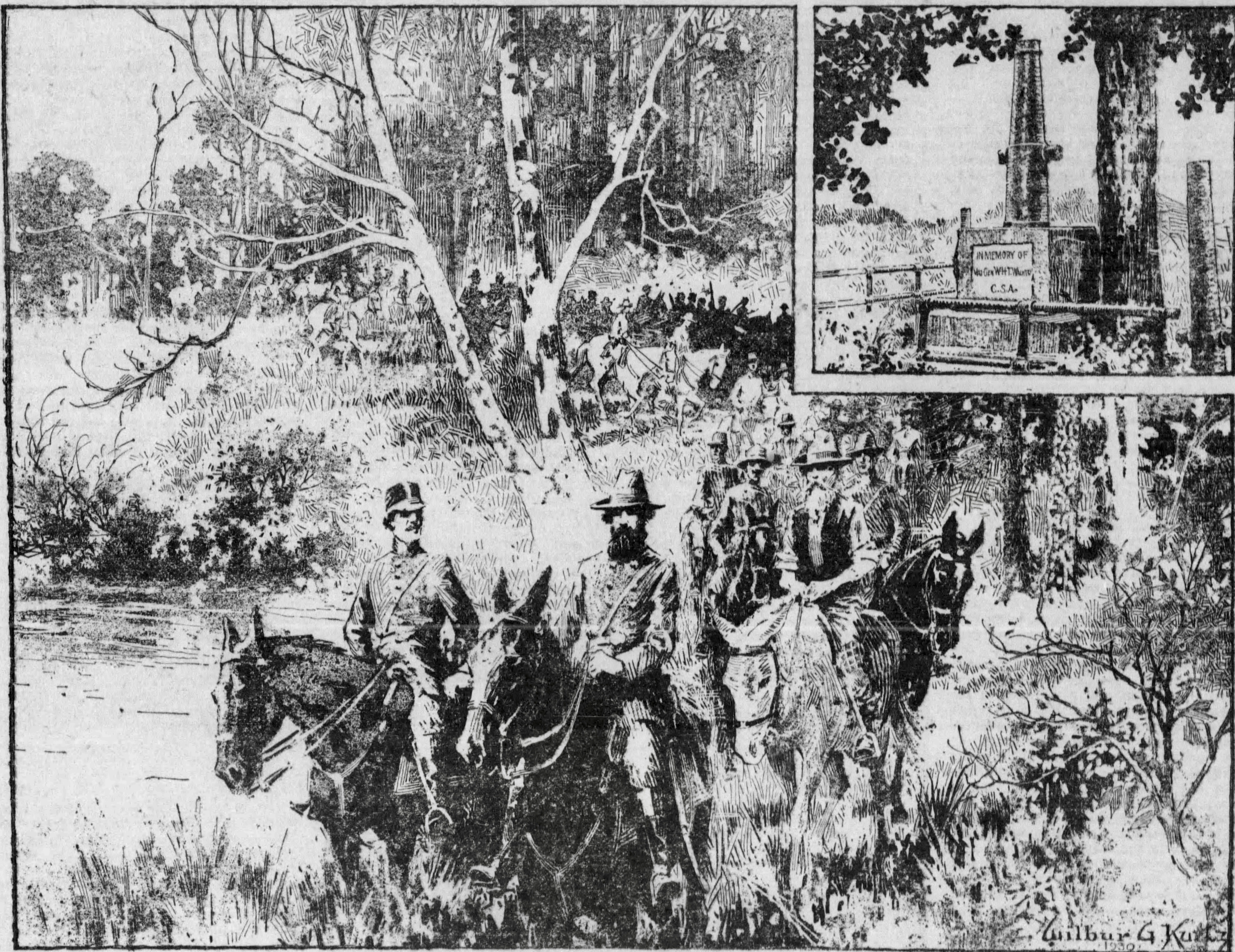


:-: Civil War Days in Georgia :-:

MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. T. WALKER



Gen. Walker and his escort at the head of Terry's Mill Pond; Upper-Right- Walker Monument

WHEN the Confederate army spent the winter of 1863-64 at Dalton, Ga., four events happened which are still remembered and spoken of. One was the shooting of a deserter, a soldier of the 1st Arkansas regiment, of Cleburne's division; the second, the celebrated snowball battle between the brigades of Brigadier General Lucius E. Polk and Brigadier General D. C. Govan, also of Cleburne's division; the third was the baptism of General Hood by General Leonidas Polk; the fourth, that most startling and extraordinary proposition by General Cleburne, to free, and arm, the slaves for service in the Confederate army! These events are not named in chronological order, but among the four, the latter seems to have been something of a climax, for it occasioned more notoriety than anything that happened in the little mountain town.

During December, 1863, Cleburne's division was posted at Tunnel Hill, 9 miles north of Dalton. The alert Irishman, not at all content with mere routine, established a school of instruction for his brigade commanders, they in turn becoming teachers of regimental commanders, who in turn instructed their company officers. But Pat busied himself with something else as well. He drew up a most remarkable and ably written document, advocating the freeing and arming of the negro slaves! Under date of January 2, 1864, he set forth with masterful argument the reasons for such a measure. He cited that the Confederate forces were then with their backs to the wall; that if they would win, they must avail themselves of the only remedy at hand, and like the mariner in the storm, use any means to insure safety, even to the casting overboard of the valuable cargo. The closely woven arguments are too extensive to even outline here. When read

One of Hardee's Division Commanders, and the Peculiar Circumstances Attending His Death in the Battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

By WILBUR G. KURTZ.

after an interval of 66 years, one is impressed with the inexorable logic of the reasoning—and the unutterable divergence therein from southern thought and traditions!

General Johnston had assumed command of the army at Dalton, December 16, 1863. On January 2, 1864, at the request of General Cleburne, all corps and division commanders were instructed by circular to meet at Johnston's headquarters. General Cheatham only was not present. General Hardee, by request, stated the object of the meeting, to wit: That General Cleburne had prepared a paper addressed to the officers of the army, which he would now read. General Cleburne then proceeded to read the paper on the arming of the slaves. It fell like a bombshell, but without the usual and instant detonation. The assembled company were simply aghast, and eyed the author of the incendiary document with goggling silence. If it had been anyone but a foreigner and Pat Cleburne, another climactic incident might have taken place in Dalton. They must have realized that Pat, being an alien and therefore ignorant of southern traditions, was viewing present circumstances and conditions merely on their merits—from his point of view, and was motivated only by purely military exigencies. If so, they might overlook the incident and suppress the written imperti-

nence to which they had just listened. One thing they could not and did not overlook was that the writer of the paper was no charlatan. The man who had just fought a superb rear-guard action at Ringgold, enabling Bragg's demoralized army, retreating from Missionary Ridge, to recover its organization and morale—the man who had been ever in the front line since Shiloh, and who was to go to his death at the head of his troops at Franklin, might be supposed to know something of military affairs! So Pat's paper was received in silence—and laid upon the table, with desultory platitudes from Generals Johnston and Hardee, whose embarrassment was obvious. Johnston declined to forward the paper to Richmond, on the ground that it was more political than military, which was measurably true, but it must have sounded like equivocation to the author, who had had in mind anything but politics! And on the table, the paper would have remained, but for the subject of our sketch, Major General W. H. T. Walker, of Georgia. While all the officers present at the meeting were joining in a whispering chorus, and were in indignant, not to say angry, caucus, over the outrageous proposition, and writing letters, hot with protest, to brother officers not in Dalton—one being a sizzling epistle from General Patton Anderson to General Leonidas Polk—Gen-

eral Walker wrote directly to his brother division commander, Cleburne, demanding a copy of the "incendiary document." With this he asked for an avowal of authorship, and stated that he, General Walker, felt it his duty to send the dangerous paper to President Davis, so as to apprise that dignitary of what was going on, etc. Far from alarming Pat, this seemed to delight him exceedingly. Certainly he was the author, and if General Walker was going to send the document to Richmond, why, that was just what General Johnston had refused to do, and General Walker would be doing Pat a very great service, if unintentional, if he sent the paper to President Davis. At this, Cleburne's friends said he was risking all chances of promotion, and would likely be cashiered, to which the indomitable Pat replied that this would not prevent him from serving as a private in the ranks!

The paper was indeed sent, and some weeks later was returned, indorsed by the president—"While recognizing the patriotic motives of its distinguished author, I deem it inexpedient at this time to give publicity to this paper, and request that it be suppressed.—J. D."

On March 13, 1865, President Davis signed a bill to enroll negroes in the army. If there had been any merit in such a measure, it was no longer present, for Appomattox was just a month ahead—and as for Cleburne, he had been reposing in the little churchyard of St. John's, Ashwood, Tenn., by the side of Granbury and Strahl, since the previous December.

From the time of that disastrous retreat from Missionary Ridge, the Wednesday night of November 25, to Chickamauga Station on the W. & A. R. R., General Walker began the last seven months of his career on the soil of his native state. Major General William Henry Talbot

Walker was born in Augusta, Ga., November 26, 1816, and was graduated from West Point in 1837. While serving in Florida he was thrice wounded in the battle of Okeechobee, December 25, 1837. He achieved great distinction in the Mexican war, and his first service in the Civil War was participation in the seizure of the United States arsenal at Augusta, January 24, 1861. He was commissioned major general in May, 1863, after commanding a brigade in the second corps of the Army of the Mississippi, and serving under Beauregard in the district of Georgia. Later on he participated in an attempt to keep Grant away from Vicksburg, and at Chickamauga he commanded a division in Hill's corps. In the Missionary Ridge battle he commanded a division in Hardee's corps, and continued with this command until his death. He is described as being rather slender; straight as an arrow and over six feet in height. In personal neatness he was noted for the spick and span character of his dress, and exacted from his command everything that was in the discipline.

The Atlanta campaign opened in May, and Walker's division kept pace with Cleburne's division, under the command of their corps-leader, Hardee. At Kenesaw they faced Howard on the Dallas road, and accomplished their share in the brilliant defense of that position near to where Cheatham reached the pinnacle of his fame at the hill that bears his name. If the incident of the previous winter had made any difference in the friendship between Cleburne and Walker, it was not now apparent. Cleburne would see to that! he usually settled his quarrels, if any, one way or the other before they aged and soured, and in this instance, the necessary couple required to make a quarrel was minus one, for Cleburne still insisted Walker had done him a great favor!

On the 9th of July Walker's division crossed the Chattahoochee at the railroad bridge (Bolton) and went into bivouac two miles eastward, picketing the stream in their front. On the 18th, the division marched in on the Marietta road, passing the Dexter Niles house (now the present site of the Julian Oglesby place, where Johnston had his headquarters. While preparing to leave the river, a rumor became current that Johnston no longer was their commander. This was confirmed by a circular from Hood that reached them en route, followed by a farewell address by General Johnston, and it was only at the request of the latter that they did not halt for a demonstration in favor of their former leader, at the headquarters house. As for cheering, that was hardly suited to the mood they were in. A feeling of despondency had settled down upon them, and in moody silence they continued their march to Peachtree street, out which they proceeded to where the present Spring street joins, and there, in the woods, extending across the road, and somewhat to the eastward of it, Walker's division entrenched their position in the outer defense line of Atlanta, these breastworks being still visible today in the woods just north of Peachtree circle. Maney was on the left of Walker, or west of Peachtree road; Bate was east of Walker, at the north end of Piedmont park; Cleburne was in reserve, immediately to the rear of Walker, and adjacent to Peachtree road.

From this line, about 4 p. m., July 20th, Walker advanced his division to the Battle of Peachtree Creek. His forward move was generally along Peachtree road, and his attack fell squarely upon the embattled front of Newton's division of the 4th corps posted on the high ground just north of Collier road. In this engagement Walker lost a brigade commander, Brigadier General Clement H. Stevens, killed at or near the Collier house, still standing just south of Collier road on Peachtree. The attack of Hardee and Stewart failed to dislodge the federals. This battle was the first move of General Hood's, under the new policy of aggressive action; it was not the last.

That evening, just as Cleburne was moving up to go into action, he was withdrawn to the lines east of the city, to support Wheeler's cavalry, who had been fighting the federal 17th corps all afternoon. So Cleburne, now widely separated from his corps, found himself slated to keep Blair's troops out of Atlanta. He did this, on the 21st, but it took the entire day, with great loss in killed and wounded, and also the loss of the big hill he tried to hold—captured by Leggett's troops of the 17th corps, and since known as Leggett's Hill.

Hood now planned another sortie. This time he would march Hardee's corps around to the rear of McPherson's army, and deliver a surprise attack. Pursuant to this, he withdrew all his troops from the outer line, to the Atlanta fortifications, before dawn of July 22. This was to secure the safety of the city, while the entire strength of Hardee's corps and Wheeler's cavalry marched southward, eastward, then northward, to gain the rear of McPherson's army, now strongly posted, from north of the Georgia railroad, southward along the present Moreland avenue, and Flat Shoals ave-

nue, to the present business district of East Atlanta.

It was this night march of Hardee's corps with which we are now concerned, and we will be particularly interested in the movements of Walker's division, for it was General Walker's last military enterprise—his last march—the last chapter of his career.

A word as the sources from which the following is derived. If General Hardee or any of his division commanders, excepting Cleburne, or any brigade commanders, excepting those of Cleburne's division, made reports covering the Battle of Peachtree Creek on the 20th, and the Battle of Atlanta, on the 22d, the reports were not in hand when the other records of that period were assembled and published, in the proper sequence of dates, in the Official Records. They are most conspicuous by their absence. Hardee is silent as to the heroic action of his corps at Peachtree Creek. Not a line from any of his division commanders in the battle, relates movements or cites heroisms. General Stevens was killed, but in the absence of a report from either Hardee or Walker, we get the information from a mere mention by General Hood. Not a line from Bate or Maney, or the commanders of their brigades, who must have participated in stirring adventures on their fronts. On the other hand, Loring and Walthall, of Stewart's corps, in action just west of Hardee, recreate vividly the mad rush through the tangled purileus of Tanyard Branch, only to be dashed to pieces along the iron front at Collier Road, and the brigade and even the regimental commanders follow through with handsomely prepared records.

Much the same is true of the battle of the 22d. The most that we know about that

affair from official Confederate sources, comes from that excellent set of records transmitted by Cleburne and his brigade and regimental officers. Captain Irving Buck, assistant adjutant-general to Cleburne, saw to that, and in after years, in his inspired chronicle of "Cleburne and His Command," he told the story of the heroism of this division in the tangled woods along Flat Shoals road.

If the missing reports really do not exist, we might find a reason in the fact that little time was given Hardee to make a report, between the night of the 21st, and after the 22d the general uproar over Hardee's failure, and the growing coolness between Hardee and Hood, inspired no official recitals of failure. It will be remembered that Grant made no report of the two day's battle of Shiloh, for much the same reason. As for Walker, Maney

and Bate, on the 22d, no one seems to have taken up the pen, even in vindication, with the possible exception of Colonel William Barkuloo of the 57th Georgia, who succeeded Mercer in command of Mercer's brigade, (Mercer having succeeded Walker, when the latter was killed), and Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. Guyton, who succeeded Barkuloo in command of the 57th Georgia. These were all Walker's troops, but, curiously enough, when they got into action, they were supporting Cleburne's division, and the indefatigable Captain Irving Buck saw that they made reports!

General Hood's instructions to Hardee called for a night march southward so as to gain the rear of McPherson's army by daylight, where the surprise attack was to be delivered. Wheeler's cavalry was to participate in this movement. Wheeler was to attack the Federal left-rear at Decatur, where the wagon-trains were parked, and

Hardee was to get in McPherson's rear, even if he had to go to Decatur to accomplish this.

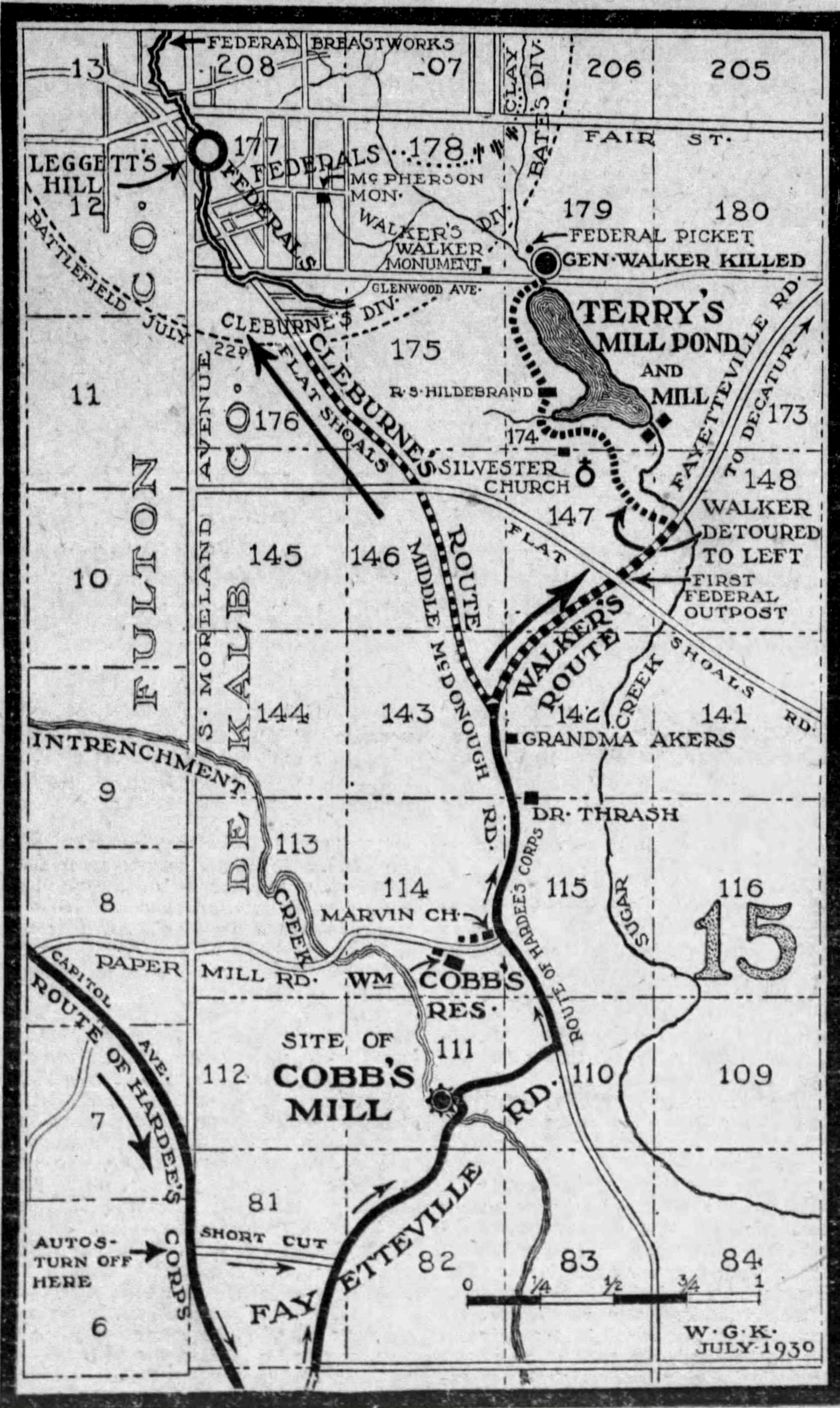
The route of this march was the Atlanta-McDonough road (Capitol avenue), southward to the Fayetteville road; eastward to the middle McDonough road, via Cobb's mill on Intrenchment creek, then orthward to the fork, where the Fayetteville road diverged to the right, and the middle McDonough road and Flat Shoals road continued to East Atlanta. The designation, "Middle McDonough road," is used to distinguish this thoroughfare from Capitol avenue and the "East McDonough road," that leaves from Decatur.

This flanking march is said to have been 15 miles, and practically all the narratives state it thus. This distance represents the march of the bulk of Hardee's corps, from their breastworks near the intersection of Peachtree road and Spring street. The writer, being somewhat curious about this, and the scenic possibilities of the historic route, found that he was not alone in his desire to traverse it, for Mr. J. W. McWilliams, of East Atlanta, late of the 42d Georgia regiment, and participant in the Battle of Atlanta, was no less curious about that 15-mile figure. So on the afternoon of July 8th, in the year of grace, 1930, the two of them went over the route taken by most of Hardee's corps. Following is the log of the auto trip:

- 00.0—Car started from upper end of prolongation of West Peachtree street, north of where Peachtree Circle joins Peachtree street. Walker's breastworks in woods to eastward—or north of residence of C. J. Haden, 1521 Peachtree, N. E. Route: Peachtree street to 5th street, left turn to Piedmont, then right turn, or south, on Piedmont avenue.
- 2.0—Ponce de Leon avenue. Still south on Piedmont.
- 3.9—State Capitol building. To left and right, around in Capitol avenue—the old McDonough road.
- 7.2—Main entrance Federal prison.
- 7.9—Paper Mill road on left: keep straight on.
- 9.0—Fayetteville road on left; turn into this road. (In 1864 the Fayetteville road intersected McDonough road lower down, nearer South river.)
- 9.5—Left turn.
- 9.8—Municipal Dairy Farm buildings. Dirt road onward; not good in wet weather.
- 10.3—Intrenchment creek; iron bridge. Site of Cobb's mill immediately to left, on east bank of creek. Disposal station up stream. Round curve to left, then to right, up hill.
- 10.7—Fayetteville road joins Middle McDonough road at right angles. Turn left. Excellent road. Fayetteville road may be said to be coincident with Middle McDonough road for the next 1.2 miles.
- 11.2—Stop car. White structure on left—Marvin church. Paper Mill road joins Middle McDonough road, at church. Look down Paper Mill road, beyond the two houses (on right), to third house (on left) which sits back in woods. This is the old William Cobb house—where, in 1864, lived the owner of the mill. This is the original house, plus a few improvements that do not mar its ancient and excellent character. The house is now known as the Walter Parker place. This is an historic spot, as the narrative will reveal. Onward to the north.
- 11.6—Dr. Thrash's place—on right. This section of the Middle McDonough road is also known as Boulder Crest drive.
- 11.8—Grandma Akers' house—on right—fronted by tall cedar trees, with much shrubbery in front yard. This house was here when Cleburne's and Walker's men straggled along during that hot forenoon of July 22d. Across the road, on left, is the G. J. Foreacre place. Foreacre was provost-marshal of Atlanta in 1862.
- 11.9—Fayetteville road (unpaved) takes off to right. General Walker and escort turned off here, as did Wheeler's cavalry.
- 12.8—Middle McDonough road joins Flat Shoals road. Cleburne took this route and continued northward to East Atlanta, along Flat Shoals road.
- 13.7—Glenwood avenue. End of the trip—where Cleburne's troops assaulted the extreme left of McPherson's army of The Tennessee. It was doubtless more than 15 miles for Bate's and Walker's troops, who were to the eastward, and who penetrated points farther to the north, in their attack.

July 21st had been exceedingly hot, and all of Cleburne's troops had been actively engaged since midnight of the 20th. It was about 11:30 p. m. July 21st, that Cleburne's troops, moving from east of the city, joined in the line of march of Hardee's corps. They probably came in on Fair street and fell in behind Walker's division on Capitol avenue, or the Atlanta-McDonough road. The route soon became a confused mass of milling men, artillery and cavalry. Heat and fatigue caused many of them to drop by the roadside for a nap, and the oppressive dust hung like a pall over the column.

Continued on Page Sixteen.



Civil War Days in Georgia

Continued from Page Six

Had success attended this flanking movement—worthy of Stonewall Jackson's genius, more of its details would have come down to us. As it was, the subsequent disaster inspired no epic recital of the events. As previously indicated, we are forced to glimpse the doings of Walker's division, in the reports of Cleburne's brigade commanders.

Dawn found the much attenuated line creeping along the Fayetteville road, near Intrenchment creek. Cleburne's men made a halt of two hours somewhere along here, and the men were given 20 additional rounds of ammunition.

Hardee, Cleburne and Walker were, in person, at William Cobb's house at, or just after, daylight. They had crossed Intrenchment creek at the mill, and went up to the miller's house, either by the highway or byway of Cobb's private road to the house, from the mill. Cobb, being long a resident of this part of the country, was sought out for the information he might be able to give; Hardee interrogated as to the presence of any obstacles to the northward that would impede marching troops; it was likely a neighboring farmer. As for the obstacles, there was nought, so the farmer said, but thick woods and undergrowth. Questioned more closely, however, he admitted the presence of a mill pond, one half mile long, of some width and ten feet deep. A little more careful reporting here would be greatly welcomed, for mayhap this farmer was Case Turner, himself. And pray, who was Case Turner? Since the rest of the narrative hinges on the person of this Case Turner, it will be well to introduce him. His testimony comes down to us as hearsay, but the evidence is gladly admitted. Many times he told of the events of this day, and Mr. J. W. Williams, previously mentioned, was an interested listener, and he heard the story often enough, and knew well the localities named, to retain a vivid recollection of all the details. This is perhaps the first time the narrative of Case Turner has gotten into print, and Mr. McWilliams is the teller of the curious story. In the absence of stilted, official verbiage, the tale comes as a refreshing bit of genuine information that cannot fail to be convincing.

Case—and he is said to have been just that—was an elderly personage of the environs of Cobb's mill, living up on the hill, eastward. In his younger days he had seen service in the Indian wars, and one fine day a red-skin's bullet penetrated his left arm, putting Case quite out of the fight. Later on surgical attentions relieved Mr. Turner of the ounce of lead, and thereafter the bullet became a talismanic pocket-piece, and wherever Case went the bullet was sure to go, and if any of his friends and acquaintances failed to see the bullet and hear its story, it was because they were both blind and deaf!

Now this Case Turner, and the afore-said William Cobb, neighbors and good men and true, of DeKalb county, were hailed before the officers of Hardee's corps and informed that they were to act as guides during the northward advance to the rear of the Federal army. Mr. McWilliams remarked here that a great many of the Yokeley of those days, when informed that they were to act as guides for a marching army, gave every indication of being frightened, to the point of refusal. They somehow suspected that the job was not dissociated from danger. It will be recalled that Napoleon, at Waterloo, had his guide securely attached by a rope!

It is likely that Cobb himself suggested Turner as a guide; he may have nominated others. Turner worked for Cobb at the mill, and if he was not present at the house that morning, he was soon "produced." Neither of the men made any objection, and Cobb was designated by General Cleburne to accompany him—and it became the lot of Case Turner to show General Walker his way through the tangled wilderness of Sugar creek valley. Case had to furnish his own motive power, which was a mule, and while we have no way of knowing, will gamble the mule was grey; somehow that color fits the picture.

General Walker must have had the full strength of his headquarters escort. Pursuing to ride ahead of his troops—leading them to the point where the final deployment would be made, he doubtless had the entire personnel of his staff, and a sizeable squad of cavalry. His chief of staff was Major Joseph B. Cumming, of Augusta; the only other man known to have been in the escort was Orderly J. T. Collier, of Vienna, Ga.

Just where General Hardee placed himself during the northward march, is not clear. His problem was not easy. The corps must be advanced from Cobb's mill, roughly deployed, so as to form, when in enemy presence, a line of battle that could be swung forward to the contemplated, rear-attack

with simultaneity of action. The single thoroughfare was sufficient for marching columns, but deployment among the forest covered hills and valleys with any semblance of alignment, was demoralizing.

General M. P. Lowrey, the gallant preacher-soldier, who commanded a brigade in Cleburne's division, states: "The whole country through which we passed was one vast densely-set thicket—so much so that it was found very difficult, either to follow Smith's brigade, or keep the proper interval, as a line of battle could not be seen 50 yards."

Much has been said about Hardee's delay in getting into action. Hood intimates the delay indicated a want of co-operation, a part of which was the failure to go well to the rear of McPherson. The attack was scheduled to begin at dawn; at dawn the weary soldiery were dragging leaden feet past Cobb's mill on Intrenchment creek, 3.4 miles from Glenwood avenue. This causes one to question why, with less than four miles to go, the attack was not made until—say 12:30 p. m.? There has never been a war where the time element did not make or break a campaign. An attack at dawn would not have found Sweeney's division of the 16th corps squarely in front of the bulk of Hardee's corps; the latter could have marched up Sugar creek valley to the Georgia railroad, finding scarcely a corporal's guard to oppose them!

The answer is probably found in the pyramiding accumulation of delays; the weather, the fatigue of the men already worn down by two days of intensive action, the obstructing wilderness, the single road over which infantry, artillery and cavalry essayed to move, and, not to be overlooked, a want of enthusiasm in the new leadership of the Confederate army. Stonewall Jackson placed his men in the rear of the 11th corps at Chancellorsville just when he planned to do so—and no questions asked!

Behold then, General Walker, his staff, his escort, and not least, the guide bestriding his grey mule and riding in close proximity to the leader. Passing Grandma Aker's house—she may have watched them go by from the front porch—they reached the point one tenth of a mile beyond, where the Fayetteville road, the oldest thoroughfare in this district, again asserted its identity and departed to the right, this time to proceed untroubled, to the Decatur public square. Wheeler's cavalry doubtless turned off here, as well, but nobody has risen up to say whether or not they preceded Walker's escort or followed them. For all his horses, it must be remembered that Wheeler did not begin his attack in Decatur public square until after 12 o'clock, noon!

On the Fayetteville road, still a winding, red dirt track, the Walker cavalcade proceeded. Cleburne kept to the Middle McDonough road.

When the Flat Shoals road was reached, Cleburne dismissed his guide, William Cobb, with thanks and sent him back to his mill, under a protecting escort!

A short ride brought Walker to the crossing of Flat Shoals road (Land lot 147, Dist. 15, DeKalb county) Walker is said to have encountered the first of the Federal outposts here. No casualties are of record, but certainly this should have been sufficient warning to the Federals.

A quarter of a mile northward, the main branch of Sugar creek crosses Fayetteville road. The Walker cavalcade proceeded to the stream and halted. This is said to have been the initial error in Hardee's failure to turn the Federal rear. Had Walker gone on toward Decatur he would have been well within the instructions as laid down by Hood. One also questions the wisdom of Cleburne's action in keeping straight up Flat Shoals road, where he encountered the fish-hook flank of the 17th corps, posted behind entrenchments. Hood certainly questioned it!

We cannot assume to record Walker's mental processes, but it looks very much like he decided that further progress up the Fayetteville road would carry him too far to the east! "Even unto Decatur," said the orders. We wonder just what Hardee said about it! Walker may have reasoned that since Cleburne was over on the Flat Shoals road, to the westward, contact between the two divisions must be preserved, and further progress on the divergent Fayetteville road, would make contact out of the question. Bate was on Walker's right, when the attack was finally made, but just where they were at this moment and what route they were on is part of that sadly missing record.

So Walker, without crossing the stream, bore to the left, on the high ground, which carried him west of Sugar creek, and toward Cleburne.

Here Case Turner objected. He protested that the leftward detour would place them where Terry's mill pond was squarely across

their path. Hardee had heard mention of this place back at Cobb's mill, but had Walker heard of it? Probably not. Terry's mill pond forsooth! No such place was marked, declared Walker, after he had examined the scroll he was carrying. It was not "in all the map," and they would proceed straight ahead. Anyway, what was a mill pond more or less; Georgia was peppered with such puddles, and one could always walk around them, or even wade them, if necessary. The tangled route through the woods soon brought them to the mill structures—those monuments to Tom Terry's enterprise—poor Tom Terry, foully murdered in Decatur street, near the corner of Bell, August 3, 1861, now reposing in a lonely grave in the little Silvester cemetery overlooking his big mill pond, his residence and his mills.

As for the mills, there were two of them; the one at the south was the lumber mill, with its ponderous sash saw whose operations would convince the most skeptical that anything in mechanics was possible! The one across the stream was the grist mill, and its whirring stones produced meal and flour for an extensive community. But back of these buildings was the huge dam—and the pond! At sight of the sheet of water, Walker and his escort didn't look at each other with a wild surmise, like the Spanish explorers, "silent upon a peak in Darien," but Walker began to suspect that the garrulous Case Turner was leading him astray. Here was no pond; here was a seemingly unending lake, ten feet deep (the narrow valley indicated that), and bordered by an abrupt and tangled shore-line, and a half mile long, if 'twas a foot! Hadn't Turner mentioned the pond? Certainly, but no one understood it was a lake!

To add to the disconcerting aspect, and to General Walker's rising irritation, the "pond" extended much too far to the northwest to suit him; and in his immediate front, an arm of water had backed up into a tributary valley of the stream, necessitating a further detour to the left. This "bay" was at the foot of the hill where stands the present farm buildings of R. S. Hildebrand.

Passing the Terry house, they proceeded to flank the arm of water, and at its swampy head, the horses of the general and his staff mired down so that they had much ado to scramble forth to the firm ground of the opposite hill. This was entirely too much! Far from being silent, the general now turned to the luckless and apprehensive guide, and with eloquent objurgations, consigned him to the limbo of all liars and traitors; nay, he went further—he drew forth from a holster a long revolver, and threatened to shoot Turner right out of the saddle!

Major Cumming protested at this, saying that Turner was rendering loyal service; that the old guide knew the country and had mentioned the pond as an obstacle, and anyway, Turner hadn't put the pond there, and if let alone, he would conduct them properly to their objective. As to the objective, that seemed to be, for the present, anywhere on the other side of that damnable sheet of water called a "mill pond."

Major Cumming's interposition mollified, if it did not remove General Walker's hostility toward his guide. As for the latter personage, he was frightened quite out of his wits. But for this, he might have invoked aid of his talismanic pocket-piece. It was one thing to get "potted" at forty rods, by an Indian, on something like equal terms, and another to be fired upon, point-blank by an irate officer secure in his military prestige. Case never departed from the conviction that Major Cumming's timely protest had saved his life—that General Walker would certainly have shot him, and this time, we can be assured, there would be no lucky pocket-piece to treasure.

Up the hill they proceeded, crossing the site of the present Hildebrand farmstead, and pursuant to Turner's sputtering protest that the only way across was around the head of the pond, they traversed the wooded ridge along the west shore. The upper half of the pond was rather wide here, the valley spreading somewhat, and this is clearly seen today where the broad flat, now under cultivation, borders the course of the stream.

Descending the slope, the party skirted the head of the pond, riding through the oozy slime of the flat, among the turtles and dragon flies. Plashing through the stream they ascended the slope at the eastern side. Glenwood avenue now crosses at what was then the head of the pond, but there was no road there in 1864.

Walker's movement was now northeast. He may have reasoned that the long detour around the pond had carried him too far west, and unnecessarily near Cleburne's advancing line. He also must have suspected that he couldn't keep going northward indefinitely without striking enemy outposts.

When Walker's division finally did get into action, they were northwest, not northeast, of the point now reached by the general. The troops must have followed, in deployment, around west of the mill pond, as did their leader, and for all we know, their approach was near enough to have been sighted from the van of the reconnoitering cavalcade.

As for Bate's division, they were on the right of Walker, in the battle now soon to begin. We glean one fragment of information concerning their movements here, from W. J. McMurray's "History of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment":

"The Twentieth Tennessee regiment was in Bate's division of Hardee's corps, and in front of the Yankee works that we attacked, was a mill pond, the water about waist deep, which we waded, and while in the pond the Yankees threw a shell into the regiment and killed three men. We moved across the pond and ascended the ridge where the Yankees were entrenched, etc., etc." This would indicate that Bate was also west of the mill pond, for there is no ridge west of the stream, north of the present Glenwood avenue—only the valley of Sugar creek, while there is a most prominent ridge, east of the stream, and north of the road. So Bate's men, instead of marching completely around the head of the pond, moved toward the ridge, northeastward, some of the troops wading the waist-deep waters at the upper end of the pond. As for the Federal shell mentioned, the battery that fired it was posted on the hill just south of where Clay street joins Fair, and it was likely a random shot directed at the visible stir and noise of the Confederate troops moving up the Sugar creek valley. So Walker's division did not cross the pond or stream, south of Glenwood. They continued up the valley several hundred yards and then crossed, for the stream there was directly across their line of march.

But all this is in anticipation. We left General Walker ascending the rising ground to the northeast, at the head of the pond. The general was in advance of his escort. Directing his horse up the rise, he crossed . . . mtaetaoinSHRDLUPetaoinUPetaoinetao the present locus of Glenwood avenue, and rode some fifty feet northward. Here he paused, and lifted his field glasses to his eyes. Certainly he must now be in the vicinity of his objective; where were the outposts? A shot rang out from the hill side, two or three hundred feet in front, and overlooking the stream valley. General Walker fell from his saddle!

He had been shot by a Federal picket, posted behind a small earthwork on the hill side, in such a position as to command a view of the valley, and the head of the pond. Bear in mind there was no fill and roadway and bridge, to obstruct the view, as there is now. This picket post had probably been established early that morning, and the occupants of it must have seen the cavalcade approaching for some minutes; probably saw them when they were still on the ridge, west of the pond, and southward of the present road. They could not have failed to hear the tramp of horses' feet, the jingling of bridles and spurs, and the buzz of conversation.

Major-general W. H. T. Walker was shot from his saddle a few feet northeast of where Glenwood avenue crosses Sugar creek branch, which is exactly one mile from Flat Shoals road, in East Atlanta, and two-tenths of a mile east of where the Walker monument stands!

The instant confusion that followed is not covered by any records at hand. One last glimpse of Case Turner is vouchsafed us however, for the climax—or anti-climax of his story was never omitted when he related it. Case immediately decided that the death of General Walker was his own dismissal. Amid the confusion he acted on that impulse, and swung the old grey mule around, and was soon lost to view, on the high ground and under the low trees of the ridge west of the pond! A fear of further Yankee bullets did not slow him up any, and when, after a furious ride, he again saw William Cobb and the safe haven of house and mill, he had a brand-new story to tell, that totally eclipsed the one about the Indian bullet. And that story was forthcoming in season and out. Like the Ancient Mariner, he button-holed his helpless auditors, but unlike that celebrated personage, his story was convincing because he told it right on the ground where it happened. After the war, Mr. Scully leased the mill property from the Widow Terry, and placed Case on the premises as manager. It was here that J. W. McWilliams first heard the story—right on the scene where it happened—and many times McWilliams heard it while hauling grist and lumber from the mill and swimming in the bright waters of

Continued on Page Twenty

HARLEY AND JOAN

Continued from Page Eleven

drinking. There was something very ingenuous and sinister about it.

But at Freddie's jokes he laughed outright, also he said, "That's very amusing, very amusing, indeed."

To Harley, who had accompanied Freddie back to where the unloaded lorries and their drivers impatiently awaited orders to return, Freddie said.

"Appears to me you've given your old man a needlessly sour press. He seems a genial sort of bloke."

"He certainly blossomed out tonight," Harley agreed. Then more tentatively, "Any news from—home?"

Freddie slapped his tin hat. "There! Clean forgot. Had a letter from Joan this morning Message in it for you, top."

Harley tried to make his voice sound natural.

"O! Yes, well?"

"Can't make head or tail of it myself. Praps you are brighter. Here!" He fished a letter from his pocket, switched on his torch and pointed.

In a bold, large hand were the written words—

"Tell your friend I was just as disappointed as he looked."

Harley's heart thumped extravagantly. In the two brief snatches of time he had spent with Joan there was only one disappointment. A life saving soul starving porter was responsible for that.

He managed to say, "Queer. I wonder what she did mean?"

"Don't ask me," Freddie replied, then to his sergeant, "All-right, sergeant, cast off."

"Beg your pardon, sir, but they're shelling very 'ot at the cross roads."

"If you can suggest any way to stop 'em, I'll try it," said Freddie, "but if not we'll get under way. 'Night, 'night, old son."

By the intermittent flash of gun fire and the white glow of star shells Harley watched six dark shapes rumble down the lane, turn at Windy Corner and string themselves out across the plain. He returned slowly to the B. C. dugout.

"Old man wants you in his quarters," said Hammersley.

Fawk was sitting on his camp bed with a copy of an illustrated paper on his knees and a whisky and water within reach.

"You sent for me, sir?"

For a chat, Trevelyan, yes, an informal chat. It's pleasant sometimes to shelve one's duty and relax. Help yourself to some whisky."

He pointed to a bottle and a tin mug with a tooth brush sticking out of it. The association of the one with the other robbed Harley of thirst.

"Thanks, I've just had one, sir."

Fawk did not press the invitation.

With the toe of his boot he thrust a wooden case towards Harley and waited until he had seated himself before speaking again.

"So you think young Drayton will make good?"

"I don't see why not."

"I have been rather puzzled why you should have exerted yourself to get him posted to us."

"I thought I told you, sir."

"A friend of the family—but that was such a slender pretext."

Harley felt his cheeks beginning to warm.

"Now, now, don't take offense, Trevelyan. A harmless jest—a shot in the dark, that's all."

"I don't understand, sir."

Fawk's mouth relaxed into one of its catlike smiles.

"You should take me into your confidence, Trevelyan. It is the duty of an officer commanding to know all the whys and wherefores."

"Certainly," said Harley, short as a biscuit.

"I had a chat with Drayton this evening, quite a chat. You have a sincere admirer in that boy—very sincere. It seems, too, that he is not the only member of his family whose admiration you have captured. Eh?"

Harley lit a cigaret and stared hard.

"He showed me his sister's portrait. A very lovely woman. Am I to be allowed to congratulate you, Trevelyan? H'm?"

"No," said Harley. "No, sir, you are not."

Fawk leaned back against the stone walls of the cellar, hugged his knees and laughed thinly. The open periodical had tilted forward and lay against his chest.

"If you choose to be reticent you have

every right," he allowed. "Yet out here, divorced as we are from all that is tender, fragrant and sensuous, I cannot choose but feel some relaxation of reticence is excusable. You are only just back from leave. The scent of Rose Jacques Mino' still lingers in your nostrils—by closing your eyes you can still picture the faces and the hair of lovely women. Your larder, so to speak, is overflowing with hoarded experience. It is not something less than charitable, less than civility, to keep the doors so tightly closed?"

"If you want to talk about women, sir, I don't see why you should go short—even here," said Harley.

Fawk frowned.

"Not a very happily turned phrase, Trevelyan, is it?"

Harley made no answer and Fawk changed the subject.

"An amusing fellow, young Miller. Quite amusing. Know him well?"

"We were at Magdalen together."

"I met his father two or three times—in business. A very influential man on the east coast—coffee and other things. You have met him?"

"Once, I believe—May week—years ago."

"And the rest of the family?"

"Er—slightly."

With every word he spoke Harley was putting himself as far as possible from the subject under discussion.

"The mother and the sister, eh?"

Harley's nod was not enough to shake the long ash from his cigaret.

"I once had the pleasure of meeting her—at a dance."

Harley, whose leg was beginning to swing, said, "Did you?"

"My dear Trevelyan," Fawk protested. "Did you" is surely inadequate? Have you no eyes—no memory—or has love made you blind?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"That whatever a man might feel for another woman he could not fail to admit that Joan Miller is the most exquisite girl ever created. Here," and he extended the periodical at the length of his arm, revealing a full page portrait of Joan. "Can you conceive a more perfect body—a lovelier face than that?"

Harley did not trust himself to reply. His hands, knotted into fists, were thumping against the sides of the box upon which he sat.

"I have traveled in too many corners of this earth and seen too wide a pageant of beauty to be lightly susceptible to external charms, but the moment I saw Joan Miller and held her in my arms for one tragically

brief waltz—Weber's 'L'Invitation'—I said to myself this is the apotheosis—the epitome of perfect womanhood."

Taking from his pocket a small knife he neatly cut the picture from the paper and skewered it with the blade to the brickwork beside his bed.

He was so occupied by this amorous task that its reaction upon Harley escaped his notice. Harley had risen and was standing erect and rigid, breathing through his nose.

"I am sorry, sir," he said, "but I must ask you to take that down."

Fawk's eyes narrowed to slits.

"What did you say?"

"I ask you to take that down," Harley repeated.

"Trevelyan, you are forgetting yourself."

"On the contrary, sir, I am remembering what you are doing with the picture of a friend of mine, who, I am damn sure, would have no wish for it to hang above your bed. There are plenty of Raphael Kirchner girls and outer covers of Vie Parisienne's which'll serve that purpose—but not—"

He did not trust himself to utter Joan's name, but taking a step forward he ripped the picture from the wall, tore it in fragments and stuffed them in his pocket.

Fawk did not move. With half closed eyes and still as a crouching cat he watched this amazing conduct in silence. There was of course only one explanation for Harley's action, and that was the least acceptable of all.

"Captain Trevelyan," he said, choosing his words like a jeweler matching pearls for a string, "you may count yourself fortunate that no one besides ourselves was present to witness this unfortunate display. In civilian life I should know how to act. In the present circumstances I can only wish you goodnight and better manners."

Harley saluted and went out.

For perhaps five minutes Fawk sat on the bed slowly tapping his teeth with a finger nail. Then he picked up the telephone to the B. C. dugout.

"Send Mr. Drayton to me."

What he said to David took a long time. His attitude throughout the interview was benign and fatherly.

"But you should make sure, my boy—you should be accurate before spreading rumors about these affairs. You must remember women are imaginative creatures—they assume a great deal more than has actually been said."

When he was allowed to go David Drayton stood at the top of the cellar steps and gulped and rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand.

"It'll break her heart. It's a bloody shame. I know he's in love with her."

Down below Fawk was writing a letter to Sir Balliol Miller.

"—delighted to have your son as my column officer—very capable—has a friend here—in Captain Trevelyan—no doubt you met Trevelyan on his last leave, if his time was not too heavily occupied with the sister of another of my officers. In these curiously emotional times it is hard to keep track of the many romances with which one is surrounded. I hope to be allowed to present myself when next on leave. A letter from a friend on the east coast has advised Tanyka Land Developments and—personal experience—I know it to be sound . . ."

And so on.

There was a smile of satisfaction at the corners of his thin mouth as he sealed the envelope and affixed the censorship stamp.

David Drayton did not return to the dug-out which he shared with Harley. Late as was the hour he slouched miserably up and down the battery position, cursing the restraint that held him in France when every loyal and devoted instinct urged him to be with Paula.

There was not in all the world a woman like Paula. She had been the core and center of his existence. In his young and ardent imagination she supplied every demand. She was mother, sister, sweetheart—everything. There was no sacrifice he was not willing to make for her sake—or the sake of her happiness.

That her love for any man should not be returned was unbearable—unthinkable. Harley couldn't know—he couldn't.

True, she had never told him she loved Harley, but their understanding was of a kind transcending the exchange of spoken confidence.

David clenched his hands in impatient wretchedness.

"If only I could talk to her—now—now."

What was it the O. C. had said to him—"another interest, intimately related to our new column officer"? That meant some other girl.

"And I'll bet she's cheap, too—I'll bet she's cheap," he said aloud.

A tall figure loomed out of the shroud of night. It was Hammersley.

"What's the strife," he asked with humorous kindness. "Talking to yourself and all! Gone ga-ga or something?"

"It's nothing, Hammersley."

"Then I'd go to bed. You're for O Pip at five and the night is using itself up fast."

"All right," said David, sulkily.

"And all right it is," said Hammersley.

"In one's early days one gets a bit homesick now and then, but feelings wear off."

"Not mine."

"Yet bet they will. Go on, toddle off. If the old man found you here he'd think you were looking for a Blighty."

David slunk away. He undressed by the light of a torch. Harley was lying with his face to the wall asleep, or pretending to be asleep. David thought:

"If I could wake him—make him say it isn't true—that there is no one but Paula."

But one couldn't do that—not now.

Out here everything was different—different.

The barriers of rank stood permanently between confidence and truth.

"Here," said Sir Balliol Miller, familiarly known to the members of his family as the baron, "here is a damn long letter from a quite unpleasant fellow I thought I'd forgotten."

"How does one think one's forgotten anybody?" Joan asked, over a slice of bread and jam. She had never cured herself of the nursery habit of spreading jam on bread, and what remained after the first bite looked like one of those newspaper war maps designed to illustrate the phrase, "All objectives were taken."

"How does one think one's forgotten anybody?" she repeated. "It would be a useful accomplishment these days."

(Copyright, 1930, for The Constitution.)

(To be continued.)

CIVIL WAR DAYS IN GEORGIA

Continued from Page Sixteen.

the big pond. And Case was still telling his story of how eGeneral Walker nearly shot him, until the ex-Indian fighter and guide, now operating Henderson's mill in Henry county, advancing in years and broken in health, finally, toward the end of the century, passed over to the silent majority.

The inscription on the Walktr monument is as follows:

IN MEMORY OF
MAJOR-GENERAL WM. H. T. WALKER
C. S. A.
BORN, NOVEMBER 26, 1816
KILLED ON THIS SPOT
JULY 22, 1864.

As is indicated in the narrative, the monument does not stand on the spot where General Walker was killed, but is two-tenths of a mile west of the place. Julius Brown was the moving spirit in the erection of this monument, and its placement where it is was for reasons considered satisfactory to the members of the William H. T. Walker Monument Association.

This association was organized in April, 1902, with Julius Brown as president. General Clement A. Evans was one of the members. It was definitely known where General Walker was killed, but there was no road to the place, as there is today. The approach was over the swampy ground of the stream, and difficult of access, so the association decided to erect the monument as near as they could to the exact spot. Glenwood avenue then an indifferent thoroughfare, extended eastward from Flat Shoals road, ran out into the woods, and stopped. A site was selected that could be reached by this road, and on June 25, 1902, Samuel J. Saylor deeded a lot 50x70 feet to the association—consideration, one dollar. The site is in land lot 178, and at the south line thereof. General Walker was killed in land lot 179. The monument was ready for unveiling, and dedication by July

22, 1902, the 38th anniversary of the Battle of Atlanta. On that day the ceremony took place. Several distinguished guests were present. Notable among them was Major-General Oliver Otis Howard, of Vermont, who succeeded McPherson in command of the army of the Tennessee; Major-General Alexander P. Stewart, who commanded a corps in Hood's army during the defense of Atlanta, and whose troops fought Howard's at the Battle of Ezra church, July 28, 1864. General Stewart was at this time one of the Chickamauga Park commissioners. A third was our friend Major Joseph B. Cumming, of Augusta, Walker's chief of staff. These three, with General Clement A. Evans were the celebrities that made the day memorable. All of them made speeches, either at the monument or over at "Brown-wood," where the barbecue was held. It is not generally remembered that Major Cumming was the author of that sublime inscription on the Georgia monument at Chickamauga. In the major's speech at the Walker monument dedication he related certain incidents pertaining to the last moments of the general. Would that his remarks had been set down! Mr. McWilliams heard the address, and said that the guide was mentioned, but not by name. The major could have told a very entertaining story had he chosen to do so.

It has been stated that McPherson and Walker were killed about the same time—that is, within an interval of a few minutes. This could not be true. General Walker was dead before his division got into action—probably an hour before, at the most. McPherson, in his ride from the "Howard house," paused on the hill where the Murphy Junior High school is now located, to watch the battle between the assaulting lines of Walker's and Bate's divisions on the 16th corps front. The battle had begun before McPherson reached a point from which he could see it; he was killed a few minutes later; the interval cited must have been at least one hour and a half.

Swelling Reduced And Short Breathing Relieved

Swelling (other than Tubercular and Tumorous) when caused by an unnatural collection of water in feet and ankles, extending upward as the water collects, and when pressure on ankles leaves a dent. By reducing swelling the Short Breathing will be relieved. Good results obtained in most cases. Endorsed by thousands. In use 35 years. Write for FREE trial package. Collum Medicine Co., Dept. 500, Atlanta, Ga.—(adv.)

BLOOD DISEASES — No Matter How Bad or Old the Case or What's the Cause send for FREE Booklet about Dr. Panter's Treatment, used successfully for over 25 years in the most severe and chronic cases. Write now. DR. PANTER, 179 W. Washington, St., Room J-526, Chicago.