FORREST DEFEATED.

GENERAL A. J. SMITH'S VICTORY AT TUPELO IN 1864.

General Forrest Was Defending His Own Territory — Smith Outgeneraled the "Wizard of the Saddle"—Forrest Saw Double—Was Soundly Whipped.

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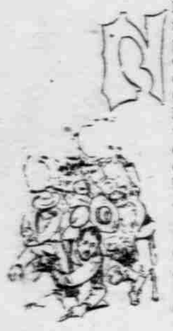

EXT to knowing that he is whipped, a good general should candidly admit it General N B Forrest, the noted western Confederate leader, was defeated at the battle of Tupelo, Miss., on July 14, 1864, by the Federals under General Andrew Jackson Smith. It was a good, sound thrashing that the "wizard of the saddle" received that day, and the battle doesn't figure to any extent in the stories of Forrest's career as told by his admirers. The biographer and eulogist of Forrest, writing in the guise of a historian of the campaigns of Forrest's cavalry corps, admits that Forrest got the worst of it, but tries to gloss it over by saying that the Federals refused to come out from behind their fortifications and fight in the open. The term fortifications is made the most of in Forrest's official report of the battle.

Smith's men had no fortifications. They had an excellent position on a knoll almost clear of trees. Forrest's men had the cover of timber behind which to form lines of attack. A portion of Smith's line found some shelter behind a fence, and in other places there were bushes and tall, standing corn to shield his men. A little imagination makes any screen hiding a man with a musket formidable. It may be only a sheet, but if the man behind the musket is a good one he can make himself a terror to the fellow who has to come up in front of his shooting iron and return his shots at random.

Smith's victory at Tupelo was a stunning blow to Forrest in more ways than one. A month before that Forrest had defeated General Sturgis' command in the same region of country. Smith started out from Memphis to invade what was known as Forrest's country. He expected to reckon with Forrest, who during his march through northern Mississippi hung upon his flank with every chance to compel Smith to fight in open battle. Forrest's tactics, as expressed by himself, were to get "the bulge" on his enemy. Smith was too quick for him. He flanked Forrest and got into a good position, compelling Forrest to attack him. That was all there was to it. Forrest's men were fighting on their own soil.

But the usual dash with which Forrest's men attacked and which he himself always encouraged amounted to rashness in front of Smith's line. Forrest himself described it as rashness. That was because it didn't succeed.

Forrest's artillery was handled with the usual accuracy, but it was fairly matched by Smith's batteries. The Kentucky brigade, led by Colonel Faulkner, charged the batteries, fighting on foot, as did Forrest's entire command, that day. After checking the Kentuckians Smith's men charged them and drove them back with great slaughter. Faulkner was killed. Forrest appeared upon the scene, seized the colors and appealed to the men to rally, but it was useless. They had to be withdrawn from the field. Forrest changed his mind about attacking those batteries and called off another brigade, which he had ordered in to support the Kentuckians. In almost every line of Forrest's report of the battle are found the terms "furious cannonade," "terrific fire of small arms," "unprofitable slaughter." In the face of all this his men were "compelled to fall back" and even to "retreat."

It was a fair stand up fight. Forrest was not used to that sort of battle. His biographer said he found it impossible to entice his enemy from cover or to assume the offensive. In other words, his enemy would not do what he wanted him to—play into his hands, as the enemy so often had done.

The Confederate historian of the battle also writes of "scorching fire" and "terrific torrent of fire" poured upon the Confederates by Smith's soldiers. In one of Forrest's brigades four field officers were killed and six wounded. Whole batteries were destroyed.

General Mower's division of Federals received the brunt of the Confederate attack. As viewed through Federal eyes, the performance of Forrest's men was just what might have been expected under the circumstances. They were not trained to fight real battles. General Smith's description suggests the fighting of a mob rather than of an army, although valor was not wanting in individuals. His straightforward story flatly contradicts the Confederates. He says:

> On the morning of the 14th the battle opened by the enemy attempting to secure a commanding position on our left. Advancing the Third brigade of the Third division into line with the remainder of the division and throwing out the brigade of colored troops on the left of the Third, but facing nearly to its left flank, we easily drove the enemy from the hill and retained possession of it during the entire battle. At about 7:30 the enemy advanced in line upon the right of the Third division, near the Pontotoc road. They drove in our skirmishers and were allowed to come to within about 100 yards of the main line, which was the First brigade of the Third division at this point, when they rose and delivered one volley at short range and then charged with the bayonet, driving the enemy, with heavy loss, from the field, killing more even as they were running than they did in the first volley. Here General Faulkner of Kentucky was killed. Passing toward our right, they rallied at the edge of the timber and were re-enforced and supported by their whole available force and once more returned to the attack, which this time was made on the First division, Brigadier General Mower commanding. The enemy started from the edge of the timber in three lines, at the same time opening with about seven pieces of artillery. At first their lines could be distinguished separately, but as they advanced they lost all semblance of lines, and the attack resembled a mob of huge magnitude. There was no skirmish line or main line or reserve, but it seemed to be a foot race to see who should reach us first. They were allowed to approach, yelling and howling like Comanches, to within canister range, when the batteries of the First division opened upon them. Their charge was evidently made with the intention to capture our batteries and was gallantly made, but without order, organization or skill. They would come forward and fall back, rally and forward again, with the like result. Their determination may be seen from the fact that their dead were found within 30 yards of our batteries. After about two hours' fighting in this manner General Mower, losing all hope of their attempting any closer quarters, advanced his line about a quarter of a mile, driving the enemy before him from the field and covering their dead and wounded. Two hundred and seventy of their dead were counted on the field immediately in his front.

General Mower says that he used up the Confederates by directing his men to hold their fire until the enemy was close up. He then opened with shell, cannon and musketry. When he saw that Forrest's men would no longer come and take their punishment, he ordered one of his brigades to charge them. The charge was carried home, but the Confederates showed no disposition to keep up the battle in open ground.

On Mower's front the battle lasted two hours and a half. It was a musketry fighter the greater part of the time. Bullets, not breastworks, downed the enemy. Mower's soldiers fired on an average 100 rounds of ammunition per man. When one regiment had exhausted its ammunition, another took its place and was in turn relieved by a regiment with full cartridge boxes.

The Confederates made use of every argument to take the sting out of their defeat. The repulse of their men was attributed to the intense heat that prevailed that day, but the Federals were more susceptible to the heat than the southerners. Forrest's men were Mississippians and Tennesseeans and familiar to that climate. Mower's men were from Illinois and Missouri. Mower's men reached the field through marshes, on foot, while Forrest's men rode there and were fresh.

Again, the Confederates claim to have been outnumbered three or four to one. This is wrong. Smith's entire force numbered about 14,000 men, including guards of the line of communication. He was invading the enemy's country. Forrest brought to the attack 9,000 men. Forrest had superior knowledge of the country, and, seeing the tactics of his opponent, should have drawn him into battle. By compelling Smith to fight upon ground of his (Forrest's) own choosing he could have made up for the disparity of numbers. Smith took the field in order to amuse Forrest, hold him in northern Mississippi and thus prevent his march toward Atlanta in rear of Sherman, who just at that time was directing his attacks upon the city. This Smith accomplished most effectually, and that was victory No. 1. He drew Forrest into battle, repulsed him with a loss of over 1,100 men and disabled Forrest and several of his brigade leaders, winning upon the battlefield victory No. 2.

The Confederates also referred to the presence of the colored troops in Smith's army. They said that the negroes were actuated at that time by a bloodthirsty spirit, seeking vengeance for Fort Pillow. Their soldiers were apparently not anxious to meet the dusky avengers. Though reluctant to admit this, the soldiers make the most of the presence of the colored troops in this battle and their supposed oath to show no quarter.

General Smith pays a tribute to his negroes. He had but one brigade of them, and they were not in the thick of the fight, but he says that their conduct was such as to remove from his mind the prejudice of 20 years' standing. They displayed, he said, the good effects of discipline and drill.

Forrest himself and his admirers laid much stress upon the fact that Smith

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON SMITH.

returned to Memphis, whence he came, soon after the battle at Tupelo. They called it a hasty retreat. They also spoke of energetic pursuit. The fact is that Smith on two or three occasions invited Forrest to renew the battle. Vagrant attacks with a small force were all that the southern leader risked. Smith made his way leisurely back to Memphis, and the real reason of his retrograde movement was the fact that supplies of rations and ammunition were low. The bread which had been brought along had been spoiled, and his soldiers were upon the point of starvation. Moreover, he had accomplished the purpose of the campaign. He had kept Forrest away from Sherman's rear. He had defeated him in open battle in his own territory, where he assumed to be master. In brief, Smith defeated Forrest as he had never been defeated before.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Ingenious Russians.

The Russian photographers have a strange way of punishing those who, having received their photographs, do not pay their bills. They hang the pictures of the delinquents upside down at the entrance to their studios.

Spencer and the Rooster.

Herbert Spencer is peculiarly sensitive to discordant noises, or those which he regards as such. A sound which is said to make Mr. Spencer forget that he is a philosopher is chanticleer's welcome to the dawn. When the roosters begin to crow, Mr. Spencer ceases to sleep, and there are whispers that the remarks he makes on such occasions thoroughly disprove his affiliation with the stoics. Some years ago, during a stay in Scotland, he was fairly maddened by the performance of a cock that crowed inconceivably early. After a period of prolonged suffering it occurred to him that if the bird were tied to its perch it would be unable to rise for the act of crowing. So, by a fine effort of induction, Mr. Spencer went to the henhouse soon after midnight and with his pocket handkerchief tied his enemy firmly to its perch. Then he went back to bed, and, though history does not record whether the expedient silenced the rooster or not, Mr. Spencer was so confident that it would that he slept calmly until long after the dreaded hour of his usual awakening.—New York Times.

LORRAINE.

"Are you ready for your steeple chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barree!
You're booked to ride your capping race today at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight and keep him first and win the run for me."

She clasped her newborn baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree.
"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on my knee.
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive today at Coulterlee
And land him safe across the brook and win the blank for me
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree.
"That husbands could be cruel I have known for seasons three.
But, oh, to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me
And be killed across a fence at last, for all the world to see!"

She mastered young Vindictive—oh, the gallant lass was she—
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be,
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree.
Oh, he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorree.

—Charles Kingsley.

A TRAGEDY BY EAR.

We happened to come out of the club together, and so I walked along the boulevard with M. Maroux, a man with a kindly face, but marked with an infinite melancholy.

"Will you wait a minute for me?" said I as we reached the postoffice. "I wish to go in and telephone."

He started at the last word, and I saw his grip tighten on his cane. When I returned, he still seemed nervous, and to break an uncomfortable silence I made some commonplace remark about what a marvelous invention the telephone was and what inestimable services the progress of science was doing us every day.

"Do you think so?" replied M. Maroux in a tone of bitter irony. "It seems to me, on the contrary, that science, far from aiding us, only emphasizes our human weakness and cruelly multiplies the means that can cause us suffering. But you will understand me better if I give you an example of what I mean from my own experience:

"I was spending my autumn vacation with Louise, my wife, and Marcel, my little son, at my country place at Morande, which I had just bought. It was in the country about three leagues out of Marseilles. Nanette, our old servant, was both housekeeper and cook. Blaise, who was devoted to me, delighted at being once more near the city where his worthy old mother lived, fulfilled the functions of gardener and had his quarters in a detached outhouse.

"With my gun on my arm and my two dogs at my heels I used to wander about all day with my wife and baby in that delightful solitude. To make amends for our isolation, I had a telephone line put up to connect with the central office at Marseilles, and by it every evening, as I sat in my bedchamber, I could learn what had been done during the day at my factory in Paris.

"Our peaceful life was interrupted by a notice from my superintendent. By making personal application I could probably obtain an important government order. The weather was so fine and Marcel seemed so well that Louise decided to wait for me at Morande. But on the eve of my departure for Paris the rain fell in torrents. When the hired vehicle arrived before my door, at sight of the immense blackness of the fields and woods I felt a sudden gripping at my heart.

"'You will be away only two nights,' Louise reassured me. 'Nanette will sleep near my room. Blaise has your gun, and from the house where he sleeps he could hear us call, and the dogs are an excellent guard. What could happen to us?'

"I kissed Louise and Marcel and started on my journey. On the train I passed a most uneasy night, and I had no sooner reached Paris than I jumped out of the carriage and hastened to a telephone office. Communication being established, I heard, nasal and muffled, but still very sweet to me, the voice of my wife.

"'Hello!' I called. 'How did you pass the night, Louise? Were you very frightened?'

"'Yes, a little—Nanette especially. We did not get to sleep until almost daybreak because Nanette thought she heard steps in the garden. The dogs, which we had forgotten to untie, had been barking a long time. At last we opened the window and called Blaise. He took the gun, loosed the dogs and made a tour of the house, but he did not find anything suspicious. Baby, who did not suspect anything, the fine little fellow, has waked up and is calling me. Goodby. If you have a moment before dinner, call me up again.'

"Only half reassured, I plunged into the business in hand and was not able to go to the telephone again until after 8 o'clock. I had to call a long time.

"'Hello! Hello!' I called. 'Why don't you answer, Louise? What is the matter?'

"'Something we did not expect this afternoon. The shutters had been fastened, the dogs untied, and Nanette had put up a bed for Blaise in the hall, in order to save us the terrors of last night, when a boy from the village brought a note for Blaise. His mother has suddenly been taken very ill, and she wanted him to come to her immediately. The boy, whom we had never seen before, went away again as soon as he had delivered the note, without giving us any further information. Blaise, who adores his mother, was quite upset. He did not want to leave us alone before day-light, but his sorrowful face told how dearly the delay would cost him. I thought that if this woman dies tonight I shall have prevented poor Blaise from receiving her last blessing. So I overcame my scruples and made him go. He promised to return this evening, and to save time he will drive back. I have just bolted the doors after him. That is why I kept you waiting. Now, how is that business affair getting along?'

"'Very well; but let us talk about yourself. You should not have let Blaise go. Even if he drives back he cannot return before 10 or 11 o'clock. My sole confidence was in knowing that he was near you, and now he is gone. And then that boy who ran away before you had time to think of making sure his news was true! At any rate Blaise has left you the two dogs and the gun, has he not?'

"'The two dogs are asleep on the porch. As for the gun, Blaise must have left it in the hall. I shall go and make sure. Can you hear Marcel? He is sitting in my lap and is saying good-night to you. Listen.'

"'Good night, papa, good night.'

"'Good night, my darlings. I must get a bite of dinner now, and then I will call you again.'

"Once outside I felt oppressed with what my wife had just told me. I had dissimulated my own anxiety in order not to add to her fears, but that uneasiness, which had hardly been quieted by the first conversation, now waxed stronger at the thought of this strange, incredible letter which had taken away my wife's one defender, the only man in the house. My thoughts took so dark a turn that by the time I reached the hotel I could not swallow a mouthful. I left the table to return to the telephone office, but my agent found me and laid before me a lot of details which were essential to the success of my venture. I could not dismiss him immediately, and it was late when I re-entered the telephone office. My heart throbbed with impatience and my hand trembled so that I could scarcely hold the receiver to my ear. It was some seconds before I could hear anything.

"'Hello, Louise, hello!' I cried. 'Are you there? Answer me.'

"At last I heard her voice, but it was low, oppressed, filled with terror.

"'Oh, it's you at last! For the last hour I have been nearly crazed. I could not find the gun—that boy must have stolen it when he went away. 'Blaise has not come back. They must have got him out of the way on purpose. Oh, I am losing my head! I can scarcely breathe for terror—I think I hear—in the garden—far away— Wait while I listen.'

"Clutching at the box for support, I could only cry, 'Louise, I beg of you, do not leave me in this silence—what do you hear?'

"'The dogs are growling—now they are barking—barking furiously. They have run to the bottom of the garden—now, suddenly they are still. There is a deathly silence. But—yes, it sounds like muffled footsteps on the pebbled walk—as if some one were coming toward the house'—

"'Go on, speak, Louise! I am strangling. I shall go mad. What do you hear—what do you hear now?'

"'Nothing now—almost nothing—yes, there is a gentle, steady grating sound, as if a chisel were being slipped under a shutter to force it. The sash gives way—a window is broken. Oh, I am terrified!'

"I shook the telephone box in my agony. 'Telephone to Marseilles,' I cried, 'to warn the police!'

"'How can I? The city is three leagues away. They would come too late—and I cannot—oh, I am going mad'—

"'Call for help or hide yourself—yes, that's it. Take the little one and hide.'

"'I cannot. I have no strength left—they are coming, the stairs creak—they are in the hall—they are feeling along the wall—they try the door—Marcel! My God—help, hel'—

"There were two muffled cries of terror, then a vague, confused noise, then a jumble of indefinable sounds, then silence. Something seemed to crack in my brain, and I fell unconscious."

Gasping as if he had lived through this terrible scene again, M. Maroux concluded: "From Le Gazette Judiciare you can learn the details of the crime. It is known as 'the Morande atrocity.' By it I lost my wife, my child and my two servants. But no report can describe, no mere words can ever express, the hideous nightmare that modern science brought me, the frightful torture of a man who, at a distance of 100 leagues, hears the despairing cries of his wife and son, who are being strangled while he is powerless to do more than batter impotently on a wooden telephone box."—Translated For Argonaut From the French of Charles Foley.

THEY LIKE THE COUNTRY.

When Retired, Naval Officers Seldom Live in Large Towns or Cities.

"Naval officers always settle in the country when they can," remarked a prominent officer to a Star reporter. "During their active careers—that is, during the time they are at sea, they are necessarily cramped for room, and while some of them on the large modern ships have elegant and sumptuous quarters, there is necessarily a limit to it. This thing grows on a man to such an extent that the first thing he does when he is retired, and in hundreds of cases long before retirement, is to hunt up a farm and locate on it. Three of the admirals on the retired list, headed by Admiral Ammen, are the owners of farms in the immediate locality of Washington, and any number of other officers are similarly provided for, though their farms are not so extensive. They seem to want stretching room, and it will be noticed that when they do locate they secure big places. Their minds run into stock and chicken raising. The officers of the marine corps have been noted for years as the owners of the speediest horses owned or driven about Washington, and they have been always prominent in connection with our racing associations and organizations. Naval officers have been similarly prominent. It is different with army officers. Their ambition seems to be for nice houses in the cities. The naval officers' ideas all run toward the country. I don't like to give names, but I could give dozens of illustrations to prove what I say, if it were necessary. Take a look at the incoming cars from any of the suburban places around Washington any morning, and there will be sufficient proof of what I say."—Washington Star.

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