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MEMORIAL

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LYNCHBURG, VA.

COPY

Camp, Near Winchester, Va.

October 4, 1

My Dear Cousin Caroline:-

It has been my intention to write to you giving you all the particulars of our dear and lamented General's death, since the day he fell as a brave and patriotic commander at the head of his command, encouraging and rallying his forces against ten times their number; but in the first place, I have been so overwhelmed with my own grief at his sudden and unexpected death, that I have been unwilling to trust myself to write, fearing that I could not control my own feelings, the utterance of which, while it might be some alleviation to my own pent up grief, would I fear only add fresh poignancy to those of a devoted mother, who was already I know bowed to the very earth under the weight of her own sufferings; Secondly, ever since the evening after his death, we have been resuscitating marching and counter-marching, crossing and re-crossing the Potomac, that I have not had the time or the opportunity of writing till now; and furthermore Col. Duncan K. McRea, the ranking and commanding Colonel of the Brigade, has been promising me ever since the battle to write a communication to be enclosed in my letter.

On Saturday evening, Sept. 13th, in camp three miles this side of Boonsborough, Md., he sent for Major Payne and myself to come to his headquarters to give us his orders in relation to the quartermaster and commissary arrangements of his Brigade. He never seemed more composed and cheerful and said to me as he left that he expected to go under fire that night or early the next morning. From couriers I learned that night that the Brigade had encamped on this side of South Mountain, (a range of mountains between Middletown and Boonsborough), the enemy being reported in small force at the foot and opposite side the same mountain. He was

ordered by Maj. Gen. Hill, as I have been informed, early the next morning, being Sunday, the 14th September, to repair to the crest of the mountain with nine regiments of his brigade, holding the other two as a reserve, and to hold and defend at all hazards three passes across said mountain, selecting such position as his own judgment might dictate after getting to the points designated; neither of which had been examined or reviewed previously by either the Major or Brigadier General. On arriving at these passes and while reconnoitering, it was found that the enemy were advancing in large force to occupy the same position. One of his regiments, Col. Ruffin commanding, he discovered had faltered, and advancing himself to their position to ascertain the cause and to rally them. Col. Ruffin discovering his intention and the danger of his position, appealed to him to retire, that he was exposing himself unnecessarily, and then after giving his men some rallying words had just turned to go back to his former position when a random shot struck him near the center of the back, and passing through the body came out two inches above the right breast, the ball lodging in the breast of his coat. As soon as he was struck, he called to Col. Ruffin and said, "Col. I am a dead man, send for Col. McRea to take command". He died just as he preferred, and as every true patriot and soldier would delight to die, at the head of his command urging them on to do or die. He was then borne off the ground by four soldiers, (whose names were given me but I have lost them), to the foot of the mountain and placed on an ambulance and brought back to his headquarters, which he had left but a few hours previous in such fine spirits. I then took charge of his remains, and with the assistance of Henry Clay and Jim his own servants, and Rochester the servant of Lieut. Haywood, I prepared his body for the coffin, cleansing it thoroughly, and dressing him in his full staff uniform and laid him out in state in his own tent upon his couch, where I had often seen him lay asleep, and truly

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did he "lay like a warrior taking his rest". I had a guard stationed around the tent, with a doorkeeper, who only admitted a certain number of visitors to view the corpse at a time, and I am certain that hundreds of his comrades in arms and soldiers of his command bedecked his bier with a soldier's most valued tribute, a soldier's tear. By the time the coffin came and we had deposited his body therein and had placed it in the ambulance to take it to the nearest railroad station, orders came for the wagons and teams of the whole division to retreat immediately, and with all possible speed, across the Potomac by

way of Williamsport. The retreat was commenced about 10 o'clock at night, the ambulance being placed in front of the brigade train, and immediately in the rear of the division and brigade staff wagons. We traveled all that night, a good portion of the way over very rough roads, until within a mile or so of Williamsport, our train was dashed into by a company or two of yankee cavalry, themselves also retreating from Harpers Ferry, and cut off a number of our wagons, at which point I suppose Henry Clay with the General's horse was captured. I had seen him a short time previous not far behind the ambulance, and discovering that he was growing sleepy cautioned him about falling off, since which time he has not been seen. As soon as we crossed the Potomac and discovered that he was missing, Major Payne and myself made every inquiry and searched for him that prudence would allow, since which I have crossed over into Maryland several times, neverfailing to make every possible inquiry and to keep a good look-out for him, but without success unto this date. I will also add just here that Major Payne and myself both applied to Gen. Lee for permission to escort the remains home, which he positively refused, stating that we were there just on the eve of one of the grandest battles of the war, and he would not consent to see any quartermaster or commissary absent from his post at that time; that if it would restore the lamented Garland to life the whole army

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might be an escort, but as it could neither benefit him or his friends for any larger number to escort his remains than was sufficient to get them home, he could only consent for his Aid-de-camp to accompany him. The evening after the General's death, I ordered Henry Clay to get up all his clothing &c. &c., to put what he could in his trunk, and to take care of the balance as best he could; he told me he had done so. He had with him on the horse at the time he was captured the bedclothing and other articles both of the General and Lawrence Meem. I have his mess chest and cot, which I will try and take care of and send home the first opportunity.

I have endeavored my dear cousin to give you all the minutia and facts however small/connection with the death of dear Sam, believing that

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everything of the sort will be read with pleasure by a devoted mother, for no matter how painful may be the melancholy fact of a brilliant career suddenly cut short as it was approaching its zenith, still there are pleasing circumstances connected with the death as well as the life of those we love that the heart's affections delight to hold in fond remembrance. So my dear cousin, while I believe it is right that we should grieve, for such is the weakness and selfishness of our nature that we cannot restrain our grief at the loss of one whom we all so justly and truly loved, yet in the present instance may not we derive consoling pleasure in the contemplation of the manly adornments and christian virtues which clustered in such beautiful proportions around the character of your dear departed son. He was a christian gentleman who adorned his profession, a soldier who illustrated his devotion to his country by offering

his life as a sacrifice upon her burning alters. No General was ever more universally loved by his command, and none more largely or justly deserved to be so; for no General in this or any other army, studied the interest and comforts of his officers and men more than he,

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and they all knew it, appreciated it and acknowledged it, and I assure you my dear cousin it has been very gratifying to me day after day up to the present time, to have both officers and soldiers calling upon me expressing their grief at his death, and their great attachment for him, both personally and as their General, and all agree that they can never have another commander that will care as much for them and whom they will love and have as much confidence in. This brigade heretofore under his lead, had fought bravely and most of the regiments had inscribed on their battle flags the different battles they had been in; but strange to tell, in every battle since their General's death, they have given way before the opposing force and most of them, privates and officers, have run like sheep, no effort to rally them would do any good, and all because they had no leader whose inspiring voice would create confidence and urge them on to victory and renown. Oh, it is lamentable to see such a brigade so totally demoralized. A few days after the battle of Sharpsburg, Genl. D. H. Hill had the remnant of the brigade, (for the majority had straggled after the battle of South Mountain on Sunday) drawn up in line and addressed them, in which he told them that he was glad their brave and gallant leader had been saved the mortification of seeing them run and shirk like cowards; that his knowledge of his character justified him in telling them that General Garland had rather be the leader dead of a brigade that had never run or flinched in the hour of battle, than the living leader of a brigade of dastardly cowards. Major Payne and myself would gladly resign our positions if we could, for we are now the only remaining members of the staff, and since the death of the General and the capture of Capt. Halsey, every tie that bound us to the brigade has been sundered and we would prefer being transferred to some other staff or to resign and return home, notwithstanding we like the Colonels of the different regiments composing the brigade very well, yet they are not of our kit and

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kin. We are now having a right hard time of it, provisions becoming scarce, we have had nothing but flour and beef for nearly a month and frequently not enough of that; still our soldiers bear up manfully, I never hear any complaints.

Rest assured that Major Payne and myself will use every exertion to recover Henry Clay, or to find out his whereabouts. Our cook a hired boy who was riding Major Payne's horse was captured the same night.

Col. McRea has not yet written the piece he promised me; he says he is endeavoring to collect facts connected with his life before attempting to write. As soon as he does so I will enclose the same to you.

Kind greeting to cousins Ann, Nannie and May, and may He who has promised to be the friend to the widow, prove indeed thy friend in this dark hour of thy troubles, is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate cousin,

A. B. Garland.

Note: Above 6 pages typed from carbon copy owned by Mr. Allen Myers of Lynchburg, Virginia.

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