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From: Sd4man@aol.com | Block address
Date: Thu, 20 Jan 2000 01:23:45 EST
Subject: Fwd: James Brown Forman
To: friends_srnb@yahoo.com

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Attached you will find an eyewitness account that you might like to add to
your information on the Battle. My cousin (4times removed of course) was
Colonel James Brown Forman, Regimental Colonel of the 15th Ky. Vol.Inf.,
killed at Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862.
Your Most Obedient Servant,
Stephen D. Forman,
Commander, Granbury's Texas Brigade SCV Camp 1479

Attachment: Forwarded Message

Date: Tue, 18 Jan 2000 23:27:24 -0800
From: Kirk & Susan Jenkins <kjenkin2@ix.netcom.com>
To: Sd4man@aol.com
Subject: Re: James Brown Forman

A few clippings on our mutual cousin, Colonel Forman. Have you had any luck in
finding the letter about his death at Stones River? -- Kirk

Louisville Journal, 8/6/62

Captain J. B. Forman, of the Fifteenth Kentucky Regiment, Colonel Pope, is in the
city, and will remain until Tuesday next. Any letters or small packages for the
regiment left with Mr. W. J. Anderson, Main street, previous to his departure,
will be conveyed to the regiment by Captain Forman.

Journal October 11, 1862

Battle Field, Camp Champlin Creek
October 9, 1862

You will please publish the following facts about our 15th regiment Kentucky
volunteers: We went into action about 12 o'clock M, yesterday with about 500 men

strong, and, after several terrible shellings from the rebel artillery, we moved up in line of battle, and fought three regiments of infantry two and a half hours. Their artillery played on us with terrible effect. We repulsed their infantry, which was immediately relieved by fresh troops, and we were forced to retire. Our regiment rallied three times, and retired in order from place to place until night ended the terrible slaughter. We relieved the 3d Ohio regiment. Their gallant conduct, had we no other motive, would have caused us to emulate their example. The following is a list of casualties as near as can be ascertained:

KILLED -- Lt. Col. Jouett, Maj., Campbell, and Lt. McGrath, company A.
Col. Pope, slightly wounded.
Lt. Gray, company B, horse killed under him.
Lt. McClure, company C, severely wounded.
Lt. Wood, company E, " "
Lt. Lanahan, company G, slightly "
Lt. Garrety, company G, " "
Lt. Dickerson, company H, " "
Among the enlisted men were the following:

Company A,	killed	7 men
A,	wounded	15
B,	killed	5
B,	wounded	5
C,	killed	12
C,	wounded	11
D,	killed	8
D,	wounded	17
E,	killed	4
E,	wounded	16
F,	killed	6
F,	wounded	7
G,	killed	7
G,	wounded	15
H,	killed	8
H,	wounded	16
I,	killed	5
I,	wounded	10
K,	killed	4
K,	wounded	14

The gallant conduct of this regiment and the whole seventeen brigade is testified to by all our superior officers.
Col. Wm. H. Lytle was taken prisoner. He was wounded.
The colors were shot down, the Color Sergeant being severely wounded, and were gallantly resuced and borne from the field by Captain Forman. He has them now in his possession. The old tattered flag was afterwards presented to Captain Forman by Colonel Pope, in whose hands it will remain. The flag was presented to the regiment by the ladies of Louisville.

JOS. R. SNIDER, Captain Co. B,

Commanding 15th Ky. Vols.

SAME DAY --

CASUALTIES IN THE FIFTEENTH KENTUCKY INFANTRY -- Col. Pope's regiment suffered terribly in the battle of Perryville, on Wednesday. We learn by letter from a member of Company B., Capt. Forman, formerly commanded by Capt. McClure, that all but twelve of the company were either killed or wounded. At the time the letter was written the Fifteenth was under orders to advance. Ezekiel Forman, a member of the company, was severely, though not fatally wounded.

Journal

THE FLAG OF THE FIFTEENTH -- The flag of the Fifteenth Kentucky Infantry, late Colonel Pope's regiment, was received in this city yesterday, having been sent home by Col. Forman, to whom it was presented on the battlefield near Perryville by the late Colonel Pope. The flag and staff bear evidence of the heat of the battle of Chaplin Hills, as the flag itself is riddled by balls, and the flag-staff was perforated three or four times by the enemy's bullets. It will be remembered that the regimental color-bearer was wounded in that memorable fight, and that the flag in question was borne off the field by the gallant Capt. Forman, who is now Colonel of the regiment. The flag was a present from the loyal ladies of Louisville, and will be presented to Governor Robinson, by whom it will be transferred to the State.

Journal 11/26/62

THE FLAG PRESENTATION TO THE FIFTEENTH KENTUCKY INFANTRY -- The elegent flag prepared by the loyal ladies of the city for the Fifteenth Kentucky infantry was presented to the regiment last evening through Colonel Forman. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the attractions elsewhere, and the short notice given, a large and very respectable party of loyal ladies and gentlemen assembled in the Circuit Court room at the Court House at eight o'clock to witness the interesting exercises. The flag, which was of the finest silken fabric, embroidered with gold and appropriately inscribed, was presented by Edwin S. Craig, Esq., who alluded in eloquent terms to the eminent services that had been rendered by the regiment to the cause of the Union. The beautiful emblem was

received by Col. Forman, the youthful guardian of the 'orphan regiment,' who replied in modest terms to the flattering eulogy passed upon the corps which he represented. Col. Forman will leave the city this morning to rejoin his regiment, and will bear with him to his gallant comrades this beautiful offering of the loyal ladies of Louisville.

Democrat 11/26/62

FLAG PRESENTATION -- We were fortunate in being present on the occasion of the presentation of the magnificent silk flag, which through the liberal donations of the loyal citizens, and the untiring zeal and energy of Miss M. L. Richardson and Miss Lizzie M. Daniel, was gotten up as a present to the brave and gallant Fifteenth Kentucky regiment, who fought so well and won imperishable honors in the battle of Chaplin Hills, the late Colonel Curran Pope commanding, by whose lamented death the charge of the "Orphan Regiment" was bestowed on Col. James B. Forman. The presentation took place in the Circuit Court room. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. Mr. Edward Craign presented the flag in behalf of the fair donors in a most eloquent an happy manner. Col. Forman responded in a brief and elegant address. The flag bore the inscription: "Fifteenth Regiment Kentucky Volunteers, Chaplin Hills, October 8, 1862." The occasion, though solemn in the scene, was beautiful and sublime in the meaning. Long may hte gallant Fifteenth, with the brave young Forman, live to fight in its defense, and may they ever remember, in peace or on the battlefield, from whose generous hearts and willing hands it came.

Journal 1/12/63

The remains of the late Colonel J. B. Forman, of the Fifteenth Kentucky Infantry, and Captain A. B. Ferguson, both of whom lost their lives in the recent battles near Murfreesboro, were interred yesterday; the former from the resident of his brother-in-law, Mr. W. J. Anderson, and the latter from his Walnut Street M. E. Church. In both instances the usual military escorts were in attendance and large concourses of mourning friends followed the remains of the gallant dead to their final rest.

Journal 1/15/63

THE LATE COL. FORMAN -- Among those noble spirits who sealed their patriotism with their life's blood upon the battle-field at Murfreesboro, none will be more sincerely lamented than the youthful Col. James B. Forman, of the Fifteenth Regiment Kentucky Volunteers. At the outbreak of this unhappy war Colonel Forman, though but a youth, having just attained his twentieth year at the time of his death, formed a very decided opinion in regard to the causes and probable results of the secession movement. When Kentucky took her position in favor of sustaining the Government, he entered the army as a second lieutenant in the Fifteenth Regiment of Kentucky Voluteers, then about being raised by the late Colonel Curran Pope. From this position he was shortly promtoed to a first lieutenancy, and afterwards, by the death of Captain McClure, he assumed, by regular promotion, the command of his company. In this capacity he won the love of his men by his generous conduct on all occasions, and challenged the admiration of the entire regiment; by his display of military knowledge and great personal bravery. At the battle of Chaplin Hills he gained great applause, his deeds of noble daring being the theme of praise among all those who witnessed the desperate fighting of the then untried but now war-worn and glory-covered regiment to which he was attached. The regimental flag was on that occasion rescued by Capt. Forman after it had been shot down time and time again, and was by him borne aloft in proud defiance of the storm of shot and shell that was being mercilessly poured upon that devoted (it almost seemed doomed) regiment by the enemy. That flag, all riddled as it is, will be duly presented to the State of Kentucky as a worthy memorto of the bravery of her sons. After the death of Col. Pope, and his assitant field officer, Capt. Forman was commissioned Colonel of the regiment, in acknowledgementof his eminent services and superior abilities. With high hopes and such ardor as only a man of noble impuleses and conscious rectitude can feel, he entered upon the discharge of his duties, fully sensible of the responsibilities of his position and anxious to discharge them in such a manner as would best promote the interest of the cause he had so heartily espoused. He has done all that could be done -- he has sacrificed his life upon his country's altar -- he has fought his last fight, and now sleeps "the sleep that knows no waking," but his name and memory will be cherished, for

"The brave
Die never. Being deathless they but change

Their country's arms of more their "country's heart."

Democrat 1/16/63

A WREATH TWINED IN MEMORY OF COLONEL J. B. FORMAN, OF THE FIFTEENTH KENTUCKY.

By Minnie Myrtle

"The good die first, while they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust burn to the
socket."
WORDSWORTH.

Colonel Forman! the field that covers with its warm flowery mantle so many of
earth's best and noblest hearts never garnered in its bosom one warmer, truer or
braver than thine.
The battle ceased. One by one, with hushed footseps and throbbing hearts, his
comrades departed, and left him, as it were, alone amid the solemn sanctuaries of
death.
Twilight soon spread here starry veil over stream and plain, and the last
sunshine of expiring day poured a flood of glory thwart the scene, like the
assuring smile of a departing Christian. All men appeared to feel and
acknowledge the mournful influence of the time and place. The bright and gentle
sisterhood of stars seemed to look down upon him in that calm and lonely hour,
from their blue and illimitable depths, like the kind spirit eyes of the loved
and lost, trembling with tears over the loss of so many noble souls. So good, so
brave, I cannot realize that you are no more. Everything around seems inbued
with the spiritual presence of the departed, now reposing locked in the
everlasting dream of death. The very air seems instict with the low reathings,
and every sound appears rather to enhance than disturb the melancoly influence of
the scene, the rustling leaf, struggling awhile in mid air, then floating gently
down upon the damp earth to die at last, a symbol of human destiny, the fitful
breeze sighing regretfully over the loveliness it was commissioned to destroy so
soon. The gentlest zephyr that whispers among the leaves seems to murmur in
memory's ear like the pleasant voices of friends long gone before, and every
rustle amid the tall, cool grass will seem the light tramping of beloved feet
that are now treading the dark valley of the shadow of death. Twilight
insensibly deepens into night, and the sun has receded far along its azure track,
and the majestic moon has reared her broad shield slowly from out her fleecy
cloud couch in the east, and the swirling roof of Heaven is sparkling with

stars. In my imag9innation I stand upon that bloody ground where so many of our brothers have offered up their lives. One by one I call up th images of friends whom I shall meet no more, save by the green pastures and the still waters of the harvest home. I remember the parting with some who now sleep the sleep that knows no waking -- the quivering lip, the sad smile, the last farewell. The damp dews of the dark valley have gathered upon the pallid brow of the one that "would not be forgotten"

When hope no longer o'er the heart
A single joy shall breathe,
And Envy, with her ventured art,
No fatal blow shall give.
When seraphs, from their heavenly sphere,
No more shall bess their lot,
And angels shed unhappy tears,
Then thou shall be forgot.

Journal 2/63

THE LATE COLONEL FORMAN

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

January 26, 1863

GENTLEMEN: If you do not deem it too unworthy, will you publish one more humble tribute to the memory of Kentucky's youngest Colonel, James B. Forman, from one who knew him?

He showed, from early youth, remarkable promise. Always seeking the society of, and appearing equal to, those much older than himself, no one ever imagined, until told, how young he was. From the age of sixteen, indeed, he seemed -- in conversation, in business capacity, in intellect, and in strength and decision of mind -- a man, and won "golder opinions" of his ability from his superiors in age and experience. His principles were firm and unwavering. He understood perfectly his own disposition and capabilities, and thus anything he undertook was successfully performed. His influence over those for whom he cared was unbounded, and his insight into the characters and motives of those he met was so keen and true that it was marvellous.

He detected the fallacies in the "doctrine of secession" from the first, and what is more noticeable, he never for an instant succumbed to the insidious and -- to so many young Kentuckians -- irresistible appeal to their love for the South. It is well known that sectional attachment is esepecially characteristic of the young; they are never cosmopolitan in feelinng; one section, one place is home, and is better than all others to them. This is one reason why the cry of "The South" has attracted some of them more than that of "The Union."

Many said,
"We think the so-called right of secession radically wrong, but we are Southerners -- we love the South, whatever her faults, better than the North,
and, if war comes, we will be on her side, right or wrong." But young Forman's
words were (in substance): "I love and sympathize with the South as much as you,
but I am a true Southerner. If the South does wrong, I say, try to win her back
with kindness. But -- that failing -- I am ready to go with sword in hand,
though still with love in heart, to force her to submit to rightful authority."
I shall never forget once hearing him read to a party of young friends Daniel
Webster's immortal speech on the "American Union." As he read that closing
sentence of matchless eloquence commencing: "When my eyes shall be turned to
behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the
broken and disordered fragements of a once glorious Union," his voice trembled
with emotion; and as he finished with the soul-inspiring "Liberty and Union, now
and forever, one aand inseparable," it was full of triumphant enthusiasm. His
hearers were many of them Southern sympathizers, but not a word was spoken -- all
were impressed.
When Kentucky, having tried in vain to mediate, declared herself unconditionally
and unalterably for the Union, and called her sons "to arms" to enforce the laws,
and drive the invaders from her soil, he obeyed the call. Giving up home,
friends, and all the comforts to which he was accustomed, he went to serve his
country, actuated by the purest and highest patriotism.
An article has already been published in your columns, narrating his successful
career in the army. He gained quickly the love and respect of his comrades in
arms; and was rapidly promoted until he attained, shortly before the battle
before Murfreesboro, in which he fell, the high position of Colonel of the 15th
Kentucky, as a reward for distinguished ability and personal bravery. His name
will be always associated with the battle of Chaplin Hills, in which he played so
noble a part. How were the hearts of his friends thrilled with pleasure and
exultation as they heard the story of his daring courage in the rescue of the
flag of the regiment on that memorable day!
And now that in this, his second battle, he has lost his life, let us not "mourn
as those without hope," but, while sincerely lamenting his early death, remember
that he himself was willing to lay down his life even for his country's welfare.
"Life is noble only when it is held cheap by the side of honor and of

duty."

Journal 2/ /63

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 2, 1863

GENTLEMEN: In your paper of to-day there appears a paragraph in reference to a "charge having been extensively circulated in this city to the effect that the watch taken from the person of Frank Tryon, after his death, by the rebel surgeon Scott, and forwarded to his family here, was abstracted from the body of Col. Forman on the battle-field."

Justice to the deceased as well as to the living demands that an explanation should be made.

The report was circulated without the knowledge of the family of the late Col. Forman and is directly contrary their belief. His family heard the report with regret and as soon as they heard of it having gained "circulation" they sent word to the friends of Mr. Tryon, informing them of their unbelief of the rumor, at the same time hoping that it would go no further -- it being without any foundation whatever. But being unable to stop the mouths of "gossip mongers," the insertion of this card will oblige,

Yours, truly,

WM. J. ANDERSON

Louisville Evening Post, December 31, 1915

NEW YEAR'S EVE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

CAPT. ALFRED PIRTLE RECALLS WHAT HAPPENED AT STONE RIVER DECEMBER 31, 1862

DEATH OF COL. FORMAN

YOUNG LOUISVILLE SOLDIER HAD WON HIGH RANK BY CONSPICUOUS VALOR

At the holiday season there are mingled with my memories of childhood Christmas times, reminiscences of Christmas week of 1862.

At that time I was ordnance officer of the First Division of the Center, Army of the Cumberland, Federal Army, Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau, commanding. Gen. Rousseau had been a citizen of Louisville for many years when the Civil War broke out, and he had early in the summer of 1861, gone over to Indiana, and on the banks of the Ohio, some two miles below Jeffersonville, raised more than a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery for the Union Army. His career had been

extraordinary, and in the fall of 1862, he had risen to the rank of major general, and his command was the strongest division in that part of the Army of the Cumberland, comanded by Maj.-Gen. George H. Thomas, commander of the Center, in Maj.-Gen. Rosecrans' army.

The army had been marching and at the same time fighting, since the morning of December 26, with the Confederates under Gen. Bragg, and on the coming night of December 30, both armies went into bivouac, not far from Murfreesboro, Tenn., on the banks of Stone's river -- the battle is now known as Murfreesboro, and Stone river -- it is likely the latter has been used the more.

I had under my charge, thirty-seven six-mule army wagons, fully loaded with ammunition for small arms, and for cannon -- remember all this was for muzzle loading pieces.

You shall not be detained with a general account of the battle, but I shall try to give you some impressions of the battle as I saw it or had a part in it.

The whole army had been aroused before it was good daylight on Wednesday, December 31. Very soon thereafter, the sounds of firing were borne to our ears, from the westward, which was on the Federal right. Our division had been moving southward on the turnpike that led into Murfreesboro from Nashville. As I had been given orders to keep my train up within a short distance of the last troops of our division, I was not far from them, when they moved into a dense grove of cedar trees, on the west side of the road, and disappeared into what is now the lustric "Cedars."

I guided my train, until it had moved up to the summit of a slight hill, from which I had a clear view of the cleared ground in every direction. It gave upon all sides an uninterrupted sight of the lay of the land. This view I had taken of surroundings was of great value in the events that came soon.

The sounds of battle on the right grew louder and more marked, the small-arms firing increasing every moment. For half a mile there was a cotton field to the right, which had been picked clean, leaving only the dead plants. Across this a few men stragled leisurely towards the way we had come, now our rear; an ambulance came into view; a squad of soldiers followed it rapidly. I saw more unhurt men every moemnt; it looked badly for us, as the crowd grew larger quickly. A color bearer with the colors thrown carelessly over his shoulders took his way to the rear, and the space before me became so full of men, so disorganized, I feared it would become another Bull Run.

In no time there were hundreds of fugitives crowded along the ambulances and cannon, intent on reaching the turnpike from the cedars and to take the route for Nashville.

ROUSSEAU'S ORDERS

Out of the cedars came a battery at a walk, which I recognized as the First Michigan Battery, Lieut. George W. Van Pelt. At this moment General Rousseau, accompanied by only one orderly and no staff officer, advanced from the cedars at a gallop, and towards him I spurred my horse, then turned towards my wagons and said: "General, shall I post the battery where my wagons are? It is the best position on the field."

"Do it instantly. Tell Van Pelt I will get him infantry support." I rushed my horse to Van Pelt, who was as cool as if on parade, and delivered the order to him. He looked at the spot and nodded his understanding, while I rode to my wagons, which I moved down the rear slope of the little hill where they would be out of his way, and somewhat protected by the ground, parked them as closely as possible, ordering the drivers to lie flat on the ground and keep as cool as they could -- it was noticeable how promptly they obeyed.

in the few moments this consumed, the field in every direction had become covered with troops much disorganized and visibly demoralized. Van Pelt had opeend fire to his front, drawing some infantry shots in reply. Another of our batteries had been posted to his right, which also fired a few shots to the front.

I now became so much interested in the situation taht, having had a look at my wagons, I left them and took a place on the crest of the hill to the left of the Micigan battery, to see what was coming. The other battery was Battery H, Fifth

taken positions during the night of the 30th that gave them great advantages when they surprised our extreme right, which they disorganized at the very beginning, and which condition spread largely to other commands as the battle continued and Bragg kept up the onset on the line of the Federals, which he continued to crumble up. There were commands that gave him fierce resistance, which detained him now and then, and which gave the troops who held him great reputation among their fellows, but the victorious rush of the enemy had not, until the planting of the First Michigan Battery, been staged for any considerable length of time. And on this small nucleus General Rosecrans began to form a new line of battle, a most dangerous and diffuclt feat to accomplish, with men so largely demoralized and half whipped, though Crittenden's Corps, known as the left, had not been attacked and was hardly disorganized at all.

AWAITING THE ENEMY

Then came on of those strange lulls that happen in battle. This seemed to mean some new move was to come on the part of the Confederates. But Rosecrans' men were being put into line of battle as fast as they could be handled. I was standing near a gun rather to the . . . Lying scattered on the surface of the cotton patch were some dead men and some wounded ones, all in gray, and the latter moved now and then, though not much; the cedars lay farther away, giving no signs of life, but all eyes were directed there, for those shaded depths held the enemy, and unless the came out we would have to go in there in pursuit.

As I looked an officer on foot, sword in hand, sprang into view with a shout; instantly the edge of the timber was alive with men, with a mass of arms, legs, heads, guns, waving swords, gray uniforms, brown uniforms, shirt sleeves and the enemy were coming, yelling, leaping, running. For a few jumps not a shot, and then a man or two stopped long enough to throw up his piece to fire at us, keep yelling, and run forward to make up the ground he had lost. What order had been given I had not heard, when the twelve cannons were filed as one, covering them with an impenetrable cloud of smoke, into which the batteries fired as fast as men could load.

HOW BATTERY WAS HANDLED

At this point in my narrative I will digress in order to put on record the tactics of handling the guns of these two batteries, which are much more laborious and slower than those now used and pertaining to the breechloaders.

Sever men constituted a gun crew. "Aim the gun" is the order.
Then No. 1 stands at the right of the muzzle outside the wheel.
No. 2 stands at the left outside the wheel.
No. 3 on the right and in line with the breech.
No. 4 on the left and in line with the breech.
No. 5 stands on the left and half way between the gun and the limber (the limber
is the chest on the front axle that carried the ammunition).
No. 6 stands at the limber.
No. 7 stands behind the limber.
Then to "load," No. 3 jumps to the breech and placed his left thumb, protected
by a leather pad, over the vent (or touch-hole) and presses down so as to close
the vent so that air will not enter. No. 1 jumps inside the line of the wheel
and after seeing that No. 3 is in his place, thrusts the sponge end of the
implement into the water in the sponge bucket and then puts the sponge or swab
down the bore of the piece, and thus. No. 2 receives the load from No. 5 and
thrusts it into the muzzle, when No. 1 and No. 2, each having a hand on the
rammer, run the charge to the breech. No. 4 then jumps to the breech and,
inserting a steel pricker, pricks the cartridge (which is made of some woolen
material) tthrough the vent, and, drawing out the prick, inserts a
friction-primer, to which he attaches a stout cord (called a lanyard), held in
his right hand. The gun is now ready to fire, and when the corporal, who has
aimed the gun, signals with his hand that all is ready, the lieutenant, as soon
as the captain gives the order, repeats it, and the piece is discharged.
All this labor is performed under the eyes and observation of the officers and
naturally consumes time. When the charge began, the orders were understood to be
load and fire just as fast as possible.

EFFECTS OF THE FIRE

luck, and
this was the first stubborn and successful resistance -- the position and the
batteries must be captured, Rosecrans driven from the turnpike and that road to
Nashville open to the Confederates and the Yankees perhaps routed.
The two batteries were commanded by Major Cyrus O. Loomis, of the Michigan
artillery. I heard him say to Van Pelt that the enemy was going to make another
charge and "you give them double shotted cannister as hot as hell will let you!"
He went then to the regular battery where Lieutenant Guenther and his Second
Lieutenant, Israel Ludlow, were preparing for the coming charge, and gave them
the same war-like orders. The interval this time was used by our men in getting
the guns depressed so as to rake the ground from the turnpike to the cedars; in
filling swab buckets, taking harness off of dead horses, replacing damaged
implements by sound ones, while care was given to the few wounded men. The enemy
werre reconnoitering our position carefully, keeping as much out of sight as
possible -- no large bodies of men being exposed at all, and the silence was deep
and ominous.
From the moment the troops had been halted after passing the front line of the
two batteries, the line of battle had been extended northward along the side of
the turnpike, keeping in line with the front as I have mentioned. The morale of
the army was rapidly being restored, just as soon as the men had reached the rear
of the First Michigan Battery looking towards the dark cedars, where the enemy
were, because of the fact that none of them were in sight on the old cotton
fields over which they had driven our men and none of our forces were beyond the
front formed by these two batteries and their supports.
A small space lay before us; then the turnpike, then a small patch of a cotton
field about three hundred yards wide.
As we faced this cotton patch we were looking west, and near the edge of, that
is toward the north, was a clumb of small trees, tall weeds and deep grass . . .
BATTERIES' GREAT WORK
While concealed in the cedars the enemy had formed for the third charge, in
several lines of battle, long enough to overlap the front of the two batteries;
how many lines there were, were soon hidden in the smoke. They came with a rush
and completely extended, at which instant our batteries opened on them with a
deafening roar, an incessant fire, unceasingly throwing twenty or twenty-four
pounds of bullets at each report across the small space between the coming charge

and the guns. I found myself at this moment between the two batteries in company with Major Loomis and Major Carpenter, commander of the battalion of the Nineteenth United States infantry and by seniority commanding the regular brigade. Like me, they were fascinated by the rash bravey of our foes, who seemed determined to have those guns, cost what it might. I never saw cannon served as those guns where then. Before the recoil was expended the gunners grasped the spokes and threw the pieces into position like lightning, the spong was run in, turned and withdrawn, the load sent home and the piece fired. Such a roar was deafening and our little group communicated by signs . . .

When I first told my friends at home about this moment of thrilling interest, some one asked me if I was afraid, knowing that I had never been under fire before. To this I said, "I do not remember that I was afraid, or conscious of the danger, but I was so filled with the sense of the great excitement and importance of repulsing the enemy that I wished that they had but a single neck, that I might cut it off with one stroke of my saber."

And the enemy! They were running across the field, firing and shouting. We could not hear them, but we got a sight now and then of their waving arms and weapons, while every moment a bullet hissed near us, or we could see some man in the batteries fall, or perhaps a horse rear, plunge and drop. We kept our gaze fastened on the charge coming, coming, coming on like the breakers of the sea, always nearer at each succeeding wave.

But men were not yet born who could longer face that storm of iron sweeping death and destruction to all in its path. They broke, they fled, some taking refuge in the small clump of trees I have mentioned. Our fire ceased. And cheers of victory rose from the manly throats of our brave cannoneers which was taken up on the right and left as soon as it was seen that the charge had been repulsed, followed by a general hand-shaking, that was changed into a frenzy of cheers at the rush of the Second Ohio Infantry into the bunch of bushes that has been spoken of, returning with a captured flag and a body of prisoners.

Turning my back on this scene I extracted my wagons from their crowded position taken so hurriedly, and as officers were demanding ammunition, I issued it to all comers, knowing that the siutation demanded no sticking on formalities. As each wagon had painted on it, plainly, the caliber of the cartridges contained in it, the distribution was rapid and correct. I was interrupted in issuing ammunition

by a battery of the enemy getting the range of the wagon tops, and the first thing I knew shot began to fly aroun dus, and one of them struck the wagon I was issuing from. I lost no time, but sprange to the ground and spread myself out about as thick as a sheet of paper, expecting that the load would explode, but it didn't, and thereupon I took the hint and moved my train to a safe place in the rear.

After this my duties kept me in the rear with my train, so that I saw but little of the fighting, yet for two or three days the Confederate cavalry kept us moving from place to place to keep in touch with the troops sent to protect us. In the four days of the battle I issued 100,000 rounds of small-arm cartridges and twenty wagonloads of fixed artillery ammunition. The recorded reports of the Confederates show that there were engaged in attack on the batteries the Sixth TEnnessee Infantry, Col. Savage, which lost 207 men out of 402; the Eighth Tennessee Infantry, Col. Moore (who died of his wounds), which lost 306 men out of 425, and the Thirtieth Arkansas Infantry, which lost during the day ninety-five men out of 266, making a striking demonstration of the bravey and devotion of American soldiery.

COLONEL FORMAN SLAIN

You will remember that I have previously spoken of the stout and determined resistance put up by the Federals during the long, straggling contest that had lasted from almost the first attack of Bragg at daybreak. In one of those afrays, just before the coming of Van Pelt's battery from the cedars, the Fifteenth Kentucky Federal Infantry had a severe engagement and lost heavily, having the terrible experience of losing their colone, James B. Forman, and being compelled to leave his body in the hands of the enemy. This remakrable young man was a citizen of Louisville, where he was born and reared. At the outbreak of the civil war, though not yet in his majority, he espoused the Union cause, and in September 1861, at nineteen years of age, enlisted as a private in the Fifteenth Kentucky Infantry, then recruiting on the turnpike to Shelbyville at the fair grounds, which were on the grounds now lying between the German Orphan Asylum and the Water Company's property on the north side of the turnpike. He soon became a second lieutenant, and in that rank followed the fortunes of the regiment in the campaigns of 1862 to Alabama and back to Louisville, and thence in the campaign that ended at the battle of PErryville, Ky., October 8, 1862.

Here the fatalities had reached to so dreadful a pitch that all the field
officers had been killed or borne, disabled by wounds, from the field, so that
the captains and lieutenant seemed to have lost their presence of mind, when
Lieut. Forman mounted a fence and by his example and voice rallied the regiment
and thus saved what might have been a defeat.

His conduct was so admirable and had such splendid results that he became the
idol of the men, and when the time came to fill the vacancy caused by the death,
soon after the battle, of Col. Curran Pope, as the result of wounds received at
Perryville, the Governor of Kentucky commissioned James B. Forman colonel of the
Fifteenth Kentucky infantry November 8, 1862, when he was only about twenty-one
years of age. He was mounted in the battle of December 31 on a splendid black
charger, which made him a prominent mark for the enemy, as he was gallantly
trying at the head of his men to stem the flow of battle towards the rear. I
have heard it said he was not under fire in the cedars more than ten minutes.
Such was the vigilance and resistance of the enemy that no armed party of men
could gain entrance to the cedars during the daylight of December 31, yet his men
formed a small squad after the night had fallen, who, with great caution and
silence, made their way into the intense darkness of the forest, and after some
efforts found his body and slowly brought it into our lines with much labor.

I shall never forget how martial he looked, all accoutered as was his wont, he
lay like a marble statute in the bottom of an army wagon, in which the beams of a
lone candle strove to dispel the shadows.

Rosecrans, according to the official reports, had 43,400 men. Bragg, by the
same resources, is said to have had 37,712 men.

The first lost in killed and wounded 8,788, or 20.22 per cent; the second
10,266, or 29.47 per cent.

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