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THE IRISH IN SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, ALABAMA, LOUISIANA AND TENNESSEE.

BY HON. PATRICK WALSH, AUGUSTA, GA.

The time has come when the history of the Irish people in America should be written. It will be a grand heritage for the Irish-Americans. It will show how many of their race fought and bled for liberty. This history will be a priceless gift for future generations. It will be a lasting memorial of the noble and patriotic work of the element.

It will show how nobly the men of Irish birth and lineage have illustrated old Ireland under the benign influences of free institutions and popular government, where liberty is regulated by law, where justice balances the scales between man and man without regard to race or creed, giving to every citizen equal advantages and equal opportunities in the race of life.

A people who have done so much for the honor and glory of this great republic should feel a just pride in publishing to the world the part they have taken in the progress of the United States. While there should be, in the ordinary affairs of life and of government, no discrimination on account of race or creed, as between citizens of our common country, each nationality that has borne a prominent part in its history should seek to perpetuate the record of its people.

In the war between the states Americans of Irish birth or descent stood for the right as they saw it, and fought for their principles and their convictions with a patriotic fortitude and heroic valor never surpassed in ancient or modern times. From the shot at Sumter that was heard around the world until the Confederate banner was furled forever in imperishable glory at Appomattox, the Irish and 96th Irish-Americans of the North and of the South participated in and confronted each other in battle array. They fought in the mightiest contest of all the ages, for their principles and for their altars and their firesides.

I cannot undertake to give in detail the history of the Irish and the Irish-Americans in South Carolina. It would fill a volume. The Irish immigration into South Carolina began long since. Of South Carolina history, they embrace a large part. I find the following in a reprint of the Maryland Journal of August 20, 1773, for which I am indebted to Gen. Felix Agnus, proprietor of the Baltimore American, which is the successor of the former:

“Philadelphia, Aug. 11, 1773.

“Since our last, arrived here the ship Alexander, Captain Hunter, with five hundred passengers, and the ship Hannah, Captain Mitchel, with five hundred and fifty, both from Londonderry.

“The ship Walworth, Captain McCausland, sailed from Londonderry for South Carolina, about

the first of June, with three hundred passengers and servants, who were obliged to leave their native country, not for their misbehavior, but on account of the great distress among the middle and lower class of people.”

Hon. M. P. O’Connor, upon assuming the presidency of the Hibernian Society of Charleston many years ago, delivered an address in which he stated that the Hibernian Society of Charleston, S. C., was organized in 1799. “Its first president was the serene and scholarly Rev. Father Gallagher, who was worthily followed by O’Brien Smith, Simon Magwood, Samuel Patterson, William A. Caldwell, Thomas Stephens, Henry W. Conner, the father of Gen. James Conner; James E. Robinson, William Gilliland, Judge Burke, Governor A. G. Magrath, Bernard O’Neill and M. P. O’Connor. These men give dignity and character and purpose to the organization.

“Its founders were Thomas A. Malcolm, Edward Courtenay, William and James Hunter, Joseph Crombie, John S. Adams and a few others. They professed as the primary object of their union, aid and relief to the distressed emigrant. But there was latent in their bosoms an object beyond and higher. It was to preserve the traditions of their downtrodden race; to embody and cluster around a common centre, in a genial and hospitable clime, the virtues of their ancestors, and to reflect in all their splendor under the bright blaze of a Carolina sun the united rays of true Irish manhood and Irish intelligence.... At the base of our organization is one grand permeating idea, to give character and worth and potency to the Irishman in America. It was this society which built the first Irish-American hall in the United States.”

The gallant and distinguished Gen. M. C. Butler, in response to inquiries about his family, writes from his home at Edgefield, S. C.:

“I have been absent from home for a fortnight, and did not receive your letter in regard to the Irish-Americans in our late war from this state in time to aid you.

“I have a typewritten copy of the family history of the Butlers of my family, and would send that to you, but it is the only copy, and therefore do not like to risk it, as it is doubtless too late for your purpose. The Pierce Butler to whom you refer was of the same stock as my great-grandfather, James Butler, who came here from Prince Williams county, Virginia, sometime before the Revolution.

“Another branch moved to Kentucky, to which Gen. Wm. O. Butler belonged and also Col. E. G. W. Butler of Louisiana. They have always been a ‘fighting’ people—the cropping out of their Irish blood—and have taken a hand in all the wars of our past history.

“I think the most distinguished and conspicuous military man of my immediate family was my uncle, Col. Pierce M. Butler, who was killed at the head of the Palmetto Regiment on the 20th of August, 1847, at Churubusco, in Mexico. I have always understood he was held in the highest

estimation by General Scott, and other general officers of rank in the United States army.

“I should think Armstrong, that witty, devil-may-care gallant Irishman of Charleston, could give you valuable information of the part the Irish-Americans of this state bore in the Confederate armies. He is himself a conspicuous example of their gallantry and patriotism.”

I publish the following extracts from letters of Col. James Armstrong, of Charleston, S. C., just mentioned, than whom there was no more gallant soldier in the army of Northern Virginia:

“Gen. John Rutledge, of Revolutionary fame, was of Irish descent. So were the Mannings, three of whom served as governors of the state. Judge J. Belton O’Neill, Judges Johnstone and Caldwell, James L. Pettigrew, George McDuffie, Governor Patrick Noble, Gen. John Barnwell, who defeated the Tuscarora Indians, were of the same race. The Rhetts are descendants of the renowned 98’Irish Rebel,’ Roger Moore. Judge A. E. Burke, who fought in 1776, and was afterward judge in South Carolina, was an Irishman.

“The most prominent South Carolina Irishman in the war of 1812 was, as you know, Andrew Jackson. In the Mexican war Col. Pierce Butler, who was killed in command of the famous Palmetto Regiment, was of Irish extraction. This regiment was in Shields’ Brigade. Patrick Leonard was color-bearer. Many other Irishmen were in the regiment.

“Charleston had several Irish companies in the Confederate army. Nearly every company had Irishmen. The flags of the first fourteen regiments, McGowan’s Brigade, were the first Confederate colors to enter the town of Gettysburg. The Irish Volunteers was the color company of the First Regiment and the flag was borne into the town by the captain of the company, the color-bearer having been shot.

“Capt. John Mitchell, son of the Irish patriot, was in command of Fort Sumter. He had developed superb courage on the ramparts and was struck by a shell.

“There were two regiments of South Carolina regulars; about half of the men were Irish. The middle and up-country regiments contained hundreds of the descendants of our race.

“Generals Wade Hampton and M. E. Butler have Irish blood. Gen. James Connor and Gen. Samuel McGowan were of Irish descent. Also Col. Edward McCrady and Capt. W. H. Ryan and Capt. A. A. Allemon, Capt. M. P. Parker, James Mulvaney, John C. Mitchell and Sergeant Dominick Spellman, who was another Sergeant Jasper, were born in Ireland.”

After the rebellion of ’98, in Ireland, a number of Irishmen emigrated to Georgia. Several families settled in Augusta. The Irish and their descendants are to be found in all the Southern cities on the coast, and in the interior from Washington to Galveston.

There were two distinguished lawyers and jurists of Irish birth in Georgia—Judge John Erskine

and Judge O. A. Lochrane. Judge Lochrane was a wonderfully gifted man. He had great personal magnetism and unusual powers of brilliant eloquence. He had a handsome person, a noble head and a pleasing countenance. He had a wonderful memory, the imagination of a poet and all the graces of oratory. He was called the Irish orator. With brilliancy and depth and familiarity with the principles of law, he coped successfully with the ablest lawyers before the highest tribunals. As chief justice he made a fine reputation. As lawyer, judge and business man his career was eminently successful. It is with laudable pride I speak of him as a Georgian and an Irishman.

Judge Erskine was appointed judge of the United States court in Georgia, in 1865, by President Andrew Johnson. Of him it might well be said his wisdom enabled him to temper his justice with moderation. Honest integrity and an inflexible regard for rectitude, and the recognition of his sterling worth, made him honored even by those who opposed him politically, and won for him the love and respect of his friends. It may truly be said, "He never forsook a friend, nor forgot a favor." After nearly twenty years of service he retired from the bench in 1883, with the universal esteem of his associates at the bar. He deservedly attained a place among the honored roll of Georgia's worthiest sons.

There was the brilliant and lamented Henry W. Grady, journalist, orator and patriot, whose grandfather was named O'Grady and whose father died on the field of battle at the head of his company, fighting for the Confederacy. The South had no more gifted son. He was proud of his Irish blood. His untimely death was a public bereavement. His genius and his talents have won for him a lasting fame.

The Hon. Alexander H. Stephens and the Hon. Joseph E. Brown were two of the most distinguished sons of Georgia. Mr. Stephens had Irish blood in his veins and Governor Brown's ancestors emigrated from the north of Ireland to South Carolina. These were two of the wisest and greatest of Georgians. They were proud of their Irish blood and were the life-long friends of Ireland and the Irish people. They fought intolerance and proscription and stood boldly for the great principles of civil and religious liberty.

Irish names are common in the Southern states. In many instances the people who have them are removed several generations from the immigrants, thus showing that the Irish immigrant pushed his way into the South in the early settlement of the country.

A host of Irish-Americans in Georgia during the war were true to the Confederacy, and fought for its independence. Augusta sent the Irish Volunteers into the field under Captain Harvey Hull, who was succeeded by Captain T. G. Barrett. The last captain was M. J. O'Connor. This company had 100 volunteers. The men fought gallantly in the Army of Tennessee until the close of the war. Capt. Matt. Rice, a native of Ireland, commanded the Confederate Light Guards, in the Army of Northern Virginia. He left a leg at Gettysburg. There were twenty-five Irishmen in this company. The other companies from Augusta contained Irishmen. They were in the Clinch

Rifles, the Oglethorpes and the Hussars.

There are numbers of Irishmen in Augusta who illustrated Irish valor and patriotism in the Confederate army. I regret that I have not the space to mention in detail the names of the Irishmen of Augusta who served the South during the war.

Hon. A. D. Candler, secretary of state, is proud of his Irish descent. He writes:

“Col. Robert McMillan, of the Twenty-fourth Georgia Infantry, went from Habersham county and was a gallant officer. He was born in Ireland, as was his brother, a gallant private in a company commanded by my father, who was himself of Irish lineage.

“Col. McMillan’s son, Garnett, was born in Elbert county, Georgia, but was of pure Irish blood. He was major of his father’s regiment and a splendid soldier. He was elected to congress in 1872, but died before he took his seat.

“I am of Irish extraction on both sides, I am proud to say. I was first a private, then a lieutenant and then a captain, and finally a colonel in the Confederate army.

“Captain and afterward Lieutenant-Colonel Neal, of this city, was an Irish-American and a good officer, who died in battle. He was a brother-in-law of Capt. John Keely, a gallant officer whom you knew. At this moment I recall no other officers who were of Irish blood.

“There were others who were privates in the ranks, and every one without exception was a good soldier. Indeed, I have a thousand times thought of, and with pride endorsed, the language of the King of Poland, who said of the Irish that ‘there is nowhere on the face of the earth a people among whom there are so few fools and cowards.’”

Captain John Flannery, a native of Ireland, who commanded the Irish Jasper Greens in the Civil War, writes:

“Savannah furnished to the Georgia regiment for the Mexican War one company of volunteers, something over ninety men, a very large majority of them natural-born Irishmen. That company was the 101st Irish Jasper Greens, under Captain Henry R. Jackson, who, on being promoted, was succeeded by Captain John McMahon, a native-born Irishman.

“In the late war I estimate that Savannah furnished about 1,000 men of Irish birth to the armies of the Confederate states. Nearly three fourths of these served in distinctively Irish companies, of which there were seven. As to their services in the field, that would be too long a story, even if I had the data, to write in a letter. The Irish element held up their end of the line in every duty that devolved upon them on the march, in the battlefield, or elsewhere, during the four years of the great struggle.”

Gen. John B. Gordon writes:

"I had on my staff Major Mitchell, a son of the Irish patriot John Mitchell, and who was one of the most gallant soldiers in the Confederate army. He had in him the patriotic fire, the ardent love of liberty and the devotion to principle which characterized his distinguished father. He was desperately wounded in battle, but recovered and served to the close. He was always at the post of duty and in every particular an ideal soldier."

Mr. P. J. Moran of Atlanta says:

"In answer to your question concerning the action of the Irish in Atlanta during the war, I have obtained the following facts: The priest here at the time was Rev. Father Hassan, a born Irishman. Of course he took no immediate part in politics. When the agitation came up leading to secession, the Irishmen of Atlanta were almost a unit against it, but, after the ordinance was passed, they accepted the command of the state. Immediately upon the passage of the ordinance the native Georgians appeared on the streets wearing cockades; and the Intelligencer appeared next morning with the inquiry: 'What's the Matter With the Irish That They are not Wearing Cockades?'

"The answer came during the day: 'We fight; but do not flaunt ribbons.'

"And before the day was over the Jackson Guards, composed of eighty-five Irishmen, was organized, made up from the clerks of the stores of John Ryan, Meyers and Hayden. They elected as captain, William O'Halloran, one of the bravest soldiers that ever lived. His deafness interfered with his service, however, and James H. Neal, brother of Capt. T. B. Neal, now of Atlanta, was elected to the captaincy, with Dennis S. Meyers, John Keely, Peter Fenelon and John McGhee as lieutenants. This company went through the war hardly ever missing a battle, and when hostilities were concluded, the remnant came back home—eleven men out of the eighty-five, who had gone to the front. In thus directing the action of the Irish people of Atlanta, Father Hassan was prominent. The policy was to be true to the Union while it lasted; but when the state spoke—it then became their duty to do what they could."

Gen. Clement A. Evans, one of the best and bravest officers of the Confederate army, sends the following:

"It is a pleasure I have in answering your letter to say that I am proud of my Irish blood and wish that it may flow on forever. You are to take part in an interesting occasion at Nashville designed to bring before our American people the value of the generous, brave, honorable Irishmen. Your familiarity with our American history will serve you well; much of it was made by Irish valor.

"In our Confederate war the Irish were on both sides, winning distinction in both armies—and it is not at all strange that the two Irish sides were both right. No other people on earth except

the Irish can espouse opposite sides and both be right. A brave and true Confederate Irishman was captured near Manassas Junction by a scouting party of soldiers. He chanced to be dressed in no uniform and betrayed by no sign that he belonged to any particular side of the pending military issue.

"The captors demanded of him, 'Where do you belong? What's your command?' 'By me faith,' said Mike, 'it's an ugly question ye are asking and I'd be after asking ye by your leave the same thing.' 'Well,' said the scouts, 'we are Lincoln's men.' 'All right,' said Mike very warmly, 'I took ye for gentlemen, an I'm the same.' But the scouts thinking they had caught him, seized him and said, 'You are our prisoner. We belong to Lee's army.' 'Thin ye told me a lie, just now, boys, as I thought ye would, and I told ye one meself. Now tell me the truth, and I'll tell ye the truth.' 'Well, then, we belong to the state of South Carolina.' 'So do I,' quickly and with enthusiasm, 'and I belong to all the other states of the country, too; and I bate the whole of you in that one thing. Do you think I would come all the way from Ireland to belong to one state when I have the right to belong to the whole of them?' Mike's Unionism was broader than that of nearly all the statesmen of that period.

103 "In the beginning of the war the Irish boys who were scattered over the South fell in with the companies as they were formed.... One company went from my native county, Stewart, electing for its captain a young Irishman, Captain Mike Lynch, who made a reputation in the 21st Georgia regiment of Dole's Brigade for skilful courage and kindness known throughout the command. Captain Lynch was full-blooded Irish, with all the mellow accent of the Emerald Isle. I do not think a braver, truer man fought in any army.

"Captain James Mitchell, son of the Irish exile, served with me directly on my staff. He was a brilliant young gentleman, graceful in bearing, handsome and of unsurpassed courage. His battle record is as good as that of our bravest men. His brother (I think) served in Charleston as captain at Fort Sumter. His father was a very ardent supporter of secession. Capt. James Mitchell expressed to me, at the battle of Fredericksburg, his deep regret that Confederate Irishmen were confronted by Meagher's brave command.

"There were a considerable number of Irish troops in Louisiana regiments. Some of them were under me while I commanded a division composed of Georgia, Virginia and Louisiana brigades. There were no men ... easier to lead in battle than these Louisiana Irishmen. I saw many examples of that superb Irish dash about which I had read much in history and romance of European wars.

"I participated in the late afternoon and evening assault at Gettysburg on Lee's left, when the Irish fighters on the Confederate side went to their death with a heroism at which I wondered. You have, of course, looked into the history of Meagher's Irish Brigade.

"I was in the battle of Fredericksburg on the Confederate left wing, and engaged the same day

when that brigade was led (at another part of the field) to slaughter. I think that there was a cruelty in the plan of Federal attack which cannot be excused. If I remember aright the splendid brigade was nearly destroyed.

“Meagher’s Brigade was specially prominent at Gaines’ Mill (or Cold Harbor), June 27; at Antietam (Sharpsburg), September 17, and at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. The United States government has never sufficiently recognized the services of that brigade. I wish our friend Fleming would have a resolution passed in congress to show that appreciation of their valor which has never 104been accorded. I suppose that Burnside’s friends did not want to go too deeply into the story of the fearful error which he made.

“Pat Cleburne is a name which is as lovingly mentioned among us who are soldiers as the name of Stonewall Jackson. He was actually loved by the army in the West, where he was best known. Cleburne was killed in the Confederate assault on the desperately defended trenches of the Federals at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. President Davis said: ‘Around Cleburne thickly lay the gallant men who in his desperate assault followed him with the implicit confidence that in another army was given to Stonewall Jackson, and in the one case as in the other, a vacancy was created which could never be filled.’

“I write immediately on reading your letter and on the idea that you simply want matters of my own memory. Some investigation would lead to a very interesting story of the Irish-Americans in our American wars, which I have been sometimes thinking of writing.

“You will not forget that Father Ryan gave us the sweetest of our Southern poetry. I think also that the clergy in both armies should not be forgotten in any account of the Confederate struggle.”

Col. C. C. Sanders of Gainesville, colonel of the 24th Georgia, favors me with a graphic description of the charge of Meagher’s Irish Brigade. He says:

“The writer was an eye witness to the charge of the Irish brigade at Fredericksburg. General Lee had, at the time, the finest army in history. Two formidable lines of battle were protected by a rock wall and defended by Cobb’s and Kershaw’s brigades of McLaw’s division (one-fourth of whom, I suppose, were Irishmen or of Irish extraction), and the famous Washington Artillery. In our immediate front one could walk on the dead for hundreds of yards. We were pained to see the noble fellows coming up in steady columns to be mowed down before our lines of solid flames of fire from our entrenched position behind the rock wall and the terrible fire from the Washington Artillery on Marie’s Hill, just in our rear and commanding every inch of approach.

“The Irish Brigade would receive our well-directed fire steady and firm, and when great gaps were cut through their ranks by the artillery, would reform under the incessant fire, come again, sink down and rise again, trample the dead and wounded under foot and press the stone wall of

liquid fire, then recede a few feet ¹⁰⁵and come again, like an avalanche into the very jaws of death, until strength and endurance failed, having been forced back by shell and the deadly miniè ball that no human being could withstand. The field of battle ran great streams of blood, and the immortal Irish Brigade recoiled before the living wall of fire in glory.

“I know of no charge upon the field of battle in history to compare to the charge of the Irish Brigade at Fredericksburg, unless it was Pickett’s Division at Gettysburg, or the Old Guard at Waterloo. The immortal Irish Brigade were soldiers indeed. I have heard, but I do not know whether it is correct, that after the Fredericksburg battle the United States government mustered out the Irish Brigade from service and placed all upon the pension roll. You can examine records or see for yourself as to its correctness. I have always felt proud of my one-fourth Irish blood. The Irish have fought the battles of all countries. I wish you success in your address, and three cheers for the Immortal Irish Brigade!”

Lieut. Gen. Longstreet says of the charge of Meagher’s Brigade: “The manner in which Meagher’s Irish Brigade breasted the death storm from Marie’s Heights of Fredericksburg, was the handsomest thing in the whole war. Six times in the face of a withering fire, before which whole ranks were mowed down as corn before the sickle, did the Irish Brigade run up that hill—rush to inevitable death.”

Said the adjutant-general of Hancock’s staff: “I looked with my field glasses, and I looked for a long time before I was certain of what I saw. I at first thought that the men of Meagher’s Brigade had lain down to allow the shower of shot and shell to pass over them, for they lay in regular lines. I looked for some movement, some stir—a hand or foot in motion; but no—they were dead—dead, every man of them.”

The following contribution from Mr. John L. Rapier, of the Mobile Register, is highly appreciated: “When you ask me for the names and deeds of glory of Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, in peace and war, ’tis like putting one in the Klondike fields and asking him to pick up the nuggets of gold that lie round about him. The field of my memory is full of them. To be brief as possible:

“Theodore O’Hara, poet, writer, one of the editors of the Mobile Register, wrote the immortal poem, ‘The Bivouac of the Dead,’ ¹⁰⁶adopted now by the government. The verses are cast in bronze and cut in marble and used in every National cemetery in the country.

“The ‘Silver-tongued orator of the Chattahoochee,’ Gen. Alpheus Baker, of Eufaula, Ala., possibly the most wonderful orator that ever lived within the borders of our state.

“General Finnegan, the hero of Olustee, Fla. I suppose you have him on your list already.

“General O’Neal, ‘Old Tige,’ as the boys called him, after the war, governor of Alabama; a great

old soldier and statesman.

“Every company of the Third Alabama had in its ranks a generous infusion of Irish blood, and one company, the Emerald Guards, was composed entirely of Irishmen. This company lost three captains during the war: Captain Loughry, killed at Seven Pines; Captain Branigan, killed at Gettysburg; and Captain McGrath, desperately wounded at Williamsburg, Second Manassas, the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, was brought home to die—perfectly shattered by the enemy’s bullets; no hazardous or extra duty performed by the gallant Third, but what her Irish members had their full share.

“The Sixth Alabama had an Irish company, the ‘Montgomery Grays.’ This company carried to Virginia 103 men. It is declared that but eleven of this number returned after the war, and not one of these eleven returned unscathed. I am not familiar with the history of the Mississippi troops and never met many of the men from that state.

“Of Louisiana, I recall that Wheat’s Tigers, the First Regiment of Louisiana Regulars (Gen. Gladden’s regiment); the First Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers and the Fourteenth Regiment Louisiana Volunteers were almost entirely composed of Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen. Nearly every regiment from that state had a fair sprinkling of the same blood. Even the famous Louisiana Zouaves and St. Paul’s Chasseurs, generally supposed to be entirely French, were more than one-third Irish. It always astonished me to see how accurately these Celts could obey an order given in French, especially when that order was ‘En avant’—i. e., ‘Forward.’ And did these gallant battalions furnish heroic soldiers? My dear sir, I could write a column on the subject.

“Shall I pick out one and tell you of him? Then, without effort, I select ‘Mike Nolan’—Gen. Mike Nolan. When I was a little boy 107around New Orleans, I used to collect bills for sugar at a small grocery, right opposite the Charity hospital in that city. The owner of the store was a young, blue-eyed, light-haired Irishman, named Mike Nolan. Mild and polite and friendly in his manners; and I am sure it is no shame to my foresight that at that time I did not recognize in him the to be best, bravest and grandest soldier I ever met.

“Nolan left New Orleans as a sergeant in one of the companies of the First Louisiana Volunteers; he quickly rose to a lieutenancy, then captain, lieutenant-colonel and colonel. He commanded his regiment with great bravery and ability. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, where he assumed command of his brigade upon the death of General Stark, who was killed in that battle. General Nolan’s commission as brigadier had not reached him when he was killed at Gettysburg.

“Full, full of glory is the history of the Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen in Louisiana, in every branch of life, in the press, in the professions, in commerce, in the church and in deeds of valor upon the battlefields of Mexico and the South.”

Gen. Wm. B. Bate, the able and distinguished senator from Tennessee, has furnished me with an important contribution with regard to the loyalty and gallantry of such Irishmen and Irish-Americans as were connected with the Confederate army.

To give the military career of such men would require a volume. There were no more loyal and gallant men in the Confederate army, both as soldiers and officers, and none was truer to our cause and stood by our little flag with its stars and bars and cross of St. Andrew, from the beginning to the ending, with more fidelity, pride and patriotism than did the Irishmen and Irish-Americans who were enlisted in the Confederate army.

The Irishman who won the most distinction on the Confederate side and gained the highest rank was Major-General Patrick R. Cleburne. He was formerly a private in the English army and when his connection with it ceased he came to this country and at the time of the breaking out of the war was a practising lawyer in Helena, Arkansas. He assisted in raising a regiment of Arkansas troops and became its colonel. His regiment was united with the Army of Tennessee, was at Bowling Green, Ky., in General Hardee's command, under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, and went with it to Shiloh.

General Cleburne commanded a brigade that day composed principally of Tennesseans, which fought in Hardee's corps and which composed the front line of battle. General Bate's regiment, the Second Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., composed its extreme left. He was from that time on identified with the Army of Tennessee and its campaigns and battles. He was subsequently promoted and commanded what is known as Cleburne's Division, was an active and efficient factor in the Army of Tennessee until he was killed in the charge on the Federal breastworks at Franklin, November 30, 1864.

Next to him in our army was Brigadier-General R. C. Tyler, an Irishman by birth and an American by adoption. Gen. Tyler was living in Memphis as a levee contractor when the war broke out and enlisted as a private, became quartermaster of his regiment, went with it into the battle of Belmont, its first engagement, and so distinguished himself that it was but a short time until he was made colonel, and on its consolidation with the Thirty-seventh he became colonel commanding the consolidation. The regiment was assigned to General Bate's original brigade and Tyler was a part of it as colonel until after the battle of Chickamauga, in which he again distinguished himself and under the recommendation of General Bate he was made brigadier-general and put in command of his old brigade, Bate having been in the meanwhile promoted to a major-generalship.

General Tyler was wounded at Missionary Ridge and being unfit for field duty, was assigned to the command at West Point, Ga. He was in command of the fort there when the surrender of Generals Lee and Johnston's armies took place. When General Wilson with his cavalry demanded a surrender of the fort, Tyler refused to give it up, though with but a handful of men

against thousands, and fell while defiantly fighting against such odds rather than surrender.

Col. Grace, of the Tenth Tennessee, was an Irishman, a splendid soldier, and was killed at the head of his regiment at the battle of Jonesboro', Ga. Lieutenant-Colonel O'Neil, of the same regiment, a brave soldier, survived the war but died since. Company E of the Second Tennessee Regiment was a company composed of Irishmen enlisted by Captain Casper W. Hunt and served most gallantly throughout the entire war. This company and the Tenth and Fifteenth regiments were all in Gen. Bate's command and composed of Irishmen, and no command made better records than did they.

Senator Bate says the grandest and greatest Irishman in the Confederacy was John Mitchell. He who was banished in "Lurid—'48" and condemned to fourteen years' imprisonment. He was sent to an English penal colony from which he subsequently escaped and came to the United States by the Pacific route and finally settled down near Knoxville, Tenn.

When the war broke out he was editing a paper in Knoxville, and was appointed an assistant secretary to one of the governmental departments at Richmond by Jefferson Davis. He had three sons, two of whom were killed in the armies of the Confederate states and one who still lives in New York City.

Mitchell was a brilliant writer and author and was imprisoned by the Federals at Fort Warren at the close of the war. He was finally released and after a few years returned to Ireland and was elected by the "Bloody Tips" to the British Parliament, but was denied his seat. He was reëlected and died during the pendency of his contest for the seat.

Thomas W. Wrenne, president of the Irish-American Centennial Association, has furnished me with information relative to the troops Tennessee gave to the Confederate cause and to the Union army:

To the Confederate states Tennessee gave (all volunteers), 108,000.

To the Federal government Tennessee gave (all volunteers), 31,092.

Possibly, excepting North Carolina, Tennessee gave more troops to the Confederate states in proportion to the population than any other.

It is worthy of note that North Carolina is populated in a great measure like Tennessee with Irish-American people. You know that most of the Tennessee early settlers came over from North Carolina and both have always been patriotic.

You will be agreeably surprised with the number of Irish-Americans among the great men of Tennessee. Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, Davy Crockett, Sam Houston (I think Andrew Johnson), and General John Adams were Irish-Americans.

The father and mother of General John Adams came direct from Ireland and settled in Nashville. Their son was graduated from West Point. When the last war began he gave his services to the C. S. A. He was a gallant and brave soldier. His death on horseback on the top of the Federal breastworks at Franklin was as remarkable a piece of heroism as