

SHADERICK SEARCY – Co. I, 46th Georgia Infantry

Shaderick Searcy was born a slave on March 1, 1845, in Dr. John Searcy's house.

Two brothers, William & James Searcy went to war in 1862. They joined the 46th Georgia Infantry on May 4th of '62 and so did Shaderick. He was their body servant. He probably started his service gathering food for the regiment and helping Doc Baxter with the wounded.

In '62, they began on the Georgia coast, then were transferred to Charleston, SC. In '63, they got shipped off by train to Mississippi as part of General Gist's Brigade. They rode through Atlanta, Montgomery, Selma and finally got to Jackson. Federals were holding the rails between Jackson and Vicksburg. They marched over to Raymond, MS, & nearly got driven off the field

Their next big fight was Chickamauga. They marched all night from Catoosa to cross Alexander's Bridge by morning. Colonel Colquitt marched them straight up against some log works of the enemy. They held their ground until about a third of their boys had fallen wounded or dead and then fell back. Fresh men came up to help, and the boys were so fired up they crashed back through the woods, driving away and capturing about forty federals. Colonel Colquitt fell wounded that day and died.

They were up on Missionary Ridge, too, and helped hold a rear guard action over to Ringgold. William Searcy was killed on June 20th, 1864, at Kennesaw Mountain. We don't know if he picked up a rifle at that point or not, but he certainly could have – to take William's place.

He may have used his pocketknife one night in Jonesboro, down below Atlanta. The Federals were massing out in front in terrible numbers. There was a thick undergrowth with small trees between the lines. Somebody got the idea of climbing up the small trees that night and bending 'em down, cut across the trunks with pocket knives and interlaced. They did it in only a half hour or so. Along with fence rails and some timbers found nearby, they had a first-rate barricade. They held the right flank—some others didn't do so good. That day General Govan got captured with about 900 of his men. However, most of them were traded back after about two or three weeks.

Their worst fight ever came at Franklin, Tennessee. On the way to Franklin the regiment had marched over 500 miles. They suffered much during November from bad weather and from want of clothing, shoes, and blankets. Once the men received as a ration only three ears of corn each, and often got just corn meal.

The Union troops were dug in at the edge of Franklin. The Confederates came up from the south and crested over some hills to see a two-mile open stretch between them and the federals — hardly a tree between them. They had artillery but the rebel big guns had not yet arrived.

General Hood was spittin' mad about the Yanks getting past his men at Spring Hill. He ordered a full, frontal assault. Some of the other Generals fussed about it, but they formed up the lines, duty bound.

There were over 20,000 Confederates spread out a mile wide, with a hundred battle flags flyin'. It was already four o'clock in the afternoon when the order was given to move out. Every able man was in line — even the bands were marching forward, playing.

You can imagine the sounds heard by the men. Sounds they would like to forget: cannonballs crashing into their ranks, the buzzin' whine of minie balls. But the whine wasn't near as bad as the sounds they made when they hit — wood, metal, or the men all around. It was like walkin' into a hailstorm of buzzin' lead bees. Screams of horses. The shouts of angry men, and the wailing of the wounded.

There were seventeen organized charges made that day. The fight went 'til nearly midnight. Six Confederate Generals died, including General Gist and General Cleburne. Men never saw such horror as was sprawled over the ground that next morning. Against the federal works, dead Confederate men and horses still stood, lifelike, because they died so close together they could not fall.

James Searcy got hit that day, too. Shaderick probably lay on the field next to him until a lull in the firing, then carried him to low ground for protection. James would have been so very thirsty — right up until he died.

Shaderick had choice to make, then, to go home or to stay with the men he had grown to know and trust. He chose to stay. He stayed with them all through Nashville and that awful frozen retreat - so many men walkin' barefoot on knife sharp frozen ruts all the way back down to Mississippi. Their blood all the same color red on the snow.

In the spring they got shipped off again by train to North Carolina, but the fightin' was about over. At the Battle of Bentonville there were so many Southern regiments put together to form one normal sized regiment, and they got cut up even thinner. Shaderick was with what was left of the 46th when General Johnson surrendered them at Greensboro, NC, in April of '65.

After the war, Shaderick went home to Talbotton and worked for Central of Georgia Railroad, later in Macon. Then, he moved to Chattanooga in 1903 to work for the railroad and lived over by Pine Street with his wife and daughter.

He heard about the United Confederate Veterans meetings and inquired about attending. He was welcomed with open arms. W.M. Nixon, Adjutant of the local N.B. Forrest United Confederate Veterans, helped him get a uniform for the reunions. Shaderick applied for and received a Tennessee Confederate Pension in 1928. Nixon wrote letters for him when his pension payments were late. Shaderick was promised a place in this cemetery whenever he needed it. So, here he rests. For years the exact location of his grave was lost, so there was a memorial stone randomly placed within the cemetery, and the year of his death shown on it was off by one year. Then in 2016, during some restoration work on the front wall, his actual resting place was found. He is a Southern hero.

C. S. A.



SHADERICK
SEARCY
1845 — 1937
SERVED UNDER
MASTERS
J. D. AND W. K.
SEARCY
CO. I 46, GA. INF.
BOTH KILLED IN
BATTLE
