

GENERAL FORREST

. . . HE was a tall, stalwart man, with grayish hair, mild countenance, and slow and homely of speech. Like Clive, Nature made him a great soldier; and he was without the former's advantages. Limited as was Clive's education, he was a Porson of erudition compared with Forrest, who read with difficulty.

The battle of Okalona was fought on an open plain, and Forrest had no advantage of position to compensate for the great inferiority of numbers; but it is remarkable that he employed the tactics of Frederick at Leuthen and Zorndorf, though he had never heard these names. Indeed, his tactics deserve the closest study of military men. Asked after the war to what he attributed his success in so many actions, he replied, "*Well, I got there first with the most men.*" Jomini could not have stated the key to the art of war more concisely.

I doubt if any commander since the days of lion-hearted Richard has killed as many enemies with his own hand as Forrest. His word of command as he led the charge was unique: "Forward, men, and *mix* with 'em!" But while cutting down many a foe with long-reaching, nervous arm, his keen eye watched the whole fight and guided him to the weak spot. Yet he was a tender-hearted, kindly man. The accusations of his enemies, that he murdered prisoners at Fort Pillow and elsewhere are absolutely false. The prisoners captured on his expedition into Tennessee, of which I have just written, were negroes, and he carefully looked after their wants himself, though in rapid movement, and fighting much of the time. These negroes told me of Mars' Forrest's kindness to them.

A VIRGINIA BREAKFAST AND MINT-JULEP

. . . THAT night we camped between Charlottesville and Gordonsville, in Orange County, the birthplace of my father. A distant kinsman, whom I had never met, came to invite me to his house in the neighborhood. His house was a little distant from the road; so, the following morning, he sent a mounted groom to show the way. My aide, young Hamilton, accompanied me, and Tom of course followed. It was a fine old mansion surrounded by well-kept grounds. This immediate region had not yet been touched by war. Flowering plants and rose trees in full bloom attested the glorious wealth of June. On the broad portico, to welcome us, stood the host with his fresh, charming wife, and, a little retired, a white-headed butler. Greetings over with host and lady, this delightful creature with ebon face beaming hospitality, advanced, holding a salver on which rested a huge silver goblet filled with Virginia's nectar, mint julep. Quantities of cracked ice rattled refreshingly in the goblet, sprigs of fragrant mint peered above its broad brim; a mass of white sugar, too sweetly indolent to melt, rested on the mint; and, like rosebuds on a snow bank, luscious strawberries crowned the sugar. Ah! that julep! Mars ne'er received such tippie from the hands of Ganymede. Breakfast was announced, and what a breakfast! A beautiful service, snowy table cloth, damask napkins, long unknown;

above all, a lovely woman in crisp gown, with more and handsomer roses on her cheek than in her garden. 'Twas an idyl in the midst of the stern realities of war! The table groaned beneath its viands. Sable servitors brought in, hot and hotter from the kitchen, cakes of wondrous forms, inventions of the tropical imagination of Africa inflamed by Virginia hospitality. I was rather a moderate trencherman, but the performance of Hamilton was Gargantuan, alarming. Duty dragged us from this Eden; yet in hurried adieus I did not forget to claim of the fair hostess the privileges of a cousin.