) He says: "From the time of my arrival at Tullahoma, until the 14th of April, General Pemberton's reports, *all by telegraph*, indicated that the efforts of the enemy would be against General Bragg rather than himself, and looked to the abandonment of his attempt on Vicksburg. In that of April 13th, he

says : ' I am satisfied Rosecranz will be re-enforced from Grant's army. Shall I order troops to Tullahoma ? ' "

I am willing, Madam, to *share* this responsibility, and if there was an error in judgment, to bear my part of the blame, but no more. This letter is in itself a refutation of General Johnston's assertion, that *all* my reports were by *telegraph*. Nor was that to which it is a reply, the only one addressed to his headquarters during the period referred to. I have shown by accompanying documents that most of my reports did not look to the abandonment of his (enemy's) attempts on Vicksburg ; nor was General Johnston misled by my reports. In almost every instance they were sent to him immediately, and verbatim, as I received them. I ask attention to the opening paragraph of the within letter, because it was written shortly after General Johnston states that he " thought his presence had become necessary " in Mississippi (that is, I suppose, to direct the defence of Fort Pemberton on the Yazoo, etc., etc.) Had my earnest requests, often repeated, for the return of Van Dorn's cavalry, been complied with, *Grant would* never have reached Jackson.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

JACKSON, April 21, 1862.

Major-General Steerenson, commanding at Vicksburg :

The Lieutenant-General commanding directs me to say, in reply to your communication of to-day, that he has sent to Generals Smith and Taylor informing them of his inability, on account of want of transportation, to co-operate against the enemy across the river, near New Carthage, and asking therefore that they would do so. That Brigadier-General Bowen has at Grand Gulf an effective force of forty-two hundred, with *which he will combat them, endeavoring to cross, and land at Bayou Pierre*. That he regards Warrenton as of the defences proper of Vicksburg, and it will therefore be of the same care and regard to you, as are the works more immediately around the city.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lietenant-General Commanding.

APRIL 21, 1863.

General J. E. Johnston, Tullahoma :

Heavy raids are making from Tennessee, deep into the State : one is reported now at Starkville, thirty miles west of Columbus. Cavalry is indispensable to meet these raids. The little I have is in the field there, totally inadequate to prevent them. Could you not make a demonstration with a cavalry force in their rear ?

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lietenant-General Cammanding.

To General Steevenson, April 21, shows Pemberton had communicated with Generals E. K. Smith, and R. Taylor, asking their co-operation against enemy near New Carthage, and then General Bowen would combat the enemy in event of attempt to land on Bayou Pierre. Poor Bowen did fight—nobly—but he had so few men! What could he do—or what could Harrison do—against Grant?

To General J. E. Johnston, asks his co-operation to prevent cavalry raids.

JACKSON, April 22, 1863.

Lieutenant-General E. K. Smith,

Commanding Trans-Mississippi, Alexandria :

GENERAL—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of 15th inst. which came to hand to-day, and in reply to state that I addressed you telegrams, on the 17th and 18th inst—sending them through the agent at Natchez—informing you of my inability on account of want of transportation, and the presence of the enemy's gunboats in the river, to operate on the other side of the Mississippi : and asking therefore your action and co-operation there, opposite Grand Gulf, near New Carthage. I regret very much the necessity General Taylor was under, of retreating before overwhelming numbers, but am utterly unable to assist him, as the enemy have again occupied *Baton Rouge in strong force*, and have moreover eleven gunboats between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, which not only effectually prevent the shipment of supplies across the river, but are almost able to stop communications between the two Departments! I have been compelled to withdraw four thousand troops from Port Hudson, and could not therefore possibly send any forces from that point, severely threatened as it now is. If you purpose making an attempt against the City, referred to in your letter, inform me of your intentions, and I will endeavor to co-operate from this side; but deem the risk too great to justify my advance alone.

Very respectfully,

J. C. PEMBERTON.

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, April 23, 1863.

Gen. J. Cooper, Adj. and Inspector-General, Richmond :

I have so little Cavalry in this Department, that I am compelled to direct a portion of my Infantry to meet raids in North Mississippi. If any troops can possibly be spared from other Departments, I think they should

be sent here. Please inform me of supposed disposition of enemy's fleet which operated against Charleston.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, April 23d, 1863.

General Stevenson, Vicksburg :

I consider it essential that a communication, at least for infantry, be made by the shortest practicable route to Grand Gulf. Indications now are that the attack will not be made on your front or right, and that all troops not absolutely necessary to hold the works there, should be held as a movable force, either for Warrenton or Grand Gulf. If the raft can be secured below, I have no objection to its being sent down. Report to me dispositions you make under these instructions.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To General S. Cooper—shows that want of cavalry compelled the diversion of Infantry, and, therefore, prevented rapid concentration by Pemberton.

To General Stevenson—directed shortest practicable line of communication to be made at once to Grand Gulf, and *that* no more troops than were absolutely necessary to hold the works should be kept in Vicksburg.

JACKSON, April 23, 1863.

Major-General W. H. Loring, Meridian :

Transportation will be furnished. You will not have the Railroad any great distance, but keep your troops ready to return at the shortest notice. It is necessary to keep me hourly informed, as troops may be required here at any time. Six boats passed Vicksburg last night.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, April 23, 1863.

General Loring, Macon :

Operations on that line are minor to those on Mississippi River, therefore you must not be out of reach of communication by telegraph, nor must your troops be so disposed as to be unable to move in this direction at a moment's notice.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To General Loring—shows that, although want of cavalry compelled the diversion of infantry to distant points, Pember-

ton took every precaution possible to make that force available on the Mississippi River, before he received *any* instructions from General Johnston to concentrate.

April 25th, 1863.

General Stevenson :

GENERAL—The Lieutenant-General Commanding says that he has not proposed to re-enforce Grand Gulf from Vicksburg, but it may, nevertheless, be necessary to do so. Vicksburg, also, may have to be re-enforced from Grand Gulf. *You will, therefore, have communication established over the Big Black at the most desirable point.* You are probably aware that the enemy is now making strong raids into the Northern part of the State from three points; *and that infantry must necessarily be used to hold the important places against their incursions, on account of the great deficiency of cavalry in this command.* Four thousand men have already been drawn from Port Hudson, and it may now be necessary, if that point is very seriously threatened, to re-enforce it. IT IS INDISPENSABLE *that you keep in your lines only such force as is ABSOLUTELY NEEDED to hold them, and organize the remainder (if there is any) of your troops as a movable force, available for any point where it may be required.*

J. C. TAYLOR, A. D. C.

The following under date of April 28th :

General Bowen, Grand Gulf :

I have directed General Stevenson to have *five thousand (5,000) men READY to move, on your requiring them ;* but do not make requisition, unless they are absolutely essential to the safety of your position. I am also *making arrangements to send you two or three thousand from this direction, in case of necessity.* You cannot communicate with me too frequently.

Major-General C. L. Stevenson, Vicksburg :

Hold five thousand men in readiness to move to Grand Gulf. With your batteries and rifle-pits manned, the city front is impregnable.

General Joseph E. Johnston, Tullahoma :

The enemy is at Hard Times in large force, with barges and transports, indicating a purpose to attack Grand Gulf, with a view to Vicksburg. I must depend upon the Army of Tennessee to protect the approaches through North Mississippi.

General J. S. Bowen, Grand Gulf :

Have you force enough to hold your position? If not, give me the

smallest additional force with which you can. My small cavalry force necessitates the use of infantry to protect important points.

These telegrams show Pemberton had made arrangements to strengthen General Bowen *before* the attack upon Grand Gulf on 29th April, by enemy's fleet: that Pemberton notified General Johnston on April 28th, that the enemy was in large force at Hard Times, with barges and transports, indicating an attack on Grand Gulf. Still, he receives no instructions to "concentrate" nor to "unite his whole force" if Grant landed. Also show that Pemberton was compelled to use his infantry in lieu of cavalry, to protect distant and isolated points.

The following under date April 29th, 1863 :

Major-General Stevenson, Vicksburg :

Hurry forward re-enforcements to Bowen to-night. Endeavor to send him ammunition for heavy guns. Troops on the way from here to replace those sent away.

J. C. PEMBERTON, &c.

(Despatch No. 2.)

Brigadier-General J. S. Bowen, Grand Gulf :

In the name of the Army, I desire to thank you and your troops for your gallant conduct to-day. Keep up the good work, by every effort to repair damages to-night. Yesterday I warmly recommended you for a Major-Generalcy. I shall renew it.

J. C. PEMBERTON, &c., &c.

(Despatch No. 1.)

Brigadier-General J. S. Bowen, Grand Gulf :

General Stromson has re-enforcements on the way to assist you. Can I do any thing to assist you ?

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

General J. E. Johnston, Tullahoma :

Very heavy firing at Grand Gulf. Enemy shelling our batteries above and below. The wires are down. Do not know whether the enemy has made a landing this side of the Mississippi River. If not, Grierson's cavalry has cut them. All the cavalry I can raise is close on their rear, and was skirmishing with them last night.

J. C. PEMBERTON, &c., &c.

To Generals Stevenson and Bowen—shows that before Pemberton received any instructions from General Johnston he *was* preparing, as far as thought possible, to concentrate towards Grand Gulf.

To General Johnston—shows that on April 29th, Pemberton informed General Johnston that he was *uncertain* whether the enemy “had *landed* on this side Mississippi River.” Not yet did Johnston order Pemberton to “unite all his forces” in case “*Grant did land.*” An important battle had been fought near Port Gibson by the gallant Bowen, *before this order was given.*”

Under date April 29th, 1863 :

General J. S. Bowen, Grand Gulf :

Do you need re-enforcements? Tell me what is going on.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

Major-General Gardner, Port Hudson :

The boats are now attempting to pass Grand Gulf. Send me your effective strength of different arms. Answer in cipher.

J. C. PEMBERTON, &c.

Major-General Stevenson, Vicksburg :

Is any thing going on at Vicksburg or Grand Gulf. *If General Bowen is attacked*, send on the *column I directed*. As soon as possible I will send on more troops to Vicksburg.

J. C. PEMBERTON, &c.

Under date April 27th, 1863 :

General J. E. Johnston, Tullahoma, Tenn. :

However necessary cavalry may be to the Army of Tennessee, it is indispensable to me to keep my communications. The enemy are to-day at Hazlehurst, N. O. & I. R. R. *I cannot defend every station on the road with infantry.* Am compelled to bring down cavalry from Northern Mississippi here, and the whole of that section is consequently left open. Further, *these raids endanger my VITAL POSITION.*

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To General Bowie—calls earnestly on General Johnston for cavalry.

To General Bowen—sent before Pemberton heard of the attack on the batteries at Grand Gulf on that day.

To General Stevenson—directs him, if Bowen is attacked, to

send *at once* 5,000 men, formerly ordered to be in readiness near Warrenton.

To General Gardiner—inquires strength at Port Hudson, on learning that the enemy's fleet was attempting to pass the batteries at Grand Gulf, with the view of re-enforcing, if necessary.

TULLAHOMA, May 2, 1863.

To Lieutenant-General J. C. Pemberton :

Enemy reported falling back. Forrest moving West. Four thousand cavalry instructed to operate in Mississippi. Lieutenant-General Ruggles communicate with him. If Grant crosses, *unite all your* troops to beat him. Success will give back what was abandoned to win it.

J. E. JOHNSTON,
General.

Pemberton writes me of this despatch :

The above is the second notification I received that a large force of cavalry was *ordered* to operate in Mississippi. On the first occasion it was a "*strong brigade*" which was "*ordered,*" but *did not come*. Now it is four thousand, and, so far as I know, with the same result—that is, they *did not come*. Also, Grant having landed (which I had two weeks previously informed General Johnston was perfectly practicable, and frequently afterwards repeated to him), and General Johnston having been notified on the 1st May, "that a furious battle had been going on since daylight, just below Port Gibson," he *now* directs that "if Grant crosses," I must unite all my troops to beat him—and adds, I honestly believe *ad captandum*, "success will give back what was abandoned to win it." I do not believe he designed to order or suggest the abandonment of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Why had he not done it before? And I am satisfied that if, under the above order, I had evacuated those positions, and either failed of success, or, if successful, had failed to "win back what was abandoned to win it," I should have been held solely responsible. Indeed I have never understood that General Johnston has ever himself asserted that he meant by his order that I should withdraw my troops from either of those places. Many of his supporters and admirers, however, have declared that such was his intention. But by his force of language he misleads the minds of his readers, when on page 16, part 1st, of his Official Report (after a second time introducing the latter portion of the despatch on the other side of this paper), he says, "These instructions were neglected, and time was given to Grant to gain a foothold in the State. At Port Gibson and Raymond, detach-

ments of our troops were defeated and driven back by overwhelming numbers of the enemy." After reading this part of his Report, I am disposed to believe that he did intend that I should leave Vicksburg to its fate; otherwise the assertion that "these instructions were neglected" is destitute of truth. In neither of the telegrams of 1st and 2d May did General Johnston direct me to attack Grant. Before these instructions were received, I had hurried every man to the assistance of Bowen at Port Gibson, who I thought could be spared from the defence of Vicksburg. The detachment at Port Gibson was beaten twenty-four hours before either of his instructions was received. Yet he persuades his readers that my neglect of his instructions was the cause of the defeat. With regard to Raymond, I have shown by more than one official paper, sent you among these (and have still others to corroborate the statement), that General Gregg, gallant and noble gentleman he was, did not conform to my repeated and positive orders, "If the enemy advance upon you in too strong force, fall back on Jackson." General Johnston says the "detachments of our troops were defeated and driven back by overwhelming numbers of the enemy." I have never received from General Gregg a report of his engagement, but taking General Johnston's statement as the correct one (and it is positive and unqualified), I was in no manner responsible for the defeat at Raymond, by overwhelming numbers.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

I use these extracts from General Pemberton's letters on my own responsibility, without asking his consent. He must be excused if, in his position, he expresses himself somewhat strongly and angrily. To have some idea of the intensity of the feeling in the South against General Pemberton, and under which he has writhed with all the sensitiveness of a proud and brave nature, I will only state, that once, in a conversation of some friends of mine, this book—upon the compilation of which it was known that I was engaged at the time, was mentioned,—a man for whom I have the highest esteem, who has known and loved me from childhood, being told, in answer to his question as to when this work would be issued, "That I only waited for some papers from Generals Johnston and Pemberton," turned indignantly, with the remark: "As much as I love her, if she attempts to defend Pemberton, I'll have nothing *to do with her book.*" I cannot deny that this remark, from such

a source, startled me; but very brief consideration reassured me, and instant remembrance of the man, whose life I was writing, brought the consciousness, that it was right, if I spoke of Vicksburg, which I was compelled to do, to present the truth, and the whole truth, without thought of consequence. Governor Allen, who was ever ready to strike a blow or to utter a word in defence of the weak, the innocent, the unjustly condemned, if he could speak, would bid me do it. But, in the face of such prejudice, my simple assertion, or General Pemberton's, would be insufficient; so I adopt this documentary mode, and I hope it may not be found too tedious, nor altogether uninteresting. If these matters are important to the truth of history, we must take time to examine them.

MOBILE, May 5th, 1863.

To Lieutenant-General Pemberton :

I sent you the Second Alabama Cavalry to aid in covering North Mississippi and Alabama. A raid is now reported at Elyton, making, probably, towards Selma. As I have sent you every disposable man, and I learn that the last cavalry sent is about being diverted towards Jackson, I must call on you to cover Selma and our important works there.

S. B. BUCKNER,
Major-General.

BOVINA, May 7th, 1863.

To Lieutenant-General Pemberton :

A Lieutenant, a paroled prisoner, reports that the enemy have a very large force on Big Sandy, including six regiments of cavalry, at the intersection of the Hall's Ferry and Jackson roads. General Osterhaus' headquarters are at Rocky Springs; McClernand's four miles beyond; Grant's at Port Gibson. They have taken over 2,000 negroes, and all the wagons and mules in the country. They are daily expecting their train, and say they will move on Jackson and Big Black bridge simultaneously. All quiet at Edwards' depot.

JOHN S. BOWEN,
Brigadier-General Commanding Division.

From General Buckner—shows that raids were being made into Northern Mississippi, whilst Pemberton was occupied by enemy near Vicksburg.

From General Bowen—shows disposition of enemy's force, and, in conjunction with Pemberton's telegram of same date to

General Johnston, that his troops were *between* Vicksburg and the *enemy*.

TULLAHOMA, April 11th, 1863.

GENERAL : Should Grant's army join Rosecrans, this army could not hold its present position. In such an event, it might be necessary or expedient for this army to cross the Tennessee, near the Muscle Shoals, to move in Northern Mississippi and West Tennessee. To enable it to do so safely, depots of supplies, on or near the M. & O. R. R., would be necessary. I request that you will take immediate steps to have these depots formed. They should be as far north as may be safe. I regard the measure as of great importance to this army, and the approaching campaign ; to both armies—yours, as well as mine.

On *the 5th inst.*, I requested you by telegraph *to send Stevenson's division back to this Department with all speed, should you discover that Grant's army was leaving Mississippi*. Should it be necessary to send off those troops, please inform Major-General Buckner by telegraph, as he may have a similar movement to make. *Should you be in a state of uncertainty in regard to Grant's intentions*, time might be gained by *placing a brigade at Jackson, and another at Meridian*.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PEMBERTON.

From General Johnston, April 11, 1863—as to movement of troops from the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana to Tennessee, advising, in case of uncertainty as to Grant's intentions, certain disposition of troops.

To General Johnston, April 17th, 1863—refers to establishment of depots of subsistence on M. & O. R. R., and other matters.

Again I quote from letter of Pemberton to me :

I repeated in these the notification sent by telegraph of same date, that five more vessels had passed the Vicksburg batteries on the preceding night, and that nine were now available to the enemy below Vicksburg *to cross his troops or to operate from above* against Port Hudson. In this letter and in my telegrams of same date, I clearly pointed out to General Johnston that it was practicable for Grant to cross his troops. In my telegraphic despatch I used these words: "Enemy has now nine boats between Vicksburg and Port Hudson ; he has *land-forces* at *New Carthage* from Grant's army, and *can re-enforce* them *to any extent* ; he

can use his nine boats *to cross his troops to this side.*" No notice was taken of either of these communications, except to inform me that the troops I had sent to Tennessee by General Johnston's order would be at once returned. I received neither instructions nor suggestions; I was not *then* "urged" (when it was practicable) "to concentrate and to attack Grant immediately on his landing"—(see General Johnston's Official Report, page 6); "no despatch was sent me on the next day." "If Grant crosses, unite all your troops to beat him. Success will give back what was abandoned to win it." These orders were deferred (or not received) until after Grant *had* landed, and General Johnston had been informed that "*a furious battle had been going on since daylight just below Port Gibson,*" forty miles distant from Vicksburg and its dependencies, and from fifty to one hundred from other points occupied by our troops. General Johnston's commentators consider his order to "*unite all my troops,*" meant that I should evacuate Vicksburg and Port Hudson to "beat" Grant. It may be so; but if he did intend that construction to be given his despatches, there was a time when such orders might possibly have been capable of execution; that time was immediately after I had notified him that it was *practicable* for Grant to cross his army: when he did direct it (if he really meant it) the order was simply absurd. He had deprived me of my cavalry; Loring's division was guarding the railroad communications and important depots; Fort Pemberton was still occupied; Port Hudson was near one hundred miles distant; Bowen had just been discomfited; the railroad had been destroyed in several places between Meridian and Jackson; also on the I. & N. O. R. R. by Grierson's cavalry; and finally, *Grant had already crossed,* and could re-enforce to any extent. With Vicksburg for his base, he would at once have had the game in his own hands. I did then, and I do now, firmly believe that if *we* could have held Vicksburg, the Confederacy would have been saved.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

JACKSON, April 18, 1863.

General J. E. Johnston, Tullahoma:

I have ordered Gen. Buford to return. Troops still continue to come down the River, and the numbers going up none, or very inconsiderable. *I have telegraphed Gen. Smith, asking him to co-operate with me on the River.*

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, April 20, 1863.

General J. E. Johnston, Tullahoma:

Can you not make a heavy demonstration with cavalry towards Abbeville, on Tallahatchie River, if only for fifty miles. The enemy is en-

deavoring to *force a division* of my troops to Northern Mississippi. Reconnoissance of fleet that passed below Vicksburg on night of 16th : two iron-clads, 8 guns ; one ditto, 9 guns ; one ditto, 10 guns ; one ditto, 11 guns ; one ditto, 13 guns ; one ditto, unknown ; one ditto ram, 3 guns in iron casemate in front ; one small tug ; two large transports ; and one barge, heavily laden. They are one mile below New Carthage.

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

TULLAHOMA, April 21, 1863.

General J. E. Johnston :

General Ruggles sends following report of scout: Some eight or ten thousand enemy's troops were at Burnsville on Thursday night, with artillery wagon-train and pontoon bridges, who stated that they would cross the Tennessee River at Eastport to join Rosecrans. I give this merely as a report.

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To General Johnston, April 20—Pemberton urges him to make a demonstration with cavalry towards Abbeville, on Tallahatchie. Enemy endeavoring to force a diversion of General Pemberton's troops to Northern Mississippi.

JACKSON, April, 18, 1863.

Jefferson Davis, President :

The passage of batteries at Vicksburg by a large number of enemy's vessels, on the night of 16th, shows conclusively that *we have an insufficient number of guns*. There are so many points to be defended at this time—Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, Port Hudson, Snyder's Mills, and Fort Pemberton—that I have only twenty-eight *guns at Vicksburg*. Of these, two are smooth-bore 32's, two 24's, one 30-pounder Parrott, one Whitworth, and one 10-inch mortar. Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and, if possible, Grand Gulf, ought to be strengthened greatly in guns. I have also sent 4,000 men from Port Hudson to General Johnston. The enemy has *eleven armed vessels* between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. A large supply of ammunition and projectiles should be constantly forwarded.

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

JACKSON, April 18, 1863.

Major-General C. L. Stevenson :

GENERAL—The letter of Brigadier-General Lee has been examined, and

his proposed arrangement and disposition of his troops have been approved by the Lieutenant-General Commanding. The *Sixth Mississippi Regiment*, *Hudson's Battery*, and *First Confederate Battalion*, have been sent to re-enforce General Bowen at Grand Gulf. General Tilghman's Brigade is arriving; his troops will be kept here and at Clinton, as a reserve, ready to be sent where they may be most needed. A raft-bridge should forthwith be made over Big Black River, at that point where the road from Warrenton to Willow Springs crosses that river.

By order of
Lieutenant-General PEMBERTON.

J. THOMPSON, Inspector-General.

To President Davis—shows the small number of heavy guns Pemberton was able to put in position at Vicksburg. Of the twenty-eight mentioned, five were utterly useless against the passage of vessels.

To General Stevenson—shows certain dispositions of troops, &c.

JACKSON, April 20, 1863.

T. S. Williams, Supt., &c., N. O. & Jackson R. R., Canton, Miss. :

SIR—The enemy being reported in heavy force at Corinth, and advancing in the direction of Grenada, the public safety requires that the different railroad companies within this Department co-operate with me, and so act in concert with each other as to furnish me, even at a moment's warning, with the greatest possible amount of transportation at their united command, so that I may be enabled to throw to any point on either road the greatest possible number of troops. To this end, so essential, it is therefore necessary that the transportation of private freights, until otherwise ordered, be suspended; and that every available car and engine on your road be put in condition, and held ready and subject to my order. I furthermore request, that when I shall so order, the cars of one road be permitted to pass on to the other without the delay of transfer of freights or troops.

Very respectfully, &c.,

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

APRIL 21, 1863.

Major-General Gardner, Port Hudson, Louisiana :

The inner redoubts ordered by me must be built. Take the troops, if necessary.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

To T. S. Williams—shows that Pemberton did every thing in his power to provide in advance for rapid movements of troops, when necessary.

To General Gardiner—shows that Pemberton *was not* negligent of Port Hudson.

JACKSON, April 20, 1863.

General J. E. Johnston, Tullahoma :

Major McGivern hands me a letter from Major Barbour, your chief quartermaster, directing him to establish a depot. I am now establishing depots on the M. & O. R. R. Depots cannot be established in this Department without interfering with my supplies, unless I can control them. All that is necessary to regulation of railroads, is authority to me from the War Department. I do not think Major McGivern's presence will aid, unless under my control. All my actions and orders with regard to subsistence have been regulated by consideration of the Army of Middle Tennessee. I wrote you on the subject April 17.

J. C. PEMBERTON, &c., &c.

JACKSON, April 20, 1863.

Major-General Stevenson, Vicksburg :

You should place at least 5,000 men in easy supporting distance of Warrenton.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

JACKSON, April 20, 1863.

General J. E. Johnston :

I have no sufficient force to give any efficient assistance to Colonel Roddy. The enemy are advancing from Memphis *via* Hernando ; from Grand Junction and Lagrange *via* Holly Springs and Salem ; from Corinth *via* New Albany. You are aware I have but a feeble cavalry force, but I shall certainly give you all the aid I can. I have virtually no cavalry from Grand Gulf to Yazoo City, while the enemy is threatening to cross the river between Vicksburg and Grand Gulf, having twelve vessels below Vicksburg. Yesterday, General Chalmers met the enemy at Cold Water, and repulsed him. On the 18th, a gunboat and one transport passed Austin, towing fifteen flat-boats or pontoon bridges, with twenty-five skiffs on them ; on the 19th, a transport, towing sixteen flats or pontoons.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

To General Stevenson—directed that 5,000 men should be placed within supporting distance of Warrenton. This was

while the enemy's fleet was lying between Vicksburg and Grand Gulf.

To General Johnston, April 20th—replies to his inquiry whether Pemberton could not assist Colonel Roddy, in Alabama. Shows the movements of the enemy's cavalry from the North, and informs General Johnston that Pemberton had "virtually no cavalry from *Grand Gulf* to Yazoo City, whilst the enemy is threatening to cross the River between *Vicksburg and Grand Gulf*, having twelve vessels between these places." "Still," Pemberton says to me, "I received *no* instructions to 'concentrate' if Grant landed! This was the very brigade of cavalry which General Johnston, in his Official Report (part 5, page 15, Congressional copy), says 'was ordered into the State from Tennessee, when I reported that Grant's army was returning to Mississippi.' Two days after he informed me that the brigade had been 'ordered' into Mississippi, General Johnston telegraphed me to know whether I could not 'assist' Roddy in Alabama. *So far as I know*, the brigade did not set foot in my Department. It was not a small matter, these repeated refusals to restore my cavalry. 'A strong brigade was ordered'—that sounds well. Who stops to inquire when it came? or whether it ever came? See my letter of April 29th to General Johnston."

Extract from letter to Gen. Johnston :

VICKSBURG, May 5, 1863.

"Enemy's force here is double what I can bring into the field.

"J. C. PEMBERTON."

VICKSBURG, May 5, 1863.

*General Loring :**

GENERAL—When the enemy intends to make his movement in force against Warrenton, he will probably demonstrate heavily towards the R. R. on the east of Big Black River. To support Maj.-Gen. Stevenson, who, with Moore's brigade of Forney's Division, and his own Division, will occupy the right, you will early to-morrow move your entire Division (Tilghman's, Featherston's, and Buford's brigades) to the neighborhood of

* Similar instructions sent to Bowen and Stevenson.

B. Lanier's, on the Baldwin Ferry and Mt. Alban road. Gen. Bowen is directed to take position on the east and south of Big Black bridge, with his own and Green's brigades, keeping a regiment on guard at Edwards' Depot. All heavy baggage and tents must be sent to Vicksburg. Troops will bivouac, and only sufficient wagons will be moved with them to transport ammunition and cooking utensils. J. C. PEMBERTON.

VICKSBURG, May 8, 1863.

General Gardner, Osyka :

Return with two thousand troops to Port Hudson, and hold it to the last. President says both places must be held.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

On the 7th May, President Davis telegraphed Pemberton : " Want of transportation and supplies must compel the enemy to seek a junction with their fleet after a few days' absence from it. To hold both Vicksburg and Port Hudson is necessary to a connection with Trans-Mississippi."

To Gen. Loring, shows disposition of Pemberton's troops on that day.

To Gen. Gardner, then en route from Port Hudson to re-enforce Vicksburg :

(Telegram.)

TULLAHOMA, May 6, 1863.*

To Lieutenant-General Pemberton :

Let me know the location of your troops, numbers, and places, in cipher.

J. E. JOHNSTON.

(Telegram.)

TULLAHOMA, May 9, 1863.

To Lieutenant-Gen. Pemberton :

Your despatch in cipher received. Cannot decipher about Port Hudson. Make entirely new cipher of that part. Disposition of troops, as far as understood, judicious. Can be readily concentrated against Grant's army.

JOS. E. JOHNSTON.

VICKSBURG, May 7, 1863.

General Joseph E. Johnston :

General Loring's and Stevenson's Divisions, and one (1) brigade Smith's, one (1) Forney's, between Warrenton and Baldwin's Ferry. General

* Observe particularly the concluding paragraph of my answer to this telegram below, dated May 7, for report of battle of Port Gibson, and of May 9, below, acknowledging its receipt.—J. C. P.

Bowen's Division, Big Black bridge—one brigade on either side of river. General Hebert's brigade between Synder's Mills and Chickasaw Bayou. General Vaughan's north of city, to support Hebert and Bowen. General Lee's, including heavy artillery, in the city. One brigade, about five thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery, at Port Hudson; two (2) en route from there to this place. Chalmers, about eleven hundred, yesterday at Oxford, awaiting to co-operate with Forrest. Ruggles at Columbus—small force of cavalry and State troops. General Bowen, being attacked by overwhelming numbers, had to leave his position, and, for want of transportation, all the horses being killed, had to leave four pieces light artillery. Our probable loss, killed, wounded, and missing, between six and seven hundred. (Signed) J. C. PEMBERTON.

Official. H. C. TUPPER, A. D. C.

In his Official Report (part 7, page 6), Gen. Johnston says: "I received no further report of the battle of Port Gibson, and on the 5th asked Gen. Pemberton, 'What is the result? and where is Grant's army?' I received no answer, and gained no additional information in relation to either subject." The telegrams were generally *in cipher*. On the 5th May Pemberton asked that six thousand cavalry 'be employed to keep open his communications;' and added, 'the enemy's force,' &c., as above. On the 7th, Pemberton telegraphed: 'General Bowen being attacked by overwhelming numbers, had to leave his position, and, for want of transportation, all the horses being killed, had to leave four pieces light artillery. Our probable loss, killed, wounded, and missing, between six and seven hundred.'

On the 9th, General Johnston acknowledges the receipt of this despatch, and pronounces the disposition of Pemberton's troops, "as far as understood, judicious," &c., &c.

EDWARDS' DEPOT, }
1½ miles South, May 7. }

To General Pemberton :

Upon the statement of a paroled C. S. officer, I am able to report that late yesterday evening the advance-guard of the enemy, consisting of the Second and Third Illinois Cavalry, was encamped four miles beyond Cayuga, on the Rocky Spring Road. His infantry encampment extends

from Little Sand Creek to Willow Springs, a distance of five or six miles—how much, if any, further below the latter place, I have no information. The reports of my own scouts for the past two days corroborate the statement regarding the advance-guard of the enemy. General Osterhaus has his headquarters at Little Sand. A body of three hundred of the enemy's cavalry is daily patrolling the country round Cayuga, while smaller parties are engaged stealing horses and mules, and committing their usual depredations.

H. CANBY, Capt.

BOVINA, May 8, 1863.

To Lieutenant-General Pemberton :

Scouts report the enemy's infantry camp has been advanced to Big Black, three miles below Baldwin's Ferry, extending eastward. A very large encampment reported. A negro says they were preparing to cross Big Black just below the mouth of Five-Mile Creek. Scouts report some kind of a steam-craft in the River. All quiet at Edwards'.

JOHN S. BOWEN, Brig.-Gen.

Captain Canby and General Bowen report position—show disposition of troops between Vicksburg and enemy. Vicksburg was now occupied by but one brigade, whilst two held the line from Snyder's Mills to Warrenton.

VICKSBURG, May 9th, 1863.

Lieutenant-General E. K. Smith, Shreveport, La. :

The enemy having effected a landing on the eastern bank of the Mississippi River, in force, at the mouth of Bayou Pierre, I have abandoned Grand Gulf, and leaving sufficient force in Vicksburg for its protection, have taken position on western and northern side of Big Black River, and on the Southern Railroad, connecting Jackson and Vicksburg. This leaves the country from the Mississippi River towards Jackson open to the approaches of the enemy.

My cavalry is weak and wholly inadequate, either to cut the lines of communication of the enemy with the Mississippi River, or to guard and protect my own. Vicksburg (consequently the navigation of the Mississippi River) is the vital point indispensable to be held. Nothing can be done which might jeopardize it. My force is insufficient for offensive operations. I must stand on the defensive, at all events, until re-enforcements reach me. You can contribute materially to the defence of Vicksburg, and the navigation of the Mississippi River, by a movement upon the line of communication of the enemy on the western side of the River.

He derives his supplies and his re-enforcements, for the most part, by a route which leads from Milliken's Bend to New Carthage, La., a distance of some thirty-five or forty miles. To break this would render a most important service. I trust you will be able, as I know you desire, to cooperate with me in this vital undertaking. I hope you will let me hear from you.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. C. PEMBERTON.

May 10th.

General Johnston :

Twenty empty transports passed up Mississippi River, by Austin, since 7th, I presume for more troops. Five thousand of the troops that went to Alabama have returned to Corinth. Force now there eleven thousand.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

VICKSBURG, May 10th, 1863.

Colonel Wirt Adams :

General Gregg is ordered to Raymond ; direct your cavalry there to scout thoroughly, and keep him informed.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

VICKSBURG, May 10th.

General Gregg :

Move your Brigade promptly to Raymond, taking three days' rations, and carrying only cooking utensils and ammunition—no baggage. Let no one get ahead of you, or through your lines to the enemy, or know of your movements. Use Wirt Adams' cavalry at Raymond for advanced pickets.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

To General Johnston—informs him of the passage of empty boats up the Mississippi, probably for re-enforcements for Grant.

To Colonel Adams—shows that Pemberton employed the little cavalry he had with a view to the safety of his arriving re-enforcements, as well as for his own information of enemy's movements.

To General Gregg—cautions him in regard to his movement to Raymond. Shows by his instructions, as to rations, baggage, etc., the temporary character of his location there ; he having just arrived from Port Hudson ; was intended as a nucleus about which the promised re-enforcements might as-

semble, to unite or co-operate with the army on Big Black, as circumstances might render advisable. Had Pemberton moved each regiment or brigade at once to his main army, on its arrival in Jackson, the position of the enemy's forces would have prevented those coming in late from joining him at all, and they would have been useless.

BOVINA, May 8th, 1863.

To General Pemberton :

Advance scouts still report enemy advancing in force towards Baldwin's. All quiet at Edwards'.

JOHN S. BOWEN,
Brigadier-General.

BOVINA, May 11th, 1863.

To Lieutenant-General Pemberton :

An officer, who has been around, and in the enemy's lines, reports about forty thousand infantry and artillery camped from Rocky Springs to the College, north of Big Sandy. About two thousand cavalry are gleaning the country of every thing movable, and sending it to their camp. Their cavalry moved as far as Fourteen-Mile Creek this afternoon, and were driven back three miles by Col. Gates' scouts.

JOHN S. BOWEN,
Brigadier-General.

BOVINA, May 12th, 1863.

To General Pemberton :

Colonel Gates reports enemy advancing in force, infantry, cavalry, and artillery. He has been fighting them all morning ; he sends for reinforcements, but has orders to fall back, as none will be sent. They are three miles south of Edwards' Depot.

JOHN S. BOWEN.

Show in connection with Pemberton's orders, that he still continued to move his army between enemy and Vicksburg.

VICKSBURG, May 11th, 1863.

*General Loring :**

I am directed by the Lieut.-Gen. Commanding to say, that he wrote you a communication this evening in the dark, directing you to move two brigades of your division close to General Bowen's position. This move-

*-Similar one to General Stevenson.

ment is made, fearing it may be necessary to cross the Big Black bridge, which, if necessary, must be done as rapidly as possible. To effect this, you will keep your command in readiness to move at a moment's notice. This is written, fearing that you may not have been able to read the communication previously sent.

J. H. MORRISON, A. D. C.

RAYMOND, *via* CLINTON, May 11th, 1863.

General Gregg :

I directed a telegram to you from General Loring's headquarters. If the enemy advance on you too strong, fall back on Jackson. All the South Carolina troops will be ordered to Raymond to support you, or cover your retreat, as the case may be. If, however, the enemy approaches Big Black bridge, hold your command in readiness to attack him in rear or flank. If you should be superseded, communicate this to commanding officer. Employ the cavalry actively in scouting and harassing his movements.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

May 11th.

General Stevenson :

The Lieutenant-General Commanding directs that you will immediately relieve General Buford, by placing a portion of your command in the position he now holds. The movements of the enemy on the other side of Big Black render it necessary that this be promptly carried out.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

To General Loring—indicates movements to be made dependent upon changes of position by enemy. If necessary, Big Black must be crossed.

To General Gregg—shows that his instructions were to fall back if enemy advanced upon him in too great force; that he must co-operate on enemy's rear, in event of his advance upon Big Black bridge.

VICKSBURG, May 11th, 1863.

General Walker, Jackson :

Move immediately with your command to Raymond. General Gregg has been ordered, if the enemy advances on him in too strong force, to fall back on Jackson. You will do likewise, in conjunction with him. If the enemy advance on you in not too strong force, you will meet them. If, instead of advancing on Jackson, he should advance on Big Black bridge, the command under the direction of the senior officer will attack him in rear and flank.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

May 11th, 1863.

General Stevenson :

GENERAL—The Lieutenant-General Commanding directs me to say to you that he has received information from General Loring that there is a strong force opposite Baldwin's Ferry, and that it is probable that the movement supposed about to be made against Jackson, is in reality against Big Black bridge, in co-operation with the force opposite Baldwin's Ferry ; and that, in such an event, you will be prepared to act in conjunction with General Loring.

F. M. STAFFORD, A. D. C.

VICKSBURG, May 12th.

General Stevenson :

The Lieutenant-General Commanding directs me to say, that, from information just received from Colonel Yates, at Edwards' Depot, it appears evident the enemy are advancing in force on Edwards' Depot and Big Black bridge. Hot skirmishing has been going on all morning, and the enemy are at Fourteen-Mile Creek. You must take your whole division, and move up rapidly to the support of Loring and Bowen, at the Big Black bridge, leaving Baldwin's and Moore's Brigades (of Smith's and Forney's Divisions) to protect your right.

To General Walker—instructs his Brigade, just arrived at Jackson, to join Gregg, &c.

To Stevenson—to move with his whole division to support of Loring and Bowen, across the Big Black, in consequence of enemy's advance towards Jackson and Edwards' Depot.

VICKSBURG, May 12th, 1863.

General Bowen, Bovina :

General Gregg reports that he has not over one hundred cavalry. His advance must be covered by sufficient cavalry from your command, that he may not be taken by surprise in his move on the enemy's rear. I shall probably be at Bovina this evening. Colonel Wirt Adams reports that he drove back the enemy this morning at Dillon's, near Fourteen-Mile Creek.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

VICKSBURG, May 12th, 1863.

General Bowen or General Loring :

I have ordered Gregg, with his force at Raymond, about three thousand (3,000) men, to advance on rear of enemy, should he attack Big Black bridge. Should the enemy turn on Gregg, you will advance your whole force and attack him.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

VICKSBURG, 12th, 1863.

General Adams, Jackson :

All troops arriving at Jackson must be pushed forward at once to strengthen Gregg and Walker. Heavy skirmishing this side Fourteen Mile Creek.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

VICKSBURG, May 12th, 1863.

General Loring, Bovina :

Brigadier-General Vaughan's Brigade* is on its way to Mt. Alban, to re-enforce you, if necessary, but must not be called upon unless absolutely necessary, as they may be needed at Chickasaw Bayou.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

VICKSBURG, May 12th, 1863.

General Loring, Bovina :

General Bowen will advance his command to Edwards' Depot, and hold that position, at least for the present, and it may be permanently. You will occupy the intrenchments vacated by General Bowen, until your men are rested. I will come to Bovina to-night.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

BOVINA, May 13th, 1863.

General Loring, Edwards' Depot :

The Lieutenant-General Commanding directs that you make a reconnaissance, of such a character as you may deem proper, to find out where the main force of the enemy is, and in what direction moving. If on Jackson, he thinks his move will be to fall on their rear, and cut their communications ; but he must have accurate information from you, that he can rely on, before making this move, which would leave Vicksburg, by way of Big Black bridge and the ferries, in so critical a position. It is necessary that the Lieutenant-General should be informed, not only what force has moved on, but the strength and position of that which is left.

J. C. TAYLOR, A. D. C.

Major-General Forney, Vicksburg :

The Lieutenant-General Commanding directs that you arrange to be able to concentrate your troops, if necessary, within the defences of Vicksburg, and that without the loss of any artillery.

J. C. TAYLOR, A. D. C.

To General Loring, May 13—Of this despatch Pemberton says, "It shows I had well considered the advisability of an

* Smith's Division.

advance towards Jackson, in case the enemy moved upon the Capital, but that I would not do so blindly, but required accurate information upon all points affecting the safety of my army and Vicksburg, before taking so hazardous a step. General Johnston sent his instructions to me on the 13th, immediately upon his arrival in Jackson, in ignorance of the actual position and strength of the enemy in my front (as is shown very clearly in his letter of the 14th,) and on my flank, subverting all my plans, requiring me to take the offensive at a moment's notice, with a force not exceeding at the most, 17,500, to attack an enemy *at Clinton* who had absolutely driven him (General J.) out of Jackson, 8 or 9 miles beyond Clinton by the time I was able to *communicate* his instructions to my General officers at Edwards' Depot—that is to say, before noon on the 14th.

PANOLA, May 12th.

To Lieutenant-General Pemberton :

I have information I deem reliable, that an advance of ten thousand will be made on Jackson from Corinth, and that Launan's division was to move on Vicksburg yesterday from Memphis, leaving this place about destitute of troops.

JAMES R. CHALMERS,
Brigadier-General.

HEADQUARTERS LORING'S DIVISION, }
Whittaker's, 12th May, 1863. }

To Lieutenant-General Pemberton :

GENERAL—Captain Russel, one of the captains of my command, and one of the best in it, was sent by me to learn the enemy's movements, returned last night by the way of Gen. Bowen, and gave him information which he telegraphed to you upon its receipt. He reports that the enemy's cavalry are on all the roads leading from the Southern College towards Edwards' Depot and Raymond, and had advanced five to eight miles yesterday from Southern College in the direction of these two points. His cavalry also occupy the road from Baldwin's Ferry to Auburn, and had also advanced from Utica towards Raymond, and were encamped 3 P. M. yesterday at Roache's, five miles above Utica. Col. Gates, of Bowen's command, was then skirmishing with their cavalry at Fourteen-mile Creek, on the Grand Gulf Road, four miles from Edwards' Depot, and had driven him three miles. Four miles above Cayuga, their infantry and

cavalry camps were at Five-mile Creek. All these roads lead to Edwards' Depot and Raymond. Marauders are busily engaged in the immediate rear of the enemy, pressing negroes, horses, mules, and provisions.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

W. W. LORING,
Major-General Commanding.

To General Loring, May 12.—Gives information as to enemy's location and movements, and in conjunction with Pemberton's dispatches of 11th, 12th and 13th, shows that by corresponding movements Pemberton kept his army between the enemy and Vicksburg.

Early on the morning of the 13th, he placed his whole army in position at Edwards' Depot.

EDWARDS' DEPOT, May 13th, 1863.

Telegraphed to Adams in Jackson this morning for news of the enemy in the neighborhood of Raymond, and received the following answer :

Jackson, May 13.—Gen. Loring, Edwards' Depot: and Gen. Pemberton, Bovina; Gen. Gregg at Mississippi Springs; Enemy thought to be advancing from Raymond on the Springs in force, as ascertained from prisoners and otherwise, to be very large—from thirty to forty thousand, consisting of two army corps. Gen. McPherson in command. Probable that the telegraph wires will soon be cut. I am sending forward one battery, all that is here. Last arrival of troops here was Thirtieth Georgia, which has arrived at Mississippi Springs. The next troops will be here this evening at five o'clock. Will be pushed forward as fast as possible. Prisoners state Gen. Sherman has crossed Big Black. I derived this information from Gregg, at 10 o'clock A. M.

JOHN ADAMS,
Brigadier-General.

Gives information of enemy's position and probable strength. Sherman's corps was not then in advance of Bolton, on Pemberton's left.

Accompanies letter of General Jacob Thompson.

VICKSBURG, May 3d, 1863.

Jeff. Davis, President :

Gen. Bowen is falling behind Big Black River. Gen. Loring is now with him. Shall concentrate all my troops this side of Big Black. The question of subsistence, and proximity to base and necessity of supporting Vicksburg, have determined this.

Grand Gulf is abandoned ; it lost most of its importance by the troops crossing below. Bowen lost four pieces of artillery, but he and his men fought nobly. With cavalry in North Mississippi, and re-enforcements promised, think we will be all right.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

General Pemberton says, commenting upon this dispatch :

The above telegram shows my determination to concentrate all my troops, not in Vicksburg, but between that fortified position and the enemy—a policy unchanged, so far as my judgment guided me, until the results brought about by the orders of my superior compelled me to withdraw into the defences of Vicksburg itself. This telegram also shows that I was by no means disheartened by preceding events.

My matured plans (see official Reports, page 44, congressional copy) were, to keep constantly between Vicksburg and the enemy by conforming my movements to his ; if possible, to hold the line of the Big Black (where the defensive positions allowed it to be done) ; or if compelled to cross that stream, not to advance beyond Edwards' Depot, where I was fortifying, and where my flanks virtually rested on the Big Black ; whilst my communications with the western bank were perfect, and supplies were brought by rail directly to my army from my principal depot (Vicksburg), and where, from facility of communication, I could have employed almost my entire force in the field, and yet have secured the safety of the vital position, Vicksburg.

As long as I could pursue this system, I was accumulating supplies from the Yazoo. My great object was to prevent Grant from establishing a base on the Mississippi River, above Vicksburg. The farther north he advanced, towards my left, from his then base below, the weaker he became ; the more exposed became his rear and flanks ; the more difficult it became to subsist his army, and obtain reinforcements. I had been promised a large force of cavalry, and troops of the other armies, and was daily expecting their arrival. If Grant, disregarding my army, in position at Edwards' Depot, should attempt to advance upon Snyder's Mill by the rear, my whole army on either side of the river (Big Black) would have been upon his flank and rear. True, he might destroy Jackson and ravage the country, but that was comparatively a small matter. To take Vicksburg, to control the valley of the Mississippi, to sever the Confederacy, and to ruin our cause, a base upon the eastern bank immediately above was absolutely necessary. The enormous pressure upon me, the clamor of the people, the discontent of the army, and General Johnston's order, alone prevented me from carrying out my own views to the end. In this connection, see letter of Major Jacob Thompson, my Inspector-General.

J. C. PEMBERTON.

EDWARDS' DEPOT, May 14, 1863.

General Forney, Vicksburg :

The Lieutenant-General Commanding directs that you send at once to this point seventy-six thousand (76,000) rations, exclusive of soap and candles, and also that you be on the alert in the direction of Baldwin's Ferry. He has just learned from a Federal prisoner, a commissioned officer, that Smith's Division is at Baldwin's Ferry, and they are still re-enforcing. You will re-enforce that line with Baldwin's Brigade, and if necessary, also with Waul's Legion.

H. C. TUPPER, A. D. C.

MADAM—The above despatch, sent on the day I received General Johnston's order, "if practicable, to come up on Sherman's rear at once" (Sherman's corps being then supposed at Clinton), shows that before I could move my army from its present position at Edwards' Depot, it was necessary that additional rations should be forwarded from Vicksburg; because, whilst pursuing my own plans, it was contrary to my policy to hold large supplies at any point upon my line of operations—since the enemy's movements constantly compelled me to change my own position, and Vicksburg, my depot, was nearly equidistant from all. (In the case of Edwards' Depot, where my army was then in line of battle, the R. R. passed directly through my camp.) And besides this, all available wagons were at this time employed in hauling supplies into Vicksburg from Haines' Bluff. It was necessary, therefore, to withdraw a sufficient number to furnish transportation for the army in any advance movement: that necessarily caused some delay. This despatch further shows, that on arriving at Edwards' Depot, I learned that a division of Grant's army was on my right flank, and near enough to follow in my rear. This fact made it impracticable, independent of other important reasons, to move directly upon Clinton. Yet, as I have stated in my official report, I felt that I was compelled by circumstances to surrender my own judgment and abandon my plans, and to conform, as nearly as I could, to those of my superior. Accompanying this sheet, please find copy of a letter from Major Jacob Thompson, at that period my Inspector-General, and once Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of Mr. Buchanan. It is proper I should state why this letter is selected in preference to those of others of my staff. Knowing full well how much I should be misrepresented and maligned, I required every member of my staff, who accompanied me on the field of Baker's Creek, and whom circumstances threw in my way about the time my report was being prepared, to set down in writing, as nearly as they could remember, such of my orders as they respectively delivered on the field of battle. Mr. Thompson is well known to the whole country; he is of more mature age than any other officer who ac-

accompanied me on the field; he was probably more conversant with my views, and, finally, was present at the council of war held at Edwards' Depot immediately after the receipt of General Johnston's instructions to me of the 13th May, 1863. For these reasons I select his letter.

ENTERPRISE, July 21, 1863.

Lieutenant-General J. C. Pemberton:

GENERAL—Until very lately I was not aware that you expected those members of your staff, who were with you in the military movements in front of Vicksburg, to furnish you a statement of the part they bore in the same. I seize the first opportunity to comply with your request, so far as observations and experience enable me to do so. After the landing of the enemy at Bruinsburg, and the Battle of General Bowen at Port Gibson, and the falling back of our troops to the Big Black at the Rail Road bridge, and across that stream below the bridge, you resisted persistently the desire expressed in various quarters of the army to cross the Big Black River, and to give him battle. For several days it was believed very generally that the enemy would attempt to cross the Big Black River at what are known as the lower ferries, and move upon Vicksburg from the south, with their gunboats, attacking Warrenton on oneside, the column moving on Edwards' Depot or the R. R. bridge on the other. The almost total want of cavalry, not only kept you in ignorance of his movements, but deprived you of all means of annoying or retarding him, in his movements. About 11th of May, information was received that at least one corps of the enemy's forces was moving on Raymond, and the probability was (though I do not think it was certainly known) that a division, if not a corps, was moving on Edwards' Depot. On the evening of the 12th you left Vicksburg for Bovina, having previously ordered Major-General Loring and Stevenson to bring all of their divisions to Edwards' Depot.

I accompanied you to Bovina, and we reached there on the night of the 12th May. The next day, the troops, consisting of Loring's, Stevenson's and Bowen's divisions, were drawn up in line of battle, in front of Edwards' Depot. They remained all the 13th in line, and nothing was seen of the enemy. On the 14th a communication was received from General Johnston, then in Jackson, informing you of the presence of the enemy in Clinton, and indicating a forward movement as desirable. Immediately a council of war was called, consisting of all the general officers. I was present at that council, and heard your views and those of the different officers expressed. You stated at great length, and to my mind with great force, that the leading and great duty of your army was, to defend Vicksburg; the disposition and numbers of the enemy, and your forces; the

bad effect of a defeat, and the probability of such result if you moved forward. After canvassing it, *there was not a voice in favor of moving on Clinton*. But inasmuch as the enemy had moved in force on Jackson, leaving, as was supposed, only a single division on the Big Black, it was first suggested by General Loring and afterwards acquiesced in by all the other officers, that it would be wise and expedient to move the next day on the Southern or Raymond road to Dillon's, which was on the main leading road by which the enemy carried on his communications, give battle to the division left in the rear, and thus effectually break up the enemy's communications. In this council it seemed to be taken for granted by all the officers that the enemy was then engaged in an effort to reduce Jackson, and was therefore too far removed to participate in the expected fight. You gave in to the views of the officers with reluctance, and expressed yourself as doing so against your convictions. But being present and hearing every thing said, I did not see how you could have done otherwise, with any expectation of retaining your hold upon the army. It had been intimated to me again and again (yet I am frank to say, I can trace the remark to no particular or responsible source) that you were averse to a fight with the enemy, and that everybody believed the time for active operations had come.

Though possessed of your views and concurring in them, yet this feeling had so great an influence on me, that I believed at the time that a fight was inevitable, and so expressed myself to you. On the 14th a heavy rain fell, and raised the waters of Baker's Creek, over which we had to pass in going to Dillon's, so that it could not be crossed without swimming. This necessitated the delay for the construction of a bridge. Before this was completed, General Loring came to you and suggested that a bridge was standing on the middle Raymond road, over which the troops could pass, and that beyond the bridge there was a fair road leading into the road it was intended to take. The suggestion was adopted and the troops immediately put in motion. General Loring's division moved in front, General Bowens' in the centre, and General Stevenson in the rear. That night, 15th, all the troops crossed the bridge over Baker's Creek, and General Loring reached the lower road—General Tilghman's Brigade being thrown forward of Mrs. Ellison's house, on the lower Raymond road. About 10 o'clock at night the troops bivouacked on the road connecting the two Raymond roads.

We spent the night of the 15th at Mrs. Ellison's. Next morning, about 7 o'clock, a courier arrived from General Johnston, bringing the information that he had evacuated Jackson, and had withdrawn in the direction of Clinton, and, as I understood, desiring you to move in a direction to unite your forces or to enable you to co-operate with him. This led to

an order forthwith to countermarch and move in the direction of Brownsville. About the time the army was ready to take up the line of march, firing commenced in front, and soon it was ascertained that the force was too large to be long resisted by our picket force.

The whole train moved on in the countermarch, preceded by the Brigade of Colonel Reynolds, which now became, under the new orders, the advance-guard. General Loring's Brigade was drawn up in line of battle first, in the lower road. He fell back then a half-mile, and re-formed in the rear of the entrance of the military road with the Raymond road. For some time it was doubtful whether the main attack would be in the middle Raymond road, on which our left (Stevenson's Division) rested, or on our right, held by Loring's Division. Our position, along which our lines were formed, was in my judgment a favorable one. It soon became evident, however, that the main attack was going to be on the left; and the fighting had not continued long, before information was received from General Stevenson that he was hard pressed.

Your headquarters having been selected to the left of the centre of the line, ready access was had to the whole line. While the fighting was progressing in great firmness on the left, a demonstration was made on the centre, which was soon checked, by a few well-directed shots from a battery of Bowen's Division. Soon after you ascertained that the main assault would be made on the left, orders were sent to Bowen to fall on the left with all his force. His division came up at a double-quick, and charged on the enemy in fine style, driving him back for more than half a mile. At the same time orders were sent to General Loring, to follow up the movement of General Bowen.

When there was some delay at his coming, you directed me to carry the order, which I did, at the full speed of my horse. The order I delivered was, that "General Pemberton desires you to come immediately, and with all despatch, to the left, to the support of General Stevenson, whatever may be in your front." General Loring replied by asking me "if General Pemberton knew that the enemy was a great force in his front. I replied I did not know whether General Pemberton knew the fact or not, but I knew I repeated the order correctly; and if he did not comply with it, the responsibility was his, not mine. I returned to your headquarters, and repeated the conversation. Soon after, it was discovered that some two regiments had broken, and I went to endeavor to rally them. You soon came up, and by a few appropriate words addressed to them, closing by proposing to lead them back yourself, if their officers did not, the regiments rallied, and the officers petitioned you to let them lead them, which they did.

We then moved along in their rear, far into the front, and on finding

the enemy was making a flank movement to our left, the inquiry was made again, "Where is Loring?" and some of the staff were sent to hunt him. On returning to headquarters, General Buford with his brigade was met; and after you had pointed out to him the position he was to take, you again directed me, if possible, to find General Loring. General T. H. Taylor and myself undertook to do so. We were gone for some time before we ascertained where he was; but finding he had gone on a road we did not know, to the left, we returned to report the fact to you. Upon our return we met with General Stevenson, who informed us, you had gone in the direction of the late headquarters of General Loring.

As the enemy was reported to us to have got in between where we supposed you to be and ourselves, we moved in what we believed to be a direct line to the lower bridge. In this we had no guide, and struck the creek some distance above it, and found it most difficult to get across. We succeeded, however, and I joined you at Edwards' Depot. After making the necessary arrangements to protect your rear, you then returned to the intrenchments in front of the railroad bridge, and after remaining there awaiting General Loring for several hours, making the necessary dispositions for the contemplated attack of the next day, at a late hour of the night we reached Bovina. The next day, Sunday, 17th, we returned to Vicksburg, when immediately the different portions of the fortifications were manned by our troops.

Being near your person throughout three several days of trial, I was struck with admiration at the prompt manner in which you discharged every duty devolved upon you, in your responsible position.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

J. THOMPSON, A. I. G.

As I intend to open my pages to General Johnston, for any explanation he may choose to offer, I think it but just to insert any of General Pemberton's letters essential to a clear statement of his position. I believe myself, after careful examination and impartial observation, that General Pemberton has been greatly wronged by us all. Until this close examination of unimpeachable testimony, placed in my hands most frankly by General Pemberton, I, too, shared the popular prejudice against him.

The fall of Vicksburg has reduced me and all my kindred from affluence to comparative poverty. The besom of destruction swept by my own door. The ruin of my country involved

that of every man, woman, and child in whose veins my blood runs. The fall of Vicksburg, the loss of the River, caused this ruin. Believing General Pemberton responsible for this great disaster, it was simply as a matter of honor and justice that I asked an account of these matters from him, as well as from General Johnston. I lay the result candidly before the world—my world, for whom alone I write—my own people, the South.

General Johnston's fame is above accident. If it should even be proved he made mistakes sometimes, as well as other mortals, it could not hurt him much. Lee made mistakes in Western Virginia; and who is greater than Robert E. Lee? We think him almost unparalleled in human history. In reading General Pemberton's letters, due allowance must be made for his peculiar position. As I have already said, I use them without asking his permission, as I have much other private correspondence in the course of this narrative; but knowing how pure and disinterested is my own search after the truth of history, I have ventured to trespass so far on the indulgence of my friends, and have made such use of their letters to me as I thought discreet and valuable to history, holding myself responsible for all I say in these pages. I give this following extract from a letter of General Pemberton's :

“My Official Report, in connection with this letter, covers nearly all I desire to say with reference to the battle of Baker's Creek.

“It has been with his pen, as well as with his sword, that General Johnston has gained his victories. He handles it *en maître*. I regard his ‘Report of Operations in Mississippi and E. Louisiana’ as a masterpiece of its kind. His assertions are bold and to the point—so positive and unqualified, that it is very difficult to believe they can be otherwise than correct, or to moderate them. Observe, for instance, the brevity and force of that paragraph (page 6, O. R.) to which I have already called attention: ‘I received no further Report of the battle of Port Gibson, &c., &c. Yet I have produced his own acknowledgment of the receipt of the information he asked. From the first page to the last, this Report is full of just such assertions, in frequent *seeming opposition* to the facts. But he has succeeded in maintaining his own reputation, at the expense of

mine—I am utterly condemned! General Johnston possesses another admirable qualification as a writer of military reports. He sometimes mentions, *en passant*, a point of the utmost importance, in such a manner as does not call the attention to it. For instance, in part 2, page 7, O. R., he informs us that ‘on Thursday, May 14th, the enemy advanced by the *Raymond* and Clinton roads upon Jackson.’ Now the fact is that not the slightest intimation was given me, in his letter of the 13th, that there was any force of the enemy at Raymond. He does not tell his readers that had General Pemberton moved directly on Clinton, as he directed, he (General P.) would have encountered, not only the four divisions, which he says were at *Clinton*, but the additional force at Raymond also. And again, in the same paragraph, he leads the mind astray from the *true reasons* which dictated the *Clinton road* as his line of retreat from Jackson, on the 14th of May. He says, indeed, what was perhaps correct, when he informs us that he ‘retreated by the Clinton road, from which alone he could form a junction with Pemberton.’ But this was not the only reason why he took that road. It was not to form a junction with my army, for he had *on that day* given up the idea of an *immediate* junction. This is most clearly proved by his own letter of the 14th, which is given in his official report, immediately below the paragraph from which I have just quoted,—after telling us that ‘the body of troops mentioned in my (his) note of last night, compelled Brigadier-General Gregg and his command to evacuate Jackson at noon to-day,’ and the simultaneous advance of a body of troops ‘from Raymond,’ &c., &c.

“He goes on to say, ‘Telegrams were despatched when the enemy was near, directing General Gist to assemble the approaching troops at a *point forty or fifty miles from Jackson*, and General Maxey to return to his wagons and provide for the security of his brigade—for instance, by joining General Gist: *that* body of troops will be able, I hope, to prevent the enemy in Jackson FROM DRAWING PROVISIONS *from the East*; and THIS ONE *may be able to keep him from the country towards Panola*. Here we have the immediate reason why there was a ‘necessity of taking the Canton road.’ It was not that he expected me, in consequence of his note of the 13th (the preceding night), to form a junction with him by marching at *once and direct* on Clinton, because, he goes on to say, ‘Can he supply himself from the Mississippi? Can you not cut him off from it? and *above all, should he be compelled to fall back for want of supplies, beat him?*’ (This, although against my own judgment, but for the reasons I have elsewhere stated, was *precisely* what I had *this very same day, the 14th*, determined to attempt.)

“But to return to the question in point. Can any one, after reading the

above letter, believe that Gen. Johnston's *special purpose* in retreating by the Canton road was to form an immediate junction with my army? Yet see what Gen. Johnston says, paragraph 3, page 8, O. R. (referring to my note of the 14th May, from Edwards' Depot): 'From it I learned that he' (Gen. Pemberton), 'had not moved towards Clinton, ten hours after the receipt of the order to do so, and that the junction of the forces, which could have been effected by the 15th, was deferred.' I have, I hope, very clearly shown that Gen. Johnston could not expect me to make this junction with him immediately; that when he wrote his letter to me of the 14th, he had not the remotest idea of this junction being effected on the 15th. I will now show this still more conclusively, and will demonstrate that by his *own act* he made it *impossible*. Referring again to the letter of the 14th, he goes on to say: "As soon as the re-enforcements are all up, they must be united to the rest of the army; I am anxious to see a force assembled that may be able to inflict a heavy blow upon the enemy. *Would it not be better to place the forces to support Vicksburg, between Gen. Loring and that place, and merely observe the ferries, so that you might unite, if opportunity to fight presented itself?*"

"*Now the force with Gen. Loring was the very force, whole and entire*,—my whole movable army (except those Gen. Johnston refers to as guarding the ferries)—which Gen. Johnston had directed me on the 13th to move on to Clinton, and the letter from which I am now quoting was written *late in the evening* of the 14th. How could the forces which he suggests should be placed between Gen. Loring and Vicksburg be united with Gen. Loring (that is, with my army), if the latter were supposed to have advanced to form a junction with himself at Clinton, or on the Canton road? But he had himself made a junction on the 15th *impossible*. To prove this we have only again to refer to his (Gen. Johnston's) letter of 14th May; one single line of quotation is sufficient: 'Gen. Gregg will move towards Canton to-morrow.' The to-morrow would be the 15th. Gen. Johnston was moving with Gen. Gregg, not to form a junction with my army, but away from me, in a contrary direction. I say he was doing this, for he actually did march ten miles further on the Canton road on the 15th May. I knew nothing of this movement of Gen. Johnston's until the evening of the 16th. I did not receive Gen. J.'s instructions of the 13th until between 9 and 10 on the 14th, and was then near Bovina, on my way to, and about seven miles distant from, my army at Edwards' Depot. All my previous arrangements, as before stated, had been upset. I was compelled, as far as possible, to provide for the safety of Vicksburg. It was near 12 M. when I reached my army. No one will deny that *some slight preparations, at least, were necessary*. I had at that hour only about 16,000 men present. Suppose, then, I had commenced the march

with that number by 3 P.M. on the 14th. It had rained in torrents during the day, and the roads were exceedingly heavy; possibly, if unmolested by the enemy on the march, I might have reached Clinton by 10 P.M., and where, then, would Gen. Johnston have been? On the Canton road, by the nearest possible route, perhaps eighteen or twenty miles distant. Where, then, would have been his co-operation in my attack upon the enemy? I cannot believe it is necessary to say any more in relation to this unfortunate battle of Baker's Creek, which I acknowledge 'ought never to have been fought,' and which I fought against my own will and convictions."

The fights at Jackson, Raymond, Edwards' Depot, where Tilghman was killed, Baker's Creek, followed in rapid succession. Pemberton was driven back by overwhelming numbers, nearly mad with grief and disappointment. He lost heavily in artillery at Baker's Creek. The battle was desperately but not discreetly fought on the Big Black. He crossed his troops and attacked Grant, who had advantageous position on the hills, while Pemberton had to march across a flat, heavy and muddy, at their base. On the morning of the 18th May, there was but one brigade in position in the rear of Vicksburg. This was Gen. Louis Hebert's brigade of Louisianians and Mississippians. Among this small body of troops was the celebrated Third Louisiana, who had fought at Baton Rouge under Allen, and were now destined to have their position undermined and be *twice blown up* here. This brigade of Hebert's occupied the works on the Jackson Road, along which Grant was rapidly advancing.

During the course of the day, Gen. M. L. Smith marched his division into the northeastern corner of the works, and the worn-out, defeated, but *not conquered*, troops who had fought at Baker's Creek on the 16th and 17th, were posted on the lines. It was 5 P.M. before Smith's column reached the breastwork. He threw out skirmishers on the road while he formed his line. He had not a minute to spare—in twenty more, his skirmishers were fired on by both infantry and artillery. The real "siege of Vicksburg" had begun. The 19th was spent by

both armies in disposing their lines until 1 P. M., when the Federals made a charge upon Smith's Division and the Sixth Missouri, of Bowen's Brigade. The Federals came on in four lines, and were met by a deadly fire from the two guns in the redoubt. The shot and shell crashed through their ranks. Men fell at every step, but they marched on, swiftly, steadily. At length they were so close, that grape and canister were substituted for shell in the Confederate guns. The enemy fell faster—the ranks closed up over the bodies of the thickly-dropping Federals—but still they came on. Then the command was given to the Confederate infantry, "Now, boys! fire steady—fire low." The carnage was terrific; nearly every rifle told its tale of death. But the Federals marched on. Too close to be aided by artillery—too close to be hurt by the Confederate guns—they planted their flags on the very face of the works. The Confederates fixed bayonets; the Federals stopped to fire a volley. The Confederates renewed their fire with tremendous vigor. The fight was dreadful for a few minutes, when the yell from the Confederates announced that the foe was repulsed. The ground was strewn with Federal dead. The two days following were spent by the Federals in building their first line of works, and bringing up their troops. The Confederates were also busy strengthening their lines. The 22d of May was bright and clear. At noon the Federal guns opened on the fortifications. Gun after gun took up the fearful fugue of death, until the heavens grew black with smoke, and the earth trembled. The air was filled with angry, screeching shells. They crossed each other, struck each other, and, as they would sometimes come in collision in mid air, they bursted there. The Confederate works were ploughed with the hellish rain of iron fire; the uproar was overwhelming to the senses; the ear was paralyzed by the din and jar. For two hours this storm of shot and shell continued; then it ceased instantaneously, and, in the no less fearful silence, the cry went along the Confederate lines—"They are coming!" and every man grasped his weapon tighter, and waited the onset; and it came.

Fiercely the lines were attacked—simultaneously—not a point neglected. The Confederate batteries had been nearly all disabled by the tremendous fire of the enemy. They relied solely on their muskets—on *their bayonets*. Four lines of battle were repulsed one after another; the Federals gained one redoubt on Gen. S. D. Lee's line, and they were driven from this by Gen. E. W. Pettus, with twenty picked men from the Eighteenth Alabama and Waul's Texas Legion. Pettus drove them from the redoubt, and Lee captured them in the ditch. Pettus also fought the Federals in one of their mines, leading the way himself into the excavation.

The fortifications held by the 21st Louisiana were not very strong. The Federals determined to storm them. They called for one hundred volunteers for that purpose, offering a discharge and a bounty of three hundred dollars to every volunteer. They obtained "the one hundred men," and started on their desperate enterprise. They had mistaken the valor of their opponents—ninety-seven of the men were killed before they reached the ditch, two fell in the ditch, and one alone escaped to bear back the disastrous tidings to the Federal camp. This portion of the works was now repeatedly attacked. The men within fought with hand-grenades. When the enemy pressed too close for artillery, they would pick up the unexploded Federal shells and throw them back with their hands in the face of the foe. One section of the devoted city was ploughed perpetually with shot and shell. It was a ravine on the northeast corner, in which gushed forth a pure spring, which was frequented by the Confederates for the purpose of obtaining water. It became so hazardous, from the constancy and accuracy of the Federal guns, that the Confederates were forced to abandon it. They called it "the *Death Valley*." During the days of siege by Grant in the rear, and the River Batteries on the fleet in front of the city, the hail of shot and shell was so tremendous and so unintermitting on Vicksburg, that the people dug large caves in the sides of the huge hills—on which Vicksburg rises, built on terraces, like those of an am-

phitheatre—mounting gradually up from the river-bank. To these caves they had transported their valuables, and lived in them, with their families. Some of these subterranean abodes were arranged quite elegantly, with carpets and pianos, and other luxuries of refined taste. The denizens of these burrows snatched a momentary alleviation of the horrors of the siege in social intercourse and entertainment, *under the earth*, secure from the bursting bomb and shrieking shell.

After the Battle of Baker's Creek, out of the 6,000 Tennesseans in the Confederate force, 4,000 deserted in a solid body to the enemy. During these last days of the siege, the remaining 2,000 became considerably demoralized. They were given that portion of the fortifications to defend known as Fort Hill. It was strongly fortified—almost impregnable—but some fears being entertained, as it was known there was to be a heavy attack on this point, Colonel Allen Thomas, with 350 Louisianians, was sent to relieve the Tennesseans. He was just in time. He met the 2,000 Tennesseans in the act of abandoning the works. He threw his men into the works, and held them gallantly, against repeated attacks, to the end of the siege.

Every way was tried to convey *caps* into the beleaguered city—hollow logs were filled with them, and then floated to the shore near the city. Men packed them round their persons, and tried to get in the town. One or two succeeded, but the most failed to do so. The provisions were running very short: the bread which was given the troops, for several days, was disgusting; it was made of equal parts of peas, ground into meal, mixed with corn-meal. It made a nauseous composition, as the corn-meal cooked in half the time the peas-meal did. So this stuff was half raw, and utterly unfit for human beings to eat. It had the elastic properties of india-rubber, and was worse than leather to digest. The grated *fir-bark* of the Swedish Dalmen was luxurious to the Vicksburg bread.

The Federals succeeded in countermining, so that they blew up one of the Forts, in which the 3d Louisiana was stationed.

All of our works were mined by the industrious enemy. It was like a rabbit-warren about Vicksburg.

Grant demanded the surrender on the 4th of July, 1863.

Brigadier-General Thomas says, in a letter to me :

“ During the siege of Vicksburg, as Colonel, commanding a brigade, I was present at a conference of General officers, convened by General Pemberton, to consider the situation and certain propositions for a capitulation submitted by the Federal Commander. The following officers were present :

“ Lieutenant-General Pemberton, commanding Confederate forces in Vicksburg ; Major-General C. L. Stevenson, commanding division ; Major-General M. L. Smith, commanding division ; Major-General Forney, commanding division ; Brigadier-General Bowen, commanding division ; Brigadier-General S. D. Lee, commanding division ; Brigadier-General Cummings, commanding division ; Brigadier-General Shoup, commanding division ; Brigadier-General Vaughn, commanding division ; Colonel Cockerell, commanding division ; Colonel Higgins, commanding Heavy Artillery ; Colonel Thomas, commanding Louisiana Brigade ; Colonel Waul, commanding Waul's Legion ; Colonel Withers, commanding Light Artillery ; Colonel Taylor, commanding post.

“ This meeting was on the night of the 3d. Early on the morning of the 4th, General M. L. Smith was sent with our ultimatum, which was, that officers should be permitted to retain their side-arms, and that the army, after surrendering their arms, should be paroled and marched out of Vicksburg. At that meeting, it was ascertained that our entire effective force was but a little over eleven thousand men ; that we would in a few days be out of ammunition ; that the troops had been for weeks subsisting on rations barely sufficient to sustain life ; that the men were physically unable to undergo exertion ; that we were entirely without artillery horses.

“ General Pemberton read his correspondence with General J. E. Johnston, by which it appeared that General Johnston never at any time entertained hopes of compelling the enemy to raise the siege. The most he expected to accomplish was to occupy the enemy, and enable us to cut our way out. No communication had been had with him for many days ; he had not made the promised diversion. That expedient, it was admitted sorrowfully and reluctantly by all, was now impracticable, if not utterly impossible, for the reasons before enumerated. We could not cut our way out. Besides all this, we were confronting a force of at least

ten times our number, and were surrounded with two lines of circumvallation and counter-circumvallation, capable of resisting a powerful force. I recollect, at that meeting, I thought that General Pemberton had met with improper treatment. Time has but strengthened the opinion then entertained. In view of these facts, succor being hopeless—our capture was but a matter of time, and could be delayed but a few days at best—it was deemed unnecessary to sacrifice further the lives of the gallant men, who, from simple rifle-pits, had repulsed for forty-eight days, the combined attack by land and water of a force more than ten times their number, that was replete with every appliance of modern warfare. It was further ascertained that the Federal commander would grant terms, if the surrender was made on the Fourth of July, that could be obtained at no other time, and if the capitulation was delayed, any future demand would be unconditional. It was thought that the terms offered for that day would save our army to the Confederacy, and avoid the hopeless imprisonment that our brave soldiers were then undergoing at the North. The capitulation was, therefore, universally assented to; and I am sure that there was not an officer present—and there were not a few who were heroes of many hard-fought fields—but was convinced that General Pemberton had done all that the most exalted patriotism, or the most punctilious soldierly honor, could have demanded. Whatever may have been his errors prior to his being besieged in Vicksburg, his conduct here was beyond reproach, notwithstanding he has since been assailed by the obloquy and detraction that always follow the unsuccessful. I may here mention that I have since met officers that were at Vicksburg, who afterwards served in the Virginia and Western campaigns, who told me that they never afterwards experienced any service so trying to soldierly qualifications as that they had participated in at Vicksburg.”

Of course there was a cry of indignation against the unfortunate commander of Vicksburg, but it can readily be perceived that he was not to be blamed for the selection of the 4th as his day of capitulation. It was a little dramatic trick of Grant's. To humiliate a whole people, that policy required should be rather pacified, at least under a Republican government, was not good diplomacy in the hero of the Federal army.

Montesquieu says in one of his briefest and most sententious chapters: “Quand les sauvâges de la Louisiane, veulent avoir du fruit, ils coupent l'arbre au pied, et cueillent le fruit.”

It was a pity to attach painful associations to the National anniversary in the hearts of the Southern people unnecessarily! It was rather a cutting up of the tree by its roots!

The defence of Port Hudson, under General Gardiner, was noble. It was only surrendered when resistance was become folly.

So the Confederate flag, driven from hill-top to hill-top on the North, on the South lines of defence trailed at last in the waters. The River was lost to us. Divided in half, we tried to exist still. We were not utterly hopeless yet! But the country not possessing the organization of a polype, we lived but a short while, then expired in a sudden convulsion!

I conclude this sketch with a letter from General Johnston, for the insertion of which I alone am responsible—feeling he can state his own case better than I can.

RICHMOND, October 19th, 1866.

Dear Madam :

Your letter of September 14th, reached me in Baltimore, last week. It was not answered immediately, because I hoped to find papers here relating to the subject of your questions. In this I am disappointed, my few papers being all at Selma. The previous letter you mention, has not been received.

In replying to your questions I must depend on my memory, which, however, I believe to be accurate in the present case. It would have been much more satisfactory to me to send you a copy of the report you ask for. That may still be practicable in time for your purpose.

First Question—Why did you not aid Pemberton?

Answer—Because it was not possible. I was ordered to take command in Mississippi on the 9th of May. Grant had crossed the river about the 1st, and when I reached Jackson, on the 13th, had placed his army between ours and that place. I immediately wrote to him to march to Clinton, and attack the enemy there, promising to co-operate with such of his troops as had been separated from him by the Federal movement. He did not make the movement, and co-operation with it was the only manner in which I could have aided him. I expected to aid him in this attack at Clinton, with about 10,000 men, including re-enforcements sent from General Beauregard's command.

Second Question—Were you sent too late to the Department?

Answer—Too late by two weeks. The time to contend with Grant to

advantage was, of course, when he was crossing the Mississippi, before the 1st of May. That crossing was by ferrying—was by detachments—so that the Federal army engaged in it might easily have been beaten by an inferior force.

Third Question—Why didn't you take men from Bragg?

Answer—For several reasons. I thought Bragg then too weak to contend with Rosecrans, and on the 1st and 7th of May had recommended the re-enforcing Pemberton from South Carolina and Georgia. I thought it too late also for troops to move from Tullahoma to Jackson, after May 9th, believing the campaign would be decided before their arrival. I supposed, too, that the order assigning me to immediate command of the army in Mississippi, terminated my authority in Tennessee. The Government sent Breckinridge's Division from Bragg to Pemberton. Rosecrans advanced in consequence, and drove our troops across the Tennessee.

Fourth Question—How soon did Pemberton notify you of Grant's having crossed?

Answer—On the 29th of April he reported the Federal army at Hard Times, preparing to cross the River, and on the 1st of May informed me that a battle was going on near Port Gibson, and that the *whole* army *could* cross the River near the scene of action. He made no further reports on the subject until my arrival in Mississippi.

Fifth Question—Didn't you think Vicksburg important?

Answer—The importance of Vicksburg and Port Hudson depended on their ability to prevent the passage by them of Federal gunboats, and in that way, holding for us the portion of the River between them. Before Grant commenced the passage of the River, more than twenty gunboats had passed our batteries, and were holding the intermediate portion of the River. I therefore regarded those places as only valuable for the military supplies they contained.

Sixth Question—Could you have fortified a line of defence of the River lower down, say at Grand Gulf?

Answer—Not after the passage of the River by the Vicksburg and Port Hudson batteries was found to be practicable to the Federal vessels. Fixed batteries would have been useless then, the River being lost to us, and we had no heavy guns for the purpose.

Seventh Question—Did you order Pemberton to March out to meet Grant?

Answer—Yes, on the 1st of May, to attack while the Federal army was crossing the River. When a Federal army was reported to me to be at Clinton, on May 13th, I ordered him, as already said, to attack it, intending to join in the action with troops in and near Jackson. He did

not attempt either. When the second order was given, his forces were encamped near and south of Edwards' Depot. He was not ordered to attack the enemy at Baker's Creek, nor was that action the consequence of any order of mine. On the contrary, he was attacked there in consequence of remaining on that ground (or very near it) more than two days after my order to move to the east, towards Clinton. It has been alleged, too, that I exposed him to this attack by compelling him to cross the Big Black from the vicinity of Vicksburg. How can that be true? The troops (Confederate) that fought at Baker's Creek, were encamped within two or three miles of that field when I reached Jackson.

Eighth Question—Could Pemberton have joined you after the battle of Baker's Creek?

Answer—I think he could *readily* by marching to the Northeast after crossing the Big Black.

Ninth Question—How many men had you?

Answer—I found in Jackson about five thousand, with which I *tried* to join Pemberton. This was prevented by his moving back to Vicksburg in the opposite direction. About the 22d of May, Gist with his brigade from South Carolina, and Maxey with his from Port Hudson, joined me—probably five thousand more. Before the middle of June, Loring's Division, which had escaped after the battle of Baker's Creek, Breckinridge from Bragg's Army, and W. H. Jackson with about two thousand five hundred cavalry (or rather mounted men), joined me. But these troops were all, except the first five thousand named, without wagons or artillery. I had to procure every thing necessary to their taking the field: that was not accomplished until the end of June. On the 29th, I moved to the Big Black, to ascertain by observation if it was possible to enable the besieged to escape from Vicksburg by attacking the Federal lines. My force, 23,000 (about), was utterly insufficient for such an enterprise. The capitulation occurred during the reconnoissance. I was much censured by the President for not having assaulted the Federal intrenchments. Those intrenchments were stronger than Pemberton's, and manned by 80,000 men, according to the estimates of General Pemberton's officers. His Excellency told me, in the following October, that his censure was based on the belief that I had 40,000 men. After the capitulation, Pemberton told me that if I had had 50,000 men it would have been absurd to make the assault.

On the 16th, several hours before the fight, General Pemberton received an order from me to move to the Northeast, that our forces might be united. In this way, an army of more than 50,000 would have been formed in a few days.

I was told during the fall of that year, by Colonel Locket, the Engineer

of the army of Vicksburg, that he had read a telegram from the President impressing upon General Pemberton the necessity of not abandoning Vicksburg. This probably led to the capture of that army.

If these answers are not satisfactory, or if you think that I can give you any other information you may want, I beg you to write to me again. Be assured that it will give me great pleasure to aid you.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSTON.

SELMA, December 4th, 1866.

Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey:

DEAR MADAM—You ask explanation of my “plans and position in this campaign.” I cannot do it better than by answering your questions—those of both letters.

First Question.—What was your position in this department?

Answer.—In November, 1862, I was placed in the anomalous one of the command of the Department of Mississippi and Tennessee. It was the first instance of the sort, I think. In March, 1863, however, I was ordered to Tennessee to take immediate command there, and was sick at Tullahoma when Grant crossed the Mississippi on the 1st of May. On the 9th, when not recovered, I was ordered to take command of the troops in Mississippi. On the 13th, when I reached Jackson, Grant’s army was between that place and Pemberton. So that, in my feeble condition, I was unable to join the latter, then at Edwards’ Depot.

Second Question.—What would have been your plans for its defence

Answer.—The Federal army crossed the River about the 1st of May, by ferrying, and consequently by detachments. If in command then, I would have attacked their detachments with my whole force, as they landed successively.

Third Question.—What prevented you carrying out your design?

Answer.—Absence, as explained.

Fourth Question.—If you had abandoned Vicksburg, where would you have defended the River?

Answer.—The Federal forces gained possession of the River before the end of April. More than twenty gunboats had passed Vicksburg from above, and some (I forget the number), Port Hudson from below. These places were thus proved to be inadequate to the object for which they were armed, and of no value. To recover this portion of the River, it would have been necessary to defeat Grant’s army. Then new dispositions to hold the River would have been easy.

Fifth Question.—Did you not consider the holding the River essential to the success of the Confederate cause?

Answer.—Important, but not essential. Less so than the troops lost at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. Our army should not have permitted itself to be besieged in Vicksburg. When besieged, its capture was a mere question of time.

Most respectfully and truly,

Your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSTON.

BOOK X.

Gubernatorial Life.—Banks' Raid.—Incidents of Surrender.

WHILE lingering with his painful wounds at "Cooper's Wells," which had always proved a pool of Bethesda to Allen, General Pemberton, deeming him incapacitated for active service, gave him the appointment of President of the Military Court at Jackson, Miss. But Allen declined this, desiring service in the field, believing he would soon recover sufficiently to ride on horseback, though nobody else thought he would. But this man's will and nervous energy were indomitable. He also at this time received the appointment of Major-General of the Militia of Louisiana from Governor Moore, who accompanied the notification of this appointment with a letter pressing its acceptance, as the office had been conferred upon Allen by the unanimous choice of the Legislature. This was also declined. Knowing his peculiar temperament, Allen's friends thus endeavored to provide him some position where he would be useful to the country, and yet protected from exposure and strain upon his weak, wounded frame; but he would not allow their tender consideration to prevail over his sense of duty. In September, 1864, he received the appointment of brigadier-general from the President of the Confederate States, and was ordered to report to General E. Kirby Smith in the Trans-Mississippi Department. He contrived to get across the Mississippi River, then in possession of the Federals, but narrowly escaped being captured by a gunboat. His staff did not get

over. He made his way to Shreveport, and reported to Gen. Smith, as commanded. He had barely entered upon the duties of his office, when he was almost unanimously elected Governor of the State of Louisiana.

In the New Orleans *Era*, of October 28th, he is spoken of in the following manner: "We learn that Gen. Allen, of the rebel army, who commanded the Fourth Louisiana at Shiloh, Baton Rouge, and Port Hudson, and was promoted to a brigadier-generalship by Jefferson Davis, was ordered recently to the West to reorganize the Port Hudson and Vicksburg prisoners. Allen is one of the best fighting-men the rebels have in the Southwest, and is quite popular with the rank and file."

A noble tribute this, from the pen of enemies! Allen was still on crutches, unable to walk without difficulty even with such support, when he entered upon his gubernatorial duties. This is a period in his life that his friends delight to dwell upon—a position in which all the truest and noblest qualities in this man's nature were developed and beautifully illustrated, chastened, ennobled, moderated, but not chilled, nor hardened, nor embittered by the experiences of life. No longer reckless, though still warm and impassioned; with a heart alive to every generous and soft emotion; with an unlimited pity and compassion, and infinite tenderness, towards the severely afflicted people of Louisiana, to whom he proved so often how truly his tongue spoke when he said, "Citizens of Louisiana! my heart warms to you all—I love every swamp and pine-clad hill in your now beleaguered State!"—he was well fitted for the post they gave him. He was a glorious "*War-Governor*."

It was not a cold, formal union between the people of Louisiana and the new Governor, but a real marriage. He gave himself warmly, passionately up to his duties and to the bride he took, when, in the presence of the assembled multitude, he made his oath of fealty to Louisiana. He felt it—he meant to keep it, and he *did keep* it. The people soon recognized this feeling on the part of their new Governor, and they returned

his devotion with an enthusiasm of affection that would neither be understood nor credited except by one who had been eye-witness to the affecting scenes that were being perpetually enacted in the small, plain room which served as an office to the Governor at Shreveport. The Southern papers of the day were filled with congratulations to the State of Louisiana, upon her fortunate selection to this important position of a man so eminently qualified to fill it satisfactorily. It was a troublesome and a difficult office: the State was partially in the hands of the Federals—New Orleans under their control, the River lost, the finances of the State destroyed, its credit at zero, its people for the most part ruined, scattered, destitute—all the river parishes, the wealthiest, overrun and desolated—all the formerly prosperous planters refugees in Texas, or almost starving in their once happy homes.

“On the 25th of January,” says the *Enquirer* of March 3, 1864, “the administration of Governor Moore closed, and his successor, General Henry W. Allen, was inaugurated. The proceedings were of unusual interest, from the fact that the Legislature met at a point remote from the Capitol, and that the Governor-elect had been chosen by an almost unanimous vote of the Army, and emphatically as a war Governor. Governor Allen is in many respects a remarkable man, and his inaugural, full of spirit and energy, is just what we expected of him.”

Another journal says: “On Tuesday, the 15th inst., the Governor-elect of the State of Louisiana visited our town. A large concourse of people had previously assembled at the Episcopal Church, to welcome our war-worn hero. After the crowd became seated, the Governor appeared, supported by two of our citizens, who conducted him to the stand. As he walked up the aisle, the attention of the congregation was riveted upon him. Cheer after cheer attested the people’s appreciation of the man who had led their battles, and who was now called to preside over the destinies of the State. His appearance itself was an appeal to the patriotism of the people.

Still reeling under his wounds, his mutilated person called forth the sympathies of every one.

“His address was that of a patriot, statesman, and soldier, and was followed by thunders of applause from the audience. We confidently repose the destinies of the State in his hands.”

The Mobile Register of the same date speaks thus of the new Governor of Louisiana: “General Henry W. Allen, esteemed the Chevalier Bayard of the Army of that State, who has so signalized his valor in many of the fiercest combats of this war, whose body is covered with honorable scars, was recently inaugurated at Shreveport before an immense assemblage.”

The Richmond papers, alluding to his election, say: “His inaugural message on the occasion of his induction into office, is a peculiar, yet very stirring and eminently patriotic address. Upon *Butler*, he pours out his especial maledictions, as well he might, for his diabolisms in Louisiana’s fair, grand emporium.” In an appendix we give one of his messages to the Legislature, in order to show how Allen understood and grappled with the difficulties of his position, and his immediate assumption of the responsibilities cast upon him, in the indigence—the almost total destitution of the people. His style of oratory, as we have before remarked, was peculiar—full of energy and excitement—made up of short, curt phrases, a conglomerate of rapid thoughts, fanciful, almost exaggerated illustration; an occasional sentence of striking beauty, melody, and deep pathos—interlarded with bits of verse, or peculiar quotations from all sorts of authors—bursting out frequently into the most fervid, impassioned appeals to all that was high, romantic, noble, true, and patriotic in man’s nature—vehement, earnest, impulsive, declamatory—very unequal, sometimes rising into loftiest eloquence, then sinking into mere spouting—but always exciting, almost enthralling to his auditors, who never were allowed to become *cool* enough for any sense of criticism. With a queer sort of whimsical, rare simplicity and singleness of idea and utterance, with *no sense of the humorous*—honest,

intense, going straight to the centre of things—fearless, audacious, spirited in gesture, never ungraceful,—Henry Allen's speeches were as unique as he himself was in every thing else. But like all improvisations, they do not read well, and any kind of a critic would be tempted to smile often over these extravaganzas; but *spoken* by *him*, they had a very different effect. He possessed Demosthenes' three secrets of oratory, "action, action, action," and a magnetic power over people in masses. The thrill would penetrate the wisest, and those who came to laugh and to criticise, would remain to weep and to shiver under the strange influence. An ambitious friend, desirous that the Governor should prune his sentences, and make his style of speaking cooler, more chaste and classic, remonstrated at what he considered some rather exaggerated, extravagant expressions of feeling the Governor had made use of. Allen listened patiently—he always did, to reproof from lips that loved him; then he replied, "My dear Sir, the people understand me; I always speak to them from my own heart—I know my words will go to theirs."

That was his rule in every thing. It had been so all his life. He had acted, spoken, lived from his "*own heart*," trusting himself, with an entire frankness, to the best sympathies of humanity; and rarely did they fail him. He had the perhaps equivocal compliment of having nearly every one of his soul-stirring addresses republished in the Northern journals and papers. Goldsmith says very truly, in the *Life of Henry St. John*: "It is the fate of things written to an occasion, seldom to survive that occasion." This is very necessarily the case with things both written and spoken by the Confederate Governor of Louisiana, however valuable they were at the time, and fitted to encourage and fortify the souls of the people in their endurance of the discomforts and calamities of what we all then regarded as a laudable and necessary defence of our republican liberties and inherent rights. It would be inexpedient, impolitic, and in bad taste to revise them;—not that one should adopt, in any sense, Mr. Hobbes' Theory of Ethics, and vary

one's creed, political or religious, according to the differences of time, place, and circumstance.

“Truth is always one and indivisible.”—SCHILLER.

And,

“*Because right is right, to follow right were wisdom, in the scorn of consequences.*”—TENNYSON.

Yet the South has accepted the issue of the war. President Johnston is trying to save the country. For our part, we intend to keep honorably, so long as we can, the covenant of pacification. So, then, I will not repeat now the fiery utterances from the lips of our leaders, which echoed deep into our hearts, when we stood face to face—Greek meeting Greek—with arms in our hands, and deadly hatred in our souls. This biography is not written to stir up strife, or revive bitter memories, but simply to gratify friendly love and curiosity. Did I feel inclined, I could blacken these pages with infamous remembrances, with accounts of cruelties and atrocities, malignant, dark, relentless—such as I have read on the pages of no history of any war among any civilized peoples—inflicted on my own people, my own friends, my own relatives. Then, perhaps, those who *were* our enemies might shudder, and cease to wonder that our leaders spoke, our men fought, our women endured, so long and so obstinately, the horrors of this terrible war. The army of invasion was composed not always of the best material of the North, but often of the worst.

The first act of the new Governor was to make what the old sea-kings of Norway used to call “a progress” through the State, in order to arouse the people, and to see what he had to do. So he started out in his ambulance, visiting different parts of the country, and making speeches everywhere. He succeeded in his end. He did arouse them, used often to bring tears to their eyes, and give strength to their spirits, amidst their heavy trials, by his kindly sympathy and ardent words. Returning to Shreveport, he then set to work to improve the

State finances, which, as we have said, were in a very low condition. The Confederate Government owed the State of Louisiana a good deal of money. Allen asked General Smith, who had nearly unlimited power in the Trans-Mississippi Department, to transfer the tax in kind upon all such cotton as he (Allen) would be enabled to secure for the State, from the Confederate States to the State of Louisiana, until this debt, or at least a portion of it, was paid. Smith agreed. Then Allen sent out his agents, gathered up cotton and sugar, granted permits of exportation beyond the Rio Grande. The exportees would gladly carry out their cotton, paying the tax in kind, which was thus conveyed, without cost to the State, to market. This portion, belonging to the State, was only expended, by express limitation, in articles of prime necessity for the people—plain drygoods, cotton and wool cards, machinery, &c., &c. All articles of luxury were prohibited. Then Allen established his system of State stores, factories, foundries. He arranged a State Dispensary, from which the people were furnished with pure medicines at cost price. This supplied a most important need, as none can know so well as those who have seen beloved ones perishing while they were forced to stand by helplessly and hopelessly, unable to procure for love or money the ounce of quinine, that might have prolonged their precious lives. The medicines were sold reasonably for Confederate and State money, and “were given to the poorest people with money and without price.” The Federals had declared all medicines contraband of war. We were reduced to the use of herbs, tisans, barks, and all indigenous vegetable medicaments. Allen established his laboratories for the preparation of these indigenous medicines. They were of inestimable, inappreciable value to the people. There are vast pine forests in Louisiana. He put up turpentine distilleries. The Palma Christi is a native. He had a castor-oil factory; a factory for making cards. Allen had promised to give every woman in Louisiana a pair of cotton-cards. He redeemed this to his utmost ability. We knew very well how to use them. A pair of cotton-cards

to us were more valuable than sets of diamonds. Indeed, the hands which dexterously wielded the little, useful implements, often sparkled with brilliants of the finest water, which would have been eagerly stripped off the white fingers, if they could have been used in purchase of comforts for the dear boys, for whom the gray cloth was being spun. In the cities captured by the enemy, the women did sell their jewels, their clothing, their velvet, silks, and laces, to supply the necessities of their families. But in the country, "*in the Confederacy*," we had not that resource; there was no market for gold or diamonds; so the women emulated the ancient women of Greece and the Orient in their busy application to the loom and the distaff. They became familiar with household dyes, skilful in curious herbs, mosses, and barks; grew at last dainty and fanciful in the fineness, beauty, and evenness of their warp and woof; learned the secrets of currying and dressing leather and soft deerskins; became adroit in the manufacture of shoes and embroidered gauntlets, knitted socks, and stockings, and warm woollen shirts. *They did every thing* that woman's hands could do for the comfort of their "soldier-laddies." A gift of a pair of cotton-cards awoke unspeakable gratitude in our breasts. Allen's hands, to the women of Louisiana, were as beneficent as an earthly Providence. They almost worshipped "*The Governor*." He also began one establishment for making carbonate of soda. [We were reduced to the necessity of making potash in our ovens at home.] Two distilleries for making pure medicinal alcohol.

He purchased a fourth interest in the Davis County, Texas, Iron Works, not finding the ore so good in Louisiana. He established a foundry for cooking-utensils. He supervised salt-works. He selected able, active, energetic, skilful men, and put them over all these branches of art and industry. In every way, he endeavored to develop the resources of the State, and supply the multitudinous needs of the people. He infused his own impetuous vitality into all around him. Nobody about him had a sinecure office; but he worked himself more inde-

fatigably than any one. Who could complain, when they saw how he taxed his own energies and drained, wounded frame? Receiving State money at the State stores, he soon brought up the currency to a respectable valuation. He also improved the rate of Confederate money. Every day added something to the steady plan for the amelioration of the lamentable condition of the people of the greater part of the State, suggested by his tender heart and clever brain.

In one year's time, from the single State store at Shreveport, he paid into the Treasury, from the proceeds of sales, \$425,244.61, besides giving to wounded, destitute soldiers and orphans, widows and children, goods to the value of \$22,159.50.

In addition to this, goods to the value of \$87,326.19 were transferred to the State departments, and army supplies, ordnance stores, etc., to the amount of \$627,816.60, had been turned over to the Confederate Government, making the transactions of this State store, since its inauguration, seven months before, amount to the gross sum of \$1,162,551.90. These goods were imported from Mexico, by teams, driven principally by Mexicans and negroes, and paid for in cotton, in the beginning, as appeared by documents submitted to the Legislature. All this, free of expense to the State.

In this manner, he brought up the finances of the State, and made her money valuable all over the Trans-Mississippi Department. In his charities he never permitted any difference to be made; wounded and disabled soldiers of *all States* of the Confederacy were relieved alike, none were repulsed.

He published the following notice :

TO DISABLED LOUISIANA SOLDIERS.

Louisiana soldiers, disabled by wounds, or by sickness incurred by actual service, and without means of support, are requested to apply to me for relief and assistance. Such applications must be accompanied with certificates of disability, service rendered, and present circumstances. They will all be promptly relieved.

HENRY W. ALLEN,
Governor Louisiana.

SHREVEPORT, August 4th, 1864.

The Legislature had appropriated the sum of \$11,042,000 for State uses. In the course of the year Allen drew from the Treasury \$6,247,000, leaving a surplus of balance of unexpended appropriations of \$4,794,651. There was left in the Treasury, of other funds, \$3,327,369. A large proportion of the expenditure was represented by valuable stores, advancing in market prices, and more available than Treasury notes to meet the wants of the State. Accompanying his report was a tabular statement of all the property he had acquired for the State. It consisted of cotton, sugar, subsistence stores, drugs and medicines,—all of which had been paid for, amounting, in the aggregate, to \$5,510,000. By an act, authorizing the sale of six per cent. bonds, he sold \$577,000 at a premium of 10 per cent. He applied the proceeds of these bonds to drawing in Treasury notes. The Confederate Government owed the State four millions of dollars, expended for military purposes. He had the accounts and vouchers properly arranged and classified; laid them before the Comptroller of the Confederate States Treasury. He afterwards sent the Hon. J. M. Sandidge to Richmond, on a special mission about this indebtedness.

In this careful, frugal, provident manner he managed the affairs of the State, gradually reducing a chaos to order, restoring confidence, developing resources, enlarging and extending his beneficent schemes according to the increasing demands of each day—feeding the hungry, aiding the needy, nursing the sick, the wounded, and the orphan—encouraging the people—printing school-books for the children. He neglected *nothing, however minute*, that concerned the welfare of Louisiana. He raised four companies of mounted men, joined them to two already in the State service, put them under the commands of Cols. H. M. Forest and B. W. Clark. These formed afterwards the Eighth Louisiana Cavalry. He added thus nearly a thousand men to the Confederate service. These troops did good service at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill. The enemy were now advancing up the Red River Valley.

He most carefully enforced all the laws, especially those for-

bidding the distillation of alcoholic liquors from grain and sugarcane. He says, in his message to the Legislature: "All breadstuffs, sugar, and molasses, are required for the army and for destitute families of soldiers. In many portions of Louisiana grain is already scarce. I daily receive appeals for assistance, and every surplus barrel will be needed during this and the coming year. I would again respectfully urge you to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in the State *during the war*, except for family use and medicinal purposes. The only man whose death-warrant I have had to sign since I have been governor, was brought to execution for murder committed whilst drunk. Every criminal now in jail here is suffering the penalty of intoxication. You must pardon me, gentlemen, if I press this subject with seeming pertinacity. I know that it is considered by some unpopular to advocate such measures, and that by some it is thought Puritanic; but he who blanches at a sickly public sentiment, or wishes to evade responsibilities in times like these, is not worthy the confidence of an intelligent, patriotic people. While I shall dispense public charities with a liberal hand, clothe our gallant men in the field, relieve the sick and destitute, take care of our wounded soldiers, and support the widow and the orphan, I also feel it my conscientious duty to strike at vice in every shape and form, and to do all in my power to sustain the morals of the land. The general commanding this Department cannot suppress the sale of intoxicating liquors *unless ordered by you*. He and his district commanders have often appealed to me. I, therefore, again most respectfully but urgently request that you will give this matter your serious consideration. Pass the law, and it shall be executed to the very letter. The large capital employed in this traffic will find other and better investments; drunkenness, that scourge of every land, will disappear; crime will be greatly diminished; good order and discipline will be preserved, while the women, our truest and best patriots, will bless you for the act."

In Texas, "refugees" were paying five and six dollars per

bushel for corn, while the distillers were making immense profits by the consumption of the grain needed for the subsistence of the people. Allen succeeded in arresting this crying evil in Louisiana. He sent active and efficient officers through the State to put a stop to the stealing of negroes, especially children from the river parishes, on plantations whose owners had been forced to fly. These children were often stolen by "jayhawkers" and "so-called" guerillas, taken to Texas, and sold away from their parents and owners. Allen succeeded in recovering and restoring five hundred of these poor little wretches to their families. I had occasion to apply to him myself about three little children stolen from our plantation in Tensas, whom we had traced back to the neighborhood of our place in Franklin Parish. They were in possession of a man near by. We had left negroes and overseers on each of these places, when we deemed it advisable—my husband being over age, and not strong in health—to remove from the theatre of war to a place in Texas. I wrote to Governor Allen about the children. He replied immediately :

SHREVEPORT, Nov. 5th, 1864.

Dear Madam :

Your letter of the 31st October, respecting your young servants, is just received. I will cause inquiry to be made about them, without delay. Col. Y—— will be instructed to deliver them up to Mr. —— as you request.

Very truly yours,

HENRY W. ALLEN.

P. S.—I am under many obligations to some kind, good friend, for a very flattering notice in a Texas paper. I don't know who this friend can be, unless it is yourself. Whoever that friend is, I take this opportunity to tender my grateful thanks. I did not know before that I was such a hero! A thousand thanks, dear friend. It is pleasant to be commended and appreciated.

H. W. A.

His providential care extended thus over all classes of people. He sent two of his aids and three other gentlemen, to see after the people of East Louisiana. Their condition was very deplorable. Subjected to constant raids, the people were stripped

of almost every necessary of life. Allen sent them medicines, cotton-cards, etc. He gave an order for the shipment of a hundred bales of cotton, for the use of the Jackson Insane Asylum, which was entirely destitute: he supplied it with food. He raised a company of men in East Louisiana, almost in the very presence of the enemy. Finding that many citizens living a long distance from Shreveport had claims on the C. S. Government for property impressed, purchased, taken, or destroyed, he appointed a commissioner to examine these claims, making the Bureau self-supporting by charging a small fee.* He also sent Colonel Sandidge to Richmond to see after these claims of the people.

* Brig.-Gen. Thomas relates, that once when on a visit to the Governor at Shreveport, he was in Allen's office. A Jew came in. "Governor, I have come to offer you a most reasonable contract. I know you are anxious to provide your people with every necessary of life."

"Well, sir," replied Allen, in his brief, quick utterance, "you are right. What have you to offer?"

The man went on to explain. Allen listened, but gave no sign of assent to the proposition. He dismissed the man courteously, however.

A short time after, another Jew came, a confederate of the first one. He said:

"Governor, I have just arrived from Matamoras, and I have brought you a little present—some wines, and cloth, and other articles that I know you need. I hope you will do me the favor to accept them."

"Certainly, sir, certainly!"

The presents were brought in—several boxes of fine wines, bolt of fine gray cloth, &c., &c. Allen thanked the man heartily, and he departed.

"Now, Thomas," said Allen, "you think I don't know what those fellows are after? but I know they are leagued together. You'll see both of them come to-morrow, after the contract. But they'll not get it! I accepted these things, because it is probably all they have ever given, or ever will give to the Confederacy. Our poor sick soldiers want wines, and Gen. Smith's officers want uniforms."

Calling to an attendant, Governor Allen wrote some orders, sent all the wines to the hospitals, and distributed the cloth among the officers, reserving nothing for himself.

The next morning early, according to the Governor's prognostication, both of the men walked in together, soliciting the contract; but as the

In his letter on this subject to President Davis, Allen says—
“he desires a perfect understanding between the Confederate and State Authorities, between civil and military powers:” to preserve which, he goes on to mention what ought to be redressed, as great abuses against the people of Louisiana :

“1st, In the arbitrary execution of the impressment act, and the hardships resulting therefrom. Horses, mules, wagons, cattle, slaves, teamsters, provender, corn, provisions of every kind, forcibly taken, or voluntarily given, to officers claiming to be vested with legal authority.

“In some cases receipts given—in others refused, when applied for. In either case, payment is now refused, because these men are not bonded officers, or because of the improper vouchers attesting the fact of impressment—or that no authority exists for it. It should be traced up, and the party punished with severest penalties, etc. etc.

Governor did not think their terms advantageous to the State, they were politely rejected, much to Gen. Thomas' amusement, and their confusion.

Allen, and Col. Allen Thomas, were both recommended to President Davis for promotion at the same time by the same general officers. They both happened to be in Richmond at one time. Col. Allen Thomas was much attached to Col. Allen. Mr. Davis, in conversation with Col. Thomas, mentioned the fact of his having but one brigade to bestow at the moment, and that he was rather at a loss what to do, as both Col. Allen and himself seemed to have equal claims to it. Col. Thomas instantly entreated him to give it to Col. Allen, who was an older man, who had been so terribly wounded in the service, and he really believed, a better soldier than himself. President Davis thanked Col. Thomas. An hour afterwards Col. Thomas met Col. Allen, still creeping along on his crutches ; he accosted him cheerfully :

“Good-morning, general !”

“How ! why general ?” exclaimed Allen.

“Simply because I have just parted with the President, and *you* are promoted.”

Allen grasped his hand warmly. He never forgot Thomas' friendly generosity. As soon as he was elected Governor of the State of Louisiana, he wrote to President Davis, and Col. Allen Thomas received Gen. Allen's old brigade.

“Lieutenant-General E. Kirby Smith being powerless to remedy these evils, joins me in the urgent request that these commissioners be appointed without delay. The people are daily crying out for redress, and unless this redress is given, there will be a collision between the civil and military authorities. I have instructed the courts to be opened, and advised all who feel aggrieved to apply to the proper tribunals for justice in the premises. It is my sincere desire to act in the greatest harmony with your Excellency in the execution of the laws of Congress. *But at the same time, my people must be protected in all their constitutional and legal rights.*”

While actively careful over the interests of the citizens of the State, though generally continuing the even tenor of his way in perfect amity with the Confederate military authorities, especially with the most amiable gentleman then invested with almost supreme authority in the Trans-Mississippi Department, yet Allen never suffered himself to be swayed by his partialities for the individual into authorizing the slightest infringement upon the civil rights of the people. He guarded them with a keen and susceptible jealousy. After the expulsion of the enemy in the spring of 1864, several citizens of Louisiana were arrested by the military authorities and imprisoned, without the benefit of the speedy trial guaranteed by the Constitution and the laws. It seemed as if the military alone was about to rule in the land. Taking prompt issue with the military, Allen made the following proclamation :

To the Citizens of the State of Louisiana :

As the Chief Magistrate of the State, sworn to maintain the integrity of her laws, I deem it appropriate to renew to her people the assurance that I shall keep that oath and fulfil that duty. While doing this, I have thought proper to add such suggestions as the occasion demands.

The presence of armies in our midst raised by the Confederate Government, commanded by officers of its appointment, governed by the rules and regulations it has adopted, and amenable solely to it in a military capacity, produces inconveniences, which are inevitable, and of which, when necessary, a patriotic people will not complain. These in

conveniences form a part of the price you must pay for your country's independence, and for the liberties you will hereafter enjoy.

But that Government is of your creation, and has no legal power beyond that which you have conferred upon it. Its duties are strictly defined, and its authority limited by the constitutional charter which your representatives have aided in forming, and which you, through your convention, have ratified. The armies of the Confederate States have no authority or power, except what the laws of Congress give them, and that body cannot go beyond the grant emanating from sovereign States. The authority of military officers is therefore the creation of constitutional laws. They can rightfully do nothing but what Congress has authorized them to do. Properly viewed, an army is only a police force on a large scale, whose sole function is to maintain the laws of the land, and to protect the rights of the nation. Hence the machinery by which it acts ought never to come in collision with the civil laws or the machinery of local or State governments. Over the citizen or his property no military officer has any other authority than what is given him by law. It is the glory of every really great military commander that the civilian is never made to feel the presence of an army as a burden, a nuisance, or a terror. Over his troops, his authority, as given by law, is necessarily very great. This is right; but beyond the circle of his army, the humblest citizen in the land is his equal.

I therefore earnestly admonish every one whose rights may be violated under pretence of military authority, to appeal promptly to the courts of justice. Let every citizen having just cause of complaint against military officers, report the same at once to the grand-jury of his parish. If arrested and deprived of your liberty, it is your right to have the cause of your arrest judicially inquired into at once, and to be discharged unless found to be legally detained. This writ of *habeas corpus* is always open to every citizen; to invoke it is his hallowed right; and I earnestly request all judges to issue it whenever legally demanded.

Extended authority has been conferred on the commanding general of this department. He has never used that power against a citizen, and is entirely free from any disposition so to use it. I know it to be his earnest wish that every abuse of authority by any subordinate officer shall be resisted by citizens under all circumstances, and promptly reported. If there are acts of petty tyranny, annoyance, and proscription committed in this Department, they will be reprobated by him, being as contrary to his will as they are in contrast with his character. All such acts brought to his knowledge, I doubt not, either have been or will be punished promptly.

Thus far but one citizen of this State has been illegally and wrongfully exiled, and he shall be returned to his home and his family. While I am Governor of the State of Louisiana the bayonet shall not rule her citizens, but they shall be protected at every hazard in all their legal and constitutional rights.

HENRY W. ALLEN,
Governor of Louisiana.

Executive Office, Shreveport, La.,
July 5th, 1864.

General Kirby Smith was appealed to, the prisons were immediately thrown open, and all not subject to military tribunals were turned over to the civil authorities. General Smith had foreborne to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, though such suspension was authorized by Congress. "He carefully avoided conflicts with civil functionaries and encroachments on civil rights. He had a profound respect for the laws of the land, and an eminent love of justice and equity, and was thus a safe depository of the almost unlimited power confided to him."*

But Allen had one characteristic and amusing interview with Smith, in regard to the "one citizen" whom he mentions as being "illegally and wrongfully exiled" from the State.

A gentleman suspected of indifference to the Confederate cause, and accused of treasonable intercourse with the enemy, was seized by Smith's orders, and without any legal examination, merely on hearsay evidence and suspicion, was carried off into Texas, to be put out of the lines over the Rio Grande. Allen heard of it; and although the man was not personally agreeable to him, he became indignant at the arbitrary manner in which his rights of citizenship had been violated,—ordered his ambulance instantly (he was still very lame), and drove to Headquarters. Entering the Commander's office, he remonstrated, in his ardent, vehement style, upon the injustice exercised by the military power against a citizen of the State, thus

* Allen's own words about Smith.

seized and dragged off—exiled from his home and family, without trial. Smith listened to him with coolness and indifference; he was prejudiced against the victim, as most everybody else was. “Well, Governor,” he remarked, at length, after Allen had got through with his fiery remonstrance, “suppose we differ in opinion, and I refuse to restore this man, as you demand, what then?” In an instant, Allen sprang to his feet, though he was scarcely able to stand on them. Bringing his hand down with violence on the table between them his whole face aglow with anger and indignation, he replied, “*What then, General Smith! By God! we will fight you, Sir! You shan’t tread the civil rights of the people of Louisiana under your foot.*”

Smith looked at Allen, startled for an instant from his usual sweet equanimity of manner, then extending his hand kindly to Allen, said, with a smile, “*I believe you would, Governor!*”

Turning to the table, he wrote the order for the restoration of the obnoxious individual. The next day, one of General Smith’s aids and some soldiers, set off to bring Mr. — back to Louisiana, to his home and family. This person went to New Orleans, where he has since held office and influence among the Federal party. Did he ever remember to speak a word for Allen, when, by the reverse of the wheel of fortune, the faithful Governor was in his turn an exile?

The common people were enthusiastically devoted to Allen, not only in Louisiana, but in Arkansas and Texas. The writer of these pages has frequently been both amused and affected, by the admiration and praises lavished on Governor Allen in the poor log-cabins in Texas, by people whose sons, and brothers, and husbands had been recipients of the kindness and wide-spreading charities of the Governor of Louisiana. Sometimes, when she would halt to bivouac under the shade of trees by the roadside, near their cabins, on the long, tedious land journeys, she, like all other refugees, was compelled to take—protected only by faithful negro servants, living in an ambulance day and night, in Gipsy, or “Confederate” fashion, in the open

air—the inhabitants of these rude homes would come out, and stand leaning against a fence-corner, talking and knitting on with unwearied fingers, as they gave and answered questions.

“So, then, you are Louisianians?” these poor mothers and wives would say; “when did you *refugee*? (“to *refugee*” became a popular verb among these people). Settled in Texas? been to Shreveport? Well, you Louisianians have got a real, live Governor! God bless him!” Then they would eagerly tell what he had done for their male relatives or themselves, winding up their garrulous gossip with a sigh, and, “I wish Texas *had such a Governor!*”

A friend narrates that he stepped once into Allen’s office, at Shreveport, and found the Governor seated before the fire, between two country-women—soldiers’ mothers,—all three taking a comfortable smoke, with their pipes. The people of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, use tobacco inordinately, in every form. They always carry their pipes in their pockets; even some of the women of the more uneducated classes smoke and “dip snuff.” These people are never seated five minutes anywhere, without drawing out this panacea for all their ills, and “taking a smoke.” One has to become accustomed to it. Allen was too courteous a gentleman not to conform immediately to the customs of “Ladies.” So, as he rather enjoyed a pipe, he would join them very sociably. He liked, too, to study the peculiarities of human nature. And his companions had a double claim on his affections,—they were women, even if old ones, soldiers’ mothers and Louisianians. So, precisely the same chivalric feeling which made him write so much poetry to the Empress Eugenie, in his Mexican paper, afterwards, made him smoke with those old women in his plain little office at Shreveport. The following conversation occurred, to the intense amusement of the unexpected auditor: “Well, Governor, we come to bother you again, you are such a good friend to us poor women. Now, Gov., we got the corn you sent us, but we ain’t got no hoes and no ploughs to plant it with.” The Governor took his pipe from his mouth, and turn-

ing to his Secretary, said: "Mr. Halsey, give these ladies an order for a plough and two hoes, free of charge." "But, Gov.," they continued, "we want some meal, and some meat, and some sugar, and some molasses." "Mr. Halsey, give the order for these articles." The women received the orders, knocked the ashes from their pipes, shook hands with Allen, and started out of the room; but halting at the door, said, "Well, Gov., we hate to bother you so much. You are the best man alive. We are all going to name our next grandchildren after you; but we forgot, we want a well-rope and a — *pig*." "Ladies," said the Governor, kindly, but with a perceptible smile curling around the corners of his mouth, "you shall have the well-rope, but at present, *we are out of pigs!*"

I insert here the copy of a letter which I got hold of, giving a sample of one amongst hundreds of such applications, which Allen received almost daily, from all parts of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas; for all the Refugees considered themselves still under the *Ægis* of Louisiana, and looked to him for aid, which he extended impartially, whenever and wherever he could.

SHREVEPORT, LA., May 15th, 1865.

Governor Allen:

Many thanks for the one pair of shoes and ten yards of towels, which I got at your store this morning. The Colonel would not let me have any shoes for myself and the two little ones, nor a suit of clothes for my husband, because it was not specified in the order. Will your Excellency, Governor Allen, extend your generosity a little further, and give me an order for the following articles: Needles, thread, pins, one of the large bowls, two or three small ones, some plates, cups and saucers, a pitcher, shoes for myself and the two little ones, one suit of clothes for my husband, knives and spoons, one dish, chamber, stockings, and any thing else you are willing for me to get. I send you a gold pencil and twenty-five cents, all I have to recompense you with now. God will reward you, and you will have my best wishes for your success and happiness. If you will let me have the order, please send it with this note, by the boy Henry.

Respectfully,

R. A. R.

P. S.—Governor, I hope I am not asking too much of you; if I am, please forgive. And will you please let me have a comb, some buttons, and tobacco, also a few more yards of towels.

R. A. R.

The writer received what she asked for. It is needless to say, the poor little *gold pencil* and twenty-five cents she offered in payment were instantly returned, with the articles coveted, "*by the boy Henry.*" This was from a woman of better class and education, as can be readily recognized by the spelling and style of the epistle, than the majority of notes received daily by the Governor of Louisiana. I have read myself, during a stay of a few days with my friend, whilst he was living at Shreveport, letters from ladies belonging to the most distinguished families in our unhappy State, begging for a few pounds of meal, flour, sugar, and molasses, or a few yards of cloth, stating they had neither clothes nor food. Again and again has Governor Allen handed to me the most sorrowful notes of this kind, and would say with tears in his eyes, and unaffected concern on his countenance: "My God! how shall I meet the absolute necessities of this destitute, starving people?" He kept trains running into Texas continually, bringing out corn, meal, flour, and bacon, which he distributed as far as he could. The people had a trust and reliance upon him that was frequently ludicrous. General Kirby Smith used to tell the following anecdote with gusto. General Smith took a trip into Arkansas to visit the posts of his command, and he took along his gun and dogs (Smith having no bad habits, indulged occasionally in hunting, and game is plentiful in that region). As Smith was passing a poor widow's house, near Fillmore, Bossier Parish, a large pack of curs jumped on his fine pointer. His gun being charged with very small shot, Smith fired on the big dogs, to save his poor pointer. He knew the fine bird-shot wouldn't kill them. The widow rushed out, pistol in hand, furious with rage, threatening to shoot the General! She abused him dreadfully, then ended by declaring she would go right straight and tell Governor Allen, even if he was General Smith—she knew "*Allen would fix him!*"

After supplying the needs of the wounded and disabled soldiers of the different States, collected in Louisiana, Allen proceeded to clothe the Missouri troops in active service, who

were in a very needy condition. The Confederate Government never did succeed in clothing the army. The people supported the soldiers, the women of each family clothing their men with the labor of their own hands. The Missouri troops had no one to provide for them, they were exiled from their own State, and almost neglected by all, except by the capacious heart of "*the Governor*," who remembered their wants, and that he had had a home for a short time in Missouri, during his boyhood. He induced the ladies and gentlemen who were assembled at Shreveport—many of them accomplished musicians and amateur artists of very high order of talents—to give a series of concerts, tableaux, and theatrical performances, for the benefit of the "adopted sons of Louisiana," as he affectionately called the desolate Missourians. He succeeded in raising funds enough to clothe these troops comfortably, and was amply repaid by the passionate gratitude of these gallant men, who would have followed him to the end of the world, at a word. There never were braver soldiers than the Missouri troops. They deserved all that could be done for them by the women of Louisiana. The journals of this date, in every State west of the Mississippi, and in Virginia, abound in notices and eulogiums of the noble course pursued by Governor Allen. It is almost impossible to make a choice amongst the innumerable testimonies to his virtues, and the glowing tributes to his wise administration, preserved from the papers of the day, by the pious hand of friendship. We simply insert two of these, one from Virginia, the other from Louisiana, as a sample of what was said of him by the Press of the Confederacy.

"OUR GOVERNOR.—In reading over the "Washington Telegraph" a few days since, we were highly pleased to notice a very handsome tribute paid by a citizen of Arkansas to the Governor of Louisiana. We are ever proud to see *true merit publicly approved*, and we have ever considered it a false delicacy not to award to public benefactors *while living*, some portion, at least, of the public gratitude to which they may be entitled. When good, and great, and generous deeds pass unnoticed, it betokens a kind of public apathy and indifference that is calculated to depress even

the spirit of a patriot—for who is insensible to the people's approbation? who is it that cannot be exhilarated by their encouragement? Hence it is that we are proud to notice so just and so beautiful a tribute as the one to which we have alluded—not that such commendation will give an additional impetus to the tireless energies of our *noble* Executive, but that he may be consoled in his herculean labors with the assurance that he is universally *appreciated* at home, and *justly* admired abroad. Why is it that Governor Allen is honored by the people? Simply because he makes their *good* his highest object. He protects the weak, he relieves the needy, he rewards the faithful, he, in short, exercises his every constitutional power with justice, reason, and humanity. But it is outside of the pale of his mere official functions that we behold the true character of the man. His Christian charity and boundless generosity will ever endear him to the people, who will ever regard him as a good governor, a brave soldier, and a true gentleman. It was our fortune to be present at his inauguration, and hear his address. It was at a time when great and serious embarrassments were ready to meet him at the very threshold; it was then, perhaps, the darkest and gloomiest period that ever scowled upon the State. Our army was weak, our people depressed, and the invading hosts were coming upon us—coming, too, like a wild tornado, gathering strength and fury as they came. Great, indeed, was the public suspense and the public anxiety. Many gathered to hear what were his pledges to the people. He came forth, pale, wan, and war-worn, still reeling under his recent wounds. He assured us that the old ship of the State was still above the billows—he bade us be of good cheer, that all would yet be well—he pledged to the State and to the people his undying fidelity—and bade every man stand to his post. Not one who heard him then doubted but he would give his whole soul to the “great work.” Has he not redeemed his pledge? *Yea, more*, he has, in the very face of impossibility, developed the resources of the State to a surprising extent. At Shreveport we have a Dispensary, at Mt. Lebanon a State Laboratory, in Minden a Rope Work, in Sabine Parish a Turpentine Factory, in Claiborne a Factory for Cloth, in Minden a Card Factory. Now these are the results of Governor Allen's labors, and they richly entitle him to public gratitude. Time would not serve us to do justice to his enterprise, so we must conclude by tendering to our Governor, as a public journalist, the approbation of the people, and more especially our own unselfish, undying gratitude as an editor, for having abolished ‘*wall-paper*’ in our State.”

Allen had brought from Mexico quantities of paper and stationery of all kinds for the journalists, who had been reduced

to the necessity of printing on bits of "wall-paper." He was making arrangements to establish paper-mills.

The other notice is from a Richmond paper :

"In Louisiana—though her once wealthy plantations are now wildernesses so thickly overgrown with weeds and parasitic vines as to be impassable for man or beast, and the desolation as horrible and universal as that which followed Hyder Ali in India—still the resolution of her people is as steadfast and heroic, their devotion to the common cause as deep and heartfelt, and their hope as high as ours in Virginia, under the protecting care of our peerless army.

"This constancy is due, in part, to the Governor of that State—General Henry W. Allen. This heroic and devoted soldier-statesman should not be named without something more than passing mention. He entered the service, at the beginning of the war, as Colonel of the Fourth Louisiana ; was in every battle in which his regiment participated, at the head of that regiment ; was desperately wounded at Shiloh ; was left for dead at Baton Rouge, and his body is seamed and his limbs maimed with scars and wounds. Admired by his superiors, beloved by his men, he might have arrived at the highest military distinction. But at the moment when promotions and honors were coming thick upon him, he was elected, by the spontaneous voice of the people of his State, Governor of Louisiana, and cheerfully obeyed the summons.

"With talents peculiarly fitted for the Senate, he refuses the dignities his people are anxious to heap upon him in a more conspicuous position, and expresses his determination to serve to the end of his term as chief magistrate of the State. At the same time that he will allow no encroachment of military power, he enjoys the confidence and esteem of the generals commanding in Louisiana. Under his management the State has been relieved from a heavy debt, and her credit now stands higher than any other State's, except North Carolina's.

"There is no demagogueism in the character of Governor Allen—all is frank and honest and outspoken with him. He has no idea of thwarting the government, or of establishing a separate State west of the Mississippi. He possesses the love and veneration of every man, woman, and child in Louisiana ; and yet it is but a score of years since Henry W. Allen, a poor and unknown stripling from Virginia, settled in Louisiana and began seriously to build the groundwork of reputation and fortune.

"Know this, my Lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good ;
A nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is full of inborn worth, unborrow'd of his kind !"

“Would that we had more such in high places—men whose pure and earnest impulses were bent on the success of the nation, who merged personal ambition and petty jealousies into magnanimous patriotism, and were satisfied with the still, small voice of conscience, instead of the noisy, meaningless approbation of the mob.”

Though with a substratum of mediæval feeling and principles, this incongruous man was essentially a man of progress. He saw and seized instantaneously the peculiarities of a position and its necessities, and prominent points as they were developed. He was generally in advance of anybody else. *He was one of the earliest, if not the first man*, to see the necessity of arming, and drilling, and emancipating our slaves, and publicly urged the measure both upon the Legislature and the President, when other people were afraid almost to *think it*. Being a very extensive slaveholder, his disinterested patriotism was the more remarkable. He regarded it simply as a measure of expediency, believing, as we all do, that slavery is the normal condition of the African race.

One day, at Shreveport, I was riding with Governor Allen in his ambulance. We were on our way to see General Buckner, on a matter of importance to me. As we drew up to the door of the very plain establishment which General Buckner used as his headquarters, just as the Governor offered me his hand to descend from the carriage, he was accosted by a poor woman, with a market-basket on her arm. With a hasty apology to me, he turned to the woman, leaving me still sitting in the carriage. The woman had a long series of complaints and petitions to enumerate. The Governor stood patiently waiting, leaning on his stick, until she got through her querulous, and, I thought, unreasonable harangue. Then, very gently remonstrating with her, he showed her how some of her petitions were unwise and impossible; gave her a great deal of good practical advice; and ended by suggesting another mode of rectifying the crookedness of her lot; gave her a hastily written order in pencil for some things, and dismissed her. She was dissatisfied, however, and went off grumbling and ungrate-

ful. Turning to me with his graceful frankness, Allen said: "That poor creature gives me a great deal of trouble. It is about the twentieth time she has come to me this week, about that matter. I have tried in vain to make her understand that she asks impossibilities."

"Well, then," said I, with a woman's hastiness, "why do you allow yourself to be so troubled? *I wouldn't.*"

He looked at me gravely, then replied, with a smile: "Oh, yes, I think you would; she really does suffer. Her husband is dead, her son in the army, and a kind word costs nothing, even if one is often forced to reject a petition."

I persisted: "I think you allow these people to impose on you, though you weary yourself to death over them every day. Why don't you let your aids and secretary see them? You are thronged with these unreasonable people all day long."

"No; I can't shun such responsibilities. *These are my duties.*"

"That means you have adopted all these unfortunates, as a sort of family. You are the veritable Pater Republicæ! Everybody in attendance on you complains about your undue devotion to this third order of the realm; says he is tired to death running to the State store with orders for these miserable old women and dilapidated soldiers; and Dr. Martin says, he can't keep a drop of respectable brandy to mix up his medicines with at the Dispensary. If an old woman has a finger-ache, or a child eats too many blackberries, and comes to you, you give an order for any thing they want. They say, *you'll have to stop it.*"

He laughed. "Well, you need not believe half that you hear. S—— takes liberties with me; and as for Martin, he thinks I *belong to him*. He got so used to ordering me about when I was wounded, that he fancies I am never to get out of his leading-strings. I am very careful about the *brandy orders*; and as for the rest, my dear friend, I barely do my duty. I wish I could do a thousand-fold more for my poor starving people." By this time we had climbed up the rough stair-

case, and in a few minutes stood in the presence of the hero of Fort Donelson, and the conversation turned on other topics. I heard a good deal of complaint and impatience expressed by others at the Governor's persistent devotion to the *tiers état*; but he was fixed in his convictions as to his duty on this point. "The old women, and widows, and orphans, and soldiers' wives came first, always; ladies and gentlemen and distinguished people afterwards," we laughingly asserted in his obdurate ears.

Allen possessed wonderful facility, readiness, ingenuity, tact, and power of adaptability, which enabled him to put himself so easily *en rapport* with the populace. The activity, energy, suppleness, and self-reliance that are usually considered the attributes of a Yankee, were his; and had they not been coupled in him with high romance and noble enthusiasm, with passionate patriotism, incorruptible integrity, scrupulous and sensitive honor, they might, with his aspirations after glory, his glowing ambition of fame and reputation, have made him degenerate into a vain demagogue. But, infused into his pure, impassioned nature, these dangerous gifts, this power over the masses, this readiness, only gave practical force and ability to his character, and enabled him easily to put into execution the good towards the country and "his people" that his heart suggested and his intellect designed. There was an extraordinary vein of common sense and Scotch frugality running through his Rinaldoish romance. He was "*clever*," in both the English and American sense of the word.

One day, at Shreveport, he began to sing the Confederate song, "Southrons," expressing a desire to get all the words, and to know the name of the author. I told him I could give both to him, as the verses had been written for, and sent me originally, by my aunt, the authoress of the "Household of Bouverie;" that I had sent them, in 1861, to the New Orleans Delta, for publication, and would give him the author's MS. copy. He was pleased with these associations. On his way to Mexico, he showed me the poem again. There has been some mystery

about the authorship of this favorite Confederate war-song. I am glad of the opportunity to announce its true origin.

In the month of March, 1864, General Banks made his famous raid up the valley of the Red River. General Taylor, stationed at Alexandria, had been advised in February, by secret information sent him from New Orleans, of the probable Federal plan of attack, by one division under A. J. Smith, from Vicksburg, and General Banks from New Orleans, who was to march up through the Tèche country. Taylor immediately notified General Kirby Smith of his suspicions of this attack, and Smith began to concentrate his troops to meet the attack, if so made.

Smith's department was very large, and so desolated in Arkansas and Louisiana, that in order to subsist the troops, it was necessary to scatter them; so the forces were scattered over Louisiana and Texas. Shreveport and its vicinity was the central point in this widely-scattered circle of troops. Upon the reception of Taylor's information, Smith began to draw in his forces.

General A. J. Smith came up the Red River, Banks advanced up the Tèche. It was estimated by us that Banks had a force of forty thousand men, and a co-operating navy of sixty gunboats and transports, "and a legion of camp-followers and speculators;" in his train. The Federals captured Fort DeRussy, an inferior earthwork below Alexandria, and then marched unchecked up the whole valley of the Red River, until they reached Mansfield, a small town between Shreveport and Natchitoches. Taylor had fallen back before the Federals, skirmishing every day, until he found himself here almost at the doors of Shreveport, within a day's march of the Texas border. Taylor was too much like his father, in temperament, not to be very soon wearied of *retreat*. He knew too much about Buena Vista, for that *modus operandi* to content him very long. He was one of our best fighting-men,—a trifle too impatient and passionate, with perhaps not sufficient sense of subordination. In truth, he was both a very able and a very imperious man. He

had even dared to resist *Stonewall Jackson*, and fight at Port Republic, almost in disobedience to orders. He gained a victory then, and of course General Jackson thanked him ; but if he hadn't been successful, he would have been *broke*. So it was now at Mansfield. Taylor was tired of running. He resolved to make a stand, and sent a despatch to Smith, at Shreveport, to that effect. Taylor had 9000 men at Mansfield. He selected his battle-ground as well as he could, about a quarter of a mile from Mansfield. The country here is hilly, and heavily wooded.

The line of battle was single. Mouton commanded his own Brigade, with Polignac's in the centre. Majors, with his cavalry dismounted, formed the left wing. De Bray, with mounted cavalry, was posted on the extreme right. Churchill and Parsons, with Missouri and Arkansas troops, acted as reserves, stationed three miles in the rear. The public road, by which the Federals were advancing, ran over a very steep hill. They had posted one of their best batteries (Nims'),—the same battery that Allen had rushed upon, captured and lost, after being wounded at the battle of Baton Rouge,—upon the top of this high hill. Taylor rode along this line, and when he passed Polignac, he called out, "Little Frenchman, I am going to fight Banks here, if he has a million of men!" Taylor now ordered Mouton to advance until he engaged the enemy. Mouton led the charge of infantry. By agreement, all the Confederate officers retained their horses, which was one reason why so many of them were killed in this famous charge. Mouton charged down a hill, over a fence, through a ravine, then up a hill right in the teeth of the guns. The charge lasted twenty-five minutes. The men were moved forward at double-quick, exposed to a terrible fire all the time, especially whilst in the ravine, between the woods and the hill, upon which the Federal batteries were stationed. The exposure to grape and canister was dreadful ; many Confederates fell here. The men were nearly breathless when they struggled up the ravine. Mouton commanded them to throw themselves prostrate a moment, to recover breath. Then they sprang up, and rushed on to the attack.

The officers fell fast. Armand, at the head of his Creoles, had his horse killed, and received a shot in the arm. Starting to his feet, after disengaging himself from his dying steed, he ran on by the side of his men, waving his sword in the other unwounded hand. Again a shot struck him—he fell—a wound through both thighs. He raised himself again, on his wounded arm, and, half-reclining, with the life-blood pouring in torrents, he still waved his sword, and cheered on his Louisianians. They responded with a cry of vengeance. Another shot struck Armand in the breast,—the gleaming sword dropped from the cold hand. Armand lay dead. The Eighteenth Louisiana rushed on. Polignac led his troops gallantly. Mouton was always in the front. The guns were taken after a desperate struggle. The Federals broke and fled. Mouton pursued: he passed a group of thirty-five Federal soldiers; they threw down their arms in token of surrender. Mouton turned, lifting his hand to stay the firing of the Confederates upon this group of prisoners: as he did so, five of the Federals stooped down, picked up their guns, aimed them at the generous Confederate: in a moment, five balls pierced the noble, magnanimous breast; Mouton dropped from his saddle dead, without a word or a sigh. The Confederates who witnessed this cowardly deed, gave a yell of vengeful indignation, and before their officers could check them, the thirty-five Federals lay dead around Mouton. The chase of the Federals was continued a mile and a half by this division, then the reserves under Walker and Churchill took up the hunt, and drove back the enemy to Pleasant Hill. Half way between Pleasant Hill and Mansfield, there was a creek of pure water, for which there was a heavy fight. It ended in the Confederates *retaining possession of the water*, on whose margin they bivouacked that night,—Major-General N. P. Banks' assertion to the contrary notwithstanding. Mouton had (2,200) twenty-two hundred men in this charge; he lost seven hundred and sixty-two. Five officers were killed, amongst them Taylor, of the Seventeenth Texas, a much-beloved officer. It was the musket-fire from the

enemy on the left of the ravine, and the grape and canister in it, that killed most of Mouton's men. Mouton said to Polignac, previous to the attack, "Let us charge them right in the face, and throw them into the valley."

The Battle of Mansfield was fought on the 8th of April. It was a day of fasting and prayer, specially ordered by General Smith, and spent by most of us, ignorant of the contest that was transpiring, on our knees before our altars. Taylor now pressed his success. He had captured an immense wagon-train,—two hundred and ninety-five wagons, filled with most valuable stores; had taken Nims' Battery of six guns, which Allen had such cause to remember; had also captured twenty-two guns on the road. The "Grand Army" fled in wild confusion. At Pleasant Hill the Federals were re-enforced. Taylor engaged them again, with Walker and Churchill's Divisions. The fight was heavy; and night fell on "a drawn battle;" but the Federals retreated under cover of darkness, and Taylor camped on the battle-ground. That night General E. Kirby Smith joined him.

Smith had answered his despatch of the previous day, before Mansfield, by an order, "Not to fight, but to withdraw nearer Shreveport," where Smith thought he would make a better stand. The despatch came to Taylor in the midst of Mouton's charge. "Too late, sir," said Taylor, to the courier who brought it; "the battle is won. It is not the first I have fought with a halter round my neck."

Smith now held a consultation with Taylor. Taylor desired to prosecute his chase of Banks, feeling almost certain, from the peculiar character of the country, that he could "bag" Banks' whole army between Cane River and Red River, where there was but a narrow road crossing a distance of about seven miles, skirting an impassable swamp covered with primeval forest. Besides, he thought he would also, if he had sufficient force, capture the naval fleet, which had got above "*the Falls*" of the Red River. Taylor argued that these movements were most important; that if he should capture Banks' army, he

would almost deliver the Department of the Gulf; would force the Federals to weaken Sherman, and thus relieve Gen. Johnston in Tennessee. Smith thought it very important to take Walker and Churchill's divisions and march to check Steele, who was threatening invasion of Texas and Louisiana from Little Rock.

Taylor did not like giving up the men; at last they compromised, Smith promising to return the troops "if Steele retreated." Taylor now offered to command the advance against Steele. Taylor wanted to get through with Steele, and return to General Banks as soon as possible. Smith agreed. Smith now offered Taylor the rank of lieutenant-general, in consideration of his valuable services. Taylor said he had "rather receive his promotions from the hands of the Confederate President." Leaving Majors to fight the transports on the Red River, and Polignac and Wharton to continue the chase after Banks, Smith and Taylor took Walker and Churchill's divisions, and went to Shreveport. Now Smith decided it would be best to lead the march against Steele himself. He offered Taylor the command of the Department during his absence; but Taylor had no fancy for administrative duties. He wanted to get back to Banks. Smith started for Arkansas. Taylor heard that Steele had begun to retreat: he expected his men to be restored. Despatches came from Marmaduke and others, that Steele was retreating. It is probable Smith considered it safer to cripple Steele, if he could, before his return. At any rate, he pursued his march after Steele, got up with him, fought the battle of Mark's Mills, in which the Confederates lost heavily in officers, Randall and Scurry being killed there. It is doubtful, at least it was so regarded at the time in the Department, among the people, whether we were greatly advantaged by this battle of Mark's Mills, which, of course, Smith fought gallantly, if not discreetly. Taylor was growing angry now; he left Shreveport, and went back to see how much he could annoy Banks with six thousand men. There was a skirmish at Grand Ecore. Majors sunk

several transports on the Red River. Taylor tried to catch Banks at Monnette's Ferry, where was the road next the morass. The Federals were in this *cul-de-sac*. Taylor sent General Bee to hold the crossing below them, while he stayed behind. The Federals tried to flank Bee: it was impossible for them; they could not have crossed the swamp. Bee ought to have known this, but *he did not*; he had not reconnoitred enough, though he had been posted three days here. Bee withdrew his troops from before the door of Taylor's trap, and the Federals marched out of it. Taylor was furious. Bee was broke for this movement. But Bee was not a coward; he was personally brave, an exceedingly cool, collected man under fire; but he had made an irreparable mistake here. Banks slipped through Taylor's fingers. Taylor adopted all kinds of feints and subterfuges to deceive the enemy as to the number of his men. He used to have fires built up around at great distances, to simulate camp-fires; he put drummers and buglers on horseback, and made them sound the calls in every direction, for miles around. He had six thousand men; the Federals said he had "seventy-five thousand."

The Federals burned Alexandria—tried to quit it by the Bayou Bœuf road—were prevented by Polignac. They then forced their way by Red River road. At Marksville, Wharton fought them. There was a brilliant cannonade for four hours here. Then Polignac opened the road, and withdrew from before the column of twenty-four thousand Federals, with drums and fifes playing. Polignac had thirteen hundred men. At Yellow Bayou, near the Atchafalaya, Wharton had another engagement. All the Federals had crossed the river except A. J. Smith's ten thousand. Wharton attacked them, but made a mistake in strengthening his left instead of his right wing, which rested on the Bayou and held the crossing. He withdrew the troops, and massed them on the interior end of the line, and Smith slipped past him. The Federals across the Atchafalaya, Taylor's "chase" was ended. He had time now to give expression to the wrath he had been nursing against

Smith. Smith behaved with more amiability than Taylor, but the matter ended in Taylor's removal to a separate command, east of the Mississippi River. It was a pity Taylor hadn't men to do what he desired, and believed he could accomplish. Taylor was doubtless one of the best military men we had in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and it was a misfortune when we lost him. If his desires could have been carried into effect, it might have prolonged the war. It must be remembered that General Smith had a vast extent of frontier to defend, however; an immense Department to govern and supply. The people in it were dispirited, because severed from the great heart of the Confederacy. Smith was without arsenals or military provision of any kind, except such as he could himself supply; for the government at Richmond furnished little or nothing. There were no railroads for concentrating troops with rapidity—transportation was tedious and difficult over heavy earth-roads—the Department commander had thrown upon him duties more varied and onerous than had been devolved upon any officer in the Confederate service, east or west of the Mississippi River; and, however unequal he may in some respects have been to fill his most difficult position, history must acknowledge that *no other Confederate officer* in the Trans-Mississippi Department was Smith's superior in general administrative qualities or *personal* purity and courage. [Allen aided Gen. Smith in every possible way. He frequently loaned money at the very headquarters, from the fund he made for Louisiana. Gen. Smith can bear witness to all he did for the country. Allen's plans were all only in embryo. The immense amount of good he accomplished, which is known to the people better than to me, was but the *beginning* of his work, which would have gradually been enlarged and extended, till his great thought had embraced and comforted all "his people"—until it had met and supplied all their needs, as far as a mortal could.] We see, therefore, Smith could scarcely conjecture at what point in Louisiana, Arkansas, or Texas the Federals would enter his Department. Taylor was set to watch them on

the Red River, Magruder *in Texas, Price and Marmaduke in Arkansas.

At the time Smith was endeavoring to concentrate his troops to repel Banks, Steele began his advance upon Shreveport, from Little Rock, by way of Washington. Smith's object, now that Banks had been so happily checked by Taylor, was to prevent Steele's taking Shreveport, or joining Banks at Grand Ecore. Steele was equidistant from Camden, Grand Ecore, and the Mississippi River. Smith had made his plans to fight Banks seven miles beyond Mansfield, where he had selected *his* battle-ground, and could have concentrated a larger number of troops than Taylor had at Mansfield on the day of battle there.

Taylor's judgment, perhaps his haste and impatience, brought on the battle earlier, at Mansfield ; his skill and gallantry won it, as the same qualities had served him well at Port Republic ; but if Taylor's skill had not more than equalled his audacity, if he had *lost* the battle, the consequences might have been very serious to the country, and all concerned. After the battles, when a council of war was held by Smith, Taylor agreed that it was essential to fight Steele, and prevent his junction with Banks, and if possible compel Steele to return to Little Rock.

Taylor selected the troops to go, and offered to lead them. Smith decided afterwards that it was best to keep Taylor on the line he knew so well, after Banks, and go in person after Steele. Whether Steele's retreat was materially hastened by Smith's following him, and fighting him at Mark's Mills, is a question for military critics. By referring to a map of the country, it will be seen that Smith was compelled, *at first*, to turn against Steele to prevent the capture of Shreveport, where he had his principal arsenals and depots, and that Banks' ships being above the Falls of the Red River, some considerable time it was certain would be requisite before he could possibly return to Alexandria. Smith's troops, in crossing the Red River and driving Steele from Camden, were not going much away from Banks, but rather marching on the other side of the Red River,

in such a direction that, after accomplishing their object, they could wheel and flank Banks, cutting him off from the road to Natchez, and lessening the probability of his ultimate escape from Taylor.

But these combinations, which were well designed on Smith's part, were not carried out with sufficient rapidity—Banks escaped before the junction of Smith's troops was made with Taylor's. Military men, however, may consider Smith's plan the true one for the general commanding; watchful over a whole Department, even while they acknowledge Taylor's skill and soldierly judgment in seizing the opportune moment, when Banks' army was necessarily divided, to scotch the head of the snake, and force him to recoil on himself. Just above Campiti, where Colonel Harrison was attacking the Federal transports, which had to pass under the very muzzles of his guns, an incident occurred worthy of notice. The Red River was so low that the boats were far beneath the high banks of the river. Finding it difficult to depress his gun sufficiently to make it bear on the vessels, an Alabamian, named Dupree, sprang to the trail of his gun, seized it with his arms, and held it up so, by main force, at the moment of firing. Of course he was knocked senseless by the recoil of the piece; but his shot told on the enemy, and he was satisfied to be bruised.

In justice to General Smith, I insert here an article which appeared in a Louisiana journal at this time, which gives a full, and I thought at the time, a very fair account of Smith's plans, which will be curious, perhaps, hereafter, to historians, as contemporary evidence of these matters. [It happens that the course of this story of my friend's life embraces the military career of three men who have occupied unfortunate positions, and who have met with public disfavor, in this arena. I by no means desire to seize my lance, *à l'Amazonne*, in behalf of either Lovell, Pemberton, or Smith; but writing in the shadow of the tomb of my friend, I must write truth, without thought of consequence, and after most careful research, and desire for impartiality. I write this book—being "*only a woman*," I

may be mistaken often in my judgment; but I never deceive intentionally.]

To the Editor of the Richmond Whig :

SIR—In your issue of Dec. 14, 1864, there is an editorial reflecting severely upon General E. Kirby Smith. It contains several statements which are untrue, and is filled with errors and misconceptions respecting the late campaign in this Department. As the character of your paper forbids the belief that you would intentionally do an injustice to an officer so distinguished, I have taken the liberty of writing this communication in reply to the article alluded to.

You say “they (the Federals) were more prompt in making the movement (*i. e.*, to re-enforce Thomas,) because they knew they had little to fear from the languid and indecisive operations of the Lieutenant-General commanding the Confederate armies in the Trans-Mississippi Department.” * * * You “are precluded from doubting that the failure on our part to accomplish great results was owing to the hesitancy and lassitude of Lieutenant-General E. Kirby Smith. * * * An opportunity was presented last Spring for recovering New Orleans. * * * The enemy had lost all his transportation, almost all his artillery. * * * The enemy’s arms were most disastrously defeated at Pleasant Hill and Mansfield, by General Taylor * * * His flying columns were totally broken and disorganized. * * * Had General Taylor been permitted to carry out his designs, the whole of the grand army would have been captured at Alexandria.” Price’s failure in Missouri, Hood’s in Tennessee, Early’s before Washington, are all attributed, in this article, to the “lassitude” of General E. K. Smith. Why Lee and Johnston, Beauregard, Hardee, and Forrest, are exempted from the effects of Kirby Smith’s “lassitude,” it is difficult to understand. One thinks of the Grecian hosts everywhere discomfited, because Achilles has taken the sulks. It is impossible that those who know General Smith, his devotion to duty, his purity of purpose, his restless activity, his impetuosity in action, his unflinching courage, can be made to believe that he has sunk into languor and irresolution. The friends of General Smith have heard with pain, that attacks of this character have been made upon his reputation in Richmond, and now that a public journal of the standing of your paper has seen proper to endorse them, they feel that justice to a meritorious officer, as well as a regard to truth of history, demands that they be repelled, in so far as the public interests will allow. Respect for General Smith and the good of the service forbids a refutation of such absurd charges in detail, or a notice of the persons and motives which inaugurated them; I have therefore deter-

mined to give a simple and succinct history of the campaign as it occurred in this Department last year, leaving the public to decide whether, under the trying circumstances in which he was placed, General Smith was or was not justified, in acting as he did.

Take a map of the Confederate States, and starting from Forts Gibson and Smith upon the Arkansas River, following that stream to where it falls into the Mississippi; thence down the course of that River to the junction of the Red River; thence along the Atchafalaya to Berwick's Bay; thence along the shore of the Mexican Gulf to Brownsville, and you have the line which separated the Confederate and United States forces in the winter of 1863-4. There was no important point against which, with his forces concentrated, General Smith could take the offensive, and by compelling the enemy to defend it, save our territory from invasion. The hard alternative of a defensive campaign had to be accepted. The enemy, with superior numbers and illimitable means of transportation, had the initiative, making it almost inevitable that he would overpower our forces at the point chosen for attack on this long line. In the fall of 1863, General Smith had his forces disposed as follows: General Taylor, with a large proportion of infantry, and Green's Division of cavalry, were on the lower Red River and Têche. General Price confronted Steele, who was at Little Rock, preparing for offensive movements towards the Red River. General Magruder guarded the Texas coast. General Maxey, with a mixed force of Texans and Indians, held in check about five thousand of the enemy under General Thayer at Fort Smith. Small bodies of cavalry observed the lines between these armies. During the winter General Banks massed his army on Matagorda peninsula, which compelled the transfer of Green's Division from Taylor to Magruder. Nearly all the winter, it seemed that Banks was determined to invade Texas about the mouth of the Brazos; but, after the return of Sherman from Meridian to Vicksburg, it soon became evident that a combined movement in great force by the armies under Banks and Steele, with large detachments from that of Sherman, was to be made against this Department. As there were immense naval armaments upon the Mississippi River, with nothing else to do, it was clear that the line of the Red River would be the line of advance of the principal column, to be supported by the gunboats, and supplied by transports convoyed by them. On the 26th February instructions were given by telegraph for Green's Division to hold itself in readiness, and on the 6th March it was ordered to move with despatch to General Taylor, who was embarrassed for the want of cavalry. On the 12th March, a force consisting of portions of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth United States Corps, under command of General A. J. Smith, amounting probably to

eight thousand men—dropped down from Vicksburg and disembarked at Simmsport, on the Atchafalaya. With such secrecy and celerity was this effected, that General Taylor was unable to concentrate his force in time to prevent Fort De Russy from being carried by assault. This was the only work capable of controlling the navigation of Red River. Embarking his troops, A. J. Smith pressed on and occupied Alexandria, turning the flank of General Taylor, and obliging him to make a rapid march of seventy miles through pine-barrans, to recover his communications with Shreveport. At the same time Banks, assembling his army at Berwick's Bay, moved up the Têche, and joining A. J. Smith at Alexandria, assumed command of a force of at least thirty thousand men. Acting in conjunction, was one of the most powerful fleets ever assembled upon a river.

In concert with these movements below, Steele set out from Little Rock upon a line leading through Arkadelphia, Washington, and Fulton. The common objective point of these two columns was either Marshall or Shreveport. The plan of General Smith was to effect a concentration of every available man near Shreveport, before giving battle to either column; and to endeavor to so manœuvre as to fight first one, and then the other, with the mass of his forces. The nature of the country favored him in this, as the Red River, between Natchitoches and Shreveport, has upon either side a succession of lakes and morasses, rendering it impossible for an army marching on the South to form a junction with one coming from the North. As Taylor, after the arrival of Green, who had been delayed beyond expectation, had little over one-third the number of Banks, General Smith refused Steele, and marching all the infantry from Arkadelphia to Shreveport, directing General Price to harass and impede the march of Steele as best he could with his cavalry. Banks, with the aid of his transports, came on very rapidly. Taylor had to fall back to Pleasant Hill, where he began to receive accessions of strength by the arrival of the regiments of Green's command; but so energetic were the movements of the enemy, a number of them had to make a detour west of the Sabine, joining at Mansfield, to which place Taylor's main body had continued to retreat. Price's infantry, after halting a few days at Shreveport, moved out to Reddie, a point where the road coming from Mansfield diverges to Marshall and Shreveport. They were ordered to report to General Taylor, whose cavalry was now skirmishing severely with that of the enemy at Pleasant Hill. General Smith calculated that it would take some days for Banks to accumulate supplies sufficient for a march upon Shreveport; and as Steele was at the Little Missouri, he was in some doubt which column he would have to fight first. It turned out, however, that Banks pushed on with insufficient supplies. Not an-

ticipating any serious resistance till near Shreveport, he expected to communicate with the fleet from Mansfield, distant from the river about fifteen or twenty miles. He, doubtless, hoped to hear from Steele, and would then direct his army upon Shreveport or Marshall, as the intelligence received might determine him. General Smith now instructed General Taylor to choose a position suitable for a decisive battle to "compel the enemy to develop his intentions," and when "convinced that a general advance was being made," to notify him, and he would "come to the front." General Taylor, who was then in the rear of Mansfield, moved with his whole force two or three miles to the front of that place, and soon became engaged with the enemy's infantry. The reconnoissance was converted into a battle.

An impetuous charge of Mouton's Division on the left, broke the enemy's line of battle. Walker, advancing on the right, completed their rout. The road, running through a brushy country, was encumbered by a train of two hundred wagons, all of which, with twenty-odd pieces of artillery, were captured. General Taylor pressing on about six miles, came upon another army corps, which he engaged until darkness terminated the fighting for the day. Fortune had favored the valor of our troops, and justified the determination of General Taylor to engage in a battle. Two divisions of the Thirteenth Army Corps, with three or four thousand cavalry, had been caught out of supporting distance of other corps, and had been completely overthrown. The fighting had been desperate, and the loss severe on both sides. The enemy had, however, the Nineteenth Army Corps intact, and A. J. Smith's command, amounting to another corps, untouched. Being short of supplies, with a large train captured, Banks was obliged to fall back to Grand Ecore. His trains were reversed, and he took position at Pleasant Hill, to cover the retreat. Here General Taylor, now re-enforced by the Missouri and Arkansas troops, found him on the evening of the next day, and at once attacked him. Our left was again successful in driving him from his position, but our right was repulsed and routed. Many explanations have been offered of this failure, but it was doubtless owing to the good quality and overpowering numbers of the enemy's troops. This is the key to the great misunderstanding of the campaign by you. Pleasant Hill is claimed as a victory, whereas it was a defeat for us. Our army fell back to Mansfield—twenty miles. The enemy also continued his retreat to Grand Ecore. Possibly if fresh cavalry had been at hand to pursue, the demoralization of the enemy might have been effected; but all of ours was exhausted. It was just up from long marches through Texas, and had been constantly engaged, for three or four days, with little or no forage.

Before our army was in condition to move from Mansfield, the enemy

was intrenched at Grand Ecore, and supported by gunboats. The river was low, and continually falling. The fleet, which had ascended to the point of communication agreed on, found itself in a very precarious situation. It had to be lost or return, which it did, being incessantly annoyed by our cavalry and light artillery.

When the battle of Pleasant Hill was fought, Steele was still advancing. He had crossed the Little Missouri with an excellent army of 15,000 men, having been joined by Thayer, from Fort Smith. This is the time when it is alleged General Smith made his great mistake in not pursuing Banks. Let us examine the reasons which determined him. It is very natural that the people, both of Louisiana and Arkansas, should think that their respective States were the most important. History teaches us also, that subordinate commanders of armies and districts, with their eyes fixed upon their own localities, and the enemy opposed to them, and with the natural desire of distinction and success, are prone to magnify the importance of their position, and to think that they should be especially re-enforced. But the general commanding a Department, dependent upon itself for its means of defence and offence, must take a survey of the whole field of action, and must decide, upon his own responsibility, what is best for the whole cause. He is not to look to the winning of a battle alone, he must win campaigns. The subordinate officer is given an army and directed to operate with it for specific objects. If it is lost, the higher authority is expected to supply its place. A commander in General Smith's position, charged with the defence of an immense territory, with insufficient means, and isolated from all support, cannot lightly jeopardize an army whose loss he cannot repair, nor allow one column of an enemy to seize upon arsenals, depots, workshops, etc., although by permitting it he might win renown, or possibly inflict great loss upon him in another quarter.

On the one hand, Banks, with a force double the strength of ours, was intrenched at Grand Ecore, supported by gunboats; he had two pontoon bridges established, so that if he desired to avoid, or was worsted in an engagement, he could cross the river, and by marching down its left bank, or over the country to the Ouachita, at Harrisonburg, relieve himself from molestation by our army. The country being destitute of supplies, it was impossible to dislodge him by undertaking a sustained operation upon his communications. It would have been simple madness to march up and assault, in its then position, the army which we had failed to whip in a fair field at Pleasant Hill. Finally, had Banks been driven to the Atchafalaya, the campaign would have been terminated, as the gunboats controlled that stream.

On the other hand, Steele with a force not larger than General Smith

could bring against him, had come out of his fortifications, and was now distant from them over one hundred miles. If he could be reached, and his infantry disordered, his army would become the prey of our cavalry. With his army would fall the fortifications of Little Rock, Pine Bluff, and Duvall's Bluff, giving us control of Northern Arkansas, where it was known we could obtain 10,000 recruits. The political organizations which the enemy was industriously establishing, would be broken up, and the way would be opened to Missouri for our infantry. Again, with Banks at Grand Ecore—stunned, it is true, but not seriously hurt—a renewal of the advance was not improbable, either upon the original plan, or upon the north side of the Red River, looking to a junction with Steele, in the neighborhood of Minden. This would have made the combined armies irresistible. In this position of affairs, General Smith did not feel himself at liberty to allow Steele either to advance upon his depots, or to establish himself in the valley of the Ouachita. It was known that the President had almost demanded that an effort to reoccupy the valley of the Arkansas should be made. Finally, the Arkansas troops had marched without hesitation or a murmur to relieve Louisiana, and both they and the citizens confidently relied on the commanding General for succor, as soon as it was in his power to afford it. The Arkansas and Missouri troops, and Walker's Division of Texans, were brought back to Shreveport, with General Taylor in command—General Polignac being left to observe Banks. When they reached Shreveport, Steele, who had hesitated at Prairie D'Au, moved by his left on Camden. Then General Smith determined to send General Taylor back to his army, while he would command in person the column against Steele. Churchill was to move by the upper road upon Camden, Walker was to move to Minden and halt. General Smith hurried to General Price's headquarters near Camden, now occupied by the enemy, who were in strong works constructed by our engineers. If Steele attempted a junction with Banks, Walker would be in a position to oppose it, and could be quickly joined by Churchill. If Steele crossed the Ouachita, so as not to be overtaken, Walker, followed by Churchill, would move down on the left side of the Red River, and join General Taylor in his operations against Banks. If Steele stopped at Camden, Walker would move up and assist in his capture. The day after General Smith reached General Price, the cavalry (General Maxey commanding) surprised a foraging brigade of the enemy at Poison Spring, dispersing it, capturing its train and battery. General Smith, learning that Steele had received two hundred wagons loaded with provisions from Pine Bluff, despatched General Fagan across the Ouachita River, who captured at Marks' Mill a brigade with four hundred wagons and a battery, all on their way from Camden to Pine Bluff.

This determined the retreat of Steele, who crossed the Ouachita and fled towards Little Rock. General Smith made an extraordinary effort to overtake him, sending instructions to General Fagan (who, after the battle of Marks' Mill, had gone towards Little Rock), to watch the crossing of the Saline, and to oppose to the last extremity the passage of that river. He was delayed some hours in crossing the river, but by forced marches caught up with Steele on the Saline. Fortune now favored the enemy. It rained incessantly, which impeded the progress and wearied the energy of our troops. The river-bottom where the enemy was attacked, was filled with water, in places to the hips and waists of the men. The battle raged furiously for six or eight hours, with musketry alone, when it was found that the enemy, abandoning his dead and wounded, had crossed the river, destroyed his pontoons, and retreated rapidly. The river now overflowed its banks, our men were entirely exhausted by a march of fifty-five miles and a battle, and could not pursue. Their supplies had also given out. The despatches which were sent to General Fagan had failed to reach him. To prevent his horses from starving, he had recrossed the Saline, instead of being in position to complete the ruin of Steele's army; attracted by the firing, he arrived upon the field at the close of the battle, in such a state of exhaustion as to be incapable of following up the enemy had it otherwise been practicable.

Then General Smith had failed to accomplish what he had hoped for, but had captured from Steele ten pieces of artillery, compelling him to throw as many more into the river, near one thousand wagons, and killed and captured four thousand of his men. He had ejected him from the valley of the Ouachita, and rendered him incapable of moving again for weeks or months to come. He was now free to use his whole force against Banks. He confidently hoped that the low stage of water in Red River would not admit of the passage of the fleet over the falls of Alexandria, and that he would have time to reach there and engage him in decisive operations. The troops were moved immediately in that direction, and General Walker's Division reached Alexandria one week after the enemy had evacuated the place. This division had marched, since the enemy landed at Simmsport, seven hundred miles, and had fought in three pitched battles. In the mean time, General Taylor, with great audacity, had annoyed the enemy's army and fleet as they fell back towards Alexandria, and after they reached there, had thrown a part of his little force upon the river below that place, where the enemy had been re-enforced by some 8,000 men from Texas, including two divisions of the Eighth Army Corps. There he captured transports and gunboats until they ceased to attempt to pass. The enemy had now accomplished

a work deemed impossible, viz.: dammed the river so as to throw the water into the channel, thereby enabling them to float over even their iron-clads. As soon as this was done, the fleet and army moved down the river to Fort De Russy—there they separated. General Taylor was not strong enough to oppose their march, but he attacked their rear at Yellow Bayou, when a very severe fight, without results, occurred. This ended the campaign. It was necessarily defensive in its character, and when the conception of its plan, the manner in which each part of it was executed by those to whom it was assigned, the vast extent of territory upon which the concentration of troops had to be effected, the absence of railroad or water transportation for either the troops or supplies, the disparity of force, the complete failure of the enemy in effecting his objects, the loss inflicted upon him, and the moral effect upon the country is considered, it must be stamped as one of the most brilliant of the war.

General Smith had before, when our cause was depressed, won the admiration of the country by his offensive movement into Kentucky.

In the Trans-Mississippi he has shown himself equally capable of conducting defensive operations. That while by audacious enterprise he can dissolve an enemy's combinations; when this chance is denied him, he can also fall back patiently before overpowering numbers, until he has gathered all his energies; so manœuvring his army before two converging columns as to bring the mass of his force to bear first against one, and then the other, defeating them both. As to there being an opportunity of seizing New Orleans, I am sure that if you will seriously examine the subject, you will say that it would have been as easy for General Lee to seize Fortress Monroe. As to sending re-enforcements to your side, or detaining the enemy upon ours, a great deal might be said, if it was proper to publish it. Certain it is, that when Hood's movement into Tennessee was being made, Price's advance into Missouri, and Magruder's attitude in Arkansas, occupied for six weeks or two months 35,000 of the enemy. For many reasons, nothing permanent was expected from this Northern advance. It was intended as a diversion, the only aid, in the circumstances, which General Smith could render the Cis-Mississippi.

Its duration, from its nature, had certain limits, and General Smith had every reason to believe that it would correspond with Hood's movement, so as materially to diminish the resistance which he had to encounter.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, may it not, with all respect, be doubted that your course in relation to General Smith has been dictated by an entire spirit of fairness? May it not be fairly believed that you have acted hastily upon the statements of persons who designedly, and from interested purposes, sought to make your paper an engine to injure him? Is it in the proper spirit to be grumbling at the Trans-Mississippi Depart-

ment, and to be attributing to its commanding officer the failures of the Cis-Mississippi service? Did we ever receive any aid from you in our hour of utmost need? Did we complain because you failed to seize New Orleans, which is on your side of the Mississippi, when Banks' whole army and Porter's fleet were detained so long, far involved in the interior of this Department? Have we complained that you failed to make a diversion in our favor in the supreme crisis of the campaign? *We did not; because we knew you would have done so were it in your power.* This Department has sent east of the Mississippi, largely over 100,000 men, since the beginning of the war; not one have we received in return, except officers, which you either sought to promote or get rid of. For two years we have not received any aid from the Cis-Mississippi in men, supplies, or arms. We have not even been furnished with treasury-notes to pay off our soldiers, who have been marching and fighting all this while without pay. In that time, General Smith has succeeded in bringing some order out of the chaos which he found existing here. He has powder-mills, arsenals, workshops, where before there were none. The shot which repelled the enemy last year was made of iron extracted from its ore, although no mine had ever before been worked within the limits of his command.

The army has been clad, shod, subsisted, and furnished with munitions and transportation, without any aid or direct support of the Government. Should not these facts make you pause in your denunciation? Instead of crying to this weak Department for relief, should you not admire the administration which has shown it to be capable of self-sustentation? Should you not, as we have done, bring out your men, and resolve to hold your portion of the common lines, resting satisfied that your countrymen on this side of the Mississippi will spare no effort to aid you by re-enforcement or diversion when it is practicable to do so?

(Signed)

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

As General Smith has been universally condemned for not sending troops east of the Mississippi, where the great battles of the war had to be fought, it is but just to say, what I know to be true, that General Taylor was charged by General Smith with the execution of an order to that effect, and was to take command of the troops when over the River; but after manœuvring for some time to accomplish this object, Taylor reported to General Smith that he had to abandon it as entirely impracticable. I know this from Governor Allen, and others, who saw the communication from Taylor to Smith.

An incident occurred, when Smith reviewed the troops before the Battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, whilst he was

concentrating his forces at Shreveport, which exhibits Allen's tact and knowledge of, at least, soldiers' natures. After Smith had ridden slowly along the lines, which were formed in a large plat of level land near Shreveport, which duty was carefully performed on his part, while the review was received by the men without any exhibition of special liking—there was no enthusiasm for Smith among the troops—suddenly there arose at the extreme end of the lines, which Smith had quitted, a loud huzza. This was caught up, repeated; line after line, swelled the prodigious shout most warmly. There was no lack of enthusiasm in this greeting; the cause soon became apparent, as the General completed his survey. By Allen's suggestion, the hundreds of carriages, containing the ladies, who had thronged to the review, were slowly formed in procession, and driven along the ranks. It was difficult to say which were the more pleased, the ladies or the men. It was equally unexpected, and equally gratifying to both. The women waved their handkerchiefs, threw their flowers, their prayers, their blessings and their tears towards the men about to risk their lives for their sakes; and the soldiers were moved to a rapturous enthusiasm at the sight of hundreds of their sisters, wives, mothers, friends, thus slowly passed before their eyes. They did not fight the worse, shortly after, for being "*reviewed by the ladies.*" Allen knew they wouldn't.

General Parsons tells, that when his troops were coming into Louisiana, at the instance of the soldiers themselves, an official order was read, at the head of each regiment, declaring that any soldier who should so far forget his manhood, and what was due to Louisiana, and her "*glorious Governor,*" as to appropriate any thing unjustly, or to disgust the people in any way, should "be missed from the rolls without a discharge,"—in other words, be taken out and *shot*. They knew the spirit of the Governor had been infused into the people, and that nothing would be left undone to contribute to their necessities. When all other organizations had been dissolved, these troops stood firm, protecting the Governor and the people to the last.

In their shameful retreat, Banks' army burned and destroyed every thing, as far as they could. They left nothing but "the blackness of ashes" behind them.

"From Mansfield to the Mississippi River," said Allen, in a message, "the track of the spoiler was one scene of desolation. The fine estates on Cane and Red rivers, on bayous Rapides, Robert, and De Glaize, were all devastated. Houses, gins, mills, barns, and fences were burned; negroes all carried off, horses, cattle, hogs, every living thing, driven away or killed. Whilst Alexandria was in flames, and women and children flying from their burning homes, General A. J. Smith rode amongst his men, saying, with delight, "Boys, this *looks like war!*"

One year ago, in returning from Texas, I travelled over the unfortunate region known as "the Burnt *District.*" In one of Allen's messages, he accurately describes the appearance it presented:

"You can travel for miles, in many portions of Louisiana, through a once thickly-settled country, and not see a man, nor a woman, nor a child, nor a four-footed beast. The farm-houses have been burned. The plantations deserted. The once smiling fields now grown up in briars and brakes, in parasites and poisonous vines. A painful melancholy, a death-like silence, broods over the land, and desolation reigns supreme." The afflicted people who had fled from this district were starving. All these were now added to Allen's already crushing responsibilities. The following notice of what he did, is taken from a Natchitoches paper:

HONOR TO OUR GOVERNOR.—No public notice has yet been taken of the State supplies of provisions furnished by Governor Allen to the destitute, and those in better circumstances, who had suffered by the Yankee invasion. His very prompt and liberal efforts in this way, demand a public acknowledgment, which it is the object of this article to make. Vast good has been done in this and in the parish of Rapides, especially by this bounty. Early in May last, Governor Allen had loaded two boats with corn, bacon, flour, and sugar, destined for this parish, without solicitation, and in anticipation of the wants of those who lived along the path of

the enemy. Contemporaneously, our citizens had applied by petition for such relief, though their application was made without a knowledge of the prudent foresight of the Governor, then being exerted in their behalf. As much as near fifteen thousand pounds of flour, five thousand pounds of sugar, seven thousand pounds bacon, and five thousand barrels of corn, were received, and either given to the destitute, or sold for such prices as they could afford to pay, to those who were able to pay. Along the line of march of the enemy from Mansfield to the mouth of Cane River, and along the river from above Campte to the same point, the enemy had taken or destroyed nearly every eatable thing, and what little they left, our own pursuing troops generally appropriated. Thus, those who had laid up abundant supplies for the season, suddenly found themselves deprived of their last ear of corn and pound of bacon by either one army or the other. Starvation literally stared this part of our population in the face, and the bounty of the State came very opportunely. Every one, without exception, that asked, has been relieved according to his wants and according to his means, by gift, or by sale at moderate prices. Simultaneously with the provisions came medicines, of common use, which, though a slender stock, have been dispensed to all comers requiring their immediate use for their sick, by gift or by sale, and have done an immense amount of good. Indeed, without them, our sick would have languished and died, in many cases, amongst the numerous instances of sickness that prevails so much among us. Unfortunately, in a few days this stock will have been expended, and cannot be renewed, as we learn on application, because the State has not got them. Other expedients to procure a supply by the State for distribution, than those already tried, and which have failed, will soon be put in the way of execution, with prospects of success. Should these fail, however, our community will be really in a bad way for remedies in the severe fevers of autumn, such as quinine, blister-salve, etc., which the drug-stores have not got, and which private enterprise cannot procure.

The governor has also pressed, at reasonable prices, for our use, some beeves purchased in Opelousas, which are now furnishing our market. But we must not parade all his beneficent acts before the public, or we shall cause to blush his modesty, which is as great as his zeal in the public service. In a word, he has shown himself ever ready to relieve the wants of the people, no matter in what respect felt, and his constituents now fully appreciate his character in this particular, and do him the honor such conduct deserves. P.

In the winter of 1864, the very serious intention of destroying all the cotton in the State of Louisiana exposed to Federal

capture and invasion, was entertained by General Smith. This had been the declared policy of the Government, from the beginning of the war—as events proved, a most mistaken policy. In 1862, all of the planters on the water-courses exposed to invasion, had burnt their cotton. This was done in obedience to orders cheerfully obeyed by the people, who were perfectly willing to sacrifice their wealth, as well as their lives, to attain or rather to *retain*, as they supposed, their liberties. For it ought never to be lost sight of, that the South had no wish to change its Republican form of government : we were still desirous of being governed by the rules of our fathers : we thought we were about to be robbed of our rights, *not according* to the Constitution of the United States, *but in violation of it*. In the Constitution framed so carefully for the Confederacy, there is no violent alteration of that of the United States, but simply the fuller *definition* of some portions, in the original document, which were declared indefinite, and which had been wrested by our bitter opponents, the Radical Abolition Partisans, from what we conceived their rightful meaning, and used to our serious injury and detriment. For the sustaining of *our* interpretation of Republicanism, the Southern people withheld nothing. In 1862, I stood on the balcony of my then pleasant home, and saw the volumes of smoke ascending on every side, for miles and miles, which marked the spots where the planters were burning their crops of cotton, in obedience to Beauregard's order, in the face of the gunboats ascending the Mississippi River. Many of the plantations were nearly entirely submerged by the breaking of the Levee. One gentleman boated his cotton, 550 bales, from his gin-house to an Indian mound, the only spot upon his place that was dry, and burnt it there, on that tumulus of a buried race. This all seems very strange now, but we were desperately in earnest at that time ! This cotton-burning was then the policy of the Confederate Government.

When Smith determined to carry out this cotton burning in Louisiana, Allen opposed it. He had carefully weighed this matter. How was it to be prevented ? Allen could not do it by

force; but he could and *did* protest against it, in every possible way. He addressed the following letter to General Smith :

SHREVEPORT, LA., December 21, 1864.

General E. Kirby Smith, Commanding Trans-Mississippi Department :

GENERAL—It becomes my official duty to communicate to you my very respectful, but earnest and emphatic protest and remonstrance against the proposed destruction of all cotton on the Ouachita, and in other sections of this State, liable to the incursions of the enemy.

While doing this, I do not ignore the requirements of that military necessity which sometimes renders imperative, acts which work great hardship to the few for the benefit of the many; but knowing you to be especially averse to the commission of arbitrary acts of power on any pretext, or for any object, and fully aware of your extreme reluctance to do what can be justified only by the plea of necessity, so often alleged as an excuse for wholesale spoliation and robbery, I feel assured that you will accept my remonstrance in the spirit which dictates it, and heed the reasons which constrain me to make it.

1. A government has the right to destroy its own property, to prevent its being possessed and used by the enemy; but this right is strictly limited to government property. If it is necessary to keep private property out of the hands of the enemy, government should buy and pay for it, thus placing its right to destroy it beyond question.

2. If it is right to destroy a citizen's cotton to keep it out of the hands of the enemy, it is equally right to destroy any and all other property of the citizen which the enemy can steal and use. But the Federals have generally stolen and used the bread, meat, stock, furniture, and clothing, of our citizens, and found the theft more profitable to them individually, and more serviceable in a military way, than stealing cotton. If, therefore, you burn the cotton to keep it out of their hands, why should you not burn their corn-cribs, their barns, their stacks of grain and fodder, their houses and their household goods?

3. No apparent benefit has resulted from the destruction of cotton after the first year of the war, and there is much room to doubt its benefit at any time. If the Federals only wanted cotton, they know they could get a hundred times as much by peace as they can expect to get by raids, the war continuing.

4. If to procure cotton, it is supposed the enemy will organize large corps, with a numerous attendant fleet to ascend our rivers and invade our Western Territory, the Cotton might be judiciously left as a bait for them. Cotton is supposed to have influenced General Banks to invade this State in March and April last—a diversion of the Federal forces,

which contributed immensely to our great success in the now closing campaign of 1864. A similar Federal diversion in 1865, would be cheaply bought at the cost of every bale of cotton West of the Mississippi.

5. The cotton which it is proposed to burn, is mainly the property of the producers, and is owned in small quantities by those whose grain, meat, cattle, mules, horses, and all other means of subsistence have been lost, impressed, captured, or destroyed. The inhabitants cannot move, for want of transportation. If their cotton, their only remaining resource, is destroyed by you, they must, in the event of invasion, starve or beg from the enemy, and receive Yankee rations at the cost of the oath of allegiance to Lincoln. Will you reduce them to this extremity? Is it not better that a few speculators should make money, than that thousands of widows, orphans, and destitute citizens should suffer?

6. The fact that large quantities of cotton in the Ouachita Valley have been acquired by the Confederate States Government, and sold to Yankee agents, is well known. This cotton was bought mainly from large owners, whether producers or traders, who are enjoying the results of their sales. It will, therefore, be all the more odious and oppressive to destroy the cotton of small proprietors, who have little else to exchange for their current necessities. If the procuring of army supplies justified the sale of cotton to Federals (as I believe), it cannot surely be criminal for the poor people who own a few bales of cotton, to sell it for food, when they have no other resource.

If disloyal men, or speculators of doubtful loyalty to our cause, have accumulated cotton on the Ouachita, and held it in anticipation of the invasion of the Federals, it would be right to take it, pay for it, and when necessary destroy it. There would be different opinions about the policy of this course, but not about its justice.

I have the honor to be, General, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

HENRY W. ALLEN,
Governor State of Louisiana.

It is very apparent that the people of Louisiana are indebted to Governor Allen's firmness for every bale of cotton saved, amounting in value to millions of dollars! They thus owe to his wisdom and right judgment whatever foundation of future prosperity is left them—the means to begin life anew! “Tout homme est capable de faire du bien à un homme; mais c'est ressembler aux dieux que de contribuer au bonheur d'une société entière.”—Lettres Persanes.

Allen's plans were developing every day. The results of his wise, efficient, and beneficent administration were felt throughout the whole Trans-Mississippi Department, and would have gone on ripening, creating resources, adding every day to the comfort and prosperity of the people committed to his care. In the peculiarity of the position in which he was placed, he had nearly arbitrary power. The people idolized him! If the blessings of the poor could give soft slumbers, his head ought to have rested very quietly on the pillow of his hard couch—a plain deal bed, which did not even boast a coverlet. His style of living was as simple as it could be.

The last blow was struck. General Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox Court House.

Allen had been gloomy, and filled with apprehension as to the result of our struggle, for months before the last act of the tragedy was played, and the curtain fell on the great drama of the Confederacy. I saw a letter which he wrote and sent by General Polignac to a distinguished person in France—in which he expressed the most anxious fears, unless there should be foreign intervention in behalf of the Confederacy (Allen gave me the letter to read); but yet he went on about his duties as seemingly calm and self-controlled, with as much energy and interest, as if he had been ignorant that a few days would end it all; that the sword of Damocles would soon break, by its increasing weight, the slender thread by which it was suspended, and fall with mortal stroke upon his defenceless head, and—what was harder still to bear, and yet to live—with a destructive power on the hearts and hopes of “his people.”

Impelled by affairs of urgent necessity, I was in Shreveport, a guest at the house of Governor Allen, when the last hours of the Confederacy were being numbered. He was living in a small frame house, containing but three rooms, which were occupied by himself and his aids. One of the gentlemen resigned his apartment to me, as they had no guest-chamber in the limited *ménage*; but a roof, a fire, and any sort of food, were luxuries to Confederate men and women in those days. We,

whose homes had been as luxurious almost as the palaces of Europe, whose clothing had been silks and jewels, whose feet never touched the rough earth, were familiar now with tents and camps by the roadside, a blanket spread on the bare earth, and all the privations of refugee life. Our locks had often been wet with the drops of night, or parched under the glowing August sun, on the wide prairies. We were familiar with hunger and thirst, and heat and cold. We had drawn our mantles around us, and sat patiently under trees, as the rain beat upon us and the storms raved about us. We had seen the rude, rough side of life—we required but little for our entertainment. The Governor lived with the extremest simplicity. But he and his aids had arranged my temporary apartment with the most tender consideration—the few luxuries of the house were concentrated there. It was kept supplied with flowers and books during my visit. Every delicate courtesy and thoughtful attention, that Southern men could pay to a woman, was quietly and considerately rendered me. But even with this earnest desire to make me comfortable, every thing was scrupulously plain, no luxury admitted to the table except the native truffle, which an old Frenchman near Natchitoches sent the Governor, and “a cup of *coffee*” once a day. And yet Allen might have commanded every comfort, had he chosen to do so, through his trains, which were continually running to the Rio Grande. But his only luxury was doing good to “his people.” He continued this to the very last moment of his stay among them. How shall I write now coldly of those last days of agony, and a prostration of spirit, which is scarcely to be conceived by any but a participant and sufferer in those dreadful hours—that terrible sorrow! Death would have been gladly welcomed by many of us. We envied the dead—our dead—dead on the battle-fields of the Confederacy. The remembrance of them, our cold, silent, beloved ones, mouldering into dust, wrapped still in the gray uniform of the Southern army, with ghastly wounds yawning, from which the life-blood had been so freely poured on their precious, dear land, forced

the moan from our lips, the tears in torrents from our eyes! Days of horror in experience! Days of darkness, hopelessness, despair! We lay dumb, helpless, prostrate—most of us—in those fearful hours of anguish!—when we felt as if even God had failed us, and wrong was set above right in the very courts of Heaven!

There was not a ray of light apparent to us in the future. We knew nothing, to encourage us, of the great man called in the providence of God to take the reins of government in his hands, and lighten by his wondrous firmness the burden of grief and despair that would else have crushed us to the earth, and blotted out our very existence as States. We have learned to thank God for Andrew Johnson, but we did not know him then. We were without hope, without faith, without God. We raised, in the depths of our wretchedness the cry of the deserted Saviour—“’Ελωι, ’Ελωι, λαμᾶ σαβαχθωνι.” “The sentiment that attends the sudden revelation that *all is lost*, is silently gathered up into the heart. It is too deep for gestures or for words. The voice perishes, the gestures are frozen, and the spirit of man flies back upon its own centre.”

It is necessary to speak of these emotions, to explain in some degree the peculiar position in which Allen was placed. In the midst of these surging billows of feeling, this deep ground-swell of the storm that had passed over us, Allen was *inebranlable*. Not that he did not suffer—he did. He realized in all its humiliation and bitterness, the fate that lay before the country and before him. He knew that poverty and exile would be his lot. His friends had become convinced that he would be arrested and imprisoned if he remained in the country. With the exception of one or two, they all urged his going away. His health was not strong, his affections were. The weakness of the one and the power of the other, equally induced him to prefer to share the fate of his people, and stay at home if he could. I thought it unworthy and unnatural in him to fly, and never ceased to urge his remaining quietly where he was, and biding his fate. Colonel Sandidge took the same view that I did, but

we were alone in our opinion. Allen set himself to work now, to see what could be done to make terms for the people, at any rate, leaving his own fate in abeyance. It was believed by many, and hoped by nearly all, that Mr. Davis would cross the Mississippi River and come to Texas. If he had done so, there would have been a stand made, still, in that Department. There was still an army of nearly one hundred thousand men under arms here, and this would have been joined by probably as many more from the East. Most of the men who deserted at the last moment before the surrender, would have tried to have gotten over. *All* the "exchanged prisoners" would have come. I know men of high official distinction, who hid their horses in the impenetrable swamps for three weeks, after Lee's surrender, hoping to hear Mr. Davis had crossed the river. General E. Kirby Smith, at the head of the Department, resolved to defend it still, if he could. He did not feel justified to surrender without an order from Mr. Davis. He resolved, therefore, to fight to the last extremity—that to yield where there was not even a foe to receive the surrender, was too *disgraceful*. He rejected the demand for the surrender of the Department, and issued an appeal to the soldiers to stand by their colors.

The Commissioners from the Federal General were to quit Shreveport, with Smith's cartel of defiance. They were to leave on Saturday morning, on flag-of-truce boat, for the mouth of the Red River. Allen stopped them, invited them to his house, had a long interview with them. He thought it would be foolish and reckless to refuse reasonable terms of peace, and bring an invasion of the whole Federal army into Louisiana, and devastate the State more than it was already desolated. In this matter the two men, Allen and Smith, seemed, for the moment, to have changed characters. Allen, we know, had by nature a disposition to fight at a word—certainly was never inclined to back out of any difficulty; but care, and love for the people, made him prudent and circumspect beyond his usual impulses! So long as there was a hope of successful resistance, he had urged the people on, with the

most fiery, the most inflaming utterances of his impetuous temperament. He had done every thing—said, written, spoken every thing he could, to nerve their hearts and strengthen their courage. But now, when subjugation, he saw, was inevitable, that they must submit to the decree of irreversible fate, he tried to soften the blow as much as he could. He threw himself in the way before them, to shield them, even in drinking the first bitter drops of this cup of humiliation! Allen's conduct at this time is above all praise. It is impossible to behold him here, without feelings of unspeakable admiration. To those who thought they knew him best, the grandeur of soul he now displayed was unexpected and surprising. Where did he acquire his foresight, calmness, prudence, at this crisis? We were mute with astonishment! Allen wouldn't let the Commissioners leave with the words of scornful defiance. He begged Colonel Sprague "to wait a day." He took his ambulance, and went to see General Smith at ten o'clock that night. He offered to go himself to Washington City, to Grant, to try and make reasonable terms for the Department. The interview ended in Smith's inviting the Commissioners to remain over the called meeting of the Governors of the different States of the Department, which was to take place on the following Monday. General Smith had written this letter:

HEADQUARTERS, TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, }
SHREVEPORT, LA., *May 9th*, 1865. }

GENTLEMEN—The surrender of General Lee, and the perilous situation of the armies in North Carolina and Alabama, seem to preclude the probability of successful resistance in the States east of the Mississippi. The army under my command yet remains strong, fresh, and well equipped. The disparity of numbers, though great between it and our enemies, may be counterbalanced by valor and skill. Under these circumstances, it is my purpose to defend your soil, and the civil and political rights of our people, to the utmost extent of our resources, and to try and maintain untarnished the reputation which our soldiers have so nobly won in many fields. In order, however, to accomplish this great object, it will require the perfect concord of the civil and military authorities, the application of all our energies, and the united and devoted support of the people

The Trans-Mississippi Department is so separated from the States on the eastern side of the Mississippi that communication is suspended. Since the evacuation of Richmond, the seat of Government of the Confederate States has not been fixed, and it may be transferred to the western side of the Mississippi. It is impossible to confer with the President so as to meet the exigencies of the times, and questions of grave political importance beyond my military authority may arise, and require prompt decision. Intending to uphold the authority of the Confederate Government by arms, to the utmost, I yet feel that I should carefully avoid any appearance of usurping functions not intrusted to my discretion. Under these circumstances, I esteem it my duty to consult you in the absence of the President, as the Chief Magistrates of the States within the Department, touching such important matters as are not embraced in my powers as Commanding General, and as may conduce to the common defence and welfare.

I have therefore requested you to assemble in conference, when I will furnish any information in my power which may be useful in your deliberations; and without proffering suggestions, ask you to indicate such policy as you may deem necessary to maintain with honor and success the sacred cause in which we are engaged.

I have the honor to remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

E. KIRBY SMITH, General.

To their Excellencies: HENRY W. ALLEN, Governor of Louisiana; PENDLETON MURRAH, Governor of Texas; H. FLANAGIN, Governor of Arkansas; THOMAS C. REYNOLDS, Governor of Missouri.

The Commissioners yielded to Allen's request, and with the consent of General Smith, agreed to wait at Shreveport until after the meeting at Marshall.

On the 15th day of May, 1865, the convention of Governors took place. Murrah, being suddenly taken ill, en route, was represented by Guy M. Bryan, his agent. They united in transferring all power on their several parts to Allen, requesting him to act in behalf of the whole Department. Allen was to ask safe conduct from Grant, and to go to Washington to surrender the Department. During these sad days, I had a daily letter from him containing details of all that was transpiring about and around us. I insert a copy of the letter of the Governors to Allen.

MARSHALL TEXAS, 13th May, 1865.

To His Excellency Henry W. Allen,

Governor of Louisiana :

SIR—With a view to making a complete pacification of the Trans-Mississippi Department, we request you to visit the United States authorities. You are fully possessed of the views of each of us in writing, and we confide in your patriotism and ability. Trusting to your judgment, we will sustain your engagements in the premises.

We are, Sir, very respectfully yours,

(Signed)

H. FLANAGIN,

Governor of Arkansas.

THOMAS C. REYNOLDS,

Governor of Missouri.

I concur in the above. (Signed)

GUY M. BRYAN,

Agent State of Texas, &c.

In one of his letters from Marshall, he says : “These people overwhelm me with kindness, invitations, serenades—every demonstration of affection and interest. It brings tears to my eyes to see how my feeble efforts to do my duty are acknowledged and appreciated.”

He addressed the soldiers here, by invitation of the military authorities, entreating them to stand by their colors a little longer. These troops did remain steadfast. There was beginning to be terrible demoralization in the army. It was generally felt that the struggle was ended. The men did not want to be surrendered. The army began to melt away, to disband in a very disgraceful manner. General E. Kirby Smith, a most excellent and amiable gentleman, sincere, upright, and pious, a dashing soldier in the field—certainly a man of personal courage and high probity—never had been popular with either people or soldiers. He was almost too gentle and retiring for his position—too facile and yielding to the impudent and importunate demands of often unworthy subordinates. In a letter which Allen sent to President Davis in 1864, he says of Smith : “I am happy to state that, thus far, the best understanding has always existed between the State and Confederate military authorities, the commanding general exercising his almost dictatorial powers with great caution and discretion. I

have always found Generals Smith and Taylor, when called upon, disposed and ready to correct, as far as in their power, any abuses; but in many instances the quartermaster's department, or the officers managing the same, seem *to be beyond their reach*, and *full* supervision cannot be had. I do not know that power could be intrusted to abler and worthier hands than theirs."

General Smith had always found the Trans-Mississippi Department such a bed of roses as Guatemozin's, certainly not made of the blossoms of Sybaris. We say boldly that it was fortunate for the *whole* country (since Mr. Davis did not get over the Mississippi River) that Henry W. Allen happened to be Governor of Louisiana at this epoch. God only knows *what* he spared the country, for Grant's whole army would have been in Louisiana and Texas in a few weeks, *had the Commissioners left Shreveport on Saturday*. If Mr. Davis had gotten over, I think the people would have rallied around him, *Allen at their head*. Taylor would have tried to have gotten over. There would have been a rush for the western side of the river. Judging from what I saw and knew, I believe this sincerely. But whether the struggle would not have been only a prolongation of a more deadly, bloody strife, to be finally crushed by overpowering weight of numbers, I do not know. There was no hope of foreign aid. Mr. Davis did not get over. *Henry W. Allen—he alone*—spared the people, and saved further bloodshed and desolation of the South! I confidently appeal to every officer in command in the Trans-Mississippi, to say if these things were not so.

Buckner, who had but lately come into the Department, and whose recent experience of a Federal prison had not made him desirous of further occupation of what the Confederates called "Uncle Sam's boarding-houses," had resolved, if not paroled, to go to Mexico. He did not attempt to exert any influence in these matters. The Missouri officers, believing they would be expatriated, had determined to withdraw with their troops, in a body, across the Rio Grande. They came to Allen,

and entreated him to lead them. He told them his civil duties would preclude his departure at so early a date as they wished to go, but that he would probably be compelled to join them afterwards. The soldiers made him the wildest propositions. They proposed to seize on the Department, and make him dictator—any thing he pleased. While smiling at their enthusiastic devotion, he rebuked it. These wild petitions reaching the ears of his most intimate friends, they were exceedingly amused in the midst of their anxieties, and teased the Governor by calling him “the Emperor,” and appointing themselves to posts of honor in the imaginary imperial court, giving themselves fanciful titles, and sometimes forcing a smile to his weary lips by their playful raileries.

The Missouri officers then wanted Buckner to lead them. He thought of it, but changed his intention for good reasons, afterwards—finding he and they would be unmolested *individually*. I give here a memorandum of Reynolds, which he made for the Marshall Conference.

MARSHALL, TEXAS, 10th May, 1865.

The position of the Missourians, both in the army and in civil life, in this Department, is this: The people and authorities of the territory held by the Confederacy should decide whether they will continue the war. If it is to be continued, we will stand by them faithfully to the last.

Should the war be discontinued, we desire time and facilities and supplies to leave the country with our personal property.

THOMAS C. REYNOLDS,
Governor of Missouri.

MARSHALL, TEXAS, MAY 13, 1865.

Memorandum:

We advise General E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, to accept the following terms, in order that peace may be restored to the country.

1. On or about the day of , that the Commanding General will disband his armies in this Department. Officers and men to return immediately to their former homes, or such as they may select, within the now existing lines of the Confederate States or the United States; and there to remain as good citizens, free from all disabilities and restored

to all the rights of citizenship. The United States troops and authorities not to advance within the Confederate lines till after that day.

2. Guarantees to be given that no officer, non-commissioned officer, private, or citizen, shall be prosecuted in any courts for offences committed against the United States during this war.

3. That permission be granted to all persons (officers civil and military), soldiers and citizens, to leave this Department within days, through its ports or boundaries, with their arms and effects, unmolested, and go to any place, State, or country, beyond the limits of the United States.

4. That the present State Governments in this Department now in arms against the United States authority, be recognized until Conventions can be called with the view of finally settling any and all conflicts between the people of the respective States.

5. That on or before the day of , all military authority shall be surrendered to the several States, and that each State shall keep and retain number of men to act as a guard to preserve good order, and to protect the lives and other property of the people. That a safeguard, to extend for days, be granted the officers of state and others, to leave the country, in case they should wish to do so.

The above terms will be acceptable to the people of Louisiana.

HENRY W. ALLEN,

Governor of Louisiana.

The Federal Commissioners now departed, bearing with them this olive-branch, instead of the gauntlet of war. They considered the demands of the Confederates as only just and reasonable, and thought they would be granted. They were to send back a safe conduct for Allen to go to Grant's headquarters, or to Washington city, to surrender the Department, since Smith refused to do so in his military capacity. Allen had resolved to save the people; but he had also now resolved to quit the country, as soon as terms were obtained and he could resign his trust. He was now impressed with the conviction, that as far as he was individually concerned, no favor would be extended him. *This* was written him from New Orleans. From east of the Mississippi, *everybody insisted upon it*, except Colonel Sandidge, Ex-Lieutenant-Governor, and myself. We, unfortunately, were left greatly in the minority. He wrote me:

SHREVEPORT, May 17th, 1865.

* * * * *

The Federal Commissioners have left to-day. The Convention of Governors, as I wrote you from Marshall, agreed to appoint me as their agent to settle all difficulties. General Smith has also delegated me to arrange terms of peace. I shall await here the invitation of the Federal authorities, and proceed to General Grant's headquarters in a week or ten days. In the mean time there will be a cessation of all hostilities. I would advise all who intend to live under Federal rule to return to their homes with their property of all kinds, for the *war is over*. * * *

I shall stay at the helm of state just as long as I am needed by my people; and then I shall seek a home as an exile in a strange land.

* * * * *

It is probable we will never meet again; for within the next sixty days I shall in all probability be on my way to Mexico. But wherever I may be, you shall always have the high esteem, warm affection, and devoted friendship of

HENRY W. ALLEN.

By this time the wildest rumors prevailed throughout the country. Conflicting reports of Smith's resolution to fight on, and Allen's to surrender, produced great confusion of thought and tongues. The soldiers took the alarm, and began to disband by hundreds in open daylight. Their officers lost all power to control the men. The soldiers were infuriated with rage and disappointment. They had not been paid for a long time, owing, they believed, to the carelessness, negligence, cupidity, or rascality of the quartermasters. Millions of dollars of Confederate new issue was found, in the general pillage of governmental depots and Quartermasters' posts, which now ensued; as well as great boxes of ready-made clothing, which had been left there, inadvertently, perhaps, by a class of men who, with honorable exceptions, appeared to be the leeches sucking away the life-blood of the army in the Trans-Mississippi Department, by their incapacity, negligence, or corruption. The soldiers were more angry than ever, when these things were discovered. They thought they had been allowed to become ragged and naked in the midst of abundance. They had been deprived of their

pitiful pay, unnecessarily, it seemed. They now robbed all the government stores and depots, distributing the contents as fairly and equitably as they could, among themselves. They considered this only justice to themselves; that these articles were governmental property, and that they had a right to them, as their pay was in arrears. They were mad, but "there was method in their madness." There was little pillage of *private* property. It was only public they attacked. A foot-sore and weary soldier might occasionally help himself to a stray horse or mule if he encountered them on the road; or sometimes steal one out of the pastures of a planter, or off the prairies where they were grazed; or he would stop an officer in his ambulance and "jay-hawk" part of the team,—sometimes the whole of it,—leaving their former superiors to get along as they could; but this was rare. The fierce, strong women too, in some counties in Texas, gathered together in bands, broke into depots of sugar and army stores, with weapons in their hands, helping themselves to cloth, coffee, sugar, and luxuries, to which they had long been strangers. The soldiers were much exasperated against General Smith. They would almost have killed him, if they had been able, as innocent as he was of any crime against them or his country. He had done all he could, in such a rough state of affairs. *He was not a strong man, in any sense*; but a true, brave man, and a gentleman. Smith was sent for, to go to Houston, to try and hold the army together there. He left Buckner in command at Shreveport. The army in Louisiana took the infection of disbanding. Buckner sent for Allen to come to Natchitoches to address Hay's troops, who were demoralized. Allen went immediately; he met the last division near Mansfield, marching homewards. He stopped them, addressed them, making a most pathetic appeal to them. Some officers present have described this scene to me. Allen was nearly weeping; the men were sobbing, crowded around him. When he concluded his address, they said, "Governor Allen, why didn't you tell us this one week ago—not a man would have left his colors; *we have confidence in you.*"

Allen turned sadly back to Shreveport. At Hempstead, a party of twenty-five young men volunteered to escort and protect General Smith to Houston. They did not consider his life safe on the high-roads. The Missouri troops remained faithful. They surrounded Allen's house with a guard, by day and night; not that there was any *danger* for him anywhere—there was none; but they loved him, and watched over him to the last. They found now that they would be permitted to return home; so, with the exception of three hundred under Shelby, they all resolved to stay. They sent a deputation to Buckner and other officers, to inform them "that they would not go either to Texas or Mexico; that they had fought for the Confederacy, were still ready to fight for it, so long as a man remained, but if the country was to be given up, they intended to surrender like soldiers, and *their officers should stay with them!*"

Generals Price and Buckner left Shreveport for New Orleans, to surrender the Department. *Whilst Allen was on his mission to Mansfield, he had travelled all night to get there in time to meet the troops. He returned the same evening of the Generals' departure.* He considered his task now ended—his duty fulfilled. There was no longer any use for him to remain in Louisiana. His negotiations through the Federal Commissioners were rendered unnecessary; his own friends were urgent for his departure. News came of the arrest of some of the Executives east of the Mississippi. His friends grew still more alarmed. His last act of *power* was characteristic. During the absence of General Buckner, a large number of Federal prisoners had been brought to Shreveport from Tyler, Texas, to be forwarded to New Orleans, or mouth of Red River. Colonel Fagan, in command, had no means at his control to pay the expenses of their transportation. Governor Allen had one hundred bales of cotton belonging to the State, which he could still command. He turned this cotton over to General Fagan, to enable him to send the prisoners forward. This cotton General Fagan was never able to return. His gratitude was warmly expressed to Governor Allen.

[Colonel Sandidge made application to General Herron for the return of this cotton, belonging to the State of Louisiana, out of the Confederate cotton that had been transferred to the State, seized by the United States; but his application met with no favor. This hundred bales of cotton had been reserved by Allen for the use of the destitute people of Avoyelles, which was utterly desolated.] Still careful of "his people," Allen requested, and received from General Smith, a box, containing the receipts and vouchers for all cotton delivered that could be claimed by the Confederate States Government from the citizens of Louisiana, "*so that there need be no unjust seizure on the part of the succeeding State or Federal Governments, of cottons already delivered, or that were not justly due to either Government!*" This box he sealed with his own and the State seal, and left it, with all the State papers, properly arranged and filed, in the hands of Colonel Sandidge. The fate of these papers can be seen by the letters in the Appendix to this sketch. Allen was now ready to go. He wrote me the following letter, published his parting address, and quitted Shreveport forever, on the 2d of June.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }
SHREVEPORT, June 1st, 1865. }

My Dearest Friend:

I send you this by my friend and private secretary, Mr. Halsey, who leaves to-day for Crockett, to spend some time with Governor Moore's family. He will tell you all. I shall wait till the very last moment. It is truly melancholy to think of our sad fate. I am just beginning to realize it. Oh my country! if my life could save thee, how cheerfully would I yield it up! I want to see you so much—you feel to me like a most dearly-beloved sister, to whom I can open my whole heart, and speak freely, while I know that you fully appreciate my warm affection. I wrote you to-day by mail, shall continue to write as usual, every day, till I leave this. Hope to see you within a week, as I expect to leave here on Sunday next.

Adieu, my dearest friend, and believe me ever yours,

HENRY W. ALLEN.

TO THE PEOPLE OF LOUISIANA.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
SHREVEPORT, LA., June 2d, 1862. }

FELLOW CITIZENS,—I have thought it my duty to address you a few words in parting from you, perhaps forever. My administration as Governor of Louisiana closes this day. The war is over, the contest is ended, the soldiers are disbanded and gone to their homes, and now there is in Louisiana no opposition whatever to the Constitution and the laws of the United States. Until order shall be established, and society with all its safeguards fully restored, I would advise that you form yourselves into companies and squads for the purpose of protecting your families from outrage and insult, and your property from spoliation. A few bad men can do much mischief and destroy much property. Within a short while the United States authorities will no doubt send you an armed force, to any part of the State where you may require it for your protection.

My countrymen, we have for four long years waged a war, which we deemed to be just in the sight of high heaven. We have not been the best, the wisest, nor the bravest people in the world, but we have suffered more and borne our sufferings with greater fortitude than any people on the face of God's green earth. Now let us show to the world, that as we have fought like men—like men we can make peace. Let there be no acts of violence, no heart burnings, no intemperate language, but with manly dignity submit to the inevitable course of events. Neither let there be any repinings after lost property—let there be no crimination or recrimination—no murmurs. It will do no good, but may do much harm. You who, like myself, have lost all (and oh, how many there are!) must begin life anew. Let us not talk of despair, nor whine about our misfortunes, but with strong arms and stout hearts adapt ourselves to the circumstances which surround us.

It now rests with the United States authorities to make you once more a contented, prosperous, and happy people. They can within five years restore Louisiana to its original wealth and prosperity, and heal the terrible wounds that have been inflicted upon her—so great are our recuperative energies—so rich is our soil—so great are the resources of the State! Our rulers have it in their power to dry the mourners' tears—to make glad the hearts of the poor widow and the orphan—to cause the past in a great measure to be forgotten, and to make your devastated lands "to blossom as the rose." If my voice could be heard and heeded at Washington, I would say, "Spare this distracted land—oh, spare this afflicted people. In the name of bleeding humanity, they have suffered enough!" But, my countrymen, this cannot be. I am one of the proscribed

—I must go into exile—I have stood by you, fought for you, and stayed with you, up to the very last moment, and now leave you with a heavy heart. The high trust with which you have honored me, is this day returned. I leave the office of Governor with clean hands, and with the conscious pride of having done my duty. All the officers of State, and all employees in its various departments, have rendered their final accounts, made full and complete statements. I thank them for their uniform kindness to me, and their patriotic devotion to the several duties assigned them. These accounts are in the hands of Colonel John M. Sandidge. I invite the closest scrutiny, not only of these papers, but to all my acts as Governor of Louisiana. My State Stores, and Dispensaries, and Manufactories, have all been conducted, in the most successful manner. None can tell the vast amount of good they have done, not only to you, but to the people of Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri.

Fellow citizens, in this the darkest hour of my life, I do not come before you as an old man, broke down by storms of state, nor do I come to plead for mercy, at the hands of those whom I have fought for four long years. No, no, I come in the pride and vigor of manhood, unconquered, unsubdued. I have nothing to regret; I look back with mournful pleasure at my public career, now about to close. As a citizen, as a soldier, as a statesman, I have done my duty. The soldier's family, the widow and the orphan, the sick and the wounded, the poor and needy, have all had my especial care, while the wants of the soldier and the citizen have not been forgotten. I have protected the people from the encroachments of military power, and have never permitted a bale of cotten in the State to be seized or impressed. It is partially in remembrance of these acts, that you have always given me your entire confidence. But few in authority have ever had so many evidences of affection and regard as you have so often shown me.

Refugees, return to your homes! Repair, improve, and plant. Go to work, with a hearty good-will, and let your actions show that you are able and willing to adapt yourselves to the new order of things. We want no Venice here, where the denizens of an unhappy State shall ever meditate with moody brow, and plot the overthrow of the government, and where all shall be dark and dreary—cold and suspicious. But rather let confidence be restored. If required, let each and every one go forward cheerfully, and take the oath of allegiance to the country in which they expect in future to live, and there pursue their respective avocations with redoubled energy, as good, true, and substantial citizens.

I go into exile not as did the ancient Roman, to lead back foreign armies against my native land—but rather to avoid persecution, and the crown of martyrdom. I go to seek repose for my shattered limbs. It is

my prayer to God, that this country may be blessed with permanent peace, and that real prosperity, general happiness, and lasting contentment may unite all who have elected to live under the flag of a common country. If possible, forget the past. Look forward to the future. Act with candor and discretion, and you will live to bless him who in parting gives you this last advice.

And now, what shall I say in parting, to my fair countrywomen! Ladies of Louisiana, I bow to you with tears of grateful affection. You have always responded most promptly and cheerfully to the calls of patriotism and duty. You clothed the soldiers, nursed the sick and wounded, cheered up the faint-hearted, and smoothed the dying-pillow of the warrior patriot. God bless you! God bless you! I can never forget you. In the land of the exile, I shall remember you with feelings of gratitude too deep for utterance. Sometimes think of him who has sacrificed all for you. Perhaps, in better days, when the storm of passion and prejudice shall have passed away, we may meet again; I may then be permitted to return—to mingle with my friends—to take them by the hand, and “forget my own griefs, to be happy with you.” If this should be denied me, I humbly trust we may all meet in Heaven, at last, to part no more.

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN,
Governor of Louisiana.

General Buckner returned to find Allen already departed. I insert here a memorandum of events, kindly furnished me by General Buckner:

MEMORANDUM.

Governor Allen was very much in the confidence of General Kirby Smith, who fully appreciated his eminent services and patriotism. The General advised freely with him, in reference to the action to be pursued, on receiving the intelligence of General Lee's surrender. The Conference of the Governors was determined upon, after consultation with Governor Allen. Governor Allen was selected by the Governors to be the bearer of the result of their action to Washington. Before the adjournment of that meeting, he had become fully impressed with the necessity of entering into terms, and it was at his instance, or at least after a full conference with him, that Colonel Sprague, the Federal Commissioner, awaited the meeting and the subsequent action of the Governors. Colonel Sprague was the bearer of an application for a safe conduct for Governor Allen to visit Washington City on business connected with the general pacification of the Trans-Mississippi Department,—the Governor await-

ing at Shreveport the action of the United States Government on the application.

In the mean time, such rapid changes were taking place amongst the troops, as to render other action necessary. Despatches from General Magruder, General Walker, General Preston, and others, revealed a disposition on the part of the Texas troops to abandon their colors, and disperse to their homes. General Smith was repeatedly urged, in some of these despatches, to hasten to Houston, and endeavor, by his presence, to maintain discipline amongst the troops. Yielding to these solicitations, he departed; but before he reached Houston, the troops had disbanded, plundered the public stores, appropriated the public property, and dispersed to their homes.

General Buckner was left by General Smith, as his Chief of Staff, to move the mass of the troops to concentrate with the Texas troops, then near Houston.

Orders were issued for the Louisiana troops to march from Natchitoches to that point, and the Arkansas troops to march from Marshall to the same vicinity. The account received from General Hays, commanding the Louisianians, was of so startling a character, that General Buckner consulted with Governor Allen, who, in accordance with General Buckner's request, and actuated by a noble spirit of patriotism, started at once to the vicinity of Mansfield to meet the Louisiana troops, and endeavor, by his presence, to check their desertions and restrain their depredations. This was the last interview held between Governor Allen and General Buckner; and General Buckner feels it a duty to record in this memorandum, his high appreciation of the noble spirit displayed by Governor Allen on this, and on previous occasions, when they had held consultations on public affairs.

Governor Allen hastened to check the disintegration of the troops from his State; but so rapid had it been, that, though he travelled during the night, the Division had already melted away, and dispersed, like the Texas Division, to their homes.

After Governor Allen's departure, intelligence from General Churchill revealed a state of demoralization amongst the Arkansas troops similar to that amongst the Louisianians and Texans. Like the other troops, they began a general system of desertion on receiving the orders to march.

Very shortly afterwards, information was received by General Buckner from the Missouri troops, who, up to this time, had evinced remarkable steadiness, announcing, through their commanders, "that they had no disposition to march southward."

Under these circumstances, General Buckner called a council of general, and some other prominent officers, including Major-General Price, Major-

General Churchill, Major-General Fagan, Major-General Parsons, and a number of brigadier-generals. The advice of this council was unanimous—with the exception of one brigade commander, who believed, but subsequent events proved erroneously, that half his brigade would prefer marching to Mexico—in recommending an immediate negotiation for a surrender of the troops on the same terms obtained by General Lee, and urging General Buckner to proceed at once, under a flag, to negotiate. General Price was included in the commission.

The telegraph wires were destroyed, the courier lines were broken up, and there was no means of communicating with General Smith. The public transportation had been seized by the dispersing troops. There was danger that not only the remaining troops, but also the citizens, would starve if not soon relieved, and there was no transportation and no supplies to accomplish this.

A surrender of the troops of the Department was agreed upon in New Orleans, May 26, 1865, subject to the approval of General Smith. The treaty was sent to him by special steamer from New Orleans, through General Smith's aid, Colonel Meem.

On General Buckner's return to Shreveport, the first week in June, Governor Allen had departed for Mexico. General Buckner bore verbal assurances from some of the Federal commanders that Governor Allen would not be molested, but found it impossible to communicate with him. A short time after returning to Shreveport, General Buckner received two orders from General Smith—one dated soon after his arrival at Houston, announcing the dispersion of the Texas troops and the destruction of the public stores, and directing the disbanding of the troops under General Buckner's command, as no means were left to supply them. The second order approved the terms of the military convention which had been negotiated, directing that its provisions should apply to the Indians in Confederate alliance.

S. B. BUCKNER.

NEW ORLEANS, JUNE 11, 1866.

Buckner made very good terms for the Department—very bad for himself; he is still an exile from Kentucky, forbidden to set foot on the soil of his native State.

I do not attempt to explain the discrepancy between General Smith's solemn agreement with Governor Allen to abide by his (Allen's) terms of surrender, which he made to Allen, in writing, as well as to the commissioners, and the very injudicious and extraordinary address he made at Houston after

wards, in which he declared his previous determination to continue the struggle, if the men had not "so *disgracefully* disbanded." Justice to my friend, and to the troops so stigmatized, requires that the statement should be made that *this* disbanding was produced principally by the belief of the troops, who did not understand General Smith's hasty journey to Houston, that Smith intended to mass them in Texas, and either continue a useless struggle, or march them across the Rio Grande. I have already stated that Smith was no favorite—doubtless was regarded with unjust suspicion; but nevertheless, this perhaps mistaken suspicion, was "*the great cause of the disbanding of the troops,*" and it is not without an emotion of bitter regret that I am forced to believe that the somewhat ungenerous treatment of Governor Allen may have hastened his departure to Mexico, and to consequent suffering and death.

The sudden stoppage of all the wheels of the industrial machinery Allen had put in motion, by the failure of the Confederate cause, necessarily left affairs in an unfinished and entangled condition. He had assumed liabilities and responsibilities which he could not fully settle on the instant; his trains were stopped midway on the roads; every movement was quickly paralyzed. As far as he could, he endeavored to make arrangements to meet and settle all the just claims against the State. Some just debts, from peculiarities of time and place, where the cottons and sugars were to be delivered at different points in Texas and on the frontier, were not arranged for at those points; but cotton sufficient to pay every just debt of the State, was left by Allen belonging *to the State*.

Colonel Sandidge's letter, appended to this book, will show why these cottons were not appropriated according to Allen's design. These debts were not *war* debts—not Confederate debts, but debts of the State, incurred according to the will of her authorities for the sole purpose of feeding the starving and clothing the naked people. They ought to be paid at some time.

Letter from Col. J. M. Sandidge to Maj.-Gen. Herron.

GENERAL—Governor Allen, departing from this place, left me in an undesirable position—in charge of, and to be surrendered, the records of his office, and his general representative in whatever it might seem necessary and proper to be done. I deem it my duty, then, and it was his request, that I should represent to the officer sent here in command of the United States forces, that, to furnish, to some extent, the people of the country with the necessaries of life, he sought to introduce articles, not contraband of war, and that good faith to the parties with whom he transacted requires that they be paid. That the cotton and other resources he had accumulated have all disappeared under the infamous and systematic plundering and appropriation of public property of whatever ownership. That the cotton transferred by the Confederate States authorities to the State of Louisiana, was an act in good faith, intended to secure, so far as it might go, large debts justly due, and to enable him, Governor Allen, to meet his engagements with those private parties; and that of the small amount of cotton he could still control at the winding up of the late contest—one hundred bales of his own cotton, purchased with the means of, and belonging to the State—was transferred to General Fagan, to enable him to forward to the mouth of Red River a large number of Federal prisoners, lately sent here from Tyler, Texas, *en route* for their homes—about which transaction I have some papers; and that the cotton, or other produce obtained and unappropriated by him, is the property of the State of Louisiana, the absorption of which, by the United States Government, is protested against.

All the books, papers, etc., connected with the Confederate States cotton transferred to the State, have been, under your orders, turned over to the agent designated to receive them. There was no attempt, on our part (and the same is true of every thing else), to cover up, or secrete, or withhold any of the effects of the State. Our hands are clean.

I can, then, with what seems to me to be but an act of justice, protest against its being appropriated by the United States Government, and to request that, if this Confederate States cotton shall not all be turned over to the State authorities, for the benefit of the State, as was our desire, at least a portion (say 2,000 bales) of it shall be so placed, that it may be used in liquidating the just claims of private parties to whom the late Governor Allen became indebted, and an account of the loan to General Fagan, as above stated.

I am, General, your obedient servant,

[Signed,]

JOHN M. SANDIDGE,

Late Ch. of Ord., Louisiana State Forces.

Major-General HERRON, Commanding U. S. Forces, Shreveport, La.

SHREVEPORT, La., 11th June, 1865.

So impressed am I with the importance of explaining clearly the cotton transactions of Governor Allen, that even at the risk of tedious repetition, I insert here a portion of a letter received by me from a friend thoroughly acquainted with all of the Governor's hopes and plans:

“But a small portion of the cotton with which Governor Allen was operating was paid for in money. He made arrangements with parties who wished to take out cotton—to sell, if you please—but in fact, to *give* to the State a certain amount of cotton for the privilege of exporting an equal quantity on their own account. Permits to take out this cotton were at first given in his own name, as Governor of Louisiana, but some objection being made, they were procured from the Confederate authorities. These contracts were to be consummated when the cotton was delivered to the Governor's agents at Narasota, Matamoras, or other designated places. Men were readily found who would enter into arrangements of this sort with Governor Allen, because he was more liberal and generous in his transactions than the agents and officers of the Confederate Government. *All* exportation of cotton on private account, or on *any* account, being forbidden by the Government except as specially allowed, none of the Governor's large contracts for cotton had been executed when the war drew nigh its conclusion: neither party being then able to comply with the stipulations, the contracts were annulled. In every instance, so far as is known, all cotton, sugar, or tobacco in transitu westwardly, or of supplies being brought in for the State, the trains and loading all disappeared, under the infamous system of ‘jayhawking’ so generally practised at the collapse of the war. It was the Governor's sincere desire and fixed purpose, to protect the creditors of the State to the full extent of his power, and to them orders were given for such cotton, sugar, etc., belonging to the State, as it was believed might be obtained. These orders were very generally ignored, towards the last, or could not be complied with, because of the ‘*filibusters*.’ You will remember that I told you once about the retention of sugar and molasses by a party who had come into its possession on an order to haul into Texas, but who had not even moved it from the warehouse. Seeing he could not even control, for the purposes mentioned, the cotton, etc., *he had purchased and paid for*, Governor Allen determined to make a last effort to save something for his people, and especially for those who were relying upon the faith of the State or of his administration, by obtaining from the Confederate military authorities a transfer of all the undisposed-of Confederate cotton in Louisiana, in liquidation, so far as it might go, of debts still due

the State, which amounted to at least \$4,000,000. This cotton—about 10,000 bales—*was* transferred to him or to his successors in office for use of the State. Knowing very well that none but a power in actual and recognized existence, and a *continuous* power, could obtain control of this cotton, Governor Allen determined to hold it, with the entire records in connection therewith, just as they were received from the Confederate authorities, with the hope that his successors in the State government might be allowed to demand and enforce the delivery of the cotton; or, failing in that, and the cotton be seized and appropriated by the United States Government (*as was done*), the State of Louisiana would have a just claim against the Government for its full value. This last is now the only resource left.

“As instructed by Governor Allen, you know, Colonel Sandidge made written application to General Herron (I believe you have the papers proving this) to permit the State to retain two thousand bales of this cotton, if all could not be controlled, for the redemption of his pledges on its account. To this application no attention was paid, nor even for the return of the one hundred bales loaned to the Confederate authorities to pay for the transportation of Federal prisoners from Shreveport to the mouth of Red River.”

The people of Louisiana and Texas know as well as I, that this statement of the “jayhawking,” the dishonest *saive qui peut*, of all classes of agents, contractors, and even of the people, at the close of the war in those States, is not exaggerated. They witnessed it, as I did. Let the blame and the shame of these matters fall where it is due, it shall not shadow the grave of my incorruptible friend, who failed in no duty, and committed but one error; that was, in going away into exile, instead of meeting his fate at his post.

BOOK XI.

Journey.—Life in Mexico.—Becomes Editor of the “Mexican Times.”—Illness.
—Death.

THE people wept over Allen's departure. They followed him with tears and blessings, and would have forced on him more substantial tokens of regard, than words of regret. They knew he had no money—his noble estates had long been in possession of the enemy; hundreds of hogsheads of sugar had been carried off from his plundered sugar-houses; his house was burned, his plantation, a wide waste of fallow-fields, grown up in weeds. He had nothing but Confederate and State money. One gentleman begged him to accept \$5,000, in gold, *as a loan*, since he refused it as a gift. Allen accepted five hundred. With this small amount, his ambulance and riding-horses, he started to Mexico. His journey through Texas was a complete ovation, instead of a hegira. Everybody, rich and poor, vied with each other in offering him attention, and the most eager hospitality. The roof was deemed honored that sheltered his head for the night. He stopped at Crockett, to say “good-bye.”

We had long, full, and frank conversations, whilst he was resting those thirty-six hours, under my roof-tree. Hours—every moment of which seems now so precious on retrospection, and which, though highly estimated, were scarcely seized and prized to their utmost—their true value, then! Because, though my heart was heavy and numb with grief, on account

of my sad country, and my departing, exiled friend, yet none of us realized that it was a farewell for all time, that we should never look again into each other's friendly eyes. He was fitful in his spirit: when alone with me, he would let me see the deep sorrow he felt in leaving all that was dear to him,—the growing realization of the utter ruin, the agonized desolation of the country he so passionately loved. He wept in speaking of these things. His was not one of those natures that turn to ice, and harden into cold stone, before the Medusa-head of grief. He would say with Chremes, "Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto." When he was grieved in spirit, he was not ashamed of tears in his eyes, at least in the presence of a woman, whom he knew thoroughly appreciated him, and whose mournings were as deep as the inmost life of her soul, over all these things,—for the dust of her native hills was yet moist with the blood of her brothers, shed "in this lost cause," and one, *most beloved*, slept the sleep that knows no waking—clothed in the Confederate uniform—forever!

We had several of our refugee friends to meet the Governor, during his stay with us. Whilst in their society he strove to be calm—even cheerful, for amongst them was the almost heart-broken family of dear old ex-Governor Moore, who was to be Allen's companion in exile. The smiles were few and forced, amongst us all! One recalls such days with shuddering sighs!

Shall I ever forget the scene I witnessed the day, dear ——, when I saw you with eyes calm in despair, and fingers trembling, but desperately nerved, plucking in and out the flying needle as you sewed one after another the few pieces of hoarded gold, the scanty remnant of a splendid past, into the stiff belt your old Father was to wear on his journey; so as to keep about his person the pittance that was to give him bread in the strange foreign land, that he felt compelled to seek a refuge in! while your little children clung weeping about his aged knees, and your poor mother lay prostrate and nearly senseless with grief, unable to proffer one word of strengthening hope, in

her utter desolation and bereavement of soul—and we stood by, so helpless!

However, the day passed, as all things pass in this ever flowing stream of earthly life. Few human beings ever attain the meridian of man's years, without experiencing days of anguish, that make them wonder on remembrance, and force them to ask themselves how they endured such weight of sorrow on such weak, fragile, mortal breasts! It was so sad, so sad for us to see those noble men depart, lingeringly, one by one, to meet, with what strength their lacerated hearts and too often wounded bodies could summon up, the weary, painful, lonely life of Exiles. And they were so noble, and so brave! They would smile, talk cheerfully, even gayly, anticipating the petty excitements, and novelties of journeying, in the unexplored country opening before them. Allen had such an elastic steel mainspring in his nature, that at times he would really grow cheerful, and enter with zest into the speculations and plans our fancies would suggest. He was fond of excitement—liked travel—and was a man who experienced pleasure in grappling with life's stern difficulties. He liked to struggle with them sometimes. He liked to feel himself superior to all vicissitudes—to be a conqueror on these seemingly bloodless fields of strife, or on any field of battle, mental, moral, or physical. The external calmness one is able to assume, on occasions of trial, is very surprising. I marvel sometimes when I recall our light general conversations at this time—anecdotes, jests, puns, badinage, discussions of literary topics: one upon the *Laocoön*, I particularly remember, in which Allen was right, and all the rest of us wrong; another upon the great Jewish chieftain Joab, in which, to Allen's great delight, we accidentally got the better of our brilliantly intellectual friend, the Honorable —. All these things pass over the mirror of memory like phantoms of thought.

Once, during the day, when we happened to be conversing alone, he spoke of Bolingbroke's Reflections upon Exile, which he said had been recalled to his memory just before he quitted

Shreveport, by our friend Judge Perkins, who read it aloud to a company of the Confederate Exiles, who happened to be dining with the Governor. Allen wanted to know "what I thought of it?"

I smiled, recognizing one of the peculiarities of Judge Perkins, whom I used to accuse of taking meal-times, always, as a preferred place and time of study,—the table at "Somerset," or at my house, or anywhere that books were accessible, being—at *his end* of it, before the meal was concluded—generally as much occupied with books as dishes. I told Allen "why" I smiled, but he insisted on having my "opinion of Bolingbroke," whom he "admired excessively"—especially of the "Reflections." (The conversation impressed me, so I write it down.)

"Well, if you must have my opinion, you remember Aristotle's 7th seeming enthymeme—'banishment is *desirable*, because a banished man has choice of places to dwell in.' Now that is just as wise to *me*, as Bolingbroke in those same famous Reflections. He endeavors to console, by *depreciating* and bringing into contempt the value of what we hate to lose in quitting our country. That was not good nor true philosophy, I think, though very beautiful, very sensible. Perhaps, it is yet no cataplasm for such wounds of the heart as banishment, poverty, separation from friends; for such sufferings, religion alone offers balm. The sentiment of *this* paragraph I like: 'The shortest and best prayer which we can address to Him who knows our wants and ignorance in asking, is this: *Thy will be done.*'

"I do not believe one 'could hold fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus.' I like the Greek Philocletes, who acknowledged his humanity, and cried out in his anguish. If any thing *could* assuage such grief, it *must* be '*dissipation of mind,*' or absorption of life in new and fresh interests—and '*length of time.*' The flying hours, with their noiseless fingers, gently touched and almost imperceptibly closed *all* wounds; nothing mortal could be permanent or infinite—not even sorrow, not even regret. We are, at best, but poor creatures, bounded on every side with limitation, with '*the conditioned,*'

as philosophers call it. Sensation grew blunted in time—nerves became numb under repeated shocks. We could feel nothing very long, in our mortality. *That* was the saddest thought of all to me—this want of permanence! Joy and grief, pain and sorrow, here *must* be momentary. It is beneficent, doubtless, but humiliating and saddening, that God has made us so, that *perishableness* is stamped on our whole nature.”

“Then you do not think any human passion immortal—not Love—not Memory? Divines believe that quality will live.”

“Love, which is God’s very being, is, *must be*, perennial; and Memory, if not infinite in us, nor eternal, because it has a beginning, seems to be at least undying, immortal, in our sense of immortality.

“When I say Love is perennial, I don’t mean mere animal instinct. In a world that we think will be immaterial (in our sense of materiality), where life for us will be unchanging and without end as far as *existence* is concerned, there can be no further need of animal passions to continue an immortal race of beings. But the highest Love of which we are capable even here, perhaps, must be perennial:—the giving out of one’s existence into others, or another existence—living for and in another, that Love—preferring the good, the well-being of others to our own—and finding chief joy in that losing of identity, and absolute absorption into a higher, truer, nobler nature! Even in the next life, I should think we would need spiritual companionship, because the great space between us and the Infinite God must be as immense then as now. However our faculties may be developed by spirituality, yet finite and limited all *created* intelligences must remain, unless we are united and absorbed in God! There is as great distance between the highest archangel and the Creator, as between us and Deity; so we would be lonely even in the better life without our former companions, it seems to me. We can never, in *any* life, however advanced in spirituality, have any feelings towards the Creator than those of adoration and wonder. We can never be God’s *companions*. *We can*

never understand Him! That is the great value of Christianity. To some extent, we could have companionship and sympathy with the Son of God, on account of his previous humanity and mortality.

“In the Deity, Love is probably *always* creative. His creations can never cease; but transcendent ideas of *his* being are beyond us. In *us*, who must in some sense still be limited and finite, unless we receive pantheistic doctrines, and believe we will lose our individuality and identity in the absorption into the Deity—in *us*, in that other life, Love, the highest love, the congenial union of sympathy, feeling, intellect, the truest ‘*friendship*’—perhaps, we would call it here, the true, eternal Eros—that *must* be perennial. It must develop, enlarge, and rejoice our souls; though thought only can be born from this union! This *can exist here*. I think it *will exist there*. Nothing temporal can affect or change this. So far, Love and Memory are eternal.”

“That is Platonism you are talking now.”

“Perhaps! But it is truth to me, and to all thinking, suffering people.”

“But Memory seems sometimes imperfect.”

“Memory does seem sometimes imperfect, and clouded here; but I believe it to be one of the essential qualities of man’s soul, and to be, of course, immaterial—therefore, as indestructible. Without some degree of Memory, reason itself ceases to be.

“Yes, you may say, ‘reason ceases to govern in a maniac, or even in abstracted, forgetful people;’ but it does not, in the sense that I mean. Intellect, which includes all these qualities, remains, though its visible, external operations may cease ‘in this coarse, muddy vesture of decay.’ In any sequence of thought, which is the life of the soul (its *motion*), there must be a certain exercise of association and memory. Even in such persons, the mind is not entirely dormant. It acts spasmodically, and with imperfect utterance only.”

“But idiots! What do you think of them?”

“The soul of idiots, though bound, like Circe’s beasts, in adamantine fetters of imperfect organization, *still is*. Experiments have proved that even they have what we call soul, intellect. But all mental emotions depend in *us* so greatly upon exercise or education! The nerves by which we are acted upon, in our material life, are capable of only a certain amount of use. They soon wear out, because they are animal, mortal, necessarily *changeful*. We can, therefore, endure only so much grief, pain, or joy. After that limit is reached, which varies in different persons, humanity sinks down, fainting, stupefied, senseless. Therefore, I think *Schiller* is right, when he says: ‘No pang is permanent with man. From the highest, as from the vilest things of every day, he learns to wean himself; for the strong hours conquer him.’ And so I think Bolingbroke wrong. Schiller was a poet, and saw truer than the material, pantheistic Stoics; but both Bolingbroke, Boethius, in his Consolations of Philosophy, Seneca, or any of those authors, may be used as weak anodynes for a suffering human heart, ‘like dull narcotics numbing pain;’ but reaction or insensibility must come after a certain amount of suffering.”

“But if Love and Memory are immortal, why not grief and pain also?”

“We are speaking of Love and Memory in connection with ‘*the good*’ in a better Life; of grief and pain, in connection only with mortality. As to the condition of the irredeemably wicked in the next life, Scripture seems to speak decidedly, though Origen thought they were all eventually redeemed and purified; but we don’t know what destructive, disorganizing effects, what we call *sin*, may have upon the soul. It is ‘*death*’ that is dissolution, change, reduction into elementary principles in our nomenclature. But we know so little—so little—about all these things. It is all speculation and reasonings from our limited analogies. The more I study, the less I feel inclined to assert or dogmatize. You have been accustomed to a school of Theology which seems to define and assert so positively on all points. I, to one which simply receives with

humility, acknowledging the mysteries everywhere around us. To all your questionings on these points, I can only say, *I don't know. We don't know. I can only offer speculation; but we will know*—that I believe hereafter, to an extent inconceivable to us now.”

* * * * * * *

“Then you think all human relations cease with life?”

“So far as they are merely animal, springing from mortal necessities, I should think they must perish or be changed with the body; but human relations are not necessarily limited to animal wants. Upon every human or animal tie may be superadded this higher, more beautiful spiritual affinity, that we are speaking of as undying. *We call it ‘friendship.’* Scripture and the ancient philosophers call it ‘Love.’ This may exist between parent and child, husband and wife, sister and brother, persons of the same or different sexes. Such affections, it seems to me, become parts of the very soul, identified in it and with it. — They must last, if it does.”

“I like such thoughts. They are truly consoling.”

“You’ll find such ideas beautifully rendered in Emerson, who, if he is a Yankee, and hates us, is a seer and a poet, whom I do not hate. He says:

“‘But only that soul can be my friend which I encounter on the line of my own march, that soul to which I do not decline, and which does not decline to me, but, native of the same celestial latitude, repeats in its own all my experiences.’

“To return to Bolingbroke. What comfort can he give to you or Judge Perkins, who both leave behind you, as I know, such friendships as these we speak of. You may, by chance, form such, elsewhere, but it is not likely. Instead of ‘*indifference,*’ or depreciation of the good you leave, take hope with you—hope of return. My favorite Emerson says also: ‘Let the soul be assured, that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.’ Both of you have such friends here, I believe. Take, too, the assurance of constant remembrance on

the part of those who love you at home; and then, with the Christian sense of *Unity in God*, you will not need the Stoics. *I shall persistently* believe that you will all be restored to us again—that shall be my comfort.”

* * * * *

“What do you think was the ruling principle of the Stoics?”

“Pride!”

“And of your favorite Plato?”

“Love of the beautiful, the holy, the pure! Now it seems to me, whatever consolation might be found in any of the Philosophical sects, under the ills of Life, can be more largely received in Christianity—simply regarding it as a system of philosophy, without consideration of its claims as a revelation to man, or discussing the extent of inspiration. Christianity teaches contempt of worldly goods, with the Stoics—love of the beautiful, with the Platonists—desire of pleasure, in a higher sense than the Epicureans,—and teaches all this from a nobler motive than ancient philosophy. In all three sects, *self* was the object and end of all effort, even towards good. In Christianity it is love of others, self-denial for the sake of others, joy in others, and the entire abandonment of one's nature to the noblest, the highest of all existences, that is, the Creator himself, whose perfect attributes are softened to *us* in the person of Christ! Why should one go to the heathen sects for solace now? But what a sermon you have led me into!”

“With Bolingbroke for a text! I like your sermons—I like every thing you say!”

“It is the consciousness of being understood, that encourages me to talk so. *This* would be idle romance to some persons!”

“You know how grateful I am for your friendship. I am willing to adopt yours (or Plato's, or whose is it?) theory of the immortality of Love and Memory, and let grief and pain go with mutable humanity—and the Stoics go with them!”

“Christ was no Stoic! nor should Christians be!” If we

harden ourselves against suffering, which belongs only, so far as we know certainly, to this educational period of our immortal natures, we will never be any better! We must weep, and suffer, and go up higher in spirituality.

“Remember, that it was only on condition of the possibility of his *ceasing* to be a Christian, that Montesquien said he would regret the destruction of the Stoics. The ‘if’ is most important here :

“ ‘*Si je pouvois un moment, cesser de penser que je suis chrétien, je ne pourrois m’empêcher de mettre la destruction de la secte de Zénon au nombre des malheurs du genre humain.*’

* * * * *

“Again, Bolingbroke, after bidding you to test and discover the falseness and selfishness of your ‘hosts of friends,’ acknowledges you may discover a few, true and faithful, worthy of the name, for whom he does not ‘forbid you to grieve.’ Now, as the value of all things is enhanced by their rarity, it seems to me a queer sort of consolation to prove the quality of what you lose, at the expense of quantity. Won’t you grieve more for the single Koh-i-noor, when certainly ascertained, than if your affections were divided amongst a thousand false brilliants? This does not seem good philosophy to me!

“But see how impertinently you have forced me to discuss one of the finest writers in the English language. We had better let ‘*St. John*’ sleep, instead of waking him up!

Leaving ‘meaner things,
To low ambition and the pride of kings!’”

“Ah! well!

“I am very content to think of the limitation to pain, regret, or sorrow, even through human weakness, as you put it! God knows I don’t want such emotions to endure—but I don’t want to be forgotten. I would not like that—neither in my life nor after death! I cannot bear the thought!

“Do you remember what the Skald sings, in the Mud-King’s Daughter?”

“No! What is the Mud-King’s Daughter!”

“One of Hans Andersen’s fairy tales! that I like as much as the children. The Skald sings this:

‘Fortune dies, friends die—one dies one’s self—but a glorious name never dies!’”

“I do not think you will be soon forgotten.”

“There are portions of my life I would like to have set clear before the world. Will you promise me to write my Biography some day? I have been asked for it.”

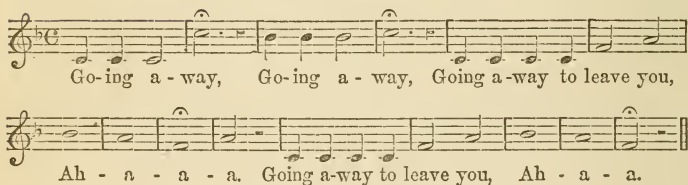
“If I live, I will do it!”

This conversation occurred whilst we were returning from a visit to Governor Moore’s family. I had driven over to their cottage in a buggy, to invite them to join us at dinner. Allen had accompanied me. All his words and thoughts have interest for his friends, especially such as are characteristic at such a time. They aid in giving a psychological portrait, and so I write all I can remember of this last day, even at the risk of egotism. These Exiles were personal friends of mine. I suffered in parting with them: for some I suffer still—for those who are still absent and still living! Every thing was very quiet and still, nothing audible but the low murmur of our voices, when suddenly arose from the prairie beyond us, one of the beautiful, plaintive, cattle or “salt” songs of Texas. These wild, simple melodies had a great attraction for me. I would often check my horse on the prairies, and keep him motionless for a half-hour, listening to these sweet, melancholy strains. Like all cattle-calls, they were chiefly “*minor*.” I thought them quite as singular and beautiful as the Swiss Ranz des Vaches, or the Swedish cattle-calls. They consisted of a few chanted words, with a cadence and a long *yödl*. Sometimes the *yödling* was aided by what the Texan boys called “quills”—two or more pipes made of reed—“*cane*” (*arundinaria macrosperma*). This made a sort of limited syrinx, which gave wonderful softness and flute-like clearness to the prolonged tones of the

voice, as it was breathed into them. The boy sang one of his saddest "calls." I looked quickly, to see if Allen had noticed the melancholy words and mournful air. I saw he had. He ceased talking, and his face was very grave.

The boy sung—

"Going away to leave you,
 Ah—a—a—a—
 Going away to leave you,
 Ah—a—a—a—
 Going away to-morrow,
 Ah—a—a—a—
 Going away to-morrow,
 Ah—a—a—a—
 Never more to see you,
 Ah—a—a—a—
 Never more to see you,
 Ah—a—a—a—"*



This had always been an affecting strain to me ; it was doubly so under the existing circumstances. The song died mournfully away. We drove on in silence for a few moments. Allen roused himself, with a sigh :

"That boy's song is very sad."

*I write of this call as I used to hear it sung. This is not in a minor key, but it has a very plaintive effect, echoing over the prairies. Another, wilder and more elaborate, I cannot recall now exactly—which begins, "Yonder comes my darling." The simple melopee is followed by a long yödl, in this one, that reminded me of the cadenced vowels, prolonged in the Ambrogian Chants.

"Yes, but he sings it very frequently. He knows nothing about you. It is neither a prophecy nor intended to be sympathetic,—you need not make special application of it!"

"No; but it may prove a strange coincidence."

"You shan't say that. I won't listen to such a thought. You'll only spend a pleasant summer travelling in Mexico. We'll see you at the opera in New Orleans, next winter."

"I hope so."

Our conversation reverted now to past years. Allen spoke of his early friends among my relatives; of his whole career in Louisiana; of his wife, with tenderness—of her beauty and her love for him. His future was so uncertain—that he scarcely alluded to that—never with any hopefulness. It was only in the past he seemed to find repose of spirit. The present was too sad, the future too shadowy for any discussion of either.

How trifles light as air imprint themselves on the "palimpsest" of our minds, almost without our consciousness! At dinner that day, I remember, the servants had neglected to fill the silver dish which was used for butter. It stood on its tripod, empty, in the centre of the table. During the meal Allen wanted some butter with his potatoes. Stretching out his hand, he lifted the solid cover of the dish; it was vacant. Catching my eye, he asked, with a smile, "What is this?"

"Why," rejoined Ex-Governor H——, instantly, "why do you ask her? don't you see it is *but a dish*?" (butter-dish.)

I laughed, and ordered the butter to be brought on.

After dinner, we were scattered about the room—some of the gentlemen looking over a portfolio of rare Dusseldorf engravings, I had thrown in my trunk for study, when I fled from my home on Lake St. Joseph; some smoking their pipes filled with perrique; some sipping coffee,—a rare luxury at that time, for which I was indebted to a friend who got it from Mexico. Allen was sitting on the low window-sill, chatting with Mrs. ——; and "*Josephine*," without any accompaniment, at his earnest request, sang in her full, rich, glorious voice, "Bird of Beauty," "Juanita," and others of his favorite songs.

Later in the evening, after our guests of the day had quitted us, we were all grouped together on the open gallery which ran along the front of the little cottage; I sat on the steps running down into the yard, talking with Col. —, Allen's *compagnon de voyage*. Allen sat near by, conversing with Mr. —. After some light remarks, Col. — spoke of Renan's "Life of Jesus," which he had just read, and began to discuss the doctrine eliminated in it.

Allen exclaimed, in a tone of vexation, to Mr. —, "There, now, listen at Col. —, he has got upon religion with Mrs. —!"

Mr. — smiled, as he replied: "He won't startle her, you need not be troubled; she reads all the infidels and pagans!"

Allen then ceased his conversation, and turned to listen to ours, with evident interest.

From Renan our conversation turned on Christianity and socialism. Col. — said:

"You see the consequence of your worship, if Christ was but a man?"

"Yes, I see plainly as you do, if he was but a man. We Christians are of course *idolaters*—that is what you mean! I am willing to take the consequence." It is useless to write here all the arguments pressed on both sides. Col. — was able, subtle, brilliant. I simply urged the usual arguments of Theological authorities. But before we can decide positively as to the philosophical impossibility of a "God-man," such as Christianity now claims in its founder, we will have to penetrate the very elementary mysteries of being: we will have to learn the secret of life, of creation, of universal generation. We will have to discover how *we*, human creatures, "live and move and have our being," in Deity—what we are, and what He is—how far he does, and how far he (not *can*) but how far he *will*, dwell in us, or any intelligence in *this* or any stage of being. So long as Scripture is received as inspiration, no hypothesis can shake his claims to Divine power. Christianity will not be affected. But the German and English Exegists, the forced confessions of its defenders, the inquisitions of Lessing, Strauss,

Colenso ; the attacks upon Scripture, the examination into the extent of its inspiration ;—these are the blows of the Titans against Olympus ; they strike faith at its foundations. As to the dreams and metaphysics of Philosophers, they are of no more value than the Utopia, or than Plato's dream of a Republic ; they amuse, and interest, but they teach us nothing but the extent of our ignorance, which alone seems infinite as far as we are concerned ; and ignorance with us *is infinite*, because we do not—we never can—know much of the Infinite God. We know nothing about him except what he pleases to tell us ; we know nothing of spirit, we know almost as little of matter. The very forces which unite and hold together, in certain forms, the cellular atoms of which our body is made, are mysteries to us. Life is as wonderful as Death ! “ This flash between two seas of eternal night,”—out of one, into the other,—as Montaigne calls it ! We lie, at last, worn, exhausted with our own ineffectual efforts to understand infinite things with finite minds, before the calm, impenetrable vitality of this lofty, impassive Sphinx, Nature,—lie wearily,

“ Like the dusty Lybian kings,
Lie with two wide-open wings
On our breast, as if to say,
On these wings hope flew away.”

Only “ hope ” comes back to us, because, though we learn so little of mental or spiritual truths, we learn so much of the Creator's beneficence and careful love for us, and all his creation, that we revive again, and, kneeling in humble, grateful adoration, receive the living drops of honey—wisdom—he sees fit to give us here ; trusting him to feed us still, evermore, as he chooses to enlarge our soul, and its vital needs. These were the thoughts that dwelt in my mind, and to which I gave partial expression. Allen listened to us with deep interest. Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the summons to the supper-table. Allen turned to me, his face glowing,—“ I like

to hear you talk so. Col. — says you take large and most sensible views on such subjects. He likes to talk to you.”

“Governor Allen, you are better than I am; you are a Christian from internal, child-like faith. I am only *determinately* one, because I have found nothing more satisfactory! But I respect Col. —. I respect honest doubt in all things!”

These little incidents of the last days we spent together, lead me, perhaps, into egotism, which I should regret; but I feel almost as if I was writing this biography before the bar of Rhadamanthus. I write down all that I think would interest Allen’s friends to know. They will pardon the seeming vanity, for the sake of the friendship which, for the moment, has swallowed up all personal feeling.

When I gave him his candle, as he was about to retire that night, in superintending the arrangement of the apartments of my guests (for the house was full of gentlemen), I observed the small size of the portmanteau he had with him, and expressed my fear that he was not taking clothes sufficient to make him comfortable. He told me that he had several suits, “among them, a full suit of Confederate uniform,” which he intended “to keep as long as he lived.” He was dressed, for travelling, in a light, loose suit of checked linen,—the coat made like a full hunting-shirt. He travelled partly in his ambulance, and often on horseback. His aid and two other gentlemen accompanied him, with his faithful servants—Valery and Alfred. They were all armed to the teeth. They bivouacked during the day, and stopped at houses along the road at night.

As I arranged his luncheon-basket, on the morning of his departure, he showed me, smiling, his *tin* tumblers, that he had made during “Confederate times,” when it was nearly impossible to procure glass or china. I said, “No! I don’t want you to drink out of tin—here is one of my silver goblets, which belonged to my mother. You remember her. And I have drank out of these since I was an infant. Keep this, for your own personal use. It will bring back old associations—

Natchez, Lake St. Joseph—all your friends to you, whenever you take a drink of water.’

He took the goblet, and put it in his over-coat pocket, and used it to the last hour of his earthly life. During this last visit, I never renewed my arguments against his quitting the country. I had already said and written all that I had to say on that subject. He had resolved to go, and all that remained for a true friend to do, was to aid and sustain him in what he regarded as the right course for him to pursue, though the most painful.

I knew, also, that the very strenuousness with which he had urged the expediency of the surrender of the Trans-Mississippi Department, would, in itself, prove an obstacle to his remaining, to be included in it. His susceptible pride would take alarm at the mere suggestion that he was actuated in his care for the people by any thought of self-interest.

Besides, our minds were in such a confused state, we scarcely knew what any of us had to expect from the victorious party, or what would become of our whole people. So that in urging him not to leave Louisiana, I argued more from instinct, which revolted at any thing like abandonment of a post of duty, and from a temperament which always sought rather to advance to meet and defy danger, than to turn and avoid it, than from any well-grounded assurance or hope of security for him, or any one else. I felt more anxiety for his reputation, for his fame, than for his life and freedom. His natural instincts would have induced similar views; but his judgment and feelings were overpowered by the reasonings and entreaties of his friends.

The weather was clear,—the days bright, sunshiny, charming, in the early and later periods, but warm at noonday. On the morning of his departure, we stood alone, looking out in the gray light. The sun was just rising, and the clouds were beginning to blush under the spreading rays. The earliest birds were singing. The air was soft and fresh, still moist from the dewy exhalations of the green earth. The ambulance was

packed, and at the door. We waited only the coming of the other guests, to take our morning meal together, for the last time! He had come out and joined me, on the gallery, where I was superintending the packing of the ambulance, and the housewifely preparations for his comfort in travel.

He was freshly nerved, and determinedly strong; but his words of salutation, meant to be gay, only shocked and upset the temporary calmness every woman knows how to assume when needful, to strengthen those dear to her: "Good-morning, my dear friend. *What a delightful day!*"

I could not resist the rush of emotion, which shook me for an instant, as I replied, mournfully and reproachfully:

"How could any day be delightful!"

In an instant the tears streamed from his eyes. He could not check the torrent. He covered his eyes with his hands. But just as quickly I had regained self-command, and said, extending my hand to him:

"You will all come back—all of you. We will have you, and Governor Moore, and Governor Morehead—all, all of you back, before twelve months is over!"

He took my hand in silence, but shook his head doubtingly. The other friends now joined us. The last hurried repast was soon despatched,—the parting blessings breathed. He rode off on horseback: on one side of him Mr. —, who accompanied him ten miles on his way; on the other, his faithful friend and aid, Colonel Denis. And so, when I think of him, I see him still, riding off in the gray morning-light, with all the sorrowful undauntedness of Albert Dürer's knight.

In one of his addresses, he had said: "The ways of Divine Providence are mysterious; none can find them out! In these times of war, of great trial and distress, there is only one rule of life that will carry us to the haven of final peace—it is, to be true to our country, do our duty faithfully, *and leave the rest to God.*"*

* Oration in honor of Madame Beauregard.

I had letters from the Brazos; and till within a few days of his death, his letters were continual to me. I use them now to complete this history. His notes were often only hurried pencil lines; but at the cities, *en route*, he would write longer and fuller letters. He received great kindness all through Texas. One morning he found pinned in his hat, which he had thrown carelessly on a table, the words, "*Don't leave us,—MISSOURIAN.*" At San Antonio he was fêted, and his ambulance loaded with dainties. The people did every thing they could to express their admiration and grateful love towards him.

Stopping once at a man's house, and sending to request hospitality for the night, the man said: "If it is Governor Allen, of Louisiana, he is welcome to my house, and *any thing I have got in it!*"

His companions tell me that though at first he was quiet and depressed in spirits, after journeying a few days he threw aside the burden of melancholy, and was the most cheerful of the whole party, long before they reached Mexico. He never resisted the *inevitable* in fortune; he only made the best he could out of it.

A mutual friend writes me: "I met Allen on his way out to Mexico; he held out his open hands to me, saying, '*Judge, they are clean!*' And they were. I thank God that it was permitted me to know so pure a man. We lawyers see so many rascals, that I believe we are able to appreciate and honor an honest man, more than any other class."

LETTER TO COLONEL SANDIDGE.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, June 15, 1865.

Colonel John M. Sandidge:

MY DEAR SIR—We arrived safe here last evening, having had quite a pleasant trip, all things considered. The people everywhere were more than kind. I actually feel proud that I have been the Governor of Louisiana, for even the women and children had heard of me, and all vied with each other to do me honor. *This is a city, full of goods and strangers—full*

of refugees, going further west. General Shelby will arrive to-day, with his command: we will all go together. If you are intimate with the Federal commander, give him my compliments, and say to him, that I have to ask of him but "*one favor*"—that he will rule our poor people mildly, and not let them feel the horrors of subjugation. If he will do this, all my feelings of hatred and antipathy will cease, and *I will never again raise* my hand against the United States authorities. *I ask nothing* for myself. I am perfectly willing to remain in exile the rest of my life. D—— sends his regards. Please remember me kindly to Mrs. Sandidge and your gallant boys, and ever believe me, very truly,

Your sincere and devoted friend,

HENRY W. ALLEN.

Colonel Denis writes me of this journey: "We left San Antonio on the 17th June, 1865, literally *loaded* with presents of all sorts, made by kind friends, to the Governor: boxes of wines, fine liquors, preserves, cigars, coffee, etc.,—good things, of which we had lost all but the remembrance during the war.

"We directed our journey towards Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande, having heard at San Antonio that the Federals were in possession of Brownsville, opposite Matamoras. We were therefore bound to go by Monterey, Saltillo, San Luis Potosi, Queretaro, to the city of Mexico.

"Our train was at first very large, being composed, besides Governor Allen, Governor Moore, and three friends, of Generals Kirby Smith, Magruder, Sterling Price, Shelby, Hawes, Gordon, Governor Clark, and Governor Murrah (both of Texas, and others), Generals Walker, Preston, etc.

"Subsequently we separated, and Governor Allen, Governor Moore, and myself remained alone of our party.

"After passing through Castroville and Dennis, the last two villages of the western frontier of Texas, we arrived on the 23d of June at Eagle Pass (or Fort Davis). We crossed the

Rio Grande on barges, and set our feet for the first time on Mexican soil at the little Indian village of *Piedras Negras*.

“We had been travelling, since we left Shreveport, alternately on horseback and in the Governor’s ambulance, camping out at night after we left San Antonio, and mounting strict guard, to protect our horses, mules, and *ourselves* from surprise or attack from roving marauders, which abounded at that time on the frontier. From *Piedras Negras*, we proceeded westward to Monterey, where we arrived on the 3d of July. We spent there five days; at Saltillo we remained one day. We reached San Luis Potosi after five days’ travel; we spent a week here, and the Governor sold the horses and mules. We now took the stage-coach for the city of Mexico. We were six days on the way, and reached the capital on the 27th of July. This is the brief account of a very long journey.”

In spite of his horror of imprisonment and his flight from his native land for the purpose of avoiding it, Allen had to submit to the ignominy of being *arrested*. The Confederate exiles were most kindly treated by the people of Monterey. And Governor Allen was invited to breakfast with the French Commandant. At the hour appointed, numerous guests were assembled to meet him. Minute after minute elapsed—and the Governor, usually so punctilious in matters of etiquette, was not yet arrived. At last, the host was obliged to invite the company to the table without Governor Allen. A half-hour behind the time he joined them, very much flushed and considerably discomposed, made some excuse to the host, and took his seat amongst the convives. His friends plied him with questions in regard to his delay, all of which he dexterously parried; but when they had nearly gotten through the feast, he burst into a hearty laugh, and told the joke on himself. He had mounted his horse early, and set off for a ride around the environs of the city, alone. Getting out some distance, he saw some fortifications which attracted his attention; he rode up to them and began to examine them, with the eye and interest of a connoisseur. While absorbed in this pleasant survey, he was

suddenly tapped on the shoulder by a sentinel, forced to dismount, and march three-quarters of a mile on foot, to the officer in charge. In vain he protested. He knew little French and no Spanish; so the sentry was inexorable. On he had to limp, with neither crutch nor cane, to headquarters. There was some delay in finding the officers, who had all been invited to meet him at breakfast. So there he had to stay, chafing in durance vile, with the aggravation of knowing he was delaying the breakfast, until after the proper officer was discovered, and he was released, very much annoyed and vexed; but amused in spite of himself, and fully determined to exercise more discretion in future, in examining fortifications in a strange land.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, MEXICO, July 18th, 1865.

MY DEAR COLONEL—This will inform you that we have arrived safe at this place, after a long, tiresome trip. Governors Moore and Denis are with me. We are all very well. Will remain here a few days, and then go on to the city of Mexico, about 300 miles. It is my intention to settle permanently in that place, as I have no idea *that I will ever be permitted to return.* My means are nearly exhausted, but I do not despair. I shall go to work, with a hearty good-will, at any thing by which I can turn an honest penny. I often think of you, my dear friend, as one of the best and truest men I ever knew. It is highly probable that we shall never meet again, as I see by the United States newspapers that all who are excepted from the proclamation of amnesty will be brought to trial. It is a hard fate to be cut off from home and all we hold dear on earth; but, my dear Colonel, I think I am equal to the emergency. I shall not whine over my misfortunes; but with cool head and firm purpose, endeavor to rise above all my troubles. I sincerely trust, my dear friend, that the United States authorities are governing our people with kindness, and that their lot may be made as easy and pleasant as possible. God grant that Louisiana may be wisely governed, and that her people may never be made to feel the

horrors which many anticipate. The citizens of Mexico have everywhere and on all occasions treated us with great kindness. I was invited to an elegant party, last evening, at Signor G——'s, where were assembled many ladies and gentlemen to do us honor. This is a delightful place. In latitude twenty-four—still the climate is as cool to-day as our fall weather. Present my kindest regards to Mrs. Sandidge, and say to her that I have not yet seen a pretty woman in Mexico! Even in the most elegant society, all smoke the cigarrita. They sing, and play, and dance very well. Wear no bonnets, but go bare-headed. Denis sends his regards. And now, my dear and noble friend, good-bye. God bless you. Write me often, to the city of Mexico.

Ever your friend,

HENRY W. ALLEN.

ITURBIDE HOTEL, CITY OF MEXICO.

August 7th, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. —: I arrived in this great city some ten days ago, and have been well received by the civil and military authorities. I wrote you from Monterey and San Luis Potosi, and also, frequently, on the road from Crockett to Monterey. Governor Moore, and Generals Preston, and Smith, and Walker have all gone to Havana. Generals Magruder and Wilcox are here. I left Generals Price, and Hindman, and Hardeman in Monterey. This, I believe, disposes of all our distinguished exiles.

My dear friend, I am delighted with Mexico, so far. It is certainly the garden-spot of this Continent, and in the hands of the Americans or the French, will make a most delightful country in which to live. This is the climate for all who are suffering with pulmonary diseases. Here are no consumptions. We are 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and to-day, the 7th of August, is as pleasant as the month of October with us. On last Sunday, I went to military mass, at the grand cathedral. The Marshal and his staff, brilliantly dressed, were present. The old church was crowded, a full band of music

played, and during the ceremony, the soldiers, who were around the altar, with their muskets in hand, knelt and saluted, *à la militaire*. The band played beautiful pieces from the *Trovatore* and *Norma*. This is life in Mexico! Here is great display of fine carriages and elegant equipages. The houses of the wealthy are most luxuriously furnished. In fact, every thing is in barbaric splendor. The city has a population of 250,000, of which only 50,000 are gentlemen or merchants. The rest are Indians or *Leperos*, who throng the streets as fruit-sellers, or venders of small-wares, water and *Pueke* carriers, &c., &c.

I have been kindly received by the Marshal and others in high position. Many persons have called upon me, and made my stay, thus far, in Mexico, very agreeable. The ladies here are truly very handsome. At the opera, the other evening, I saw a great many very pretty women. They dress very elegantly, with a profusion of jewelry. They wear no bonnets. An elegant mantilla is thrown over the head. Notwithstanding the Mexican ladies are pretty and splendid, I prefer the beauty of those of Louisiana. I could never lose my heart with women who seem to lack intelligence, and whose love for show and expensive dress and jewelry, seem to be their ruling passion. To me, intellect and gentle goodness alone are *divine*, in your sex! I wish you were here, to join me in my daily rides and excursions. Your knowledge of Spanish, and all languages (how many is it?) would be of such great assistance. I went to-day to the celebrated cypress-tree, known as the tree of Cortes. It is near the city, on the Paseo, and it really *looks very old, indeed!* It was here that Cortes sat down and wept. It was here he spent the "triste noche." Everywhere around this great city, you see places full of historic interest. In the museum stands the huge sacrificial stone, covered with hieroglyphics. I regret so much, dear friend, that I cannot, in the short space of this letter, give you an account of many things I have seen here. I have taken a Spanish master, and am now daily engaged busily in

learning the beautiful language. I am preparing myself to teach school, by giving English lessons in a few good families. I find I can make a support, which is all I want, thank God. I, at least, breathe free air, and, although I am poor and penniless, yet I am a free man; not shut up in a dreary prison. *Poor Mr. Davis!* An invitation has just been handed me to the palace, to be presented to the Emperor and Empress, to-morrow, at 1½ o'clock. I shall go, and write you again an account of my interview. Commodore Maury is here. He is in high favor at court. He is with me in this hotel. He is in fine health, and has become a citizen of Mexico. One can get the finest coffee and sugar lands at \$1 per acre, payable in five years. Write me immediately. Regards to Mr. —.

Ever your friend,

HENRY W. ALLEN.

P. S. I left San Antonio on the 17th of June last. I *have not received a line*, nor had a word from the United States since. *You promised to write!* Please write by every opportunity. We get no mails here, regularly, of any kind. Adios, mi cara querida señora.

CITY OF MEXICO, August 10th.

MY DEAR MADAM:

Since writing you, I have been presented to their Majesties. They received us very graciously. The Empress is an elegant woman, highly cultivated, and speaks the English language very well. She assured us that we poor Confederate exiles had her heartfelt sympathy, and that we were welcome in Mexico. I am much pleased with both of them, and shall make this city my home, while an exile. It is hard to be exiled from home and friends, and all we hold dear on earth; but I suppose it cannot be helped! Generals Price and Polk, of Missouri, and Judge Perkins, arrived to-day. They are all well. Thank God! we are all, at least, beyond the power of persecution, prisons and chains. Judge Perkins looks in fine health. He sends his warmest regards to you and Mr. —. He says he will write you soon. No letters yet

from anybody! Not a line from you! It is *strange!* But your letters may be at Matamoras. I know, I told you to write there. I have no doubt, I blame you unjustly, in my impatience; but we don't even get newspapers from the States. It makes it seem so far, far off! I think sometimes you have forgotten me. "*Les absens ont toujours tort.*" I am reading a Spanish paper every morning. The carriage containing the Host is just passing my windows. All are on their knees. Even the Emperor, in passing, has stopped his carriage, and has gotten out, and is on his knees!!! The French officers and soldiers, I see, do not kneel. They simply raise their caps. I am reading Prescott, I am ashamed to say, for the first time. Of course, you, who have read every thing in all the languages of Babel, have read *it*. Don't you think it a remarkable book? Such great research and such beautiful style!

I dined yesterday with a party of Englishmen. We had a most magnificent dinner—7½ o'clock: returned at 12 M. I am really grateful for the kindness I receive. It, in some measure, takes away the unpleasant part of an exile's life. Write me, *as often as you can!*—*all the political news and conditions*, as well as the social and literary!—*every thing, anything*—only write.

Adieu—yours ever,

H. W. A.

HOTEL DE SAN CARLOS,
CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 5th, 1865. }

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your letters of the 22d of June and 3d of July, were only received to-day. The others you mention are still at Matamoras. I am glad to hear that there is a prospect of returning quiet to our distracted land. I say *our*, I ought to say *your*, for I suppose I shall have to stay in Mexico. Permit me to sincerely thank you, dear, good friend, for your kind letters, and the interest you have ever felt in my welfare. I shall ever feel towards you as a beloved sister, and if the prayers of "*the*

wicked" avail any thing, you, and your good and noble husband, shall have them. Since writing that long and tiresome letter (to you), I have made arrangements to publish a newspaper in English, in this place. Enclosed, I send you a prospectus. You can't, of course, act as agent for the paper, but you can appoint one for me, and correspond for the paper. I will be under many obligations for your letters. Make them general. Touch gently on politics (*that is, in your letters for the paper*), as I do not wish to publish any thing offensive to the United States authorities. I am out of money, and must do something to live. I am too proud to beg, and too honest, I hope, to steal; so I have therefore gone to work as editor of this weekly newspaper. I will send the newspaper to you regularly, and shall look out for *critiques*. Don't be too severe! You know it is a new *vocation to me*. I am delighted to hear, through your letter, from my old friend Dr. Martin. Thank you, my dear friend, for your kind treatment of him. He is very dear to me. Good-bye. Write often. Give my regards to Mrs. — and the ladies of her household. Say to Mrs. — that I heard from her father on yesterday. He was in Havana. Her letter to him was enclosed to me from San Antonio, a week or two ago. I sent it on immediately to Havana.

Very truly, your friend,

HENRY W. ALLEN.

The money to establish "the Times" was advanced, and the editorship offered to Allen, who agreed to become the proprietor of the paper, and repay the loan as soon as feasible. At this time he was without any means of support, except by teaching. But he was resolved never to entangle himself in political affairs, and "*to die a citizen of Louisiana.*"

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 1st, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

Your two letters, one dated July the 15th, and the other, Natchez, August 23d, have just been received. I read them

with intense pleasure, for, my dear madam, you are the only living soul that has written me a line since I left Shreveport, on the 2d day of June last. I have now been absent from Louisiana five months, and strange to say, of all my hosts of friends, none have written—all have forgotten me except yourself! I assure you that I do from the bottom of my heart appreciate your constant, pure, disinterested friendship. Your beautiful, kind words, are invaluable, and most consolatory to me. Milles gracias, cara querida Señora! I wish I knew as much Spanish as you do! But I am trying to learn, so as to read and speak the beautiful language with you, if we should ever meet again, which may God grant, though I see no hope now of my ever being permitted to return home! Colonel —— left me some two weeks ago. I gave him several letters for you, which I hope you have long since received. Well, my dear madam, I have turned editor, and am waiting impatiently for letters from you, to publish in “The Mexican Times.” Do write me often, and give me all the political and other news. Send me for publication a short history of General Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Write me some poetry, and send me any good pieces of original poetry you can get hold of! I shall send you the paper regularly—if possible. Please let me know how to send it. My whole time is taken up. I labor twelve hours every day, for I have to write all my editorials, and then see to getting up the paper. I can’t afford to employ an assistant. My health is not good. I suffer much from my old wounds, and am sometimes so lame that I can hardly walk to my office. But, my dear friend, I ought not to tell you this, it will only distress you: you can give me no relief. I have long since shut out from my heart all hopes of aid or sympathy from any source. Sometimes my spirit sinks a little, but not for long. My wounds make me feverish. Confinement, you know, is always irksome; and when I am sick in this lonely chamber, and I pass hours and hours with no one but my Mexican servant to listen to the impatient ravings of a fevered brain, oh, then, I think of those dear ones I have left in Louisiana, of home, of all

whom I love so much. But, my dear friend, enough of this, though it is a relief to be able to write you so freely! Yet I must not wantonly and selfishly distress you. I do not see how I can ever return to Louisiana! I cannot ask a pardon. A *parole* I would gladly accept. Perhaps a general amnesty may come—if not, I cannot with honor go back and ask pardon for what I don't consider a crime. Let my property go to those who have seized it—I can make another fortune. I am very, very thankful to my friends for their interest in my behalf. If I could ever serve the people of Louisiana, in any, the smallest degree, I will gladly, gladly do so. I will return eagerly to the people who have ever been so good, so true to me.

I go to the opera every night—being an editor, I have free admittance to all the theatres and operas. Last night they performed my favorite, the *Trovatore*. It was beautifully rendered, and I could not keep from shedding tears. Music has upon me now a strange effect. It takes me back to the scenes of my childhood and my early manhood—to the pleasant days I have spent with the warm hearts from which I am now forever parted—and leaves me for a while sad, and almost broken-hearted. I have made but few acquaintances in Mexico, but those few are select, and very agreeable. The Emperor and Empress have been very kind to me. I wish you could see “our Carlotta.” She is a noble woman, the fast and good friend of all unfortunates, such as we poor Confederates! She is so charitable!—a real *woman*! This is All Saints' Day. The whole of Mexico is in a ferment of pleasure and pleasure-seeking. High Mass at 8, bull-fights at 4 p. m., operas at night. I go to all, as much as I can, and have become quite a good Mexican. Give Mr. S——, General Wm. T. Martin, and J. S——, my kind regards; they have ever been my good friends. Good-bye. Pardon this melancholy letter. Write me often—your letters are inexpressibly comforting to me. That *was* a lovely extract from —— in the last! How thankful I should be for such a friend—*indeed, I am.*

Ever yours, HENRY W. ALLEN.

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 25, 1865.

R. C. CUMMINGS, Esq., *Shreveport, Louisiana* :

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letter of the 9th ultimo is just received, under cover of letter from Messrs. R. C. Cummings & Co., of New Orleans, and accompanied by a draft on London, in my favor, for the sum of one hundred and seventy-nine pounds sterling, the receipt of which has been duly acknowledged.

This is Christmas Day, and it does seem as if a kind Providence had so arranged it, that I should receive this material testimonial of regard from my devoted friends in Louisiana, as a *Christmas present*. Be pleased to express to those kind friends, who have joined you in this act of liberality, my sincere, my heartfelt thanks. But few men have had the good fortune to be blessed with so many good, true, and devoted friends, as have fallen to my lot. That Heaven would bless you, the State of Louisiana, and bring her citizens safe through their many trials and troubles, has been my constant prayer ever since I left her borders. I can never, never forget her! As for yourself, sir, this is not the first time that I have been placed under obligations to you. Accept the grateful thanks of an exile, with the hope that some day he may be able to repay, in part at least, the many acts of kindness rendered him by you. My friend, *it is true*, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that there is such a thing as friendship beyond the grave. If, therefore, we should never meet again—if it should be denied me to see my friends in Louisiana again on this earth—oh! I have the assurance that we shall meet again “beyond the skies.” When it shall please God to consign this mutilated body to its last resting-place—be it among strangers in Mexico, or friends in Louisiana—I will want no better epitaph inscribed on my tomb than the sentiment contained in the closing part of your letter :

“Your friends are proud to know that Louisiana had a Governor who had an opportunity of securing a million of dollars

in gold, and yet preferred being honest in a foreign land, without a cent."

My conscience tells me that I *did my duty*;—that I protected the people, and remained faithful, to the last, to the high trust confided to me. I have always believed, and now I know, that the good people of Louisiana have not forgotten—no, never will forget—him who was ever true to them.

With grateful feelings of undying friendship, I am, dear sir,

Yours truly and faithfully,

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN.

The following editorial greeting appeared in Allen's paper, Dec. 25th, 1866 :

"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."

Before this issue of our paper reaches most of our readers, the anniversary of our Lord and Saviour will have arrived. It is a day of rejoicing for the rich and the poor, the bond and the free, in all Christian lands, and even the captive in his lonely cell, if not permitted to participate in the festivities of this sacred and joyous occasion, will have pleasure in the recollections of the past.

Christmas day! On this day how many young hearts will leap with joy! how many mothers and fathers will call round them their children, and, kneeling before the throne of the great Jehovah, thank Him for His continued blessings! how many widows, clad in weeds of mourning, will gather their little ones close to them, and in humble supplication commune with the God of the fatherless! how many exiles in foreign lands will kneel in prayer and ask their Heavenly Father to protect their wives and children, and their dear, dear friends far away!

On last Christmas we were seated in our executive chair, the chief magistrate of the great State of Louisiana—the Governor of a noble constituency of lovely women and brave men. The Christmas before that we were a Brigadier-General in the field. On the next previous Christmas we were confined to our bed, given up to die, and suffering all the agonies of terrible wounds.

To-day we are in this great city, editing this humble paper, and coining our brain into daily bread; but, thank God, in good health—as it were rejuvenated—and now enjoying the hospitalities of the good and generous people of Mexico.

God bless the exiles, wherever they may be, in this wide world of sorrow; and may they, on the coming Christmas day, with grateful hearts thank all who have been kind to them in the land of the stranger. That heaven may bless our native land, and bind up the bruised and broken hearts, and dry every mourner's tear—is our sincere, our fervent prayer.

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 1st, 1865.

MY DEAR MADAM:

I send to-day by a friend three packages of ———, and slips that you asked for, and a long letter for you. My friend will mail them in Havana. In the mean time, I send you this line by mail. Do you get wearied of my frequent epistles? I am afraid sometimes you may; but I hope not. I write not only to gratify my own selfish heart, but to provoke your replies, which are so valuable to me. How good you are to write so often and so frankly! I am so grateful to you! I laughed heartily over your description of ———. The political position is rather lugubrious! It is well that you are amiable, with such a sense of humor, such power of satire, and so much learning as you have crammed in that little head of yours! This has been a great day in Mexico; for I, like all others, have spent the day visiting, and am now (8 o'clock at night) very tired. I have been to the British Minister's, to Marshal Bazaine's, to Count De Nones,' and other places, till my poor wounded limbs ache terribly. Please send me a letter every month for publication. Don't be too severe in your criticisms on my poor verses to the Empress. You know I am afraid of your laughing satire! The *Mexicans liked my poetry*; they say it "*is good*;" but as they are not finished *English* scholars, I have some misgivings. I *don't know*. My dear friend, I am writing for *bread*, and am happy to inform you that I am making a living, a good, respectable living. I think I have obtained the respect and confidence of the people of this great city. The Empress has been very kind; and I felt every line of the verses, "*if they do limp*." She is a great woman; every one loves her. * * * I am keeping house; my printers are living with me. We have Mexican

servants, and I am learning to speak the language. I give English lessons, which helps me to get along. Yes; I have "*lived for weeks on 25 cents—one meal—per diem.*" *Who told you?* But that is all over now; don't fret about it. How could I complain, "and *tell you of it?*" how could you aid me? As to what Buckner says about the climate, I can understand; it is delightful, though! I *am* going away—going to Paris in May. My wounds trouble me greatly.

* * * * *

If you should ever meet Miss —— again, please say to her that I have no matrimonial engagement with the lady she mentioned, nor with any other. My dear friend, what would I do with a wife? I can hardly support myself in my exile. I always thought *that marriage* a mistake, ill-judged. I am sorry about it: I liked them both. But it is all a lottery, and who draws a prize is lucky indeed. This is the carnival season in Mexico; the city is filled with maskers, and music of all kinds. I send you a flower, and a piece of Cortes' "*Tree of weeping*;" it is a huge cypress-tree. What lovely paintings you would make of these flowers! You would make a book superior to your Louisiana one. I am very impatient to get "*The Illumination*," that song of Moore's. I like it so much! and, illustrated by your skilful pencil, how valuable it will be! Last evening, I went to hear the opera of Martha, when, at the close, "*The Last Rose of Summer*" was sung. I had to quit the theatre; almost in tears; associations were too strong for me. It carried me back to Louisiana. * * * *

If you should see "*Vallery*," tell him "*howdy*" for me. He is a faithful and good servant, honest and true.

Ever yours,

H. W. A.

"I have just had a letter from Sandidge. What a friend he is! Give Governor H—— my regards. I am delighted to see him a director of the Citizens' Bank. The right man in the right place. If there *ever was an honest man*, Governor H——

is one. I have made the acquaintance of but few ladies—I have no time: with me, it is work, work, work; my daily bread depends on it. My paper is a success, but does not bring in much money yet; but my wants are few, and I am comparatively happy. Don't worry about me—you can't help me. They say I will get relief in Paris. I am going to try it. Yes! the women *are* “*like the Havanese,*” they are many of them “very fat,” but at the same time pretty. “Don't I remember old Mrs. Commonfort?” Of course I do, and the pretty girl with the dark eyes, and fire-flies. How little I dreamed, in those days of sunshine, I should be here an exile in their native land! The British Minister (Mr. Scarlett), has been very kind to me. I have received many courtesies at his hands. *Thanks for the clippings from the papers.* How considerate you are! My regards to your good husband.

Ever your friend,

HENRY W. ALLEN,

VERA CRUZ, March 15th, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your letters of February 16th, 18th, and 22d, with enclosed clippings from the New Orleans press, and letters for friends at Carlotta, all came safely to hand to-day. Many thanks for the same. I have already forwarded the extracts to the city of Mexico, to my paper. By the way, I regret so much you don't get the Mexican Times regularly. I know it would please you to have it. * * * *

I return to the city of Mexico to-morrow,—in a few days will start for Europe. I go to consult a surgeon about my wounds, for I suffer a great deal, and there seems no remedy. I do not know how long I shall be gone. It will depend on circumstances; but after the surgeon gets through with me, I am determined to visit Jerusalem and the Holy Land, if possible, before I return. You shall receive letters from me written on the banks of the “Jordan flood.”

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green.”

Don't you remember the hymn ?

I have a strange, romantic longing to bathe in the waters of that river, and to stand where Moses stood, and "view the promised land."

I always had this desire. Do you think it is superstitious? I am pretty certain *you sympathize* with me; so I don't fear your laughing. I am anticipating great pleasure in writing you the longest letters from all the interesting places. My paper will go on as usual. I will correspond with it, and also with the ———. My signature is ———. By this means I get the money to travel. Mr. ——— pays me so much per letter. *This is a secret.* Under this pay I hope to be able to travel twelve months, after getting through with the surgeon. I have received the letters you wrote about, but for a long time have had none from ———. When you write to Dr. Martin again, say to him that I have written him often since I left, and that I write him again to-day. There is an opera here at present—last night we had the *Trovatore*. There are so many pleasant recollections connected with it, that I enjoyed it very much. May Heaven bless and preserve you, my dear friend, is the prayer of

Yours truly,

H. W. A.

P. S.—I shall send you a wooden cross made out of cedar of Lebanon, for your mantel-piece. You will like that.

VERA CRUZ, March 16th, 1866.

Immigration is setting in fast to Mexico, *in earnest*. Every vessel brings many passengers as emigrants, from Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, and Missouri. There is land enough for all the South, but they are slow in surveying it; and all those who come here should bring some money. I fear there will be much misery among those colonists who come here without money. They had *better stay at home*. I am here for a few days on business. I find this a very agreeable place. Fish and oysters very good. I write

this sitting in the window of my hotel, which looks out upon the sea. The view is beautiful. Old ocean roaring at my feet, and the great castle in front, keeping "watch and ward" in the deep blue sea. I shall be in Havana very shortly—shall expect letters there. We had Lucia di Lammermoor last night, and the melancholy music still rings in my ears, "Fra poco—me, ricovero." How sad it is! * * *

I have just received a package of books from New York; among them Poe's works. I opened it at the Raven. I find myself continually repeating this verse,—its melancholy sentiment is most agreeable to me at times :

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend, I shrieked, upstarting—
Get thee back into the Tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken. Quit the bust above my door—
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
Quoth the Raven, *Never more.*"

What a strange thing it is! You can get my book of Travels from — and —, if you want it. Adios.

H. W. A.

VERA CRUZ, March 17th.

"I leave to-morrow, for my home in the grand old city of the Montezumas: will write you from thence. Adieu—God preserve you. I read —'s letter you enclosed, with much pleasure, and no little amusement—*it is so like him, and he is so unlike anybody else.* Oh! dulce, dulce Domum! But I receive much kindness here: I ought to be very grateful. *I am.* My sanctum in Mexico is the headquarters of all Americans. I do not expect to be permitted to return, but I shall live and die an *American citizen.*"

Whilst in Europe, in 1859, Allen purchased some valuable jewels—sleeve-buttons and studs, each composed of a single solitaire diamond. He told me of them, in Paris, laughing at himself for being guilty of the folly of spending three thousand dollars

in such "*vain trifles*," but it proved a very wise investment for him. In the early part of the Confederate War—just before he was going into a fight—a friend called at his tent, who was to quit the country and go to Cuba. As they were about to part, Allen suddenly recollected his set of diamonds,—took them out of his sleeves and shirt-bosom, and gave them, with his watch and some other valuables, to this friend, saying: "I am going into a fight,—I may be killed. I don't want the Yankees to get these. Take care of them for me; and if I am killed, keep them for my sake." The friend took them. After Allen reached Mexico, and could communicate with Cuba, of course his jewels were restored to him. These jewels, with the contributions from his friends in Louisiana, and I suppose something realized in Mexico by his paper, or in speculation, gave him a small fund to begin life with anew. But for some time he suffered a great deal from privation and want of means, immediately after his arrival in Mexico. He wrote me frequently, that there was abundant opportunity to make money, in almost any way, in Mexico, "*if one had a small capital to begin with.*"

"There is scarcely any thing that a skilful, ingenious man cannot accumulate means rapidly in, here."

"Tell Mr. —, with a very small capital he can make a fortune in a few years."

"Don't let anybody come without a little money; but, with a little, one can soon make a great deal."

He had some idea of investing a portion of his small capital in a vineyard near the city of Mexico, a share of which was offered him on very low terms, by a Confederate soldier turned vine-grower. I think he did so. All the Americans in Mexico were eager to aid him, in any way in their power. They saw how gallantly and unweariedly he breasted with his weak frame the adverse tide of fortune; how indefatigably he labored; how frugal and self-denying and liberal he was. Everybody was willing to give him a helping hand. His paper was a success. It had been attempted several times before Allen under-

took it; but an English paper had never been permanently established in Mexico. Few persons anticipated success for Allen, when, in the necessities of his condition, he agreed to conduct such a journal.

He had excellent judgment in investments and all the mysteries of trade and financiering,—qualities which, with his exaggerated sense of honor and his incorruptible integrity, made him a rarely efficient and valuable political economist. Had his physical strength been equal to the demands his resolute will and energy exacted of it, there is little doubt, had his life been prolonged, that he would have fulfilled the promise he calmly, and, as I wrote him, “so *boastfully*” made in one of his letters to me: “*Let them take my fortune, I can make another.*”

In November, 1865, he wrote to his friend, Colonel D——, very cheerfully, though, at *this time*, he was struggling with both pain and poverty. Colonel D——, who was much troubled about him, had proposed to make a collection in the State for his benefit. Allen remonstrates with him: “Don’t trouble yourself about raising a fund for me. I can work. I can live. I know there are many who would desire to help me that are not able,—the country is so ruined. I now labor twelve hours a-day over this newspaper, and am a happier man for it!”

In a postscript to the same letter, he says: “*The legs are giving way. I suffer a good deal from the reopening of my old wounds. I think I will be compelled to have one amputated.*”

I took one of his letters, in which he described the state of his wounds, and placed it in the hands of Dr. Warren Stone, the famous Southern surgeon. Dr. Stone wrote a very kind letter to Allen, advising against amputation, and recommending him to consult a surgeon, a friend of Dr. Stone’s, then in Mexico. Allen was very grateful to Dr. Stone for his friendly interest in him; spoke of it several times, in his letters to me, with much feeling. He wrote very carefully of politics, either American or Mexican. He believed that Maximilian

would be able to maintain himself. He thought a strong government best for Mexico. He considered Maximilian a very able man. As far as my personal knowledge goes, these were the opinions of nearly all the Southern people. Being an agricultural people, it is our interest to avoid disquiet and fanaticism in every way. *It has always been our interest.* Therefore, we are a patient people, contrary to the generally accepted belief of the Southern "*fire-eating.*" We do not like change. Our modes of life and thought are slow and old-fashioned. We have in our best circles much of the stately Spanish and French ceremony—none of the Puritan restlessness. If our men are sensitive and full of "*vain chivalry,*" it is always, with them, a blow or defence according to the fixed rules of the Code of Honor.

We therefore think any government, even despotism, better than anarchy or lawlessness; so we approved of an empire for Mexico, *if the Mexicans desired one.* Besides, Maximilian alone had ever shown towards us the slightest sympathy. He did but little for our exiles; but he spoke to them kindly, and allowed them to attempt to make a living in Mexico. They were grateful, and so are we—their friends at home.

Writing to him of my fears of a war with Mexico, on account of the Monroe doctrine, on the part of the United States, and the consequent overthrow of the empire, which interested me only so far as it concerned the exiles, Allen replied, "that he did not anticipate war. The empire was probably secure against that, so long as France and Austria sustained it. He anticipated rather internal trouble from want of money, the finances were in such a low state. If any thing produced a failure, it would be want of money on the part of Maximilian."

"Solon disait qu'il n'avait pas décrété aux Athéniens les meilleures lois possibles, mais seulement celles qui leur convenaient le mieux. Il y a tel peuple auquel il faut de mauvaises lois. Au reste, celles-ci ne sont mauvaises que par rapport à de meilleures nations : c'est l'exacte convenance des lois avec les caractères d'un peuple qui les rend utiles. Ainsi le despotisme

peut paraître fort bon aux Indes, mais un gouvernement républicain y causerait peut-être le comble des bouleversemens." One can readily apply these words to the condition of Mexico. A strong government appears almost necessary there. If Maximilian can't govern it, the United States will have to; for it is and must remain a most wretched country in its perpetual anarchy of attempted self or partisan government.

In October, 1865, there was an attempt made to elect Allen again to the gubernatorial office. As may be seen, *from his own letters*, he had no cognizance of this effort, as *he had not, until after that time, received a single line from the United States, except in my letters*. I was in Maryland at the time, and knew nothing of the movement until after my return South, in November. His friends quashed the effort determinately, regarding it as disastrous to the reorganization of the State, and injurious to Allen, being calculated to increase prejudice against him in Washington city. Allen thanked his friends for putting down the movement; though now I think, perhaps, we made a mistake both for the State and our friend, who would have returned instantly, if elected, which he undoubtedly would have been, and would have been reconciled, as Governor Humphries and others have been. It would have been better for Louisiana under his wise and efficient administration, and he would not have been killed by over-work, suffering, and an ungenial *climate*.

TO THE PEOPLE OF LOUISIANA.

NEW ORLEANS, October 19, 1865.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—The friends of Ex-Governor Henry Watkins Allen, at an informal meeting, held in this city, with the full conviction that their course will be absolutely approved and endorsed not only by himself, but by the people at large, have announced him as a candidate for Governor of the State of Louisiana at the ensuing November election.

You, our fellow-citizens, are well acquainted with Henry Watkins Allen. You know his dignity of soul, his talents, his services, his sacri-

fices, the pure manhood and lofty chivalry that has governed every act of his past career, whether on the tented field or in an administrative capacity. You know him to be as true as steel, able, faithful, patriotic, and accomplished. Knowing these facts, we do not see that a lengthy recapitulation of his services is at all necessary. The mere statement that he is a candidate for Governor, is not only its own argument and illustration, but it will, we are firmly convinced, be deemed amply sufficient to induce a large majority of the voters of this State to cast their suffrages in his favor.

Fellow-citizens! Governor Allen is now an exile from home, kindred, and friends—from the State he has served so long and faithfully, and loved so well—although his return is anticipated within a few weeks. Ruined in his private fortunes, crippled in his limbs, but with a heart as proud, as noble, as unsullied, as ever beat within the breast of a human being, what a compliment, what a testimonial of gratitude it would be to elect him to the first office in the commonwealth! The people of Louisiana owe this to themselves, to him, to the country. The debt of gratitude they are under could not be as well discharged in any other way.

The idea that Governor Allen is ineligible, on account of the various positions he has held, which will be sedulously circulated among you, is entirely erroneous. Henry W. Allen labors under no disabilities which will prevent him from filling the office of Governor. The taking of the oath of allegiance will qualify him to occupy any State office. He requires neither Presidential pardon nor amnesty. In illustration of this, in order to dissipate all doubts in the premises, we will simply mention that the Governor-elect of Mississippi, the brave and gallant General Benjamin G. Humphreys, will be inaugurated into office before this reaches you, although, at the latest dates, the official documents, containing his pardon, had not been received at the capital of our sister State.

These being the facts of the case, we invoke our fellow-citizens, without reference to parties, nominees, or nominations, to rally round the standard of Henry W. Allen, and elect him to the Chief Magistracy of Louisiana. It can be done, should be done, and must be done.

In a few days, his friends in New Orleans expect to address you further on this subject; and, in conclusion, all they have to say is, that Henry Watkins Allen will serve as Governor of Louisiana if elected, all reports circulated by interested parties to the contrary notwithstanding.

T. A. BARTLETTE, PRESIDENT.

Vice-Presidents—J. G. Clarke, J. T. Baldwin, E. A. Rossy, M. D., H. W. Reynolds, J. C. Wingard, George M. Beaman, C. W. White, Henry

Crean, W. H. Wells, Benj. R. Coleman, of Claiborne, A. J. Wagner, W. S. Grayson, of Ouachita.

Secretary—John W. Overall.

Corresponding Secretaries—Charles Deranco, J. H. Turner, F. Lance Du Pree.

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN.

We regret exceedingly, at this time, that some of the friends of this distinguished gentleman have thought proper to place him before the people for Governor, at the ensuing election. We allow no man living to hold Henry W. Allen in any higher esteem than we do. We knew him intimately, both in the field and the executive chamber—as a soldier and a statesman. We knew him as the friend of the soldier, and the protector of the citizen. As a man of noble impulses and high intellectual attainments, together with his indomitable energy, one might search the country over to find his peer. Yet, with this high appreciation of his character, we are utterly opposed to his election at this crisis. We oppose it on the ground that it is impolitic, and that it would jeopardize the rehabilitation of this State, by giving the Radicals an axe to chop our own heads off. To a reasonable mind, there can be no doubt, that if he were elected Governor at this time, that the radical press of the north would raise a great hue-and-cry about the disloyalty of Louisiana, she having elected an exiled ex-rebel Governor. We oppose his election, again, on the grounds that it would be doing our present executive great injustice, and through him, President Johnson. We all know in what high esteem the President holds Governor Wells, and what he has done for us through him, and what he expects us to do in return, without placing any vexatious difficulties in his way. We do not go so far as to say, that we think the President would not pardon Mr. Allen, if elected; but we do think this, that it is asking too much of him at this time. No doubt exists in our mind but what the President would pardon Henry W. Allen as a private citizen, and would take pleasure in doing it, provided he was in this country at the time of making the application. As it is, the President has his hands full, and it is ill-timed and ill-advised to ask him to strain another point. Primary meetings have been held all over the State, in which Governor Wells' course has been highly approved, and resolutions passed, pledged to his support. For the above reasons, we shall not vote for Henry W. Allen. We have no means of knowing who his particular friends are, who placed his name before the people, but we have good reasons for knowing that some of his most intimate

friends have withdrawn it, as will be seen by the following extracts from the New Orleans Star. The first is from E. W. Halsey, well known to our citizens as Governor Allen's private Secretary, when Governor of this State :

NEW ORLEANS, October 17, 1865.

EDITOR SOUTHERN STAR—*Sir*: I observe that some person or persons unknown have published an unsigned announcement of Henry W. Allen, as a candidate for the office of Governor, at the ensuing election.

This has been done without the knowledge of the very worthy and distinguished nominee, who is now in the city of Mexico, whither he went some months ago in search of rest for his shattered limbs, of respite from the burdensome toil of public service, and of restoration of his health, which care, and wounds, and hard work, in camp and in council, had greatly impaired. At the time of his departure, he neither wished nor intended to return to Louisiana until after the lapse of a considerable period, nor until the objects of his journey had been accomplished. He will be surprised at the sudden, spasmodic, and very unaccountable nomination, made in a manner so obscure and peculiar. After two conventions, representing parties, have assembled and adjourned without nominating him, the anonymous call of the writer of the advertisement referred to, will seem a little strange to the heroic exile.

My past relations with Governor Allen, and my knowledge of his views and wishes, will warrant me in saying that the nomination so made will meet with his decided disapproval. A fitting time will come to put forth that honored name for the suffrages of his admiring countrymen. In awaiting that time, his true friends will restrain their impatience, sensible as they are of his certain election to any position for which he may be offered. But on the other hand, it is very doubtful whether the unanimous votes of the admiring people of Louisiana would induce him to accept the Governorship under the so-called constitution of 1864.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

E. W. HALSEY.

The names signed to the following card are among the most intimate and warmest friends of Mr. Allen :

NEW ORLEANS, October 17, 1865.

The undersigned, intimate, personal, and political friends of Governor Henry W. Allen, believing that his announcement as a candidate for the gubernatorial office is made without his knowledge and consent, and that the same, under the present aspect of affairs, is extremely ill-timed, impolitic, and injudicious, take the responsibility of doing what they are confident Governor Allen would do, if personally present, and hereby declare the use of his name, in this connection, to be unauthorized, and withdraw it.

W. D. Winter, J. V. Duralde, J. M. Taylor, E. McIlhenny, Wm. A. Austin, M. D., Richard Nugent, John H. New, Edwin L. Jewell, B. Haralson, J. M. Bradford, Duncan S. Cage, B. Chinn, Alexander Barrow, M. Favrot.

The New Orleans Crescent, of the 24th ult., in speaking of Henry W. Allen, in connection with the Governorship of this State, says :

“For our own part, we yield to none in our respect, and esteem, and admiration for Henry W. Allen; and precisely because we entertain those sentiments we should be unwilling to see his name and his fame sacrificed to the unreasonable impulses of inconsiderate, even if sincere, friends. We believe that our people ought to vote for Governor Wells, because, from the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed, Governor Wells is the man by far the best qualified, in connection with President Johnson, to solve the problem of the political rehabilitation of Louisiana. That is by far the most important question before us. Indeed, it is the only question at this moment. To elect Ex-Governor Allen would so seriously complicate this problem, it would throw so many and so perplexing obstacles in the way, that its favorable solution might be indefinitely postponed. No one can see this result more clearly than Henry W. Allen himself; and no one would more profoundly and heartily deprecate it than he would. So far, then, from its being an evidence of friendship towards him to vote for him, such a course, we are sure, would incur his most decided reprobation. His worst enemy could not do him a greater injury now than to thrust him into the gubernatorial office, and thereby to identify this loved and admired son of Louisiana with a movement which, if it is not intentionally factious and disorganizing, is, at least, imprudent and mischievous.”

GENERAL H. W. ALLEN.

The Young Men's National Democratic Association adopted the following preamble and resolutions at their meeting on Tuesday night :

Whereas, The Young Men's National Democratic Association is convinced that the honored name of Henry W. Allen, in connection with the candidacy for Governor of this State in the present election, is being used without his knowledge, authority, or consent; and

Whereas, We believe that his name has been so brought forward by his enemies, and by the enemies of the National Democratic party, for the purpose of distracting and dividing its counsels, without any hope or desire of his election, but for the sole purpose of perpetrating a fraud upon the people of the State, by putting his name at the head of the Conservative Union ticket, and thereby obtaining votes for said ticket in remote parts of the State where its sinister ends and aims are not properly understood :

Resolved, That while we yield to none in admiration of the character of Henry W. Allen, and look forward with pride and hope to the day when he will return from his exile, and receive at the hands of a grateful people whatever of honor they may have to bestow; yet we reprobate the use of his name, under

the present circumstances, as unwise, unjust, and unauthorized, and as hostile in intent and effect to the true interests of the Democratic party of the State of Louisiana, and, above all, of Henry W. Allen himself.

Resolved, That we warn all true friends of Henry W. Allen—among whom we are proud to be ranked—not to be entrapped by this “weak invention of the enemy,” but to follow the counsel of Beauregard and Hays, and every other man in the State who might be supposed to have the interests of Henry W. Allen at heart, and stand by the whole Democratic ticket.

Resolved, That we await with impatience the time, not far distant, when we shall hear the voice of Henry W. Allen himself reprobating this insidious attempt to use him in his absence as a tool to further the ends of a selfish clique, with whose object he would be the last to sympathize.

Fred. N. Ogden, Pres.	James G. Gernon,	W. C. D. Vaught,
C. E. Fenner, Vice-Pres.	Gabriel Correjollés,	W. P. Harper,
J. E. Austin, Sec'y.	Thomas S. Maxwell,	S. S. Batchelor,
H. M. Isaacson, Treas.	Frank Clarke,	L. L. Levy,
N. T. N. Robinson,	George H. Law,	T. L. Macon,
L. L. Conrad,	H. S. Cary,	Charles N. Morse,
F. C. Zacharie,	Richard C. Bond,	Francis Rawle,
H. Bonnabel,	James McCloskey,	E. G. Gottschalk,
Charles J. Howell,	F. A. Earhart,	John Wood,
Wm. H. Cook, Jr.,	Cartright Eustice,	J. Wood Breedlove,
James R. Currell,	W. J. Kelley,	Anthony Sambola,
E. S. Drew, M. D.	L. R. Simmons,	A. P. Beers,
Jos. Murphy,	Paul B. Leeds,	C. W. Culbertson,
A. P. Simpson,	George W. Simpson,	James Purviance,
Walter H. Rogers,	Jeff. D. Van Benthuisen,	Thomas J. Duggan,
D. C. Byerly,	P. G. Mohan,	John C. Sinnott.
John F. Gruber	B. F. Jonas,	

CITY OF MEXICO, March 26, 1866.

MY DEAR COLONEL—Your letter, enclosing the copy of one directed by you to President Johnson, has just been received on my return from Vera Cruz. The sentiments of true friendship therein contained are not only very refreshing, but truly grateful to my feelings in this land of the exile. I have never in my life met one to whom I have formed a greater attachment. Your friendships, I see, are as lasting as the grave and

as pure and disinterested as were ever implanted in mortal breast. My severest pang was in parting with you. Permit me, my dear friend, to thank you most sincerely for the deep interest you have taken in my welfare, and for the letter written to President Johnson. It is certainly my wish to return to the United States, and I would do so to-morrow, if I could with honor and safety, for I am still devoted to Louisiana and her people; but I have long since given up all hopes of returning, as I have been advised that in my case the matter had been decided against me; therefore I am making my arrangements to live permanently abroad, without any hope of ever seeing my old and beloved friends again. It is my present intention to go to Paris in May, to have an operation performed on my wounds, which give me great pain. I am promised a permanent cure by going to a Paris surgeon. Write me to this city till 20th April, and afterwards to Paris. Please remember me kindly to Mr. Spyker, also to your family. With the hope that you may succeed in your new enterprise, and that God may bless you and yours, I am, Colonel,

Very truly your friend,

HENRY W. ALLEN.

P. S.—You are at liberty to say this to my friends, “*That wherever I may be, in Europe, Asia, or Africa, Mexico or South America, and your letter should reach me, permitting my honorable and safe return, I will turn my steps homeward, and obey with a cheerful and a joyous heart the call of the good people of Louisiana.*”

H. W. A.

Letter from Governor Allen to a Colored Servant.

The following touching and characteristic letter will be read with interest:

To Vallery:

CITY OF MEXICO, April 4, 1866.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Texada, in which he mentions your name, informing me that you were working at the State-House, and doing well. I am very glad to hear it, for you deserve to do well. I am also glad to hear that you have not forgotten me, for I think of you very

often, not only as my faithful servant in former days, but as my companion in arms, and on the battle-field. God bless you, Vallery. I don't know that I shall ever see you again, for it is possible I may never return. I am now just about starting on a long and painful journey to Paris, to see if I can't get well. I would like so much to have you along to assist me and cheer me up in my exile, but I have not the means to pay your expenses. You must be temperate, and prudent, and industrious, and save your money. If I am ever a rich man again, I will help you and make you comfortable for life. If you should see any of our people again, tell them that I send them all my love. I hope in God that I shall meet them all once more.

Good-bye, Vallery. Remember my advice. You were ever true to me, and I will never, never forget your services. God bless you.

Truly your friend

HENRY W. ALLEN.

CITY OF MEXICO, April 2d, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I avail myself of the departure of Colonel —, of New Orleans, to write you this. He has been to Mexico to look about for land for himself and relatives, and returns without accomplishing his purpose. This I much regret, for he would have been a great accession to our colony. Many come out here, and return dissatisfied. I don't blame them, for with all your drawbacks, there are a thousand more comforts in the States than here. Those who have comfortable homes in Louisiana, should never leave them. Since I wrote you last, nothing of interest has transpired. We have just got through with Holy Week, and, my dear friend, such mummery you never saw or heard of! For two days no carriage nor horse could appear in the streets; no amusements of any kind could be indulged in: this was on Holy Thursday and Friday. But on Sunday we had bull-fights, and operas, and theatres in full blast!!! I have, however, gotten used to all these things. Mexico is, I believe, the only country where living representations of the Crucifixion are given. On Friday we had a naked Indian on the cross, as Jesus Christ! The Indian was tied between two others, representing the thieves! This tableau was surrounded by others representing the Roman centurion and soldiers, with Pontius Pilate, dressed up, on his throne.

All this mummary pleases the people very much, but the *burning of Judas* seemed to delight them much more.

I took a trip to Vera Cruz and Cordova a week or two since, but did not enjoy the trip much, as I became sick, and suffered very much; am still quite unwell, and suffering terribly from dyspepsia. I hope to get off during this month, and will write you from Havana. Judge P. is well, and pushing finely ahead with his coffee-farm: he blacks his own shoes, and feeds and curries his own horse. He expects his wife and daughter in the fall. My regards to Mr. —. Believe me,
 Very truly, your sincere friend,

HENRY W. ALLEN.

P. S. The only recreation here is to go to the theatre or opera, or some show at night. The semi-barbarous people have no higher conception of social amusement: when I am able, I go too, but it grows wearisome. I would give the world, if I had it, to listen an hour to intellectual conversation!!

CITY OF MEXICO, April 7th, 1866.

MY DEAR MRS. — Your letters of 1st and 6th March, with their enclosures, letters for Judge —, etc., have been duly received. I am glad you like that little poem, "The Beggar's Petition," which was published in my paper. It was well received here, and complimented by *her Majesty, the Empress*. And now that it receives your approbation, I am *satisfied*. I read the letters to —, as you requested, and forwarded them to him to-day. My health has become wretched. *I do not know what a well day is. The climate is too cool.* In this high altitude no one perspires without most violent exercise. Then the air is so rarefied that I cannot get my breath easily, at night, which disturbs my sleeping. As I wrote you, I am promised a permanent cure for my wounds, and all other ills, by going to a celebrated Doctor in Paris. I will leave this city during this month. Write me no more letters to Mexico. I will write you from Paris. I regret that my time has been so occupied that I could not prosecute my Spanish studies as I desired.

I have, however, made some progress, and now speak the language a little, and read it much better.

* * * * *

I am now finishing Buckle's "Civilization of England." It is a wonderful book. If you have not already read it (and what book is there that you have not read?) I recommend it to you. A good Catholic Priest from Louisiana—a chaplain in our old C. S. army—comes to see me very often, and we discuss *polemics* very freely. I gather much information from this learned and good man.

A newspaper, however, is a jealous spouse, and exacts every attention to itself. I have labored faithfully and zealously as an Editor for eight months, and look forward with great pleasure to the time when I shall have a good holiday. In relation to my returning, it is useless for you, my dear friend, or any one else, to press this matter on Mr. Johnson. A parole I will gladly accept, but I would not beg for pardon at the hands of any mortal power. I bend the knee only to God. I don't think I have done wrong. I would like to return home, and would be a law-abiding citizen, if I could; but I hear the matter has been decided against me. My friend, Colonel Sandidge, of Shreveport, sent me, a few days since, a copy of a letter which he had written to the President in my behalf. I replied, that whenever I could return with honor and safety, I would do so most cheerfully; and *so I will!* I am more than anxious to see the good people of Louisiana, who have honored me so much. At the same time, my dear friend, *I must live, I must work!* and make my arrangements for the future, without waiting any longer. Good-bye: my regards to Mr. —, and to your Uncle John, when you write him; he is a noble specimen of humanity. —*I hope we may meet again.*

Truly your friend,

HENRY W. ALLEN.

We have some American celebrities here. General — has a most accomplished daughter. She is just out from England. She has the very finest voice out of Italy. She is a prodigy, and sings better than any Prima Donna I ever heard. Mr. Gray-

son, from Louisiana, is here, painting the Birds of Mexico. He is equal to Audubon. The Empress patronizes him, and will, at her own expense, publish his work. Young Chapman, the son of the American painter, now in Rome, is here, busily engaged in sketching the ruins of Mexico. He bids fair to rival his gifted father.

H. W. A.

I shall positively be in Paris on the 1st of June. Write me there, care of —

* * * * *

I have written you a long, long letter, and no doubt annoyed you excessively, by its scrambling style ; you will pardon it, as it is *the last for many weeks!*

Truly yours,

H. W. A.

This was the last letter from his hand. The last, not only "for weeks," but for Eternity. The higher and truer life was fast approaching, to lift the poor suffering exile far above all human ills ; to free him from his arduous struggles for daily bread—from the burning of fever—and the melancholy tossings upon his couch of pain. His overworked, maimed, weary, halting step, was drawing near to its place of deep repose. Time, and its petty interests, were soon to fade upon his tired, closing eyes. Not upon the banks of the earthly Jordan, not in its holy floods, would he bathe his pilgrim-frame. But in the resplendent city, the heavenly Salem, he would shortly find glorious rest, and peace, and joy ; and be reunited with the spirits who had loved him dearest, in the changeful earth-life.

In November, 1865, as Governor Welles had shown great magnanimity and kindness of feeling towards Governor Moore, who had been his personal enemy for many years (political feuds run high in Rapides),—being thrown in social intercourse with Governor Welles, I took an opportunity to ask him to extend the same assurances to Allen, and to another friend of mine at Carlotta, an exile from Louisiana, that he had so gen-

erously done to Moore. After some delay, he sent me a very courteous note, urging the return of —, but concluding: "As for Governor H. W. Allen, I cannot advise his *immediate* return, for reasons that I am not at liberty to communicate to any one in direct communication with him."

I forwarded this letter to Allen. It prevented his making any application for parole. I endeavored, in vain, to discover the peculiar circumstances connected with the case of Ex-Governor Allen, which could render him more obnoxious than any other Confederate leader in the South, to the Government. Becoming convinced that if the truth was fully known to President Johnson, and to the people, this prejudice, which I was sure was founded solely on political enmities and personal jealousies, would be done away, I yielded to the solicitations of Governor Allen's friends, seconded by his own expressed desire, and began to draw up a brief sketch of his life, and his career as a man, a citizen, a soldier, and a politician, which I knew could only redound to his honor and good fame,—though, in the frankness of a truthful biography, I feared I would necessarily be obliged to say many things that might perhaps vex and annoy my friend, who was by no means perfect. Yet I was willing to trust the nobleness of his soul, and write what would benefit him, even while it might wound his extreme susceptibility. Such was the origin of this biographical sketch; which I have had to re-write and amplify since his death.

CITY OF MEXICO, February 10th, 1866.

MY DEAR H.: Your letter of the 20th January is just received, enclosing a memoir of Stonewall Jackson, by Mrs. —. I shall publish it in the Mexican Times with the greatest pleasure. What a wonderful woman she is! How learned, how gentle, and kind, and warm-hearted! Well, my dear friend, I have read, with tears of gratitude, your entreaty for me to return to Louisiana. I would cheerfully do so, for I know that my friends are true and sincere but I cannot until I am as-

sured of a pardon, or a guarantee is given that I shall not be cast into prison, or otherwise persecuted. As much as I love Louisiana and her people, I would not voluntarily go into a loathsome prison, and be compelled to get on my knees and ask for pardon, for the privilege of seeing my old friends again. Mrs. D—— *writes me that there is no hope of my being permitted to return.* I therefore shall make my arrangements to reside permanently abroad : still, I shall never expatriate myself, but shall live and die an American citizen. On the 8th of April, I will be in Havana on my way to Paris, in order to have an operation performed on my wounded limbs, for I am suffering tortures every day. I have written to Colonel —— to meet me with a few friends on that day in Havana. My paper will go on, under the charge of an able and discreet editor. I have sent you many copies of the Times, and hope they have gone safe to hand. My dear H——, I often feel sad and depressed, although I have such a buoyant disposition; you will say, “as the hart pants for the water-brook,” so must I earnestly long for the land of devoted friends. I have, however, so much to do, my time is so thoroughly occupied, that the “melancholy mood” soon passes off. I send you several copies of my paper to-day. * * * *

Our good friend, Mrs. D——, writes me that she proposes to write my life. Now, my dear friend, I must ask the favor that you will review and correct the work before publication. Mrs. D—— will be delighted to have your assistance; you have known me so intimately, so well, that I feel that my reputation, which must now go down to posterity, will be safer in your hands than in those of any other. Our friends in exile here are all making a living. Some farming, some employed on the railroad, some in counting-houses, stores, &c., &c. All, I am glad to say, are conducting themselves very properly, and are highly esteemed by the Mexicans. The colony at Cordova bids fair to do well. Judge —— is the agent of the Government there, and is well satisfied with his prospects for a fortune. I consider this empire perfectly secure. France, and Spain,

and Austria can't back out. Their honor is at stake. Your people are not prepared to go to war at present; for the South, although overwhelmed, is not conquered. The spirit of the people cannot be subdued, although they willingly accept the new order of things, and will act in good faith. However, it is useless to disguise the fact, there is no good feeling between the two sections of the country. They can never again love one another, unless the persecuting spirit of the Radicals should give way to better feelings on their part. Adieu: may God bless you.

Your sincere friend,

HENRY W. ALLEN.

The request made of this friend, by Governor Allen (*at my instance*), will be scrupulously complied with. This manuscript will be placed in his hands, and will, doubtlessly, be honestly supervised. Whenever Governor Allen speaks, in his letters, of accepting "a pardon," he means an *amnesty*, or parole, *not a special pardon*, which he never asked for—nor I, for him. It can be seen from this letter, what influences prevailed, at this time, to prevent Governor Allen's return to Louisiana. The impression was made upon me that he *could not return*, without danger of arrest, and I wrote him so. He relied the more upon this information from me, because I had so resolutely opposed his quitting the State in the beginning, and, he knew, was very desirous that he, and all our exiles, should return, as soon as possible, to their homes. I can only acknowledge, with bitter regret, this false impression produced upon my mind by the words of Governor Welles, and others, I believed sincere friends of ex-Governor Allen.

EX-GOVERNOR ALLEN TO HORACE GREELEY.

[From the Augusta Sentinel, 25th.]

To Horace Greeley, Esq., Editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR: In your valuable paper of the 22d ult., and in subsequent numbers, we are pained to see several articles written against the unfortunate exiles from the United States. We think it a very unfair, ungenerous

and unkind spirit. The men of whom you have spoken so flippantly and so lightly are many of them of your age, and deserve, to say the least, a respectful notice at your hands. We regret this the more, Mr. Greeley, because we always believed you to be honest in your political views, and above the miserable prejudices of the hour. That, while differing in political opinions from your brethren of the South, you had manliness enough to attribute to them equal sincerity of purpose. You upbraid us and abuse us for quitting our native land and coming to Mexico, when you knew very well that there was full many a Federal prison "gaping to receive us." When we left our country, all the Governors of the seceded States had either been arrested, or orders to that effect had been issued. It was also generally believed that every Confederate general and statesman would be arrested and turned over to the tender mercies of a court-martial. We can safely say that if a guarantee had been held out that we would not have been disturbed, none of us would have expatriated ourselves. You, Sir, would have done just as we did, unless you had been desirous of wearing the martyr's crown. You first abuse us for being rebels, and then denounce us for settling in Mexico. Where else, in the name of Heaven, could we go? We could not go North, nor East, nor West; we were compelled to come South, as the only outlet for those who would seek refuge in a foreign land. When the Irish, Canadian and Cuban patriots—when the Hungarian, Polish, and Italian exiles fled to your shores, you, Sir, have opened your heart, and with true Christian philanthropy, you have extended to them your warmest sympathy; but when your own countrymen, stripped of all their earthly goods, are expatriated, and laboring with their own hands for an humble living—for bread with which to keep life afloat—strange to say, you can find in your heart no sympathy, no word of encouragement—but rather the cold sarcasm and the ribald jest.

We have been very kindly received by the Emperor Maximilian and the Empress Carlotta. They have permitted us, poor and penniless, to remain in this Empire, and to breathe the fresh, pure air of the lovely climate. They have exhibited to us the same generous sympathy which you and your government have ever shown to all exiles from foreign lands. For this we are deeply sensible, and will ever feel grateful to their Majesties. Still, none of us have entered into the military service of the Empire. To our personal knowledge, many have applied for service, but the Emperor has invariably declined. Out of the large number of Confederates now in this Empire none are heard to denounce their native land. There are no juntas or secret gatherings to plot against the land of their birth. You have never seen, nor never will see in this paper—the Mexican Times—an editorial denouncing the United States Govern-

ment. Now, Mr. Greeley, why can't you let us alone? Sir, Christian charity, common decency and fair play would say, "Let them alone: we are free of them: let them live and die in peace." We have never injured you; we don't know you; we have no desire even to form your acquaintance; but we beg you to let us alone. We know that you hate us, and that if you had the power, you would not only persecute us to death in this world, but consign us to that lake in the next, "which burneth with fire and brimstone forever!"

The man who has once been a slaveholder, and a rebel, can never enter "your heaven." In this very charitable judgment of yours, we believe that the Christian world will beg leave to respectfully differ; for in their opinion George Washington and Stonewall Jackson stand to-day as well justified in the sight of Almighty God, as George the III. or Abraham Lincoln. We believe that the soldiers of the Federal and Confederate armies, who fell in battle or died of disease, will stand at the bar of God and be judged alike, irrespective of their political tenets. You, sir, have arrived at the age allotted by the Psalmist, and must, in the general order of things, be soon gathered to your fathers. You will die rich—rolling in wealth, while the unfortunate men, whom you daily abuse, will leave behind them scarcely enough to secure a decent burial.

We say that the time will soon come when you shall die and be buried. We will meet, for each must appear before the Great Judge, to answer for the sins committed on this earth. You will stand forth as the wealthy Mr. Greeley, with a copy of the late Tribune—the work of your long life—and you will thank God that you are not like the rebel slaveholder, at whom you will point with scorn and contempt. We will appear with our broken sword in hand, and kneel for pardon at the mercy-seat. God will judge us both.

Now, Mr. Greeley, we must part till that great day—the day of wrath—when we shall meet face to face. There was once in the classic land of the East, a prophetess who foretold the downfall of her native land, but her countrymen refused to believe her until too late, when her prophecy was accomplished. She said

"The day shall come—that great avenging day—
When Troy's proud glory in the dust shall lay:
When Priam's power and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all."

The text is in Homer; you can make your own commentary. We have seen the aged grandsire, not like Belisarius, begging in the streets, but working with his own hands for his daily bread; we have seen the

noble, middle-aged soldier, who had faced death on a hundred battle-fields, toiling from "early morn to dewy eve," to earn a few dollars to send back to his young wife and babes. We have seen men who had filled high political stations and been an honor to their country, submit, without a murmur, to all the discomforts of cruel poverty and exile. We have seen the brave exile stretched upon his dying bed, and as his hour of dissolution approached, we have witnessed his tears of affection, and heard his farewell words and messages sent to kindred and friends in fatherland. But for all this you have no sympathy. You will answer with a ribald sneer, or a "fool-born jest." You may have been right in suppressing the Revolution, but no man or woman who has one particle of Christian charity left in his or her bosom, will sustain you in persecuting the conquered South, or pursuing with such vindictive hate the patriot exiles.

We have the honor to subscribe ourselves, respectfully, your obedient servant,

HENRY WATKINS ALLEN.

Alarmed at his increasing suffering and ill-health, and knowing the desire of the people of Louisiana that he should return to them, and his longing love for his own country,—which evidently grew deeper and deeper as the sorrows of sickness and exile pressed more and more upon him,—I determined to take some of his letters and have them placed in the hands of President Johnson, in order to relieve Governor Allen from the reproach of contumacy and violent personal antagonism, which I was aware had been brought against him, and prejudiced the authorities in regard to him. I took some of his letters, which are included among those published in this collection, and had them given to my friend, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, who promised to place them in the hands of the President of the United States, asking at the same time a *parole* for Ex-Governor Allen. I received the kindest assurance from Mr. Johnson, to whom I now desire to express my own obligations, and those of the friends of Ex-Governor Allen, for his sympathy and interest in this matter. My letters, enclosing these hopeful assurances of a speedy permission to return home, never reached my friend—he died before they could arrive at their destination. L'homme se

propose, mais Dieu dispose! Perhaps it was better so! His life, had it been continued, might have been complicated, and more troubled. He could scarcely have kept out of political life had he returned to Louisiana, and that career is very sad now for Southern patriots!

Allen said once: "Death is not a welcome messenger at any time, or in any shape. The Arabs have a parting benediction: 'May you die at home among your friends!' It is hard even thus to die; but, oh! how much more painful it is while those we love the dearest are widely removed from us!"

It was his own fate he so sadly prefigured. But he did not die *alone*; he had kind men about him—exiles like himself—to minister to his simple wants, and to smooth, with trembling hands, the hard pillow of Death.

When sick in London, in 1859, Allen wrote of his illness there:

"In a strange land, far away from home, from kindred, and from friends, the heart yearns for even one familiar, kind face. If ever friendship's hand is wanted, it is then. If ever affection's smile is needed, then, oh, then, is the time."

The Confederate Exiles gathered around his couch. An aged Louisiana planter, Mr. Le Blanc, nursed him with all the tenderness of a father. Major Edwards tells the rest:

"CITY OF MEXICO, July 18th, 1866.

"MY DEAR MADAM:

"Your letter, dated May 30th, is just received, and I hasten to reply to it. I can assure you nothing could give me more pleasure than to answer the questions you have asked, and to gratify one of whom Governor Allen always spoke in the highest and warmest terms.

"Governor Allen named me his executor—that is, he desired that I should continue the publication of the paper, and fulfil his obligations with the Government. This I am doing to the best of my ability. * * * * *

"I think he knew he was going to die, although he never al-

luded to it. For nearly a month, he became gradually weaker and weaker, suffering all the pain and all the irritation of acute gastritis. I was with him when he died—had been with him during his entire residence in Mexico. He was perfectly calm during his whole illness; talked very little about himself, and very little about any thing. He left no particular messages to any one but to me. Many and many times, before his death, he would speak of you, Madam, with warm interest and affection. He spoke of Louisiana, his many friends, and took the greatest interest in hearing of their prosperity and success.

* * * * *

“His lungs were not affected, nor did he complain much of his wounds. His physicians think it was a breaking down of the whole system, which culminated at last in a severe inflammation of the stomach. His death was very unexpected to every one, but his naturally vigorous constitution had been destroyed almost completely by exposure and terrible wounds.

* * * * *

“Captain Thompson, of Louisiana, Colonel Broadwell, of New Orleans, Major Laurence, of Missouri, and myself, waited upon him night and day. One of us was in his room all the time—we never left him alone.

“All that the devotion of friends, the science of medicine, and the influence of money could do, was done—but done in vain. One bright, mild, tropical Sunday morning, with the soft whisperings of the breeze, and the chiming of the cathedral bells coming in through the half-opened window, he breathed his last. One short, sharp struggle, and all was over.

* * * * *

“The stars of his rank, a *silver goblet*, and one or two other little remembrances I have given to Judge Perkins, at Cordova, who, before I had received your letter, asked me for them, that he might send them to you.”

Henry W. Allen died in the City of Mexico, on Sunday, April 22d, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

He was buried in his gray uniform. He requested Major Edwards to use the little means he had in Mexico to carry out the obligations he had contracted in establishing his paper, considering himself bound to meet these responsibilities as far as lay in his power. There was about ten thousand dollars, which all belonged to the paper. Governor Allen died poor.

One of the wisest of modern poets has beautifully said :

“ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar ;

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory, do we come

From God, who is our home :

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—

He sees it in his joy :

The youth, who daily from the East

Must travel still, is Nature's priest,

And by the vision splendid

Is on his way attended :

At length the man perceives it die away,

And *fade into the light of common day.*”

This is very true of most men, but with Allen it was not so. The “ vision splendid” never faded or died out with him! In all the struggles of his chequered career, in all the trials of prosperity and wealth, in all the hardening strife of human vanity and ambition, in all the heavy responsibilities which were devolved upon him, in all his intercourse with men, in which he so often experienced envy, and coldness, and ingratitude, in all the vexations of poverty, in all the sadness of banishment and exile in a foreign land, in all the sorrow of a patriot weeping over a ruined country and a destroyed people,—he never lost his faith in man and in God! Trusting,

believing, hoping to the last, in humanity, in truth, in goodness, in Divine love, he passed without bitterness, with resignation, though with regret, from an earth that was ever dear to him, loving still, and still beloved, to the realization of the truth of "the splendid vision," the only, the *real life*, "the *consciously eternal!*" *To αγαφον! To καλον!*

In an old military note-book, which he seems to have kept in 1862, marked with his name and that of his regiment, I find a few leaves scored with bits of prose and verse, which give some idea of the coloring of his solitary musings, when in the midst of the bustle of camp.

There are several copious extracts from the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church, such as the Confession of Sins, the Lord's Prayer, followed by the pleading words of the Prodigal Son, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." This sentiment he repeated in one of the last letters I received from him, alluding to a little poem of his, that I liked—a slight thing, only worthy of remark from the tenderness of the sentiment expressed in it, which I insert here, not to be criticized, but simply as being characteristic.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

The night was dark—the wind was cold,
 As up Francisco's street we went.
 A beggar, shiv'ring in his rags,
 On us a piteous look he bent;
 He spoke in moaning, whining phrase,
 And begged for alms, so very sad.
 He said, oh! Señor, pity me—
 "*Señor de me caridad.*"

Still on we went, and next we saw
 A woman with her little child;
 And as the mother begged for bread,
 The little thing upon us smiled;

It seemed to us, as if 'twould say,
 " My mother she is almost dead.
 Oh, Señor, pity, pity her—
 "*Señor, de me caridad.*"

Our hearts were softened at the sight—
 The beggar-mother and her child—
 She seemed so wan, so thin, so white,
 And still the infant on us smiled.
 We put our hands into our purse,
 We gave the woman all we had,
 And as we passed away, she said,
 "*Me bendito sea su caridad.*"

Reader, you and I some day
 Must rest beneath the grassy sod ;
 Our spirits will ascend above,
 To meet, perhaps, an angry God ;
 And when the Book of Life is ope'd,
 That shows our acts both good and bad,
 Oh, then in anguish we will say,
 "*Señor, de me caridad.*"

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 20, 1866.

On the pages of this note-book, there are one or two verses from Mrs. Hemans' *Casabianca*, several mournful ones from Gray's *Elegy*, and the following lines :

"The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armor against Fate,
 Death lays his icy hands on kings.
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
 Some men with sword may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield—
 They tame but one another still ;
 Early or late
 They stoop to Fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brows.

Then boast no more your mighty dust :

Upon Death's purple altar now,

See where the victim-victor bleeds.

All hands must come

To the cold tomb.

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

"Teach me to feel another's woe,

To hide the fault I see :

That mercy I to others show,

That mercy show to me."

Allen's sense of religion was so high, that he proposed to Colonel Sandidge, when he formed his Gubernatorial household, to have family prayers,—offering to read the service himself every day. But thinking it might be irksome to some of his household, he abandoned the idea. He had profoundest respect for all the prescribed aids to leading a moral and Christian life.

A lady writing me from New Orleans, who had recently come from Texas, where, in our refugee life, she had grown familiar with Governor Allen and his universal charities, gives me the following anecdote, which I permit her to narrate in her own words :

"Could I see you, I would give you an interesting anecdote illustrative of the goodness of your friend, Governor Allen ; but perhaps I can write it, without, however, conveying the effect of the gesticulations and grief which accompanied the words of the actor. Last week, walking down the street, I met a poor woman with a basket containing about a quart of plums. She stopped me and entreated me to buy them of her. I did not want them, and was passing on, when she entreated me so pitifully to take them, that I stopped again irresolute. The woman now went on to say that she had a sick husband, and

she was very anxious to buy a little tea and bread to take him. She was so eager, and, apparently, honest, that I hesitated, though not in the habit of listening to street-beggars. I did not want the plums, but I gave her a small piece of money. She thanked me most warmly, and then said: 'If you please, perhaps, ma'am, you could tell me some way to get a letter sent to *Governor Allen, in Mexico?*' '*Governor Allen!* Why, poor woman, he is *dead!*—been dead some time!' 'Oh, Lord! Lord!' she cried, and fell on her knees in sudden grief, tears streaming down her cheeks, wringing her hands, 'then I don't know what to do! My last friend is gone. Unless he prays to God in heaven to send us help, I don't know what to do!'

"Then she went on to say, 'Oh, madam, he was the saviour of ten of us poor women, in my neighborhood, while our husbands were in the army. Every one of theirs was killed, and mine was brought home a cripple, and is confined to his bed for life, because he was shot in the back, and his spine is hurt. Before Governor Allen went to Mexico, he had supplies sent us all, and gave us some money, and now he is dead—gone to heaven! Oh, Lord! Lord!' She rocked herself on her knees; her lamentations were most piteous. I need not tell you, who know my high admiration of the noble man whose death she wept, that my own tears were falling as fast as hers, by this time. I gave her some more money. Her grief was so great, she was going home without the necessaries for her husband, until I reminded her of it. She told me she and her husband were both members of the English Church. I advised her to apply for aid to one of the rectors in the city, giving an address. She went off weeping."

In an oration upon Governor Allen's death, Judge Land related the following anecdote:

"I was in the Executive office, in company with two or three other gentlemen, when a large, fleshy, uninteresting looking female made her appearance. She was, she said, the wife of a Confederate soldier, whom she had not seen for a long time, as he was on duty in Virginia, or some other distant point;

had several young children, who, with herself, were in deep distress for want of the necessaries of life. She closed by asking the Governor to give her an order upon the State Commissary and State store for such articles as she most needed. The Governor stated, in reply, that her husband was not in State service, and that he could not give her relief, at least in his official capacity; that a great many similar cases came before him every day, and that it was impossible for him to relieve the wants of all. He advised her to get work, and she would soon have the means of support, etc. On this refusal the woman burst into tears, got up, and left the office. The Governor sat perfectly silent for a short time, seeming to have something on his mind that was not very agreeable. We all endeavored to engage him in conversation, but our efforts were in vain, he was still silent. At length, addressing one of the young men acting as page, he said: 'Follow that woman, and request her to walk back to the office.' In a few moments the young man appeared with the woman. She wore a sorrowful countenance, and there were signs of deep distress. 'Make out,' said he, to one of the secretaries, 'an order upon the State Commissary for six months' rations for this woman and her family,' at the same time, with great tenderness and delicacy, asking the woman her name. The rations included bacon, flour, corn-meal, rice, sugar, molasses, etc. At the same time he directed an order to be made out for such drygoods as she might at the time require; to finish the good work, he pulled out fifty dollars and gave her. And in order that the woman should get the articles as soon as possible, and without trouble, he ordered one of the young men to go with her, and see that she was promptly attended to. The woman was very thankful, and the Governor resumed his usual cheerful and agreeable manner, but he made no remark whatever about the woman. It is well known to every one that was much about the Executive offices, that the Governor had a severe trial of his patience and good temper, as he was beset from morning until night by all sorts of characters, asking all sorts of favors. I used to

hear one of the young men in the office say that no one short of the patience of Job could endure the trials of the Governor. He would have to sit for hours, and listen to the tale of some uninteresting old woman; he was importuned for cotton and wool cards; he was asked for this favor and that favor, and in all sorts of ways and in every variety of manner he was annoyed and troubled by every variety of character."

Two days and a half after the death of Governor Allen, Mr. Le Blanc, who had nursed him so faithfully in his last moments, exhausted by grief and fatigue, died, and was buried by the side of the friend he had loved, and followed so soon to "the better land."

On the receipt of the intelligence of Allen's death, the people of Louisiana expressed much feeling of grief and disappointment. Meetings were held in New Orleans, and a committee organized to request his remains to be restored to his sorrowing State. Every mark of respect that affection could prompt was eagerly offered to his memory in all parts of the State. The following correspondence explains itself:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 18, 1866.

General J. Bankhead Magruder :

SIR—The death of Henry Watkins Allen, late Confederate Governor of Louisiana, being announced here, a meeting was held at the St. Charles Hotel, last evening, to provide for the removal of his remains to Louisiana. A copy of the proceedings is enclosed. Being requested by the meeting to correspond with some friend of Governor Allen in the city of Mexico, I write to you for the information which his friends desire to obtain. They wish to know when the municipal authorities and clergy of the city will permit the body to be disinterred and removed, and the proper steps to be taken in order to obtain such permission, with the view of sending an agent or committee at the proper time.

It is the universal desire of the people of Louisiana to pay some fitting tribute to the memory of him who, when living, was loved and honored by them for his generosity, his spotless integrity, his bravery, and for his untiring efforts to relieve the distress of the people.

They admired in him the general and hospitable citizen, the honest and pains-taking legislator, the chivalric and efficient soldier, and the energetic, pure, magnanimous, and most capable chief magistrate. Dis-

appointed in their cherished hope of his speedy return, and deeply pained by the news of his death, they now earnestly desire that his battle-scarred corpse may be brought home, and buried where his mourning countrywomen may strew their flowers, and where his brother heroes may raise his monument. Your aid and counsel in this matter will be duly appreciated and gratefully remembered.

Yours very respectfully,

E. W. HALSEY, Secretary, etc.

MEXICO, May 29, 1866.

To Mr. E. W. Halsey, New Orleans, La. :

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th inst., informing me of the universal desire of the people of Louisiana to pay some fitting tribute to the memory of our friend, the gallant and noble Allen, ex-Confederate Governor of that State, and requesting me to obtain and forward all the information necessary for the disinterment and safe removal by his friends of the sacred remains to New Orleans.

I am much gratified that you, representing, as secretary of the meeting, the sentiment of those who assembled at the St. Charles, to do honor to the gallant dead, should have addressed yourself to me, as none loved him more warmly during life, or mourned him more sincerely in death than myself.

I feel a melancholy pleasure, therefore, in participating, though from a distance, with my beloved countrymen of Louisiana and New Orleans, in assisting, however slightly, in doing honor to the memory of one who so sincerely loved, so heroically defended, and so sadly suffered for his country.

The moment I received your communication, I called in person upon the proper officer, the Prefecto Politico, of this city, and delivered the letters of his excellency the Governor of Louisiana, and his honor the Mayor of New Orleans. An extraordinary mail leaves in an hour for the British steamer at Vera Cruz, and I hasten to enclose his answer in Spanish, not having time to translate it.

It will be seen that after taking certain precautions, which are described, and which are of easy execution, there will be no difficulty or obstacle to the removal of the remains.

A metallic coffin can be procured here. If one be sent from New Orleans there will be much delay, uncertainty, and expense of transporting it from Vera Cruz to this city, particularly during the rainy season. The body can be sent down by a wagon-train, escorted by whomsoever may be sent from New Orleans; or I might procure from Marshal Bazaine, to

whom our deceased friend was well known personally, an escort of honor, taking advantage of the first convoy which may go from here to Vera Cruz, after the arrival of whomsoever may be sent to Mexico to receive and attend to the remains. If no one be sent, I will transact the whole business, and send a trustworthy person with the body to New Orleans, if it be desired.

I would offer to pay all the expenses, but I am sorry to say that it is far beyond my means, or any which I can command. Should the friends of the deceased desire that I should carry out their wishes here, it will be necessary that funds to enable me to do it be placed to my credit.

The Prefecto Politico of the city of Mexico requests me to say that he will avail himself of an early occasion to acknowledge properly the communications with which he has been honored by his excellency the Governor of Louisiana, and his honor the Mayor of New Orleans.

Begging that you will offer my sympathy in their bereavement, to the friends who are thus manifesting their respect for the memory of a sincere patriot, who died, though in poverty and exile, esteemed by all, I have the honor to remain, with respect and regard,

Your obedient servant,

J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER.

P. S.—Governor Allen's remains are enclosed in a wooden coffin, and repose in the American burying-ground near this city. Since writing the above, I have been officially informed that they cannot be removed until October next, for sanitary reasons.

It would be well, however, to have all things in readiness on the arrival of the committee, if one be sent.

It will cost, as I am just informed, about \$300 to disinter the body, disinfect it by official physicians, and put it into a zinc or copper coffin.

In order that the removal may take place soon, which I think better, I will apply to the ministry and let you know by next mail.

J. B. M.

[Translation.]

MEXICO, 28th of May, 1866.

SIR—Pressure of time will not allow of my replying by this opportunity to the communications of the Governor of Louisiana, which you were pleased to forward to me yesterday, the 27th inst., with your attentive letter of that date. I shall with pleasure take the first opportunity of doing so. In the mean time I have to assure you that there will be no difficulty whatever about the exhumation of the body of the late Henry W. Allen, formerly Governor of Louisiana, always provided that the conditions prescribed in the permit which I have the honor herewith to send,

be observed, as those directed by the Board of Health, whom, as was my duty, I consulted upon the subject.

I have the honor to subscribe myself, General, your obedient servant,

M. A. CAMPERO.

Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder.

[Translation.]

No. 4492.]

The Political Prefect, in conformity with the decision of the Central Board of Health, has been pleased to grant the necessary permit for the exhumation of the body of the late Henry W. Allen, the following conditions being observed :

1st. Under the direction of a proper officer employed by those interested, and provided always that the body should be in a coffin and zinc case, two holes shall be made in the top of the tomb, one above, and one below ; additional care being taken if the body should be in a wooden case.

2d. Through the upper hole shall be passed a tube for the introduction of chlorine, which shall be at once evolved by the process of Guyton de Morveau, under the direction of the said officer.

3d. After this fumigation shall have been carried on for some time, the top of the tomb shall be removed and the coffin shall be taken up, a new one being in readiness to receive it, without its being opened.

4th. The coffins being thus disposed of, they shall be covered with tarpaulin closely adhering to the wood, so that not the smallest space of the joints shall be uncovered,

In virtue whereof, carrying out the present order of the Political Prefect, for the purposes desired, at the same time giving the requisite authority to the officer employed for the exhumation, after this shall have been concluded he shall give to the said Board of Health an account of the result of the act.

CHARLES ZAVALA,
General of the Prefecture.

The line of steamers from Vera Cruz to New Orleans offered the use of any of their vessels to transport the honored remains to New Orleans free of charge. An appropriate place of burial will be selected, and the ashes of Henry W. Allen will rest in the land he loved, suffered, and died for in exile and poverty !

I have followed with tireless hand the life-history of my noble friend from his cradle to his grave. My task of affection and patriotism is now ended.

With a sorrowful but not hopeless heart, I breathe the three-fold *vale*, sighed only over graves—the farewell for all Time—but, God be praised, *not for* Eternity! For the faith of the Christian sends forward bright gleams, piercing even the dark gloom of mortal dust and decay; and still, with constant love and grateful remembrance, we may pray for our friend, commending his soul to *Him* who is the “God of the Living, not the dead.”

“Eternal rest grant unto him, O LORD, and let thy perpetual light shine upon him!”

AMEN!

FINIS.



APPENDIX.

MESSAGE OF GOV. HENRY W. ALLEN,

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.—DELIVERED AT
SHREVEPORT, JANUARY 26TH, 1864.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives :

The Constitution requires that the Governor shall, from time to time, give to the General Assembly information respecting the situation of the State, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he may deem expedient. I now proceed to comply with that duty.

MILITARY.

I recommend that the Executive be authorized immediately to call into the field, and to officer, a regiment to consist of five hundred mounted men (to be increased to one thousand, if necessary), to be called "The State Guard." In many of the border Parishes of this State, there is neither military nor civil law, and crimes are daily committed with impunity. The Confederate authorities cannot correct these evils, and the Executive is at present powerless. It would be the especial duty of this force to arrest all offenders against the laws, and generally to act as conservators of the peace. In times like these, the Executive should always have in hand a strong squadron to protect the citizens against bands of lawless men, and follow up crime with certain punishment. With five hundred mounted men, well officered, armed and equipped, more good service can be rendered the State than with the entire militia.

The present militia law is a nullity, there being no method provided for its enforcement. It is certainly the duty of every citizen, rich or poor, old or young, when his country is invaded, to rally in the defence of that country. Our people are all ready and willing to do this; but they have a natural aversion to going into camps of instruction. Besides, the

policy of the country evidently demands that they should stay at home and raise crops, and prepare clothing for the army.

No law in any Government can be well executed, unless it meets popular approbation. I submit to your superior intelligence the synopsis of a bill, the details of which shall be cheerfully communicated to your Military Committees ;

1st. Enroll every able-bodied white male in the State, between the ages of fifteen and fifty-five.

2d. Arm and equip every enrolled man ; and until arms can be had, repair those now in the hands of the people.

3d. Give the Executive full power to call out the militia or any part thereof—provided they shall not be kept in the field longer than sixty days at a time.

4th. Adopt the Army Regulations and Articles of War of the Confederacy, as far as practicable, for the government of the militia.

It is not intended by this bill, that the militia shall ever be called to the field as regular troops. They are to be kept at home, and held in readiness for the purpose of checking the raids and incursions of the enemy, by land or water. The repeal of the substitute law by Congress will greatly reduce the militia of the State : still, that militia, by the bill proposed, can be rendered very efficient, at little cost to the State.

INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

The General Assembly, at its last session, very wisely enacted a law prohibiting the distillation of intoxicating liquors, except from fruit. This had a most salutary effect. There is still a crying evil in our midst. We are importing daily from neighboring States large quantities of alcoholic poison. The effect of this poison upon the community is most lamentable. I need go no further than this capital, or show you the long record of crime brought on by intoxication. In the army it is worse—nine-tenths of the arrests and punishments are caused from intoxicating liquors. I therefore urgently recommend that you enact a law prohibiting, under severe penalties, the importation or sale of intoxicating liquors in this State, except for medicinal purposes. The fathers and mothers of this State will “rise up and call you blessed,” for such a law ; and the good people generally will hail it with delight : for it will save many a gallant young soldier from punishment and disgrace, and, in these reckless times, give peace and quiet and security to all. “Lead us not into temptation,” is the Saviour’s prayer. Then, take this tempting poison from before our young men. The use of ardent spirits is a luxury—nothing more, nothing less ; and our patriotic people will most cheerfully dispense with that luxury during the war. Besides, the trade now car-

ried on in liquors is diverting a large capital into improper channels, which, instead of being used for the good of the country, is flooding the land with poison, and death, and crime in all its horrid shapes. It may be urged that such a law will be a dead-letter on the statute-book. To this I will simply reply, that if you should, in your wisdom, see proper to enact such a law as here suggested, it shall be executed.

SOLDIERS' WIVES AND SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

Liberal appropriations should be made for the soldiers' wives, and the widows of those gallant men who have fallen in our service. In my Inaugural Address, I fully set forth their claims to your protecting care.

The Executive should be authorized to make an arrangement with the commanding General of this Department, for the purchase of government corn; which should be distributed from the several depots of the State, in such quantities as will supply the wants of these deserving ladies, and their children. Their husbands are either in the army, or have died as brave soldiers for us. It is, therefore, the sacred duty of the State to provide for their families.

IMPRESSMENT ACT.

In every portion of the State, the people are complaining most bitterly of the manner in which the Act of Congress, known as the "Impressment Act," is executed. The duty of the officer who impresses private property is plainly laid down, and a severe penalty is denounced against all who do not comply with the provisions of the law. In numerous instances, no appraisal whatever has been made—no facts legally ascertained, in regard to the necessities of the family; but, notwithstanding the protests of the injured parties, the Confederate officers have, in a peremptory and insolent manner, taken the property, simply leaving their receipts for the same. This must be stopped. It shall be stopped. It has in a great measure estranged many good citizens, who have ever looked upon our army as the protectors of the country, and the conservators of the laws, and not as an armed mob, who daily break the very laws they are specially ordered to execute. The Executive is naturally looked to for protection. You should therefore enact a law, punishing by imprisonment in the State Penitentiary, any officer, non-commissioned officer or private, or other person acting or purporting to act under authority from the Confederate States, who shall seize, take, or impress property in this State, contrary to the laws made and provided by Congress. In order that the people may know their rights and redress their wrongs, five hundred copies of the "Impressment Act" should be published and distributed among the parochial authorities of the State.

WOUNDED AND DISABLED SOLDIERS.

As yet the Congress of the Confederacy has not passed a "pension act." We have many wounded and disabled soldiers, who have been discharged from the army, and are now wandering from parish to parish, living up on the charities of the public. It is our sacred duty to take care of these disabled veterans. They have given to their country health, youth, and manhood—all but life itself. Many have left their limbs upon the field, and are now unable to earn a living for themselves. They are emphatically the children of the State, and must be protected and provided for in this their hour of need. I recommend that you enact a law giving to each soldier who enlisted from this State, and who has been wounded or disabled in the service of the State or Confederacy, the sum of eleven dollars per month, to be paid every two months. In order to carry out the provisions of this act, a Commissioner should be appointed—a bonded officer—whose duty it should be to make a record of all the wounded and disabled soldiers of the State—to draw, upon his own warrant, the several amounts that may be due each one, and remit or pay over the same without any expense to the recipients of this act.

COTTON-CARDS AND MEDICINES.

One million of dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, should be appropriated for the purchase of cotton-cards, by a commissioner. And when purchased, they should be distributed by him among the ladies of the State for personal use—in order that every white female in Louisiana, above the age of eighteen, shall receive a pair of cotton-cards free of cost and charges. We have no power-looms or spinning-machines in the State. The raw material is carded and spun, and warped and woven all by hand. This immense labor is cheerfully performed by our fair countrywomen. Their cards wear out in course of time, and must be replaced. They cost sixty dollars a pair. I appeal to you, gentlemen of the Legislature, as the guardians of the people, to come to the relief of your mothers and sisters, who toil unceasingly to clothe the soldier and the citizen. With grateful hearts they will accept this donation, and it will cheer them on amid all their trials, to more patriotic exertions, if possible, in behalf of our holy cause.

An appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars should be made for the purchase of medicines, by a commissioner appointed by the Governor—and when purchased, they should be distributed to the practising physicians of the State, who shall, under bonds, be required to administer the same at cost and charges to their patients. I am receiving letters continually from the most respectable physicians, informing me that their

patients are suffering for medicines. I cannot urge upon you too strongly this appropriation. The physicians ask it—all classes in the community call for it—humanity itself demands it.

JUDICIARY.

Wherever the enemy has not taken possession of our territory, the Courts are regularly held and justice dispensed to all. There have been but few conflicts with the military authorities, and whenever they have occurred, I am happy to state that the Courts have been respected and their decisions cheerfully acquiesced in by the Commanding Generals. In some parishes of the State no Courts are held, and crime is frequently committed with impunity. I recommend that you enact a law authorizing the removal of all persons arrested for any crime or misdemeanor, from these parishes to any parish in the State, for trial, where the Courts are held regularly.

CURRENCY OF THE STATE.

I recommend that you enact a law that all persons holding the State Treasury Notes shall be permitted, in a given time, to come forward and receive State bonds for the same, payable in twenty years after peace is declared, and drawing six per cent. per annum interest—interest payable annually in Confederate Treasury Notes. I further recommend that whenever the State shall require funds to meet its ordinary expenses or your appropriations, the Executive shall be authorized to cause to be issued the bonds of the State, conditioned as you may prescribe, which bonds shall be negotiated with the authorities of the Confederate Government, or other parties, for their Treasury Notes. My object is to withdraw entirely from circulation State notes, and in lieu thereof substitute those of the Confederacy. I further recommend that all corporations be compelled to call in their issues of notes, and redeem the same within ninety days, and that the Treasurer of the State be required to issue five hundred thousand dollars in change notes, from ten cents up to one dollar. At present the merchants and shopkeepers, bakers and butchers, have on hand a large amount of uncurrent parish paper, and the citizen who takes a journey through the State returns home with his pockets filled with this ununiform currency. This should not be the case. It can be easily remedied by the passage of the above Acts. The change notes can be made redeemable at the Treasurer's office, in Confederate notes, when the sum of ten dollars is presented.

During the continuance of the war, I do not deem it advisable that the State taxes should be collected by compulsory process. Many persons

have not the means of paying their taxes, particularly the refugees from home and those who reside in the border parishes. The sheriffs will find it difficult, in some of the parishes, to give bond, and, in the unsettled condition of the country, it will be unsafe to deposit the taxes with irresponsible parties. For this reason the State Treasurer should be authorized and required to receive and receipt for all taxes that may be voluntarily paid in by any person who may have been legally assessed.

FREE PERSONS OF COLOR.

I fully endorse most of the recommendations made to the General Assembly by my worthy predecessor; but doubt the propriety of touching the laws of the State, giving to free persons of color the privilege of testifying as witnesses in our courts of justice. They are mostly natives of the State—were raised in our midst—and are entitled to our protection. They are generally a quiet, peaceable, and industrious population. Many have acquired wealth and respectability, and are good and loyal citizens in every respect. They have suffered heavily in this war, and, in many instances, have been made the special objects of brutal treatment by the enemy. I know of no case on record wherein the cause of justice has suffered, or the public has in any manner received detriment, by the observance of these laws. Instead of disturbing them, they should be protected in all their legal and constitutional rights, and be required to bear the burdens of this war equally with our fellow-citizens. I therefore recommend that every able-bodied, free, colored male, in this State, between the ages of fifteen and fifty-five, be enrolled and held subject to the orders of the Executive, to be employed by the State in shops and manufacturing establishments, and to perform such other duties as may be assigned them by the Executive.

INTERNAL RESOURCES.

There never has been a geological survey of the State, and consequently no one knows its hidden wealth. I am credibly informed that large quantities of lignite, iron, lead, and the sulphates are to be found in the northern parishes. The iron ore is said to be very rich, containing, it is reported, sixty per cent. I respectfully call these facts to your attention, and recommend that the Executive be authorized to send competent and experienced persons to examine thoroughly into these matters. If it should be found that we have these valuable minerals in abundance, then the Executive should be clothed with discretionary powers to give to the people their immediate benefit. Our noble sister State, Texas, has done much towards developing her resources. Her Legislature has made the

most liberal appropriations, and her citizens are now mining with great success. To her alone we must look now for all the iron we use. Of all the metals, it is the most important. Both the civil and military departments require it in large quantities, and without it our fields cannot be cultivated, nor our armies put in motion. I shall take great pleasure in meeting your joint Committees, who may be intrusted with this important subject, and give them much valuable information.

WHAT DEPRECIATES CONFEDERATE MONEY?—HOW IS THE MATTER TO BE REMEDIED?

When we reflect and look carefully into this grave subject, we will find that Confederate Treasury Notes are not so much depreciated as many seem to think. Confederate money was never intended to be used in foreign countries. It was issued as a currency—a circulating medium for this Confederacy alone—as such, it has answered its purposes, under all the circumstances, very well. So long as we have an army of three hundred thousand men to pay, and feed, and clothe, and arm, and equip—so long as every State is a military encampment, and every village a barrack for soldiers—so long as we make war upon the immense scale that we are now compelled to adopt, there must be a very large circulation of some kind of money. This cannot be prevented. Contraction of that circulation at present will not reduce the price of any one article now most needed in the community. To-day, in Louisiana, land and corn are just as cheap as they were before the war. Why? Because there is plenty in the market. Negroes, and horses, and cattle are about three times as high. Why? Because the market is not so well supplied as heretofore. Nails, and axes, and cooking utensils are almost worth their weight in gold. Why? Because there are none for sale. If it were possible to reduce the currency to one hundred Confederate dollars in this Department, a pound of nails could not be bought for that sum of money. Why? Because they are not to be had at any price. Let us carry this argument out a little further. A bushel of corn is worth to-day, in the market, two dollars. It will make one gallon of whiskey, and that gallon of whiskey is worth one hundred dollars! Why? Not because the Confederate money is so bad, but because the bad whiskey is so scarce. A pound of cotton can be purchased for twenty cents—in the same market a yard of calico will bring ten dollars! Not because Confederate money is worthless, for it buys the cotton, but simply because we have no manufactories of cotton cloth in the State. My belief is, that, all things considered, we have carried on this great struggle for three years very well with Confederate money. I shall not inflict upon you a long essay upon the currency, nor advise that Confederate notes shall or shall not

be made a legal tender. This is not the panacea for our troubles. This will not reduce high prices in articles of prime necessity. The only method, in my judgment, to benefit the currency, is to follow the example that has been set us by Texas. Encourage manufactories of all kinds. Bend all your energies to the manufacturing of every article needed at home or in the field.

If zeal and activity and sleepless energy will aid you, you shall have my hearty support. Call into requisition every idle man and woman in the State, who wants work. If necessary, take every fifth negro woman, and put her at the loom, and take every fifth negro man and put him into the shop, and, in a few short months, you will find a far different state of things. Ploughs and hoes and axes and cooking utensils, shoes and boots, and hats and clothing of every kind, will all be as cheap as they were before the war began. Stock the market well with these necessary articles, and then Confederate money will buy as much as gold and silver did in former days.

I am fully aware that too much Confederate money is now in circulation. The taxes will absorb a large amount, and it is hoped that Congress will, at its present session, make provision for a further curtailment. But whatever action Congress shall take in the premises, let us do our duty. You are the guardians of the currency of this State. Call in every dollar of State money; that will be so much good done in the right direction. Let the currency be uniform. Let there be no invidious comparisons between State and Confederate notes. Then turn your earnest attention to manufactories of every kind. Start the hammer and the loom. Let the furnace smoke and anvil ring. Stimulate capitalists to embark in these industrial pursuits at home; for while the blockade stands you cannot get such articles as you now need so much, unless you make them yourselves. If one-half of the capital that has been sent to foreign lands, in running the blockade, had been invested in manufactories at home, our country would be this day in a far better condition. I, therefore, finally, recommend that you establish "a Mining and Manufacturing Bureau" (to which may be attached a Laboratory for preparing indigenous medicines), and place at its head men of intelligence, of energy, and undoubted honesty. This is a great undertaking; but we are a great people, and should be equal to any emergency. On the field we are the equals of any in the world. Let us learn a lesson from the enemy, and profit by their example. They manufacture every thing at home. It is not too late for us to begin. We have immense resources. We can save the currency and the country. We will. It rests with you to say it shall be done.

It is my sincere desire that your deliberations may be harmonious, and

that all your actions in behalf of the State of Louisiana shall be guided by wisdom from on High.

HENRY W. ALLEN,

Governor of the State of Louisiana.

SHREVEPORT, LA., January 26, 1864.

GOVERNOR ALLEN AND MISSOURI.

MARSHALL, Texas, 22d Feb., 1865.

Editor of the Caddo Gazette:

SIR—At the suggestion of several Missourians, I ask you to publish the subjoined correspondence. Confident of the ultimate redemption of our State, we exiles of Missouri will not forget kindness shown us by our Confederate brethren; and the name of Henry Watkins Allen will be as a household word throughout her limits.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

THOS. C. REYNOLDS.

MARSHALL, Texas, 1st Feb., 1865.

To His Excellency H. W. Allen, Governor of the State of Louisiana:

SIR—I embraced an early opportunity on my return from Missouri last December, to thank you in person for the generous contributions of the noble people of Louisiana, at your invitation, during the last summer and fall, in aid of the gallant Missourians in the Confederate armies.

It is again my pleasant duty to thank you for the language, as eloquent as it is terse, in which you allude to them in your late annual message to the legislature of your State. As the constitutional Executive of the oppressed people of Missouri, I beg leave to assure you, and through you your constituents, that the munificent aid and liberal hospitality of Louisiana to Missouri's soldiers are as gleams of the brightest sunshine amid the gloom of their long and weary exile from their cherished homes. From personal intercourse with them I know that they fully appreciate the many kindnesses shown them by Louisianians, and especially by yourself, their warm-hearted and public-spirited Governor.

You generously assure those patriotic soldiers that "the citizens of Louisiana have adopted them." They could have no nobler or better fosterage; of its excellence you yourself, once a Missourian, are an illustrious example. But Missouri does not surrender her interest in you: she claims, with pride, that the qualities which developed in the genial atmosphere of the sunny South, have given you an enviable national reputation for foresight, ability, energy, and patriotism, received their earliest culture in her own clime.

With sentiments of the highest esteem, I have the honor to be, sir,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOS. C. REYNOLDS,

Governor of the State of Missouri.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
Shreveport, La., Feb. 9th, 1865. }

His Excellency Thomas C. Reynolds,
Governor of Missouri :

DEAR SIR—Your very kind letter of the 1st instant, tendering me your thanks, in the name of your State, for my humble efforts in behalf of the gallant and patriotic Missourians, is received. It is, sir, my only regret that I have not had it in my power to do more for those who have done so much for our sacred cause. Whenever I find a Missourian, he is my brother. I shall extend to him the right hand of friendship, and stand by him with all the assistance at my command.

With assurance of my highest regard, I am, Governor, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

HENRY W. ALLEN,
Governor of Louisiana.

Letter of instruction to Colonel —, who was engaged to go to Louisiana for State service.

Colonel — :

SIR—To carry out the idea and purpose of your return to Louisiana, I have to suggest that you make yourself fully acquainted with such branches of mechanical business as may, under your superintendence, and with our means, be established and carried on in Louisiana.

Of things that may be useful I will mention: the *construction of furnaces and rolling-mills for the reduction of scrap-iron into bars ; of pig-iron into malleable or wrought-iron ; of iron, brass, and copper into wire ; of machines for making nails and tacks ; spinning-machines, reducing the raw seed-cotton into spun-yarn ; machines for making cotton-rolls ; turning canteens of wood ; making and turning wooden water-buckets ; machines for rifling cannon.*

The turning of canteens and water-buckets has been carried on in Columbus, Georgia, by Colonel N—, who will give you any assistance or information. In the same town you will find machines for *making nails, making spades, shovels, fry-pans, buttons, knitting socks, etc., etc.* If you are in Mobile, it might be well to see a small machine invented by G. S—, living on F— street, between M— and N. H— streets (the machine was at Campbell's Cotton Press), and made heads to spikes for boat and ship building. R. B—, of Manchester (near Richmond), has a foundry and machine-shop, and has made nail-machines for the "Old Dominion Iron Works."

We are anxious to have machines to make cotton-cards, but unless we can make the wire for them, don't see how they could be made very useful, but think there will be no difficulty in our putting up the spinning-machine alluded to— if no wire-cloth is used in their construction: with enough of *them*, cotton-cards would not be used. In Louisiana we have a few of such spinning-machines. I have seen excellent ones made by Peirce, of Cincinnati, Ohio. To do all this, expenses necessarily incurred will be paid by the State, and I

leave in your hands one thousand dollars in interest-bearing notes, and will place, either in Montgomery or Mobile, of which you will be informed, an additional sum of four thousand dollars, to be used in defraying expenses, and buying outfit to carry yourself and family to Louisiana, next fall or winter, when you may be ready,—your travelling outfit becoming the property of the State on arrival there, when you will be employed at the rate of pay you are now receiving from the State of South Carolina. And, in the mean time, should your present compensation be reduced by such time as may be required to carry out the object herein stated, it will be made good by the Governor of Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, March 1st, 1864.

The Ladies of New Orleans, to his Excellency H. W. Allen, Governor of Louisiana :

With beating hearts have we read your greeting to the citizens and ladies of New Orleans. Its manly and independent tone, sends a glad thrill through every vein, and all eyes will watch eagerly for the spring-time, which shall shed light and joy, after this “winter of our discontent.” It is *almost* happiness to know, that outside of this iron thralldom, “wherewith we are darkly bound,” there are brave hearts, and stalwart arms, to battle for our glorious cause, not as a desperate, and hopeless one, but with strong and earnest confidence in its success, and stern determination to be a free and independent people, upon whose proud escutcheon shall rest no spot, no blemish, to mar its purity. God in his mercy grant us no long-deferred heart-sickening hope, but a speedy sight of the gray-coats, which, though coarse and threadbare, are more precious to *us* than the gorgeous purple and fine linen of the East. But if distant the day, still will we strive to be patient and cheerful under our trials, and with God’s help will do our part, praying with fervent heart for “the time when the singing-birds shall come, and the voice of the turtle be heard in our land;” for then “shall break forth with joy, and sing together,” the waste places of Louisiana, for the Lord shall have comforted and redeemed his people.

OFFICE VICE-CONSUL OF FRANCE, }
BATON ROUGE, LA., May 28th, 1862. }

Commodore Farragut, Commanding U. S. Navy, off Baton Rouge :

SIR —In temporary absence of the Mayor of Baton Rouge, and in the recess of the Council of the same City, I am requested and authorized by the citizens to say, the attack which was made on one of your small boats this morning, and the subsequent firing on one of your vessels, were made by a troop of mounted men from the country.

The citizens, therefore, wish that the city may not be held responsible,

and thousands of unprotected women and children exposed to the dangers of a cannonade and bombardment, and driven from their homes, in consequence of proceedings which they could not control. As early as possible, no doubt, the authorities, or the citizens, will send a communication to the Rangers, urging them to avoid compromising the safety of the women and children, and the security of the property of the city, by skirmishing with your forces within the city limits. In the meanwhile it is hoped and expected, that hereafter, should you deem it proper to cannonade or bombard the city, you will give timely notice for the withdrawal of the women and children, and all non-combatants."

With high respect,

I remain sir, your obedient servant,

L. BONNECAGE,
Vice-Consul de France.

The following reply was sent to the Consul by Commodore Farragut :

U. S. FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD, }
AT ANCHOR OFF BATON ROUGE. }

To the Vice-Consul of France, Baton Rouge :

SIR—In reply to your communication of this morning, I have to state, that no one could have been more surprised than myself at the wanton attack made upon my small unarmed boat, with an officer and four boys, while attempting to land at the foot of one of your streets. I felt assured, at the time, that it must be the act of some lawless band, as I had received assurance from the Mayor and Council, and even from many of the citizens of Baton Rouge, that every effort would be made by them to preserve order, and prevent any overt act that might in any way compromise their town. Hence you may easily imagine my surprise at the salutation we received this morning. Notwithstanding the provocation, however, I did every thing in my power to avoid the destruction of either life or property, of the citizens of Baton Rouge. I endeavored, as far as practicable, to inflict the punishment where it was due.

Should there be no further attack upon us, there will be no necessity for my firing upon the town ; but I cannot promise that when attacked I will not return the fire ; but you may be assured that if time and opportunity is given, you shall have due notice for the removal of the women and children.

I am, very respectfully, sir,

Your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Flag-officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

[Copy.]

You will deliver to Mr. James E. Terrell, U. S. Treasury Agent, all books, papers, and records in your hands, of the Confederate Treasury Department, or affecting in any way the State cotton. Mr. Terrell will receipt you for the same.

(Signed)

F. J. HERRON,
Major-General.

SHREVEPORT, June 7th, 1865.

Received of J. M. Sandidge, one box, said to contain all the papers appertaining to purchase of cotton in the State of Louisiana, by the agents of these-called Confederate States Government.

(Signed)

J. E. TERRELL.

The papers referred to by Mr. Belknap are in my possession, as they were received by Governor Allen. It was supposed that these evidences of indebtedness would be turned over to any party representing the State authorities succeeding Governor Allen; but if such course is inadmissible, an order from the proper military authorities of the U. S. will direct what disposition shall be made of them.

(Signed)

JNO. M. SANDIDGE.

 THE MEXICAN TIMES.

We find in the *Mexican Times* of the 10th February a very interesting article from the pen of Governor Allen, entitled "The Romance of War." The Governor says, that after the capture of New Orleans a brigade of Federal troops was sent up to Baton Rouge, and thence to his excellency's plantation, Allendale, to quarter upon the country. He describes the colonel commanding this brigade as a good soldier, who controlled his troops as well as volunteer troops could be controlled, and permitted no such acts as Butler encouraged to be performed within his jurisdiction. But the Governor complains that the Federal colonel, on leaving his premises, took away with him a very fine white saddle-horse, and a new English double-barrel gun. The brigade was sent up to assist in the attack on Vicksburg, under the command of General Williams. Failing in this, it was sent back to Baton Rouge, where, a few weeks afterwards, it was engaged in one of the bloodiest battles of the war—the battle of Baton Rouge, fought August 5, 1863. General Williams was killed here, and the chivalrous Allen pays his memory a glowing tribute. The Governor must describe the colonel and the white horse in his own words:

"During the fight we met this same colonel, commanding his brigade, mounted on his (our) white horse.

“We charged him with our command, captured his guns, and swept the field before us. We fell, unfortunately, as we thought, and as both armies thought, mortally wounded. Our brigade halted with victory in their own hands, and fell back without a leader. This Federal officer saw it all, rallied his men, and returned and carried off his abandoned guns—Nims’ battery.

“A few weeks afterwards a kind friend visited us, several miles back from Baton Rouge, where we were lingering between life and death, and said that he was going to New Orleans, and asked if he could serve us. We told him all we wanted was a jar of prunes, and a little tea and loaf-sugar.

“On his arrival in New Orleans he was immediately surrounded by Federal officers, to learn the news from Baton Rouge, and, among other things, they did us the honor of inquiring whether we could possibly live with both legs shot away.

“Our friend told them that it was a very bad case, but that our surgeons had some little hope for our recovery. Among the party was the colonel. He asked if he could serve us in any manner. Our friend handed him our memorandum, and told him that he was going then to fill it. The colonel very generously insisted on taking charge of this matter, and did not only send us the articles so much needed, but at the same time sent us the following message:

“‘Tell Colonel Allen that I admire him for his bravery; that I saw him fall at the battle of Baton Rouge while leading his brigade gallantly in the fight, and would have gone to his assistance, but it was rather too hot just then. Say to him that I took his horse from his plantation as a military necessity, but that, as God is my judge, when the war is over, I will return him his horse, or one equally as good.’”

Governor Allen now addresses a letter to this officer, and asks him, if entirely convenient, to return the horse and gun. He says he has lost two hundred thousand dollars in the war, which he cheerfully offers up as a sacrifice towards paying off the national debt.

The remainder of this letter is so vivacious and feeling, so characteristic of the noble, lion-hearted Allen, that we give it *in extenso*:

“We, poor Confederate exiles, are very forgiving. We have long since forgiven every man in the United States of America, Horace Greeley and all, except Beast Butler, and, since Grant has killed him off, we are trying hard to forgive him, too. We fear we never will, for he is such a black-hearted, cowardly villain. Now, colonel, send me the horse and gun; I am not going to fight anybody any more; my fighting days are past and gone glimmering and (you know the rest). I have lost all taste for such sport. The only fights I assist at now are the bull-fights.

They are very exciting, and my sympathies are always with the bull. When I get my little ranche, it will be so pleasant to ride my own horse that I once was accustomed to ride in former days over my beautiful plantation, now ruined and gone. As to the gun, I will promise you that it shall never be used except against the parrots and the monkeys, the lions and the tigers, that infest the jungles near my little ranche.

“The emperor and empress have been very kind to all Americans, whether from the North or South. If any thing, the Northern men have received the preference; for they have gotten all the fat contracts, and many of them will make large fortunes. The Confederates are settling down on ranches, and have gone to hard work. Old men, who once governed great States, or commanded large armies, can be daily seen clearing away the briers and the brakes, preparing the land for the coffee, sugar, and tobacco-plants.

“Some of them who had an annual income of thousands of dollars, are now working in this city at fifty dollars per month. And still Horace Greeley abuses them! Colonel, don't you think this is unkind in Horace? Poor, demented old man! We never did him any harm. We have no desire to injure him in any way whatever. Why, if he were to marry with a black woman, and become the father of a goodly number of black (no, yellow) children, we would not say one word against him—*de gustibus non est disputandum*.

“And now, colonel, adieu. We shall never meet again on this earth; but we shall meet in the courts above. When I reflect upon the great number of human beings who were slain on both sides in the late civil war, in which you and I took an humble part—when I think of the privates lying in their cold and bloody graves by the side of their commanders, all feelings of hatred and revenge die within me, and I involuntarily turn my thoughts to that great day when we shall appear before the Great Judge of the universe. Let no mortal man say who was right or who was wrong. Bury that question forever, and leave it to God. There were great and good men engaged in that unfortunate strife, the latches of whose shoes neither you nor I are worthy to unloose.

“If an exile, robbed of all his property and maimed terribly by Federal cannon, could advise, he would say, bury forever your ancient quarrels, let there be mutual concessions, mutual forbearance—the North and the South can never separate. It has been effectually tried. Cease your bickerings. Let not the North look with suspicion upon her conquered brethren. Give them back, at once, without reservation, all their liberties, all their constitutional rights, and let both parties bury in the deepest sea of oblivion all envy, all hate, all revenge. Dry the mourner's

tears—bind up the bruised hearts, and assist each other in repairing their fortunes. In this noble and holy work my heart will be with you, and not only mine, but the heart of every Confederate who is now a wanderer in foreign lands.

“Yours is a great country—the greatest on the earth. God grant that it may continue to prosper.

“As for myself, I will say I have no favors to ask at the hands of mortal man. I will never kneel to human power and beg for pardon. It is to one Being alone, the great God who rules the universe, that I will beg for mercy, through which at last I hope to enter the Celestial City.

“I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“HENRY W. ALLEN,

“Late Brigadier-General C. S. A.”

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY W. ALLEN.

FAIR Southland! once more from the shadows of gloom
Which around and above thee yet silently loom,
Let the voice of thy anguish, sepulchral and dread,
Re-echo a dirge for thy glorious dead!

Another bright gem has been torn from thy crown,
And a luminous star from thy sky has gone down;
For her slumbering exile his country will mourn,
For one of her bravest and noblest is gone.

Let the land of his love twine his chaplet of fame,
And the harp of the minstrel vibrate to his name;
While the South shall emblazon it deep on the scroll
Where the future the deeds of the past must unroll.

Unfurl our lost banner to droop o'er his grave,
One hour o'er his breast let the crimson cross wave;
He fought for it—died for it—oh! let it be
Still the dead hero's emblem of “sweet liberty.”

We have laid it aside with the hopes of the past,
And we furled it for aye, when we furled it at last:
Then may we not sadly its torn fragments rear
To fold them around our loved warrior's bier?

Ye breezes that sigh through each tropical grove
Which circles the beautiful home of his love,
Breathe softly and low, in your happiest tone,
The name of the Exile we gloried to own.

Oh ! ALLEN, thy virtues will live in our hearts,
While thy noble example fresh courage imparts
To hope for the best though the darkest night reign,
And rise from the midnight to noontide again.

And shall not our dead still look down to approve
The laurels which we for their brows have enwove ?
And their memory awaken new life and new birth
In the land to us dearest of realms of the earth.

Then adieu to thee, ALLEN ! the bravest and best !
May the clods of the valley lie light on thy breast !
When the Spring shall return with her brightness and bloom,
We'll strew o'er thee flowers of the richest perfume.

Louisiana laments thee, her favorite son,
Mississippi will mourn thee as one of her own ;
Our sons and our daughters, the rich and the poor,
Shall grieve for the lost, we may welcome no more.

ESSIE.

TO THE MEMORY

*Of the lamented Gov. Henry Watkins Allen. Inscribed to the noble
women of Louisiana. By Col. A. M. Hobby.*

As sinks the sun along the Arctic skies,
And his last ray in purple twilight dies,
A sadness deepens o'er the lonely soul
Of those dark dwellers round the icy pole ;
Eyes brim with tears, the heart with sorrow thrills,
As night descends upon their frozen hills.
So wept, and felt we, when the saddened breeze
Sighed from the Exile's home beyond the seas,
And murmuring whispered to his native shore
That her bright sun had set, to rise no more.

Why weeps that maiden ? why in gloom she roves ?
Nor heeds the fragrance of her orange groves !
Why rests a sadness on that iron brow ?
A tear—that eye had never known till now.

Why stops the child at play ? three Aprils old,
 And earth and air a solemn stillness hold ?
 And why does grief extend its darkened pall
 And universal sorrow sadden all ?
 —What ! weep not for him ! whose deeds sublime
 Are rolled with grand music on the breeze of time—
 A Sun in Glory's firmament hath set,
 But in its dying rays we linger yet.
 (That splendid sun that lit the Southern sky,
 Warmed every heart, and kindled every eye ;
 No spot appeared upon its golden zone,
 No borrowed light—its radiance all its own :
 Spread to the distant worlds its piercing beam,
 Or touched the modest violet on the stream ;
 Kissed every tear-drop from the tender flower,
 That bent its leaves beneath the storm's rude power :
 Unclasped the ice-bands from the snowy hills,
 Called the hushed music from the voiceless rills,
 Awak'd the spring-buds from their sleep of death,
 To breathe the fragrance of their spicy breath ;
 To paint the cheerless fields and faded bowers,
 In all the loveliness of summer hours.)
 Who would not feel, when such a sun had set,
 The deepest sorrows of a long regret ?

Oh, ALLEN ! if within your lonely grave—
 Where summer's tropic blooms forever wave—
 The sounds of Southern woe that now we hear,
 Could pierce its portals to thy spirit ear,
 In one broad, deep Confederate voice 'twould rise,
 And half repay thee for thy sacrifice.
 If solemn griefs be ours, how doubly great
 Thy grief shall be, our mourning sister State !
 He was thy son, whose purity and fame
 Gave splendid lustre to your own bright name.
 But glorious deeds like his, not thine alone,
 Fame proudly spread them with her trumpet tone,
 Till every pulse was fired, and heart was stirred,
 When ALLEN's great and glorious name was heard.
 Oh ! for some mighty hand that would aspire
 To sweep the golden chords of Southern lyre ;
 To breathe her own great names in martial song,
 And point the brave and true in Fame's proud throng.
 Oh ! who shall estimate the greatness lost,
 Or tell the virtues that adorned him most :

The civic Chieftain of a ruined State—
 Once proudly prosperous and truly great—
 Now echoed but to hostile armies' tread,
 A boundless waste where desolation spread
 One cheerless shadow o'er the land, and there
 Starvation's cries were mingled with despair.
 The trembling ship that fiercely storms assail,
 And helpless staggers to the rushing gale,
 Turns boldly to the waves that would o'erwhelm,
 When the undaunted pilot takes the helm.
 So with tremendous might this master's hand
 Stayed dread destruction's march upon the land,
 Touched the State corpse of credit, and it rose
 In sinewed strength, a giant on his foes.
 The barren fields again were decked in bloom,
 The anvil echoed to the whirring loom ;
 His sails of commerce whitened in the breeze,
 Despite the watchful sentries of the seas,—
 Returned through dangers with their smiling store,
 To clothe the naked and to feed the poor ;
 And grateful tears in sorrowing eyes were born,
 As golden plenty filled her crescent horn.
 When hearts grew faint, in danger's darkest hour,
 A new demand was made on ALLEN's power.
 His wondrous eloquence was deeply breathed,
 And Hope, with confidence, her brow enwreathed ;
 He swept with mighty hand on passion's lyre,
 His words were edged with patriotic fire ;
 Though sunk in cowardice, or ribbed in steel,
 No heart but answered to his great appeal ;
 His willing ear heard tales of deep distress,
 His ready hand gave to the wronged, redress.
 True to the last—did all that man could dare—
 To shield the helpless was his latest care !
 True to the last—from heaven's meridian height
 Saw Glory's Southern Sun sink down in night !
 True to the last—as sorrow's tear-drop fell,
 To broken hearts he bade a last farewell !
 True to the last—he saw the last act close,
 And sought in foreign lands a long repose.

In foreign lands that lonely Exile sleeps—
 No eye of love its faithful vigil keeps.
 By strangers' hands alone his eyes were closed,
 By strangers' hands his mangled limbs composed,

By strangers' hands his shroud of martial gray—
 That shone resplendent in the Southern fray—
 Was wrapped, oh ! warmly o'er his noble breast ;—
 Within its folds more calmly will he rest—
 Meet type, to clothe in gray, his manly form.
 Alike undaunted they had met the storm,
 Alike their stainless purity had kept,
 Alike will be remembered, loved, and wept,
 Alike in tears and silence laid away,
 Alike immortal in their mouldering clay.

But, noble Louisiana, on thy breast
 Thy Hero's ashes shall at last find rest ;
 Thy hands, in love, are reached beyond the wave ;
 That thy proud city shall contain his grave.
 Oh ! let thy noble daughters' tender care
 A fitting burial for their Chief prepare,
 And bear him lovingly with pensive tread,
 To the dim city of the silent dead,
 Where vines shall clasp, and fragrant flowers bloom,
 In sweet profusion o'er great ALLEN's tomb ;
 While raised on high the marble pyramid
 Shall tell, beneath the hero's dust is hid,
 And on its polished surface richly spread
 These God-like virtues of the noble dead :

Oh ! Death, within thy halls of rest,
 Receive this great and noble guest !
 By broken hearts was ne'er conveyed,
 To hands of thine, a nobler shade.
 Affection's hands have reared this trust,—
 To guard a hero's sacred dust—
 Memorial of as pure a man
 As blessed the earth since time began.
 His laurels bright, the honors claim
 Of Christian, Statesman, Warrior's name ;
 In halls of wisdom wisely great,
 A master in the grave debate ;
 In battle-field the first to lead—
 A tower of strength in day of need.
 On him did justice never frown,
 His brow wore Duty's iron crown,
 And Honor gave him, from his birth,
 A mountain-majesty of worth ;
 While mercy smiles, recounting o'er
 His boundless blessings to the poor.
 Sleep, Hero, sleep ! rest, Patriot, rest !
 Among the hearts that loved thee best.

Long as the sun on high shall burn
 We'll bend with reverence o'er thy urn,
 And tears of love, till Time's last day,
 Shall consecrate thy hallowed clay!

GALVESTON, TEXAS, JUNE 5, 1866.

LEAVES

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LADY, NEAR PORT GIBSON, MISSISSIPPI, KEPT DURING GRANT'S MARCH UPON VICKSBURG, *via* GRAND GULF AND PORT GIBSON.

This journal was kept by a lady who lived near Grand Gulf. She was an intimate friend of the writer of this work, and of Ex-Governor Allen—one of the most distinguished women of the South, both in intellect, education, and social position. At the time of the advance of General Grant down Lake Saint Joseph, she sent her three young daughters (one of them widowed during the war) out of the way of the army, feeling that she and their aged father [they were both over three-score years of age] were unable to protect, in their secluded home, these young, beautiful, helpless women. This diary was kept for their gratification. As a favor, I was permitted to extract these pages, which I append here, thinking the simple, artless story of the sorrow and privation so nobly endured by this patriotic lady, may not be without interest and value to the future historian of this terrible war.

FILIA.

MAY 7TH, 1863.—I ought to have commenced this long since, but I have been in such a whirl and excitement it has been out of the question to write. You know, my dear children, that on Friday, the 1st of May, there was a battle fought at Parkenson's Hill, and one, the night before, at "Magnolia Church," being, in fact, one long and continued fight—Poor Bowen trying his best to keep off the Yankees with his few troops. You also know General Tracy was killed. You all left me on Saturday, May 2d, at 11 o'clock, A. M. It was very desolate and forlorn after you left, but I was thankful you got away, and both your father and myself have great reasons to bless God Almighty for his great mercy in permitting you to leave as you did. Just as we were going to dinner, Captain Simmons made his appearance, ate very heartily, and left immediately. He had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours, was then on the wing with the wagons and the few men left at "Camp Devereux," to join his command. He bade me good-bye, and remarked, that he hoped I

might not have a Yankee Captain to dinner the next day. To which I replied, he might dine here, but not with me. Dirty and soiled as he was, he looked very handsome—he had not heard of the Colonel for three days. Just at sundown, up drove an ambulance, and out got Mrs. General Bowen, baby, and servant, escorted by stuttering, squinting, Captain N—, in spite of his very extraordinary mode of speech—never heard any thing like it—except the man in New Orleans father describes, and he is different. Well, we supped, talked, and went to bed. I liked Mrs. Bowen very much—she wanted to go on, but N— would not, but proposed to start early. Just at daybreak I awoke your father, there was a strange voice on the gallery. It proved to be Mr. McG— for his horse. It roused us all, and well it did. In less than half an hour, madam, baby, and ail, were skedaddding up the Jackson road, and no doubt got off. The whole Yankee force was coming up, and we were getting across Big Black. The Yankees, not less than 20,000 men to 100,000, well appointed in every particular. Elsie and I determined to tie up bars and bedclothes, and try to save them if we could; and whilst thus employed we heard a noise, and all at once the whole lot was filled with Confederate soldiers—they sprung up like bees. “Get behind the hedge,” was the order, “and be ready to fire.” I walked out on the front gallery, and said, “Who are you?” “Rebels, madam, real honest rebels.” “All right, go ahead, and God help you.” Just then the Captain called to your father, and said: “Take your family out of the house, we must fight right here.” It was a very large skirmishing party, protecting Bowen and the brave Missourians who were getting over Big Black. The Yankees planted cannon just inside of our “Vicksburg gate,” and it is a miracle we were not used up. Well, father gave the word, and we “skedaddded,” ’way back into the hollow, down by the branch that goes into Kinmason’s Creek. After staying there one and a half hours, we were sent for. The General commanding, McPherson, an Ohio man, ordered us up. Dave came for us. I did not want to go, but father said there was no help, and Jack and Elsie, who were along, advised policy. “Master,” said Jack, “true, I’m nothing but a nigger, but take my advice and don’t anger them, they are as thick as blackberries, and ugly looking customers.” Home we came. General McPherson’s Division had possession of the premises, not by hundreds, but by thousands. It has since proved that General Smith’s Division had the skirmish, then went on to Grand Gulf. General McPherson honored us by making—his headquarters. They must open every door, pillaged every place. Found the whiskey, two five-gallon demijohns, and two gallons old F—, and the box the girls packed. The demijohn of old F— we saw taken in to the General! Ordered dinner, which

Elsie refused to cook, but eventually aided their cooks. They had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours, and were as ravenous as wolves. They opened the dining-room closet with a hatchet, stole all the table-linen there—not much, I'm happy to say. General McPherson disclaimed the whole proceeding, so I went into the parlor myself, and asked him to protect the cellars ; there was no food or liquor there now, it had all been stolen, simply the wearing apparel of the family, and especially ladies and children. He went and cleared the cellar, but by the time he reached the parlor the thieves were all in again. He did not care to protect it, or he would have placed a guard there. The officers may say what they please, but they wink at and authorize this plundering and thieving. Every thing stolen out of Ed's trunk—cleaned out, except his scarf and gloves—papers, books, every thing. Sidney's also cleaned out. At last George Carpenter said : “ Missus, let the boys *save some*,” and of course I acquiesced. So Judge, Hays, Elsie, and George went to work. They filled the large new clothes-basket. I sat at my front dressing-room window and hauled it in, emptying it right on the floor, receiving, what it took Randal and Jack to lift upon the window—how my arms did ache ! but in that way I secured most of the clothes.

The room was a sight—elegant silks, lace shawls, chemises, baby clothes, etc. The Doctor's linseys safe, but *all* my black dresses are gone, including my splendid black watered silk. I complained aloud of the vandalism of destroying the clothing and keepsakes and little knick-nacks of women and children. An officer, who was coolly washing his hands at my washstand and using my towel, observed, “ Why, my dear madam, your own servants were the first in the cellar, and piloted the men there ; and that very woman who is so attentive, and so assiduously fanning you, made up a large bundle, and I saw her carry it off myself.” The “ woman,” being Mary, replied, “ she did try to save some things, but they were for her old mistress :” but the mistress has not seen them. “ You were not the only one. There were several others, among them a very tall, big woman,” whom you may recognize ! I had no difficulty in recognizing the *honest* Martha. All your mementoes of bygone days are stolen—every thing, nearly, gone. Jane's desk was taken right before my eyes. The man, an Illinoisian, tried to buy it, but I declined. “ Well, suppose I choose to take it ?” “ Do so ; I can't prevent your stealing. If God's command is not obeyed, I can't expect you to mind me.” “ But I don't want to take it that way ; please sell it.” “ I can't ; it is not mine ; it belongs to one of my daughters.” “ Where are they ?” “ That is none of your business—far away from here, thank God !” He went away, but presently he came back, looked round, did not see me, and carried off the desk. It was, apparently, empty. I burned every

paper I could lay my hands on. They were thrown into my window with the clothing—mine as well as yours, a few of the Doctor's, none of A.'s, very few of A.—. I have her desk safe. I cried over my dear E.'s and R.'s letters. I hated to burn them, but father advised it, for I could not carry them about me, and they would be stolen. I have saved the Waverleys, A.'s commonplace-book, a miniature (glass all broken), many Bibles—there are enough in the house to make us better people. The Shakespeares are safe, so far. Well, General McPherson and staff dined comfortably at my table, *but not with me*, and about five o'clock P. M. left, and at sundown the place was pretty clear. They watered and fed their beasts right in the lot, several hundreds, and the whole division camped and fed in and around the yard. They tore up and destroyed all the papers in the office, cut a part out of the large map, tore up the sheets, stole every blanket they could find, carried away nearly all the books, even the Dictionary, left the Encyclopedias—nothing came amiss—the house was literally gutted, up stairs and down. My room alone untouched, and here they rifled the wardrobes before I got up from the woods. Strange to say, left father's assortment of boots and shoes. Tell A—— we worked hard for the Yanks, for they took all the lint and bandages, went to the medicine closet, stole the morphine, quinine, Dovers-powder, opium, etc., but never saw the old basket behind the door, as good luck would have it. I had a long talk with them; all deny fighting for the negro, but all tamper with them, and hold out inducements for the negro to leave. The garden is stripped—this was Sunday's performance. These had not discovered the front cellar—it was still safe, with its store of salt, molasses, peas, and rice. We passed a quiet night, but not an easy one, certainly.

MONDAY, MAY 4th.—Osterhaus' Division, scum of St. Louis, camped in the big field. All the corn ruined in the field, and nearly all consumed in the granaries. They tramped through the house everywhere, all hungry as wolves. Came to father and asked for molasses. He told them he had none, that he was stripped, and had not been in the cellars. They said he had molasses, that the negroes *told them so*. M. J.— told them he did not know what he had, or had not, they held the place themselves. Presently a loud crash, and whoop and hurrahs. Stove in the door, the heads, and away went molasses and sugar. They took every pan, pitcher, cup, bucket, to carry it off. Brought a wagon and loaded it up. I here sat by dear old father, looking on. They finished the meal. We had none to eat. Nancy sent me a little. Elsie, faithful and true, and Jack and Emma very attentive. Eddens, about 11 o'clock, left as waiter to a Dutch Colonel. General Osterhaus' Division still there, and Hovey's Division of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio

men come—bad enough, but much more decent than the Dutch. They told Elsie “I was a Northern woman, and *that* had saved the house and my room.” Well, this rummaging went on all day, and stealing, we depending on the servants for food, and they providing comfortably for us, even Harriet bringing me up a chicken. All day you could hear the rifles, shooting hogs. To-day they report four left; don’t know if any sheep. Buggies, carts, wagons, every horse, even Flirt, leaving the colt, except old Fanny, who would not move, and who is nearly foaling—she is wandering round the yard. In the afternoon I saw a man with the English saddle, and Edward’s cavalry saddle. I went up to him and said, “By what authority do you take away those saddles, as we are under General Hovey’s protection, and have been under General McPherson’s?” “I have an order.” “Show it to me.” I read it, put it in my pocket, and said: “Take the saddles.” “I want the order.” “I won’t give it to you—this is my receipt that your Colonel has taken my saddles.” He ripped and ranted; he would have that order if I was not a woman, and he would be d——d if he would not set fire to the house. “Do so, it will only be in keeping with the rest of your work.” He went off cursing. About dark, General E. B. Carr, whose headquarters were at McIntyre’s, arrived. Your father told him Ed. had felt hurt about some transactions about horses. Carr said: “Let me go up and talk to him.” He explained the matter, left his orderly to protect the house, took the saddle order. Next morning he sent a guard of four men, which protected my room and the dressing-room—but powerless to restrain these vandals. Still, we were less anxious on account of fire. Hogs and sheep still being killed and cleaned right here by the cistern, on the house-lot. Emma discovers “Priscilla” in the Carpenter shop. Bayonet through the picture! Watches a chance and brings it in. Face not touched. We hang it up and bring in mother’s and hang in spare room.

This is TUESDAY, 5th May. Major-Gen. McClermand asks leave to make “A——” his headquarters. Graciously granted, for the protection is very desirable. Came, took possession, much surprised and delighted at the comfortable prospect; sorry they did not know of it before; been at Jones’ and poor Johnny’s, who is also cleaned out. Bring their servants, food, etc.; well they did; much more considerate and decent than McPherson; had Edden’s table put on the gallery, eat there; had a turkey they had stolen somewhere for supper; all in less than an hour. Coming and going and fussing generally; but we keep on one end of the gallery. Introduced to a young fellow by name Rigley; comes from Philadelphia; inquired about Col. Bache, knows him well and knows Mrs. Bache and her friend Mrs. L——; find out a good deal; he and a Mr.

Mason made a reconnoissance at Thompson's Hill ; told him he was seen , he was surprised, I know ; had a good deal of pleasant and agreeable talk ; learned particulars of the battle of Port Gibson. Mr. Mason introduced, but presently disappeared ; told Rigley he was ashamed "to look that old lady in the face ; she bore it so well, was so independent, he respected her." These people came Sunday night, stayed Wednesday, left Thursday ; all the troops went, leaving a couple of tents with commissary stores. I told father I had listened till midnight trying to hear what was going on ; something in the wind ; some lingered here a while after the rest had gone ; presently Messrs. Mason and Rigley returned, and asked permission to stay all night ; which we were glad of. They had their own provisions, would my woman cook it ? I told Mr. R—— if he had asked me that question before 10 A. M. Sunday, I could have answered ; now he must negotiate his own business. But the woman Elsie was a good-natured, faithful creature, and I dare say she would, if she thought it would protect us. About 9 o'clock P. M. a great light in the direction of Watson's ; thought the house and gin were on fire. I went to the corner of the gallery and spoke pretty plainly of their destroying them—whose wife has had a strange Yankee woman there for several years, nursing her tenderly, in consumption. Sent for her sister, paying her salary besides. Such doings won't stop this unholy war ; whilst there is a man, woman, or child, we will fight. Mason went into the dining-room, and Rigley came towards me. "Mason can't stand you ;" he says, "it is all true, and he is ashamed of it." "I am glad to hear it ; if more of you felt so—and many of you do, but are compelled by circumstances to go on—this unholy war would end." It proved to be Mr. W——'s cotton, that he had set on fire himself. I do wish *ours was burnt!* The two engineers are gone ; Taggart, from Philadelphia, sent me some hard biscuit, a couple lbs. of sure enough coffee, and a little tea—Father likes the crackers. The Commissary from Philadelphia used to know his kinsfolks ; lived at the corner of 6th and Walnut ; after they went I walked into the parlor, found a common sword, gave it to Taggart, who presently returned, and returned it, saying in an undertone, "Be back in a day or two, and then the fellow that owns this won't believe your story, but will do you some mischief." "A wink is as good as a nod." I said, thank you, and he went his way. I had folded and placed all the clothing and put it away in my bath-tub, the big Warton box, and numerous baskets. I called Elsie, and asked what we should do to save this wearing apparel ; all those dear little children's clothes are here, and we can't buy more. At last I said, suppose we make them into beds ; and it was so resolved. They are now just sewed up in sheets, then in poor Sidney's carpets, and I had hardly got them off the lot before the Sixth

Missouri Cavalry, Colonel Wright, six hundred strong, rode up, having been pushed forward by our friend, Wirt Adams. This brings me to Thursday night. Colonel Wright took the dining-room, and is there now, at the time I am penning this.

1 P. M., 8TH MAY.—The soldiers slept on their arms, and the white-folks in their clothes—bag packed and ready for a move—of course not very comfortable. Wright and your father talked a good deal, and he says, all the way from Port Gibson they skirmished, and that he camped on Smith's place—Adams' old camping-ground—Wednesday night, but his forces were very tired, and so were Adams'. I forgot to say, that we burned all the bridges, after the fight, in Port Gibson, but the Yanks soon put them to rights, as only the woodwork was injured, but it kept them back and enabled our troops to get over Big Black. We had four or five divisions, but after the fight Generals Bowen and Green did the most of the fighting. Tracy's was too late, although he took part and was killed.

General Grant made his headquarters at Mrs. Bagnal's. General Carr, first at Watson's and then at McIntyre's. I hear the bugle, they are ordered off. I expect Adams on their flank. "Well, Colonel Wright, who do you think I shall have for guest to-night?" said your father. "Is there any chance of my old friend, Wirt Adams?" "I should not be surprised, sir, such are the chances of war." He says, in Missouri it is the worst of civil war; his wife and children were turned into the road, and the house burned before her eyes. One of the men of Hovey's Division, who seemed quite intelligent, had a good deal of talk; we asked him about Port Gibson—he acted as Provost Marshal—but they ordered them there too late. The Murdocks had left, and there they had destroyed every thing; all the little ornaments, beautiful, rare things they stole, and what they could not take they destroyed. He saw Mrs. —, they remained; and Miss — did some big talking. Mrs. P— and Mary left on Thursday morning for Mobile. C— and E— left also, and no doubt their dwellings are pillaged. Poor Mrs. P— sent her melodeon to Mr. B—, and then got into the carriage, which broke down soon after she left. I heard of her from a soldier, who mentioned Dr. D—, who remained in his house, was pleasant to all, and no one hurt him. Mrs. S— was seen Saturday afternoon in Port Gibson. They have not left the widow W— any thing. Mrs. McG— got a permit to keep her buggy and horse; she has nothing left. I gave her a cotton comfort, and she went to hunt Grant to get a permit to get meal for her little children. Old Mr. H— met Mr. W—, and begged him, with tears, to give him a piece of meat he had in his hands, which I am happy to say he did! We don't suffer at all; by turns the negroes have

given me a chicken of what is left. They said truly, "I might better have them than those wild beasts." The last thing Eddens did was to save some meat for me. He slept in the spare room Sunday night, and Monday at noon he had quit our service. We have three or four pieces of meat, hid by the servants, and that is our wealth. Parker, Sol. Mordt, Jim Crow, Isaiah, and Wadloo, have quit us, but the rest are here, and very attentive and willing. Hester and Co., George Carpenter and Maria, have proved very faithful. Kia Jane has a box of house-linen, and has managed to keep it. Randal has been great help and true. Kate has a bed. She walked over to see General Hovey, and told him how they had stolen her things, and told him "they came to rob the negroes, not protect them." John Smith true. I can prove nothing against Fanny but that she was among the first to come up and be here when I came from the woods. Monday I set Hester and Martha to pack up the clothes. I could not move about my room. I said to Martha, "you have not been over honest, but I can hardly think you could treat me so at such a time;" and being weary I sat down in my room. Presently Elsie came in with a large bundle, and said: "Don't ask any questions." I put it under the bed; it proved to have Jane's silk dress, two new shirts of father's, Ap's new linen and muslin, and some other articles. I put them away, and desired Mrs. Polk to make herself scarce. About an hour after Wright left, which was three P. M., we observed a great cloud of dust on the Gulf road. But before I go further let me say, that when McClernand arrived he had with him fifteen Confederate prisoners, among them Bartlett and Soursby. The former told your father, that C—— had telegraphed from Rocky Springs to the Doctor "that you were coming." It was a great relief to both of us. God grant you are safe, though no part of the country is safe, and if we are whipped at Vicksburg we are pretty well done for. Here, we are in the dark, can't hear any thing, can't go anywhere—neither horse, or mule, nor wagon, or cart—and it is most fortunate you have teams and carriage with you, they are now all we have. Tell both the George's their wives have been good and faithful. We gave part of our breakfast to B—— and S——, and father spoke to one of McClernand's officers, who got meat and meal and gave it to Elsie, who cooked it and took it to the other prisoners. The guard said they had not seen any thing like that—they wished she would cook for them. This is the anniversary of our dear Ed's death—*murdered* by these very vandals! We may truly now comprehend that portion of the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." I have a small piece of corn-bread in the closet, and a little piece of bacon, about two inches thick; but we do not suffer, for your father bears up most wonderfully, for it is hard to see every thing snatched away, right before

your eyes, and *be over threescore years old*. Both cheerful and getting on bravely—like Dicken's "Oh, the devil, never say die." Now for the cloud of dust. It was General Sherman's Corps, composed of three divisions; two went by the back road to Rocky Springs, Tuttle's came by us, and if ever the out-pourings of jails and every thing mean and low, these men certainly were the quintessence of rascality—as Elsie says, "Lousy, dirty beasts."

It began about five P. M. When they came, all the best glass and china were safe, and a good deal of the rest. I had persuaded father to roll up the two pictures, *but mother would not roll*, so I laid her flat among the silk comforts, in one of the beds, and sent this one to Kate's house. The other was put on a stick, and Kate came up to-day to say, "they had tried to take it from her, and had pulled the stick out, but she held on to the picture and *fit them!*" The beds are all safe at the quarters. The box of house-linen Kia reports being opened, and Ed's tools taken out, and she let them have them for peace-sake, but then she sat on it, and said her husband was away, and it was his box, and they should not rob her. I have a few mean ones down there, who tell what they know, and implicate the faithful ones, and the servants have had a hard time. They have forced them to work for them, though some of them pay pretty liberally with their old greenbacks. These men went into the parlor and broke up the old desk—which had stood the *St. Domingo insurrection*—all to pieces—destroyed every thing. As soon as McClermand's troops left, Elsie and Emma and I gathered all the best china and glass, and put it into the spare-room closet, gathered up all the books that were strewn about, and put in the closet, but did not attempt to clean up. These last demons burst open the places, took whatever they wanted to carry molasses in, with them, and broke up as much of the rest as they could. "Bang, bang!" Colonel Coffey's picture has a hole through each eye! I have not been up stairs, but am told every thing is gone; even the little red cups belonging to Mary, which were in the top of the closet. A——'s basket is safe at the quarters found in "Paradise." B——'s trunk, where all the letters were, opened and robbed—even the little old card-case is stolen. Well, the whooping and banging on the piano, yells and cursing, continued. Bang, at one of my doors—I would go to it, talk, reason, go away. Bang, at another—go to that. Presently the outside dressing-room door burst in. I opened my room door, it is full of ugly-looking customers—they have discovered a little meal, a few pounds of sugar Randal saved me, and one jar of lard, and all the soap, which I had packed in a box—one hundred and fifty pounds of Castile—and every thing is turned out of jars and closet. The room dismal, my leghorn straw mashed down, the room full of molasses, lard,

what not. The whole house just so—nothing left but my room. Words cannot describe the noise and confusion, the oaths and execrations. Some decent ones trying to prevent and restrain them. “They are d—d old rebels, ought all to be killed, and the house burnt!” Servants afraid to come up. Did not see Elsie or Jack all day. Friday night some of them sent Jack for water, and then tried to abuse both Elsie and Emma—who has stayed with Elsie all along. The latter screamed so it brought Jack back, who called the pickets, and the devils skedaddled. After all the mischief was done, General Sherman sent a guard to protect the property, on the representation of some of his officers. Some of them talk beautifully, but the majority of them are all alike. It is a war of extermination, and many openly declare it, and are not ashamed to confess it, but glory in it. After the arrival of the guard we were tolerably quiet.

Saturday, by six o'clock, Tuttle's Division are gone, leaving the guard. Colonel Mudd, of McClernand's staff, drove up in Mr. Owen's carriage (saving it for him). Your father showed him the house. Seemed sorry. Told the teamsters to stay here as long as they could and keep off all stragglers. They did so. Thousands and thousands of men have passed, and they magnify their number of course—but before this Tuttle's Division came. Old Lane, who has served in Europe, said, not more than 20,000 had passed, but I have no doubt whatever but they have at least 100,000 men with them. They are going up the Jackson road to Big Black bridge. Some think they will have a fight there. They themselves dread it. I have listened to their talk, and their “only hope is in numbers.” I have argued with them Scripturally and Constitutionally, and, except the rabble, they are heartily tired of the whole affair. Some of Sherman's told me of the robbing and thieving in Port Gibson. One of them said: “Ain't you a Union woman?” “No.” “What are you?” “Why, a real old *cantakerous* rebel.” “Good for you, I believe in holding up to your own opinions.” I repacked the medicines Sunday night. I was afraid to keep them in the house, so sent them to Elsie's quarter. They got them, and I now have no cupping instruments or cups, and all my best medicines are gone to comfort these Yankees—except the calomel and Dovers-powder, every thing is gone. How I wish that cotton was burnt! I hate they should get it. If I could I would fire it, and I know I would rather have seen the house burnt, with all its contents, than witnessed what I have seen and gone through—nor are we safe yet. I think it doubtful if this house remains. B—— house is burned to ashes. “Routhwood” also. I talk to the men when I find a decent one, and find out all I can. A decent straggler has just gone, he came from Hard Times. Doctor quite well, he says, and his house turned into a hospital.

But this man repudiates the negro question. He thinks they must remain where they are, and be held in bondage, and that "the army would strike if they thought they were fighting for any thing but the Union." He says, "from *Milliken's Bend to Hard Times* there is scarcely a house left," gutted, if not burnt, and mostly burnt.

2 P. M., SUNDAY.—All quiet as yet, but we see the cloud again, wagons, and stores, and ammunition. We have just eaten our dinner as if we were stealing it—a little bacon and corn-bread, and Emma found a few peas. It is cooked at the quarters and brought up stealthily, for *they threaten the servants if they feed us!* and we lock all the doors whilst we eat what will keep body and soul together! We still have some tea, not a drop of liquor left. I wish I had a little for father!

They say Isaiah and Wadloo were forced away, and I rather think it is true. They carried Dan up to Rocky Springs yesterday, but he was back this morning. They took Jim to Big Black, but he gave them the slip. Poor things, I pity them! One man asked Emma to go with him and nurse his children. She declined. He asked her where her father and mother were? She replied she never had a father, and her mother died when she was a baby. "Then who brought you up?" "My old Miss." "Then stick to her!" said the man. "I mean to," said Emma, "for I don't think much of you white folks." I had gathered all the Bibles in a box, but those vandals have stolen them all except Alice's, which I had in my room. I am using it; it has given me much comfort. I have also J.'s common one. The fine-covered ones are all gone. What such rascals want with Bibles I can't tell. The weather warmer. I wish it would get hot—*hot*, though I do suffer and have no clothes, and am tired of my extra garments, as I sleep in my corset ready for a run. The commissary's coffee was stolen out of the dressing-room. I never tasted it. We keep the ———, for what can we expect? Well, I can't be thankful enough, nor father either, that you were all away—that we think you safe and out of harm's way. God be praised! We would have been powerless to save you. One or two of the officers asked us if we did not have daughters. "Yes, away from home." "Very fortunate, madam; happy they are not here. When did they leave?" "Time enough to reach their destination." Hem! no more out of this child! They have inquired of the servants, and boast "they will come up with you yet." It is very terrible! General Smith sent one of his aids on Thursday with two gold watches—one is O.'s, the other I do not know, though the seal is a griffin's head—stolen out of our cellar.

MONDAY, MAY 11.—All continues quiet. We hear the men visit the quarters, and are still tampering with the negroes. No one at work; there is nothing to work with—not a mule or horse left—even old Fanny

was ridden off Saturday evening. Yesterday the quiet was almost painful. Every thing looks so desolate and so very dirty ; no one to clear away ; and I don't know that it is expedient, for if more come they can see what others have done. To-day Bony Martin and Albert, accompanied by H. M., were here. They were hunting mules and stock. Mrs. M. was unmolested in the house. They took cattle, and robbed her of food, but did not make a smash of it, as here. The girls were actually in the carriage to go away, but got out and determined to stay with their mother. P.'s gutted just like ours—W.'s also—Stamp's distillery burned down, and his whiskey stolen—house not molested. Bony gave us good news—"Port Hudson not evacuated." I think father feels a little better. I know I do. No Feds. in Port Gibson. Wirt Adams drove them out, and then went on rejoicing. He could not come this way, as he would have been captured. The people in Port Gibson suffering for food. The country people can't go in, can't grind, have no mules, and some of them have no corn. The Martin negroes have determined to stay at home and work the crop—ours seem paralyzed. Elsy, particularly, is crushed, afraid to come up here ; and, if she comes, to stay. I have forgotten to mention the cats. "JESSIE"* did not make his appearance until the Thursday after you left. That day and early Friday he was about and on my bed. When the fuss began, he disappeared. I saw him to-day, but he ran immediately into the cellar. "Martha" has not been home at all. Even "Dixie" was away for days, but the last two she has been with me. "Polly" has been a great charge. Many of the Yankees wanted to buy her, but I keep her near me. She sleeps in my room, and sits on the Lauriamandi-tree very silent—does not talk either night or day. "Jinny" also lives in my room, which may be truly called a menagerie. The many cats—Dixie, Jacot, Jot, Jinny, and Poll—they all keep close quarters, and seem secure. I can hear nothing of Mr. James Maury. We hear Adams fought right by their gate, but don't know if it is true. Father won't leave me, even if he had a horse, though I'm not afraid. I want him to go find out the news. The Yanks have Grand Gulf, and their sick and wounded are there.

TUESDAY, MAY 12.—"All quiet along the Potomac last night ;" lovely morning, father depressed, makes me very anxious, nothing to do but dwell on our present deplorable condition, and what we must do for the future. What is to become of us ? He will be like Dr. Coxe, die from fret ; but he, poor man, had great cause—his only son against him. We are all united in this respect.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13.—Yesterday Frank Blair's Division came up—

* Pet cat.

camped at the forks of the road. Our position gives us great trouble. Claimed protection, at father's request, for the little that is left. All quiet—came late and went early—no stragglers. Sent Randey across the country to P. G. People suffering for food in Port Gibson. That is what the Yankees want, to starve us out. C., E., and H., all gone to Alabama. Troops that have passed said to be 50,000. Mrs. M. in town—her house gutted like ours. Jinny taken prisoner and sent up the river; John H. same; much damage done in town, but mail and telegraph in operation to Hazelhurst. Another battle at Fredericksburg. We have whipped them, but, alas! not routed them. Father wants me to think about what I am going to do—we must work for our living—gets mad when I say I think we will remain here. He don't see a ray of light anywhere. I still hopeful. If Johnson could only rout Rosecrans, then flank Vicksburg! Elsy still faithful, feeds us, and does what she can; Ria Jane too; Bowlegs very attentive. More of my property at the quarters than I have at the house; know where a good deal is, but am powerless to act. Emma beginning to tire of waiting on me, did not come up at noon; Nancy not true. I do not say any thing to them one way or the other, take what they choose to do, and finish the rest myself. Elegant lace handkerchief brought out of the dust in the cellar unharmed, also ten collars, all dirty. Emma says one belongs to Mr. S.; knows too much for me to offend her. Martha I don't see, nor Jane or Fanny either. Pistols and rifles in the hands of the negroes at the quarters. Poor things! I feel sorry for them. They are not to blame, and if we succeed they must return to their work and place, and I trust to an all-merciful God that we may, though these brutes and vandals outnumber us, I fear. I think I feel as Robinson Crusoe must have felt, and will have to get a stick and make notches for the days of the week.

THURSDAY, MAY 14.—The silence and monotony is terrible, very hard to bear, only broken by dear father's anticipations of more trouble and what we are to do. As dear Ned used to say, "quien sabe?" Two officers of General Ross' Division just passed through, came in at the Gulf gate and through the place to Jackson road; wanted a drink of milk, gave water; milk scarce, seldom have any. They tell us Richmond is in the hands of the Yankees. I did not believe it, he did not seem sure of it himself. We are very anxious about Frank. They have had a terrible battle at Fredericksburg again—God grant he is spared—and what for? This General Ross is the Ft. Pemberton man of happy memory. The weather seems to favor them; rainy, cloudy, and cool. Emma brought Ady and Hester up to-day, and cleaned up around the house; looks very much better; the mire worried me. I hate dirt!

FRIDAY, 3 P. M.—All quiet; very bad news to-day; Mr. Lake sent a

man down ; all gone from there ; every thing carried off. We are literally wiped out. It goes very hard with me ; all my dear children's silver gone ; the likenesses of those who are asleep—all, all gone ! Why is it ? What have we done, that we are so severely punished ? Very much troubled ; Edward's sash and six pairs of new gloves taken out of my wardrobe. I am afraid Emma has done this ; don't feel as if I could trust any one but Elsy ; she feeds and takes care of me. My children must never forget or desert her ; and if she should leave us, remember she has tried to do right, and led to do wrong. The day is very long. Father is depressed ; trying to put the office to rights ; been at it for three days.

SATURDAY, MAY 16.—Lovely day, pleasant and cool, favorable to our enemies. It would seem that God was on their side ; no hot weather as yet ; no news, for what the negroes and Yanks bring is not reliable. More troops passing on the back road. "Still they come ;" but the old fellow thinks, all told, not more than 40,000 have passed ; I think 60,000 at least. Father gone to see the McGs. ; she is very sick, poor thing, with her little baby, and every thing taken from her. Jones gone to town to-day to gain news, letters, and papers, if he can. Oh, so quiet and lonesome ! can't stay here alone. Zimmerman wrote beautifully on "Solitude," but it is not to my taste. Father is very much depressed ; neither sleep nor food nourish him. To a man of his peculiar temperament this is a terrible blow ; thinks we are God-forsaken ; don't agree with him ; He has been merciful to spare our children, gracious to have spared them the sight of all I have gone through ; our household idols all destroyed, or stolen, which is worse. Wise John Perkins, to burn down his own premises, and not see them defiled ! God have mercy upon us, and do unto these wretches as they have done us. I have not yet learned to turn my cheek when I am struck.

SUNDAY, MAY 17.—Another lovely day. Jones returned ; papers to 5th instant from Richmond ; no more papers ; all stopped ; Federals at Clinton ; fighting yesterday at Jackson ; suppose they have taken it ; still hope they have not, but father says I can't look ahead ; several letters from Frank, all old, up to the 28th of April ; no news of the fight at Fredericksburg ; very anxious ; letters from Joe E. to J. ; one from Sallie S. to A. ; one from B. R. to me. She is in Mobile ; D. at Lake City, Florida ; could not live in Richmond. I wish I could write to her, but no mails ; every thing very quiet ; Sunday, and quiet enough ; negroes off visiting ; Emma gone on a visit, and may not return before to-morrow ; great doings. I wish we could hear about the army, and what they are doing at Jackson.

MONDAY, 18th.—Another lovely day ; all in the favor of the Yankees ; George Carpenter returned from Grand Gulf ; can hear nothing of his

sons, but did hear that Jeff was on his way home on foot ; why, we can't imagine, it makes us anxious ; have reason to think the hands will all leave ; only a question of time, they are not quite ready ; Elsy still true ; but Jack doubtful. She is very attentive and kind, and does all she can to make us comfortable ; went up stairs to day ; it is terrible ; and our negroes have done the most part of it ; not a looking-glass or piece of china left ; every thing in confusion.

I have offered to hire the woman to clean up and give fifty cents a day ; she declines. Elsy will begin by herself to-morrow ; for if any thing should turn up, the rooms are not habitable. I think, before I would stand another such rout, *I would fire the house myself*. If we could only hear what the Feds are doing ! Dear Father no hope of success ; rather vexed at me, because I am more hopeful, and will eat my dinner and trust to a merciful Providence. He is still sorting the papers on the office floor, and turning the negroes all away visiting to-day, and every thing very quiet. I wonder will Jeff go with his faithful spouse, Martha. I have always thought Jeff and Elsy would prove true. And if not too much bothered, I still think she will stay.

THURSDAY, MAY 19th.—Guns sound at Vicksburg—What will be our fate ? God only knows. Oh, that He may cause us to be successful, and aid our arms in this terrible strife. Have been cleaning the spare room table from grease and molasses. Am impatient to get my things from the quarters, believing that our servants will all leave, and they will be safer here than down there. I am going to destroy the letters received by Jones. D——'s address is care of Brigadier-General Finnigan, General Beauregard's command, Lake City. I have a long letter from B —— ; her direction, care of General Thomas P. Butler, Mobile. Frank's letters of April 10th, 23th to Ac, also 10th to A, & 19th to me, all burnt—it is safer. Our anxiety is scarcely bearable. Will the Yankees whip us at Vicksburg, and what will become of us ? A nice letter from Sallie ; she is at Miss Pegram's, Richmond. I am so glad she is at school. Helen still at her writing in the Department—must be a fine girl, so young and so independent. *The quiet nearly kills me*. If we could only hear what is going on !

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20th.—Made no entry.

MAY 21.—Was very sorry yesterday. Elsy cleaning out the filth of the parlors, and Ria in the kitchen with Harriet for an assistant. Then I got Judge to shake the carpets, and take the dust off from the mats ; neither mats or carpets will be usable unless scoured. Most of my bedding brought up, but pillows and bolsters were missing. Some of the ladies of color demurred at my asking for my own things. Mrs. Adams very loud. It all went on at the Cabins, and I was deaf ; but they have stolen

to their very hearts' content; who wonders, when their liberators set them the example? The men are far more respectful and obliging than the women; the latter refuse to come and work, one and all of them, except Ria, Jane and Kate, whom I did not ask. This morning I had wheat biscuit for my breakfast. Elsy sent me a plateful, and Kate G——, all very nice. Yesterday Father told Maria she must roast him a turkey for his dinner, and get him a turtle soup; the old thing laughed, and went off and cooked him bacon and greens, rice and green peas. Harriet says he is not ready to leave his home and comforts—They must show him where to go and how to live. He says Parker, Isaiah, Wadloo, were all three forced away—he saw them go. George has been to Grand Gulf, but can't find his boys. I think they went with the Army to Jackson. A poor wounded Confederate stayed here last night; got here about 3 P. M. had walked from Port Gibson round by Mr. Alpin's gin—was shot in the thigh—he belonged to Tracy's Brigade; we put him in the cabin and fed him; last night gave him a pone of bread; he did not want meat, he was very weary and sore, but rested and better at bed-time. This morning by day he was off, and good for us he was, for the blue-coats were at the gate, inquiring if we had one here. Fortunately they talked to Harry, who assured them that no one was here, or had been here. They told Harry if we harbored one, they would burn every building on the place. What can we do? If a wounded "*Yankee*" asked for help *I should give it*, much more to a Confederate. She heard their talk, and yesterday she wanted us to send the man away, but neither your father nor I would consent. We are beginning to reap the fruits of misrule, or rather no rule at all. Last evening Jack and old Dabney had a very bad quarrel; axes were used, and murder threatened, and this morning Jack still very angry—and Elsy says it is not over. Jim Boly flourishes a pistol; and not until Harry threatened to send for the pickets did they give it up. Jack had found a mule and a mare. Dabney had took them to grind with, and then took no care to secure them. They of course went off, and the Yankees got them—that was the cause of the quarrel.

"Father" still sorting papers, burning and saving what is needed, but all the most valuable ones are gone. Our loss at Mr. Lake's, is very sad. I continue to mourn for it, more for my children than myself. I think my poor Apo will grieve for her *husband's things*. Mrs. Pierson's things have escaped in the most wonderful manner. I cannot understand it. I wish we had packed away our own things ourselves. "Mother Johnson" weeping for her kittens; this morning early, she brought three dead kittens to my back door—strange she cannot raise them.

The Yanks have our Doctor, who says they die of "*trismus nascentum*." I wish I could hear about them. Sent Bob to get advice ostensibly, but

in fact to get news. The H.'s at Mrs. R——'s, all cleaned out; the two Marys still stay and help her—would come to see me if she could. Father got a St. Louis paper; Hooker has had a severe repulse. *If we only could hear about Frank! I think his death would kill your Father, the last son!* A beautiful corn season, and no one to work it—what are we to do for food, if we cannot cultivate the soil? Father beginning to think it is God's will that the Institution should be wiped out, for every thing favors them; the weather so cool and pleasant, enabling them to fight and endure.

FRIDAY, 22d MAY.—All quiet, no news—very anxious and very dull. Elsy very attentive; paid Emma one dollar, and desired her to stay away—very lazy and not respectful—would rather do my own work than be so bothered—she is going fast to destruction—sent word to Martha to take her in hand.

SATURDAY, 23d MAY.—Every thing very quiet, no news that is reliable; hear we have retaken Jackson—hope so.

SUNDAY, 24th MAY.—Lovely weather; heavy firing in the direction of Vicksburg—all in the dark, and in our loneliness makes us more anxious.

MONDAY, 25th MAY.—Heavy firing again to-day; ceased about 11 A. M. Warmer than it has been; very lonely and sad. *I wish I was with the children.* Father so depressed.

MAY 26th.—Heavy firing again until noon. Wm. McG—— and old H—— came over; the former had been looking for a box buried in the woods; found the place, but no box; how could he expect it, hid by a negro boy, and yet my drawer, full of silver, is still safe and hid by Elsy. They left nothing at McG——'s, not even a pillow, and she was in bed. The Suggs people are doing their own work. Father and sons taking the plough, and mother and daughters the wash-tub—*hurrah for them!* better than fretting and sitting down in the dirt. No news.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27th.—Cannonading very heavy; began early. Elsie says was going all night; did not hear it; now ten o'clock, and still very heavy. The negroes bring all manner of stories. Old Dabney been to Grand Gulf; sent me a loaf of bread, real mean Yankee stuff. The rheumatism well, now, that he is free and can walk to the Gulf and back; had a pony, left it at Mrs. L——'s, he says, and walked from there. I wish I had known he was going, but they do not even do that much. I suppose they would not think they were free if they told us where they went. I do not care; they do not annoy me, and I do not trouble them. I think, in time, we shall lose them all, if we lose Vicksburg. Back of Mr. Martin Pattison's, the people are at work as usual. I think if Father would call them all up and tell those to go who mean to, and the rest to go to work, they would do it. I am told J—— did it, and very few left;

they have gone to work. Negro meetings are being held, and the few whites left begin to be very anxious. Think the meetings ought to be stopped and the negroes put to work. We won't meddle with them, it is certain. Powers was burnt out by his own negroes. I fear the blacks more than I do the Yankees. Jack trying to persuade Elsie to leave, though he comes up and goes whenever I want him. She tells him to get her a home and a way of earning her living, and she is ready to go, but not before—after a while, fool-like, she will go. I told her, if he left her, to move up into the wash-house with her children. I would give her \$12 a month and feed her four children. I thought it good wages, and Becky could nurse the little children, and Mose help her—and if Jack was free, I should consider her free also, and free to go whenever he found that home for her. God knows what she will do.

MAY 27th, 11 A. M.—Firing ceased. This has occurred for three days, but to-day more severe. How anxious we feel can never be described; *we hear* Johnston is in command at Vicksburg, and Bragg at Jackson; if so, where is Rosecrans? Randall gone to Port Gibson, a little afraid, as the negroes have all kinds of stories afloat, and do not consider Port Gibson safe for “free people of color.” Forgot to write on 24th. Bob from the Lake's, with the news that only the trunk had been broken open, and much saved, but all and every trinket stolen. Hope the *swords* are safe. Mrs. Dorsey's basket at the G.'s, I have ascertained. But Elsie has got all the things, I hope, at any rate most of them.

THURSDAY 28th.—Again we hear the cannon, very regular. Judge returned from Port Gibson last evening; no news reliable—no mails to or from town, nor letters there yet from Yazoo. Dr. Seidlitz had arrived from Jackson; said the Federals took Yazoo City last Tuesday—makes us very anxious. Will they get Lieutenant Pemberton? So much doubt and anxiety! when will it all end, and how? Mr. S—— says it is reported that Price has taken Helena, and Lee is in possession of Arlington Heights, after another hard battle, in which Hooker has been most thoroughly whipped. Oh! if this is only true, and if we could only whip them at W——, how every thing would be changed!

The negroes are as idle as darkies only can be; nearly four weeks since “their vacation began,” as *Elsie* calls it, and not a stroke of work. Buck gives Paul a bucket, and bids him milk two cows for him. Don't say a word, for I believe a good time will come, and Mr. Buck will not steal my milk. They have stripped the garden of every thing; go when they please, and do as they please; no one interferes. Martha refused to tell Patsy what to do for her baby, unless she was paid for it—so Patsy brought baby up “to Mistress;” the child has a large gathering on the cheek, on a line with the ear; suffers a good deal; put a poul-

tice of meal and laudanum, and gave oil and paregoric ; put it to sleep ; only three months old, and a fine baby. Just think of Martha ! she is a great rascal, and if I had my way, and we can ever get our rights again ! Which of them have any principle or truth ? There is a continual run of darkies here from other places. Austin, who says he belongs to old Dicky H——, comes often in a buggy ; says he is Grace's husband, Martha's sister. They used to belong to Bob C——. I never feel safe, and am always thankful, when morning comes, that the house has not been fired during the night.

MAY 30th.—We hear all manner of stories. One is, Port Hudson is evacuated, and Banks is coming up the country with his negro regiments to desolate and burn. Surely God has forsaken us. No Yankee troops anywhere about here, except in Grand Gulf. They roam the country in small squads, robbing and setting fire to gins and houses at their pleasure. They awoke the McAlpins in the dead of the night, and demanded money and watches, and threatened, if refused, to burn the premises. They gave their watches, but yesterday their gin was fired. They threaten to burn all the Humphreys' places. They have destroyed all they had.

SUNDAY 31st.—Have turned over two pages, so will talk in this. Poor Elsy ! she has a hard time between her duty to her husband and that to her old mistress, and I believe she would be glad if Mr. Hays would leave her and her children, and I know I would be, for I do not think he is reliable. She told me yesterday “to put no dependence on him, for he would go yet,” no matter how he talked. He complains that she waits on me, and none of the others do ; that she behaves just as if she was not free, “coming up here and waiting on me and master” just as usual, which is not quite true, as she goes down at nine, and sometimes before, and cooks what little she has for us at the quarters ; brings it up ; we eat in a short time ; I help her wash up, and she is off again. In the morning I do all slops ; strip the bed and wash up, while she makes the bed and sweeps up. She is very willing, and does not like to see me work ; but he is a rascal, for all the time he tries to make me believe he is true and never will leave me. I want her to bring her children up with her in the morning, and feed them here. She says “our negroes are the commonest set of people she ever saw ; she would be glad to get away from them forever ; they are bad people ; they are only niggers.”

MAY 31st.—Passed a terrible night ; cannonading all night, with little intermission ; father thinks they are shelling Vicksburg. Colonel Mudd, of McClernand's staff, told us they had batteries opposite to Vicksburg, ready to pour hot shot into it. Was there ever such a barbarous war ? people of the same country slaughtering each other ! I could not sleep ; the thought of how many brave men were being sent to their last account,

and their bones to lie bleaching, unburied, flesh food for carnivora, is too awful for contemplation. Father has gone to walk, and has taken a basket to gather plums, if he sees any. I persuaded him to go see old Johnny every evening; the old fellow is a great deal more hopeful than your father, and, being on the road, if any person passes he hears what is going on; true, much is unreliable; two men passed yesterday; said they were from Vicksburg, and that we were giving it to them hard, and Dr. H. told Johnny the Yanks said unless they could get between us and our supplies they could not take Vicksburg. I hope so. Guns are slower now, 11 A. M.; they usually rest from this hour until evening; but here is the tenth day, and Vicksburg, glorious little city! still in the hands of the rebels. "Stir up thy strength, O Lord! and come and help us, for thou givest not always the battle to the strong, but canst save by many or by few." Oh, Lord, hear and save us from our enemies.

JUNE 1, 1863.—The firing ceased about twelve M. The silence is worse than the terrible roar of cannon, for now we fear that poor little, brave Vicksburg has succumbed. All quiet; no news.

JUNE 2.—Father been to old Johnny's; no news. Some negroes from Grand Gulf say the officer there told them the rebels offered to give up on conditions, but Grant will have an unconditional surrender. Our brave men, how hard they have worked, and how hard a fall! Father much depressed, and, I am sorry to say, I am not much better. I hoped so much from Vicksburg. The question constantly arises, what are we to do? And what little we have is not available, for it would be stolen from us. We are terribly damaged, but still have a start if we could be let alone. The house can be made comfortable, and still a little stock; the crops, though unworked, are thriving, and we could keep soul and body together if we remain undisturbed; but there is the question. But for Elsy I don't know what we should do, and Jack is at her all the time to leave. I wish he would go, and let her alone; she don't want to follow him; she tells him to go and get her a home and a way of getting her living, and she will leave me. I offer her twelve dollars a month, feed her and her four children, she to work as usual and live on the lot (if Jack goes), and do as well as we can until she betters herself. She has behaved well, as Elsy can do when she chooses. It seems high wages, with four children, making five mouths to feed; but I know her ways, and she mine; besides, she is strictly honest and true, a rare thing in a black. Father has borrowed a mule from Randal, who continues civil and obliging. He has gone to Wilson's place, and will try and get over to Martin's from there. It makes me very unhappy to see my dear old husband so distressed; his strength going from him, and not the power to work; it has been coming for a year, and this is finishing the

matter. I do pray to God he will withstand the oath; we can't lose much more, in a worldly view, and let us pray to have strength to resist that despotism, at all events until the whole country succumbs, and there is no Confederate Government. Hunter, Hamilton, and Berry have taken it. The two latter we are not surprised at, the former astonishes us. S. calls himself a "Union man;" property saved; only still point. I write my thoughts, and wonder if you will ever read them, or if we will ever meet again in this world. I regret so much we did not load up the other two wagons with what we most needed and tramp off all together, and then set fire to the premises. I believe he thinks me crazy, but I would much rather see the house fired than let the Yankees have it, and John Perkins was a wise man. No water at the quarters; the negroes have washed out of three cisterns, and used up what the Yankees left; they had a plenty, and Harry tried to prevent it, but they would not listen to it. They sent us word, but we replied we had nothing to do with it, and I sent them word to go to the branch where they always went before we bought them; they had taken their stand, and they might abide by it; they refused to come and aid me when I wanted them, and now I refused to share the water with them; Carolina, Maria, Ria Jane, and Elsy could get their drinking water here, as long as I had it; the rest should not come on the lot for any thing. So far they have kept away. The kitchen cistern is so impure it can't be used; the Yankees ruined it, and it is at least half full. My bath will wash my clothes, and Ria Jane's too; she continues willing to do what I want. Martha told her unless she paid her she should not go to her in her confinement; pretty high doings! They are pretty quiet at the quarters, except that yelling at night misnamed singing; a terrible joining of discordant sounds, nothing in unison, and all nasal; it is very foolish, but to me very annoying.

JUNE 3d.—Father brought such good news from his trip! he found all quiet and work going on at Wilson's.—Crossed to Mrs. M's; poor thing, lost little Minnie last Friday, with Diphtheria; only sick three days. Sarah unwell with the same complaint. Trouble never seems to come singly; all her house servants gone, even Bony. Albert still there, but does not work as he ought. Three men and Henry ploughing. Old M. off hunting news. He had gone to Tom A's who has communication with his brother, at or near Hazlehurst, which is free to Jackson. Johnson there. We are whipping those infernal Yankees, instead of their annihilating us, and they are skedadling by Haines' Bluff. Port Hudson not evacuated, and General Gardner has repulsed Banks with much loss. News from Vicksburg also good. Lee has really taken Arlington Heights, and we hope he is swarming and pillaging Pennsylvania. If New York could only be fired, I think I would feel better. I

don't care for Washington—we may want that yet. Mrs. M—— told father the report was—that Johnson had told Pemberton to hold out three days, and he would relieve him. Pemberton replied, he could hold out thirty days. Oh, that all this may prove true! and as Father believes it, I may be allowed to do the same.

Our darkeys in great commotion, yesterday, on account of Secesh, who, about twenty-five in number, have been going the rounds, and setting the negroes to work; they whipped one fellow on his own evidence, and hung another; and we thought last evening, all ours but a few meant to go; but they were here this morning, and some have actually gone to work. I wish the Secesh would come, for the women sit at their doors and do not do the first thing, and there is no head, no any thing. The men do any thing I tell them, but the women I don't trouble, except the two Marias and Elsie. I had a talk with Buck; he was respectful and civil, and agreed to attend to the cattle as usual, he and Elsy dividing the sour milk between them for their labor, and a pint of new milk to Buck for his coffee. This is all fair enough; we don't feed him or his family, and he must live, and I do not see why I should give to those who do not labor for me.

JUNE 4.—Did no writing. Still busy fixing those beds of clothing.

JUNE 5.—Very tired last night; finished my job, all except making a bag of the finery, such as collars and sleeves and lace; was very weary, and this morning got up sore and stiff, and too late for my churning, which was not as good as usual—or as it ought to have been. Moved all the medicines but a few into my closet, and fixed the old one with my plates, etc., and provisions; put a piece of oil-cloth on the floor part, and there laced my one shoulder and side of bacon; funny way of living, but we are very comfortable—and surprising how “old master” accommodates himself to circumstances. The people not gone yet, but very much excited, and afraid lest they will not get off, as the Yankees are reducing their force at Grand Gulf, and making ready for any emergency. Say the Rebels are coming down upon them; all this of course negro news. Mrs. Hays refuses to accompany her dear and loving spouse; hope she will still do it for my sake; for I, as usual, suffer greatly from the heat. If I only could hear from my children! not a word since they left. Five weeks to-morrow, and nothing from dear Frank since 28th April; not a word since those awful battles. Father has found a hiding-place for all the clothes, at least the most useful ones. I have made the summer dresses into a bed covered with ticking, and in my room all the nice comforts, white quilts, and white dresses into another, and covered it like a bed, and put it in the spare room, and as I did it by myself and the weather hot, I was mighty tired.

On the 4th, Mrs. Slemmons came up to see if I had saved any of her things. It was in consequence of her visit that I opened my carpet beds. She found a good many of her clothes, but they have stolen five new muslin chemises, not entirely done, some new muslin, all her dagneus, a large box of cotton—several dozens—which I have no doubt is all in my own quarters, as I learn the colored ladies are all well supplied with all sizes—a gold watch, which belonged to Mr. S——, and a few towels. The trunk she left at Miss F——'s was entirely emptied. Mrs. S—— advised Willie to bundle her clothes and hide them in the woods. She has heard of the trunk at Dr. Magruder's, but nothing of her clothes. Mrs. S—— then drove her to town and left her, as she could not take any more persons with her to Jefferson, and went with her family to H——'s. She says they have not left a thing at S——. Poor Willie walked eight miles to her mother with the clothes on her back, and those winter ones. I gave her Alice's pink lawn, one underbody, a muslin curtain I came across that would make a night-gown, a sacque trimmed with pink, and a collar. She seemed very grateful; poor thing! what a time she has had.

JUNE 6th.—Made no entry.

JUNE 7th.—Heavy firing all morning, began early; going it again at Vicksburg. Our poor men! though we hear that comparatively we do not suffer—how I wish it was over! and how I dread these Yankees succeeding! Our people very unsettled and getting ready to go. Martha, with her three children and Emma, left at midnight Friday, with Uncle Austin from Harding's, an old rascal of a preacher; the rest are packing to-day. Hays resolved to go, and I dread lest he take his wife with him, for I can hardly get along as it is, and shall die if I have the cooking to do. It will be strange if the Carolines and Elsie should be the only ones to remain, with John Smith. Kate getting ready, and I fear Maria Jane, though so large, will tramp also; but she says she is not going—dear me, what a time!

We heard yesterday, through Captain McClellan, some Virginia news—he commands Sidney's old company. He says Lee whipped Hooker badly, and when he left, six days' rations were ordered, and no doubt, long before this, Lee has taken Arlington Heights—that the casualties were few, and no mention of any one we know, so we hope *Frank is still unscathed*. To-day, very sultry, also yesterday. Firing ceased 11 A. M. How we do long for news.

JUNE 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th.—Every day alike, plenty of rumors, nothing reliable.

10th.—Rainy and unpleasant; my carpet up, and Hester helping Elsie clean up the room. Getting all done I can, for I believe it is only a question of time as to their all quitting.

MONDAY 8th.—Fanny, John Smith, and the children, Buck and his family, Dave and his, Kate and hers, making in all thirteen who have gone—Dave intending to come back, but the Yankees would not let him. Bob said he had hard work to get away. Old George not returned—he has been gone since Sunday, 31st May—perhaps he can't get away; he has gone to hunt up his boys. As Jimmy W— says, those who have staid are utterly demoralized; if they work for you, the job is only half done. My room is finished and called clean, but it is only slicked—but I am glad to have that and say nothing. Elsie and Hester have done the work with what I call a fling.

JUNE 11th.—Father returned from Watson's heart-broken. My dear old husband's troubles never end; our last hope gone, on the battle-field of Chancellorsville. Yes, our dear Frank, killed in this cruel war—making two valued souls sent to eternity—and the name of this branch dies with your father—no son! Alas for the bereaved parents in this unholy war! the husbands, the brothers, the dear ones gone to sleep! I felt so unconscious of evil, and a month or more had elapsed since the battle and no news. I was sure he was safe.

12th.—Received the Richmond Enquirer from Mr. Watson; the only one killed in Company I, First Mississippi Regiment, is *private Frank J—*: some wounded, some missing—*only my son killed!* If we could only hear some particulars, know if he was buried, the spot marked, though we will never have the means to bring the bodies here, and put them side by side. They were united in life. How I shall long to bring them all three here, that they may sleep in their narrow beds, as in childhood, side by side! It will never be! No money, negroes, stock; every thing stolen.

JUNE 13th.—No news.

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