

PERSONAL RECORD

OF THE

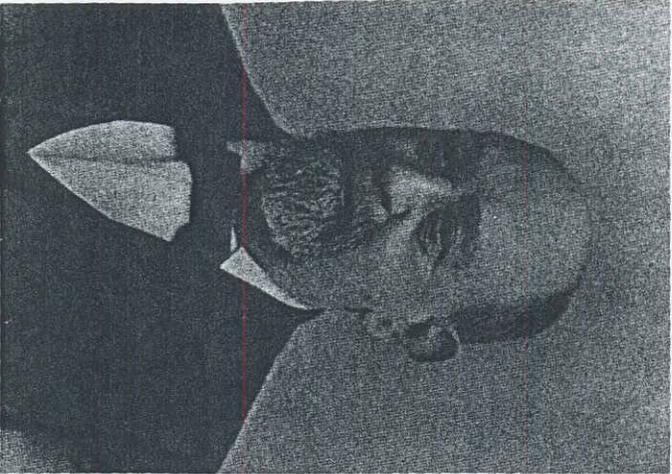
THIRTEENTH REGIMENT,
TENNESSEE INFANTRY.



BY
ITS OLD COMMANDER.

Number _____ of 500

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A. J. VAUGHAN.

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MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO THE
NOBLE MOTHERS AND WIVES
OF THE
TRUE AND HEROIC MEN WHO FOR FOUR YEARS
FOLLOWED THE CONFEDERATE FLAG,
AND WHO WERE WILLING TO LAY DOWN THEIR
LIVES IN DEFENSE OF THAT CAUSE THEY
BELIEVED RIGHT AND JUST.
A. J. VAUGHAN.

After a few weeks' rest we were marched to Murfreesboro, where we arrived the latter part of November, 1862. It was here that smallpox broke out in the regiment, and it was detached from the brigade, but by strict quarantine and vaccination it was soon checked—not, however, without the loss of some good soldiers.

Early on the morning of December 30, 1862, we commenced that hard-fought and stubbornly-contested battle of Murfreesboro, or Stone River. It was a most terrific contest—one that brought forth those shining and brilliant qualities of the Southern volunteer which made him so renowned in the Mexican and other wars. In the absence of Brigadier-General Preston Smith, I was in command of the brigade and Lieutenant-Col. W. E. Morgan in command of the regiment. In this fight the Thirteenth, as in every other from Belmont to Murfreesboro, took an active part, and did its whole duty and gathered fresh laurels. It was the most satisfactory fight, both to the officers and men, that was made by the regiment during the war. With the exception of a slight check in the morning, it drove the enemy from every position from early dawn till late in the evening; and though every inch of ground was fiercely contested, the regiment never faltered, but onward like an avalanche it swept everything before it. I had two horses shot under me, and the horse of every field and staff officer of the regiment was killed.

In this engagement I witnessed an exhibition of discipline and coolness that I never saw on any other battlefield. We had in our front and opposed to us a brigade of United States Regulars; they were formed in two lines of battle some distance apart. Firing as we advanced, their

first line waited until we got within easy range and then coolly delivered their fire; without waiting to reload they faced to the rear and double-quickened through their second line and reformed in line of battle. The second line then awaited our approach, and though their men were falling fast around them, they coolly delivered their fire and retired through the first line and reformed in line of battle; and thus they continued to fire and fall back until they were driven across a large field. Their lines were plainly marked by their dead, who lay thick upon the ground.

These were Americans fighting Americans—the one, the trained soldier, who fought because he was ordered to do so, and because of the old flag and that Union which he believed ought to be eternal; the other, the Southern volunteer, who fought because he believed that his home and fireside were invaded and that his constitutional rights were trampled upon. Both exhibited a courage which commands the world's admiration.

In this battle a battery of four beautiful Napoleon guns was captured from the Federals. Four divisions of our army claimed to have participated in the capture, and each division laid claims to the battery. A conference of the officers of the divisions was called, and after a full discussion and careful consideration of the claims of each division, it was decided that one of the guns should be given to each division, and that upon it should be inscribed the name of the most gallant and meritorious soldier who fell on that battlefield. One of the guns was given to Cheatham's Division and assigned to Preston Smith's Brigade. At that time I was Colonel of the Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment and W. E. Morgan Lieutenant-Colonel; but in the absence

of Gen. Preston Smith I commanded the brigade and Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan the regiment. He fell in the first day's fight, and by unanimous consent his name was inscribed upon the gun, and read as follows: "Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. Morgan, Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment, Pres. Smith's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps." This gun was assigned to Scott's Battery, and at the battle of Chickamauga it was skillfully handled and did effective work in checking the advance of the Federals; but when Gen. Grant attacked our lines at Missionary Ridge, it was recaptured by the Federal forces, and today it stands a silent sentinel in the beautiful "Park of Gettysburg." Captured and recaptured on two famous battlefields, it stands there a proof of the heroism of both sides; it stands there as ready to do service for the stars and stripes as it once did for that other flag which lived its brief life always in the storm of battle, and which, without dishonor, was laid aside and folded forever, with no other stain upon its fold than that of heroes' blood shed to give it life.

Here it was that Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. Morgan, the pride of the regiment and the hero of so many brilliant achievements, fell mortally wounded; he fought his way up from Lieutenant of his company (C) to Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, and no promotion was ever more deserved. Major P. H. Cole also fell in this battle; he, too, deserves the gratitude of his countrymen for the faithful discharge of his duty. It was here, too, that Private W. A. Abernathy was killed; though a mere youth he was endowed with all of those sterling qualities which make heroes; he was every inch a soldier; whether on the march, in the camp, or on the field of battle, he was the life and

pride of his comrades; though offered promotion he always refused, saying he preferred fighting in the ranks. Here, too, J. A. Stone, though severely wounded, bound up his wounds and returned to his company, remaining with it and leading every charge during the day.

Upon the fall of Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. Morgan and Major P. H. Cole, R. F. Lanier, senior Captain, the bravest of the brave, took command of the regiment and led it throughout the remainder of the fight with skill and judgment, and made for himself a character for dash and daring that followed him throughout the war; no man in the army of Tennessee was more devoted to the Southern cause.

The regiment went into this battle with two hundred and twenty-six officers and men, and lost in killed and wounded one hundred and ten. Twenty-eight were killed and their names should be ever remembered with affection. They are:

J. C. Kelly, Company A; G. H. Adams, Logan McKinstry, W. B. Reed, W. R. Carter, J. C. Tharp, E. M. Waller, Company B; Boggan Cash, Wayne Holman, Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. Morgan, Captain John H. Morgan, Palmer P. Tuggle, Company C; W. A. Abernathy, William Greene, Company E; M. N. Burns, Company F; J. W. Jones, Oley Gloster, W. H. Simmons, Company G; Maj. P. H. Cole, T. J. Forgey, S. D. Aikin, Company H; J. McLaughlin, D. R. Tillman, J. H. McLaughlin, Company I; James F. Dukes, Carter E. Skipwith, Company K; R. J. Bailey, Company L. Boggan Cash was the only one whose fate was not absolutely known. He was in every charge of his company and could not have been wounded or captured, as none of the ground fought over was