

Captain McCauley Article in the Confederate Veteran

KINDNESS OF GEN. JEFF. C. DAVIS,

Interesting Reminiscences by Capt. McCauley. Co. C. 11th Tenn.

In the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, we charged the right flank of the enemy. We surprised and routed their first line, driving it in wild confusion for some miles, when suddenly we encountered a new line secreted in a cedar glade. At this point I saw Gen. J. E. Rains fall from his horse, mortally wounded, and as I turned to tell one of my men that Gen. Rains had fallen a Minie [sic] ball penetrated three of my ribs and paralyzed my right leg. I was carried to the field hospital and from there to the residence of Mr. B. W. Henry, where I remained undisturbed for about three weeks, receiving the best of care and attention. My wound was healing nicely, though I was still confined to my bed when a Federal officer with six guards came into my room and said he had orders from Gen. Jeff C. Davis to take me to his headquarters. After walking a mile and a half I was halted in front of Gen. Davis's headquarters and left alone. When the General saw me he advanced toward me, saying: "Who are you." "My name is McCauley." "What are you, and who brought you here?" "I am a captain in the Confederate army." I was offering an explanation, when I saw the officer who had conveyed me there, and pointed him out to the General. The General called the officer to him and asked him about the same questions he had asked me, and then, with a closed fist and pointed finger said: "There are some men that do not seem to have a d--- - bit of sense. I told you to go out into the country and bring in our men that may be straggling out from camp." The General then took me by the arm, asked me into his marquee [sic], and told me to lie down on his cot. I thanked him, but declined his offer, and when he asked why, I told him that my wound was bleeding. He then placed a camp stool near me and asked me to sit down; which I did with thanks, as I was feeling very weak and sick. The staff seemed to be busy drawing up reports and maps of the battle. The General asked me whose brigade I was in and on what part of the line. I told him and added that we surprised and routed one line of his men and pursued them about one and a half miles, then encountered a second line posted in a cedar glade, and found them very stubborn; that at this place Gen. Rains was killed and I was wounded. The General's face indicated much interest, and he said: "I placed the line in the cedars and know the very spot on which Gen. Rains fell." I gave him all the information I could relative to the positions occupied by the opposing armies, and asked him to assign me to some place to spend the night, as I was very weak and sick. He asked me where I wanted to go, and I mentioned Mr. Henry's. He gave me a note written by himself saying: "I will send you to the provost marshal and he will send you

where you want to go.” He directed a courier to get an ambulance but I told him I did not want to ride as the jarring would tear my wound, and he said that he had a good, old gentle horse; I thanked him and accepted the horse. On account of the wound in my leg I had difficulty in mounting, seeing which the General took hold of my leg, lifted it gently over the saddle, stepped round to the other side of the horse, placed my foot in the stirrup and asked how I felt. He then gave me his hand with a fond “good by.” We soon reached the provost marshal’s office. That officer, after requiring me to sign a parole of honor, ordered the courier to conduct me to Mr. Henry’s home.

The worry and exposure I had gone through gave me fever, and caused my wound to inflame. At this time Mrs. Betsy Sublett, Mr. Henry’s sister, came to visit the family, and at once took charge of me. For a few days I did not know what was going on, but when I awoke, I found myself encased in a wheat bran poultice. My wound began to heal, and in a short time I was almost well. I reported to the provost marshal at Murfreesboro, where I found Gen. G. W. Gordon. He had been wounded and was under the care of the Misses Dromgoole, who did so much for the Confederate sick and wounded in the hospitals at Murfreesboro. In a short time the Federals made a shipment of Confederate convalescents from the hospitals at Murfreesboro to the penitentiary at Nashville.

I left Nashville in a few days and went to Louisville where I met a friend who gave me a twenty-dollar bill, bank of Tennessee. This bill I sold to a Yankee sutler at Camp Chase for \$16 in greenbacks. After being at Camp Chase for about thirty days we took a through train to Philadelphia. I lost my hat en [sic] route and next day I asked the commanding officer if he would send a guard out with me so that I might buy a hat. He said no, but he would get me one if I had the money to pay for it. I gave him a five dollar greenback, all I had left out of the twenty-dollar Tennessee bill. The officer never came back, and I went on from Philadelphia to Fort Delaware bare-headed.

After staying on a little island in the Delaware bay near the Forts for about six weeks, we took passage on a steamship (the State of Maine) for City Point on the James River, were exchanged, and rejoined our commands at Shelbyville, Tenn., the last of May, 1863.

I fought through the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Kennesaw Mountain, and all of Hood’s and Sherman’s battles around Atlanta, Ga., except one, and I never was half so mad with the whole Federal army as I was with the officer who stole my hat money.