

The KENNESAW GAZETTE

VIEW OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

UNION PASSENGER DEPOT ATLANTA, GA.

PRINTED BY
G. BREWSTER,
34 ALLEY, N.Y.

A humorous dare-devil--the very man to suit my purpose.—BULWER.

THE "PAT CLEBURNE" NUMBER.

Vol. II.

ATLANTA, CA., MAY 15, 1887.

NO. 10.

FOR THE KENNESAW GAZETTE.

Pat Cleburne in the Way.

Faiz! comrades, halt, and hug the ground,
Bedad, the devil's to pay!
The woods samed clear; but sure we've
found

Pat Cleburne in the way.

"An ugly foight?" that's truth ye spake,
Thim words a saint moight say;
Begorra! how with fear ye quake—
Pat Cleburne's in the way.

At Mission Ridge he bate us back,
Tho' else we won the fray,
At Ringgold, too, we found, alack!
Pat Cleburne in the way.

Now at New Hope—no hope at all
I see for us to-day;
No man can scale a burning wall—
Pat Cleburne's in the way.

He's Erin's pride—I'll mash your hands
If on him slurs ye'd lay,
Tho' 'gainst me too with death's bolt stands
Pat Cleburne in the way.

"A sowljer grand?" he's more, ye'll grant,
A jintleman, tho' in gray,
His praise we spake, tho' we don't want
Pat Cleburne in the way.

And whin fame's tower the good and great
Would clomb to wear the bay,
There too, they'll foind on the top state,
Pat Cleburne in the way.

JOS. M. BROWN.

We give, on this page, what is stated by one of his staff to be the best likeness of Gen. Cleburne, ever published. It is from a photograph taken about six months before he was killed, and is said to be a very true one.

It was prepared expressly for the Western & Atlantic Railroad company.

The Western & Atlantic Railroad has at Chattanooga, Atlanta and intermediate points 66 connections with its passenger trains. These include connections which arriving trains make with its departing trains, and which its arriving trains make with trains departing over other roads at various points of junction. We venture the remark that there is not another road, even three times as long as the Western & Atlantic, whose passenger trains have as many connections as those of the Western & Atlantic.

The W. & A. is the old reliable.



GENERAL P. R. CLEBURNE.

PATRICK RONAYNE CLEBURNE.

The Confederate Stonewall of the West
a Scion of English Nobility, With
Kingly Blood in His Veins—
The Irish Hero of the
Southern Army.

BY I. W. AVERY,
Colonel Fourth Georgia Cavalry.

It has been a universal popular delusion that Pat Cleburne, as he is called, whom General Hardee termed "the best Major-General in the southern army," and who well deserved the title of the "Stonewall Jackson" of the Western Confederacy, was a person of obscure and humble origin. The interesting facts given now for the first time of the family and early life of this magnificent soldier show that he was descended from two of the most ancient and honorable families in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and that he was related to some of the most illustrious names of our American history. His superb genius for war was the hereditary transmission from a noble and ancient lineage. For these valuable details following we are very largely due to Mr. C. J. Hubbard, of Portsmouth, N. H.

THE DESCENDANT OF A SAXON KING.

The family of Cleburne, or, according to the earliest orthography in Domesday, Cliborn, derives its name

from an ancient manor in Westmoreland. This was early divided into the moieties of Cleburn—Tallbois, and Cleburn, and Hervey, the former held by a branch of the Barons of Kendal, the latter by a scion of the Norman house of Bardolf, brother-in-law of Alan, Earl of Richmond, A. D. 1076. According to the custom of the period the name of the manor became the surname of Hervey's descendants as early as the time of Henry III, and in 1236 we find Robert de Cleburne Lord of the Manor and a Knight of the Shire of Westmoreland. In the seventeenth century, soon after the marriage of Thomas, the last Lord of Cleburn, to the daughter of Sir Richard Lowther, of Lowther, ancestor of the Earls of Lonsdale, the family settled in Ireland and America.

William, brother of the above Thomas de Cleburne, became the famous secretary of the colony of Virginia, and her champion against Calvert, Lord Baltimore, A. D. 1621-76. William, second son of the aforesaid Thomas, settled in Kilkenny and the county of Wexford, where he held the manor of St. Johns; while a third branch, John Cliborn, the Quaker Parliamentarian, purchased "Moate Castle" of Troy, and in 1670 settled in the county of Westmeath. From Richard Cleburne, of Ballycolltrau Castle, who held numerous estates in Wexford and Tipperary, son of William Cleburne, of St. Johns, and grand-

son of Thomas, the last Lord of Cleburne, lineally descends General Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, the subject of this sketch.

On the maternal side this family inherit the blood of the "good Barons of Wigton," and through Eleanor Lancaster of Bartow, wife of Richard de Cleborne, that of the Talbois, Barons of Kendal, whose intermarriage with Elgiva, daughter of Ethelred, the Saxon King, carries this pedigree on the female side to the fifth century. The Ronaynes settled in Ireland in the beginning of the twelfth century. Maurice Ronan, or Ronayne, the ancestor of the Ronaynes d'Laughtane, Doughdoyne and Annebrook, obtained from Edward IV a "grant of the rights of Englishmen," the original of which is still preserved in the family. From this genial race of fox-hunting country Squires, Cleburne derived a dash of wit and humor, and that impulsive valor which made him the idol of his troops. Habitually grave and thoughtful, naturally proud, cold, reserved, and even haughty in manner, he was full of generous sympathy, had a kind heart, and possessed to perfection that high courage and nobility of character which were the sterling qualities of the knightly race from which he sprang.

CLEBURNE'S AMERICAN KINSMEN.

The descendants of William Cleburne, or Claburne (e in the north of England has the sound of ai,) are numerous in the south and southwest portions of the United States. Among the most eminent may be mentioned Colonel Thomas Claiborne, member of Congress, of Brunswick, Virginia; his son, Dr. John Claiborne, who succeeded him in Congress; the Hon. Wm. C. C. Claiborne, Governor of Louisiana in 1814; General Ferdinand Leigh Claiborne, who figured in the Creek war; Hon. Richard Claiborne, of Nashville, Tennessee, and the Hon. Nathaniel H. Claiborne, of Claybrook, Virginia, who died in 1650. The Hon. J. F. H. Claiborne, of Natchez, Mississippi; Colonel Nathaniel C. Claiborne, of St. Louis, Missouri, and Wm. Charles Cole Claiborne, a distinguished citizen of New Orleans, are still living. Many members of this family are prominent as lawyers and physicians in Virginia, Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee, and are connected by marriage with the Dandridges, Leighs, Carters, Lewis, Goochs, Waughs, Harrison, and others of Virginia; the Mangums of North Carolina; Clays of Alabama; Latrobes of Maryland; Kershaws of South Carolina, and other distinguished families of the South.

The coat of arms of the Cleburnes is thus described:

"On a field argent, three chevronels interlaced in base, sable. A chief of the last.

Crest—A demi-wolf sable holding in its dexter paw a blue battle-flag, with a white cross in center.

Crest motto—"FORWARD."

Shield motto—"CLIBBORNE SCAEME"

CLEBURNE'S BOYHOOD.

General Cleburne's father was Dr. Joseph Cleburne, an eminent physician of "Grange," Pallincolliz, in the county of Cork, who married Mary Anne, daughter of Patrick Romaine, Esquire, of Annebrook, in the same county, by whom he had one daughter and three sons, the youngest of whom, the subject of this sketch, was born in Grange on St. Patrick's Day, the 17th of March, 1828. Of Cleburne's early years and the progress of his education we have but little knowledge. As a child, he is said to have been silent, shy and reserved; but he very early manifested the promptitude, decision and courage that marked his military life. He sought enjoyment in the quiet pursuits of home, and cared but little for the approbation of others; yet his natural kindness of heart, his sound sense and sterling principles and his soft but solid nature attracted the good-will and gained the confidence of all with whom he was brought into social intercourse. There was nothing remarkable about his school and college life except his aversion to the exact sciences and his ardent love for poetry and history. For the latter he had a natural fondness, and there is no doubt that the histories he delighted to read fixed in his mind that opposition to tyranny in all its forms which he carried through life, and which especially influenced him in his career as a dutiful soldier. He enjoyed poetry with keen intensity, indeed a deep vein of poetic sentiment coursed through his nature. The poetical element was so strong that it served to color his inner life, though his literary efforts in this direction were limited and intended only for his own pleasurable recreation. His mind was singularly constituted for such a nature, and its leading feature was concentrative-ness.

It was this imperial quality that enabled him to bring all of his strength of character to bear upon any important occasion, and may account in after life for an abruptness of manner and an impatience of every thing which could impede the execution of his order or hinder the accomplishment of the object he had in view. He had a wonderful power of analysis and discrimination, and in consequence he was often made an arbiter of the disputes of his comrades with whom he was always a favorite. These qualities, together with self-reliance, fortitude and truth, which were prominent traits in his character, made up a very strong and potential individuality.

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medical profession, was placed under the preceptorship of Dr. Justice, of Mallow, and for several years he wearily waded through a course of professional study, in which he had little heart. Aware that he must be the architect of his own fortune, and imbued with a natural spirit of independence, he applied himself diligently to his studies, and prepared himself to the best of his capacity, to which medicine was uncongenial, for the rigid examination of "Trinity." Passing briefly over this part of his career, which proved to be the turning point of his adventurous life, it may suffice to say that he failed, and deeply mortified at the result, discouraged and disappointed, in an overwhelming fit of despondency, he startled his friends by enlisting as a private in Her Majesty's Forty-first regiment of infantry (the "Prince of Wales' Own") then stationed at Dublin.

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qualities which rendered him one of the foremost leaders of the Confederacy.

A PRIVATE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Responding to the first call of arms, he joined the ranks as a private soldier. Promotion followed quickly, and in March, 1861, he was unanimously elected captain of his company for having planned the surprise and capture of the United arsenal at Little Rock, Arkansas. The energy of his character, his quick perception of effect in causes, the flash of intuition often superseding the slower process of ratiocination, and the remarkable powers of organization and discipline he displayed while in command of his company, brought him at once into notice, and he was soon elected and commissioned colonel of the first regiment raised in the State.

Having been placed under command of Brigadier-General Thomas H. Bradley he was at once ordered to Bearsfield Point, on the Mississippi, where his regiment performed excellent service until the State troops were withdrawn. While at the Point his suspicions were aroused about Bradley, who had been suspected of disloyalty to the South, and when the latter caused the retreat of the Arkansas troops from Bearsfield Cleburne was so convinced of the treasonable purposes of Bradley that he deposed him and assumed the chief command.

A charge of mutiny was immediately brought against Cleburne, and a court-martial was convened at Mound City for his trial; but Bradley preferred to leave the matter to General Pillow, who at once decided that Cleburne was to retain command of the forces, which were then transferred to the Confederate service and placed under Gen. Wm. J. Hardee, in South-eastern Missouri.

In the fall of 1861, Col. Cleburne's regiment was transferred to Bowling Green, Ky., and he was placed in command of a brigade of Hardee's division. Here he had an opportunity of drilling and organizing the excellent raw material of which our Southern army was composed, and it is not too much to say that no officer in the Confederacy labored more indefatigably for the improvement of the troops under his command. His own regiment was admitted to be the most perfectly drilled body of men in the army, and his brigade excited the envy of every commanding officer. And when he came to command a division it was said that his division "would make the reputation of any man who commanded it"—a very high tribute to his successful work of organization. Cleburne devoted himself daily to military studies, and required the same of all his subordinate officers; in fact, drill, discipline and arduous study were obligatory upon all who served in the "Irish Brigade."

A BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

When General Mitchell appeared before Bowling Green with his forces, Colonel Cleburne brought up the rear in the retreat from that place in such a masterly manner as to excite the admiration of Albert Sidney Johnston, who was in command. On the 4th of March, 1862, Colonel Cleburne was commissioned a full brigadier, and commanded the advanced brigade of Hardee's corps on the march to Shiloh. It was while Cleburne was in camp at Corinth, Miss., before the battle of Shiloh, that the writer first saw him. The writer was then commanding a company of independent cavalry, and when riding back and forth from his camp to Corinth, noticed morning and afternoon a certain brigade of infantry regularly and industriously drilled.

The leader was a plain-looking officer, dressed in faded gray, topped with a weather-beaten slouched gray hat, riding an ungainly gray-steed of peculiar power, the rider and horse being singularly matched, and giving an idea of rugged strength. That uncouth and indefatigable driller was Cleburne.

On Friday afternoon before the battle of Shiloh, my company arrived near the field, General Johnston expected to have opened the battle Saturday morning. But his troops did not all arrive on the ground. Friday night was a wild one, tempestuous with shivering accompaniments of rain and lightning. About nine o'clock, when my troopers were huddling around the feeble camp fires, an order came from General Hindman to go half a mile beyond the outer picket line and establish a new chain of pickets. The order informed me that Captain Phillips, of Cleburne's staff, would give all the necessary information.

With difficulty, in the storm and darkness, Cleburne's quarters were found. All had gone to sleep. A sentinel directed me to a tent, and I called among the sleepers for Captain Phillips. A gruff voice from the darkness asked what I wanted. I told my purpose. The gruff speaker curtly replied that Captain Phillips had work to do to-morrow, and needed rest, and that General Hindman must furnish his own guide. Just then Captain Phillips awoke and kindly offered his services, remarking, "General, it won't hurt me." The gruff voice still indulged in some muttered objections, and then invited me in while Captain Phillips was getting ready. The speaker was Cleburne. This was our introduction, and it is needless to say I was not pleasantly impressed. In the battle of Shiloh Cleburne commanded the left brigade of the first line of the attack, and lost one thousand killed and wounded, the heaviest loss of any brigade in the field. But he pushed on within four hundred yards of the enemy's intrenchments and drove the fugitive enemy behind the cliffs of Pittsburg Landing.

During the second day's battle of Shiloh the fighting was terrific, with occasional lulls. It seemed as if both sides spent themselves at intervals, and rested their fury in utter exhaustion. With straining desperation our line held its own under fierce and repeated assaults. The pressure at times of overwhelming numbers upon our decimated ranks was frightful. Thousands of demoralized soldiers ignominiously straggled back, deaf to entreaty or menace. The order was issued for the cavalry to be dispersed into squads and bring the straggling infantry to the front. The shame of that day, glorious in the splendid audacity and heroism of the few who stood immovable against every assault, was this distressing desertion. It did not often happen to the Southern soldier, but the enjoyment of unusual camp luxuries, captured from the enemy, had spread a strange timidity or something else unwonted to our steady soldiers.

CLEBURNE BRIGADELESS.

The writer was pushing these stragglers to the front, when a familiar voice hailed and inquired what I was doing. It was Cleburne alone, without even a staff officer, his brigade scattered to the four winds, not a man to follow him. In the fearful carnage of the two days' fight his command had dwindled to nothing, and he was a leader without men. He joined me in my duty. Sometimes we found ten or fifteen men, with an officer, buried in the bushes, shirking the danger. I

would that I could pass over these facts, but the truth must be told. Spots they are upon an admitted and magnificent chronicle of gallantry. I can recall Cleburne, with pistol in hand, ordering such fellows to the front in a harsh, loud voice—a voice dissonant in its high notes, but sweet in its low tones.

Later in the afternoon we met Col. Carney, a volunteer aid on Hardee's staff, who told us that General Beauregard had ordered a retreat; and still later we met Gen. Breckinridge, who had charge of the rear guard, who confirmed the intelligence; and still later we met General Hardee, sitting at the foot of a tree, unblanched and cool, as he always was amid the worst disaster. We spent an hour or two destroying ammunition and preparing for the retrograde, Cleburne doing a private's part. We heard groans in the wood off from the road, and discovered a poor fellow lying in a sitting position against a log, pallid, faint, dying, bowels torn out, suffering unutterable agony, and begging God for merciful death. There was nothing in which to remove him; he could not bear touching if we had had an ambulance; there was no relief for him but speedy death, the quicker the better, and we had to leave him in the falling night to faintly moan for the dissolution of body and soul that alone offered surcease of his measureless misery. It was a cruel and suggestive case of war's horrors. With a "poor fellow!" as tenderly uttered as a mother could speak to a sick babe, and a tear in eyes that in battle blazed like fire, Cleburne left him.

A MEMORABLE SUPPER.

As we passed through a camp we saw some immense hard-tacks, a bucket of butter and a half sack of corn. The writer lifted the corn to the front of Cleburne's saddle, by his direction. I then buttered for each of us one of the huge areas of biscuit, and, swinging the bucket on my own arm for further use, on we rode, eagerly munching the tough provender. I often afterward joked the general upon his comical appearance holding with one hand the bulky sack of grain on his saddle pommel, and with the other grasping a snout of cracker as broad as the map of the United States, and cramming it in heavy relays down his throat. The rain began to fall, adding to the gloom of the disaster. It became heavier until it grew to a steady pour, and the road was converted into a deep slop and the way impenetrably dark, and we could go only by the occasional flash athwart the cimmerian darkness. We fed our horses about nine o'clock, and then resumed our weary ride to Corinth. Men and animals were worn out. We rode sleeping, and would be awakened by jostling against some one, or a deep oath from some startled trumper. The horses would stop to drink in crossing branches and fall asleep. Frequently I would awake and find my horse stark still, and a blinding flash of lightning would reveal the general's gray hugging closely to my mare, the general snoozing away as if he had made a special contract to sleep.

At length, far in the night, we arrived at a broad creek, and let our stock drink, and, of course, the writer went to sleep. I was awakened by a deafening clap of thunder. I called for my companion but he was gone, and I saw him no more for several days. Cleburne told me afterward that he awoke and found me missing, and shouted lustily for me, and then rode on and brought up finally at a farm house. The roads forked beyond the creek, and we took different routes.

This experience was the beginning of a warm intimacy that never knew change or had a change. And upon one occasion General Cleburne expressed the desire unsolicited to add his indorsement in recommending the writer's promotion.

INTO KENTUCKY.

At the battle of Farmington Cleburne was again engaged, and distinguished himself in the brilliant affair of "Shelton House." From Tupelo he joined Kirby Smith's army at Knoxville, Tenn., and in the summer of 1862 he entered Kentucky in command of his own and Preston Smith's brigade. The column under Kirby Smith was to penetrate by way of Cumberland Gap and form a junction with Bragg's main army. Cleburne led the advance into Kentucky, and with his two brigades of less than three thousand men he commenced the famous battle of Richmond, Ky., and defeated General Manson in the first fight of that memorable day. This was one of the most complete victories of the war, resulting in the overthrow of the Federal forces in Kentucky, the capture of a large number of prisoners and a great amount of necessary stores. During the action Cleburne received a severe and singular wound. While in the act of giving a command to his troops a minnie-ball entered his mouth and passed out the left cheek, carrying away five of his teeth without fracturing the bone. The loss of his two front teeth gave his voice a peculiar hissing sound, which was very unpleasant when he spoke in an excited or angry manner.

For his gallant and meritorious services on Richmond field he received a vote of thanks from the Confederate States. The severity of his wound prevented his participation in the after movements of his brigade until it was determined to retransfer him to Bragg's army. Before he had fully recovered from his injuries he rejoined his command at Frankfort, Ky., and moving forward, occupied Shelbyville. The rapid advance of Buell's forces soon compelled him to fall back, and he joined General Bragg on the 7th of October, the day before the battle of Perryville. In this action he had two horses shot under him and was again wounded. While leading his men in a desperate charge he was struck by a cannon-ball, which disabled his ankle, but did not keep him from performing his duties in the field. An incident occurred during this action that will serve to illustrate his power over the troops he led. Seeing the critical moment arrive to advance, Cleburne turned his horse's head toward the point of attack, rose in his stirrups, and, pointing in the direction of the enemy, he shouted with a ringing voice, "Come on, my boys, and give them hell!" His division flashed after him at the double-quick to victory. Just at that moment the Bishop-General Leonidas Polk, rode up, and wishing to encourage his own men, yet not daring to swear, he shouted, "Go on, boys, and give them what Pat Cleburne says!"

A MAJOR-GENERAL.

The promotion of this brilliant soldier was uncommonly rapid. On the 13th of December, 1862, he was appointed major-general and placed in command of Buckner's division. This promotion was made by the President of the Confederate States in person while on a visit to the Army of Tennessee. On the 31st of December, 1862, Cleburne had his division in the battle of Murfreesboro, and with a single line of battle he drove five successive lines of Federals. His masterly handling of his troops on this occasion

and during the four days' fighting near Murfreesboro, when he repulsed, with heavy losses, every attempt to carry his position, elicited the highest praise from his corps commander.

It was while Cleburne was stationed at War Trace in the spring of 1863, when the writer had risen to the command of a regiment of horsemen, that I spent the day with him. He had donned better toggery than he used to wear, and I thought that in his laced uniform he looked actually handsome. The gray with its Hungarian tracery of braid on the arm became him well. Smoothly shaven, with his lithe and rather slender form, his blue eye, soft in his social moments, but flashing in fight, and the mouth so stern in battle, wreathed in friendly smiles, he was quite an attractive warrior. After dinner while chatting in his office I noticed a small book in blue and gold on the mantel-piece that contrasted strangely with the accoutrements of battle around. I took it up and found it to be a book of poetry, and jocularly inquired what lovesick youngster he had on his staff who mingled the Muses with Moloch and thought of rhyme while he drilled grim battalions. To my supreme surprise he replied that the book was his own, and that he loved poetry, and this was the first that I learned of his poetic predilection, to which allusion has been made. I thought more of him. It revealed a tender side of his stern nature of which I had not dreamed.

When I met Cleburne again, Bragg was falling back from Middle Tennessee. Cleburne covered the retreat to Chattanooga. With my own regiment and one of Wharton's Texas regiments I had covered the rear and crossed Duck river. The enemy was pushing vigorously. Slowly retiring, we had repeated skirmishes. The horses were in the rear, and our dismounted horsemen were fighting infantry fashion, when an order was received to fall back, mount and go to the flank. Drawing back under hot fire, we slowly and sullenly retrograded through the infantry skirmishes, with Cleburne in person commanding. A quick grasp of the hand, a hasty, but cordial, salutation, a hurried inquiry from him as to the troops in front, and a swiftly-spoken good-bye and we parted, the gallant Irishman pushing his deployed line rapidly to the front amid the whizzing bullets and occasional shell.

Cleburne became a stand-by as an officer to lead the advance in aggressive movements and the rear in retreats. It is a curious coincidence that this was a feature of his noble English ancestors. The "Manor of Cleburne" was held by "Knights service," a tenure which required the Northern knights to take post on the vanguard as they advanced into Scotland and on the rear guard on their return home. Cleburne rivaled his ancestors in his skill and courage, and emulated their military trusts.

CLEBURNE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Cleburne made a characteristic charge in the first day's battle of Chickamauga. He was selected late in the afternoon to drive the enemy from an important position that had been held in spite of every assault the entire day. This was the 19th of September, 1863. It was a little before sunset. The whole line was quiet. Cleburne gave the order to his peerless division in advance. Perhaps never in the same brief space of a quarter of an hour was there a deadlier struggle. A deafening and continuous roar of cannon and musketry marked the bloody work. Cleburne led his veterans straight to victory with the resistless momentum of a tornado. It was a marvel of a

deliberate but fiery valor this dauntless onset of fifteen fateful minutes. The intrepid division bivouacked upon the gory ground they had swiftly but bloodily won, and the next day's work saw one of the brightest victories of the war reward Southern soldierhood at this well-named River of Death.

HE SAVES THE ARMY.

Having successfully fought those great Western soldiers, Rosecrans and Thomas, Cleburne was soon to be pitted against two greater soldiers than either—Grant and Sherman—who were advancing to attack at Missionary Ridge Bragg's army, weakened by the withdrawal of Longstreet's force that had been sent into East Tennessee. That was a frightful blow that Grant struck the Southern cause at Missionary Ridge. The shattered fragments of Bragg's army fell back in distressful demoralization. Cleburne, fortunately, brought up the rear with his wonderful division, whose pride it was to say that it was "First in every fight and last in every retreat." Our army was in a disorderly retreat, and Grant pushing his advantage with his wonted vigor. It seemed as if nothing could save the broken Confederate force from complete defeat and destruction. It was here that Cleburne achieved the brightest fame of his lustrous career, and earned the proud praise of saving our army. Holding his thoroughly disciplined division in firm hand, manœuvring it as if on parade, he opposed its steady front to every assaulting force, rolling back the swarming onset of fierce foemen as an immovable rock hurls off the rushing waves of the sea. At Ringgold, Sherman threw ten thousand and enthused soldiers against this unconquerable division in the charges. Cleburne was told that the safety of the army depended upon his checking the enemy. That was enough. Assault was futile. Cleburne and his gallant men stood there, and, though heroic efforts were made by a fearless foe, he repulsed every assault, and administered so bitter a punishment to the attacking columns, that General Grant ordered a retreat of his whole army, leaving a thousand dead, a large number of prisoners and some artillery. The army was saved, Cleburne's name filled the public heart, and again received the thanks of both Houses of the Confederate Congress.

THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

In December, 1863, the army went into winter quarters at Dalton, Georgia. Cleburne devoted himself to the discipline and instruction of his men. He had daily recitations, at which each Brigadier General and field officer was required to attend. The campaign began in April. At the battle of New Hope Church his division formed the right of the Confederate line, and repulsed with heavy loss the furious onslaught of the Fourth Corps of the Federal army. At Kennesaw, on the 27th of June, he repelled a vigorous attack of the enemy in force under Gen. Blair. On the 21st of July, Sherman attempted to turn the Confederate right, with a view to penetrate Atlanta. Cleburne's division was detached to oppose him. Cleburne described the battle that he had here as the "bitterest fight" of his life. The attack enveloped him front and flanks, but he maintained his position. The next day, worn out, though his men were with constant fighting, fatigue and exposure, he attacked General McPherson and carried his entrenchments, but at a terrible sacrifice of officers and men. He covered and protected the retiring army of Hood at Jonesboro, August 31, 1864, he having stood against the continued assaults of overwhelming numbers. In Sep-

tember, 1864, he moved with Hood to invest Dalton. Cleburne then started on his final campaign into Tennessee.

CLEBURNE'S LAST BATTLE.

When the writer heard of Cleburne's death he was in bed wounded. Anxiously following Hood in that perilous movement into Tennessee, I foreboded the worst results. The first reports were cheering, the enemy in hot retreat, Hood hurdling after them in eager pursuit, brushing them back deftly whenever he could get at them. From Decatur, Huntsville and Pulaski the Federals swept on to Columbia. Finally, after several sharp conflicts, the enemy withdrew to Franklin, eighteen miles south of Nashville, and on the south side of Big Harpeth River. To us in the Confederacy the vague report of a heavy engagement at this point drifted dimly out, good and bad fortune mingled—a great triumph, but at fearful cost in valued officers. Cleburne among them. Then came the depressing confirmation.

It was a sad time in the Confederacy, a dark, gloomy period. One by one the best seemed going—Jackson, Stuart, Polk—and now a sweeping holocaust of nearly all the bravest leaders of our army, and among them my friend Cleburne. My heart sank within me.

I pictured the death of Cleburne in my fancy, according to my knowledge of him: In the front, composed, hurling with cool skill, but fiery fervor, his disciplined lines upon the enemy, handling the maddened mass with deliberate precision, playing amid the wild melee the role of the perfect warrior, equipped in the storm, using the skillful General's mastery of death's weapons in that craziest, deadliest, most useless carnival of war. I found afterward I had correctly imagined his conduct on that fatal day when the best blood in the army was spent in assaulting a position that could have been bloodlessly flanked. The Federal force consisted of two corps, the Fourth under Stanley, on the right, and the Twenty-third under Cox, on the left. Wagner's brigade of Cox's corps and Reilly's brigade of Stanley's were united and formed the Federal center. Of the Confederate army the depleted corps of Cheatham, Stuart and Lee went into the battle. The attack was made about half-past three in the afternoon of the 30th of November, and the fight continued until night, when under cover of the darkness Schofield left Franklin. Cleburne directed his assaults against the Federal center. He impressed upon his officers and men the necessity of carrying the "Heights" at every hazard. Forming his troops into columns of brigades with bayonets fixed, Cleburne moved steadily to the attack. Charge after charge was made upon the intrenched Federal center without success. But he and his men never faltered. The assaults were grimly continued, the vollied fire of the Federals decimating their ranks. Thousands had fallen, a dozen General officers had been killed and disabled; but, with undaunted spirit, Cleburne and his immortal division, with a ringing shout, rushed again to the assault. Cleburne, to encourage his men, dashed forward to the head of his column, and led them in person to the ditch in front of the opposing line. There rider and horse, each pierced by a score of bullets, fell dead against the enemy's works. The two brigades holding the Federal center wavered and fell back, and would have been driven beyond the intrenchments, but for the arrival of Opyk's brigade. So ended the life of this princely soldier.

CONCLUSION.

Cleburne rose to be a military au-

thority in our army. He knew the very rudiments of fighting, and had the genius to use his knowledge. Always ready and watchful, never depressed, beloved by his good men, feared by his bad ones, trusted by all, indomitable in courage, skillfully headlong in attack, coolly strategic in retreat, thorough master of detail, yet with large Generalship, obedient to the letter, capable in any crisis, modest as a woman, a resolute disciplinarian and dauntless fighter, Cleburne was a gem of a warrior. He could do anything with his division. General Hardee once said: "When his division defended, no odds broke its lines; where it attacked, no numbers resisted its onslaught, save only once, and there is the grave of Cleburne." It is a curious fact that this division never fought under the flag of the "Southern Cross," but retained by special permission its original blue pennant with a white moon in the center, and friends and foes soon learned to watch the movements of the blue flag which marked the course of Cleburne in battle.

The remains of Cleburne now rest in the Polk Cemetery, near Columbia, in one of the most beautiful spots in the Valley of the Tennessee. A few days before his death he halted at this point, and in one of the gentle moods that marked the man he gazed a moment in silence upon the scene, and, turning to his staff, said: "Tis almost worth dying to rest in so sweet a spot."

It would be a fitting tribute to his memory to erect there a marble monument, for when he fell, when the envious bullets struck him and his dauntless blood poured out, no purer libation was offered upon the cause of Southern liberty than the life of this noble Irish soldier—Patrick Cleburne.

Relics of the War.

Many relics of the war can be seen on John's Mountain, west of the city. Running parallel with the mountain, on the western slope, are breastworks; a mile or more in length, built entirely of huge boulders. Old shells, caissons, minnie-balls and a rusty cannon have been found, and a cleared space, through the thick forest of trees, on the eastern slope, shows where a large army passed over the mountain. Even the ruts, formed by the passage of heavy artillery, are still faintly perceptible.—Dalton (Ga.) Citizen.

Carson (Iowa) Critic.

From J. M. Brown, Gen'l Pass. Agt. of the Western & Atlantic Railroad, we have received a splendidly illustrated folder, giving a description of the famous battle-fields along this line, which connects Chattanooga and Atlanta, Ga. Some of the most important battles of the rebellion were fought in the Atlanta campaign, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Resaca, Allatoona, Kennesaw; all along the road it was a continued contest, as the Northern troops pressed backward the Confederates from their strongholds. A great deal of interesting history is associated with this line of railroad, and the "gist" of it is given in this handsomely printed folder.

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