

**16TH
REGIMENT
TENNESSEE
INFANTRY**

CSA

**RE: 16TH REGIMENT TENNESSEE INFANTRY:
RE: CSA:**

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES:

SERVICE & BATTLES:

1861.

Cheat Mountain,

September 11th-13th.

1862.

**Corinth Campaign,
Munfordville,
Perryville,
Murfreesboro,**

**April-June.
September 17th.
October 8th.
Dec. 31st, 62' to Jan. 3rd, 63'.**

1863.

**Tullahoma Campaign,
Chickamauga,
Chattanooga Siege,
Chattanooga,**

**June.
September 19th-20th.
September-November.
November 23rd-25th.**

1864.

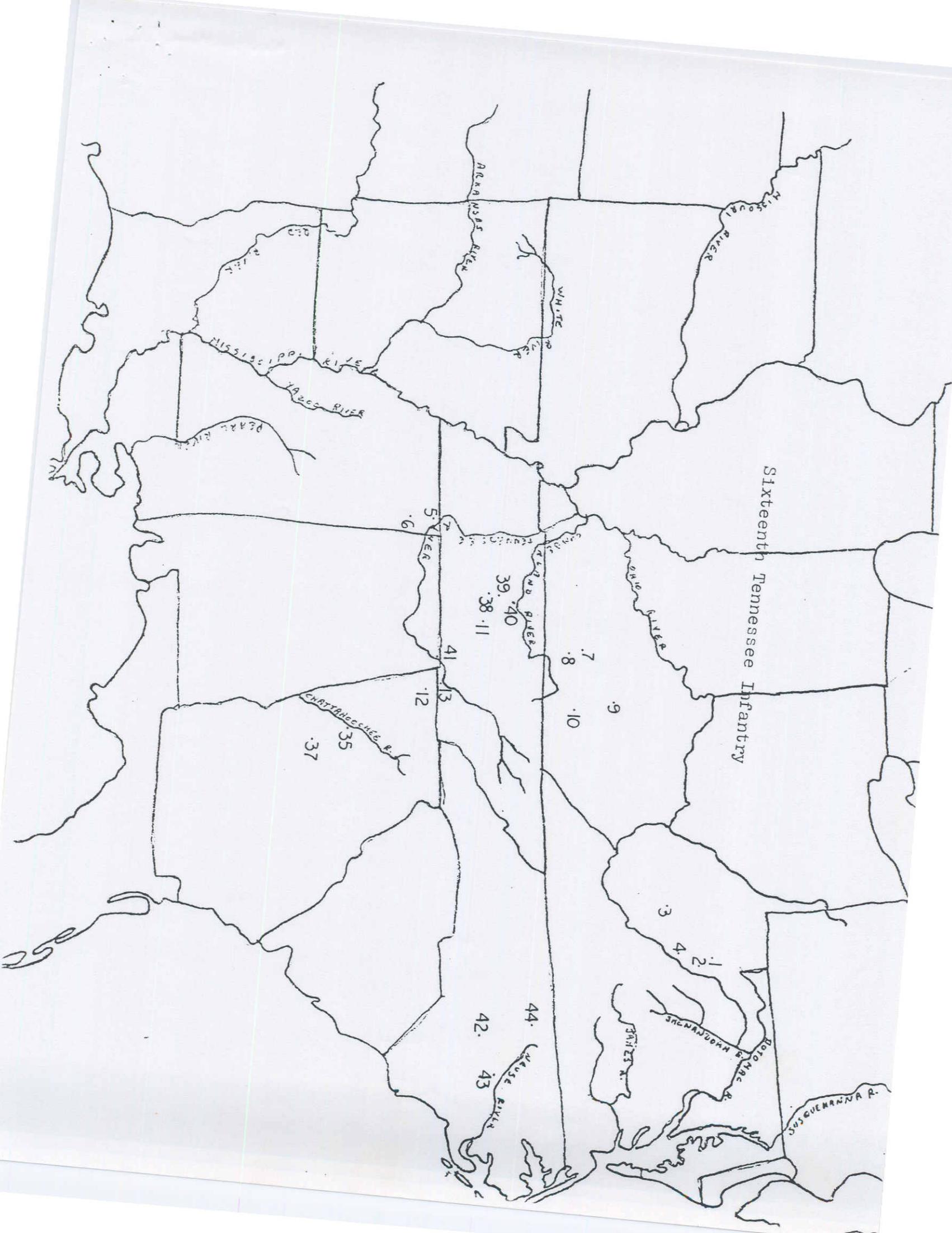
**Atlanta Campaign,
New Hope Church,
Kennesaw Mountain,
Peach tree Creek,
Atlanta,
Atlanta Siege,
Jonesboro,
Franklin,
Nashville,**

**May-September.
May 25th-June 4th.
June 27th.
July 20th.
July 22nd.
July-September.
August 31st-September 1st.
November 30th.
December 15th-16th.**

1865.

Carolinas Campaign,

February-April.



PUBLISHED IN SPARTA EXPOSITOR, SPARTA, TENNESSEE:

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST

To the Expositor:

The few surviving comrades of J. R. Thompson, color bearer for Company A, 16th Tennessee Regiment, as well as his numerous friends, will be glad to know that, after a long seige of sickness, he is as well as usual. But on account of chronic ailments he rarely leaves his home, and has not for several years. He is writing, when feeling well enough, his reminiscences of the Civil War in which he served with valor from the first call to arms till the last roll was called.

While wounded and in a hospital at Macon, Ga., he wrote the following lines which I persuaded him to allow me to send to the Expositor. It sprang largely from the exuberance of youth, as well as from the warmth of his admiration for Nathan Bedford Forrest.

IN HONOR OF GENERAL FORREST

Let the bugle be mute, for he needs not its warning,
Nor the drum with its reveille strains,
For he rides to the tune of his steed stepping lightly
And the blood as it bounds in his veins.
As he comes from his lair and views the Memphis campfire,
He rushes along amid the warm storm as the falcon sweeps
on its prey.
As the eagle that swings on his thunderbolt wings
Is the rush of our Forrest so brave.

Though a kiss on the cheek, no halted or tarried,
And a tear, nor falter or stay.
He'll remember the lips when the foe lies before him,
And the eyes when the stars are away.
The forest lies black that sheltered his track
As he closes on Colonel Strait's way,
But the blessing and cheer of the lady so dear
Still rides with our Forrest so brave.

The winds may have heard but they whispered it never,
And the stars, but they may not tell
The deeds he hath wrought with a hero's endeavor
For the land he loves so well.
The Yankee may boast his numberless ghost
And exult in his haughty array,
But the angel of wrath followed Grierson's path
And struck with our Forrest so brave.

We live in the hope of a better day, comrade,
A morrow of sunlight and bloom,
Let us honor the brave whose valor unflinching
Burns on through the midnight gloom,
By his charges so swift, by the sabre he lifts
(The scabbard he threw away),
May the light of the dawn of our liberty's morn
Fall bright on our Forrest so brave.

Macon, Ga.,
Sept. 23, 1864.

-- J. R. Thompson

Verse 2 relates to Miss Stafford, who rode behind him and showed him a shallow ford where he crossed and pursued the Yankees.

Very truly,

E. C. Mason, M. D.

(1917.)

THE NATION'S DEAD

Reside the army of her dead
Once more the Nation stands,
With banners waving at her back
And blossoms in her hands,
With equal love, grief and pride,
Impartially, to-day
She drops her roses and her tears
Upon the Blue and Gray.

Forgotten are the years of strife,
The cause they lost or won,
Each sleeper in the silent tents
Is her beloved son,
The uniforms are ashes now,
The swords and guns are rust,
But Memory's eternal green
Is rooted in their dust.

--Minna Irving.

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