

CHAPTER XII

Longstreet in Knoxville

I myself divided my time between my offices in Atlanta and my cheerfully self-assumed duties in the camps and hospitals. These latter had now become better arranged and systematised. Once or twice in every week I went down the road looking after the sick and wounded. At Atlanta we put on foot a subscription paper to procure such supplies of clothing, subsistence, medicines, etc., as could not be found in or near the camps. This application was responded to promptly and liberally by the Atlanta people themselves and by the munificent bounty of the patriotic and wealthy now concentrated in and around that metropolis of the up-country of Georgia. One of these was William Lenoir of Lenoir, Tennessee. He gave us \$1,000. We had committees and subcommittees of relief. Of these I and Dr. B. R. Strong were chiefs and no two men in the South were more faithful or indefatigable. I accidentally preserved . . . the certificate of our appointment, signed John W. Duncan, Esquire, and dated November 19, 1863. With this in my pocket I went everywhere and was everywhere recognized and respected. If I could only have heard from my dear family at Knoxville the time thus spent in kindnesses to the suffering soldiers would have been the happiest of my life.

On one of these excursions I was at Marietta. We established a hospital there. Sitting up at night and receiving from the ambulances the wounded as they were sent in from the battle of _____ I found Governor Neill S. Brown in attendance. I had to use him as assistant surgeon. The functions of this new position he discharged well and skillfully. Next morning, I met Mr. Bruce Deery, formerly of Sullivan County. He informed me that my residence and out buildings at Mecklenburg had been robbed and burned by the enemy under Burnside. I thought little of the loss of property. But the apprehension that my library, my manuscripts, my unpublished second volume of the *History of Tennessee*, my correspondence, my museum etc. were also taken or burned did give me a bitter pang—none could be more bitter. Property I could replace or live without it. But

this loss was irreparable. None but myself could fully appreciate and realize it. But still I received from all friends the sincerest and heartfelt sympathy and condolence. When I met them they alluded to it with the utmost delicacy and respect to my feelings. One of them, Mr. William Lenoir, came right up to me and seeing me without a watch, pulled off his own and hung it around my neck and insisted that I should take and wear it. I did so. He is a frugal and economical gentleman but he gives like a prince. I have since learned that William Lenoir and brothers suffered from similar atrocities during the war more than \$100,000.

As early as December 27, 1862 I had applied for and received from General Kirby Smith a ticket of transportation at large. This I always carried with me and it is strange that, exposed as it was to use, exposure and accident that it is still here and preserved so well. It was an *introduction* to me everywhere, at all times, among friends or in the midst of strangers. It is marked for this page.¹ Such relics and antiquities of our first Rebellion were once valued and sought for by the historian and the curious all over our country. Our Southern people and their successors will regard with no less veneration, those of the Rebellion of 1860-61.

It had been intimated to me from a rather official source that General Buckner's favorite idea of getting the enemy into his trap at Knoxville and of thus capturing the invaders, was not the puerility I had conceived it to be as represented on another page and as pronounced by me to that general

1

H'D. Q'RS. DEP'T. EAST TENN.

Knoxville, Decr. 27th 1862

All officers and guards will permit Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey to pass in this Department—or beyond it especially between Knoxville and Atlanta, Ga.

By Comm'd. of

Lt.-Gen. E. Kirby Smith,

H. L. Clay,

A. O. G.

Transportation furnished in Kind from Atlanta Ga to Charleston Tenn., and return. Sept. 3, 1863.

Jno. Trizzell

Cap't and A Q M

Transportation furnished in Kind from Abingdon Va to Knoxville Tenn June 22d. 1863

Wm Rodefer

A. Q. M. T. A. C. S.

T_____ furnished in Kind to Chickamauga and Return

Jno. Trizzell

A. Q. M.

Approved

Brig Genl. Davis, Comdg Post

Jno. B. Major

A. D. G.

himself. It was understood that the enemy around Chattanooga were going into winter quarters and that after ravaging the fine country from Knoxville to the Hiwassee, the Federal forces that invaded East Tennessee under Burnside had called in their detachments and were concentrating them at Philadelphia, Loudon, Lenoir's and Knoxville. Mixing a good deal with army officers and more frequently with the common soldiery, I ascertained that the sentiment was universally in favor of the enterprise and I left Atlanta so as to go to the extremest eastern encampment, then Cleveland. Here I met General Vaughn and two colonels (names not recollected). I had engineered the whole country and was familiar with every route leading to the enemy's camp and was able therefore to assist the military in forming plans for the future. One was to avoid Athens, cross Tennessee at Tamottlee ford not far from McGhee's Ferry, pursue the Nobb road in Blount and Sevier and get to the Confederate camp east of Knoxville wherever that might be and then act according to circumstances. I knew the whole route and proposed to General Vaughn to be his pilot. Another more feasible plan was to surprise the enemy, then understood to be in some force at Philadelphia under _____.

We had repaired the railroad as far as the Hiwassee River and our lines reached that stream at several points. The cars had not yet gone that far. But scouts reported the west side of the river as free from a Federal soldier but that the Unionists were lurking around all through the country. I wished to go on the first car to reoccupy the country and reach Charleston. I did so. A small guard attended the train. We moved cautiously and slowly. Soon after starting I heard a colored man aboard tell another that he was trying to get to Knoxville and was this far on his way there. I took the opportunity of writing on the cars a note to my wife, being careful to say nothing more than I should. I beckoned to the Negro to come to my seat. I found him to be a brickmason who knew me. He said he had worked at Lenoir's steam furnace. I asked him to carry my note and leave it at Lenoir's. The honest fellow seemed to understand his duties and promised me to execute them faithfully. My wife told me a few weeks afterwards that the letter in pencil was skillfully delivered to herself and that the bearer to whom I had intrusted it told her he had seen me in person and had left me at Charleston. The first and only intelligence she had received from me or our sons after I left home. The cars returned immediately to Cleveland. General Vaughn had the day before gone down from Cleveland to a military council below and reported progress. It was un-

satisfactory, at least to one like myself uninitiated. There was too much of West Point in it. Too much delay. Sevier, Jackson, Vaughn—any selfmade commander—would have *struck* two or three weeks sooner than Bragg's order to Longstreet indicated his "on to Knoxville."

I returned to Atlanta and resumed other duties: spending part of my time at Dalton and intermediate points.

In the meantime the projected campaign began to assume shape and proportions and General Carter L. Stevenson (I believe) came forward with some forces. I had been several times as far as Sweetwater and was there when the successful dash was made at Philadelphia. But an order came recalling Stevenson (if it was he) and investing General James Longstreet with the command. The troops were ordered back from Sweetwater and other regiments and brigades substituted in their place. This caused a delay of another two weeks. It was fatal. We never recovered from it. Stevenson, if he had gone on as at first arranged, would have recaptured Knoxville and possibly have saved the Confederacy. Though I considered it lost from the permission of Buckner to give up East Tennessee.

After the rear of Longstreet had passed Loudon most of the refugees from Knoxville followed more leisurely. At Cleveland I first heard of the return of Wheeler's cavalry and of the probability of his passing through that place. My son Robert, his chief scout, rode up to the depot, and I there first learned where he had been the last month or two. I had left him at the burnt bridge in Georgia, heard of his crossing at Kelly's Ferry with Wheeler but got no intelligence of him till this interview. He still had his boy Wesley with him. Robert went on hastily to join Longstreet and left us refugees at Cleveland waiting the next train to take us to Loudon. The cars reached that place at sundown and could go no further. The bridge there had been burned, and the pontoons there had been removed or destroyed. My ladies were six miles across the river at Lenoir's. I procured a horse, got my passports from General Vaughn, post commander, to pass to Lenoir's by way of the ferry. The ferry man told me that Colonel Robert K. Byrd's cavalry had been in that neighborhood that day. I really hesitated what to do. Colonel Stanfield was the only one with me and we both concluded that it might be worse tomorrow, and therefore we went on. A little out of Loudon we began to notice, although it was dark, the villas of encampments on each side of the road now deserted by the Yankees. We met or saw but one man and he on horseback. He did not speak

nor did we. Arrived at Lenoir's late at night I walked quietly in. I rapped at the parlor door quietly. I heard our daughter, Sue, exclaim, "La! that is Pa. I know the way he knocks." Everything around the house was quiet as death. The morning of the preceeding day the enemy had been driven from their large encampment at Lenoir's and had hastily and in great disorder fallen back on Knoxville hotly pursued by the Confederates—my sons and Judge Reynolds among the number. These three, with their Enfields and their revolvers, had passed their comrades in the pursuit and taking an advantageous position at a favorable point near Campbell's Station, fired deliberately upon the retreating foe and captured several batteries and wagons laden with military stores and supplies. As I went up a few days after I could still see evidences of the panic which had hastened the precipitate flight of the enemy. The pursuit was continued till the invaders found protection behind their fortifications in Knoxville.²

I was in error when I said on page 124 that I bade farewell to my son Crozier at Atlanta and that he went from there round to Bristol. That had been our intention. But at Augusta where Dr. Strong, my cashier, was then staying with his sister, Mrs. T. W. Fleming, of that city he heard by telegraph that the "on to Knoxville march to Knoxville" had begun, he and Dr. Strong came on after me and joined us at Loudon. Procuring a cavalry horse at that place from General Vaughn, now commander of the post there, I went up towards Knoxville. At Lenoir's, as it was now late in November and the weather was becoming cold, I replenished as best I could my wardrobe, borrowing an antique overcoat. Tying my hand valise to one end of a rope halter and a carpetsack to the other I flung them across my saddle, bade my family a long adieu, and mounted.

What was best to do with my dear little Arthur we could not determine. His brothers were all in the Confederate army. He was not yet seventeen but he had an irrepressible desire to join them and share their fate. And yet it was hard for one so affectionate and devoted to his mother and sisters to leave them and go into our camps. As I left the house I saw him walking up on the railroad alone. I knew the conflict that was going on in his manly bosom between inclination and duty. His step was elastic and he bore himself like a soldier and a patriot as he was. His mother and sisters never saw him afterwards. I passed him again on the railroad track—I deflected from it on the dirt road.

² The account of the evacuation of Mecklenburg and the migrations of his family, which Dr. Ramsey gave here, has been placed at the beginning of the following chapter.

At Campbell's Station the house was pointed out to me in a field where the enemy's sharpshooters had made an obstinate resistance and which they held until the small party before mentioned; viz., Honorable R. B. Reynolds, Robert and Alexander Ramsey, by their accurate and incessant fire succeeded in driving them out. They found in it and captured thirty guns loaded and in good condition for use. The pursuit of the routed enemy was quickened. At Loveville they tried to make another stand but our sharpshooters coming up, their battery was soon unmanned and they hastened to get behind their entrenchments around Knoxville. It is the universal opinion, not only of the assailants but of those who were in town when the retreating foe, now panic-stricken and defeated, arrived in it, that if the pursuit had been vigorously followed up Knoxville would have fallen without a siege. I have since conversed with some of the besieged who assured me that while the Federal troops were entering town the conviction was general that if the Confederates made an assault that night resistance would be hopeless. Next morning, the army of Longstreet delayed so long in their encampment at Loveville that time was thus given to make preparation for defense. Had Andrew Jackson led our army it would not have suspended pursuit, but would have assaulted and entered the town before it halted. Indeed, the capital error of this commander was his tardiness—the fault of fat men generally, and especially of the phlegmatic and apathetic. He lost two weeks nearly when he was substituted for Stevenson (I am not certain now of his name, tho I was present at Sweetwater when the order for the fatal substitution was received).³ Then he was too slow again in crossing at Loudon, too slow when he camped at Browder's, and when the sentinels of the two armies were almost in contact he should have continued his march a mile or two further and struck their encampment at Lenoir's where the enemy were allowed to decamp the whole night. Jackson would have at least ascertained that they were breaking up camp—if he had not sent a large detachment around by the old Kingston road and intercepted the retreating foe at Campbell's Station and thus having them between two fires, two Confederate forces, captured them before reaching Knoxville. Longstreet should not have camped at Loveville. He should have made one day's work of it and gone into Knoxville before he paused an hour. It

³ Dr. Ramsey's memory was correct. Major General Carter L. Stevenson engaged in movements and skirmishes near Sweetwater, October 17-27, 1863. He reported to Longstreet November 12, 1862. *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies in the War of the Rebellion*, series 1, vol. 31, part 1, pp. 6-8.

is *well known* that the enemy expected his attack the same night and they have since admitted that if the assault had been then made it would have been necessarily successful.

Late at night of the same day I had left Lenoir's (and gone down to Loudon and returned by the former place), I reached General Longstreet's headquarters—the house of Judge R. B. Reynolds. I sought an interview with him. His aides were in a room downstairs. One of them enquired from me something about the surrounding localities, and especially *above* Knoxville. I was a stranger to all the gentlemen present, but believe my interrogator was Major J. W. Fairfax of General Longstreet's staff. I told them who I was, where I had lived forty years, that I had been in every house within fifteen miles of my office. He then brought out a map or diagram of the adjoining country. On this map French Broad River was not laid down at all and something was said about having cut off the enemy's supplies by placing a cavalry force between Knoxville and the fertile grounds upon Little River, and that they would thus be able to starve the Knoxville garrison into a surrender. I took the map and laying it on the table, expatiated at some length on its inaccuracies and especially its omissions, and with my pencil delineated the French Broad and its tributaries Chucky, the Pigeons, etc., mentioned the vast resources of subsistence, corn, meat, etc., for sixty miles above town. On inquiring whether there had been any forces placed at its mouth, my own residence, so as to control these supplies reaching the enemy, what was my surprise to hear that his forces did not reach beyond the north bank of the Holston and that the channel of the French Broad had all the time been open and unobstructed and accessible to the crafts and boats and supply trains of the enemy in town or their allies and friends above. One of the aides carried the map with my additions and corrections immediately upstairs to the commander-in-chief. While this aide was gone I was further questioned about supplies coming out of the French Broad: Would they be sufficient to keep the enemy from starving, etc., etc.? I replied that five days of open water communication would be sufficient to throw into Knoxville supplies for six months. After a few minutes Major Fairfax returned to the room and said the general wished to see me at his room and conducted me up. I repeated to him all I had said to his aides below stairs, and, with some confident emphasis: "If you wished or intended to cut off the enemy's supplies a cannon loaded with grapeshot and a few sharpshooters placed on the bluff above the fork of the rivers near my

old residence would prevent a bushel of corn from coming into Knoxville." With these and similar remarks I left him.

Next day the camp was in motion. It was rumored all day that the policy of starving out the enemy was abandoned and a falling back in the direction of Virginia was about to take its place. I met the general during the day once or twice and that night remained still at his headquarters in Reynolds' house. After I had gone to bed someone tapped at my door. I knew the voice to be that of my son Robert. I had seen him and his three other brothers all day in camp and could not conjecture the cause of his thus coming to me at night. Ascertaining that there was no one in the room but me, he replied almost in a whisper to the inquiry; "What has brought you here at midnight?" that General Longstreet had sent a courier to his camp four miles off at Crawford's with a command for him to appear at once at his headquarters. That he had done so. That his mule and horse were now being shod at the army blacksmith shop near by, that his duty required him to reach Clinch River before day, that he had procured a Yankee army coat and—I guessed the rest. I said, "Robert, it is a most dangerous but a most important service you have undertaken. Have you money enough? Here, take my pocketbook and take out what you wish." The room was perfectly dark. He stirred up the coals, took out as much money as he desired, returned the pocketbook to me in bed, bade me adieu, and left the room. Next morning I met Colonel Stanfield, a pilot and pro tem. aide of General Longstreet. He told me that General Longstreet had asked him to find and send to his headquarters the best man in the army for a secret but very dangerous service. That he had selected my son for that purpose and that I might not see Captain Ramsey for several days. Perhaps never, thought I. During the day I joined General Longstreet on horseback and mentioned to him the dangerous mission he had assigned to Robert my son. He said "I am pleased that he told it to you. But I have every confidence in his success. Wheeler said to me I could not have found a better man." During our further ride he said to me, "I wish to send to Bristol Gap one of my staff who is slightly wounded though convalescent today. I will send him in an ambulance with a guard. Major Wallace and some of his subs will accompany him though there is no surgeon with the company, and I hope you can go along. They are along somewhere behind." I had ascertained already that the siege was raised and the besieging army was already in motion for Virginia, and all hopes of retaking Knoxville were doomed

to be disappointed. I therefore assented at once to this opportune method of returning via Bristol to my offices and hospitals at Atlanta. I saw my son Alexander, and told him to communicate to his mother at Lenoir's this plan, and rode on past Colonel Scott's old place till we were out of reach of the enemy's shells and waited there till Captain _____'s ambulance and the guard overtook us. That night we stopped at Roseberry's Creek at McMillan's. He had been an old patron of mine—only six miles from my old home. He sympathized very sincerely in the loss of my property and the separation from my family and he added that he knew everybody wished me well and hoped for my speedy return to my old practice. I felt though deeply anxious and uneasy about Robert and his youngest brother Arthur. I knew the youth and inexperience of the latter and the reckless intrepidity of the former. Everyone in camp had a new exploit of his to narrate to me—one of which only will I here mention. During the siege he took a few of Wheeler's men, crossed the Holston through Lyons Island, went through the country to the Maryville road, overtook a supply train with a heavy cavalry guard, captured and dispersed the whole of them, and pursued the frightened guard till in sight of town. Near Dr. Rogers' he lost his favorite charger but captured if possible a better one, and returned the same evening to camp.

Leaving McMillan's early next morning some of us reached Mrs. Shannon's that night, the others of the company staying at another house. Mrs. Shannon was a loyal Southern lady and drew a strong contrast between the Confederate and the Federal troops. The next night we lodged at _____ and crossing Lick Creek at Guthries' old bridge reached Greeneville at three P.M. It was the Sabbath and wore the stillness and silence of death. As we rode through the streets Colonel Arnold came riding by in a gallop. Some bushwhackers had that morning killed some Confederates and he was hastening in pursuit of them. Our guard primed anew and we went on to Henderson's Mill where some days before there had been a battle between General John S. Williams, our commander, and Colonel John W. Foster of the Federal army.⁴ In this engagement as usual the enemy's forces vastly outnumbered ours. McKnitt, my son, acted on this occasion with the infantry. Being overpowered after a gallant fight in which the enemy was several times beaten back, our foot was likely

⁴ The engagement at Henderson's Mill was on October 11, 1863. See *Official Records*, series 1, vol. 30, part 2, pp. 590, 641. Dr. Ramsey left blank spaces for the names of the opposing commanders.

to be captured in the streets of Greeneville, McKnitt, observing a comrade passing him rapidly, asked him to take him up behind him on his horse. He refused to do so. McKnitt turned abruptly down a cross street accidentally—rather providentially—came near to another Confederate escaping on his horse from the unequal combat who took him on his horse and both made their escape. It was afterwards known that the first one who had refused to lend McKnitt his assistance in this hour of extreme necessity was himself captured.

The retreat was continued orderly and with skill to Henderson's Mill. There a stand was made and one of the most gallant affairs of the war took place. I walked over the battleground with Mr. Henderson who witnessed the whole of it from his house and gave me many of its details: three of my sons participated in it. They had been known to him when students at Tusculum and he seemed to be really proud of the achievements of the Knoxville boys. While at this place Reverend John Doak came in and sat an hour or two. He had been hunted all over the country like a wolf—had been in this fight—showed the pluck of the Old Covenanters of Scotland—and having no peace or security at home he sought safety in the army and could find it only there. The Union sentiment was nowhere more acrimonious or intolerant than in some parts of Greene County.

Our caravan went the next night to Caruther's in Washington County. We heard of the lawlessness of the bushwhackers near our route but were not molested. The next night we reached Bristol. I turned over the horse I had received from General Vaughn at Loudon to the Confederate States quartermaster at Bristol and took his receipt for it.

I left Colonel _____ nearly well at Bristol. The same night I took the train for Atlanta. I was, however, so fatigued that when I got to Liberty, Virginia, I could go no further. I had been on horseback incessantly and continuously from Loudon to Bristol that I chose to spend a day with my wife's brother Colonel J. H. Crozier, Colonel Sneed and their families and other refugees there from Knoxville. Much refreshed by one day's rest—the first I had of *real* rest since leaving Atlanta—I took the next day's train for that place. Arrived there I found all right as to my offices. The enemy had, however, been steadily but slowly advancing into Georgia. Frequent skirmishes, almost battles in some instances, took place daily. Our hospitals were constantly being replenished by new *recruits* from the armies below. I resumed my old routine professional duties in

the camps and the hospitals. East Tennessee wounded soldiers that heard of me in Atlanta preferred to be near me. Captain William L. Scott, my nephew from Memphis, and two of the Humes thus came to Atlanta. I got them private boarding and furnished them other facilities. If a soldier from Tennessee died I attended him to his grave, dropped a tear to his memory and for his absent friends at home. I wrote his obituary. If one recovered or escaped death, or achieved a heroic act, it was communicated to Sperry's paper so as thus by accident to reach the anxious mother at home. A roommate of ours was paid to act the part of a *deserter*, go into his old neighborhood, deliver some letters to our friends, learn their whereabouts and their condition, desert again and join us bringing us the latest news. He made the trip successfully. Another attempted the same experiment, was captured and his letters exposed. He had none of mine.

General Ramsey had fallen back with Longstreet to Bristol. The Confederate treasury issues had been counterfeited. A law was passed to have all the issues of a certain description and denomination funded in eight per cent Confederate bonds. The depository was authorized in cases where there were no bonds on hand, to give certificates to the holders of these issues which should entitle the owner of the certificates to bonds in the future. The army and the people in East Tennessee had no depository who could afford this facility. These all came to my son Crozier and requested him to write to Mr. Memminger, the secretary of the treasury, and to me also to come to Bristol and open my office there or lower down—Jonesboro or Greeneville if practicable. Mr. Memminger replied that the season was exceedingly inclement, that I was too old for such a service, but that he would telegraph to me at Atlanta the public wants and wishes on the matter but would leave it entirely to my own preference whether to go to Tennessee or remain at Atlanta. He wrote this to me, but rather dissuaded me from the undertaking. I had this same duty to perform daily in my office. But Mr. T. A. Cleage, my faithful and obliging assistant, at my request agreed to perform all the duties of my office during my absence to Tennessee. I telegraphed to my son Crozier to inform General Anderson and others who had requested this service that I would start that day from Atlanta and reach Jonesboro as soon as steam could carry me there. When the train reached Bristol at night, I found McKnitt sick and in bed, and he told me that his brothers were all below at Jonesboro. I went down next morning to Jonesboro where Crozier, Al-

exander, Robert and Arthur were all waiting my arrival. An office had been procured for my use. I entered it, received thousands of dollars of Confederate States issues, signed and delivered the necessary certificates and was getting properly in gear when the advance of Longstreet's army entered town and were falling back towards Virginia. This put a stop to further funding there at Jonesboro. My sons put my papers and money hastily back into my trunk, went with me to the car, carrying my trunk for me and threw it upon the platform, assisted me onto it just as the last whistle gave notice to start. My poor little Arthur had sat near me all the time I was in Jonesboro—contributed in every way he could to my comfort. Their rations were scanty and poor but he divided with me. He had determined to join a new company then being formed by Captain A. L. Gammon of Jonesboro made up of the younger sons of the first gentlemen, the elite of the country. I had at no time advised him to do so but I could not but commend his chivalrous patriotism. I put some money into his hands, bade him farewell expressing the hope that I would meet him in a few days in Bristol where I intended again to open my office. Vain hope—illusive dream—blasted expectation! I never saw him afterwards!

I reached Bristol after dark. I had a trunk full of uncanceled Confederate issues. The night was dark. Some acquaintance assisted me in carrying my trunk to my son's sickroom. I passed through crowds of strangers. I found McKnitt better but still in bed. I whispered in his ear to keep his eye upon the trunk I had put under his bed while I should go to Colonel Anderson's, an old friend not far off. Captain Kain went with me, and made my case known. He was commander of the post. He told Colonel Anderson I would need a secure office tomorrow, a bedroom and a plate at his table, that I was a Confederate States depositary and that the public service required all these facilities—nothing more, nothing less. Colonel Anderson replied his house was already overcrowded as were all in town with guests but that he would do everything he could. I returned to McKnitt's room, slept there that night. He was still better next morning. I got him detailed to assist me in my office. After breakfast I moved my trunk to Colonel Anderson's store. He had sold out. He had a good desk, good stationery, kept a good table, had a kind family. I had a good bed and was already well prepared for funding and issuing certificates. The soldiers and others would have overpowered me with official duties but Crozier and McKnitt assisted me through the day

and Colonel Anderson himself at night. Thus usefully employed I might have been happy. But the recollection of the condition of the family at Lenoir's, of my sons in the army—and especially of our Benjamin, not yet 18—these made me often uneasy. Alexander and Arthur had not yet joined me at Bristol. I heard the reason afterwards and was proud of it.

One morning, Robert, whom I had not seen since he left my room at General Longstreet's headquarters and entered upon the hazardous duty assigned him by that officer, rode up to my office door and inquired for me. He had not time then to give me the details of his adventure towards Kentucky. He was with his company then on another scout. He looked well and defiant, had another fine horse and well equipped. He spoke with me a few minutes. I asked him to take care of Arthur.

After cancelling the large amount of money I had received at Jonesboro and at Bristol and had forwarded it to Richmond I took the train and again returned to Atlanta. I could barely reach that place after such fatigue, labor and exposure as I had undergone. I was perfectly prostrated in body and mind. But unwilling that any rumor even should be circulated of my illness and thus reach any of my family, I went down every day to my office and to the principal hotels so as to appear to be well. But I really passed through a lingering attack of typhoid fever. Dr. O'Keiff occasionally called to see me and I sometimes went with him to the hospitals when really unable to perform that service. An excursion to Stone Mountain, a picnic, etc., etc., was gotten up and by the kindness of R. M. Lowry and Mrs. Markam I was invited to go along. I did so and from that time I began to improve and "Richard was himself again."

I boarded near to and often attended public service at the First Presbyterian Church in Atlanta. I became, soon after arriving there in September '63, acquainted with its pastor, Reverend Dr. Wilson. Nearly all of the Tennessee refugees attended his church and through the politeness of the Messrs. Inman a number of pews were set apart for our occupancy.⁵

⁵ On a loose page in his manuscript Autobiography, Dr. Ramsey inserted the following account:

Tutor ne ultra cupidam

Thursday September 3, 1863

McLaughlin, the boss of the Confederate States shoe shop at Knoxville in charge of thirty of his hands, refugees that were escaping from the Yankees, found his cars left at Sweetwater unattached to any engine and that their cargoes, work-hands, cars and all would fall into the hands and be captured by the enemy. Captain Seidmore suggested that instead of steam, the agency of the muscles of his stalwart men be employed so as to avoid capture. The names of these men I wish to preserve as worthy of historical mention. They follow: From Alabama, S. C. Anderson, Jack Harlington, John Hilderson and _____ Bishop. From Georgia, Charles Gray, James White, J. W. Prince, Jarvis Ethridge, W. W. Burgett, W. R.

General Austell of the Bank of Fulton offered me his counting room vault and safe. These were a great convenience to my Depository business.

Thomas, U. J. Bush, S. H. Taylor, John Price, William Dunnington, Stonewall Jackson, William Walls and R. H. Tucker. From Tennessee, James Derberry, C. A. Mitchell and _____ Page. From Kentucky, _____ Myers. From Florida, Pynem Allen, Moses Buchanan, and John Benguard. From North Carolina, R. H. Holland, D. M. Morrison, Fuller Norton, A. J. Yonce, Wilbern Swift, C. S. Nichols, and from Virginia, D. D. Burnett. At Sweetwater and all along the railroad the citizens hollowed out that the enemy were upon them and urged them to obey the discretionary order to burn cargoes and cars which were now twenty miles within the enemy's lines. The first day they came to Facility (General Reagan's). At this time Byrd's command was within two miles of them. Second day to Athens. Third met an engine, which soon extricated the sons of St. Crispin from the dilemma in which they were placed. I saw them afterwards in Atlanta with a good shop. They had pulled and pushed the cars in all twenty-two miles. It was a daring exploit, heroically performed.