

# THE LAND WE LOVE.

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## REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

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D. H. HILL'S CORPS, }  
October, 1863. }

COLONEL:—I have the honor to report the operations of my Division in the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th of September last.

It was composed of the 2nd, 4th, 6th and 9th Ky. and 4th Ala. Regiments, with Cobb's battery, under the command of Brig. Gen. B. H. Helm: the 13th, 20th, 16th, 25th and 19th La., 32nd Ala., and Austin's Battalion Sharp Shooters, with Slocomb's Battery (5th Washington Artillery,) under the command of Brig. Gen. Daniel Adams: the 1st, 3rd and 4th Fla., 47th Geo., and 60th North Carolina Regiments, with Mebane's Battery, under the command of Brig. Gen. M. A. Stovall.

My effective strength was, of enlisted men, three thousand three hundred and ninety-five. Total three thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine.

At daylight of the 18th my com-

mand moved from Catlett's Gap, and that neighborhood in the Pigeon Mountain, and the same afternoon took position on the East bank of the Chickamauga near Glass' Mill, and composed the extreme left of the infantry of the Army. I immediately threw the 2d Ky. across the ford to skirmish with the enemy and reveal his position, the 6th Ky. being placed in close supporting distance at the mill. Adam's Brigade was sent by order of Lt. Gen. D. H. Hill to a ford a mile and a half above, where the enemy, as the cavalry reported, threatened to cross. It was so late when these dispositions were made that nothing satisfactory was developed that night.

On the morning of the 19th Slocomb, with four guns, Cobb, with two, and the remainder of Helm's Brigade were moved across Glass' Ford to ascertain the position of the enemy, while the two rifled pieces of Slocomb's Battery, under Lt. Vaught, took position on a bluff upon the east side of the

## SKETCHES OF GEN. JACKSON.

GEN. JACKSON'S mind was remarkable for its directness and originality. When it was necessary for him to participate in the discussion of a mooted question, he rarely took up the line of reasoning which had been pursued by any of the previous disputants: he paused neither to discuss nor refute them. His method was to recur to some premise which others had overlooked, and which led, by a short and convincing direction, to his own conclusion, thus making an end of controversy. And it was very likely that his manner of stating this premise, and indicating his argument (for he rarely said more than was necessary to suggest it) was by jerking out a sharp question. When he drove Banks from Winchester in 1862, an instance occurred, which although trivial, illustrated this habit of mind. A multitude of sutlers had followed the Yankee army thither; and among these were two Marylanders.— Jackson's movements, as usual, were rather too prompt to give these trading gentry time to remove their wares; and the Marylanders adopted the expedient of secreting so much of their stock as they could by removing it to private houses before they decamped. After the Confederate Head-Quarters were quietly established in the town, a reputable widow lady, resident in the place, appeared before the Adjutant and stated that she was in trouble about two barrels of fine French Brandy, left in the cellar of her dwelling by the Marylanders, who had boarded with her. She said that she had always tried to do her duty, and that although she had reluctantly consented that her guests might deposit their brandy there for concealment, being misled by their specious reasoning, her conscience was now

uncertain whether by keeping their secret she should not be defrauding the country by violating the sequestration law of the confederacy. She had therefore determined to make a clean breast, and state the whole case. The Marylanders had urged that they were not alien enemies, that they were citizens of a State known to be friendly to the Confederacy, that their own sympathies were with that cause, and above all, that the sequestration law expressly excepted debts and claims due to citizens of Maryland from seizure. This had seemed to her at first satisfactory; yet when she remembered that they came to Winchester with the Yankees, and fled thence with them, she had misgivings. Her case was stated to General Jackson, when he answered with great quickness, and seeming impatience. "Did those men pay license tax to the Virginia Commissioners of Revenue in Winchester, sir? Did they expose those goods to sale here in compliance with Virginia laws? No, sir. They came here under the protection of the public enemy: let them share his fate. Turn the brandy over to the Commissioners of sequestration, and tell Dr. McGuire (medical Director) to apply for it for the use of the sick." In the blockaded condition of the Confederacy, French brandy was at prices even more fabulous than the famed Johannisberg, the drink of Austrian Princes; and two barrels were no SMALL PRIZE for the scantily supplied hospitals.

Gen. Jackson's silence was attributed by some to his inability to express himself with ease and propriety. Some have been absurd enough to say that when subordinate officers ventured to argue in justification of their conduct, with a fluency which Jackson felt himself incapable of equal-

ing, he was accustomed to take refuge under the assumption that their language was insubordinate, and to save himself the difficult labor of reply, by the short decision: "Please to consider yourself as under arrest, sir." Certain it is, that many restive young officers, during their "breaking in" to his iron rule, found themselves "brought up all standing," by this sentence, very unexpectedly to themselves. But it was a great error to suppose that Jackson was deficient in the power of ready and appropriate expression. At least, when animated, he occasionally gave utterance to passages of almost inimitable beauty and power. If they were very short, as they almost always were, it was because his terse, direct style of thinking required but little time to eviscerate his subject. An instance of this true rhetorical power occurred during the quiet respite after the battle of Port Republic. A gentleman came to Head-Quarters, whose costume, courteous and stately address, and silvery locks, bespoke him at once as one of the class, now, we fear, destined to an early extinction, whose high honor, hospitality, breeding, and cultivation, once gave such just *eclat* to Virginian society. His only son, a gallant and staunch soldier, was Captain in one of the Virginia Regiments. He had come from his home, upon hearing of the victory, to see if his darling boy was alive, and to get for him a few days leave, that he might receive the embraces of his anxious mother. But on the question of furloughs, the Adjutant was politely inexorable. He said his orders were positive, to let no man leave the command, who was well enough for duty; and that it would be more than his (official) head was worth, to violate them. Mr. O. said that he *could not* carry back so cruel a disappointment to his wife, and asked leave to have the application referred to

the General. "I cannot do it myself," said the Adjutant, "for it will only procure a stern reprimand for me, and no furlough for Capt. O. But if you choose to expose yourself to the certain rebuff, I will introduce you, provided you will wait until the General seems at leisure." Mr. O. accepted these terms. After a time the General was seen sauntering from his tent for a moment's relaxation, and the applicant was introduced. He began by gracefully congratulating Jackson, without fulsomeness, upon his successes; and the General was evidently very pleasantly impressed by the person and bearing of his visitor. Mr. O. then immediately improved his opportunity to push his request, in about these words: "General, my boy is captain in the — Va., and I want to borrow him for his mother, just for three days, now while things are quiet. I am proud to hear that he has tried to do his duty like a man. He is the only son of his mother; and she has not seen him since the war began, for he has never had a day's leave. If you will lend him to her, that she may only see him, I promise faithfully that I will bring him to camp myself, at the end of the third day."

The Adjutant was inquisitive to see how the General would meet this petition. He began with a tone and manner of inimitable tenderness, to express his sincere sorrow at being unable to confer the happiness desired. "But," he said, "our armies are inadequate in numbers to their task; they are now suffering greatly from "absenteeism;" they have an arduous task before them. He could not but believe that such an officer as Capt O. (for he knew his gallant character,) would rather sacrifice present gratification, dear as it was to the heart of a son, than set an example injurious to the service, and thus undo what he has so nobly aided to accom-

plish by his toils and dangers.— If he might be pardoned for presuming to estimate the heart of Mrs. O. as a Virginian mother, he should judge of her by the chivalrous qualities of her noble boy, derived, as he believed, from her. And thus judging, he felt sure that her mother's heart would justify his refusal, and prefer not to see her son at the expense of duty, and to reserve the joy of embracing him until they could taste it unalloyed by that thought."

As he delivered these remarks his air of gentleness was gradually mingled with an increasing dash of martial fire. When he closed, the old gentleman seemed to have forgotten all about his son's furlough. At least he made no farther allusion to it; but with tears coursing down his cheeks, and his features working with emotions, seized the General's hand between both of his, and shaking it warmly, exclaimed: "May God bless you, Gen. Jackson! If it only pleased Him that the weight of fewer years were resting on these old shoulders, I should be with you myself, to aid in fighting this quarrel through, under your banner."

Gen. Jackson's favorite horse, Fancy, or as he was more familiarly called, Little Sorrel, and his groom, black Jim, were almost as familiar objects about the camp as the General himself. This horse was purchased in 1861, at Harper's Ferry, and was selected by him chiefly with reference to Mrs. Jackson's use. But he learned to stand fire so quickly, and proved to be a horse of such capital paces, courage and endurance, that he was appropriated to less gentle uses, and became the General's favorite charger. Rare must be the circumstances which would induce him to ride any other horse in action, if Little Sorrel were not positively *hors de combat*. His stud was recruited, by present or purchase, with many other, and

more stately steeds; but to the end of the war, this horse held his place in his master's preference; and he was on his back, when, in the thickets at Chancellorsville, he received the fatal shots which cost his life. After the General was lifted, almost fainting, from his back, he stood quietly beside the group which surrounded him endeavoring to bind up his wound. When he was placed upon the litter to be borne from the field, Capt. Jas. Power Smith, the General's aid, having lifted one corner of the precious burden upon his shoulder, drew his other arm through the bridle, and led the horse behind him. But when those frightful volleys occurred, by which a part of the litter-bearers themselves were struck down, the animal seemed to be seized with uncontrollable terror, broke away, and rushed through the woods, no one knew whither. Some days after, he came into the encampment of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, *minus* his saddle and bridle, and gaunt with famine. There he was at once recognized, cared for, and sent to Gov. Letcher, by whom he was forwarded to the home of Mrs. J. in North Carolina. In this quiet retreat he still lives, cherished for the memory of the immortal deeds in which he bore his humble, but faithful part, pampered with the greenest pastures, and the biggest ears of Indian corn. May Little Sorrel live to a green old age! May it be his to face no more hurtling shells, and to feel no more the armed heel, urging him with quivering ears and fiery, dilated nostril into the sulphureous war cloud. But may his task be to bear, with patriarchal pride and heed, the lithe form of the heiress of his glorified master, along the shaded green lanes which the Southern girl is wont to thread, on her way to the country school, or the cot of the suffering poor, or the rustic sanctuary.

On the night which succeeded

the battle of Fredericksburg, a little incident occurred which confirms at once the statements made above, and illustrates the kindly relations existing between Southern master and servants, and the way in which the latter often govern the former. Long before daylight the friend with whom Jackson was sharing his cot was aroused by his arising from his short slumber and returning to the writing of despatches. After a little he called: "Jim!" (Sir.) "Saddle Little sorrel for me, I must ride." (Yes, sir.) Very soon he donned his overcoat and left the tent, when the following colloquy was overheard from without: "Why, Jim, this isn't Little Sorrel; I told you to saddle him." "Yes, sir," said Jim, "but I thought you rode him so hard yesterday it was out of the question for you to ride him again to-day." "No," said the General, "I must have Little Sorrel; you know I never ride any other in action."— [Hereupon the friend within the tent exclaimed to himself: "Aha! So there is going to be another battle! There is secrecy off its guard, for once, at least."] But Jim replied, "I declare, General, Little Sorrel ain't fitten for you to ride to-day. He is done knocked up, sir, completely, this time, certain. You 'bleeged to ride some other horse to-day, anyhow, until I rub him, and get him straightened up again." Upon this the General said, in a deprecatory tone, "Well, well; you must have your way about it," and mounting, road away.

General Jackson was exceedingly unobtrusive in his manners, and unwilling to give trouble.— He shrunk from receiving attentions which were paid to his rank, and especially when he supposed that they were paid at the cost of inconvenience to others. An instance of this feeling was related, while his corps was upon its march towards Port Royal, after the bat-

tle of Fredericksburg. Winter had now set in, and the weather was inclement. Night overtook him and his Staff, upon a by-road which they were pursuing, far from their baggage; and some of the younger members, who had enjoyed the hospitalities of Hayfields, the seat of Mr. Taylor, and Moss Neck, the residence of Mr. Corbin, during their frequent errands on army business, suggested to the General that he was not far from these houses, and would be received with honor at either of them. But he demurred at imposing himself, with so large a suite, on strangers, and insisted on *bivouacking* for the night. "Why," he asked, "should they think it a hardship to do so, when so many thousands of brave comrades were doing it nightly? Besides it was a soldierly and picturesque way of resting; and no sleep was more healthy or refreshing than that *subDio*, beside a glowing camp fire." The staff acquiesced, and in a manner savouring very little of enthusiasm, selected a place in the forest, where they tethered their horses, and kindled a fire.— They then prepared such accommodations for sleeping as their saddles furnished, and went supperless to bed—but not to sleep.— The night became increasingly stormy, and a chilling nor-wester rose to a perfect gale. If they ventured near the fire the smoke, ashes and embers were blown into their eyes; if they kept at a distance they were nearly frozen. At length, between eleven and twelve o'clock, at a blast of unusual severity, an enormous dead pine came thundering down across the fire, scattering the brands afar, and falling very near where the General was lying in uneasy slumber. The advent of this new enemy seemed to revolutionize at once his admiration for the *bivouack*, and when a new suggestion was made to adjourn, at that unseasonable hour, to Moss Neck, and ask shelter, he

received it most approvingly.— About midnight, the party arrived there, thoroughly chilled and dispirited. The house was occupied then only by its mistress, and some female friends, refugees from Fredericksburg; and a summons at such an hour, from a group of armed men, was received, as may be supposed, with no little trepidation. But when they learned

who their visitor was, their alarm was changed into delight. This visit resulted in the selection of Moss Neck as Head-Quarters for the remainder of the winter. But General Jackson, when he removed thither, was too considerate to accept of quarters in the noble mansion, and insisted on confining himself to a hunting lodge at the edge of the lawn.

#### NUTRITION OF ANIMALS.

EVERYTHING that relates to the functions of life, whether animal or vegetable, is interesting. The mind is so constituted that just in proportion as mystery invests any subject, its faculties and energies are aroused to penetrate that mystery and contemplate what lies beyond the veil. While in spiritual matters a prurient desire to pry into "secret things" may not be desirable, in things temporal, and especially physical, this persistent curiosity which brooks no denial, is a valuable quality, and has led the mind to noble conquests over the realms of darkness and ignorance.

This is true of the economy of life: many of its laws have already yielded to the earnest scrutiny of scientific research and practical experiment, so that where midnight darkness till comparatively recently reigned over everything, the torch of science has been kindled and many rays of light have penetrated the gloom to cheer and animate the enquirer. We propose to gather up some of these scattered rays and concentrate them for the use of our readers upon points of practical interest.

The discussion of the nutrition of animals including a consideration of the best kinds of food, the best modes of preparing it, and its proper administration to promote the best interests of the farmer,

requires, for greater clearness and simplicity, some elementary statements as to the composition of food and the functions of the animal. In the first place, a proximate analysis shows several classes of compounds in all plants used for food, each of which has its own separate and appropriate office—work in the perpetuation of animal life. One class of these compounds, and by far the largest, and of which starch may be considered the type, is composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen only and the two latter in the precise proportions in which they are found united to make common water: to this group belongs starch, woody fiber, gum, sugar, &c., and each of these therefore contains exactly the same elements as would be found in a glass of charcoal and water. A second class of which the adhesive substance in wheaten flour called gluten, may be taken as the type, is composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen—the same elements as those of the last class with the addition of nitrogen: to this division belong gluten, albumen, casein, &c. A third class consists of soluble and insoluble salts—substances derived from the earth, and which are found in the ashes of plants when they have been consumed, such as phosphates of lime and magnesia and common salt.