

# GEN. ADLEY HOGAN GLADDEN

## Sketch of Native South Carolinian, Hero of Three Wars, Mortally Wounded at Battle of Shiloh--- Read Before M. C. Butler Chapter, Shandon, at Last Shiloh Meeting.

(The State.)

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### ACCOUNT BY CORRESPONDENT.

The subject of this sketch, Adley Hogan Gladden, was born in Fairfield county, South Carolina, October 23, 1810. The first years of his business life were spent in Columbia. He enlisted in the services of his country, first in the Seminole war and later in the way with Mexico, in which he rendered brilliant service. He was elected major of the far famed Palmetto regiment and succeeded to the rank of colonel. In the battles which led to the surrender of the City of Mexico, he greatly distinguished himself, planting Palmetto flag on the walls of the city with his own hands, he being up-borne on the arms of his gallant and devoted men. Shortly after the conclusion of peace he settled in New Orleans.

When Lincoln became president of the United States Mr. Gladden became fully convinced that a further union with the Northern people was impossible, cooperated zealously in those movements which lead to secession. As a member of the convention which passed the Ordinance of the Secession of Louisiana, he was active, energetic and faithful. Shortly after the adjournment of the convention he was elected colonel of the First regiment of Louisiana regulars, and almost immediately proceeded to Pensacola, where he remained under command of Gen. Bragg for several months. His services were of the most efficient character and so highly were they appreciated at headquarters that the president promoted him to the rank of brigadier general. He accompanied Gen. Bragg to Tennessee to join Gen. Beauregard's column, with as gallant a brigade as ever marched to the battlefield, and in the mighty conflict of arms on the bloodstained plains of Shiloh was so seriously wounded that he died about six days later.

The army correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, writing from Corinth, gives the following particulars of the gallant conduct, and the nature of Gen. Gladden.

"The noble old chief, Gladden, had at last attained the summit of his aspirations. He had led his brigade in just such a charge as for many months he had earnestly panted for the opportunity of making. He had won a splendid success. His brigade had justified his confidence and his pledge. He was justly proud and exultant at the splendid display of courage and heroism which had been made by troops whom he had drilled and in whose organization and welfare he had centred all his care and ambition. There were other charges to make and other batteries to be carried. 'So forward let us go' were the words which he had just exultantly uttered, when his faithful friend and aid, Capt. Scott from Mobile, observed a sudden shock and thrill of his body, as a crushing fire of shot and shell came tearing through the camp. His bridle arm fell helpless and raising his right arm to his brow he said, 'Scott, I am struck, but let's go on.' His wounded and exhausted charger, as if in conscious sympathy with his master, moved but a few steps when the general said: 'It is a serious hurt; help me down, Scott.' His aid quickly assisted him to alight, and applying his hand to the

wounded limb of his general found that the left arm near the shoulder, was crushed to a jelly.

An ambulance was called, and he was placed in it and borne to the rear, Capt. Scott driving. That gallant officer himself had just made a narrow escape. A grape shot had struck him directly in the eye. It was fortunately spent and left only a contused wound.

PAINT BUT STILL SMILING.

"We were then but a short distance from the scene, and meeting the ambulance driven by Scott, galloping to the rear, we apprehended the very casualty which had occurred, for Scott would never leave the side of his beloved general. He waved his hand mournfully toward us. We ran forward and looking within the ambulance, there saw our gallant friend stretched out in intense agony, pale, faint but still smiling with the fortitude of his great bravery. We followed the ambulance until it halted before Beauregard's headquarters.

"Dr. Chappin was on hand, busy in his terrible avocation of amputating limbs and dressing wounds. He paused from all other labors to attend the case of our gallant general. The necessity of immediate amputation was quickly perceived, the operation was performed with masterly skill and celerity. The mutilated limb still presented a dangerous aspect. It had been dreadfully contused and the shock from such a blow must have been excessively violent. The wounded hero remained at Beauregard's headquarters. On our return to the battlefield we overtook a sergeant in the uniform of the Louisiana infantry. He was a powerful looking fellow

and the horse he rode was bleeding from several wounds. It was a small but noble looking black charger. 'Is not that Gen. Gladden's horse?' we asked. 'Yes,' mournfully answered the sergeant, 'it is the charger of as brave a man as ever drew a sword. I was in the Crimean and Indian wars, and I saw the best fighting in those campaigns, but I never saw such fighting as the "Old Bengal" got out of our boys today, 200 of whom he persuaded to continue for the battle though their time was out. I never saw any general bear himself like that little man. God grant he may get well,' and the tears stealing down his swarthy cheeks testified the sincerity of the rude, honest soldier. Alas! alas! an all-wise Providence decreed that this the prayer of so many thousands of others in the

army and throughout the beloved South, should not be needed, for after a few days of agony the heroic Gladden departed from the scene of his glory and his triumphs amid a circle of mourning friends. The president of the Southern Rights association of Louisiana had attested the sincerity of his devotion to the cause, of which he had been one of the first champions. Among the noble martyrs of our great struggle no name will shine with a brighter and fairer lustre than that of A. H. Gladden, the gallant leader of the renowned Palmetto regiment in the valley of Mexico and the idolized commander of the fighting brigade of Pensacola."

The sister of Gen. Gladden, Mrs. Eliza Gladden Powell, 85 years of age, now lives near Columbia, and is a member of the M. C. Butler chapter.