

MISSIONARY RIDGE OUTLINE & SCRIPT - Based on Official Reports from the Book, "Storming the Heights" By Matt Spruill, "With Sheridan's Division at Missionary Ridge", By John K. Shellenberger the "Silas Mallory Diary, Company K of the 64th Ohio" and "By the Noble Daring of Her Sons: The Florida Brigade of the Army of Tennessee" By Jonathan Sheppard.

#### PLANNING & DETAILS

**Wagons** - Mike Jones (Federal Supplies), Jeff Grzelak (Static CS) & Bob McClendon (Mobile CS). Federal & Confederate wagons - one for commissary and one for tools.

Field Music - Federal Bugle - William Beard, Confederate Bugle - Marc Speed. Chris Henderson - Drums.

### CORE PLANNING COMMITTEE RESPONSIBILITIES

Ken Cornett - On Site Organizer, On-Line and On-Site Registration, Planning & Logistics

Will Debord - Water Logistics & Sutlers

Seth Hancock - On Site Organizer, Site Plan, Pre-Event & On-Site Planning & Logistics

**Eric Tipton** - On Site Organizer, Owner Contact, Insurance, Script & Site Plan, 1st Person Information, Web Site, Marketing **Tyler Underwood** - Preservation, Rations, Logistics, Site Construction, Federal Command & Overall Field Command

#### **GENERAL THEMES & INFORMATION**

**General Orders** - Both armies will stand and sleep on arms and Pickets will be maintained for the entire event. No firing will be done unless directly ordered by the commanders.

Sunrise/Sunset for the Weekend - 7:10 AM & 5:40 PM

#### MISSIONARY RIDGE SCRIPT

### Thursday, November 7, 2019

**4:00 PM** - On-Site Registration Opens - Get all participants checked in. Vendors available at registration - **Charleston Tintypist, South Union Mills Cincinnati Depot, and SA Miles & Company**. Vendors to be on-site by 2:00 PM on Thursday.

5:30 PM - 10:00 PM - Preservation Poker.

### Friday, November 8, 2019 (November 23, 1863)

- **2:00 PM** Officer's Call. Instructions for the weekend. Answer any questions.
- **2:30 PM** Both sides are in their respective positions and ready.
- **3:00 PM** Both sides are formed up for instructions and get ready to start.
- **3:30 PM EVENT GOES LIVE** Any Participants Who Are Not in the Staging Areas will Be Held at Registration Until the Conclusion of the Skirmish and then Sent to their Respective Camps.
- **4:00 PM** Federal Artillery begins firing and Confederate Artillery responds to Signal Beginning of Brush Knob Skirmish Between Federals and Confederates. Federals & Confederates Move to the Front. Federals drop packs and begin to move forward. Skirmishers for the Confederates keep up a steady fire for fifteen minutes or so and slowly fall back to the ridge.
- **4:30 PM** Establish Camp Positions Confederates on the Ridge and Federals in their front. As soon as the skirmish ends, Federals begin improving their positions. Release Those Waiting at Registration to Their Camps. Both Sides Begin Formal 24-Hour Picket Rotations.

**5:30 PM** - Issue Rations in Both Camps.

5:40 PM - Sunset

9:00 PM - Registration Closes

### **Saturday, November 9, 2019 (November 24, 1863)**

**6:00 AM** - Awake Soldiers with the Long Roll.

6:30 AM - Roll Call, & Morning Reports.

7:00 - 8:30 AM - Breakfast Rotations

**7:10 AM** - Sunrise

7:30 AM - Officer's Call

8:00 AM - Dusk - Maintain a Constant Rotation with Pickets and Improve Works.

11:00 AM - 5:00 PM - Federal Artillery begins firing & Confederate Artillery answers to simulate the Assault on Lookout Mountain. This will continue on-and-off throughout the day. Infantry on both sides will maintain their positions during the simulated Lookout Mountain and will not fire.

2:00 PM - Decision on Good Weather or Bad Weather Scenario.

2:30 PM - 4:00 PM - (<u>Bad Weather Scenario</u>) Assault on Missionary Ridge - Federal Guns Start Firing to Signal the Assault. Confederate guns answer and the assault begins. Final Speech and EVENT ENDS.

3:30 PM - Federal Parade

**5:40 PM** - Sunset - Both Sides Continue Formal 24-Hour Picket Rotations at These Positions and Sleep on Arms Saturday Night.

### Sunday, November 10, 2019 (November 25, 1863)

6:00 AM - Awake Soldiers with the Long Roll.

6:30 AM - Roll Call, & Morning Reports.

7:00 - 8:30 AM - Breakfast Rotations.

7:10 AM - Sunrise

7:30 AM - Officer's Call

8:30 AM - 64th Ohio Moves Into Double Line of Skirmishers. All of the 4th Florida Moves Into Rifle Pits and Breastworks.

**8:45 - 10:15 AM - Assault on Missionary Ridge -** Federal Guns Start Firing to Signal the Assault. Confederate Guns Fire Once Federals Begin Their Assault.

10:15 AM - 10:30 AM - Final Speech and EVENT ENDS.

#### WITH SHERIDAN'S DIVISION AT MISSIONARY RIDGE

### By John K. Shellenberger

Lieutenant Sixty-Fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry

# Monday, November 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1863

It was shortly after noon of November 23, 1863, when Sheridan's division marched out of its camps behind the intrenched line at Chattanooga, leaving the tents standing, and formed in battle array across the hill now occupied by the National Cemetery. From the western side of the hill, where the Sixty-fourth Ohio stood, looking off to the right front across some open fields, we could plainly see the Confederate picket line only a few hundred yards away. The pickets in gray were sitting on top of the little mounds of earth that marked their picket posts like ground-hogs in front of their burrows, apparently taking much interest in our movements without having any suspicion that we were preparing to attack their line. Some of the prisoners afterward stated that they thought we were coming out for an inspection or a review. A few days after the battle of Chickamauga an agreement had been made by the rank and file of the opposing armies that they would not fire at each other on the picket line except in resistance of an aggressive movement. This agreement had been faithfully carried out, and while the batteries on Lookout Mountain and Moccasin Point were pounding away at each other perfect peace prevailed along the picket line across the Chattanooga Valley.

On this 23d day of November, our pickets, who were to act as our skirmish line, had been carefully instructed, and when the bugles suddenly sounded the charge, they sprang forward with such a dash that they actually ran over some of the Confederate pickets before the latter had recovered from their astonishment. Their intrenched picket line was carried with a surprisingly small amount of resistance and with a correspondingly small loss to our side.

A little later, after the Confederates had recovered their self-possession, and the two skirmish lines were spitefully pecking away at each other, one of the Confederates called over:

"Hello, Yanks, what's got the matter with you all over there?"

One of our men called back: "We're out of wood."

This was literally true; for not only all the timber inside our picket line had been cut off, but the stumps and the roots of the trees had been dug out of the ground in the growing scarcity of fuel. The Confederate called back:

"If you wanted wood, why didn't you say so? We have more than we need out here, and if you had only asked us you might have sent out your teams and got all the wood you wanted without kicking up such a of a fuss about it."

Our battle line followed up the advance of our picket line until it reached the foot of the hill, where a halt was called. At this time heavy firing had broken out along the skirmish line, and the inference was that the main body of the Confederates had swarmed out of their camps and were advancing to drive us back. The position of the Sixty-fourth Ohio, where the line had halted, was a most unsatisfactory one. The ground ascended in our front for a couple of hundred yards, and this slope was nearly bare, while at the top of the rise the timber was heavy enough to afford good shelter. If the enemy should drive back our skirmish line and occupy this timber, they would have us at a great disadvantage. The men were growling discontentedly and asking why we were not advanced to the top of the slope, when General Sheridan appeared upon the scene. He came dashing along from the left and immediately in front of our line, which was lying down, riding the same black horse which, with his rider, achieved such deathless fame nearly a year later at Cedar Creek. When he reached the front of the colors he pulled up so abruptly as to almost seat the horse on his haunches. His eyes were beaming as if he could scarcely refrain from bursting out laughing at some idea that was amusing him, and he leaned over toward us and began speaking in a suppressed sort of way, as if he was about to communicate in strict confidence something that we would find intensely funny.

He said: "Now, boys, lie low, you know, and let 'em come up close, you know, and, you know." then rise up and give 'em hell, you know."

It was probably the contemplation of the surprise of the enemy when we should unexpectedly "rise up and give 'em hell, you know," that was tickling him, and it certainly did seem an easy thing to do, the way he had of putting it. He paused an instant to flash his eyes along our line, the eyes of the men catching fire from his as they met, and then as if satisfied with his scrutiny, he nodded and smiled in a way that plainly said, "I know that I can rely upon you to do it," and dashed on to the next regiment.

It was a false alarm, for no enemy came, but if they had come, it is certain that the Sixty-fourth would have obeyed the general's instructions to the letter; for he was possessed of an extraordinary power of getting out of men the last particle of fight there was in them. We afterward took up a position that evening, connecting with Wood's division on the left, which was fortified by throwing up a light line of earthworks. We remained quietly behind these works until the afternoon of the 25th, when we moved out to form for the assault of Missionary Ridge.

# Tuesday, November 24th, 1863

During the 24th, we were eager listeners to the sounds of battle on our right for the possession of Lookout Mountain, and, although we could see but little of what was going on, because the mountain was veiled in mists and clouds the most of the day, yet we knew by the evidence of our ears that our comrades were driving the enemy. At one time the mists parted disclosing a view of the mountainside below the palisades, including the cleared space about the Craven House. At that very time, Hooker's line swept into view, coming around the point from the northern side of the mountain. A color sergeant dashed into this cleared space in advance of his regiment, and the sight of the dear old flag which he was carrying was hailed with tremendous cheering all along our line. Again, until three o'clock of the 25th, we were listening with ears intent to the sound of the battle which General Sherman was waging on our left, at the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge, and we could plainly see the columns of the enemy moving in that direction.

But it is a mistake to say that the line was weakened in our front by the withdrawal of troops to act against Sherman. During the night of the 24th, General Bragg had called in all his forces from Lookout Mountain and from Chattanooga Valley, and it was the troops let loose by this shortening of his left that he was concentrating in front of Sherman. They all came from the direction of Rossville, marching in plain sight along the crest of the Ridge and across our front. I gave close attention to these movements, having nothing else to do, and I sat on our breastworks watching them with a good field-glass. I could see the marching troops so plainly that I could easily count the files, and I am confident not a man nor a gun was taken from the line that confronted us.

# Wednesday, November 25th, 1863

It was shortly after three o'clock when we began to move out from our breastworks to form for the assault. That part of the line where the Sixty-fourth had been posted faced diagonally up the valley in the direction of Rossville. In taking position, we advanced several hundred yards, making a left half wheel as we went forward, until we squarely confronted Missionary Ridge. This movement was executed by the regiments moving out successively from left to right. When a regiment arrived at its designated position and was properly aligned, it would lie down, leaving its general guides standing, by which the guides of the next regiment to come up could align themselves. All the time, the enemy was keeping up a slow fire with some of the guns posted along the crest of Missionary Ridge. Their range was poor, and their shells did no execution that I saw; nevertheless, there was the harassing uncertainty as to where the next shell might explode, and our position while lying under this fire was an extremely uncomfortable one. While waiting, Colonel McIlvain, commanding the Sixty-fourth, passed along the line, and instructed his company commanders that in the coming advance the guide would be left, and that we must conform our movements to those of the line to the left of us. Nothing was said as to what it was expected we were to accomplish. The Sixty-fourth was in the front line, on the left of Harker's brigade. The Third Kentucky occupied the position between the Left of the Sixty-fourth Ohio and the right of Wagner's brigade, on our left. Colonel Sherman's brigade was posted on the right of Barker's. A line drawn perpendicularly to the front of the Sixty-fourth would cross Missionary Ridge a short distance north of the house on the crest known as General Bragg's headquarters.

When all was ready, a battery stationed at Orchard Knob fired its six guns in rapid succession as a signal for the charge. Before the signal was fired, the quiet of expectancy had prevailed along our line, but, when it sounded, a scene of intense animation at once ensued. Far and near could be heard the bugle notes and the voices of the officers calling the men to attention, and as they sprang to their feet there was a great rustling of dead leaves and a snapping of dried twigs. I cast a hurried look to the right and the left, and on either band, as far as I could see, stood two lines of blue coats with beautiful flags waving and bright arms gleaming in the pleasant afternoon sunshine. It was a splendid sight that sent the blood tingling to the finger tips. The moral effect which it produced upon the enemy must have contributed greatly to our success. We were standing [in a stretch of open timber, but the leaves were all off the trees, and we were in plain sight. As we advanced, every Confederate soldier along the crest of the Ridge in our front could take in our entire array with one sweeping glance, while looking to the right or left along their own line, on account of the inequalities of the Ridge and other obstructions, he could see but a small number of his own comrades. He would naturally get the impression that they were being attacked by overwhelming numbers. Some of the prisoners afterward said it looked like all creation was charging on a few hundred of them.

The ground descended slightly in our front for a short distance to a small stream. We marched down this declivity at quick time, and on crossing the stream we emerged upon an open plain that stretched away without obstruction to the breastworks at the base of the Ridge, nearly half a mile away. We could then see the yellowish streak of dirt that marked the line of these breastworks. It was back a short distance up the slope where the ground began to ascend at the base of the Ridge. Back of the breastworks the ground was clear for two or three hundred yards, and from thence, where the rugged ascent began, the face of the Ridge to the top was covered with a moderately heavy growth of timber.

On emerging upon the plain, all the artillery posted along the crest of the Ridge opened a rapid fire, and we then increased our pace to a double-quick. There were two guns which directed their fire at the Sixty-fourth, using spherical case. They got the

range a little too high to begin with, and, as we approached nearer and they kept depressing their guns, they still maintained about the same relative elevation. I could hear the shells exploding, and on looking up could see, a little in front of us and twenty or thirty feet in the air, the round balls of smoke that marked the spots where the explosions had occurred. The missiles with which the shells were filled all passed harmlessly over our heads.

As we approached nearer the breastworks, our pace increased with the increasing tension on our nerves until the whole line was sweeping forward on a run. I was commanding Company F, and was running a little in advance of my company with my eyes intently fixed upon the breastworks. We had approached near enough to see that there were no head-logs, and I was wondering why I could see no heads showing above the works, when I remembered what I had read of the orders given by General Putnam to his men at Bunker Hill, and almost with a groan I mentally exclaimed: "They are waiting till they can see the whites of our eyes." It was a tremendous relief to discover that the breastworks were not occupied. There had been a skirmish line behind them when we started, but the skirmishers had promptly run away when they first saw us coming, except those who lay still and surrendered when we came up.

When it was manifest that the breastworks would not be defended, I raised my eyes toward the crest of the Ridge, and then saw the skirmishers falling back through the timber near the top. In our charge across the plain, I did not see a single musket shot fired from the breastworks at the foot of the Ridge, nor did I see a single man hit by the fire coming from the artillery posted along the crest above. General Bragg certainly made a great mistake when he withdrew from the lower line. If the plunging fire which we encountered in going up the steep ascent, and which mostly overshot us, had been delivered from the breastworks below while we were crossing that level, open plain, it must inevitably have cut us to pieces. The conditions would have been similar to those which confronted Burnside's army when it charged Lee's lines at Fredericksburg, and there is every reason to believe that the result would have been the same.

All the dirt used in building the breastworks had been thrown from a ditch on the inside, in which the defenders would stand, and therefore the parapet on the outside was so low that we could run up over it without difficulty. As I leaped down into the ditch, I paused there just long enough to take a look to the left. The line in that direction, having a little shorter distance to traverse, had already passed beyond the breastworks and was sweeping onward without halting. I then jumped out of the ditch, and calling "Forward!" to my company, pushed on up the hill.

It is now well known that the orders under which we were acting contemplated carrying the line at the foot of the Ridge, which it was supposed the enemy would defend, and there stopping. But when we arrived at these breastworks, we had not come in contact with a battle line of the enemy, nor had we fired a single shot. The men, having listened for nearly two days to the sounds of the fighting which had been going on to the right and the left of them, naturally supposed that they had now been sent forward to take a hand, and not meeting with the expected opposition at the breastworks, they went on of their own accord, and without orders, to engage the line so plainly visible on the crest above.

It would be interesting to know what the actual thoughts of General Grant were, as he stood on Orchard Knob and watched the soldiers whom he had characterized to General Sherman only a few days before, as so badly demoralized by the battle of Chickamauga that he feared he could not get them out of the trenches to fight, now assaulting of their own volition a position which the leading generals, Federal and Confederate, believed to be too strong to be carried by a direct attack.

After we had crossed the breastworks, the cannoneers began to serve out canister to us, and the infantry line also opened fire. The bloody work now began in earnest; for the gunners had at last got down to a deadly range, and the men went down before the canister fire like ten pins. We were so thoroughly "winded" by our rapid charge across the plain that our progress was now very slow, and most of the men were staggering on their feet in their efforts to get forward. The cannon above us would fire to the right and then to the left, so as to cover more ground. Three times, in crossing the space between the breastworks and the timber line, I seemed to be looking directly into the muzzle of one of these guns as it was discharged; and three times, as I saw the gunner pull the lanyard, I stopped still, and, with chin dropped on my breast, eyes closed, and teeth clenched, braced myself for the shock of an expected wound. I could feel the canister swish through the air close by me, but remained unharmed.

On reaching the timber line, we threw ourselves flat against the face of the Ridge, panting for breath. Those of our men who had strength enough left to pull a trigger now opened fire on the enemy. On looking around, I could see, by the way the bullets were striking the ground behind us and barking the trees above us, that while lying close the enemy could not reach us with their fire; and on rising up high enough to peep over the top of the stump behind which I had taken shelter, I could dimly see through the battle smoke some of the Confederates rising above their low breastworks and trying to search us out.

These men made good targets, with their heads and shoulders outlined against the sky, for our men hugging close to the face of the Ridge. From the number of dead and badly wounded Confederates that I saw lying around inside their breastworks after we had taken them, I was convinced that we had inflicted more casualties upon them, while climbing the hill from the timber line up, than we had ourselves sustained. But this rule would not apply, by any means, to all parts of our line. Where the Sixty-

fourth went up, we were under a direct fire only, while some of Wagner's regiments, a short distance to our left, were subjected to a raking flank fire, and the slaughter among them was terrible.

While lying there recovering our wind, Colonel McIlvain came walking along our line from the right, and as he came I saw the men rising up and running back in a straggling manner to the rear. When he reached me, he said: "Lieutenant, you must take your company and go back to the breastworks." The order was so manifestly a blunder, and my social relations with the colonel were of such a character, that I ventured to violate the military proprieties by remonstrating against it. I pointed out how the enemy were overshooting us, and declared my decided conviction that we could inflict far more damage upon them, and with much greater security to ourselves, by remaining where we were; to which he replied, somewhat impatiently: "I know all that very well, but the orders are to go back to the breastworks, and we must obey orders."

When I got back to the breastworks, I found them packed on the outside with our second line, which had stopped there, and with the men of the first line who had run back, all of them hugging the ground as closely as possible.

When the front line fell back, all aggressive action on the part of Sheridan's division came to a standstill, and I have never doubted that at this time it was Sheridan's intention to comply strictly with the orders and stop at the breastworks, at least until he should receive orders from the rear to go on. But it was soon evident that it would be intolerable to lie there doing nothing under the plunging fire of the enemy, and as Wood's division on our left could be plainly seen slowly but steadily pushing its way up the hill, Sheridan quickly decided to follow Wood's lead; for he came riding along the line, calling out: "As soon as you get your wind, men, we will go straight to the top of that hill." The time was not altogether lost while we were lying there, for after the men had rested they were able to go forward so much more rapidly than could Wood's tired men, who had not halted, that it is a hotly disputed question to this day which division first broke over the top of the Ridge.

The mistake was in ordering back the first line from the advantageous position which it had secured. It was a much safer place at the timber line to regain our wind than it was at the breastworks, to say nothing of the many brave men who were unnecessarily sacrificed in falling back and in advancing a second time over that dangerous belt of ground between the breastworks and the timber line, which was so thoroughly combed by that terrible canister fire, and where we met with our heaviest losses.

In going forward the second time, the two lines were intermingled without regard to regimental or company organization, the color bearers striving with each other as to which should take the lead. Where the Sixty-fourth went up, we were opposed by a Florida regiment, which broke away from the breastworks, without waiting to come to a hand-to-hand encounter, while our advance was yet a few yards away. The breastworks wore so low that it was easy to get over them; for if they had been built as high as usual they would have been a hindrance to the enemy in firing down the steep hillside. We captured the two brass guns that had been firing at us ever since the charge began, and some of the gunners with them. One Irishman, who was handling a rammer, was at first inclined to fight at close quarters with it as a weapon, but when he saw it was no use, he threw down the rammer and surrendered, bursting into tears as he did so, and bitterly exclaiming:

"This bathery was niver caphthured before."

One of the guns had the name "Lady Buckner" and the other "Lady Breckenridge" painted on the trail. "Little Harker," our brigade commander, was so elated that he sprang from his horse and running up the trail of the "Lady Breckenridge" seated himself astride the breech, but he instantly jumped down again with an agility that was comical, for the metal was so hot from the rapid firing that it would burn your fingers to touch it.

The men went wild with joy over their splendid success, and with good reason, for the history of the war does not record a more brilliant achievement than this assault of Missionary Ridge. They shook hands and hugged each other, tossed their hats in the air, danced, sung, cheered, and some of them whooped and yelled like a lot of drunken demons. When the first ecstasy had somewhat subsided, on looking around we could see the enemy rapidly retreating through the woods to the east of the ridge in great disorder; and especially a road which crossed the valley below, presented a scene of wildest confusion. It was filled with wagons, caissons, cannon and fugitives, mounted and on foot, all hurrying frantically to get away.

As soon as the regiments could be reformed, Wagner's and Harker's brigades pushed rapidly forward in pursuit, but night had fallen before our advance could come up with them. The Sixty-fourth was now in the second line and did not become engaged. I saw only the flashes of the musketry as they lit up the darkness and heard the sounds of the firing and the cries of the combatants. For the rest I rely upon information gathered in conversation with those who were actively engaged.

The enemy had rallied a rear guard on a high ridge which ran parallel with, and more than a mile to the east of Missionary Ridge. The road over this ridge was so steep that the Confederates had to detach teams from the vehicles in the rear to help those in front over the hill. Before they could come back and remove those left behind our advance came up and compelled them to abandon whatever was left on our side of the Ridge.

This abandoned property included two brass cannon and some wagons. Our advance immediately attacked the rear guard of the enemy, posted on the Ridge, but they fought with a determination that was surprising considering how anxious they had seemed to be to get away only a very short time before, and having the advantage of a very strong position, our attack was somewhat disastrously repulsed. The Ninety-seventh Ohio of Wagner's brigade was particularly unfortunate in this attack, for it lost more men than it had lost in coming up Missionary Ridge. After a flanking movement had been inaugurated the enemy quietly withdrew, but not until they had covered the removal of all material which they had been able to get over the Ridge. All the captures that we made at this place might have been made by pushing forward a skirmish line to engage the enemy, and the opinion prevailed among us at the time that the attack had been made too rashly and that we had got decidedly the worst of the encounter. It was, therefore, with the greatest surprise that I read in the article on Chattanooga, written by General Grant more than twenty years after, and published in the "Century Magazine," his statement that the country was indebted to this prompt pursuit by Sheridan for the bulk of the captures of prisoners, artillery and small arms that day.

Manifestly the general's memory was badly at fault, and his partiality for Sheridan led him to make an exaggerated statement for which there was little foundation in fact. If any division commander was entitled to special credit for the success achieved at Missionary Ridge, surely General T. J. Wood was the man. For it was the persistence of Wood's division in going on that finally drew after it the rest of the army. If Wood had called back his division, as Sheridan's was recalled, it is at least questionable if the Ridge would have been assaulted at all.

We went into bivouac in front of that second ridge, but were aroused in the night and cautiously continued the pursuit, as far as the Chickamauga. The enemy had all crossed the stream and burned the bridge. Before the bridge was reconstructed orders were received recalling us, and we returned to Chattanooga to prepare for the march to Knoxville for the relief of Burnside. October 4, 1893.

### SILAS MALLORY DIARY & PAPERS

64<sup>th</sup> Ohio, Company K

## Monday, November 23rd, 1863

At noon on the 23<sup>rd</sup>, again received the same orders. Fell into line on the regimental ground. Was ordered to take nothing with us but our accoutrements, with 40 rounds of cartridges, the usual number. Of all the conjectures that were made as to where the troops were going, not one that I heard came at all near it until they were in the thick of it. The division moved up toward the pickets when it was halted, drawn up in line of battle and began to advance. It was found out about that time, something unusual was about to be done, for as it appeared, it was a general move all along the line. The 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade was on the left of the division. The 65<sup>th</sup> Ohio and 3<sup>rd</sup> Kentucky were thrown out as skirmishers.

At about 2 PM the muskets began to crack and sing their death songs. General Wood's Division had begun the attack. For about 10 minutes, nothing was to be heard but a continuous roar of musketry. Volley followed volley as our men began to advance on the left, and the rebels fell back. Soon, the advance became quite general, at least as far as the right of our division, and I guess, along the entire line. At least, troops were drawn up in a line of battle along the picket line as far as I could see.

Soon after the pickets were engaged the cannons iron began to host their iron hail into the enemy. From Forts Wood & Negley was kept up a continuous roar that was almost deafening for about 10 minutes, when there was a lull in the tempest, with an occasional shell now and then. But, every 5 or ten minutes, they would break out furiously for a while and break for a while. Thus, it was along the whole line all afternoon. Sheridan's Division occupied at night, the rebel picket ground, where they threw up some breastworks during the night. Before night, General Wood occupied the first line of rebel breastworks beyond Ball's Knob, besides Ball's Knob.

About 4 PM the Rebs opened about a dozen large guns on our men on Fort Wood from the top of Mission Ridge, but I guess they did not do much damage. They threw one shell that exploded directly over Fort Wood. Then, you had ought to see the fire, smoke and hail issue from six shell, one after the other, they threw with good effect. At different times during the afternoon, the different forts would open out nearly all their guns at once and continue as fast as they could fire for half an hour at a time, and blast at a tremendous rate.

They were also fighting some over in Lookout Valley. In the evening of the  $22^{nd}$ , the  $11^{th}$  Corps of Hooker's Army passed over our camp on their way to the front of us. Took up a position to the left of Sheridan's division. It was them that opened the Ball. General Hazen captured some 200 prisoners of the  $23^{rd}$  and  $24^{th}$  Alabama Regiments, with part of their officers. General Wood also captured some. Don't know how many. The  $3^{rd}$  brigade,  $2^{nd}$  division drove in the rebel pickets about 300 yards.

# Tuesday, November 24th, 1863

The day opened warm & pleasant, but still the morning air was cold and chilly. But, when the sun uncovered his face and his warm rays were profusely shed over earth, things looked more pleasant.

The day was memorable for the Federal Arms. There was no fighting from the left to the center. All was quiet along the whole line immediately in front of Chattanooga, but not so on the extreme right in Lookout Valley. Their fight there commenced quite early in the morning & was considerable harder than the fight on the left & center. It continued without intermission up till eleven o'clock AM.

About 2 PM, what was our delight to see, the Stars & Stripes streaming proudly to the wind as it was born onward by victorious men & patriots, with the rebel column flying before it.

At 2 PM, we saw the dearly loved flag just coming over the point of Lookout. Our men advanced until they got within musket range of the first line of rebel breastworks, where the retreating hoards of Jeff Davis had ensconced themselves, when they opened a terrible fire upon our men. The Battle raged until 10 o'clock PM. The artillery, Moccasin Point Battery & several others, also Negley kept up a continuous fire until after dark. Our men did not advance any farther that day. But, they built their bivouac fires on the much dreaded place, Point Lookout, and by so doing, opened the river as far as Chattanooga. Thus closed Friday, but did not learn the loss on either side. The loss on our side in the forenoon in Lookout Valley was only 1 man killed & 12 wounded.

### Wednesday, November 25th, 1863

This was a day that will ever be memorable in the history of the campaign of "63". It will be remembered as one of the greatest days in the history of the Rebellion. At about 2 PM, the orders were received along the line to advance. Soon, the muskets began to rattle & the cannon to boom. Nothing else was to be heard but the booming of cannon and crackling of musketry.

Our men advanced rapidly until they reached the foot of Mission Ridge. They literally rained the canister down upon them. It seemed as though they were throwing them down by buckets full, they came so thick. The men, being so much exhausted with running before, that they were unable to hold their present position. Add to that the canister that was heaved at them, they were at last obliged to fall back to the foot of the hill again and get behind the fortifications there and rest.

While resting there, Colonel Harker came riding along, cheering & stimulating the men and diffusing through them, his own heroic spirit. He reminded them of the day before, when Hooker took Point Lookout. Said they must go up that hill. That determined the men what to do. While the men were resting, our Regiment Colonel, Colonel McIlvain, came walking along the regiment, stroking his beard as complacently as though he were somewhere else & remarking to the boys that, that was one hell of a charge, going half way up the hill & then coming back again. He had not heard that they were ordered to fall back. General Sheridan also came riding along the line giving words of cheer and encouragement, telling the men, this time they must reach the top.

The order soon came for them to try their courage. Started on the double-quick, charge bayonets & well did they do it, never wavering once until the column had reached the top. The men kept a steady & unbroken front. Kept up a continuous fire, but kept close to the ground and behind trees and stumps. The ground was very uneven & very hard to get over, but the men made it. They reached the breastworks about 1/3 of the way up the ridge & rested a while. Then again commenced the toilsome ascent. From the time the first line was formed at the foot of the ridge and started up, until the first line was again formed on the top was just one hour and twenty minutes. Started on the charge up the hill at ten minutes of 4 PM & reached the top 10 minutes after 5 PM.

The rebels stuck to their guns until our men got within 15 feet of them. Nearly every gunner was killed before they could get away. Captured eleven pieces of cannon, 6 on top of the ridge and the rest part of them were captured after the Rebs were on retreat. The roads on the other side of the ridge were so rough that they could not get them along fast enough.

Colonel Harker & the 125<sup>th</sup> Regimental O.V.I. after they had got on top of the ridge, took a race to see which would get to a certain gun first. When the 125<sup>th</sup> reached the gun, they found Colonel Harker astride the muzzle, disputing the possession of it with a rebel officer. But, the Colonel got the gun. (But, I will not vouch for the truth of the story). Our brigade captured some 1,500 prisoners. Captured one regiment almost complete, with part of their staff officers. Captured the Colonel.

After the men reached the top of the hill, part of the brigade was left, and the other part kept on after the fast flying & disorderly road army. They were retreating in utter confusion, throwing away everything that encumbered them into their glorious flight. Threw away clothing, knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, guns & accoutrements & everything that would in the least impede their downhill progress. Their ammunition train was parked on the side of the hill and the Rebs were trying to get the train away as fast as possible. They flung away their ammunition. At every mud hole they came to there would be a lot of ammunition, but after all, they did not get all their train away, for our brigade took a lot of wagons, caissons & limbers after leaving them on the top of the ridge. The brigade, that night, followed them until they reached the Chickamauga River. Captured more prisoners and stayed there this night.

#### BY THE NOBLE DARING OF HER SONS

### The Florida Brigade of the Army of Tennessee

By Jonathan C. Sheppard

# Monday, November 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1863

On that day, Samuel Pasco wrote that the Florida Brigade, which had occupied entrenchments between Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain since the Federal advance against Longstreet's flank, had just relocated to its old position at the foot of Missionary Ridge the previous day. Robert Watson, always angry at missing a meal, detested the Federals even more for the timing of their assault, which came "at 2 PM... just as I was about to eat my dinner we were to fall in and march to the breastworks at double quick so I had to go without my dinner."

# Tuesday, November 24th, 1863

On November 24, General Joseph Hooker led a mixed force of easterners and westerners against Lookout Mountain and captured that prominence; as night fell Samuel Pasco watched from the Florida Brigade's breastworks as "after dark the contest was renewed on this side of Lookout . . . the flashing of guns appeared like myriads of fire-flies or glow worms shining on the distant mountain sides.

On the night of November 24, Braxton Bragg, after conferring with his corps commanders, ordered his troops to occupy the newly constructed fortifications atop Missionary Ridge. Historian James McDonough wrote that the problem with this line of entrenchments was that they lay "along the physical crest rather than what is termed the 'military crest' - that is, along the top-most geographic line rather than along the highest line from which the enemy could be seen and fired upon... these works severely handicapped the defenders." Confederate General Arthur M. Mannigault described these works as not only laid out poorly, but they were also of "very inferior quality... low, and only afforded protection to the lower part of the body, and against the fire of artillery were rather a disadvantage than otherwise." Breckinridge's Corps defended the southern end of the ridge, with Stewart's and Bate's divisions aligned from south to north on the crest. The Floridian's own Patton Anderson commanded the division that extended the line to the north.

On the night of the twenty-fourth, General Jesse Finley led three regiments of his brigade into the entrenchments on the crest of Missionary Ridge. Some did not reach the trenches atop the formidable position until after midnight, yet at dawn on November 25, 1863, Lt. Col. Edward Mashburn's 1st and 3rd Florida and the 6th Florida, with youthful Colonel Angus McLean commanding, stood ready to meet the enemy. Finley's right flank rested on the Moore Road, with his left connecting with Colonel Randall Gibson's Brigade. All told, these three regiments numbered roughly 750 effectives. Colonel G. Troup Maxwell commanded the three regiments, including his own 1st Florida Cavalry, dismounted, that remained in rifle pits at the foot of Missionary Ridge. His small detachment also included Colonel Robert Bullock's 7th Florida and Lt. Col. Edward Badger's 4th Florida. This force of nearly 800 soldiers joined several thousand men in defending this advanced line.

# Wednesday, November 25th, 1863

On November 25, General William T. Sherman's troops began their anticipated assault against the northern end of Missionary Ridge, while Grant ordered General Hooker's soldiers to outflank the Confederates in the south. General Thomas's Army of the Cumberland was to "charge and carry the rifle pits at the foot of Missionary Ridge. Nothing more was intended." Grant's plan began to falter though when Hooker's advance started late and General Patrick Cleburne's troops thwarted Sherman's assaults to seize the northern end of the ridge.

As the day wore on, the Floridians would have heard the heavy volume of fire coming from the northern end of the ridge; at one p.m., Bragg ordered the Orphan Brigade, also serving in Bate's Division to assist against Sherman. To fill the gap left by the Orphans, Bate shifted his line to the right, meaning the Floridians's left flank would sit on the Moore Road, very close to the house that served as Braxton Bragg's Headquarters. Samuel Pasco maintained that Colonel Robert Tyler's men successfully completed this move, but Thomas's attack began before the Floridians could complete the maneuver. As a result, Finley had to stretch his line uncomfortably thin to connect with both Tyler's right and Gibson's left. To confuse matters more, during the early afternoon hours General Breckinridge sent word to his troops holding the advance line of entrenchments to retire up the ridge after firing one volley. Unfortunately, William Bate had previously ordered his troops defending this line to "fight to the last resort," and his soldiers never received Breckinridge's revised orders.

At 3:00 P.M., the soldiers on the crest of Missionary Ridge and at its foot watched 23,000 soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland deployed nearly two miles from the Confederates' position. At 3:40 this force began its advance toward the ridge; Lt. Reason Jerkins, despite considering the Yankees his mortal enemies wrote, "Oh, what a purity sight it was to see them charge in 3 solid columns across the old field as blue as indigo mud and their arms glittered like new." While the artillery atop Missionary Ridge opened almost immediately, the soldiers in the rifle pits at the base of the ridge waited until the enemy closed

to within 300 yards and then fired. Immediately after delivering their one volley, the soldiers to the left and right of Maxwell's advance force began retreating up the ridge; at seeing the Rebels fleeing, the Federals of the assaulting columns broke into a run toward the advanced line.

In the trenches, Colonel Troup Maxwell looked in vain for the support, which he claimed General Bate had promised, all the while his soldiers loaded and fired until, he reported, the blue clad enemy had "reached the rile pits on my right and were close in my front, . . ." Robert Watson wrote that he and his comrades "mowed them down until they were within 30 yards of us and then we retreated up the hill..." Washington Ives added that General Alexander Reynolds's Brigade, in line to the right of Maxwell's men, withdrawal allowed the Federals to "follow them partly up and getting higher up the hill... than the Floridians. The latter were compelled after firing several rounds at the advancing foe, to climb the ridge under terrible fire."

Robert Watson claimed that climbing up the hill was the "worst part of the fight for the hill was dreadful steep and the enemy kept up a continual fire and threw a continual shower of bullets among us, and I only wonder that they did not kill all of us." Historian Peter Cozzens noted that when General Philip Sheridan's Federals reached the rifle pits they discovered many Floridians for whom "surrender seemed preferable to trying to scale the sheer ridge with their backs to the oncoming Federals." Others wanted badly to escape, but found themselves too weary to attempt to scale the 700-foot precipice. Lt. Col. William Stockton was one of the latter, and wrote his wife from a Union prison camp, "I was unable from exhaustion, to leave the field, when all was lost in our part of it... Two of my men, were killed at my side, while successively attempting to assist me."

The Yankees seized Stockton in the rifle pits, and further up the heights, the bluecoats came across Colonel Robert Bullock, who was, in the words of his biographer "a beefy man," and quickly "became winded" in his attempt to reach the top. Lt. Reason Jerkins was one of those fortunate enough to reach the crest, and he recorded he "came through saff through a shower of shot and shell... I reckon that I could hear a 1000 whistle at a time and bums bursting all... round and over us."

At the line of rifle pits, the Army of the Cumberland's soldiers came under a heavy volume of fire from Missionary Ridge; it became obvious to these veterans that they could not remain in the captured entrenchments. "So, in every mind there arose one thought: get out of the rifle pits immediately... a continued advance to the base of the ridge... seemed the only alternative to slaughter." Slowly, the soldiers began inching their way up the ridge.

The first Federal breakthrough came at an intentional gap left in the Confederate line which General Alexander Reynolds's North Carolinians and Virginians, were to fill. These regiments, however, instead of taking their proper place in line between Anderson's Division and Brigadier Colonel Robert Tyler's Brigade of Bate's Division, fell back from the base through Finley's troops atop the ridge. General Thomas Wood's Yankees soon climbed the ridge, quickly exploited the breach, and forced back Colonel William F. Tucker's Mississippi Brigade. Correspondent "P.W.A." informed his readers that "the enemy was not slow in availing himself of the great advantages of his new position. In a few minutes he turned upon our flanks and poured into them a terrible enfilading fire, which soon threw the Confederates on his right and left into confusion." General Finley, writing a month after the battle, agreed: "the left centre (Hindman's Division) composed of veteran troops of tried courage, gave way in the most inexplicable manner... almost without resistance." Turning south the Federals, joined now by more of their comrades who had successfully scaled the ridge, proceeded to capture a Washington Artillery section of two cannon and began firing into Tyler's flank.

Colonel Robert Tyler's Brigade collapsed next, under an intense barrage of small arms and close-range artillery fire originating from the cannons seized by the Federals. Next in line to the south were Jesse Finley and his Floridians, holding on perilously in their thin line. A cannoneer of Havis's Battery, which the Floridians supported, claimed that the Floridians stood "only one man every eight feet apart" atop the ridge. Washington Ives seconded this account, claiming that Finley's "line amounted to nothing more than a skirmish line at some points..." Due to the poor layout of the fortifications atop the crest, soldiers there could not defend their position effectively once the Federals reached the foot of the ridge. To counter this defect, Bate advanced his firing line "to the verge of the ridge" in order to pour volleys down on the Yankees. Young Charlie Hemming wrote that "when the order came to fire, it seemed to us that hundreds fell, and at first their line wavered, but brave officers held them to their work and, cheering wildly they came at us again." Bate certainly performed well on that November 25. He recognized early in the fight that because of Missionary Ridge's contours and the volume of smoke, the Federals might approach the crest undetected. To counter this threat, General Bate dispatched skirmishers down the slope to provide advanced warning."

General Bate's Division atop the ridge held firm during the first hour of the assault. Only after 5:00 P.M., with the Federal breakthrough on their right flank did the line waver. As Tyler's men crumbled, Bate despaired that, because of a renewed attack on his front, he could not spare any of his troops to protect his right flank. He soon discovered that the only soldiers available to stem the advancing Yankee tide were the 60th North Carolina, the regiment that had earned the ire of the 4th Florida at Murfreesboro. An overwhelming number of Yankees soon forced the 60th North Carolina to retreat. Samuel Pasco was quick to point out that the withdrawal of his own brigade as caused by the retreat "of the Brigade to our right."

At this vital time, General Bragg and his staff rode up to the faltering line and "sprang to the front of the Florida Brigade, reckless of the terrible fire the enemy was pouring upon us, and cap in hand, endeavored to rally the men beseeching them to hold their ground, if not for his sake, for God and their country." The commanding general shook hands with color bearer Charlie Ulmer before riding to another threatened point in the line. Not long after his encounter with Bragg, Ulmer was killed and Archie Livingston saved the 1st and 3rd Florida's battle flag and bore it from the field. Bragg's words rejuvenated their spirits and the line was soon restored. The left finally collapsed when the Federals forced a foothold in A.P. Stewart's line and reached the ridge's crest. According to artillerist William Ralston Talley, the Federals who "turned down our line" and also those that turned north from "Bragg's HQ... had the Fla brigade and our battery between three fires and we were ordered to retreat and we got." Charlie Hemming corroborates this as he claimed that as he turned away from the trenches, "from seventy-five to a hundred men of the Union army, just climbing the crest of the hill, were to my right, not over twenty or thirty feet away."

Robert Watson, whose blanket received twenty-three holes while he was scaling the ridge, recalled the Floridians contested their position "until the enemy were on the top and had their flags on our breastworks." Watson wrote "we retreated down the hill under a shower of lead leaving many a noble son of the South dead and wounded on the ground and many more shared the same fate on the retreat. We retreated in great confusion, men from different companies all mixed together." Samuel Pasco decided the time had come to flee "when I saw half a dozen flags across the breastworks." Pasco had not gotten far when a ball passed through his left calf which hobbled the Englishman; he collapsed after trying to mount a stray mule. Charlie Hemming, "running faster than a young deer before the hounds," came across the wounded Pasco who "cried out 'Charlie, don't leave me!" Hemming, unwilling to play Good Samaritan, never broke his stride and instead yelled as he passed: "It's no time to stop now..." Nevertheless, Hemming soon joined Pasco as a prisoner-of-war.

Many of the men who escaped from the southern end of the ridge soon rallied just to the east, where Bate quickly forged together a line to prevent further pursuit of Bragg's defeated force. The divisional commander put General Finley in command of this delaying force and then pulled the 6th Florida further east in order to form a reserve and second rallying point. Finley's line held until late that evening when General Breckinridge arrived and ordered the troops to withdraw. This final retreat ended at Dalton, Georgia, more than thirty miles to the southeast. There, Braxton Bragg's tenure with the Army of Tennessee ended at his own request, and as he departed on December 2, one of the brass bands that serenaded the disgraced commander belonged to the 4th Florida.