

THE LIFE OF
GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN
· ITS ROMANCE AND REALITY ·

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GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

“LITTLE PHIL” AND HIS TROOPERS.

THE LIFE

OF

GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

Its Romance and Reality:

HOW AN HUMBLE LAD REACHED THE
HEAD OF AN ARMY.

THE CAREER AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF THIS MASTERLY LEADER
OF MEN IN BATTLE; REALISTIC DESCRIPTIONS OF THE
MARCH, RAID, AND CHARGE OF THE HORSEMEN; AND
GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF OTHER GREAT CAVALRY LEADERS.

BY FRANK A. BURR,

OF THE SECOND MICHIGAN CAVALRY, AUTHOR OF THE “LIFE AND DEEDS OF GENERAL
U. S. GRANT,” “GENERAL JAMES A. BEAVER,” “BATTLES OF CHICKAMAUGA
AND FRANKLIN,” ETC.

AND

RICHARD J. HINTON,

OF THE U. S. COLORED TROOPS, AUTHOR OF THE “ARMY OF THE BORDER,” “ENGLISH
RADICAL LEADERS,” “HAND-BOOK TO ARIZONA,” “POPULAR LIFE OF WILLIAM H.
SEWARD,” “REPORT ON IRRIGATION IN THE UNITED STATES,” ETC.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THE story of the life of General Sheridan seemed to the publishers of this volume a matter of public interest well worth recording. He had had a great and romantic career. At the time the work was first contemplated there was a possibility of his being the candidate of a great political party for President of the United States, if not in '88, perhaps in '92. However this might be, the publishers believed that the public would fully appreciate a Life of Sheridan, and that it would meet with a substantial sale. They therefore entered upon the work of furnishing it. It was the intention to have thus honored Sheridan while he was living. There was no popular life written that the publishers knew of, nor any intimation of one, and the General's *Memoirs* had not been announced.*

Under these circumstances, it appeared good judgment and a legitimate business enterprise to perfect and publish in a creditable and convenient form such a "Life" as should be within the reach of the humblest American, to whom the story of "Little Phil's" career is of as much interest as to the highest.

With this object in view the names of a number of distinguished writers were considered. After due deliberation, arrangements were made with the author, who was quite familiar with the subject. He had served in the army under Sheridan, had much of the needed material already collected, and had such previous training as was ample to qualify him for the work proposed.

The writing, gathering of materials, the manufacture of the paper for the first edition, the making of the engravings, arranging with agents

*In justice to themselves it should be stated that the *Memoirs* were not publicly, or to the trade, announced until some months after prospectus circulars regarding this work had been sent out by the publishers.

in different parts of the country, etc., were pushed with all possible energy, that the book might be available for sale during the campaign, should "Little Phil" be one of the nominees for the presidency. It was also considered wise to associate with Colonel Burr, Colonel Richard J. Hinton, an author of repute and a soldier of distinction, to bring the work to a successful issue.

The information regarding the youth of Sheridan was gathered at his early home, from his mother and her neighbors, and much of the material from the General himself, while a large portion, forming the great life work of the General, was public property, and open to all having the literary ability to bring the facts together, and give in consecutive and rounded form the story of the man and the soldier.

Later came the sickness of the General, the long suspense, and his death. The publishers then deemed it wise to delay the work to enable them to include the events in the last sad chapters of the General's career.

They have considered the life and services of General Sheridan, as they would those of Washington, Lincoln, or Grant, a matter of public record and of public interest, and have endeavored to do the work with honor to the General and credit to themselves — and without detriment to others.

How well the work has been performed, and how well Colonels Burr and Hinton have succeeded in portraying the life of the hero in a popular manner, as they saw and knew it, the publishers leave to the judgment of the reader to decide.

That there may be no good reason for misinterpreting or misrepresenting, as has been attempted, either the book itself, or the motives of its publishers, they are thus explicit.

THE PUBLISHERS.

PREFACE.

THE CAVALRYMAN.

ABOUT the man who fights on horseback the romance of war has always centred. From the first chronicled battle the horseman has been not only the most picturesque, but the most dramatic figure in warfare. Writers who have recorded the history of armed conflicts have found the most thrilling climaxes in the sweep of riding squadrons. Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" will be read when the stories of greater combats have been forgotten.

In the days of chivalry the mounted man was the main reliance in war. But gradually the more deadly musket became the chief instrument of death. Drill and discipline were reduced to a science. The art of war was revolutionized.

There have been still greater changes since. The duties of mounted men have greatly expanded. They not only rush upon the solid lines of infantry, in battle array, but in a thousand minor ways lend aid and inspiration to great armies. They flash upon the flanks of the enemy, and make daring raids for the destruction of lines of communication or war supplies. They are the swift annoyance of the enemy, the restless messengers of defeat and death. The hoof-beats of the horseman fall through every gap in the lines, and the reckless charge marks the end of battle, and the beginning of pursuit.

The cavalry feels the enemy, and reports upon the presence and condition of his armies. It is the resistless support of the infantry in the horrible clash of steel which forces the final decision. Such, in greater

or less degree, has been its place and function for many years. But in our late war it largely increased its usefulness, and won a broader recognition than ever before.

The cavalryman still maintains his romantic preëminence. The poet who sings of battle instinctively makes the trooper his model. Read "Paul Revere's Ride" to arouse the men of Middlesex, "Loch-invar," Tom Hood's "Wild Steed of the Plains," and a dozen other songs, where even a single trooper has made his cause famous. The rush of Murat's squadrons is heard through all the long story of Napoleon's struggle for existence. With us the record has been the same. The history of the Revolution is enriched by the exploits of Marion's horsemen. Black-horse cavalry has been ever a conspicuous figure in the romance of all wars. In our latest conflict, the music of battle comes to us laden with the blare of Sheridan's bugles and the rush of Stuart's rough riders. Custer's resistless charges, Kilpatrick's raids, Pleasonton's, Torbett's, Wilson's, Merritt's, Gregg's swift dashes by day and by night, are filled with the vigor of movement and the charm of success. Buford, Bayard, Grierson, and a hundred other generals, knights of the sabre and the stirrup, fill in a wonderful picture of dashing heroism that will live in song and story as long as the record of war is read. These horsemen taught the world new lessons of the uses of cavalry. The story of Brandy Station, Kilpatrick's raid on Richmond, the charge at Yellow Tavern, the cavalry fight at Trevilian Station, Sheridan's first battle at Booneville, the romance of Wilson's raid, and the rough experiences of Averill's battalions, will form for all mankind a thrilling and instructive story. To record the heroism of the men on horseback, directed, as it was in our war, by the best intelligence and the loftiest patriotism, as embodied in the person of their commanding general, Philip H. Sheridan, is the purpose of these pages.

F. A. B.

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MRS. IRENE M. SHERIDAN,

WIFE OF GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN; DAUGHTER OF GEN. D. H. RUCKER, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

SHERIDAN AS A GENERAL.

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MRS. JOHN SHERIDAN,
THE GENERAL'S MOTHER.

“SHERIDAN'S pursuit of Lee was perfect in its generalship and energy.” General Grant paid this fitting tribute to the soldier whose brilliant career these pages will record. Then the mighty man of war added: “As a soldier, as a commander of troops, as a man capable of doing all that is possible with any number of men, there is no man living greater than Sher-

idan. He belongs to the very first rank of soldiers, not only of our country, but of the world. I rank Sheridan with Napoleon and Frederick and the great commanders in history. No man ever had such a faculty of finding out things as Sheridan, or of knowing all about the enemy. He was always the best informed man in his command as to the enemy.

Then he had that magnetic quality of swaying men which I wish I had—a rare quality in a general. I don't think any one can give Sheridan too high praise."

It took the humble Ohio lad more than four years, in the white heat of war, to make these facts clear to his countrymen and the authorities in control of the government and its armies. He was not a typical hero in appearance. His size was against him. Restless, full of the combative quality, not politic in language, somewhat reticent, half stubborn, and fond of hazardous enterprises, he was the embodiment of heroism, dash, and impulse. Then he had the power of inspiring all about him, and imparting to others the very confidence he felt himself. Yet he seemingly commanded only those qualities which show the wide difference between the habitual impulses of the brilliant corps commander, and the cool thinking of a chief in the art, as well as in the onset, of war. At the very outset of his career, just after he was appointed colonel of cavalry, and while on the way with his regiment to join General Gordon Granger, he met the future commander of the armies. But the impression he created on that occasion was not a favorable one. In fact, Grant tells us that it was bad, and relates the incident in these words:

"We met at a railway station. I had never seen Sheridan but once before. He was then commissary at Halleck's headquarters during the march toward Corinth. Although he belonged to the Fourth Infantry, my old regiment, I had no acquaintance with him, for he graduated ten years after I had left West Point. I knew I had sent a regiment of cavalry to join Granger, but I had not indicated the Second Michigan, of which Sheridan had recently been made the colonel. I really did not wish that regiment to leave. As we met for the second time in our lives, I spoke to him about his going. He said he would rather go than stay, or some similar brusque and rough remark that annoyed me. I don't think he could have said anything that would have made a worse impression upon me. But I subsequently watched his career and saw how much there was in him. When I came East and took command, I looked around for a cavalry commander. While standing in front of the White House talking to Mr. Lincoln and General Halleck, I said I wanted the best man I could find for a cavalry commander. 'Then' said Halleck, 'why not take Phil Sheridan?' 'Well,' I said, 'I was going to say Phil Sheridan.' So Sheridan was sent for, and he came, but very much disgusted. He

was just about to have a corps, and he did not know why we wanted him East, whether it was to discipline him or not."

The country had not yet become interested in Sheridan, as Grant had. He was still practically unknown outside the immediate army in which he served when called from the West. His great fight with Cheatham at Stone River, his second struggle with the same general at Chickamauga, and his good deeds at Missionary Ridge, had, it is true, attracted the attention of military men. But he was only at the threshold of his fame when Grant sent him across the Rapidan as his chief of cavalry in 1864. The troopers had now become a positive power in army operations, yet their new leader was only considered a "rough rider" by the country, capable of great things with a small force and rapid movement. The series of brilliant cavalry operations which led to his transfer to the Shenandoah was all lost to the public ear, in the din of the greater army movements that were going on around him. He was sent to the valley of Virginia by an accident, as a cavalryman, not as a great commander; but his deeds soon carried him to supreme command, and he fought several great battles. Yet he did not reach the summit of his fame until the final act which destroyed Lee's army. In the closing hours of the Rebellion, Sheridan became the vivid omen of defeat to the broken soldier in gray. Grant called him from the Shenandoah; and when he reached him on the last days of February, 1865, with his ten thousand troopers, the lines were closing around the fated Confederacy. Sheridan became to Grant what Murat was to Napoleon. After Meade's forces crashed through Lee's lines at Petersburg, and the southern commander moved south to join Johnston, Sheridan's great work began.

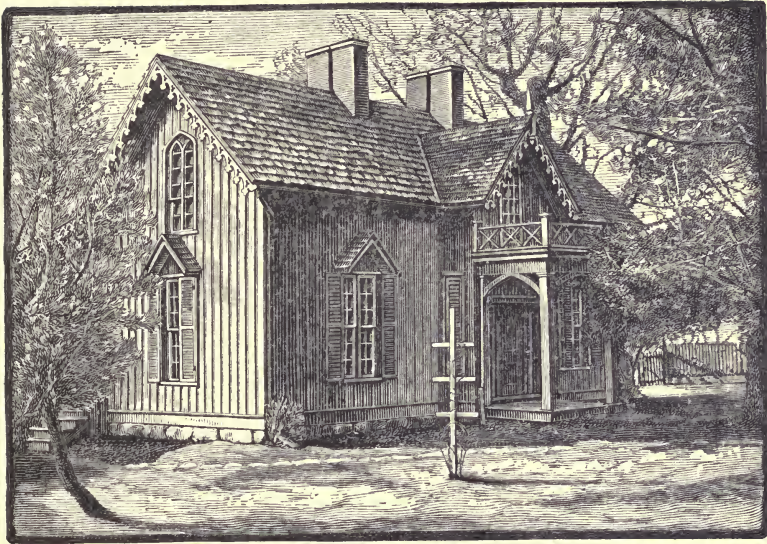
The failing army against which his firm and fateful operations were now directed, was simply a vitalized desperation. It was at the mercy of Time. It had hopes, but they were only a pathetic disbelief in the inevitable. The swift stroke of the Federal cavalry was everywhere. It flashed upon the Confederate flanks, laughed past its front, and then it picked up the stragglers. It was the materialized sneer of fate at the hopelessness of further opposition.

The lines were closing, and there were gaps through which the hoof-beats of the horses were heard, and the sabres of the troopers fell. Every time they advanced farther and more recklessly, until the doomed army knew that the great cordon which was to crush it was closing more and more tightly around it. The daring of the Confederates was simply an attempt to postpone the inevitable; but it was a striking

illustration of their discipline, and the confidence reposed in their commander. The cavalry had whirled through the Shenandoah—a cyclone of war—and had left a ruined country and a scattered and dispirited remnant of an army. It had throttled the last hope at Five Forks. Sheridan, the dashing cavalry officer, the masterly leader of men in battle, here proved himself a perfect tactician on the field and in the face of a fighting army. The whole of his movements won from an applauding world the recognition of his powers as a great commanding general. From that point it was little more than a series of running skirmishes, some of them desperate, all of them evidences of American grit; for, though sore, weary, and starving, the remnants of Lee's once great army would sometimes turn and sting with terrible power their relentless pursuers. But Union troopers harassed them at every turn. The infantry drove their already dejected forces into disorder. The great cordon closed around them like an immense barn door, and the main army swung on the veterans of Lee like a host of beating flails winnowing the grain. Every avenue was closed by the Federal troopers. They had overrun all the roads of supplies and left them barren. Wherever the Confederacy looked expectantly for some new path of escape or succor, Sheridan was there like a whirlwind of death and defeat. Across fields, down highways, through by-paths, and on every road, in the storm and terror of Five Forks, on the road below Appomattox, this great cavalryman and wonderful soldier was leading the advance or striking the flank of the enemy, with an energy born of the mighty power of a great brain well schooled in the best element of the art and vigor of war.

Finally, on a beautiful April morning in 1865, as the sun rose over the hills and vales of a region that had never yet felt the cruel footfall of war, Sheridan's cavalry swung into line for the last charge. The sound of those horses' hoofs on the road beyond Gordon's advance was the final menace to the expiring Confederacy.

The night of the 8th of April closed upon a day of hard work and exciting events. By a forced and rapid march Sheridan had thrust his cavalry in front of the retreating Confederate army. The night before the surrender, Custer had enveloped Appomattox Station, capturing three heavily laden railway trains of supplies, twenty-five pieces of artillery, 200 wagons, and many prisoners. After this stroke the cavalrymen stood to horse all night. The gray of the morning was just yielding to the stronger light of full day when they were ordered to move forward. As they emerged from the woods and advanced upon the plains



THE LATE RESIDENCE OF SHERIDAN'S MOTHER.
SOMERSET, OHIO.

[From a Recent Photograph.]

beyond, they could see the army of Lee cut off from further retreat. It was a sight at once grand and thrilling when the horsemen moved forward to the final attack. Gordon made an attempt to destroy the line of cavalry which appeared with sabres glistening in the spring sun, the trophies of war mingling with battle-flags of the Union commander. Behind Sheridan's cavalry long lines of infantry under Ord, Griffin, and Gibbon, were waiting to gather the sheaves of war which Sheridan's troopers had secured. The last fight was a short one, and the white flag of truce from Gordon's headquarters announced the final surrender. Sheridan rode into the Confederate lines to receive the praises of his chief and the applause of his country for his brilliant work. It was a fitting end to the closing hours of the great struggle, that his fame as a soldier should be completed only with the final breaking up, which his generalship and energy had done so much to hasten.

The story of so dashing and brilliant a life cannot be easily told. But it is well before taking up the thread of his military life in detail, to observe the elements of mind and character which have combined to produce a soldier whose fame has reached far beyond the limits of his own country, and of whom Grant once said: "No better general ever lived."

CHAPTER II.

SHERIDAN'S BOYHOOD DAYS.

THE HUMBLE HOME IN OHIO—HIS FAMILY AND EARLY LIFE—TRADITIONS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE CONCERNING HIM—A CLERK IN THE COUNTRY STORE—APPOINTMENT TO WEST POINT—ANECDOTES OF SHERIDAN'S YOUTH—HIS EARLY EDUCATION AND OPPORTUNITIES.



JOHN SHERIDAN,

THE GENERAL'S FATHER.

It is seldom that the same general reveals greatness alike on the battle-field and in the planning of campaigns. Therefore it is, that in the sharp test of warfare only one officer steps forward among the many possessing all the traits necessary to the successful conduct of warlike operations. Yet no two great commanders have possessed the

same qualifications. Sheridan is not complete on the same lines that made Grant such a mighty power in war. But he held other gifts of head and spirit which Grant had not, and which go very far toward rounding up the strength of resource between them. Sher-

idan has the impetuous quality that comes from Irish ancestry. Grant inherited the perfect temper, self-poise, resolution, and endurance of the Scotch. Naturally, a wide difference, yet they had many qualities in common. Neither of them was talkative, and in their army life both may well be called silent men of the type of whom Carlyle says :

“The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department, silently thinking, silently working,— they are the salt of the earth. Silence — the great empire of silence.”

It is not necessary, in seeking the sources of Sheridan's power, to go back farther than his immediate family. His father came to this country shortly before Philip was born, and settled for a time in Albany, N. Y. He was a laborer and contractor, according to his varying fortunes. Early in life he married Mary Maigh, a fine specimen of Irish womanhood, who was born in the county of Cavan in 1801. She bore him six children : Patrick H., Philip H., Michael V., John, Mary, and Rosa. Patrick, the oldest child, was born in Ireland, also a daughter, who died at sea. The family came to Quebec, Canada, in 1829, thence to St. John, New Brunswick, from there to Portland, Me., arriving in Albany, N. Y., in 1830. Remaining in Albany several years, they moved to Somerset, Ohio. Next to the daughter who died at sea came the general ; then Mary, who married Mr. John Wilson, and died in 1868 ; then John L., born in 1837, followed by Colonel M. V. Sheridan, U. S. A., born in 1840. This embraces the entire family. Mrs. Sheridan had relatives living near Somerset ; and desiring to be near her kindred, the elder Sheridan decided to leave Albany for the West. When Philip, who was born at Albany, March 6, 1831, was yet a child in arms, the family settled in the queer little Ohio village, where they have ever since lived. John Sheridan became a contractor on the Maysville turnpike, running towards Jonesville.

This region was then the far West. The vast domain beyond the Alleghanies was only being opened up to settlement. Therefore, the early surroundings of the Sheridan family were rude. But the primitive conditions of the new country, forbidding as they were, brought out the best energies of the young who grew up in it.

John Sheridan was not as prosperous as many of his neighbors ; yet, by industry and perseverance, he was able to bring his family up with most of the advantages of the country-side.

It is a village tradition that Mrs. Sheridan was, in the days of their

early struggle, a remarkable woman. She brought up her children carefully, and taught them habits of industry. Her boys are said to have been as well behaved and as neatly dressed as any of the children in the neighborhood. She also schooled them in their first lessons, and imparted to them much of her own spirit and many of her sterling qualities.

It has been written that men inherit their strongest qualities of mind and heart from their mothers. Sheridan is no exception to this rule.

Of the four boys of John Sheridan, Patrick H. was regarded as the brightest and the most likely to make his mark in the world. It is stated by those who were boys and girls when Phil Sheridan was a lad, that it was his father's intention that Patrick, and not Philip, should be sent to West Point. All the Sheridan boys were brought up to be industrious. Philip was, in early life, a clerk in the country stores. Michael, now an assistant adjutant-general on his brother's staff, and John, who never reached a higher place in the army than that of a private, worked in the printing-office of the town.

It is an odd experience to find one's self in a country store in a remote village, aside from the main lines of travel, and to hear from the clerk, between the intervals of getting tape and buttons, hardware and groceries, the early history of the General of the Army, who often slept with him beneath the counter. It is a favorite pastime for the justice and the preacher, the shoemaker and the attorney, to gather in Fink & Dittoe's establishment, and listen to Captain Greiner and Mr. Fink recall their adventures with Phil Sheridan when they were boys together. But few of the companions of Sheridan's boyhood live in Somerset now. They, like him, have drifted into the outer currents of life, and are scattered over the country. Those who have remained find pleasure in telling stories of the boy, who, by dint of those very qualities that made him a leader of his companions in youth, won his way to the head of the army. The boys who fought and played with him have not achieved distinction. The few of them who have remained in the town have stagnated there. Captain Greiner, the village dentist, who fought in the war; Martin Scott, a genial old man, who keeps another store over the way; Brashton, a lawyer of advanced years, and Henry Talbot, give many reminiscences of Phil Sheridan, as they still call him. The little village where he was brought up has fallen behind in the rapid growth of the country all around it. Years ago it was the county-seat, made some pretence of bustle and business,



HOME OF SHERIDAN'S BOYHOOD, SOMERSET, OHIO.

[From a Recent Photograph.]

and promised to grow into a city. But as railroads were built, they passed it on one side on their way to the mines; the county court was held elsewhere; the young men pushed into more active fields; and Somerset became that rare phenomenon in the West, a town which lost population instead of gaining it. Quiet and dull, with few young people to be seen, it has far less life in its central square than have most other towns of its size.

The open space in the middle of the village is surrounded by stores and offices. From it run four roads, along which houses are scattered for a short distance, and then comes open country. About fourteen hundred people are grouped in this settlement—fewer than lived here

thirty or more years ago, when Phil Sheridan, a lively boy, romped and ran through its open streets.

Only a few people can recall much of the early history of the man who has now reached such an eminence. "Mike" Sheridan, as the village people call him, is better known, perhaps, than his brother. A half mile or so beyond the town, Mrs. Sheridan lived in a quiet, unpretending house, such as one finds in any country village. The old lady, when the writer, not long since, called upon her, had passed more than fourscore years, and still retained her faculties and strength. Her boys "Phil" and "Mike" were the pride of her life; and be it said to their credit, in their prosperity they never forgot the plain, warm-hearted, good mother, from whom they inherited many of their best qualities. Chance threw the writer into her company. Her strong features lighted up, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure, when the name of the great general, her son, was spoken:

"He was always a fine lad and good to his mother. I don't want to be foolishly proud about him, but he's been a good son to me. He was always in mischief, and always used to be teaching the boys to be soldiers when he was younger than any of them. But he would never do anything mean. He never lets a year go round that he doesn't come to see me; and he's very kind."

As may be imagined, Sheridan's early educational advantages were few. His instructor was a unique character, named McNally. His hot temper displayed itself in bursts of passion, which alternated with the most effusive kindness towards his pupils. At one hour he would thrash and scold till arm and tongue were weary; at another he would promise the boys a holiday, and joke with them as if he were a boy himself. Toward Sheridan especially, he was always either exceedingly gracious or very severe. He had a kindly feeling for the little Irish boy who was always playing tricks on the other lads. But the teacher had another favorite, a boy named Home. One day Sheridan and Home quarreled, and Home rushed into the school-house with his nose bleeding, wailing his distress to the master. McNally was furious. He seized a long stick and sallied out in search of Sheridan. It was recess time, and the young conqueror was sitting on a rail fence, watching the school-house, knowing that there were breakers ahead. The appearance of the teacher was warning enough. Sheridan ran away as fast as his little legs could carry him.

"Come back here, you little rascal!" shouted McNally, starting

in pursuit. The chase led up the middle of the main village street, and everybody rushed out to see it. The pedagogue ran, his flying coat-tails and long hair tossed in the wind, shaking his stick, and making the most terrible threats. The boy's strength began to fail; the master was gaining; escape seemed impossible. Just then the friendly door of a tin-shop appeared wide open. The tinsmith, Sam Cassell, was a great friend of Phil's, and to him the boy rushed.

"Hide me, Sam," he begged. There was not a second to lose. The old man was at work on a big copper kettle. Quick as a flash he clapped the kettle over the boy, and when the teacher arrived the tinsmith was calmly hammering away at a rivet, within two inches of the fugitive's head.

"Where's that boy who ran in here?" panted McNally.

"I don't know. He went out back somewhere," responded Cassell.

The teacher looked and looked; but Sheridan was not to be found, and his baffled pursuer returned to the school-house. An hour later little Phil came back also, well knowing that McNally's anger would be cooled. The teacher let the boy walk to his desk, and never said a word about the fight or chase.

Phil Sheridan was, from his earliest boyhood, a lover of soldiers. His eye danced and his heart beat whenever there was a drill of the village militia company. Every summer he would get a dozen of his school-mates, and persuade them that it was the best fun in the world to play soldier. His friend Cassell would let him have a sword of the sharpest and brightest tin, and, of course, Phil was always captain. But there would always be some mutinous boy who wanted to be captain, too, and Sheridan's company usually broke up in confusion.

A hundred other stories like this are told in the town where he grew up, but it would take a volume to record the anecdotes of his boyhood days. His fame is the pride of the village, and the casual visitor who chances to stop at Somerset is never allowed to leave without due notice of the fact that this little village has raised a great soldier for the army. These humble people love to tell that one of the traits of this boy, besides his love of fun and soldiering, was that he never knew fear. He was always ready to stand his ground against any odds. The school-master who taught him his earliest lessons has long since passed away; but his school-mates say that Phil Sheridan never studied in earnest until he thought he had a chance to go to West Point.

Then he devoted all his energies to cramming for his examination. He got his appointment in 1849, and by dint of his friends' aid, passed the ordeal, and was admitted to the military academy. For two years the village lost sight of him, and then he came home on his first leave of absence. He brought two companions with him, the now famous General Crook, and Colonel Nugent, who afterwards made something of a mark in the army. These three cadets were the lions of the town, and picnics, rides, and rural frolics filled the summer.

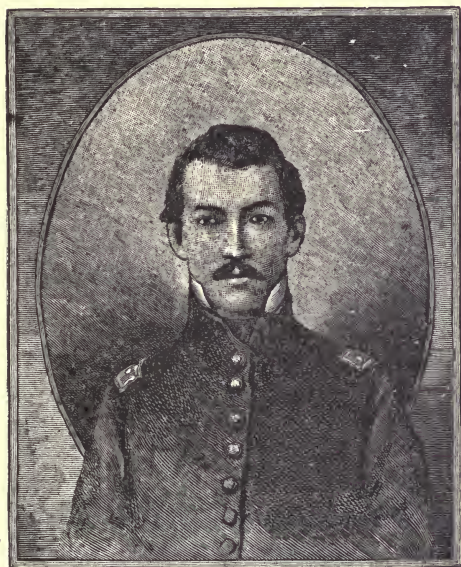
This first summer that Sheridan passed at home after his entrance to West Point is often spoken of by his neighbors. He closed his round of pleasures by thrashing a lawyer named Henessey, twice as large as himself, who had made some idle remark about his family. The story of this fight is about the last reminiscence these plain people give of the poor boy who used to live amongst them, but who is now General of the Army. He was graduated in the class of 1853, and immediately appointed a brevet second lieutenant in the First Infantry. Almost all they knew of him in recent years was that, until her recent demise, he came now and then to see his mother, and in the glamor of his official life had not forgotten the homely days of his youth.



CHAPTER III.

WEST POINT AND THE ARMY.

HIS LIFE AT THE MILITARY ACADEMY ON THE HUDSON — EARLY EXPERIENCES IN THE ARMY AFTER GRADUATION — INTERESTING STORIES OF FRONTIER LIFE — OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION — HIS FIRST SERVICE IN WAR — NOT A VERY BRILLIANT BEGINNING.



PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

BREVET SECOND LIEUTENANT, AFTER GRADUATION.

THE boy, who at ten years of age had whipped every one of his size and weight in the town of Somerset, and received the surrender of his school-master, whom with the aid of his dog, he had ignominiously driven up a tree, was a fitting candidate, a few years later, for a West Point cadetship.

It was in the year 1847, while employed as a clerk in the dry goods store of Fink & Dittoe at Somerset, that young Sheridan had his ambition fired with a desire to enter the military academy. There was a vacant cadetship at the disposal of General Ritchie, then a representative in Congress from the district in which Somerset was included. The ambitious boy made his application direct, writing and signing the letter himself and having no endorsements attached.

The congressman made the appointment, and the nominee went

earnestly and industriously to work supplying the deficiencies of a limited education. He placed himself under the tuition of a Mr. Clark, a fine mathematician and excellent teacher. Pupil and teacher worked hard, and at the end of three months young Sheridan was ready for his examination. He left Somerset for West Point and was admitted to the academy in the spring of 1848.

No more peculiar looking lad had ever been admitted. He is, to-day, one of the most notable appearing of men, when one associates with so commanding a military reputation, the physique which is commonly presumed to be part of a soldier's qualifications. On horseback and in battle, General Sheridan is the very embodiment of conflict. He is the apotheosis in his personality of both brain and blow; of intellect and action; of swift conception and daring execution. Some one who has known him well declares that in the field "Sheridan was a terribly ugly man." He was profanely bitter in cases of unneeded delay or failure: not sparing himself, he never spared others. "He never raved or frothed at the mouth, but he was short, sharp, hot, peppery, crusty, sarcastic, vehement, and full of fight even with his own staff. Excuses were in vain. When his manœuvres were successful he never stopped to receive praise; he accepted it as perfectly natural; but when anything went wrong he was perfectly savage."

The boy was father to the man: the West Point cadet proved himself the forerunner of the mature soldier. His appearance at the academy excited both curiosity and amusement, and his peculiar build made him the butt of his class, until it became painfully evident to those who practiced their jokes that he was a dangerous subject to jest with. General Hascall, one of his classmates, and now resident of Indianapolis, says:

"He was one of the most peculiarly built boys I ever saw. His chest was very large and full, his legs short and small, and his arms so phenomenally long that his hands reached far below his knees as he walked. His physical peculiarities were so marked before he finally and fully developed that he came very near being rejected by the examining board on that account."

It was those long arms of his that enabled Sheridan to become one of the finest swordsmen of his age. His knowledge of horses stood him in excellent stead, and his audacious courage in handling and riding them soon made him a leader in the riding school. On horseback Sheridan looks to be a large man. On his feet, he is indeed peculiar. In these later and famous days, he excites as much comment as did

his rustic, ungainly appearance at the military academy forty years since. At the headquarters of the army, or elsewhere in Washington, Sheridan, unless met face to face, would surprise a stranger almost to incredulity by his appearance. He is careless of dress, and like most American officers, especially in the regular army, gets as far away from uniform when off duty as is possible. His short figure has grown very rotund with increasing years and comparative ease. Seen by a correspondent a short time before his serious sickness, he was thus described :

“ He wore upon the back of his round, bullet head a very slim, high, old-fashioned silk hat of a style that was popular at the close of the Civil War. It was about two sizes too small. His short, iron gray hair stood out from under the rim of his hat at nearly right angles with it. His red, weather-beaten face did not show any new lines of advancing age, but his grizzly, iron-gray mustache and imperial were whitening very fast. He wore a short, light, yellow-gray overcoat which had only two buttons on it, and they were nearly ready to fly off from the undue strain of Sheridan’s round figure. The coat like the hat, appeared to have been long outgrown. The trousers were a gray plaid and fitted very snugly to the general’s fat legs. His boots were thick soled and unblacked. He wore no gloves. The side and rear views of the general suggested a low comedy man who had walked off the stage all made up for a funny part ; but when you came to look at the general square in the face, its stern, solemn, composed lines were enough to make one forget his grotesque figure and careless dress.”

Cadet Sheridan at his studies and books was more inapt and dull than at his drill and exercises, yet that he was a poor scholar is not at all a correct statement. The academic curriculum was even then too severe to permit a dullard or dunce to graduate successfully. Sheridan was simply an average scholar, and a superior soldier-cadet. He was a sturdy, self-respecting “ pleb,” and did not allow himself to be bullied by the cadets, chiefly from the slave-holding states and the cities of the North, who presumed to set up in business as the aristocrats of the academy. At that period the northern cadet who did not succumb to the social and political blandishments which were under the control of pro-slavery influences that dominated the country and all its administrative forces, had indeed a rocky path to climb, and found his way to even legitimate advancement a severe one. Young Sheridan did not quarrel with the prevailing tone of the period, it is true, but found himself socially ignored by the cadets more favored in person

and influence. He was too self respecting to care for this, though quick to resent any presumption on the part of his fellow-cadets. It was an incident of this sort that set him back a year in his graduation.

On one occasion, about the middle of his cadetship, the officer of the day was Captain Terrell, a somewhat petty martinet and disciplinarian, who sought to gain favor and promotion by a system of small rigorousness. Sheridan was a few minutes late at reveille and Terrell reported him for this fault. As a consequence the cadet was reprimanded. Sheridan was enraged at this, and not being at all lacking in spirit, caught Terrell next day off duty and attempted at once to give him a pummelling for what he considered an unwarranted indignity. The sturdy young fellow got in his work on the older martinet, and though he was somewhat worsted in the encounter, remained satisfied with the humiliation he inflicted on Terrell by attacking him so uncerimoniously, even though it brought on him the severe punishment of a year's suspension. In consequence of this, Sheridan did not graduate till 1853, when he was commissioned a brevet second lieutenant of infantry, and sent to Texas immediately on the expiration of the usual leave of absence granted to graduates on their leaving the military academy.

A brief rest at home, with one of his class: then, Sheridan was off to begin that eventful career which has placed his name among the half dozen foremost soldiers of this country. At the academy he acquired the habits of the cadets. He naturally grew fond of his pipe, and among the many relics and trophies of his wonderful forty years of superb activities, the little mahogany-hued meerschaum, which with all a boy's pride he "stained" while a cadet, is still preserved in his kindly and interesting Washington home. He made the town-people of Somerset remember him as the roads and by-ways witnessed his feats of horsemanship, of reckless riding. The picture of Lieutenant Sheridan was taken during this visit. It is a curious evidence of the sturdy simplicity of the Sheridan family that this old-fashioned picture, so valuable a reminiscence of a great historical character, had been almost forgotten by even his mother, until it was sought for as a valuable portion of the material that was being collected for this volume. Perhaps this sturdy simplicity can be best illustrated by a later incident:

Captain Greiner, of Somerset, a few years after the Civil War closed, was a candidate for some county office. In conducting a personal canvass, he rode horseback. Calling at the home of John and Mary Sheridan, the general's parents, the old gentleman (who died a little

later, in 1875) remarked upon the fact that the captain was using a very poor saddle. He said :

“Captain Greiner, you’ll never get through this campaign on that saddle, and you’d better let me give you another. We have one that Phil sent home not long ago, and it’s the one he rode at Winchester.”

Of course the captain demurred at the idea of taking so valuable a relic. John Sheridan, however, insisted that he could have it just as well as not. The saddle—a regulation McClellan stock, with worn military trappings, well-covered with dust, and bearing the marks of hard usage—was brought out. One of the stirrups was missing, to be found after some search. The saddle was really needed, but Captain Greiner was very much averse to taking what he deemed the soldier’s parents would prize so highly. He finally said :

“It seems to me that you ought to keep this saddle, Mr. Sheridan. If one of my boys had played such a great part in the war and had made such a famous ride on this saddle as Phil did, no money could buy it of me.”

“Oh, as to that,” said Mr. Sheridan, as he straightened himself up, “I am proud enough of Phil, and I’m glad he did his work well. I don’t care so much about his promotions, nor about those stories and poems about his ride. It would have hurt me had he played the coward, and I would have felt very mean if he had not turned out well. But I don’t care for his old hats and swords and for this old saddle, so if you want it, you are welcome to it.”

Captain Greiner took the saddle, and it was for a long time in the relic room at the capitol at Columbus. It has been at many an army reunion, and is now the property of the State of Ohio.

It must not be supposed that the quaint and self-possessed Irish-American, sturdily democratic to the core, was indifferent to the renown won by his son, or was careless of the great career that son’s genius has so splendidly carved. It was the American idea that spoke in John Sheridan’s words. It was the idea of duty, of manhood, and of personal devotion that was regarded, and not the factitious adjuncts or relics that received the parental approval. It is this civic quality, also, which has won for his son the plaudits of the country-side. This is the lesson of American democracy as expressed in citizenship and its service.

Another incident belonging to Sheridan’s graduation year illustrates the courage and self-possession of the dear old mother, who passed away at the age of eighty-seven, while the General himself was struggling

with a terrible complication of disorders. John Sheridan, as a railroad sub-contractor, had 150 men in his employ. He was absent at the time a fatal riot occurred between the railroad hands, numbering in all 600, and those of a circus which was exhibiting at Somerset. The first day's fighting was a bloody one, and word was sent along the construction works for all the laborers to assemble. John Sheridan's men were so notified, and came by scores to the rendezvous at Somerset. Mrs. Sheridan learned of the disturbance and of the proposed action of her husband's workmen. By dint of mingled persuasion and authority she succeeded in inducing them all to return to their boarding-houses. The state militia was called out next day to quell the disturbance, but the Sheridan men took no part in it.

The active life of the young soldier began with the close of his brief holiday. As brevet second lieutenant he joined a company of the First Infantry at Fort Duncan, on the Rio Grande, Texas, where he served against Comanche, Lipan, and Apache till early in 1855, when he was made second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry. In May of that year he was in command at Fort Wood, New York Harbor. He was then sent with recruits, *via* Panama, to San Francisco, and on arrival there was ordered to Washington Territory. Detailed to command of the escort of Lieutenant Williamson, then surveying a railroad from the Sacramento River, California, to the Columbia River, Oregon, he became topographically familiar with that wonderful region. Detached from this escort duty in September, 1855, at Vancouver, Washington Territory, Lieutenant Sheridan was ordered to accompany and command a detachment of dragoons in the expedition of Major Raines, of the Fourth Infantry, to the Yakima reservation, Oregon, against an Indian tribe of that name. He returned to Columbia the same fall. His conduct in the fights with the Indians at the Cascades of Columbia were specially mentioned as very gallant.

The great river of Oregon breaks through the Cascade Range, a mountain formation which practically divides Oregon into two sections. Forty odd miles east of the Cascades the Columbia makes, by "turning on its edge," what is termed the "Dalles." Sheridan's earliest duty was in this region, where settlements had already commenced, menaced, though they were, by the constant unfriendliness of the Yakima Indians. The pioneers of Oregon have not yet forgotten the scenes which accompanied and followed the outbreak in 1847, when Dr. Whitman and his associates were massacred in the Walla Walla Valley. Sheridan arrived in the winter of 1853-4, and entered at once into active and



SHERIDAN A DRY GOODS CLERK.

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE OLD STORE AT SOMERSET, OHIO, WHERE "LITTLE PHIL" STOOD BEHIND THE COUNTER.

[From a Recent Photograph.]

arduous service, both at post and in the field. In the former, by service as adjutant, commissary, quartermaster, as well as by company duty, he acquired that minute knowledge of all military administration and details which so early distinguished his army career.

In the field there was found ample opportunity for Sheridan, subordinate though he was, to prove the metal of which he was made. Old army men who served with the tireless, audacious, restless, daring young officer, are never tired of telling of his feats and exploits. An interesting fact is that, though an infantry officer, Sheridan was oftenest

assigned when in the field to command of a detachment of dragoons. On one occasion, in the fall of 1855, he made a march from Fort Redding, where he was stationed, to the north side of the Columbia River. It was over a very rugged country, passing, in fact, through the famous lava beds, where in 1873, General Canby lost his life at the hands of the Modoc Indians. This same tribe, whose meagre remnants are now settled as poor farmers in the Indian Territory, fired upon Sheridan and his detachment during the march in question. No one was wounded, however. At Klamath Lake, during the same march, a canoe was despoiled upon a small island. Lieutenant Sheridan, in order to secure it and to find out whether it was evidence of any Indian movement, with one man swam out to the island and brought back the canoe.

In command of his dragoon detachment, Lieutenant Sheridan was always actively at work. In the fall of 1855, while at the Dalles, one night the long roll was sounded. Information had been received of an attack on the block-house and settlement at the Cascades, by Yakima Indians. The people were in great peril, as a general massacre was threatened. Colonel Marcus J. Wright, commanding the Ninth Infantry, who had just taken up the line of march for other quarters, was hastily informed and recalled. General Wright acquired in this way that knowledge of Sheridan's value, which enabled him to truthfully telegraph General Halleck some years after, just previous to the Perryville campaign, that he wanted Sheridan, who "was worth his weight in gold," ordered to report to him for duty as brigadier.

Lieutenant Sheridan at once put his cavalry detachment on board the river steamer *Belle*, with a handy twelve-pound howitzer. Early the next morning the *Belle* reached the Lower Cascades, being as far as her regular trips extended. She stopped at a landing made by a Mr. Johnson, near Bradford's Island. From this point the Indians could be seen in force on the island. Breakfast was ordered at once. Sheridan told his men there would be some hard fighting and perhaps some killing. Not waiting to learn what was in progress at the Cascades settlement, he prepared for an attack upon the Indians on the island. This was made on the west side and from the north bank of the Columbia River, and his little force was immediately deployed. His men were ordered to take advantage of every cover, and to fire only when they could see the Indians. In this way the small force advanced slowly in skirmishing order. Sheridan's orderly, an Irishman named McGraw, soon shouted out that he saw an Indian. He fell dead immediately, shot in the mouth which he had just used so unwisely. A

volley was drawn on the advancing detachment by the injudicious shout. Greatly outnumbered, Sheridan, having removed McGraw's body to the rear, commenced a slow retreat, firing rapidly as he fell back. At the shore he brought into play the howitzer that his foresight had caused him to place on the steamboat. The Indians were checked and finally fell back. McGraw was our only loss. In the evening Sheridan drew off his dragoons to the *Belle*, keeping steam up, and preserving a vigilant watch. His handful of men were greatly outnumbered, and he was unable to take more aggressive action.

The Indians remained quiet during the night. At early dawn a whale-boat was obtained and the detachment embarked, making its way up stream to Bradford's Island. They found Colonel Wright with several companies of the Ninth Infantry, having made a forced march, busily engaged with the Indians. The latter soon commenced to run, taking flight in canoes and by swimming to the south side of the river. The dragoons under Sheridan were at once sent to the block-house, where they remained a short time, and then returned to the Lower Cascades, where they remained a few weeks, until relieved by a company of the Ninth Infantry.

It was a brief but stirring Indian campaign. General Wool, commanding the department, arrived on the field and took command in person. At its close, the old soldier predicted that the young lieutenant would some day be a colonel. For his services in this campaign Sheridan received the thanks of General Scott, being named in general orders and breveted first lieutenant,—a promotion that like all he has won, was the result of service in the field and hard fighting.

Another expedition in which Lieutenant Sheridan took part, again entered the Yakima country. While so engaged, he was ordered, on one occasion, to cross a stream in order to scout against Indians supposed to be on the opposite shore. This order was executed by placing an infantry sharpshooter behind the saddle of each cavalryman. The stream was not deep, but rapid, and two artillerymen who followed with the howitzer, were drowned in crossing. No Indians were found, however. A Cayuse scout employed by Sheridan on this expedition was known as Cut-Mouth John, and on one occasion an Indian called out to him to know if he would "talk." John replied, ferociously, "I'll kill you first and talk afterward." He was as good as his word and got his enemy's scalp, which he stretched that night, having a little dance around it by himself. John used to be on good terms with all the officers, but when Major Raines, afterward in the Confederate army,

ordered him to bury that scalp, he sulked, and had nothing more to do with them. The Indian he slew was the only one known to be killed on this expedition.

On arriving at Yakima Mission, orders were received to proceed with Colonel Nesmith and a party of volunteers toward White River or Natchez Pass. Nesmith was afterward United States Senator from Oregon. Major Maloney was supposed to be coming from Fort Steilacoom, on Puget Sound, to hem in the Indians from the north. It was snowing furiously, and the dragoons crossed Bald Hill in a cold storm, Lieutenant Sheridan and all his men being compelled to dismount and lead the horses. Further progress being impossible, and Major Maloney not being met, the command returned to the Dalles and camped on Mill Creek in tents. The dragoons were camped a short distance above the fort, which was rebuilding under Captain Jordan. This officer afterward became historically noted as General Beauregard's chief of staff. Major Haller was in command of the post. The Indian disturbances were continued sporadically for two or three years, without any results more serious than the fears of the settlers in Oregon and Southern Washington, or of the necessary activity of the small body of regulars stationed in that section of our national domain. Captain U. S. Grant was among the officers stationed in the same department, but the two soldiers who were afterward to be so nobly associated together, did not meet during the three years of their service in that frontier military command.

The service on the Pacific coast illustrates the methods that controlled the War Department and army headquarters for at least two decades preceding the outbreak of civil war. There is no reason to doubt that prominent southern leaders had brought their minds to the conviction that an armed conflict "between the states" was bound to come over the question of slavery. The history of the Kansas struggle is sufficient to prove this; but to the historical student it will be much more clearly shown in the administration of two great branches of government which seriously molded the conditions of life in the then almost unknown West, from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. In the twenty years indicated, that is, from 1840 to 1860, there will not be found the names of over a score of northern born men appointed to positions as Indian agents, or other important places connected with that service. Of that score not a half dozen can be named who were in sympathy with free soil ideas. In the Kansas struggle there was but one such man, Agent Gay, of the Shawnee tribe, and he was killed



THE OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION.

THE ATTACK ON SUMTER.

early in that conflict. As with the Indian service, so with that of the army administration. During the control of the War Department by Jefferson Davis and John B. Floyd, it will be found that the regular army and its officers were so stationed and employed as to throw the younger men, those unknown beyond their commands, and those of northern birth who might be reasonably considered as loyal to the Union, far from the field of probable operations, and at posts where they could be of the least service. Officers, on the other hand, who by birth and social conditions were likely to be drawn at once to the South, were retained in posts and departments which would render them immediately available for the purposes of disunion. An illustration of this was seen in the re-organization by Jefferson Davis while Secretary of War, of the famous Second Regiment of Cavalry. A roster of this regiment, as officered by Mr. Davis, will show such names as Robert E. Lee, Longstreet, Albert Sidney Johnston, Anderson, Philip St. George Cooke, Stein, George H. Thomas, Sturgis, and others. Of the forty odd picked officers who were in this favored organization there were not over half a dozen of northern birth. Only as many remained

faithful to the flag after Sumter was fired upon, and among these was the immortal Virginian patriot and soldier, George H. Thomas, who was senior major of the Second Cavalry when rebellion began. He was stationed at a western fort in the Indian Territory. Sturgis was at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Both officers brought their commands into the Union lines. In the central territories there was some disaffection, but the loyalty of the rank and file saved the public property and territory. Colonel Canby at Santa Fé, held the southwest territories. The loyal volunteers of Colorado held the centre, and to the northwest as far as the Pacific there was scarcely any disaffection. Longstreet, Jordan, Ewell, and a few others made their way to the Confederacy through Arizona and New Mexico. The far-reaching nature of the plot by which the free states and territories were to be rendered helpless can be seen in the fact that Fort Kearney, Nebraska, then an isolated and unimportant post out on the great plains, was made for nearly or quite a twelve months before, an *entrepot* to which, under orders from the War Department, arms of all kinds, ordnance supplies, munitions and stores of all sorts, with wagons, artillery carriages, etc., were sent from the various army posts east as far as Fort Leavenworth and west as far as California and Oregon. So also Fort Wise on the southwest border of Kansas Territory, was used. Its site is now known as Fort Lyon. The march of Major Sedgwick, afterward the gallant commander of the famous Fifth Army Corps, saved the stores and arms at Fort Wise. Those at Fort Kearney were saved by the prompt and loyal courage of an orderly sergeant, afterwards a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. Sergeant Schultze—he is a German-American and served in Captain Nathaniel B. Lyon's command, Company B, Second Infantry—resisted the efforts of a party of deserting officers to carry off the guns and munitions stored at Fort Kearney. There were nearly one hundred twelve-pound howitzers massed at this point. They were left to the care of a handful of soldiers under an ordnance sergeant. All the frontier troops in the early summer of 1861 were ordered to concentrate at Fort Leavenworth and at Omaha, from the posts on the plains and among the Rockies. Sergeant Schultze arrived at the same time that the southern army officers reached Fort Kearney. By a bold appeal to his men and a determined front on the soldiers' part, the fleeing officers decided that their safety was to be found in a more rapid flight.

These incidents of the early days of the war "out West" are necessary to make clear the reason why officers like Sheridan were not sooner

ordered into the scenes of great military activity. It became necessary to make quite sure of our Pacific coast before the much needed and well-trained regular officers who were stationed there could be relieved.

The Pacific coast officers, though removed from the scene of hostilities when the war broke out, had plenty of patriotic ardor. General Sumner, who arrived at San Francisco early in June, as department commander, issued an order that "all officers charged with the care of public property will hold themselves in readiness at all times to protect it at any hazard. No public property will be surrendered in this department"; and on the heels of this order came another, that "any citizen in the employment of the army in this department who is opposed to the Union will be instantly discharged." This was the spirit of the army administration out there. It was efficient in covering the real intentions of the general government, through which the loyal Pacific States and Territories finally took almost entire charge of their own defense, organizing an army or National Guard of volunteer militia in California and Oregon, fully equipped by the general government. The "regulars" stationed there were all kept busy till the close of 1861, assisting in the organization indicated. The story of the Civil War from the Missouri to the Pacific coast remains to be told, but an incident thereof was the delaying of Sheridan's transfer to a more active field.

In October, 1861, Brevet First Lieutenant Sheridan was commissioned captain in the Thirteenth Infantry, and soon after ordered to report to General Halleck at St. Louis for assignment to duty. He arrived there late in the year, and at the beginning of the New Year was ordered to report to Brigadier Samuel R. Curtis for duty in the field as chief quartermaster and commissary of the Army of Southwest Missouri, then in camp at Springfield, and preparing for a forward movement to the southwest against the Confederate troops of Missouri, Arkansas, Northern Louisiana, and Texas, then concentrating in the Ozark Mountains under Sterling Price, Van Dorn, Ben McCullough, Raines, Marmaduke, Fagan, and Albert Pike, among others who afterwards became distinguished. On the 2d of January, 1862, General S. R. Curtis reported from Rollo to department headquarters at St. Louis, that Captain Sheridan had reported and been assigned to duty. Staff-officers and others associated with Captain Sheridan in that army recall his indomitable, tireless activity and administrative ability. His post was no sinecure, but on the contrary bore in its execution far more than the usual burden of difficulties accompanying such important branches of military organization. West of the Missouri, the Union

forces were, from the beginning till the close of the war, more inefficiently and poorly supplied than was elsewhere the case. The State of Missouri, especially its western and southwestern portions, was intensely disloyal. The Kansas conflict had embittered the people, free soil and pro-slavery, to the utmost. It was hard work to keep the Kansas volunteers within bounds on the soil of Missouri. It was far harder work to make the southern sympathizers resident in Missouri understand the laws of war. They were generally ready to turn bushwhackers on the slightest opportunity, and on all occasions, within or without the lines of the Federal forces, were utterly unscrupulous enemies of the Union. There was a phrase in use out there which humorously embodied the bitter antagonism felt towards a policy that dealt with the people of the border states, especially those of Missouri, as loyal citizens. It was applied generally to the Kansas volunteers, who were commonly known and sneered at for the first two years of the war as "Jayhawkers." The conservative regular army officers, especially, cherished bitter prejudices against the soldiers of that state with whom they came in contact, no matter how soldierly and valorous were their conduct or acts. The term "jayhawker" was originally applied to the Seventh Regiment (cavalry) of Kansas Volunteers, whom Fremont first assigned to duty in Western Missouri with orders to live on the country. That term thus came to represent a distinct view of army policy. In the east the opposite view was taken by McClellan; in the centre by Buell and Rosecrans, and in the west to some extent by Halleck. General Curtis was a graduate of West Point, who early in his army life had resigned to practice law. He settled in Iowa, and was sent to Congress from the Keokuk district as a Republican. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln's. At the beginning of the Civil War, he entered the army again. Halleck assigned him to the command of the army which was to be the right wing of the great field wherein he proposed to operate, extending from Western Arkansas to Northern Georgia.

With a meagre army chest and insufficient supplies, General Curtis, knowing that if he did not make use of the stock, grain, etc., to be found in Southwest Missouri the rebel guerrillas and cavalry raiders would do so, ordered his chief quartermaster to supply deficiencies from the country so far as possible, and to give vouchers therefor, payable on proof of the bearer's loyalty. Captain Sheridan demurred to this policy, which he called "jayhawking," and at last made his opposition so obnoxious, that when General Curtis finally began the forward

movements and field operations which eventuated in the hard-fought battle and victory of Pea Ridge, in the march across Arkansas, and in the capture and occupation of Helena on the Mississippi as an important basis among others for the great operations by which, a year later, the "Father of Waters" was allowed "to run unvexed to the sea," that commander felt himself obliged to relieve Captain Sheridan and order him to report to General Halleck at St. Louis for duty. This apparent slight became the turning point in the young soldier's famous career. He was taken by Halleck to the army before Corinth as chief commissary, and in that way came again under the notice of the cavalry commander, General Stanley, by whose suggestion he was appointed colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, just one month after he arrived in Northern Mississippi. As for his conservative antagonism to "jayhawking," it vanished when he entered on cavalry service. The Captain Sheridan who resisted in Southwest Missouri, early in 1862, the policy of the commander on whose staff he served, blossomed under the conditions of the war into the stern general, who, in 1864, declared while fighting in the Shenandoah Valley, that he "proposed to make it so bare that a crow flying over it would have to carry his rations."

An incident of Sheridan's quartermaster service in Southwest Missouri, told after the war in *Household Words*, a magazine that preceded *Scribner's*, deserves a brief mention here, as it illustrates Sheridan's character and courage. An army wagon with its team was stalled on the road some distance south of Springfield. The teamster, a burly six-footer, was engaged in brutally whipping his mules. Riding near by on the left of the road was a stout but low-statured man, clad in a fatigue suit of army blue, without any insignia of rank or staff buttons, and wearing a battered army hat. He drew rein at the stalled wagon, and in a few moments asked the teamster authoritatively, why he beat the mules so severely. The ruffian replied with a savage oath, and immediately struck the near animal with the heavy butt of his "black-jack," as the wagoner's whip is called. To a shout from the horseman the burly teamster replied with a threat to serve him the same way. An eye-witness, who wrote the magazine article, says that the threat was scarcely made before the rider shot from his saddle, for all the world like a stone projected from a catapult, and in a second was at the ruffian's throat. It was seen that this assailant was a smaller man, but somehow he brought the big teamster at once to his knees, and poured upon his head, neck, and chest such a rain of savage blows, ending in twisting the whip out of the man's hand and applying it vigorously

over arms and shoulders, until the fellow fairly blubbered for mercy. His assailant let him up, applying a vigorous kick as he arose. "Who the devil are you?" asked the amazed and cowed bully.

"Captain Sheridan, quartermaster of this army, and if you don't get to work d—— quick to get this wagon out of the way, by ——, I'll thrash you again."

It is needless to say that the man went to work under Sheridan's orders. The mules had recovered their strength. In a few minutes the team and wagon were on the dry road. With a parting admonition and objurgation, "Little Phil" mounted his patient horse, which had watched the rencounter with seeming approval, and rode away.

Captain Sheridan's experiences with the army of Southwest Missouri, though not altogether satisfactory to him at the time, must have been productive of fruitful knowledge. General Curtis, speaking of his whilom quartermaster, when the latter was rising so rapidly to the zenith of his fame, declared that Captain Sheridan was one of the ablest and most indefatigable of staff officers. No labor was too great, no exertion too severe for him to undertake in the line of duty. But his prejudices were as stubborn as his independence was marked. He allowed nothing for any one's superior knowledge of the region, and in the matter of their differences as to the impressment of stock, etc., was so determined in his opposition as to compel General Curtis, much to his regret, to relieve his rather insubordinate subordinate from duty on the staff, and order him to St. Louis. In a personal letter to the department commander, General Curtis strongly urged Captain Sheridan's assignment to active field service, assured that he would win renown for himself and credit to the cause. As to the policy of making war, Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley carried out the course indicated by Curtis nearly three years before, only the younger and greater soldier made it more sweeping and rigorous.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED PROMOTION.

HOW SHERIDAN WAS MADE A COLONEL — CAPTAIN ALGER'S RIDE AND ITS RESULTS — CORINTH AND PITTSBURG LANDING — GOVERNOR BLAIR'S HESITANCY — THE APPOINTMENT — NOTIFIED OF HIS ADVANCEMENT — SATISFIED WITH THE RANK OF COLONEL — TAKES COMMAND OF HIS REGIMENT — ITS FIRST IMPRESSION OF HIM.

WHEN the Civil War had been going on for more than a year, Sheridan was still an issuer of rations with only the rank of captain. Had not General Grant been relieved of the command of his army after the battle of Shiloh, Sheridan might never have left the commissary department to lead men in battle. It is true that he fretted in the position he then held on General Halleck's staff. He had done the best he could to secure the command of some regiment from his native state, but he was then without fame or influence, and for each new regiment that was called out in Ohio there were a dozen aspirants for the colonelcy possessed of social and political influence. This was then a potent power as against a pure military training. Therefore Sheridan's weeks of application lengthened into months, and the months into a second year, before he found work for his military genius higher than that of looking after the rough provender which the government provided for its soldiers.

The 25th of May, 1862, came, and Halleck, an old lawyer general, full of cranks and prejudices, had virtually dug his way in six weeks all the way from the fateful field of Shiloh to within gunshot of the Confederate outposts at Corinth. Each succeeding mile, from the day when Halleck relieved Grant, a new line of earthworks was thrown up in this over-cautious advance. Graves of brave men dotted the hillsides and valleys, numbering in the aggregate more souls than would have been lost in an open combat with the Confederate army, which was only half the size of that which Halleck had gathered to build twenty miles of intrenchments in an approach on Corinth.

Just after the battle of Shiloh, Pope's army, which had been oper-

ating on the Mississippi below Island Number Ten, was brought up to swell Halleck's forces. With it was the Second Michigan Cavalry, and like the other troops, this regiment fretted and grew half demoralized with the slow and uncertain policy which marked Halleck's operations after Grant's frightful wrestle with Johnston and Beauregard on the banks of the Tennessee. Its colonel, Gordon Granger, was made a brigadier-general about this time. He was a regular army officer, who had been promoted from a captaincy to the command of the regiment while it was stationed in St. Louis. His discipline was severe, but it made the regiment efficient beyond almost any other body of troopers then in the service.

His advancement left it in a condition to be very soon demoralized. During the few weeks which elapsed before a new colonel was found, the regiment drifted, under the command of a lieutenant-colonel, into that feeling of uncertainty which is harmful to any military body. As it lay one evening, in the latter part of May, within cannon-shot of the village of Corinth, its fate was dependent upon the choice of a strong hand and a new spirit to command it.

On one of those hazy, depressing summer days so common in the southern climate, Captain Russell A. Alger, of Company C, was acting field officer of the day. He always took an active interest in the regiment's welfare. Often with the other officers had he discussed, without solution, the problem of finding a new colonel for a command, the record of which was then, and is, second to that of no regiment of horse in the army. Austin Blair was at that time governor of Michigan, and at the moment was visiting the army. He was to return home the very day when the accident occurred which gave him an opportunity to do a meritorious act, and endow with new force the cavalry regiment from his state, in which he took unusual interest.

Captain Alger had been on picket duty throughout the night of the 24th of May. Early on the morning of the 25th, he reported to General Gordon Granger upon some matters of detail, which it was his duty to do as acting field-officer of the day in front of an enemy. After the business of the moment was over, the condition of the Second Michigan Cavalry became the subject of discussion. General Granger, who still took an interest in its welfare, had been casting about for some regular army officer who would be his fit successor at the head of this splendid regiment. He had been over to Halleck's headquarters the day before Captain Alger's visit, and had met Sheridan. This morning, as he and Alger were talking, he said:

“I have found a man who will make your regiment a good colonel.”

“Who is it?” asked Alger, earnestly.

“Captain Phil Sheridan. He is now at Halleck’s headquarters, acting as a commissary on his staff.”

A shade of inquiry crossed General Granger’s countenance, as he said :

“He is just the man you want ; but I doubt whether Governor Blair will commission

another regular officer to command a Michigan regiment. He thinks that we are too severe in our discipline, and that the troops do not like us.”

Captain Alger replied that the regiment needed a commander of character and decision, and that he believed Blair would do any reasonable thing for the welfare of the troops from his state.

“Very well,” replied General Granger, “I will give you a letter to him, asking Sheridan’s appointment. He is now at Pittsburg Landing, and leaves for the North by the steamer at 2 o’clock.”

It was now breakfast time. Governor Blair was more than twenty miles away, and there was no time to be lost. General Granger called an orderly, had Captain Alger’s horse fed, and insisted on his taking his morning meal with him. During breakfast the subject of Captain Sheridan’s appointment was earnestly discussed. Before they had finished the meal Lieutenant Frank E. Walbridge, Quartermaster of the Second Michigan Cavalry, rode up. Captain Alger asked permission to take him with him for his interview with Governor Blair.



GEN. GORDON GRANGER.

General Granger assented, and the two officers prepared for the journey. It was almost half-past nine in the morning when, armed with an earnest request for Sheridan's appointment, they left the front of the Federal lines and rode toward Pittsburg Landing. Captain Alger, who afterwards became a brigadier-general, has frequently spoken of the anxieties of that ride, when he must have recalled something like the lines :

“ Ho, pony! down the lonely road,
Strike now your cheeriest pace;
Camp-fires cannot burn brighter
Than burns my anxious face.”

As each mile was passed, the hour for the governor's departure drew nearer and nearer. It was only thirty-five minutes before 2 o'clock when Alger and his companion reached the landing. In less than half an hour of the leaving time of the boat, General Granger's letter was placed in Governor Blair's hands.

As General Granger had foreseen, the governor hesitated. He disliked the severity of regular army officers, and thought their influence over volunteers was harmful, rather than effective. The condition of the regiment was described by Captain Alger in a few words, and both he and Lieutenant Walbridge strongly urged the force of General Granger's recommendation. The governor, impressed with their earnestness, yielded to their arguments, and just a few moments before the boat which was to convey him to Michigan started, he turned to General John Robertson, his adjutant-general, and said :

“ Write an order appointing Captain Sheridan colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, to take command at once.”

Only a few moments were left for the adjutant-general to act. He took a half sheet of note paper, and hurriedly wrote these words :

PITTSBURG LANDING, May 25, 1862.

Captain Philip H. Sheridan is hereby appointed colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. He is directed to take command at once.

AUSTIN BLAIR, *Governor.*

This was handed to Captain Alger; the boat pushed out into the Tennessee, and a great soldier had been started on his way to fame.

Captain Alger and Lieutenant Walbridge fed themselves and their horses, and as the gathering shadows of night drew over the battle-field of Shiloh, they started for an all night's ride toward the front. It was near daylight when they arrived. The exertion killed Alger's horse. Mounting another, he rode to General Granger's headquarters and

announced to that officer that he had Captain Sheridan's appointment in his pocket.

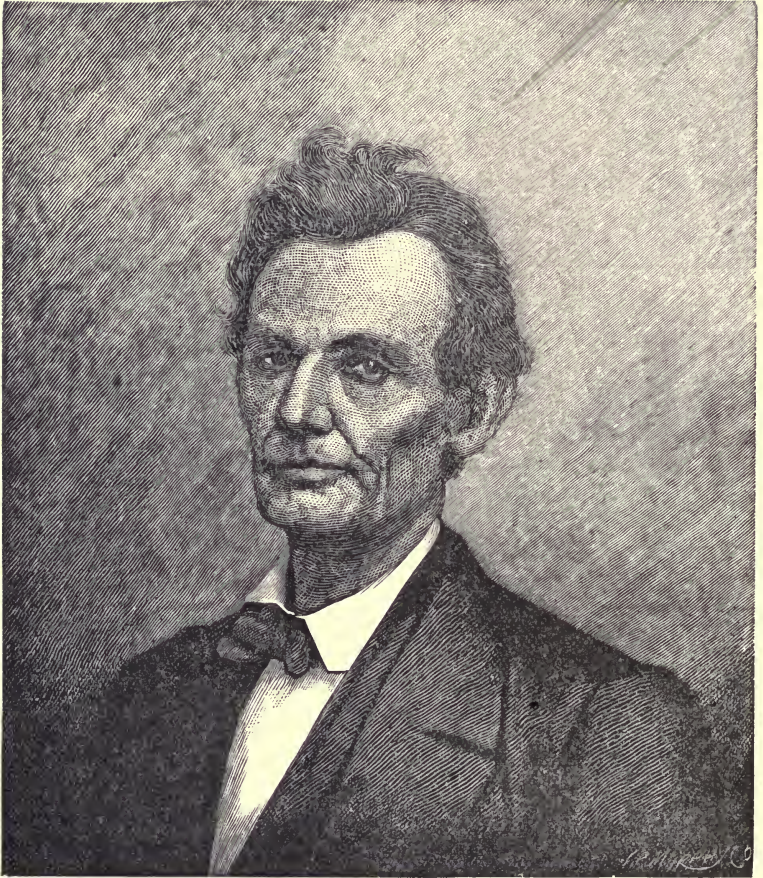
General Granger directed him to carry it to Sheridan, who was some two miles distant at Halleck's headquarters. Alger obeyed, and a half hour later met for the first time his new colonel and the future general. He presented him with his appointment, and Phil Sheridan was that morning the happiest man in the whole of Halleck's army. The colonelcy which Ohio did not give her own son, Michigan had provided. The officers of the staff were at once summoned to celebrate the occasion. As the officers drank their bumpers in his tent to his good luck, there was an interesting scene. One brother officer of the staff, more enthusiastic than the rest, pledged the new colonel's health with the toast:

"Here's hoping that this is a long step towards a brigadier's star."

How little men know of themselves! Sheridan, flushed with the joy of the occasion, replied:

"No, gentlemen; I thank you for your good wishes, but I want no higher honor. I am now a colonel of cavalry, and have all the rank I want or expect."

The news of his appointment spread rapidly through the regiment, and every one wondered what manner of man the new colonel was. They very soon found out. The next day he came over and took command, and was introduced to a regiment, the officers and men of which he had never seen before. He appeared at dress parade, and his appearance by no means revealed his ability. He was then very slight in figure, with little, short legs that hardly reached over his horse's sides, and quite broad shoulders. He was so small that he could scarcely be seen from one end of the regiment to the other. The first impression he made was not very satisfactory to either officers or men. Two days later he started off on a raid to Booneville, Mississippi, and proved his quality. The regiment at once took new life under his direction. Both officers and men felt perfect confidence in him, and in less than four days after his appointment the soldiers named him "Little Phil." They always afterwards felt an unbounded pride in their commander. He was made a brigadier-general before he had received his commission as colonel; in fact, he was not commissioned as colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry until after the war. While he was in command at New Orleans, the commission was issued to him by the governor as a matter of sentiment. At a much later period, to make his army record complete, he was mustered in as the colonel of his old regiment.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

[From a War-Time Photograph.]

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF BOONEVILLE.

SHERIDAN'S FIRST BATTLE — IT WAS AT BOONEVILLE, MISSISSIPPI — STRENGTH OF HIS COMMAND — ITS PERILOUS POSITION — HOW HE MANAGED HIS TROOPS — SENDING FOR REINFORCEMENTS — THE SCOUT AND THE NEGRO — FOOLING THE ENEMY — CAPTAIN ALGER AND THE "FORLORN HOPE" — THE LAST CHARGE, AND A COMPLETE VICTORY.

"THE enemy has ten regiments under Chalmers. I want support, particularly artillery. I have been cut up some little, but am still strong."

This was Sheridan's first appeal in a grave emergency. He met it with a fearlessness and show of military sagacity that thus early in war demonstrated his fitness for high command. He was only a colonel then and had led the Second Michigan Cavalry but little more than a month, when suddenly called upon to meet the serious responsibilities of a battle under as exacting conditions as were ever imposed upon a soldier.

It was 2.30 in the afternoon of July 1, 1862, when he sent the above dispatch to General Asboth, his division commander. He had then been fighting against overwhelming odds since early morning. At 3 o'clock, as the combat waxed more intense, he hastily penned this message to the same authority:

"I have been holding a large force of the enemy prisoners — say ten regiments in all — all day. Am considerably cut up, but am holding my camp."

These were the first echoes from a desperate combat that reached the larger army twenty miles in the rear.

It has been truly said that "mighty events turn upon small hinges." Sheridan's first experience as an independent commander illustrates the truth of this adage. His primary test in the stroke and strategy of battle gave decisive promise of that inspiration in danger and fertility of resource which, in the short space of two years, placed him in the lead among the group that achieved greatness during the Civil War. It was

in the second year of the Rebellion — the acute stage of the colossal struggle: the awful “battle summer of 1862” — that Sheridan emerged from the obscurity of staff duty into the stirring arena of command and combat.

There was a pause in the death grapple of the contending armies of Halleck and Beauregard when Sheridan was appointed colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. McClellan was then before Richmond. Halleck was preparing a new campaign. The eyes of the world were watching the Chickahominy, while the Western armies for the moment were inactive. The new colonel found his regiment well trained, and composed of stalwart men, skilled in woodcraft and inured to the hardships of open-air life. The man and the instrument were well suited to each other and the dangerous work before them.

Sheridan was no sooner in command than he was in the saddle and taking part in an adventurous errand. Two days after he was made a colonel, he, with his regiment, joined an expedition under Colonel W. L. Elliott, of the Second Iowa Cavalry. These two regiments cut loose from the main army and pushed southward, to the rear of the Confederate lines. With but little halt or rest, this small command scoured the debatable land between the armies. It harassed the Confederate outposts, tore up the Mobile and Ohio railway, and burned supplies at Booneville, Mississippi, clearing the country for future operations. This was the first successful raid of the war.

The cavalry is called the eye of the army. Sheridan made his the right arm, as well. In a short time after his promotion his irresistible dash and ceaseless activity was the talk of the meagre force of horsemen attached to the army before Corinth, to whom he was a wonder. Shortly after his first promotion, Beauregard's army fell back, leaving Halleck free to concentrate his forces in the Confederate stronghold. Following the retreating enemy, Sheridan found himself again at Booneville. On the 1st of July, 1862, he was encamped there, while the main body of the Confederates lay at Tupelo and Guntown, fifteen miles or more to the southward.

The sluggish advance of Halleck's army left Sheridan's force isolated. Though nominally in command of the Second Brigade of the cavalry division, his force at Booneville consisted of but eleven companies of the Second Michigan and eleven of the Second Iowa — in all, about seven hundred and forty men. With the main army under Halleck twenty miles in the rear, and Beauregard about the same distance in front, Sheridan operated in a hostile country, watching and reporting every

movement of the enemy, and making his map of the country as he marched.

Booneville is a small town on the Mobile and Ohio railway. Situated at the conjunction of three or four converging highways, it was a natural vantage point, the value of which the enemy promptly acknowledged by the effort he made to dislodge Sheridan and his handful of cavalry. None but the most audacious would, under the circumstances, have dreamed of holding the place unless assured of a large command. There were deep woods which covered the rolling hills on the immediate outskirts of the place, while beyond, cleared plantations gave the enemy admirable ground for deploying lines of battle and surrounding the town.

Beauregard was not slow in discerning the poverty of the force intrusted with such important functions as holding forty miles of debatable territory. So long as Sheridan held Booneville, many miles of country with abundant supplies and many needed railway facilities were cut off from his control. Sheridan's forces, his resources, to the minutest detail, were known to the southern commander, for every man in the country was an emissary of his cause. Taking prompt advantage of the situation, General Chalmers — a man destined to be well known in war and politics afterwards — was placed at the head of eight regiments of cavalry, with orders to clear the country of Sheridan's meagre force.

He made an energetic attempt to execute these orders. The dispatches above quoted show the spirit with which that attempt was resisted.

Telegrams like these were something new at headquarters at the time, and though momentous movements under Rosecrans, Grant, and Sherman were going on, the outcome of Sheridan's first fight was watched with eager interest by Halleck, and the result thought important enough to be telegraphed to President Lincoln. But no soldiers ever better deserved commendation than did this little band for the heroic work of that day.

Unable to retreat and almost hopeless of success, Sheridan when attacked, made his dispositions with almost preternatural foresight. The enemy was at least four thousand strong. To strike this large force *en masse* would have been certain defeat. That was not the new colonel's plan. He strengthened the picket posts on the several roads leading into Booneville and then held the main body in hand to await Chalmers' attack. This fell early in the day upon Lieutenant Scranton, of the

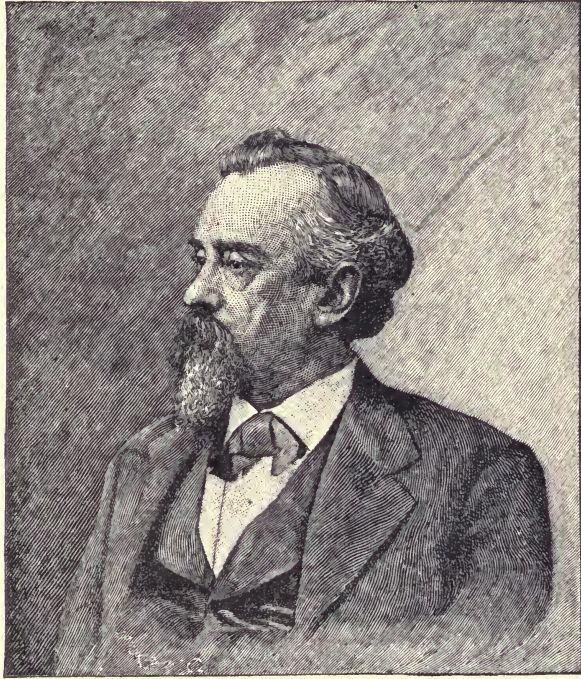
Second Michigan, who commanded the outpost on the Blackland road, three miles and a half from the town. Although set upon by ten times their number, the pickets fought for every inch of the ground, falling back so slowly that the enemy supposed they had come upon a much larger force than they had expected.

Scranton's men had retreated a mile or more to a point where the road the enemy were advancing on intersected another. Here Sheridan had reinforcements at hand, and, under cover of a natural barricade, the attacking force was brought to a halt. The contest became stubborn and the fighting superb, but finding the Confederates gaining ground, three more companies were sent to the point, under command of Captain Campbell, also of the Second Michigan. Confident now that the Union force was at bay, Chalmers deployed two regiments on the right of the road. This imposing line overlapped the Union front so far that by merely curving the wings inward, the whole force would have been surrounded. Sheridan saw the danger. He quickly sent word to Captain Campbell to hold the ground at all hazards until he could be reinforced, but if pushed beyond endurance to fall back slowly. Colonel Hatch, of the Second Iowa, was then sent quickly to Campbell's support and was ordered to charge the enemy wherever he could strike him best. Meanwhile the Michigan men were engaged in a terrible and uncertain combat. In the open field the gray-coated horsemen in well-closed ranks, waited until the skirmishers had driven the Union troops well together, then, with shouts, they swept down, each man eager to be first in at the capture.

The sorely pressed Federals were ordered to reserve their fire until the enemy was within twenty-five or thirty yards' range, and well did they obey this command. On came the solid Confederate battalions, certain of victory, and the order to surrender was ringing out. A storm of bullets which withered the first line, was the reply. Another and another followed, for the smallness of the Union force was, to some extent, made up by their efficient Colt's revolving rifles, which carried five shots without reloading, and in the hands of good marksmen were full of death.

In this onset they were so well used that the charge was stayed. But the columns were soon re-formed, and the Confederate commander closed up his lines and brought them on the flank of the struggling Wolverenes. Still fighting, inch by inch, they fell slowly back, keeping at bay the overwhelming enemy. Again Chalmers threw his regiments in line and charged with wild yells as of assured victory. But

he was again beaten off, and the Union men having no time to reload, used their guns as clubs to ward off their over-confident enemies. It was a desperate moment. Sheer weight of numbers must have gained the coveted road and captured the indomitable defenders had Sheridan not now sent in another timely supply of men from his slender line.



GEN. J. R. CHALMERS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

The combat began again. It had lasted from daylight. It was now afternoon. Angered by the obstinacy of his opponents, Chalmers now made a wide sweep and came in on the left of the Union camp, almost within gun-shot of the tents. There was no sign of reinforcements by rail, for which Sheridan had asked. There was hardly a hope of holding out another hour against such disproportionate numbers. Still there was no thought of giving up, and the young colonel resolved "to eke out the lion's skin with the fox's tail." But his resources were woefully slender for either valor or strategy; yet, meagre as they were, they sufficed him. While 2,000 Confederates were besetting the 400 men on the Blackland road, and 2,000 more were swinging into line at the very gates of the camp on the east, Sheridan hurried to the tent of Captain Alger, who was lying sick with camp fever. The situation was made known to him and he was asked if he would take charge of a desperate venture. He readily agreed to do his share in the crisis, and never did soldier do his duty better.

Sheridan had already parked his wagon train on the low ground to the west and north of the town, and prepared for a last desperate stand. Besides this, he had hurried two companies into line, one from the Second Michigan and one from the Second Iowa. There were ninety-two men in all in this little band, which he intrusted to Captain Alger upon as mad an exploit as was ever known in war. To better inspire the men with the spirit of rivalry, he had taken one company from each regiment in his command, instead of taking both companies from the same regiment. When Alger was mounted, Sheridan directed him to move off to the right and strike the enemy in the rear. To this officer he spoke privately of the desperate risks to be taken, and indicated the exact moment at which he should strike the rear of the enemy. He was to leave Booneville by a wood road running westward. After a mile or more, he would reach a point in a covered lane where an old negro would be found to guide him to the point of attack. Sheridan's instructions were so minute, and he showed such perfect familiarity with the country, that he inspired unusual confidence in the officer to whom he had intrusted this dangerous errand.

Thus early in Sheridan's career, did he give evidence of that wonderful power which is the keynote to his success as a soldier. Short as had been his stay in Booneville, he knew more of the country than the rebels themselves. Like Napoleon, he made it his first duty to memorize every foot of the territory that he might be called upon to defend or contest. All capable soldiers do this to a greater or less extent, but some have the geographical faculty better developed than others. Sheridan, as all his campaigns attest, had this important gift. He had not been twenty-four hours at Booneville before he had mapped in his mind every road, lane, farm, hill, or natural impediment that might play an important part in action. It was during a visit to the neighborhood of Waterloo, long before he confronted Napoleon, that Wellington owed his escape from the French after his defeat at Quatre Bras. Given equal numbers in combat, the man who knows his map best is almost certain to win the battle. Sheridan knew his by heart. He knew the character of the people and the nature of all his surroundings. The attack he was now called upon to resist, found him thoroughly equipped with every possible resource, except men, that the craft and energy of a soldier could command.

Besides a thorough knowledge of the country, he had a trusty scout who lived in the neighborhood—a light-complexioned, long-haired Mississippian, with a keen eye and cadaverous form. Reticent and

modest, this partisan had the confidence of both officers and men. To him was intrusted the conduct of Captain Alger's "forlorn hope" to the rendezvous where the negro waited. Nothing was left to chance. Captain Alger knew that the salvation of the whole command depended upon his courage, activity, and vigor. Perhaps it was just as well that the men did not appreciate the madness of the undertaking. It takes more than ordinary courage for ninety-two men to assault 4,000, especially when, as in this case, every chance was against them. They were to traverse an unknown country by divers roads, through deep woods, and they were to meet at the end of the march an overwhelming enemy, in the midst of a treacherous population.

In this fearful emergency tactics and dash were the two important requisites of success. There must be no mistake as to the one and no lack of the other. As the men moved off, Sheridan said to Captain Alger:

"Don't dismount your men in any event! Don't deploy them, or you will show the enemy the weakness of your force. Charge in column, and if possible, come through and join me. When you make the assault, shout and make all the noise possible. When I hear you I will strike them in front. I have carefully gauged the time, and whether I hear from you or not, in one hour I shall charge them."

There were no cheers as the little band filed off through the deserted streets; no outward sign that the sorely pressed commander was taking his last desperate chance for success. In the woods to the south and east the volleys still rang out defiantly; but the deliberation of the rebels showed that they were confident of capturing the town and its defenders. With this possibility staring the "forlorn hope" in the face, it moved through the solemn pines, beyond the dark marshes, and over narrow plantation roads, the commander and his men impressed with the importance of the stroke they were to deal. It was an hour of terrible suspense, but the scout knows his road, and all comes to pass as Sheridan had planned. At the appointed place the negro is found, and under orders of Captain Alger, he guides them onward. The column has now turned eastward and is now moving upon the rear of the enemy. Every instant it draws nearer and nearer. Now comes the supreme moment. The troopers emerge from the sheltering woods. They are under the eyes of the compact masses of gray troopers that line the crest of the hill. The negro guide takes fright and runs away.

"Forward men!" Captain Alger commands.

In column of fours the audacious handful rush up the Blackland

road from a point where the Confederates had never dreamed of the presence of an enemy. In an instant they are in the group about the commander's headquarters. But there is no time for spoils, not even for prisoners. Beyond the hill is the point of attack. At the main line Alger dashes, leaving Captain Schuyler to look after those in and to the left of the road.

All this time Sheridan had been counting the minutes. Each one seemed an hour. Human endurance was taxed to the uttermost. The young colonel was now realizing for the first time the intensity of Wellington's longing at Waterloo :

“Oh for night or Blucher !”

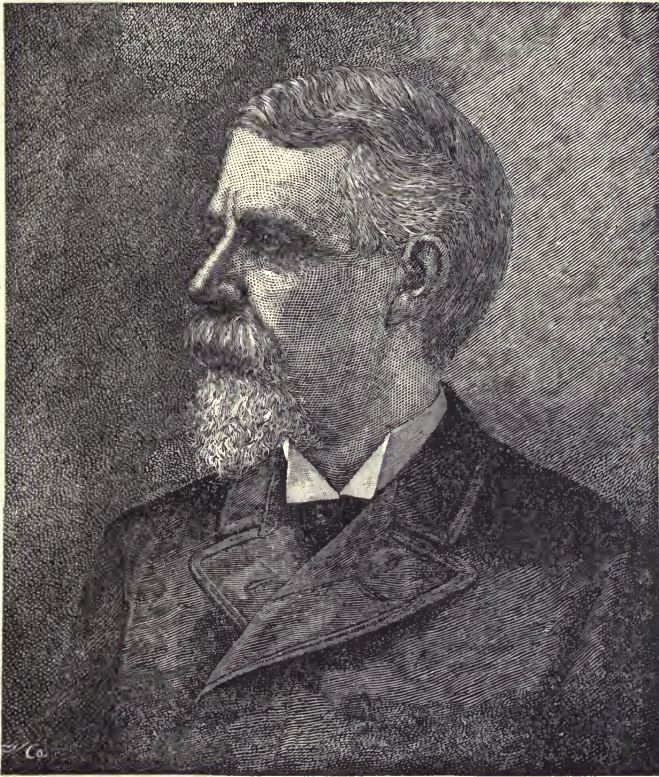
The hour had nearly passed and Captain Alger had given no sign. The enemy's line to the east was now deploying to surround the wagons, and the fire to the south was increasing.

Where was Alger? There were no shots, no shouts ; none of the clamor that usually accompanies the onsets of cavalrymen.

True to his promise, when the hand pointed to the last moment of the hour, Sheridan prepared for the charge. Just as he moved out for the final stroke, a train of cars came down the railway and drew into Booneville, sounding its shrill whistle as a warning, and a welcome to those who were in battle. Every one in the Union lines knew that Sheridan had sent for reinforcements, and the arrival of the train thrilled the struggling soldiers with a new hope. They began to cheer, and the train men joined with a will. Sheridan made prompt use of the timely incident. He sent word to the engineer to keep up whistling, and to the train hands to cheer and make such clatter as would imply fresh men. The civilians took the hint. There was a pandemonium of yells and huzzas.

At this moment Sheridan swung his tired battalions into line. The men caught the inspiration of their commander and felt with him the responsibilities of the moment. Half a mile in front of them were the gray masses, moving in and out in busy preparation for the final onset.

The scene on both sides was a spirited one, and to the Federal troops the moment was big with fate. But there was no time for reflection. Sheridan is in front. He shouts to his troops “Forward !” The squadrons sweep across the fields in close order. As they draw near, dropping shots from the Confederate artillery and carbines empty a saddle here and there. Still on they go. No one has thought for anything but the enemy. The excitement of the charge thrills every nerve. The lust of battle shines in every eye. They draw closer and



GEN. R. A. ALGER, OF MICHIGAN.

[From a Recent Photograph.]

closer to the foe. Each blue-coat singles out his man, and with a crash as of meeting waters, and a yell as of contending demons, the two forces come together. The Confederate line wavers and then breaks before the force of Sheridan's first charge.

At this instant Alger's handful of men rushed upon the Confederate rear. The attack was so unexpected that they were thrown into utter confusion. They broke at every point. Audacity and courage had won. But danger to the "forlorn hope" was not yet past. Sheridan had not seen nor heard of it, but the enemy had. Alger was not within "yelling" distance of his commander when he attacked. His force had made noise enough, but it had all been drowned in the horrible confusion of the moment. The tumult of his own movement had

drowned all the rest of the battle to Sheridan's ears. He knew that the Confederate masses had broken in front of him, but he could not tell whether the shouts he heard were Confederate or Union. He pushed on to see. Soon the situation was under his eye. His stratagem had been successful. The "forlorn hope" had done its work and done it well, but in the confusion of the moment it was in a desperate scramble with the flying Confederates. It was still beyond the reach of aid from Sheridan, and in a running fight with the enemy. As the Confederates broke to the rear, they tried in their flight to punish the force in its way for its temerity. In the *melee* which then ensued each side sought to do all the damage it could to the other, while getting out of danger itself. Alger and his little command were rushing to the rear with as much speed as their enemy. They had emptied their revolvers into a confused mass of Confederates which they had driven off by the roadside.

Their ammunition was gone and they plied the sabre unsparingly. The Confederates were now on an equality with them, and in point of numbers, vastly their superior. But they pushed off the field, fighting as they ran. The race was a singular one, but serious as it was, it had its ludicrous aspects. Each side was trying to get away from the other and man by man they separated whenever a by-road or a bit of woods opened a chance for escape. Many a hand-to-hand conflict took place. Alger rode for half a mile side by side with a Confederate soldier, each emptying his revolver at the other without doing any injury. Just as Alger had finished his last shot, he was carried, partly by the antics of his fractious, lank, gray horse, so familiar to the men of his command, and partly by the rush of those about him, beyond his own forces and into the timber, where the enemy were seeking shelter. His horse, now unmanageable, ran through the clustering branches, until a limb tore the luckless rider from his saddle, breaking his ribs as he swung violently against the tree. He had barely strength to parry a vicious blow from a flying cavalryman, as he fell into the thick underbrush, unconscious. How long he lay there he never knew; but when he recovered consciousness, all was quiet about him. The Confederates had disappeared and so had his own command. He dragged himself from his shelter, crawled to the road, and had entered an open field when the clatter of horses' hoofs reached his ears. He thought it was the enemy's forces, and again concealed himself. But as they neared him he recognized them. They were from the Second Iowa. Sheridan had sent them out to seek for his body, for it was thought that he had been killed. Indeed, a number of the men having seen his helpless plight in the wild stampede, had reported him dead or captured. They

put him on a horse and returned to camp. It was after dark when Sheridan greeted him with "Old fellow, you have done well."

Then the two sat down to talk over the incidents of the remarkable engagement. Captain Alger lost more than half of his command, and the Confederates were many more men short from the effects of Sheridan's first charge.

This day's work made Sheridan a brigadier-general before he had even been commissioned a colonel. Captain Alger was promoted to the rank of major for his gallant leadership of the "forlorn hope." It was a great day's work for both officers and men, and not only his own regiment, but the whole army was taught a wholesome respect for the soldierly qualities of Sheridan.

That the achievement is not unduly magnified in this narration the orders of the commanders will bear witness :

General Orders, No 81. }

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, July 2, 1862. }

The General commanding announces to this army that on the 1st instant, Colonel P. H. Sheridan, Second Michigan Cavalry, with eleven companies of his own men and eleven of the Second Iowa Cavalry, was attacked at Booneville by eight regiments of rebel cavalry, under General Chalmers, and after an eight hours' fight, drove them back, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. The coolness, determination and fearless gallantry displayed by Colonel Sheridan and the officers and men of his command, deserve the thanks and admiration of the army.

W. S. ROSECRANS, *Major-General.*

Telegram.

CORINTH, July 6, 1862.

Secretary of War :

Official report is just received of a brilliant affair of our cavalry near Booneville, Miss., on the 1st instant. Colonel Sheridan with two regiments—728 men—was attacked by parts of eight regiments, numbering 4,700 men, which he defeated and drove back after eight hours' fighting. Our losses, forty-one killed and wounded and missing. That of the enemy must have been very great. He left sixty-five dead on the field. I respectfully recommend Colonel Sheridan for gallant conduct in battle.

H. W. HALLECK, *Major-General.*

Trifling events often exercise a powerful influence upon each man's life. This little fight made known Sheridan's powers and had a more important bearing upon his future than many a greater engagement in which he handled an army corps. Then it was his first chance. Had he missed, who can say what his after record would have been? These cold facts but faintly portray the actual work of the day when Sheridan fought his first battle; but they state the beginning of a wonderful career in war, and insignificant as they may seem in the light of the mighty operations which followed in quick succession, make manifest the points of military genius upon which a great career has been founded.



GEN. J. B. GORDON,
Governor of Georgia.

[From a War-Time Photograph.]



GEN. FITZHUGH LEE,
Governor of Virginia.

[From a Recent Photograph.]

DISTINGUISHED CONFEDERATE CAVALRYMEN.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW COMMAND.

TRANSFERRED TO THE INFANTRY — A HIGHER COMMAND BUT LESS CONGENIAL SERVICE — THE BATTLES OF CORINTH AND IUKA — MAKING THE MOST OF SMALL OPPORTUNITY — TRANSFER TO GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY — COMMANDING A DIVISION AT PERRYVILLE — SAVING LOOMIS' BATTERY — BRINGING VICTORY OUT OF DEFEAT.

AFTER Booneville, what? It was a swift leap to a soldier's fame, but it was one well won and thoroughly deserved. Six weeks of marching and fighting made the captain and commissary an acting colonel of cavalry and a brigadier-general in prospective, recommended with unusual earnestness by the most critical and cold-blooded of commanding generals, Henry Wager Halleck. Sheridan's position was a unique one. His commission was that of captain in the Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A. He was detailed to General Halleck's staff as chief commissary, and while so acting was appointed colonel of the Second Regiment of Cavalry, Michigan Volunteers, by Governor Austin Blair. He took command immediately, was never mustered in as colonel, and did not receive his state commission till after the war closed. Within twenty-four hours after the governor's appointment was received, the new commander was in the saddle, raiding and fighting along the line of the Mobile and Ohio railroad. From May 28th the service was continuous and severe. On the 29th, with the Second Iowa Cavalry, Sheridan attacked and captured Booneville. The next day Colonel Hatch reports him detached with the left battalion of the Second Michigan to raid on the railroad below Booneville, and "do as much damage as possible." This was the first of the memorable raids against railroad communications, which of themselves make so famous a chapter in the history of the Civil War. It was limited in area, but was as damaging as to extent as any that followed. Its effect was so marked as to cause General Halleck to telegraph on the 4th of June that "Colonel Sheridan, Second Michigan Cavalry, conducted with great skill and coolness the operations of his command." On the 6th Sheridan

fought a sharp and successful engagement in the neighborhood of Baldwin, Miss., while on reconnoissance. The Confederate command outnumbered his own and consisted of a full regiment of cavalry and an independent Georgia company. Sheridan met them, dismounted five companies, and attacked at once, driving them in disorder for two miles, and capturing several prisoners, having but one man severely wounded. On the 9th of June, in command of the Second Brigade of cavalry, he entered Baldwin to find the enemy gone. He pushed southward to Guntown. From that date till July 1st, he was so constantly on the move that the Confederate commanders were compelled to take vigorous notice of his audacity and activity. As already narrated, General Chalmers was sent to dislodge him at Booneville. With a much superior force, he received an overwhelming repulse. General Halleck at once recommended the little trooper's promotion as brigadier-general. He was assigned to the command of a brigade, and remained in that enlarged sphere of duty without receiving his commission. Probably no other officer in the Union army could have shown a similar record—that of commanding as colonel and brigadier, a regiment, brigade, and division, while actually commissioned and legally ranking only as a captain of infantry in the regular army.

The dispatches to and from Booneville on the 1st and 2d of July, as well as those sent by his commanding officers, illustrate all the qualities which, on larger fields, afterwards compelled his recognition as the most masterly cavalry commander of the century. To General Asboth, the old Hungarian-American soldier who bore himself so well in our western campaigns, Sheridan telegraphed on the 1st of July for reinforcements, saying: "I am still holding them." He had a large number of prisoners, and held on to them. "This is my third dispatch. I am still holding my camp." At 5 P. M., however, he sends his fourth dispatch saying: "I will not want any infantry support. I have whipped the enemy. . . . I have lost some fine officers and men, but have hurt the enemy badly. It would be well to let me have a battery of artillery. I might then be able to follow up the enemy." Next morning at 9.30 A. M., he informs Asboth "that the enemy had skedaddled." Chalmer's force consisted of ten regiments; Sheridan's of two. Rosecrans, who commanded the wing of the Union army before Corinth, with which the Second Michigan Cavalry was brigaded, telegraphs Halleck, on the 2d of July, an account of the fight, and adds: "I have issued an order complimenting Sheridan and his command. More cavalry massed under such an officer

would be of great use to us. Sheridan ought to be made a brigadier. He would not be a stamped general." And he never was except to the enemy he encountered.

On the 6th of July, General Halleck asked for Sheridan's promotion. The gallant little cavalryman remained at Booneville in command of the Second Brigade, and the records are full of proofs of his ceaseless activity. His scouting service was admirably organized, and, as always thereafter, he showed his striking capacity for gaining a complete topographical knowledge of the ground over which he was or expected to be operating. In order to apprehend with clearness the value of such an officer as Sheridan at that date and at the posts he was occupying, it must be remembered that Corinth in Northern Mississippi was the most important railroad post of the central region, in which Halleck's forces were operating. The movements of Grant early in the year up the Tennessee and Cumberland valleys, resulting in the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, led to the great two days' conflict at Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh. It was primarily a flank movement on the Confederate positions in the lower Mississippi, and an attack on their interior and central lines. Corinth was the key to their interior lines of railroad transportation and supply. It reached southwestwardly to Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and eastwardly to Northern Alabama, the Valley of the Tennessee, Chattanooga, and the mountain regions of Northern Georgia and East Tennessee. Halleck, in assuming general command in the field after the battle of Shiloh, advanced by "trenches and parallels" on Corinth, which Beauregard had heavily intrenched. There were within the lines of investment three considerable Union armies, known as the Tennessee, Cumberland, and Ohio. The best and ablest soldiers of the war, all things considered, were grouped together under "Old Brains," as the army argot had already named General Halleck. Besides Grant and Sherman, there were Rosecrans, Thomas, Pope, Buell, Granger, Stanley, O. M. Mitchel, Nelson, Logan, Edward McCook, McClernand, Grierson, "Bob" Mitchell, Wallace, Asboth, Blair, Jeff. C. Davis, and a score of others who already had won a national reputation. There were a hundred more—restless, able, devoted—who were pushing to the front rank. Among them all, Sheridan was welcomed from the first as an equal, and by the majority also a coming leader, with the unmistakable evidences in his bearing and acts of a brilliant commander. Against or about him there has never, from first to last, been any intrigues, jealousies, or personal hostilities. All his places were held by right of genius and its compelling capacity.

After Corinth was evacuated by Beauregard it was occupied by our troops. It must be remembered that Sheridan's earliest operations were designed to break up Beauregard's communications, and that they were so far successful as to compel his speedier withdrawal from a post threatened with isolation. The Confederates were at once obliged to begin active operations for its recapture, and their movements brought to the front Halleck's well-devised plan of campaign. Grant's and Rosecrans' parts of it resulted successfully, first in defeating, in the late summer and fall of 1862, all the Confederate efforts to drive the Union forces from their "coigns of vantage" in Northern Mississippi at Corinth, Iuka, and Holly Springs, with the intermediary position, on the line those points represent. Later and in the earlier part of 1863, this occupancy led the way to the successful land advance on Vicksburg, thus inaugurating the great campaign which ended, July 4th, in the surrender of that fortress, and in the clearing of the valley of the Mississippi, so that its "waters ran unvext to the sea." East of Corinth Halleck's plan involved the clearing of Kentucky and Middle Tennessee, the holding of Northern Alabama, and the definite and speedy advance of the Army of the Ohio on to Chattanooga, to be followed by the occupation of East Tennessee. How the success of this portion of Halleck's plans was hindered will hereafter be seen.

Colonel Sheridan remained at Booneville after the battle of July 1st. His next important movement was an extended scout, during which a Confederate mail carrier was captured with thirty letters. After this affair, which had important results, Generals Rosecrans, Sullivan, Granger, Elliott, and Asboth then united in a telegraphic dispatch to General Halleck, urging Sheridan's promotion as brigadier, declaring that he "is worth his weight in gold." His own and commanding officers' reports are full of the successes he daily chronicled. On the 27th of July Sheridan attacked Ripley in three directions. He drove a force of 600 into the post on the morning of the 29th—the day on which he asked to be relieved because there was nothing for him to do. The town was taken on the morning of the 30th. His promotion was asked by all his immediate commanders. On the 10th of August, after days of intermittent skirmishing, he was found encamped between Rienzi and Booneville. On the 14th he seized Elliston and Baldwin and burned the depot of supplies. He was kept busy skirmishing with the enemy between Ripley and Rienzi. On the 26th of August he encountered a large guerrilla force, and General Granger reports: "The race and drubbing Sheridan gave them was the most disgraceful

rout and scatteration that I ever heard of." It would be useless to punctuate these pages with the daily details of his actions. Though impatient for his brigadier's commission, he was not destined to receive it till the early part of September. The promotion was still pending, when on the 4th of that month, Colonel Sheridan was relieved by General Granger, under orders from General Halleck, of the command of the Second Brigade, Cavalry Division, of the Army of the Mississippi. He was immediately ordered to report to Louisville, where General Marcus D. Wright was engaged in organizing and forwarding troops for the purpose of driving Morgan, Bragg, and other Confederate commanders out of Kentucky, preparatory to an endeavor to again attempt the execution of Halleck's plan for an attack on Chattanooga. Andrew Johnson was at Nashville as military governor of Tennessee, quarrelling savagely with Buell's representatives, Assistant Adjutant-General Greene and Colonel Stanley Matthew (now Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court), who was acting as provost marshal. General T. J. Boyle, assigned to recruiting Kentucky Union troops was assuming to be in full command of that state. General Don Carlos Buell was apparently wasting precious time in disciplining Union commanders and their troops, who persisted in believing that a Confederate in Kentucky was as much their enemy as one in Alabama or Mississippi. General Ormsby M. Mitchel, the learned astronomer, who proved himself so capable and brilliant a commander, was holding Huntsville and a large section of Northern Alabama, repairing railroads, fighting constant series of little battles over a great area, watching fords, gathering and forwarding supplies, and generally doing the most useful work, if not that which wins the loudest praise, that a great forward movement necessarily involves. It was into this great field, where the abler Confederate commanders of that date — Bragg, Kirby Smith, Polk, Hardee, Sterling Price, Van Dorn, etc., — were moving vigorously to retain* their foothold in the Central South, that Sheridan found himself projected.

On the date of being relieved of the command at Booneville, Mississippi, — September 4th — Colonel Sheridan with his regiment and two batteries, Hescoc's and Barnett's, was ordered to Louisville. General Halleck at this date was in Washington, assigned to duty as General-in-Chief. On the 12th Major-General Marcus D. Wright and Brigadier-General Gordon Granger telegraphed from Cincinnati :

"We have no good generals here, and are badly in want of them. Sheridan is worth his weight in gold. Will you not try and have him made a brigadier at once? It will put us in good shape."

Next day, General Halleck replied that Sheridan had been reappointed, with his original date, that is, of the battle of Booneville, July 1st, 1862. This was the first in a line of promotions, by which every commission he received, except the last — that of General — bore the date of a victory. He had two in the volunteer army, five brevets in the regular army, two full commissions as brigadier and major-general in the same, before the war closed, and two as lieutenant-general and general, since its close. On the 27th of September, General Wright asked Buell for Sheridan, saying, "I need him very much," but General Buell assigned him to the command of the Eleventh Division in the Third Corps in his army.

The position of that army is stated in General Halleck's testimony given before the Military Commission which investigated General Buell's conduct of the campaign that closed at Perryville, Kentucky. General Halleck left for Washington to serve as General-in-Chief, and assumed command on the 23d of July. He said:

"When I left the Department of the Mississippi, in July last, the main body of the army, under Major-General Buell, was between Huntsville and Stephenson, moving toward Chattanooga, for which place they had left Corinth about the 10th of June.

"Major-General Curtis' forces were at Helena, Arkansas, and those under Brigadier-General Schofield, were in Southwest Missouri. The central army, under Major-General Grant, occupying the line of Western Tennessee and Northern Mississippi, extended from Memphis to Iuka, and protected the railroads from Columbus, Kentucky, south, which were their one, only channel of supply. These several armies — spread along a line of some six hundred miles, from the western borders of Arkansas to Cumberland Gap, and occupying a strip of country more than one hundred and fifty miles in width, from which the enemy's forces had recently been expelled — were rapidly decreasing in strength, from the large number of soldiers sent home on account of real or pretended disability. On the other hand, the enemy's armies were greatly increased by a rigidly enforced conscription. With their great numbers and discipline, they boldly determined to re-occupy Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, East Kentucky, and, if possible, to invade the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, while our attention was distracted by the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and an extended Indian insurrection on the western frontiers.

"This plan had very many chances of success, but the timely order of the President, of August 4th, calling for additional forces and the

patriotic response of the people of the Northwest, thwarted these plans. General Bragg suddenly transferred a large part of his army from Tupelo, Mississippi, through the states of Alabama and Georgia, reached Chattanooga in advance of General Buell, turned his left, and rapidly crossing the state of Tennessee entered Kentucky by Mumfordsville and Lebanon.



GEN. B. R. GRIERSON,

A DISTINGUISHED UNION CAVALRY OFFICER.

“General Buell fell back upon Nashville without giving the enemy battle; then followed, or rather moved parallel with, Bragg, who after capturing our garrison at Mumfordsville, turned off from the main road to Louisville, along which General Buell passed, the latter reaching Louisville without any engagement.

“Another column of the enemy had moved from East Tennessee, after blockading Cumberland Gap, upon Lexington, and threatened Cincinnati. A small force of our raw troops, which had been pushed forward to Richmond, Kentucky, under Major-General Nelson, were met by the enemy and completely routed.

“Major-General Buell left Louisville on the 1st of October, with an army of 100,000 men, in pursuit of General Bragg.”

The Military Commission found, among other things, that the enforced repair by Buell's command, under Halleck's orders, of the Memphis and Charleston railroad from Corinth to Decatur, Alabama, for use as a line of supply, occupied time to little or no purpose, and delayed Buell so much as to give Bragg the opportunity to occupy and concentrate at Chattanooga before the Union general. This

compelled the abandonment of the campaign against Chattanooga and should have forced Buell to the defense of Nashville and the prevention of an invasion of Kentucky. In the opinion of Buell's critics this required him to concentrate his forces at Sparta and McMinnville, Tennessee. "Instead of that," says the Military Commission, of which Colonel Donn Piatt was recorder, "he waited until the 5th of September before concentrating" . . . and he then "retired to Nashville, thereby allowing Bragg to cross the Cumberland unmolested. The commission cannot justify the falling back from Murfreesboro to Nashville, but it is their opinion that it was Buell's duty from that point to have attacked the rebel army before it crossed the Cumberland.

"The order to hold Mumfordsville proceeded from General Wright, commanding the Department of Ohio, of which Kentucky formed a part. [Sheridan had been ordered to him.]

"It was given in hopes that General Buell would reach the place in time to save it. General Wright only knew that Buell and Bragg were advancing towards it."

Brigadier-General Sheridan was engaged in the task of organizing, disciplining, and drilling the new troops which had responded to the call of the President, as mentioned by General Halleck, when General Buell's arrival at Louisville brought at once every available man and commander into the field. The army moved from Louisville on the 1st of October. General Buell describes the troops "as yet undisciplined, unprovided with suitable artillery, and in every way unfit for active operations against a disciplined foe." The force was reorganized. Brigadier-General Philip Henry Sheridan was assigned to the command of the Eleventh Division of the Third Army Corps, which was under command of Major-General Gilbert. The portion of this army under Buell which fought the battle of Perryville was organized into two army corps. The first was under command of Major-General A. D. McCook, and but two divisions were brought on the field, led by Generals Lovell H. Rousseau and James S. Jackson. It contained six brigades.

The Third Corps was under the command of Major-General Charles C. Gilbert; its three divisions were led by Brigadier-Generals Albert Schoepff, a capital German soldier; Robert B. Mitchell, a sturdy fighting Kansas volunteer, who had seen service in the Mexican War; and the Eleventh Division under command of our hero, "Phil" Sheridan. He had three brigades of infantry, with two field batteries. There were twelve regiments in all. In this division the brigades

were commanded by Colonels Daniel McCook, Nicholas Gruesal, Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard Loifdolt, and the cavalry by Captain Ebenezer Gay.

The events immediately leading to the battle can be rapidly summarized. On the 22d of August, General George H. Thomas, second in command, notified General Buell that Bragg's army was trying to turn the left of his position at Minsville, and so enter Kentucky. Buell regarded this with doubt, as he believed Bragg would turn into Northern Alabama. Before he saw his error, Bragg had gained a great advantage. Between that date and the 1st of October there was a series of daring movements on Bragg's part, and of Fabian manœuvres on that of Buell's. Five divisions were put under Thomas to defend Nashville, which Bragg seriously threatened by the beginning of September, gaining control of the Cumberland Valley, and pushing for Kentucky. He moved along the roads from Bardstown to Bryantsville, passing Marysville and Harrodsburg, and by Springfield, Perryville, and Danville. Polk reached Harrodsburg on the 6th of October. Hardee, moving on the most southerly roads, was at Perryville on the same date. He proposed to General Bragg to concentrate the Confederate army at that point. Kirby Smith was at Frankfort and reported that a great portion of the Union army was in front of him. Hardee on his side felt troubled, and was closely pressed. Confused by these contradictory reports, Bragg thought that Buell was marching toward him, and that his columns were placed all along parallel roads from Lebanon on the right to Shelbyville on the left. Acting on this, he reinforced Kirby Smith, and sent him to Perryville to assist Hardee.

Buell had not, however, fallen into the error that Bragg supposed he had done, but had kept his forces well concentrated. There was a considerable scarcity of water, which embarrassed the Union commander. The possession of the three great springs at Perryville was the prize in view, and Buell concentrated his forces in order to obtain possession of them. On the 6th of October General McCook with the First Corps on the left, was encamped between Bardstown and Macksville. Gilbert's, the Third Corps, was in the centre at Springfield; and Crittenden's force was on the right, between Springfield and Lebanon. They were now in a position to help each other. On the morning of the 7th, McCook posted himself at Macksville, from whence he could march either on Harrodsburg or Perryville. Crittenden bivouacked where cross-roads lead to the latter village. Gilbert approached by the Springfield road, driving Hardee's pickets before him. A little before

reaching Perryville, this road crosses a small stream called Doctor's Creek, which though dry at the time, had a few muddy pools at its bed; it was the only water within reach. Sheridan, whose division formed the right of Gilbert's corps, took possession of it on the evening of the 9th, and placed his outposts along the ridge of Chaplin's Hills which rise on either side. These hills separated the creek valley from that of another stream, Chaplin's Run. Perryville is situated at a point where the road crosses Chaplin's Creek, the sources of which are further up. The region is cut with ravines and thickly wooded, making it difficult to hear and impossible to see for any distance. Hardee with his two divisions was encamped on the heights beyond Perryville, bordering the left bank of Chaplin's Creek. At daybreak of the 9th he tried to dislodge Sheridan from the position he had assumed during the night.

This attack brought on the engagement, and at the outset Sheridan had his full share. The movement of the evening before by which the water holes were seized, was participated in by both Sheridan's and Mitchell's divisions. Crittenden did not get into line until the middle of the day, though not from any want of effort on his part. McCook took his position on to the left of Gilbert at about ten in the morning, but his men were heated and tired, and his force was reduced by the withdrawal elsewhere of Sill's division. Of his force of 12,000 under Rousseau and Jackson, nearly all were raw soldiers who had never been under fire before.

The Federal line was finally formed: Crittenden on the extreme right, beyond the reach of sight and sound. To the right of the Perryville road was Gilbert's corps, with Sheridan resting on his left on the road, and Mitchell's division on his right. In the rear, and separated from him by a considerable space, was Schoepff's division, held in reserve on Doctor's Creek. At a certain distance to the left of the road, in advance of the one he had followed on his way from Macksville, McCook's corps went into bivouac. The arms were stacked and the men on fatigue duty had gone in search of wood and water.

It was two in the afternoon. At this moment cannonading commenced, but it did not disturb either army. While the soldiers were seeking shade and repose, groups of officers were watching the shells.

The Confederate commanders were preparing for a move in force upon the next day. They did not suspect that a splendid opportunity was being lost. General Buell, or rather his corps commanders, had massed 58,000 men within reach of Perryville. On the other side of Chaplin's Creek was Hardee with 15,000 men. Cheatham had just

arrived and raised this to 23,000 men. The arrival of this division determined the Confederates to assume the offensive in the hope of preventing a junction of the Federal forces. Bragg was present on the field, but left the command to Polk. The two divisions of Hardee were separated from the Federal lines by Chaplin's Creek. Anderson was opposed to Rousseau and Sheridan. Buckner, on his right, faced Jackson. Cheatham found himself on the left of Anderson, but by a fortunate chance was withdrawn from this position, and after a march to the right was placed in reserve behind the other two divisions. If he had commenced the battle on the left, he would have roused Crittenden and brought him back to the battle-field. About 2 o'clock, Buckner and Anderson put themselves in motion. Anderson attacked Rousseau's line. The Union troops made a splendid resistance and compelled the enemy to show himself openly. On the right Liddel's troops, led by Buckner, took advantage of the woods to approach Terrell's brigade unperceived.

It suddenly opened fire and marched right on the enemy's gun. Jackson was killed at the first discharge. The men broke in disorder. Terrell was killed trying to rally them. A fresh brigade checked the onset, but the line was staggering. Rousseau fell back to the creek. Buckner sent Cleburne's brigade forward to complete what seemed a rout. Its leader was wounded. Colonel Webster on our side was mortally wounded. The division lost one-fifth of its strength. Stark-weather was compelled also to fall back with his brigade.

It was this success of Buckner's, steadily pushed by that commander, that brought the rebel left against Sheridan's right, which then advanced uncovered. He immediately attacked their flank furiously and under the movement re-formed his front. He opened an enfilading fire with his two batteries, and brought them to a halt at once. The soldiers who had just driven Rousseau's 5,000 men were unable to break Sheridan's lines. The indomitable little soldier, with his fresher troops, occupied a position easy to defend. All the efforts of the assailants were now directed against Sheridan. Posted along the edge of the wood which crowned the Chaplin Hills and commanding the open fields through which they, the "rebs." were coming to attack him, Sheridan inflicted terrible loss on the enemy. The fight was fierce and heavy. About 4 o'clock General Gilbert sent Mitchell's division to take part in the battle. With two brigades he drew near to Sheridan, covering his right. One of them under Colonel Carlin, of Illinois, joined the Eleventh Division in an offensive movement. On that side the enemy was thrown back beyond Chaplin's Creek. The

Federals passed through the village, where they captured a body of prisoners. Mitchell's third brigade had gone to the extreme left to McCook's relief, and for two hours it made head almost alone against the attack of the Confederates, slowly retiring before them, but with cruel sacrifices. Night came at last and put an end to one of the most sanguinary battles of the war, if we take into account the forces engaged. The Federal brigades, numbering 25,000 men, lost 4,000. The three divisions which had alone sustained all the brunt of the battle, about 15,000, had left on the field of Perryville, 510 killed, 2,635 wounded, and 251 prisoners—more than one-third of their effective force.

The Comte de Paris, from whose work most of these details are drawn, considers the battle a drawn one, though acknowledging it destroyed the hope of occupying Kentucky. It destroyed the reputation as a soldier of General Buell, who was not on the field till sundown, while it added laurels to McCook, Rousseau, Mitchell, and especially to Sheridan, whose superb resistance to Buckner's troops, flushed with apparent victory, turned the fate of the day into the victory it certainly was. Many anecdotes are told of Sheridan personally in connection with this fight, but the following will suffice: General Gilbert, not understanding something which he saw through his glass, sent a staff officer to find out what it was. When Sheridan was asked what the movement meant, he said: "I have driven the enemy before me, and whipped them like h—l, and that battery," pointing to a battery of the enemy which was firing on General McCook's troops, "I'll silence it in five minutes." He did it.

One of the stirring episodes of the day was the rescue of a battery commanded by Captain Loomis, and belonging to Rousseau's division. It was exposed and in danger from the advance of Buckner's forces. The long range ammunition was exhausted, and the Parrots were loaded with grape and used effectively at short range. When Rousseau was hardest pressed there was considerable danger of losing this battery, till Sheridan ordered up three regiments, who in their impetuous charge cleared the ground before them, and enabled the battery and hard pressed troops to fall back and re-form. Sheridan was everywhere during the fight, and exposed himself so much that he was reported killed. The battle made solid the reputation he had already won as a fighting trooper, and proved his ability to handle and move raw men under fire as well as to fight them effectually.

There was no breathing spell for Sheridan or any of the real fighters, as at once the army advanced towards Stone River.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM PERRYVILLE TO STONE RIVER.

SHERIDAN'S PLACE IN THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—PREPARING FOR MURFREESBORO'—SHERIDAN LEADS THE WAY—THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER—THE DEADLY WRESTLE WITH CHEATHAM—COMMENDED FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICES.

“I HAVE possession of the ridge occupied by the enemy yesterday.”

This was Sheridan's characteristic dispatch the day after Perryville. It was addressed to his corps commander, Major-General Gilbert. That officer in his Perryville report says: “Brigadier-General Sheridan I commend to notice as an officer of much gallantry and of high professional ability. He held the key of our position with tenacity, and used the point to its utmost advantage.”

To Sheridan the next two months were full of activity, leading up, as they did, to the notable battle of Stone River, at Murfreesboro', Tennessee.

Drawn battle though the Comte de Paris declares Perryville to have been, it was the Union forces that held the field and made the advance therefrom, while Bragg's Confederate army retreated rapidly south and eastward, until they reached the defensible lines of Stone River. General Buell found it convenient to return to Louisville, after arrival at which post he was not again restored to active command. His conduct of the Perryville campaign was made the subject of searching inquiry by a military commission, whose verdict was in the main adverse to that general. The campaign and its character still remains the subject of dispute by military critics. Major-General George H. Thomas was in command until October 30th, moving the main body of the Union forces toward Nashville. At that date General Rosecrans, who had just successfully fought the second battle of Corinth, was placed in control of the Buell army, still known to history as the Army of the Cumberland. Rosecrans was at Louisville on the 1st of November, and immediately assumed command, arriving at Bowling

Green on the same day. A considerable Confederate force was at Murfreesboro', having arrived there on the 27th inst., Breckenridge being in immediate command, with 8,000 men. Forrest had in the valley a poorly equipped cavalry force of over five thousand. An attack was made on Nashville and repulsed on the 6th of November. The entire rebel force did not then exceed thirty thousand in and about Murfreesboro'. At that place forty-five guns were also concentrated. Later Breckenridge was joined by the divisions under Cheatham and Buckner. General Kirby Smith held Cumberland Gap with over twelve thousand men. Bragg himself was at Tullahoma, half way between Nashville and Chattanooga. General Joseph E. Johnston, reported to be in command, was, at the date given, in feeble health at Chattanooga. Our scouts and spies reported that Bragg acknowledged to receiving only 1,500 recruits in Kentucky. Van Dorn acknowledged in his report a loss of 13,000 officers and men, killed, wounded, and missing. Sterling Price was superseded, creating dissatisfaction among the southwest Confederate troops.

The direct pursuit of Bragg's scattering army was pressed from the 11th to the 22d of October by the army corps under Major-General Thomas L. Crittenden. Skirmishes were had at Danville, Harrodsburg, Stanford, Lancaster, Mountain Gap, Crab Orchard, near Mount Vernon, Camp Wildcat, at Nelson and Pitman's Cross-roads, and on the Madison road. The enemy retired through Cumberland Gap and the pursuit was discontinued at Richmond, Kentucky, on the 21st of October.

The troops of the corps which at Perryville had been under the command of General C. C. Gilbert, was under the arrangements made by the new commander, General Rosecrans, transferred to Major-General Alexander McCook, the senior member of the famous fighting family of that name, whose youngest member, Colonel Dan McCook, commanded a brigade under Sheridan at Perryville. Our little brigadier was placed in command of the Third Division of the army, in the Twentieth Corps, which was strengthened and made more efficient. The records of the service are not, as during the last year of the Civil War, full of Sheridan's movements, but they tell of his progress by the story of skirmish and charge, of rifle volley and battery roar, of stubborn fighting and bayonet's flash. Wherever there was work to do, an enemy to feel, or a force to be repulsed, Sheridan was ordered to the front. When general battle was had and great armies interlocked in herculean struggle, Sheridan is reported as stubbornly fighting, heroically resisting

great odds, holding the key of our position with Irish tenacity, or advancing on the kibes of victory with that *elan* and dash that at last made him renowned. As Grant said of Sheridan on one occasion, "When I wanted that man, he was sure to be there." Sheridan, on being told of this, said very coolly, "Well, a fellow ought to be where he is expected."

Carrying the general outlines of this campaign in mind, the reader must remember that the Union policy involved, first, the defense and safety of Nashville, and second, an advance on Chattanooga, a movement which must be made in order to clear the Tennessee Valley and bring the fighting to the gates of Georgia, thus beginning the linking of our eastern and central armies together. The rebel policy had already proved unsuccessful. It aimed to divide the Union line of action between the Appalachian Range and the Mississippi, by an attack on the centre, to end in the occupation of Southern Kentucky and Northern Tennessee. So far it had but reaped disaster. The two objectives, then, were Nashville, as sought by the rebels, and Chattanooga, as advanced upon by the Union forces. Bragg claimed to have won a victory at Perryville. His previous operations, with the expectations whereon they were based, proved, however, a complete failure. He was badly punished in having Polk's army driven back, but declared that he left his enemy in a worse condition. This was not true. Bragg himself retired to Tullahoma, and only slowly did the Confederate military authorities realize that General Rosecrans was making ready for a winter battle. Indeed, it is doubtful if they conceived that to be the case until after they were defeated and driven back at Stone River.

General Rosecrans wisely concentrated his effective army about Nashville. He was fortunate first, in having Buell's troops to handle, and next, in securing a large number of recruits and new regiments to fill all gaps. The concentration at Nashville enabled the easy repulse of all Confederate movements on that point. By means of the railroad and the Cumberland River, a vast amount of supplies were gathered, transported, and stored within the next forty days following the battle of Perryville.

Some skirmishing and brief conflicts marked the movements of Sheridan's division between the 10th of October when he moved out on the Chaplin Hills, and his movements in the advance on the 26th of December, along the Murfreesboro' and other pikes, toward the Stone River battle-field. On the 11th of October Sheridan's command had a sharp encounter at Crab Orchard, Kentucky. From that

date till November 4, 1862, when General McCook moved to Nashville direct, there is little to be said of Sheridan and his command. Brigadier-General Sill entered Nashville on the 7th. Breckenridge had made a movement in force and been driven back. The Fourteenth Corps took some slight part in this encounter. Rosecrans then began the deliberate concentration of his army. Confederate concentration began at Murfreesboro', to which point Bragg also moved his Tullahoma forces. Sheridan had a severe brush at Edgefield Junction on the 7th of November. On the 14th he reports movements from Mill Creek. But the month of November was one of preparation. The work became serious early in December. On the 9th of that month Sheridan reports "something brewing" inside of the Confederate lines. On the 12th he had a brush while reconnoitering along Mill Creek. His scout reported 60,000 Confederates concentrated at Murfreesboro'. On the 16th Sheridan's vedettes were in sight of those of the enemy. The efficient force of the Third Division on the 18th was 6,495 rank and file. On the 20th it was nearly ten thousand strong. On the 26th of November Sheridan's division was on the Nolensville pike. The enemy's cavalry were feeling the Federal lines, and Sheridan sent out detachments in every direction. A large quantity of stores were captured. Morgan was also driven in disorder across the Cumberland. Constant movement was the order of the day. On the 7th of December the Confederates gained an advantage in the capture by Morgan of 1,500 men at Hartsville. Two days later General Wheeler, now in Congress, tried but failed to capture our forage train. He was handsomely repulsed by Colonel Stanley Matthews, now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. General Stanley, commanding the Union cavalry, many of them new men, drove the Confederates from Franklin, where two years later General Schofield (who is now the Senior Major-General of the United States Army), under General George H. Thomas' command, fought the famous battle of Franklin and utterly routed the Confederate Hood. A new revolving rifle was used for the first time by Stanley's men.

Up to this date the Confederate commanders had failed to recognize the audacious nature of Rosecrans' policy and purpose. They did not deem it probable that a sane commander would give battle in mid-winter. On the 26th, the day following Christmas, they began a rapid concentration on Stone River, at Murfreesboro', a very strong natural position.

Within the Department of the Cumberland, embracing Southern



GEN. U. S. GRANT.

THE GREAT GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, UNDER WHOM THE CIVIL WAR WAS CARRIED TO
A SUCCESSFUL ISSUE.

[From a Photograph Taken Since the War.]

Kentucky and Central Tennessee, General Rosecrans' effective force was on the 20th of December, 1862, reported at over one hundred and twenty-seven thousand men, rank and file. He commenced his movement on Murfreesboro', fifteen miles from Nashville, upon the 26th of December, with a force of 46,910 men — 41,451 infantry, 2,223 artillery and 150 guns, and 3,266 cavalry. General George H. Thomas commanded the centre, consisting of two divisions, a force in all of 13,397. General A. D. McCook, under whom Sheridan was serving, commanded the right wing, with three divisions under Davis, Johnson, and Sheridan, having a total strength of 13,397. Crittenden was in command of the left, with an equal force.

On the 26th Sheridan was reported with his division as "all out of camp, followed by Johnson." On the 30th, when battle was at last closed, he was reported close "up with Negley's division" of the centre. The Confederate General Hardee held the lines of Stone River. The Union commander was confident of victory, and was reported as saying: "We've come out to win this battle, and we shall do it. We'll keep right on, if our provisions give out, and eat corn for a week. We can and will win this battle."

To reach Chattanooga by early spring — the object of all Federal operations in the Central South — it was necessary to fight a vigorous and decisive battle. Bragg meant to fight at Tullahoma; Rosecrans planned a combat in the neighborhood of his base of supplies. His movements were bold and well-timed. The Confederate cavalry under Forrest and Morgan was operating far from the Cumberland region. To oppose the Union advance on Murfreesboro' were Polk's corps and Breckenridge's three brigades of Hardee's corps. The balance of Hardee's force, under Cheatham, was at Eagleville, forming the rebel left to the southwest of Polk. The rebel right wing, opposing Crittenden, was at Readville. Hardee himself was on the Nashville pike with one division, watching the advance of our centre.

The Federal army was put in motion on three different roads, leading from Nashville in a south and southeasterly direction. The centre under Thomas, took the Franklin road; McCook, with the right wing, that of Nolensville; and Crittenden, on the left, that of Murfreesboro'. The right and left thus flanked the position occupied by Hardee at Triune on the Nashville pike, ready to unite in a combined attack on him if he tried to hold that position. If he fell back, Thomas and McCook were both to bear to the left and approach the Nashville road, followed by Crittenden, in order to present themselves simultaneously

with Hardee before Stone River, a small stream which covers Murfreesboro'. It was evident that at this point Bragg must fight or evacuate.

McCook met Hardee's pickets a short distance from Nashville. The head of his column took possession of Nolensville after a sharp fight, in which they lost seventy-five men and captured a gun. Hardee had, however, begun to concentrate the day before, and on the 27th his forces were well advanced on the roads to positions before and leading to Murfreesboro'. Crittenden on the Union left, advancing slowly, so as to allow McCook time to feel the enemy, reached Lavergne on the evening of the 26th, after some slight skirmishes. The next day he reached Stewart's Creek, and his cavalry by a bold movement succeeded in carrying the bridge thrown across the stream, before the Confederates could destroy it. Thomas neared the other corps. Negley joined Crittenden at Stewart's Creek on the 27th. Rousseau camped that day at Nolensville. On the 28th the Confederate army united at and near Murfreesboro'. According to the Comte de Paris, they were 35,000 strong. On the main pikes three brigades of infantry, three batteries of artillery, and 5,000 cavalry remained to check and delay the Federal advance. On Sunday evening, the 28th of December, the Federal army found itself massed on two roads. McCook, who continued to occupy the Nashville and Shelbyville, had the main body of his troops near Triune, on the direct road to Murfreesboro'. Thomas had joined Crittenden's corps not far from Stewart's Creek, and taken a position behind that corps. Everybody was put in motion on Monday morning, the 29th. McCook, on the right, reached Wilkinson's Crossroads, where he halted the greater part of his corps. His advanced brigade, under Woodruff, having taken the Murfreesboro' road, arrived that evening at Overall's Creek. The left wing advanced still further, followed by Negley's division of Thomas' corps. Palmer's brigades, which were in advance, soon met the Confederate outposts and secured the bridges and turnpike, making an easy means of getting over the creek. Palmer halted at last near Murfreesboro', upon a line of breastworks which lay across the road. Here the Confederates were massed. The scouts reported that they seemed to be getting ready to leave the works. Misled by this information, Crittenden took Harper's brigade of Wood's division and caused it to ford Stone River to get in position with Palmer, who was before him. The purpose was to reach the town on the side easiest of approach. Harper that day captured some prisoners and put a regiment to flight. The prisoners said they had no intention of leaving. On the evening of the 29th the Federals through different manœuvres, found themselves in two bodies.

On the 29th the Confederate army, well in hand, was ready to fight, occupying a narrow space before Murfreesboro'. Hardee's corps was on the right bank of Stone River; Breckenridge was in front, on some hills, with Cleburne behind him. Polk held the left bank; Wither's division was in front. Still more to the left, and in the rear, was McCown's division of Kirby Smith's corps. This was to cover Polk's flank in case McCook should come by the Franklin road. Wheeler's cavalry brigade started on the 29th to harass Rosecrans' rear and if possible capture his wagon trains. Wharton, with 2,000 cavalry, cleared the front of the rebel army. Bragg waited all day of the 30th to be attacked, believing Rosecrans to have a force larger than was the case. This inaction enabled the Union commander to bring all his forces up for the decisive battle of the 31st. On the evening of the 30th the musketry firing on McCook's advance was very sharp. Sheridan did the fighting. In his report General Sheridan says:

"At sundown I had taken up my position, my right resting on the timber, my left on the Wilkinson pike, my reserve brigade of four regiments to the rear and opposite the centre.

"The killed and wounded during the day were one hundred and thirty-five. General Jeff. C. Davis' left closed on my right, and his line was thrown to the rear, so that it formed nearly a right angle with me. General Negley's division of Thomas' corps was immediately on my left, his right resting on the left-hand side of the Wilkinson pike."

General Rosecrans gave his orders to his corps commanders on the evening of the 30th, and gave them in detail his plan of battle. The rebel army, he said, lay across Stone River. Rosecrans determined to concentrate as large a force as possible in front of Breckenridge's division, occupying the hills on the right of the field. While our right was to hold the enemy in check in case it assumed the offensive, the left was to cross Stone River and take possession of the hills. From this point our artillery was to enfilade Bragg's rear, while the centre bearing toward the south would force the river road, and place itself between them and Murfreesboro'. This was a bold plan, because Rosecrans thought his enemy had 50,000 men. Its chief aim was to divide the enemy in two. The ground of attack was covered by thickets which would protect our movements. Breckenridge was on the top of bare hills. The right wing was the weakest part of the Federal lines: in fact McCook, with his corps alone, occupied more than one-half of our line. This came very near proving a fatal weakness. At any rate, the plan threw the burden of the severest fighting on the Twen-

tieth Army Corps. Each of its three divisions had two brigades in front and one in reserve. Sheridan's was on the left, Davis' in the centre, and Johnson's on the right. It was deemed probable the enemy would attack our right, in order to make a division in favor of their left. Thus Rosecrans' success depended on the resistance which this part of his army could make. Our officers were ignorant of the topography, while the rebels were familiar with every acre. On the evening of the 30th the rebel position was as follows: Hardee left Breckenridge alone on the hills upon the right bank of Stone River. Polk was in the centre with Withers' division in first line and that of Cheatham in the second line. Hardee was on the left with McCown's and Cleburne's divisions behind him. The convergence of three roads here enabled the Confederates to mass their centre and left upon two lines, interior and short, a fact which made hot and dangerous work for McCook. McCown was ordered to attack the extreme right of the Union army, while Cleburne was to follow and attack McCook's centre. Polk was to take the offensive at the same time. Breckenridge was held in reserve.

It will be seen by this disposition of their forces the Confederates designed to give McCook a hammering, with the expectation of at least doubling him up. Rosecrans was somewhat afraid of this, but left McCook with discretion as to changing his position. Upon his corps' capacity to bear this hammering by Hardee was to depend the success of the river march.

In the execution of his plan Rosecrans, leaving the right wing to bear the hammering of Hardee, personally superintended the moving of the left under Crittenden across the Stone River, to the south. Wood's division of Thomas' command was to be moved again to the north side. The main Confederate attack was to be from the northeast; our main attack would have been on their southeast. Had it been successful it must have flanked and completely doubled up Bragg's army. Hardee made this plan nugatory by concentrating such powerful attacks on McCook as at last to compel Rosecrans to order Crittenden across the river again, and to turn Thomas by the left flank into line of battle to meet and drive back the on-coming Confederates. It is not necessary to follow in detail the movements in this great battle, as we develop chiefly the part that Sheridan played. From the brief outline given it will be seen that the corps of which his division formed a part, bore the most savage brunt of the battle. It is equally as certain that his part of it was in the foremost and thickest of the fight. Sheridan's report of his own and division's share in that day of savage onslaught tells the story of the conduct of his troops in the battle. He says:

“About 7.15 A. M., the enemy advanced to the attack across an open cotton field in Sill’s front. This column was opened on by Brush’s battery of Sill’s brigade, which had a direct fire on its front; also by Hiscock’s and Houghtailing’s batteries, which had an oblique fire on its front, from a commanding position near the centre of my line. The effect of this fire on the enemy’s columns was terrible. The enemy, however, continued to advance until they had reached nearly the edge of the timber, where they were opened upon by Sill’s infantry, at a range of not over fifty yards. The destruction to the enemy’s columns which was closed in a mass, was terrific.

“For a short time they withstood this fire, manœvered, then broke and ran, Sill directing his troops to charge, which was gallantly done, and the enemy driven back across the valley and behind their intrenchments. In this charge General Sill was killed. The brigade then fell back in good order and resumed its former lines. Here, unfortunately, the brigade of Colonel Woodruff gave way, also one regiment of Sill’s brigade, which was in the second line. This regiment fell back some distance, into an open field, and then rallied, its place being supplied by a third regiment of the reserve. At this time the enemy, who had attacked on the extreme right of our wing against Johnson, and also on Davis’ front, had been successful, and two divisions on my right were retiring in great confusion, closely followed by the enemy, completely turning my position and exposing my line to a fire from the rear.

“I hastily withdrew the whole of Sill’s brigade, and the third regiment sent to support it, at the same time directing Colonel Roberts of the left brigade, who had changed front and formed in column of regiments, to charge the enemy in the timber from which I had withdrawn those regiments.

“This was very gallantly done by Colonel Roberts, who captured one piece of the enemy’s artillery, which, however, had to be abandoned.

“In the meantime I had formed Sill’s brigade and Schaeffer’s on a line at right angles to my first line and behind the three batteries of artillery, which were placed in a fine position, directing Colonel Roberts to return and form on this new line. Then I made an unavailing attempt to form the troops on my right on this front line, in front of which were open fields, through which the enemy was approaching under a heavy fire from Hiscock’s, Houghtailing’s, and Brush’s batteries.

“After the attempt had proved entirely unsuccessful, and my right was again turned, General McCook directed me to advance to the front and form on the right of Negley. This movement was successfully accomplished under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, every regiment of mine remaining unbroken. I took position on Negley’s right, Roberts’ brigade having been placed in position at right angles to Negley’s line facing to the south, the other two brigades being placed to the rear and at right angles with Roberts, and facing the west, covering the rear of Negley’s lines.

“General Cheatham’s division advanced on Roberts’ brigade, and heavy masses of the enemy, with three batteries of artillery, advanced over the open ground which I had occupied in the previous part of the engagement, at the same time the enemy opening from their intrenchments in the direction of Murfreesboro’.

“The contest then became terrible; the enemy made three attacks and were three times repulsed, the artillery range of the respective batteries being not over two hundred yards. In these attacks the Roberts brigade lost its commander, who was killed.

“Schaeffer’s brigade being entirely out of ammunition, I directed them to fix bayonets and await the enemy. Roberts’ brigade, which was nearly out of ammunition, I directed to fall back, resisting the enemy.

“The difficulty of withdrawing the artillery here became very great, the ground being rocky and covered with a dense growth of cedar. Houghtailing’s battery had to be abandoned, also two pieces of Brush’s battery.

“Three regiments of Schaeffer’s brigade having supplied themselves with ammunition, I put into action, by direction of General Rosecrans, directly to the front and right of General Wood’s division, on the left-hand side of the railroad.

“The brigade advanced through a clump of timber, and took position on the edge of a cotton field, close upon the enemy’s line, relieving the division of General Wood, which was falling back under the heavy pressure of the enemy. At this point I lost my third and last commander, who was killed.”

The Comte de Paris says that two of Sheridan’s brigades under Sill and Roberts, formed a continuation of the line as far as the Wilkinson road; they were supported by Schaeffer with Sheridan’s third brigade. A large space separated this road from the Franklin road. It was occupied by the other two divisions of McCook’s corps; Davis’ left and right

was formed by Woodruff's and Post's brigades. They were in the woods. Carlin's was between these two, a little to the rear, in a clearing where the artillery of that division had taken a position. Johnson had the extremity of this line; Kirk's brigade was in front of the strip of woodland extending to the Franklin road, and that of the German-American Willich, brigadier, was placed parallel to this road, with one regiment drawn back and facing the west. The third brigade of this division was placed on a dirt road. Communications were extremely difficult between the different bodies.

The attack on McCook's corps, led by McCown, was a terrific one. The Confederates advanced under a terrible artillery fire, and at one time a savage hand-to-hand encounter ensued. It was so overwhelming that Johnson's division was driven to the north of the Franklin road. The pursuing rebels diverged to the west, a mistake which enabled Davis to form for Cleburne's attack, which he repulsed. Cleburne, reinforced by Liddel, drove Davis until Carlin's brigade checked the rebel advance. He lost his guns and was compelled to fall back. The Union lines re-formed and checked Hardee. Then followed the assault on Sill's brigade, already described by Sheridan. McCown succeeded in driving Davis back to the cedar wood.

It was a critical moment. We had lost all the field on the right, south of the Wilkinson road. Here our cavalry held Wharton in check. He had been trying savagely to capture our ordnance train and to seize the batteries hastily withdrawn to the encumbered pike. If Polk had moved at this opportune moment, the fate of the day might have been very different. But he delayed for nearly an hour. This was probably due to uncertainty as to the point on which Rosecrans would hurl his left and centre. The latter's movement required McCook to delay the operations of Hardee for at least three hours. Believing that his proposed attack on the left would fully compensate for all losses on the right, Rosecrans gave no heed to McCook's first report, but pushed his own movement with vigor. But the roar of battle growing nearer, at last convinced him of danger to the Twentieth Corps. When later dispatches were received from McCook, the commanding general acted promptly. There was not a moment to lose. Disaster to the right could not be repaired by smashing the rebel left, for the right had to be rescued from its dangerous position.

The enemy was already trying to cut off his communications and drive him back to the river. The forces massed on the left must be pushed forward to oppose the victors. In a moment the troops were

marching toward the cedar wood. Rosecrans brought back Van Cleve and sent him with Wood's division to a point where the Nashville road crosses a plain, the defense of which was of great importance. Without waiting for the execution of these orders, the general galloped to the centre, where a new battle had just begun. Wither's division had attacked the Union position on that side with great fierceness. Sheridan came to the front with equal vigor. He had been expecting this attack since daylight and was prepared to receive it. Sill's brigade on the right, Roberts' on the left, were posted along the wooded slopes and among rocks, whence they commanded several large cotton fields which the enemy would have to pass without shelter. Their batteries were placed in the most prominent positions, and Schaeffer was ready to help them. When Cleburne was stopped in front of the hospital, Polk made his great attack on the Federal centre. The left column, led by Cheatham, marched against Sheridan. Loomis' brigade on the left, that of Marrigault on the right, bravely advanced amidst a shower of balls and scrapnel which thinned their ranks.

Our lines were compelled to abandon some ground, and on retaking possession of it they found themselves exposed to a still more severe fire than at first. Loomis was wounded and his men driven back. Marrigault on the right was also repulsed after great slaughter. Cheatham pushed his second line forward, Vaughn resumed the fight on the left, and Maney on the right, but these attacks were fruitless.

Sheridan was in the midst of his soldiers, whose efforts he directed with the quick glance of a leader who knows how to turn the least obstacle to account. Just as Vaughn's troops were beginning to give way, Sill boldly assumed the offensive, charged and drove them back in disorder. In a short space of time the Confederates lost one-third of their effective force. But the heroic Sill fell mortally wounded in the midst of his retreating enemy. Maney's brigade, which Cheatham had hurled on the right, became engaged with Roberts' troops, but gained no ground. It was not so completely repulsed as Vaughn and Loomis' troops. But a fresh danger was about to compel Sheridan to surrender part of the ground which the enemy had so unsuccessfully attacked in front. Davis had just been dislodged from the hospital, and his whole division was driven back on the Wilkinson road. Here Polk's force and Johnson's brigade of Cleburne's division struck the extremity of Sheridan's line, where Sill's soldiers stood, hardly recovered from a too dear success. Almost at the same time Liddel's and McNair's troops, extending on the right in the pursuit of Davis, who was in full retreat,

threatened to surround Sheridan completely. But neither himself nor his soldiers were disconcerted at finding themselves in this dangerous position. Instead of allowing the division to be carried away by the movement of his neighbors, Sheridan did not hesitate to make, under the very fire of the enemy, a change of front. This enabled him to preserve the important position he occupied with the least possible loss of ground. He could not abandon this position without uncovering the centre of the army, as he had himself been uncovered by the rout of the right. The cedar wood, the eastern margin of which he so successfully defended, extended to the Wilkinson pike at the southeast, but the southern border soon receded again, to make room for a square-shaped clearing.

It was upon this receding margin of the woods that Sheridan resolved to rest his new line, facing south. His left still lay joined to Negley's right, which he thus continued to protect, and he only abandoned the extreme end of the wood, which stretched out as far as the Wilkinson road—a point where he had run the risk of being surrounded. In order to effect this conversion, Sheridan brought the brigades of Sill and Schaeffer to the rear. As soon as the Confederates started in pursuit of them, Roberts' brigade made a vigorous charge, thus freeing the wood and enabling the other two brigades to effect their change of front, after which the former came in its turn to take position alongside of them. Shortly after Cheatham's first attack upon Sheridan, Withers, on his right, had directed one of his brigades under Anderson, against Negley's division. This was in conformity with Bragg's instructions, who desired that the battle be gradually extended from left to right. But this isolated brigade was received with a terrific artillery fire, excellently handled. It caused such loss that it fell back rapidly on Stewart's brigade in the second rebel line, which had just moved to its assistance. In one of its regiments, the Thirteenth Mississippi, out of a total of 350 men, sixty-two were killed and 132 wounded.

A little later Sheridan, being menaced by Cheatham and Cleburne at once, fell back to secure a better position. From his second position his artillery flanked a portion of McCown's troops, who had attacked his right wing. His shells bursting in the rear of the Confederates, gave Hardee to understand that he could not advance further without danger, and that before following up his successes on the extreme left it was necessary for him to overcome the formidable adversary who by his tenacity paralyzed the whole movement of his army. While bringing back his left for the purpose of dislodging Sheridan, he requested

Bragg to order the troops forming the Confederate centre to support him. Withers received orders to attack the Union troops posted before him with all his force.

It was at this juncture that the new movements ordered by Rosecrans for bringing the left into line with Thomas, put Rousseau's division along the north margin of the wood behind Sheridan, so as to support him if necessary. Van Cleve's division on this new alignment of the right, lay between the wood and the railroad. Further to the right Harper's brigade of Wood's division was placed; the latter general remaining in reserve with two of his brigades.

Quickly as the new line was formed, it could not prevent the Confederates from winning some partial success. Rosecrans proceeded in person to Negley's division, forming the centre of this new disposition. His arrival renewed the fierce combat. Polk's right was vigorously executing its orders. Stewart was again attacking Negley. Chalmers advanced on Palmer. Hardee, recalling McCown, again attacked Sheridan, who again had to make a second change of front, more difficult than were his first manœuvres, in order to avoid being taken in flank. Falling back a short distance before the enemy, who was pressing him on every side, Sheridan ordered his two brigades on the right to face to the west, and they found themselves back to back with Negley's division. Roberts' brigade, having turned toward the south, placed itself at right angles to these two bodies of troops, so as to cover their flank. This formation in a sharp angle, which was only feasible in the midst of woods, and under the protection of their thickness, presented a solid obstacle against the rebel's attacks. In order to render the position still stronger, Sheridan had massed all the cannon he had in front of Roberts, which was the point most menaced, and the key to the whole position. His energy thus enabled him to resist for nearly an hour all of Hardee's attacks; and it may be said that this hour saved the Federal army from an irreparable disaster. In fact, while Polk's command, which was obliged to charge Negley's and Palmer's position in front and across large open fields, was exhausting itself in fruitless efforts against them, Rosecrans had formed a new line with fresh troops from the left, which alone could enable him to check the rebel march. Sheridan could not prolong his resistance in such a hazardous position. His soldiers were thinned out. Roberts, Schaeffer, and Sill were killed. The enemy after three fruitless attacks still returned to the charge. At last ammunition was failing them, Wharton's cavalry having either captured or dispersed all the wagon trains of McCook's corps. The

time had arrived for retiring. Sheridan rallied around him the remains of his division, which left behind on the ground so stubbornly disputed, and around the dismounted guns which could not be taken along, 1,800 men killed or wounded, and proceeded to re-form his lines in the rear of the cedar wood he had so stubbornly held.

Rosecrans having formed his new line, found himself at Sheridan's position. He at once ordered Rousseau to enter the cedar wood, in order to prevent the enemy from taking his entire centre in reverse, and to cover Negley's right flank in the place of Sheridan. The latter had hardly withdrawn before Rousseau was fiercely assailed, and on every side. The Federals, favored by the thickets, were able to open a passage for themselves at the point of the bayonet, through the enemy's lines which surrounded them, but they left a great many prisoners in their hands.

Rousseau had formed his division in column on the right, in order to reach the position which had been assigned him, and hardly had time to deploy his first brigade when the latter met the enemy, to whom the retreat of Sheridan and Negley had imparted new ardor. This brigade, consisting of four battalions of regular infantry and the Fifteenth Kentucky under Colonel Shepherd, opened its ranks to let the fugitives pass whom the enemy was driving before him, and then waited steadily for the attack. It had just formed in a clearing west of the new position Sheridan had taken. The rest of the division found itself fronting the main forces which had just driven Sheridan and Negley. The wood was full of disbanded soldiers. The enemy could not be seen, but the swarms of fugitives told of his approach; all the artillery blocked up the roads, and to extricate it, Rousseau was compelled to fall back, thus preventing a new disaster. While Shepherd's force was covering his retreat by vigorously resisting the enemy, he sent the artillery away in a semi-circle and again brought them to the field between the road and the wood. Rousseau then hastily re-formed his lines under the fire of the enemy. Thomas and Rosecrans hastened to the spot; Thomas directing his troops as coolly as if on parade. Rousseau's three batteries took position on a height over which the railroad passes into a cut, supported on their right by the engineer brigade, which had been keeping the hill alone.

Rousseau's brigades under Shepherd, Beatty, and Scribner, extended to the left in front of the turnpike. In their rear, Sheridan's and Hascall's brigades of Wood's division had been detained on the road, trying to stem the current of fugitives. The Confederates, invigorated by suc-

cess, were coming from the wood again. Although their lines were thinned, they came in perfect order and confident of victory.

While Cleburne was following Rousseau's troops, McCown's division had taken a similar direction toward the northwest. By this course it would reach Burrows' House. General Hardee led in person. General Bragg had sent him plenty of reinforcements because his own position was not menaced. The reinforcements could not reach Hardee before 2 P. M., and he had to go on fighting with troops that had been under fire all the morning. Rains (once Sheridan's commander in Oregon), whose troops had not been exposed, was placed fronting the hill held by Rousseau. Liddel, McNair, and Ector deployed on his left. They dislodged Jeff. C. Davis' division from the cedar wood and came out into the plain, to be met by the oblique fire of Rousseau's guns. Rains was killed and his men retreated. There were three other brigades in great danger in the clearing, and Hardee was unable to protect them unless he brought all his artillery to the front so as to occupy that of the Union army.

By this time the Confederates were entirely exhausted and needed rest or reinforcements. In the centre they were doing better because they were not so tired. As soon as Polk saw Negley driven out of the wood by Cheatham, he sent Withers against Palmer's division. Thomas' movement having uncovered Palmer's right, the latter was soon turned by Cheatham, while Withers drove the brigades of Cruft and Grose back upon the Nashville road. From noon till 2 o'clock the battle was almost suspended, preparations being made for a last effort. Bragg decided not to send the reinforcements Polk had asked for, concluding that they could not be spared from his right.

About 2 P. M. the attack was renewed. The firing of musketry began with fresh fury. It was growing late and Bragg in order to secure victory must possess himself of the Nashville causeway before dark. Toward 3 o'clock Cleburne advanced alone against the position held by Van Cleve. This was the fiercest hour, the rebels fighting like demons. The whole force on both sides became engaged. Several Confederate regiments lost half their number in a few minutes, and our loss was very heavy, also. Rosecrans, always at the post of greatest danger, ordered his soldiers to "fire low and close." "Some brave fellows must be sacrificed for the sake of victory,—cross yourselves and march forward." It was certainly not victory, says the Comte de Paris, but the salvation of the Federal army. Not a breach had been made in its last position when the battle suddenly ceased, just before night spread her mantle

over this field of carnage. The fight had lasted ten hours. On the Federal side, Sheridan and Hazen had signalized themselves among all for their indomitable tenacity. More than seven thousand men were missing at roll-call. Sheridan had lost one-third of his division. When Sheridan reported to Rosecrans with his shattered command, at the time of his withdrawal later in the day, the little commander said, with the big tears coursing down his cheeks: "This is all there is left of it, general."

The French writer has been taken as, on the whole, the most impartial authority. His powerful description of the great battle places Sheridan in the foremost rank of our division commanders, and proves again what Perryville so clearly developed — his ability to hold the key of any position or line to which he should be assigned.

A song that strayed from the rebel lines was altered and adopted about these days, to fit the estimation in which Sheridan was held by his soldiers, and those of the Union army generally:

"He's in the saddle now! fall in!
Steadily there, all brigades!
Sheridan calls — 'Fall in, we'll win
Our way with ball and blades.'
What matter if our troops are worn?
What matter if our ranks are torn?
Quick step now, Victory will dawn!
That's our Sheridan's way."





GEN. GEORGE STONEMAN.

DISTINGUISHED UNION CAVALRYMEN.



GEN. JOHN BUFORD.

CHAPTER VIII.

MOVING TOWARDS CHICKAMAUGA.

THE TULLAHOMA CAMPAIGN—SHERIDAN'S PART IN ROSECRANS' MOVEMENTS—ALWAYS ON TIME AND IN THE RIGHT PLACE—INCIDENTS OF HIS LIFE ON THE MARCH AND IN CAMP—ESTIMATED BY HIS MEN—A POPULAR GENERAL—A HARD FIGHTER AND GOOD TACTICIAN.

STONE RIVER was named at the time "that great furnace of affliction." Its effect on the country as well as the Army of the Cumberland was immediately inspiring. However close a call on Rosecrans the cold military critics of later days may regard it, the feeling of the country was that a great and very important victory had been won. It came in opportunely, also, to strengthen the President's emancipation policy, and to inspire the people to a renewal of continued exertions. The dawn of the new year saw the Confederate army under Bragg moving away rapidly to the southeast. Tullahoma, on the Tennessee River, became again the rebel headquarters, while the Union army under Rosecrans moved into Murfreesboro', occupying it as a winter camp. On the 5th of January the headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland were established in this now historic town of Tennessee. It has since acquired another reputation, as the home of the accomplished writer who, under the name of "Egbert Craddock," has of late years made the American public familiar with the people, idioms, and scenes of that region.

General Rosecrans received and published to his army the following dispatches :

TO MAJOR-GENERAL ROSECRANS :

Your dispatch announcing the retreat of the enemy has just reached here—God bless you, and all with you. Please tender to all, and accept for yourself, a nation's gratitude for their skill and endurance.

A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, January 5th, 1863.

TO MAJOR-GEN. ROSECRANS :

The field of Murfreesboro' is made historical. You have won the gratitude of your country, and the admiration of the world. All honor to the Army of the Cumberland.

H. W. HALLECK.

General Rosecrans in his report of the campaign and battle did ample justice, among other mention and recommendation, to the services, skill, and courage of Brigadier-General Sheridan, whose promotion to a major-generalcy was asked and given. Our gallant soldier was but thirty-one years of age when he wore the double stars on his shoulders. How he was regarded by the enemy against whom he fought may be aptly illustrated by the following anecdote :

A poor fellow, worn out in the retreat from Murfreesboro', found an old mule which he got astride of. He was without shoes, hat, or coat, and wore only an old gray hunting shirt torn into tatters and a very ragged pair of pants. But he had his pipe in his mouth, and was happy. Bragg and his private secretary, Major Hunter, were coming along the same road.

"Who are you?" asked the Confederate general.

"Nobody," was the answer.

"Where do you come from?"

"Nowhere."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Where do you belong?"

"Don't belong anywhere."

"Don't you belong to Bragg's army?"

"Bragg's army — Bragg's army?" replied the chap. "Why, he's got no army! One-half of it was shot in Kentucky, and the other half has just been whipped to death by that little whelp Sheridan, at Murfreesboro'."

Bragg asked no more questions.

The winter camp became a jolly one. There was work to do and plenty of it, in making roads, bridges, constructing earthworks, repairing damages, drilling new recruits, scouting and raiding actively, and in all the multifarious preparations for the expected and longed-for forward movement of the spring. The songs and stories of that winter are abundant and interesting also. A little and pathetic incident is narrated of the Stone River battle-field: While Sheridan's division lay along a hill crest in the famous cedar wood he and they held with

such courage, the birds, rabbits, and wild turkeys that swarmed in the region became so frightened at the noise of the furious cannonading as to come out of their warrens and down from their trees and coverts, to creep beneath the soldiers' coats and between their legs, where they lay cowering in fear.

It is told of an Irish-American volunteer, one Mike Ryan, then of Company K, Twenty-first Illinois, that while marching on the evening before the battle toward Murfreesboro', a grape shot whizzed past him so close as to cut away his haversack with three days' rations in it. Without falling out or changing countenance, Mike marched on, remarking in a loud stage whisper :

“Och, be jabers, if the inimy hasn't flanked me and cut off me supplies. What'll I do now, begorra !”

It was a winter prolific of song. A couple of verses will show the quality and illustrate the feelings of our soldiers :

“When those we love request a sign
 For words as yet unspoken,
 That sign shall be, Remember me,
 And a Rosey wreath for token.
 And now may roses crown our land,
 May blissful peace soon come, sirs;
 May Bragg-ing traitors soon be damned,
 And we in peace, at home, sirs.
 Come, boys, fill up the brimming cup,
 We'll toast the Union ever.
 Our health, the man that can Bragg tan,—
 The hero of Stone River.”

Again, we have a ruder refrain, but equally as catching :

“I'll sing you a song to suit the times,
 Called 'bobbin' around,' 'bobbin' around,'
 You'll see dar's reason in the rhymes
 As they go bobbin' around.
 Ole Rosey's down in Tennessee,
 Bobbin' around, bobbin' around;
 And settin' all the darkies free
 As he goes bobbin' 'round.
 The big Secesh no more will be
 'Bobbin' around,' 'bobbin' around,'
 For Rosey's down in Tennessee,
 An' he am 'bobbin' around.'”

General Rosecrans on the 5th of January, 1863, was in Murfreesboro' with Rousseau's and Negley's divisions of Thomas' corps. The

five days preceding were full of great activity and severe fighting, as Stanley's cavalry and brigades from Crittenden's corps followed on the rear of the rebel army, who retreated along the Manchester and Shelbyville pikes. The Confederate cavalry was untiring and very bold in its efforts to defend Bragg's rear and retreat. They even made feints of threatening Nashville. Generals Boyle and Wright, commanding in Kentucky, did their utmost to assist Rosecrans by placing expeditions in the field to attack and pursue Morgan and other Confederate raiders. The general government did not content itself with congratulations only, but hurried to Rosecrans all the forces available. On the 10th of January the returns of the Army of the Cumberland showed a force "present and absent," of 117,837 rank and file, including all arms of the service. This roster shows the effective force to have been 60,916. Some fourteen thousand fresh troops were at this time sent forward from Kentucky, under command of Major-General Gordon Granger. They consisted of twenty regiments of infantry, four of cavalry, and four batteries. The divisions and brigades were commanded by such soldiers as Baird, Crook, Judah, Gilbert, and Carter. Orders were issued for the purchase of horses and equipments wherewith to mount infantry, a movement which soon became of great value to the Union cause.

On the Confederate side it was seen that the result of the battle of Stone River was disastrous to their operations in the Central South, and that it threatened alike their positions in the Mississippi Valley and East Tennessee. General Joseph E. Johnston was in chief command of the army and territory of Mississippi under Pemberton, against whom Grant, Sherman, and Banks were operating in movements that culminated at last in the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, also of Alabama, Georgia, and South and East Tennessee; Kirby Smith holding the latter important military section, with Chattanooga and Northern Georgia. Braxton Bragg was in command of the central section, having Polk and Hardee under him as chief field commanders. At Tullahoma, on the 20th of January, 1863, his effective force was reported at 31,215 infantry and artillery, with 8,615 cavalry, under Morgan, Wharton, Wheeler, and Forrest. This made a total force under Bragg direct, of 39,830 rank and file. The same roster reports as present and absent, 67,117 infantry and 14,350 cavalry—a total of 81,468 rank and file. This is a difference of 41,638 between the nominal and effective forces. The Confederates acknowledged a loss in killed, wounded, and missing, of about fifteen thousand. Their own returns show the loss must have been nearer twenty-five thousand, allowing the balance of the 41,000

deficiency for post and other field duty. McCown's division of Kirby Smith's army was at Shelbyville, breathing, after its hard and splendid fighting at Stone River. Its returns, dated January 17th, show an effective force of but 3,940, while the roster of "present and absent" is given at 7,712, showing a decrease of 2,486 rank and file. This is, doubtless, a fair statement of its actual loss. According to Johnston's dispatches to the Confederate War Department, Bragg wanted 20,000 fresh troops. There were but 42,000 in the Department of the Mississippi, and about 25,000 under Kirby Smith. Chattanooga was transferred to Bragg's command and the long tussle began for its possession, which was to end in the late fall by the overwhelming defeat of Bragg at Mission Ridge. It was a long road thereto, however, and the Union interest centered for the next five or six months on Rosecrans and Grant,—one preparing at Murfreesboro', and the other pounding away at Vicksburg. As Sheridan remained with "Rosey," attention must be again turned to the operations at and from that point.

The esteem in which the gallant young major-general was held by those who were nearest to him is illustrated not only by the unbroken record of commendation he received from commanding officers, but by the following, among other incidents: About this date the officers of his division surprised him with a testimonial of their regard. A magnificent sword, the blade being exquisitely wrought, with jeweled hilt and gold-plated scabbard, while the sword belt was woven with bullion, with a silver mess service, a case of elegant, ivory-handled, silver-mounted Colt's revolvers, and a major-general's saddle, bridle, and trappings, the whole costing not less than \$2,000, were presented to him. The presents were rendered the more acceptable and valuable by the evidences of good will and confidence with which, in written and spoken words, they were accompanied.

General Sheridan has always been a man of idiosyncrasies, and one of them, at this time, was a great aversion to walking with old ladies. One very rainy day he met an old lady who wanted him to escort her where she was going.

"Excuse me, madam," said he, "but it's raining too hard."

Another time he met the same old lady, who said: "It's clearer now, general."

"Yes, clear enough for one, but not clear enough for two, yet," was the response.

Here is another illustration of his peculiarities: A stupid and garrulous person after babbling some time to Sheridan, said:

“ Sir, I fear I have been intruding on your attention.”

“ No, no,” said Sheridan, “ I haven’t been listening.”

After the occupation of Murfreesboro’, though the army settled to camp life, there was work to be done. Railroads were rebuilt and bridges constructed across Stone River. Earthworks surrounding the town were built. Foraging trains scoured the country in every direction. So passed the months of winter and spring, the quiet of camp life being broken every now and then by the going out or coming in of foraging and raiding parties. The enemy was not idle either. Their chief object was to cut off communications and interrupt our supplies.

On the 31st of January, Brigadier-General Jeff. C. Davis, with his infantry division and the second brigade of cavalry (1,328 men), under command of Colonel Minty, left camp for an extended scout in the direction of Rosser, Eagleville, and Franklin. Colonel Minty was ordered to Versailles, where General Davis was to form a junction with him. They went to Rosser. A Confederate cavalry force of four hundred was found and attacked. Some fifty of them were captured, and the balance dispersed. Not hearing from Davis, Colonel Minty proceeded to Unionville, driving the enemy out of that town. Colonel Dan McCook now sent a messenger to say he had taken Middletown, and captured Colonel Douglass. After passing through Peytonville, Poplar Grove, Franklin, Kinderhook, and Charlotte, where he camped one night, he proceeded on the road to Centerville, capturing a colonel and major upon Forrest’s staff, two lieutenants and twenty-three men of Forrest’s and Wharton’s escort, one of them a courier bearing dispatches. This expedition lasted till the middle of February, 1863. On the 3d of February, the Confederate Generals Wheeler, Forrest, and Wharton, at about 1.30 P. M., sent a flag of truce to Palmyra, demanding the surrender of the post and garrison, which consisted of nine companies of the Eighty-third Illinois, a battalion of the Fifth Iowa Cavalry, Flood’s battery, and some wounded men. The surrender was promptly refused, and Colonel Harding, commanding, at once began preparations for defense. The fighting was very severe, and the Confederates were defeated over and over again in their attacks. Their loss was 250 killed, 155 of whom were buried by our forces, 600 wounded, and 105 prisoners.

On the 4th of March an expedition under Colonel Coburn was ordered to move on Spring Hill, from Franklin, ten miles south of

and thirty miles from Nashville. About four miles out it met the enemy, and had a sharp skirmish. At Thompson's Station, on the next day, they had another severe skirmish. It soon became evident that Colonel Coburn had encountered the whole of Forrest's and Van Dorn's forces. After severe fighting on both sides, Coburn was compelled to surrender, and he and his men (1,306) were made prisoners and sent south. The engagement is known as the battle of Spring Hill. While this battle was being fought, General Sheridan with his division and Colonel Minty with a force of 863 cavalry, were out on a ten days' scout. Colonel Minty drove the enemy out of Rosser and Unionville, pursuing them to within five miles of Shelbyville, where McCown's division had its headquarters. The colonel then fell back to Eagleville, and was joined there by Sheridan on the morning of the 5th of March. On the 6th and 7th he moved towards Triune and Unionville. On the 8th he arrived in Franklin. On the 9th he marched on to Carter's Creek pike to form a junction with General G. Smith near Thompson's Station. Six miles out the enemy was met, but after a short, sharp skirmish they were driven from the field. Sheridan camped that night at Springfield. The next day Rutherford's Creek was forded, Forrest's cavalry disputing the passage. They soon fell back and were pursued for five miles toward the Lewisburg pike. Upon reaching Duck River it was found that Van Dorn's whole force had crossed. On the afternoon of the 14th the expedition got back to Murfreesboro', having developed the strength and intentions of the Confederate commanders. Colonel A. S. Hall was sent out on the 18th of March with mounted infantry, and made a bold stand at Milton, fighting General J. H. Morgan and completely routing him. This was the first thorough defeat the rebel raider had met with. Hall got back to camp on the 21st and was warmly congratulated for his gallant fight. On the 1st of April Colonel Wilder started out with the Fifteenth, One Hundred First, and One Hundred Twenty-third regiments Illinois Infantry. He scoured the country in all directions, and on the second night concentrated his force at Lebanon. He took possession of Rome and Carthage on the next day. Here he found many Union families destitute, while the rebels had plenty. The goods of the latter were distributed among the former. To one a dollar's worth of captured cotton yarn would be thrown, to another a tired-out horse or mule would be given. Able-bodied negroes who chose to accompany the army were promised work and clothes, and a large number accompanied his return. While Wilder was making this raid he was marching by a place where

an active and bitter rebel was at work getting in his fat cattle. He looked rather astonished when our cavalry advance was followed by his horses. The quartermaster then came next with his mules and the contents of his corn-cribs. When the commissary marched by with all his extra fat cattle, the rebel farmer was in great alarm, and wanted to know if they were not going to pay him for his goods.

"We are not paying money, at present, to any one," blandly answered Wilder, "but we will give you a receipt for all. Providing you prove at the close of the war your loyalty, you'll get your money for them."

"Well, if that's the case," said the irate rebel, "they may go to the devil," and turning to a couple of darkies who were looking on with open mouths, he administered to them a few good kicks, exclaiming, "D—n you, go to —."

On the 10th of April Major-General Gordon Granger, with two divisions, fought the rebels at Franklin. The necessity upon them of relieving Mississippi, then feeling the effects of Grant's operations, had compelled them to assume the offensive against Rosecrans. But they had to fall back for want of provisions and ammunition. On the 20th of April McMinnville was captured by our cavalry. On the 27th a brilliant dash was made upon a camp of rebels at Carter's Creek. About one hundred and fifty prisoners were taken, all of the First Texas Legion, as many horses, one hundred mules, eight wagons, and an ambulance.

For several months there was an almost complete lull in the Department of the Cumberland, on both sides. Murmurs were heard against Rosecrans' alleged inactivity. At last, on the 23d of June, that general issued orders for an advance in force upon the enemy the following morning at daybreak. He sent the lesser part of the army toward Shelbyville, to make a feigned movement in that direction, while the decisive blow was to be struck by rapidly marching with the principal body upon the enemy's right, turning of pushing it out of the way, and thence moving quickly *via* Manchester, upon Tullahoma, seizing the Confederate base at the lines of retreat, and their communications from that point, the object being to force them to fight on our own terms or scatter. To General McCook's troops, the Twentieth Army Corps, the task of making the first formidable attack was assigned.

The third division of the Twentieth Corps was under arms before sunrise on the 24th of June. Owing to a delay in receiving marching orders, General Sheridan's, which was to have had the advance, did not get under way on the Shelbyville road until about 7 A. M. It

marched over that road, preceded by five companies of the Thirty-ninth Indiana Mounted Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, until it came in sight of the enemy's outposts, when it halted and bivouacked, according to orders, in the woods on each side of the road, paying no attention to the desultory musketry and artillery fire the rebels opened on it at intervals. Johnson's and Davis' divisions turned to the left when six miles out, and took the road to Liberty Gap. Up to this date the weather had been fine and clear, but when the troops marched out of camp the rain commenced falling heavily.

Before daybreak on the same day Colonel Wilder's mounted infantry struck tents and were soon in motion along the pike leading to Manchester. Colonel Reynolds with the remainder of that division followed. Later in the day Generals Negley and Rousseau, of the Fourteenth Corps, followed in the same direction. Colonel Wilder was sent forward to within a few miles of Hoover's Gap. Nine miles from Murfreesboro', the advance guard came upon the enemy's pickets. Two companies were deployed as skirmishers and the column moved forward, driving the Confederates before it. From prisoners, Colonel Wilder learned that the works commanding Hoover's Gap, constructed by Bushrod Johnston, were not occupied. He determined to take possession of them before knowledge of our movements could reach Bragg. This he accomplished, taking several prisoners. Hoover's Gap afforded strong defensive points, but they were practically unused. Colonel Wilder hurried forward and took position on the hill commanding the road and the enemy's camp. By this move he captured a train of nine wagons, a drove of fine cattle, and fifteen prisoners. The long-roll was heard in the rebel camp soon after, and Wilder deployed his men for battle. Captain Lilley hurried his battery forward to a cleared eminence, while the Twenty-third Illinois, under Colonel Monroe, was moved up to the battery's support. The Seventy-second Indiana formed near; Colonel Jordan, of the Seventeenth Indiana, also took position, and Colonel Funkhouser, with the Ninety-eighth Illinois, formed some distance to the right but on the same ridge. Soon after, the firing of artillery announced the opening of battle, and the rebels replied directly. Five regiments of their infantry rose from the low ground near the stream and came charging across the rolling but open field toward the Seventeenth Indiana. They approached within range and received a volley that checked but did not stay their charge. Supposing our guns exhausted, a cheer followed the report, and they moved on. Again Wilder's Spencer rifles (twelve-shooters) poured in their

rain of bullets, and still the enemy pressed on. They were nearing the line in large force, and the colonel was looking anxiously for assistance. Ultimate capture seemed inevitable. Not a man, however, left our lines. Just as hope was giving way, successive volleys on the right announced reinforcements. The united firing of the Ninety-eighth and Seventeenth regiments sent the enemy flying from the field.

The importance of this victory was seen by the general commanding. He said, "Wilder has saved us thousands of men." The loss in two hours of fighting was sixty-three killed and wounded. The rebel forces engaged were Liddel's, Wharton's, and Bate's brigades, numbering fifteen regiments. During this time brilliant work was being done at Liberty Gap, through which Major-General McCook was to pass in advancing upon Cleburne's division. General Benjamin Harrison, in advance with one battalion of the Thirty-ninth Indiana Mounted Infantry, discovered a force of about eight hundred rebel infantry at about 1 P. M., near the gap. General Willich led our column. It pushed on under a heavy fire through the open fields, with loud cheers, and soon drove the rebels in precipitate flight, capturing their tents, baggage, and supplies. General Johnson ordered Willich to rally and briefly rest his brigade. Colonel Baldwin took the lead and cleared the upper edge of the gap. Advancing rapidly he soon found the enemy in force, a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery being in a strong position on each side of the road. Placing the Louisville Legion (Fifth Kentucky) on the right and the Sixth Indiana on the left of the road, with skirmishers in front, and the Ninety-third Ohio as a reserve, and directing a section of the Fifth Ohio Battery, under Lieutenant Ellison, to engage the rebel battery, Baldwin made an attack under a severe fire. After a sharp conflict the enemy was driven out and he occupied their position in fine style. The following day General Johnson held the position his men had won the day before. In the forenoon Willich's brigade was ordered to picket duty on the front. After two or three trifling skirmishes, an attack in force was made on our lines. Counter-charging, we drove them several miles. About 3 o'clock the ammunition of the Thirty-second Indiana and the Eighty-ninth Illinois giving out, General Willich ordered the Fifteenth Ohio to advance. They divided up their ammunition with the two former regiments and thus kept the enemy in check. Soon after Willich ordered the Forty-ninth Ohio behind the centre of the line, and placed Goodspeed's battery on the hill, where it did very good service. About the same time Willich sent word to General Johnson that the fight was becoming

serious. Between five and six the ammunition of the Fifteenth Ohio, the Thirty-second Indiana, and the Eighty-ninth Illinois was entirely exhausted. General Willich then ordered the Forty-ninth Ohio to charge. General Johnson in the absence of General Davis, who was sick, had ordered Carlin's brigade of the First Division to the support of the Second Brigade. Advancing across the valley with a dash, it came up on the right of the latter. General Davis having left his sick-bed upon the first sound of battle, arrived in front just in time to see this charge of his men. Shortly after the appearance of Carlin's brigade the enemy abandoned the contest. The order being to check, not attack them, the fighting ceased.

The two gaps in the Cumberland Range, Liberty and Hoover's, were the keys of this position, and their loss to the enemy at once determined him to retreat. Upon obtaining these facts, on the 1st of July, General Rosecrans, perceiving that he could go through them and flank Bragg at Tullahoma, at once threw his whole force forward in rapid pursuit, Thomas moving on the Manchester road and McCook on the one toward Tullahoma. The division of General Negley encountered the rear of Hardee at a point about four miles north of Elk River, and skirmished with it all day. The enemy's rear guard under Wheeler made a stubborn resistance, enabling his trains to get beyond the river. During the night by great exertion Bragg drew off his reserve of artillery—twenty-six pieces—across Elk River, at Estelle Springs, and reached Tin Mountain. They burned the bridges on both roads, and the rear guard took up positions on the opposite side of the Elk. The heavy rains had also swollen the river to a great height. General Crittenden with his corps was sent by a rapid march to take possession of the road leading from Deschard, *via* Tracy City, to Chattanooga. This movement was successful, and forced the enemy to take roads across the mountains. On the morning of the 2d, General McCook crossed at the mouth of Rock Creek, below Bragg's position, in front of our right, and thus flanked the road to Winchester and the mountains. At the upper bridge, under Negley, a similar movement was made, with still better success. Rousseau and Brannan were sent to the upper crossing to come down on the rear of the enemy, whom Negley was to detain,—not to drive. It was thought that Rousseau could cross by 10 o'clock; but the swollen state of the river prevented that, and only a few troops got over in time. In the meanwhile a cavalry brigade came in upon the rebels' right flank. Their firing was mistaken for that of Rousseau, and Negley opened with two batteries on the rebel

position, 1,000 yards distant. The first fire dismounted one gun and killed several of their gunners. They were taken completely by surprise and made very little resistance, retreating precipitately to the mountains. General Turchin had engaged the rebel right, and after a fight of two hours drove it and the entire rebel force from the field. The troops were thus enabled to cross on the morning of the 3d. They moved only a short distance, Negley encamping on the battlefield, and Rousseau and Brannan on the bank of the river. McCook in the meantime advanced and occupied Winchester, Deschard, and Cowan. On the morning of July 4th our whole force advanced to the foot of the mountains at Cowan, to find the enemy in full retreat on Chattanooga. Meanwhile Generals Stanley and Granger marched on and took possession of Shelbyville, meeting with little opposition, and capturing several guns and 300 prisoners. The Union citizens of Shelbyville greeted our troops with waving of flags and great delight. Bragg's retreat demoralized his army. This was shown by incidents like the following :

Some of our men pushed to Elk River to repair a bridge. While one of the men was bathing, five of Bragg's soldiers, guns in hand, came to the bank and took aim at the swimmer, one of them shouting,

"Come in here, you d——d Yank, out of the wet!"

The Federal was sure he was done for, and at once obeyed the order. After dressing himself he was thus accosted :

"You surrender our prisoner, do you?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"That's kind; now we'll surrender to you," and the five stacked arms before him, their spokesman adding, "We're done with 'em, and said 'Good-bye' to old Bragg. Now you surround us and take us to your camp!" It was done accordingly.

To return briefly: On the 3d of July, after Bragg retreated from Elk River, Thomas and McCook advanced to Tullahoma, and pressed hard on his rear, hoping to strike a fatal blow before he reached the Elk River, but they failed to do so. The roads, cut up by the retreating army and saturated with continued rain, were impassable, and Bragg escaped across the river. When the Elk was crossed, on the 3d of July, Sheridan forced a passage at Rock Creek Ford. The Confederates having the railway for use in heavy transportation, were swarming in comparatively light marching order on the lofty and rugged ranges of the Cumberland Mountains, by way of Tautallont and University. Thus they were well on their way toward Chattanooga.

Rosecrans advanced his army to near the foot of these mountains, and finding Bragg had got too far ahead to be easily overtaken, halted his entire force, chiefly on the high tableland between Winchester, Deschard, Manchester, and McMinnville. On the 5th of July Van Cleve, who had been left at Murfreesboro', arrived, and moved toward McMinnville. Bragg pushed on over the mountains, crossed the Tennessee River at Bridgeport, where he destroyed the bridge behind him, and made his way to Chattanooga. Bragg saw that he must hold Chattanooga, it being the key to East Tennessee, and, indeed, also of Northern Georgia. Every effort was afterward made for that purpose, even to the weakening of Lee's army in Virginia.

Rosecrans now had the control of the railroad to Stephenson, and put it in order under the skillful Colonel Innis and his Michigan engineers. Sheridan's division was advanced to the leading section of the road to hold the same. Stanley with the cavalry then swept down in a southwesterly direction, by way of Fayetteville and Athens, Alabama, to cover the line of the Tennessee from Whitesburg eastward. As forage was scarce in the mountain region through which he passed, Bragg's troops having consumed the last blade of grass, Rosecrans delayed his march until the Indian corn was large enough to furnish a supply. Finally in the middle of August, the army went forward to cross the Tennessee to capture Chattanooga.

The Army of the Cumberland was the centre of national interest. Halleck ordered Burnside to move down and connect with Rosecrans, and directed General Hurlbut, at Memphis, to send all of his available forces to Corinth and Tusculumbia to operate against Bragg, should he attempt a flank movement, and, if necessary, to ask Grant or Sherman at Vicksburg for reinforcements. He also telegraphed to the commander at Vicksburg to send all available forces to the line of the Tennessee River. Similar orders were sent to Schofield in Missouri and to Pope in the Northwestern Department. The commanders in Ohio and Kentucky were ordered to make every exertion to secure Rosecrans' communications. It was determined that Bragg should not cross the Tennessee River again.

There was no effort spared to also strengthen Bragg. Buckner was sent to join him. Johnston sent him a strong brigade from Mississippi under Walker, and thousands of prisoners paroled by Grant and Banks at Vicksburg, were sent to swell his ranks.

In this way Bragg was rapidly gathering a large force in front of Pigeon Mountain, near Lafayette, while Longstreet was making his

way up from Atlanta. His arrival increased the Confederate army to 80,000 men.

General Rosecrans pursued his advantage and pressed on Chattanooga. Wilder was in front of that place on the 21st of August, 1863. He announced his presence by throwing a few shells into the town from the position which he was occupying. This created a panic among Bragg's men. They had a gang of slaves at work fortifying on the south side, but were not at all prepared for an attack. Wilder, however, after cannonading all day, had not waited for the enemy to seek him on the opposite heights. Bragg recalled to Chattanooga, Anderson's brigade, which, posted in front of Bridgeport, was to oppose the crossing by Rosecrans, of the Tennessee River. The place chosen by Rosecrans for a pontoon bridge was the ferry at Caperton's, near Stephenson. As this bridge would not suffice for the entire army, Sheridan had undertaken to construct at Bridgeport one of trestles, to be finished as early as the 27th. Brannan and Reynolds were also busy making bridges for their troops to cross.

All this could not escape the attention of Bragg. But his attention was also distracted higher up by Hazen, who made a feint of crossing the Tennessee in front of Harrison, and also by news concerning Burnside's movements. He sent part of Hardee's corps to guard the river above Chattanooga. Meanwhile Rosecrans had finished his preparations, Sheridan began to build the bridge at Bridgeport, while Davis launched the pontoons at Caperton's Ferry.

Bragg was at last warned. He called back Wheeler's two divisions, placed Martin at Trenton in Will's Valley, and Wharton behind him, near Chattanooga. On the 29th the bridges were finished; Davis, crossing the river, made the Caperton's ferry-boat fast to the left bank, while the cavalry, fording a little lower, met the Confederate vedettes in front of the landing place and drove them away. Five hours later the infantry began to cross. Sheridan found nothing confronting him, but an accident caused the breaking of the trestle bridge at Bridgeport, and his troops were not able to cross before the 2d of September. Bragg had not annoyed them in any way, though he was but twenty-two miles distant. He afterwards said that up to the 31st of August he was ignorant of Rosecrans' movements. He still gave his attention to the feints that were being made above Chattanooga.

Rosecrans, to deceive the enemy still more, on the 3d of September gave to General Hazen the command of Wagner's, Wilder's, and Minty's mounted troops, which with his own force, made his command

about seven thousand strong. He was then to make a feint of crossing the Tennessee. Hazen executed this order perfectly. Moving with his troops simultaneously at several crossings, he caused his artillery to pass to and fro, and built bivouac fires, doing so well that the Confederates thought they had a whole army before them.

Davis' and Johnson's divisions of the Twentieth Army Corps, crossed on pontoons from the 29th to the 31st of August. The bridge at Bridgeport had to be so strengthened as to enable Thomas and Sheridan to transfer their heavy artillery and trains to the southern shore. On the 2d of September, after Sheridan had crossed with his infantry, 216 yards of the trestle work again broke down. This was fixed by dint of hard labor in two days, and on the 4th of September, early in the morning, Baird's division, followed by all the artillery and wagons of the Fourteenth Corps, filed over. Negley followed Johnson at Caperton's Ferry, and going up the left bank bivouacked near Taylor's store. He had thus passed to the rear of Sheridan, who proceeded from Bridgeport to Trenton in order to effect a junction with the other two divisions of the Twentieth Corps. On the same day, McCook sent Davis down into Will's Valley, whom Johnson had relieved on the summit of Raccoon Mountain. On the 3d, each division made a forward movement. On the left, Brannan and Reynolds proceeded up the Nickajack Valley, in which was a grotto that furnished the Confederates with saltpetre. It was therefore very precious, and our capture of it was a severe loss to the enemy. This force proceeded to Lookout Creek. Negley toiled up the slopes of Raccoon Mountain. On the right, McCook's three divisions occupied the eastern declivity of that mountain and descended easily into Will's Valley, between Trenton and Johnson's Creek.

On the 4th instant, two divisions of the Twentieth Corps were near Trenton with Sheridan. By this date all the Union army, with the exception of Hazen's four brigades, had cleared the Tennessee, and were collected on the eastern side of the Raccoon Mountain.

Bragg, troubled and undecided, had until now remained inactive. On the 1st of September, he concluded to wait for his enemy on the plain to the east of Lookout Mountain. Only one serious motive could justify this plan: it brought him nearer to the reinforcements that were promised, and by delaying the struggle gave them time to arrive. But it involved the evacuation of Chattanooga, which was a necessary sacrifice if Stephen's Gap was abandoned to the Union army. Long trains carried to Atlanta all the material accumulated in Chattanooga for two

years, but the commanding general did not yet set his troops in motion. Polk's command had, however, taken the line of march in the direction of Lafayette. On the 8th, the rear guard left the works so laboriously thrown up around Chattanooga. Next morning the whole of Polk's corps was halting at Gordon's Mills, on the banks of the West Chickamauga River. Buckner had been left on the Hiawassee two days. On the 7th of September he received orders to start at once to the south. Marching over forty-four miles in forty-eight hours, Buckner on the 9th arrived upon the banks of the Chickamauga, and placed himself a few miles above Polk's corps, on Anderson's farm. On the 8th, Wagner's outposts reported to Rosecrans that the enemy appeared to be evacuating Chattanooga. He immediately sent Crittenden to ascertain the fact. On the 9th, in the morning, Beatty's and Grose's brigades climbed Lookout Mountain to Summertown, on the summit, and looking down, saw Chattanooga deserted. At noon the Federal army was occupying the Gate City of the Confederacy.

In this campaign Sheridan's division did its full share of the heavy work it required. Owing to the nature of the operations, however, it afforded no scope for that terrible tenacity and stubborn fighting which had marked him on the battle-fields of Perryville and Stone River. But what the Tullahoma campaign most fully developed was the little soldier's ability to meet all the exigencies of dangerous marches, bold tactics, and daring engineering work, in the constant expectation of sharp attack and severe fighting. Nor was he found wanting in any one of these emergencies. It has been customary to consider Sheridan as a great fighter, and that only. But the careful reviewer of his wonderful career will find that he could think as well as fight; plan as well as attack; consider conditions before moving, and that, in fact, his apparent audacity and recklessness in the field itself, was based upon the conditions preceding as well as surrounding him. Even as a division commander he was not alone a soldier and fighter; he was a leader and a general also.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

THE FIELD IN WHICH SHERIDAN WAS TRAINED—ROSECRANS' MOVEMENTS—HOW THE COMMANDER OF CAVALRY WAS MADE—THE DEADLY CHICKAMAUGA—SHERIDAN AND DAVIS SAVE THE RIGHT WING—HOLDING THE GAP AT DRY VALLEY—LONGSTREET'S VETERANS—FIGHTING CHEATHAM AGAIN—ALWAYS A POWER ON MARCH AND FIELD.

“OLD BRAINS” planned in the spring of 1862, a campaign designed to secure the control and possession of Chattanooga. In the early days of September, 1863, the Army of the Cumberland once more unfurled the flag of our Union over this very important strategetical position. In this narrative, there will be little to do with criticising, *pro* or *con*, the operations of the commanding generals. The personal and descriptive features, with results, and the action leading thereto, are the objects of our work. It is well, however, to suggest that the leading operations of the Union armies during the years of the Civil War, were largely based upon grand strategetical necessities. The great topographical fields upon which their movements were directed rendered this a necessity; yet as a matter of fact most writers and critics have either missed or avoided such important considerations in formulating their judgments. The Union campaigns have, as a rule, been treated too often as so many bold and brave, but isolated endeavors, while the fact remains that each of them was in the main, part of a pre-considered and pre-arranged plan of action, looking far beyond the immediate results it was hoped to achieve, and aiming deliberately, if successful, towards the occupation of some important field of operations, or to the possession, as of Chattanooga, of an especially significant point or post—a veritable “coign of vantage.”

In general outlines the movements which began in May, 1862, with the battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, and closed with that of Mission Ridge, in the fall of 1863, must be considered as among the boldest of our earlier operations. They cleared Kentucky, held Tennessee from Memphis to the Appalachian Range; opened the Mississippi River to New Orleans; kept Missouri in the Union lines; pre-

served Nashville; kept open the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and finally made wide that gate to Georgia through which Sherman went "marching to the Sea," and thence swung northward by the left flank through the Carolinas.

It was in this broad field, with its extensive op-

erations, its weighty responsibilities, and its splendid action, that our young soldier, General Sheridan, was so thoroughly learning that great "art of war," which he afterward practiced under General Grant with such tremendous vigor and magnificent results in the closing months of the civil conflict. Sheridan could hardly have had a better training-school, a more fitting field of preparatory operations. And his record therein shows how equal he was to every duty.

General Grant is on record at this date in Sheridan's career, as affirming him to be one of the two best division commanders that he knew of, General Crocker being the other officer honored with such commendation. As an illustration of the experiences through which Sheridan was passing, a brief summary of what General Rosecrans himself* declares to have been the chief features of the strategical and fighting campaign of the Army of the Cumberland, between October 30, 1862, and the 22d of September, 1863, may not be out of place.

General Rosecrans dates the commencement of his army's active



GEN. WESLEY MERRITT.

ONE OF SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS GENERALS.

*"Campaign for Chattanooga," *Century*, May, 1887, W. S. Rosecrans.

service from December 26, 1862, when, he says, it began from Nashville "its movement for Chattanooga, distant 151 miles." The battle-field of Murfreesboro', thirty-two miles from Nashville, was fought over and won, four days later. Twenty per cent. of the Union forces were killed or wounded. The Confederates retired to Duck River, thirty-two miles south, and established "a formidable intrenched camp." Another was also established at Tullahoma, "where the McMinnville branch intersects the main Nashville and Chattanooga railroad." It was expected that our forward movement would begin May 1, 1863. General Burnside, commanding Department of the Ohio, arranged a plan of coöperation with Rosecrans for the relief of East Tennessee, then occupied by the Confederate forces under Buckner. Rosecrans' plan was as follows:

1st. Follow the lines of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad.
 2d. Manœuvre Bragg out of his intrenched camps by flank movements to the east of him, fight and drive him until he crossed the Tennessee.

3d. Deceive him as to the point at which we should cross.
 4th. Manœuvre him out of Chattanooga. Then fight him, choosing, if possible, our own battle-field.

5th. Burnside's part was to guard the left flank, and enter East Tennessee. Bragg's attention would thus be drawn northward.

6th. These operations must be so timed in the driving of Bragg out of Middle Tennessee as not to force him southward and thus to the reinforcement of General Joseph E. Johnston, who might thereby be able to seriously imperil the Union army in its operations about Vicksburg.

It was this necessity that delayed Rosecrans' movements till June 24, 1863. There were seventeen days of severe rain, yet on the 4th of July, we had occupied both the Duck River and Tullahoma camps. On the 7th, Bragg was in full retreat over the Cumberland Mountains. Rosecrans' headquarters were at Winchester, fifty miles east from Murfreesboro'. Middle Tennessee was in our full possession, with the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad also. This had been achieved within fifteen days, with a loss on our part of but 586 killed and wounded. Chattanooga is sixty-nine miles from Winchester, lying on the south side of the Tennessee, which is thereabouts from twelve hundred to twenty-seven hundred feet wide. The Cumberland Mountains, directly in front, were to be crossed before the river could be reached. On the north side, beyond the range, lay Sequatchie Valley. East of it the Waldron Ridge is cut from the Cumberland Range by the stream that gives a name to the long, narrow valley. The Tennes-

see above Chattanooga flows at the base of this ridge. South of it are the Sand Mountain Cliffs, then Trenton Valley ascends to the plateau, while to the east are the long, precipitous cliffs of Lookout, a thousand feet above, stretching northward to the gap at Chattanooga without a single road for twenty-six miles. Indeed, there is not such a road for sixty-six miles, as the first ascends at Valley Head, forty miles southward from the Gate City.

Rosecrans' problem at Winchester and beyond was — (*a*) to deceive Bragg as to our crossing place; (*b*) to repair the railroad without attracting his attention; (*c*) to subsist troops and accumulate twenty days' rations at Stephenson; (*d*) to contract and forward without attention large pontoon and trestle bridges; (*e*) to a delay sufficient to secure the benefits of the early corn feed; (*f*) in crossing the river, to do it so as to endanger Bragg's communications and compel him thereby to fall back so far that we could select our own field of fight in front of Chattanooga. He was expected to fight in force before the campaign closed. Rosecrans succeeded, as has been already shown, up to the possession of Chattanooga. He claims it was done unassisted; the Army of the Potomac even being kept so idle as to allow Lee to send Longstreet to the assistance of Bragg. The Army of the Tennessee (Grant's) did not assist, though unoccupied, according to Rosecrans, since the capture of Vicksburg. Burnside's command was kept so far north as not to be of use, while in the Gulf Department there was no attempt made by diversions to prevent the sending of reinforcements to Bragg, who was in these days aided to the utmost.

The story of the Tullahoma campaign has already been briefly told. After Winchester seven days were occupied in crossing the Cumberland. The movement was so managed as to appear to be directed toward Knoxville, while its real purpose was the seizure of Bridgeport and Stephenson. This was achieved by making long bivouacs in easterly directions, but sufficiently in hand as to enable rapid concentration. The Confederate observers were easily deceived. Our mounted men descended into the Tennessee Valley and boldly drove everything across the river, concealing the infantry movements in this wise, heavy masses of which, screened by the timber, were prepared to descend and seize the available river crossings. The pontoon bridge came from Nashville on the 24th of August. A trestle bridge over twenty-seven hundred feet in length was also contracted for, and five light-draught, flat-bottomed, stern-wheel steamers were contracted for to run between Bridgeport and Chattanooga. It must be borne in mind that the com-

mander at Bridgeport, selected by Rosecrans, was Philip H. Sheridan, who thus learned by actual service some of the most valuable duties of a general officer, other than those of actual fighting and manœuvring in the face of an enemy.

It was McCook's corps, the Twentieth, which led the southward advance on the completion of the first bridge. Sheridan was there. This advance placed a heavy force forty miles south of Bragg. It naturally made him uneasy, and finally compelled him, through fear of our permanently holding positions between him and Atlanta, to evacuate Chattanooga, which he did on the 8th of September, 1863. On the 9th the Twenty-first Corps entered, and our cavalry also crossed the river. McCook and Thomas were both manœuvred so as to threaten the enemy, who lay behind Missionary Ridge, with headquarters at Rossville.

Thomas, with the Fourteenth Army Corps, crossed over Lookout, up Johnson's and down Cooper's passes, putting himself in a good position at the mountain's foot. Crittenden was in Chattanooga, and when Bragg was located behind Missionary Ridge, his infantry was moved out. On the 12th Bragg was found concentrating near Lafayette, behind Pigeon Mountain. His rear was discovered on the 13th near the Chickamauga, and Crittenden was at once placed in supporting distance of Thomas. McCook, with whom Sheridan was serving, had been operating southward, on the possibility of Bragg's retreat to Atlanta. The Twentieth Corps was at once ordered to Thomas' support. Bragg began manœuvring to get between Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, concentrating on the field of Chickamauga. On the 18th McCook was within touch and came down the mountain. Thomas, with three divisions, moved northeast through the forest till his command, the centre, was placed across the Reed's Bridge road, and others leading from Rossville to Chattanooga. Crittenden was again on the left and McCook on the right. Bragg once more hammered us from his right on our left. Crittenden was the cover for Chattanooga. The supreme importance of this fight was owing to the overwhelming topographical significance of the position we had just seized.

On the 18th of September the two armies were facing each other on the opposite sides of the Chickamauga, a stream which, rising at the junction of Missionary Ridge and Pigeon Mountain, at the southern extremity of McLemore's Cove, flows by Crawfish Spring, and at Lee and Gordon's Mill reaches the Lafayette and Chattanooga road. It is an Indian name and bears an ominous meaning,—“the river of death.” Bragg was on the east, and Rosecrans on the west side of this

stream. During the night of the 18th Bragg concentrated over thirty thousand men, Polk being on his right, and Hood on his left. He had sent Wheeler's cavalry to press Rosecrans' right, and so draw attention from his real movement, which was aimed at our left. Longstreet's troops were arriving on the 18th, and were being placed in position. Longstreet himself arrived at midnight. Fighting began early on the 19th, Thomas opening. By a continuous night march up the Dry Valley road, with his heavy corps, followed by a part of McCook's corps, he had reached an assigned position on a southerly spur of Missionary Ridge, near Kelley's Farm, on the Lafayette and Rossville road, facing Reed and Alexander's burned bridges, and there, a mile or two to the left of Crittenden's corps, early on the morning of the 19th, he proceeded to strike, without waiting to be struck. He was informed by Colonel Dan McCook, who with his reserve brigade had been holding that front during the night, that a Confederate brigade was on the west side of the Chickamauga, apparently alone, and as he (McCook) had destroyed Reed's bridge behind them, he thought they might easily be captured. The attack was made at once and repulsed. The Confederate brigade was supported, and the fighting was in force. Cleburne came up to attack Thomas' right, but was driven back. The attack on our left was abandoned and the centre assailed. It was pressed back, but being reinforced, held its ground. Johnson from the Twentieth Corps reinforced Thomas. Negley went to Van Cleve's aid. Sheridan had earlier been sent to help Davis. Night came and the battle proved indecisive. After Longstreet's arrival, Bragg divided his army into two wings, gave the right to Polk and the left to Longstreet. The order of battle, from right to left, in the first line, was Breckenridge, Cleburne, Cheatham, then Stewart, Hood, Hindman, and Preston; in the second line, and in reserve, was Walker, Johnson, and McLaws, from right to left as named. Pegram's cavalry was placed on the extreme left. It could do but little in such a broken and wooded valley. On the 20th McCook still held our right, his right wing being refused; Crittenden had his two divisions in reserve, and in the rear of the centre; Thomas remained on the left, reinforced by two divisions of Johnson and Palmer; Brannan and Negley were in reserve. The mass of our cavalry was on the extreme right. Granger formed the principal reserve toward Rossville. The preceding night had been spent in preparation. Thomas' troops made a breast-work in their front. At daybreak an impenetrable mist covered the field. Rosecrans intended to take the offensive, and concentrated his forces more to the left, which Bragg was still determined to flank, and thus

get between it and Chattanooga. Polk began the battle as soon as it was light enough to see. The whole line was then pushed persistently against our lines.

At 10 o'clock Breckenridge's division, followed by Cleburne's, advanced against Thomas. These attacks were made with so much energy that Thomas had to send repeatedly to Rosecrans for help. He at last succeeded in driving the enemy back with great loss, and advanced against Breckenridge's right. At midday the Confederate right, except two brigades, was all engaged. The two armies were thus in full conflict upon a narrow neck of land. General Bragg waited vainly for the demonstration which he thought his right wing was about to make, and thus lost the best hours of the morning. The Union army appeared in force near the Chickamauga, about three miles below Gordon's Mill. Bragg then thought it best to weaken his centre and strengthen his right. Walker and Cheatham were sent to aid Forrest. Rosecrans ordered Crittenden to defend Gordon's Mills at any cost. It was a pivot for his entire army. Crittenden's line was a mile in length. The Twentieth Corps (McCook's), Negley's division of the Fourteenth Corps, and Mitchell's cavalry, were at Crawfish Spring. McCook held the right wing, and Rosecrans sent, at 10 A. M., Johnson's division to the aid of Thomas. He was watching the enemy above Owen's Ford, on the Cattell's Gap road. The fierceness of the battle on the left soon enlightened Rosecrans. McCook was directed to dispatch Davis' division after Johnson. Crittenden had anticipated all orders and was in position. The Confederate Virginia reinforcements were, however, first in the field. The Confederate General Govern had, under cover of the mist, moved from Thomas' left, to a point of attack on Baird's position. Shortly after noon Baird encountered the heavy line which took him on the flank and rear. He tried to change his line of battle. King and Brannan were close together. Scribner's brigade was most exposed. Baird endeavored to form a line of battle on the right. Before Starkweather had time to arrange his line the Confederates came up on a run, fell on him, captured his battery, routed his troops, and after a short struggle drove them back in disorder. King found himself a little on the left, while changing front. He was also surprised by Walthall. The remnants of this brigade were driven upon Starkweather, who had no time to place himself on the defensive. Liddel now concentrated himself upon our lines. Starkweather's men held their ground and began a terrible resistance, which soon became mere slaughter. Walker, with two other brigades, gave

the order for a new attack on Brannan. The latter, no longer supported by King, saw his line broken in the centre, and his brigades were separated: one brigade was cut in two. Starkweather weakened, and the Union situation became very grave.

General Palmer then united with Grose. Rosecrans formed these divisions in a quarter wheel, with Hazen and Cruft. Hazen was the first to again meet the rebels. A little before 9 o'clock he fell on Govern's flank and extricated Starkweather's brigade from them. Brannan now hurled the forces he had collected in obedience to Thomas' order, with Vandever, on the flank of Walthall's brigade. The Confederate lines thus taken on both sides, were at once badly shaken; the assailants recaptured most of the enemy's trophies, five pieces of the regular battery, and all of Loomis' guns, a battery renowned in the Union army on account of its brilliant record. Liddel quickly abandoned this portion of the field. Brannan came to a halt. Hazen followed Govern closely, while Palmer brought forward to the right his two reserve brigades.

At 5 P. M. the Confederates renewed the battle, Liddel and Gist charging on Reynold's right. While Thomas was trying to concentrate, they attacked Johnson, Baird, and Van Cleve, producing confusion, and threatening the destruction of that part of our line. Fortunately, General Hazen had been sent back to the Rossville road to take charge of some artillery. These guns he quickly put in position on a ridge, with such infantry supports as he could collect, and brought them to bear on the rebels at a short range. This caused them to recoil in disorder, and the day was saved on our left. At sunset General Cleburne again charged on Johnson's front with a division of Hill's corps, but secured no positive advantage.

There had been some lively work on the right (McCook's) during the day by the artillery, and in an attack by three of Bragg's brigades in succession, one of our batteries was for a time in possession of the foe. But the guns were soon recovered. At 3 P. M. Hood threw two of his divisions on Davis' division, pushing it back and capturing the Eighth Indiana Battery. Davis fought bravely until near sunset, when Sheridan came vigorously to his aid. A successful counter-charge was then made, the battery retaken, and a number of prisoners also: Sheridan's luck, as usual. When night fell on the 20th, the battle ceased. We had lost no ground, had repulsed the enemy at all points, and captured three guns. But our army was clearly outnumbered. On the morning of the 20th, Longstreet's troops having all arrived, the Confed-

erates had 70,000 men,* while the Union army was but 55,000 strong.

Of Sheridan's services on the 20th, Rosecrans wrote (see *Century* article), after the forenoon fighting, at the time that Brannan was being driven in, that "Sheridan's three brigades were ordered to the break, but had only force enough to break a line or two and were obliged to withdraw.

"Watching the unavailing efforts of Sheridan to stem the tide, I observed the long line of Longstreet's wing coming from the southeast in line of battle, out-reaching our right (McCook) by at least half a mile. I ordered Davis and Sheridan to fall back northward," to a line indicated as a "first good point for defense." He then proceeded to the rear of our centre, directing all troops met to "join Sheridan on the Dry Valley road." At this point Sheridan and Davis were ordered at all hazards to resist the advance of Longstreet, as our commissary trains were but three miles or so in the rear, and time was essential to secure their safe retreat to Chattanooga. And this was done. According to Rosecrans' plans, the holding of Chattanooga was the supreme need. Our fighting had shaken, delayed, and finally checked the rebel movements and army. Garfield was sent to Sheridan and Davis to tell them what was wished, and thence to Thomas, the "rock of Chickamauga itself." This was the situation in the afternoon of the 20th: Thomas held the field; Sheridan and Davis checked the rebel's flanking movement, Mitchell with our cavalry doing an important part of this work. Rosecrans returned to Chattanooga to prepare for the new dispositions of his troops so necessary. It was the hard fighting of Sheridan and Davis alone, just before and at the Dry Valley road movement, that prevented the Longstreet attack on our right wing (Twentieth Corps) from becoming an utter rout. The Comte de Paris in his fourth volume criticises Sheridan's action here somewhat adversely, and Rosecrans' very sharply.

Thomas, meanwhile, ignorant of the disaster which had befallen the right wing, was holding his own position most gallantly. He had sent Captain Kellogg at noon to hasten the march of Sheridan, whose

* A foot-note to the *Century* article, already referred to, says that at Chickamauga Bragg had 184 regiments and 29 battalions of infantry, 34 regiments of cavalry, and 47 batteries of artillery. Our roster showed 133 infantry regiments, 18 of cavalry, and 35 1-2 batteries of artillery. The Confederates were on the 20th, says Rosecrans, holding a front line of 6,880 yards, and a second one of 3,310 yards long. Our own lines were 3,400 yards on the front and 1,750 on the second line. That is to say, the front Confederate lines were nearly four miles in length, and our front was but a little over two miles in length. This is an important factor in estimating the character and results of the battle of Chickamauga, which had to be fought, for otherwise the Union army would have been almost hopelessly environed within the lines of Chattanooga.

support had been promised, but he returned with tidings that a large Confederate force was approaching. Thomas sent General Har-ker, whose brigade was on a ridge, in the direction of this reported advance, to resist them. This was gallantly done.

In the meantime General T. J. Wood came up, and was directed to put his troops on the left of Brannan, then in the rear of Thomas' line of battle, on a slope of the Missionary Ridge, a little west of the Rossville road, where, by Thomas' order, had been massed all the artillery that could be found, with as

much infantry to its support as was possible. At this position Thomas now took his command. Wood had barely time to dispose of his troops on the left of Brannan, when they were furiously attacked; the Confederates keeping up the attack by throwing in fresh troops as fast as the others were repulsed. Meanwhile, General Granger had moved to Thomas' support without orders, and appeared on his left flank at the head of Steadman's division. He was directed to push on and take position on Brannan's right. Steadman gallantly fought his way to the crest of the hill, and then turning his artillery on the rebel line, drove them down the slope with great slaughter. They soon returned to the attack, however, in overwhelming force, pressing Thomas in



GEN. JOSEPH B. WHEELER,

A DISTINGUISHED CONFEDERATE CAVALRYMAN, AND NOW A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES FROM ALABAMA.

front and on both flanks. Granger formed the cavalry brigades of Mitchell and Whittaker and charged upon the flank of the Confederates as they were moving in line along a ridge. General Hindman was in command at the gorge and met this attack. Our infantry was led by Steadman, who seized a regimental flag and headed the charge. Within twenty minutes the Confederates were not only repulsed, but had disappeared. Our troops held the ridge, but at a fearful sacrifice of life. This daring action brought on a lull for half an hour, which was but a deep calm before the roaring tempest. The Confederates were swarming around and behind the ridge, on which stood Thomas with the remnants of seven divisions of the Army of the Cumberland.

Longstreet in person commanded his veterans, Hood having lost a leg in the morning. There seemed no hope for our shattered army. Thomas, however, stood like a rock, and assault after assault was repulsed till sundown, when by order of General Rosecrans, he commenced the withdrawal of his troops to Rossville. His ammunition was nearly exhausted. His men had not more than three rounds apiece when Steadman arrived. Garfield bore an order from Rosecrans for Thomas to take command of all the forces, and with McCook and Crittenden to secure a strong position at Rossville and assume a threatening attitude. On the way Turchins' brigade charged upon a heavy body of Confederates who were seeking to obstruct the movement. They were driven with a great loss, and there was no pursuit. Thomas quietly took possession of the Rossville and the Dry Valley gaps of Missionary Ridge. That night the whole army withdrew in perfect order to the position assigned it by Rosecrans, in front of Chattanooga. The following day Bragg took possession of Lookout Mountain, and so ended the battle of Chickamauga. Rosecrans says in the article already quoted, that Thomas used the discretion indicated by Garfield, "and retired to Rossville, where our troops halted, and, in spite of their condition, wearied with three days and a night of marching and fighting, were by 11 o'clock in fair defensive position. . . . On the next morning, Monday, the 21st, our lines at Rossville were rectified, and advantageous positions were taken to receive the enemy if he desired to attack us."

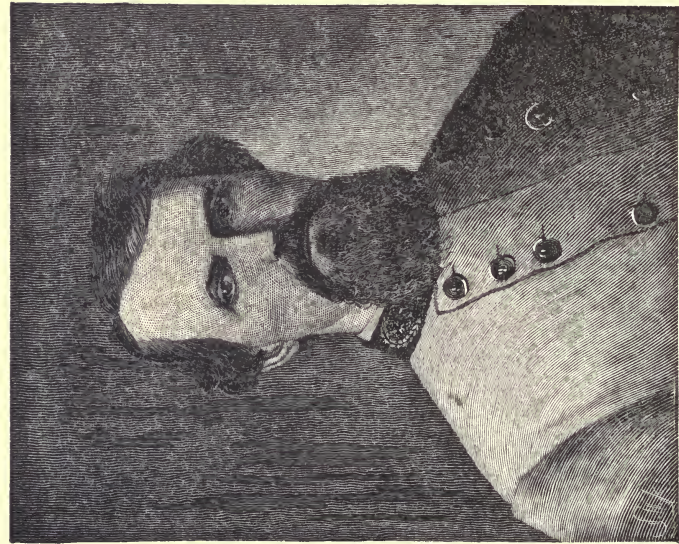
This he did not feel like doing after a sharp reconnaissance. Chattanooga, at least, was held, and a very superior force was successfully checked, if not defeated. The campaign was certainly a memorable one. It occupied ninety-two days. A great army had moved successfully for 139 miles through an hostile country. Three mountain

ranges and a broad river had been passed. Two strongly intrenched camps were made useless. Many small battles were fought. A great amount of severe military service was performed. The objective point of the campaign remained in our hands, after a great battle wherein we had been largely outnumbered. This was the school and the work wherein Sheridan was trained.

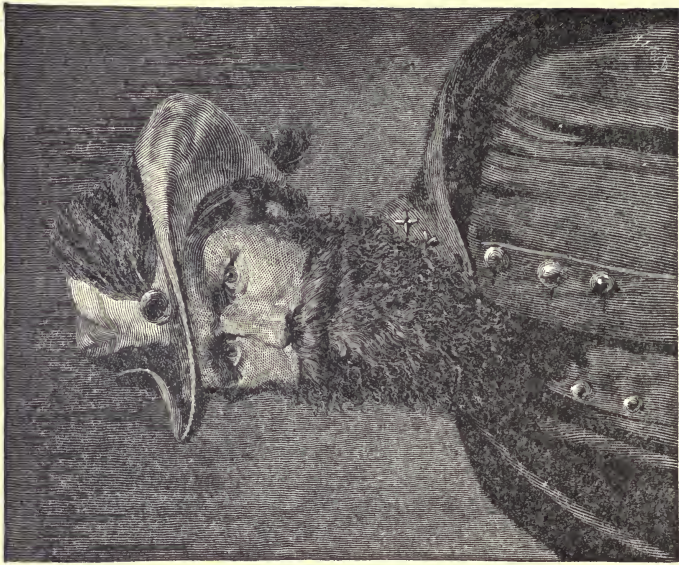
Severe criticism has been accorded General Rosecrans for his part in this serious battle. It certainly cost him the confidence of the country, and has embittered, justly or otherwise, his whole life since that date. In his latest volume (the fourth), the Comte de Paris sharply arraigns Sheridan, even, for some laxness in the afternoon fighting, and in executing the order to hold the Dry Valley road. As the French author, however, stands alone in this, the friends of General Sheridan can well afford to leave his memory undefended in all respects. The Comte de Paris' is that of the closet, and is naturally based more upon suppositions as to what a commander should do in a given emergency, than upon an actual realization of all the factors of the case—the incidents and conditions upon which alone even a soldier like Sheridan could act and achieve.

The hero of Chickamauga, as every one concedes, was the noble old Virginian soldier, George H. Thomas. If living to-day he would be Sheridan's successor. The "Rock of Chickamauga" was one of the best beloved of American soldiers. The esteem, nay love, in which his memory is held by all soldiers and officers who fought with and under him, forms a tribute to his name and fame of the most enduring renown. Sheridan, like all who knew the calm, upright, powerful integrity of his character and will, held the memory of Major-General George H. Thomas in the highest regard.

The battle of Chickamauga was a decided turning point in the war, drawing as it did the nation's attention to the grave importance of the Chattanooga situation, and thereby compelling its speedy succor. Such action meant at any cost; such success meant, as events soon established, the rending asunder of the slave-holders' confederacy.



GEN. N. B. FORREST.
A VOLUNTEER FROM CIVIL LIFE.



DISTINGUISHED CONFEDERATE CAVALRYMEN.

GEN. J. E. B. STUART,
GRADUATE OF WEST POINT, AND FORMERLY IN THE REGULAR ARMY.

CHAPTER X.

AT CHATTANOOGA.

A DESPERATE SITUATION—HELPING A STARVING ARMY—TAKING PART IN THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE—LEADING A DESPERATE CHARGE UP THE HEIGHTS—A SINGULAR STORY OF WAR—WITH GRANT ON ORCHARD KNOB—LOOKING AT HOOKER'S FIGHT—A GREAT DAY'S WORK—COMMENDED FOR GALLANTRY AND ABILITY.

AFTER the battle of Chickamauga the situation within the "Gate City" of Georgia soon became a fearful one. Bragg's army held the two great mountain lines: Lookout to the east, enflading, as it were, our positions; Missionary Ridge, commanding our entire west front and the great bend of the Tennessee River with its marvelous defensible positions. The Chattanooga Valley, between Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, formed the great battle amphitheatre in which the mighty combat for the control of the region was to be fought. It is as notable a field for tremendous military tactics and struggles as that other famous one of the Civil War, the historic valley of Gettysburg. The latter is eminently simple, though large in topography. It is also lovely and sylvan in its picturesque aspects. At Chattanooga the shock of armies was heightened and enhanced in imaginative effect by the massive details of the topography and the bold, rugged, and frowning aspects of the grand yet rude details of a superb and mighty landscape, which holds in its vast ensemble the culminating conjunction of the great Appalachian Range that combines the Cumberland and Blue Ranges with the mighty, haze-draped plateau of Northern Georgia. Through this great mountain formation the Tennessee has forced its way by deep gorges, rapids, great bends, serpentine channels, and over the Muscle Shoals, adding marvelously to the romantic beauty and wonderful picturesqueness of the whole region. It was a field fit for the combat of Titans—for the settlement of a continental destiny. A story is told of a Confederate soldier which illustrates this. He declared after the

battle that Grant's orders were not those of an ordinary commander. Against Bragg, he affirmed that the Yankees came —

“By States, attention!”

“By Nation, right wheel!”

“By Continent, forward march!”

The Confederates, who were at this time well handled by Bragg, succeeded in cutting off our railroad supply line at Bridgeport, on the Tennessee, twenty-six miles to the west of Chattanooga. As a consequence the situation of the Army of the Cumberland rapidly assumed, after Chickamauga, the aspect of a closely beleaguered post, camp, and force. The animals died from want of forage; the troops were placed on half rations, and those of the poorest quality. The only road open to the army was a round-about line on the river, north of, and over the Waldron Range, through the Sequatchie Valley, some sixty miles in length. It was liable to be overwhelmed by a raid of the successful enemy at any time. Eastward, Burnside at Knoxville was in great danger. The worst feature of all was Rosecrans' own discouragement.

In this plight, the Washington authorities turned to Grant as a suitable commander to reorganize victory. Previously, however, Sherman had been ordered by Halleck from Vicksburg to the relief of Chattanooga. He was to start from Memphis, following the railroad to Corinth, with all the troops that could be obtained from Hurlbut. Those from Vicksburg were to be under McPherson. These orders were received on the 23d of September. After Vicksburg, Grant had urged a movement against Mobile. This was to be done in order to relieve Rosecrans, by compelling the withdrawal southward of Bragg's troops. The Ninth Corps was ordered to Tennessee. On the 29th Halleck ordered all forces possible to Rosecrans' relief. At that time, Grant says in his *Memoirs*: “The National troops were now strongly entrenched in Chattanooga Valley, with the Tennessee River behind them, and the enemy occupying commanding heights to the east and west, with a strong line across the valley, from mountain to mountain, and Chattanooga Creek for a large part of the way in front of their line.”

Both Sherman and McPherson were then moving slowly eastward; Sherman being hindered by orders to repair the railroad line. General Hooker's corps from the Army of the Potomac was also started to Chattanooga. On the 3d of October, Grant was ordered to Cairo to receive orders from Washington. Arriving there, he was directed to proceed to Louisville. He then met Secretary Stanton at Indian-

apolis, and they went to Louisville together. There Grant was offered and accepted the command of the Division of the Mississippi, embracing all territory between the river and the Alleghanies north of the region under Banks in the Department of the Gulf. In this division were the armies of the Ohio, holding Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio, that of the Tennessee, and of the Cumberland, with Burnside's army in East Tennessee, Hancock's fighters from the Potomac, and Pope's troops in the Northwest Department. It included as corps commanders such men, among others, as Thomas, Sherman, Hooker, Burnside, Granger, Blair, and Stanley; such department chiefs as Hurlbut, Pope, Wright, Boyle, and others; and a host also of great division commanders, among whom were growing soldiers and fighters, like our hero, Sheridan, T. J. Wood, Howard, Geary, Palmer, Wilcox, W. F. Smith, Steadman, Baird, Jeff. C. Davis, Hazen, Willich, Mitchell, Brannan, Minty, Wilder, Logan, McPherson, Innis, Johnson, Negley, and many others. Grant and Stanton were in Louisville on October 17th. That night, Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana, who was at Chattanooga, telegraphed of Rosecrans' desire to evacuate or surrender. Either involved the worst disasters. Thomas by telegraph was at once placed in chief command at Chattanooga. He was directed by Grant to hold the place at all hazards. Hooker was then in supporting distance, O. O. Howard being at Jasper, and Geary near by. Thomas declared he would "stick." Grant reached Chattanooga, October 22d. He was on crutches at the time, and was carried by men part of the way over the Waldron Ridge. Rosecrans was met at Bridgeport, and gave Grant some "good suggestions," which the latter naively wonders he "had not himself adopted."

Sheridan and others of "Rosey's" division commanders awaited without enthusiasm Grant's arrival. Finding a second pontoon bridge in process of construction, the boats being hidden from Bragg's outlooks up the North Chickamauga, the new commander determined to load them with picked men, move Hooker from Bridgeport up the Tennessee on the south side, developing also a force on the north side under General Palmer, and thus run the river by night, seizing the enemy's pickets, make a new crossing, and open the railroad from Bridgeport to Kelley's Ford, eight miles from Chattanooga with a good wagon road thereto. It was successfully done, and once more the "cracker line," as the boys called it, was established. The inspiring effect was immediate. Men were fed and reclothed. Medicines, vegetables, etc., were received and new means of field transportation obtained. Much credit for all this

is due to General W. F. Smith, who as engineer-in-chief, began, before Grant's arrival, measures of the kind that commander accepted and enlarged. It was all done by the 28th, and the river was again opened to Lookout. Our extreme right was thus connected in Lookout Valley with Chattanooga and the army there. During Hooker's movements in support, Howard had a sharp and successful fight near Brown's Ferry. On the 29th of October, Geary's division was savagely attacked at Wauhatchie, north of the Tennessee, by Longstreet in force. Hooker marched rapidly to Geary's support, who held his own for three hours against a larger force. The fighting continued till long after dark. It ended rather ludicrously, though, in a Union victory. Hooker's teamsters got panic stricken and the mules stampeded, rushing towards the rebel lines, which, supposing the rush to be a cavalry charge, retired in haste and without order. A camp parody embalms the "Battle of the Mules," and it is given here :

“Forward, the mule brigade;
Was there a mule dismayed?
Not when the long ears felt
 All their ropes sundered.
Theirs not to make reply —
Theirs not to reason why —
Theirs but to make them fly —
On to the Georgia troops
 Broke the two hundred.

“Mules to the right of them —
Mules to the left of them —
Mules all behind them —
 Pawed, neighed, and thundered;
Breaking their own confines —
Breaking through Longstreet's lines,
Testing chivalric spines;
Into the Georgia troops
 Stormed the two hundred.”

The Union loss in these movements was 489 killed and wounded. Of the Confederates, 150 were left dead on the field, and 100 remained prisoners. Their wounded were removed.

Already the siege had been lifted in large degree. There was great peril, however. Sherman was hastening eastward with the Army of the Tennessee. Burnside's position grew worse. He was over one hundred miles from a railroad or his base of supplies, with insufficient forces and stores, but holding Knoxville and the Union

settlements with a cheery courage. Grant was earnestly pressed to relieve him, and the only way to do so was to fight a great battle at Chattanooga. Bragg made a vigorous effort to recover the line broken by Grant's first movements. Longstreet and Wheeler, with 20,000 men, had been sent against Burnside, halting, however, at Loudon, East Tennessee, where their railroad terminated. This enabled them to threaten Knoxville or reinforce Bragg.

On our side, Sherman and McPherson were marching steadily and rapidly to Stephenson. Sherman under Grant's orders had abandoned the railroad work that Halleck imposed. But in order to get more railroad transportation, Granville M. Dodge was left at Athens, Tennessee, with 8,000 men, to repair and hold the Nashville and Decatur line, with its 102 miles of broken road and its 182 bridges. This in a region swarming with guerrillas. Seeing the impossibility of otherwise relieving Burnside, Grant on the 7th of November ordered Thomas to make an attack in force. As he was without animals to move artillery, this Thomas declined to do. On the 14th, however, Sherman's advance was at Bridgeport. Burnside was telegraphed to that effect, and assured that the fight was imminent which would relieve him. The weather was rainy. It was decided to fight on the 24th. This was begun a day earlier, however, to encourage our troops at Knoxville. Longstreet's absence at Loudon weakened Bragg very seriously.

Chattanooga's lines of defense were very strong, and extended for a mile along Cetic Creek, near the base of Missionary Ridge. This stream empties two miles below. All elevations were carefully fortified. The fort closest to the ridge was named after General Wood, and with its twenty-two guns could reach the nearest points on the enemy's lines. Cetic Creek is south of Chattanooga. Bragg's main army was aligned for six miles along the crest of Missionary Ridge to the west. From the centre of the slope to Chattanooga River they held a strong line of works. In other words, Thomas held the interior lines, making a sickle-shaped position, with Chattanooga and the Tennessee River as the handle. The rebel position might be counted as a scythe blade without handle, while from the centre lay an irregular swath of troops. This was met and faced with a series of independent redoubts which Grant's new lines had erected. The north end of Lookout Valley was in our possession. Hooker had moved across it, and his lines faced alike the northwest slope of Lookout and were headed toward the northeast slope of the Missionary Ridge. Sherman was moving into the great field from the direction of Chickamauga to the south and east.

From Chattanooga as a base, then, the Army of the Cumberland under Thomas was in the centre. Hooker held the right and Sherman the left of our position on the high and rugged intervale or plain of Chattanooga on the 23d of November, 1863. The centre was strengthened greatly by its strong, defensive works. Back of us was the Tennessee; to the front of us the frowning heights of Missionary Ridge; to the east and north the precipitous cliffs of Lookout.

General Granger, under Grant's new disposition, was in command of the corps composed of Sheridan's and Wood's divisions. On the 23d, this corps was in the early morning placed to the foot of Fort Wood, "Sheridan on the right and Wood on the left, extending to or near Cetic Creek."* Palmer, in command of Thomas' old corps, the Fourteenth, was in position to the south and southwest, supporting Sheridan with Baird's division, the other, Johnson's, being kept in the trenches ready for any movement. A signal gun from the fort gave the order to advance. This was done in fine style, driving in all pickets, and securing a new line one mile in advance to the west. It was not done without loss. That night our earthworks were turned to the enemy, men working all night to secure that end. Our loss was about eleven hundred killed and wounded. The artillery fire was maintained all night, on both sides, and the advantage strongly remained on our side. The night before, a rebel deserter informed Sheridan that Bragg's baggage was being reduced, and that he was preparing to fall back. Our movements of the next day were executed wholly by the Army of the Cumberland — a change in Grant's original plans. The capture of Orchard Knob, from which, later, Grant and others directed the operations, was part of the successful work done on the 23d. Brigadier-General J. S. Fullerton, then chief of staff to General Granger, says: †

"At noon [23d] General Grant, Assistant Secretary of War Dana, General Thomas, Generals Hooker, Granger, Howard, and other distinguished officers, stood on the parapet of Fort Wood, facing Orchard Knob, waiting to see this initial movement — the overture to the battle of Chattanooga. At half-past twelve Wood's division, supported by Sheridan, marched out on the plain in front of the fort. . . . Flags were flying; the quick, earnest step of thousands beat equal time. . . . All looked like preparations for a pageant, rather than for the bloody work of death. Groups of officers on Missionary Ridge looked down through their glasses . . . unconcernedly viewing what they

* Grant's *Memoirs*.

† "Army of the Cumberland." *Century*, May, 1887.

supposed to be preparations for a grand review." The advance was sounded. "At once Wood's division, moving with the steadiness of a machine, started forward. . . . General Howard, who had just come from the East, remarked to an officer: 'Why, this is magnificent! . . . They could not go on dress-parade better.'" The *finale* is briefly told, and it embraces the capture of Orchard Knob: "A sharp, short struggle, and the hill was ours." This capture caused Bragg to transfer a division from Lookout to Missionary Ridge. That weakened Lookout, and made Grant consider the feasibility of an attack thereon.

Sherman's army was still struggling into position. All but one division, that of Osterhaus, was ready to move. He was ordered to report to Hooker on the right, if he could not cross at Brown's Ferry on the early morning of the 24th. Thomas strengthened his position, but did not move forward, of course. Sherman's command moved over the Tennessee at the mouth of the South Chickamauga, by pontoon bridge and ferry. At noon all was ready, and Sherman was in position for his great assault on the south end of the ridge. By sundown he was in possession of a good line from the Chickamauga River westward, holding the foothills strongly. Hooker engaged with three divisions on the west. These represented the three Union armies, under Osterhaus of the Tennessee, Cruft of the Cumberland, and Geary of the Potomac. Howard was with Sherman. Three rebel brigades under General Carter L. Stevenson, held the east of Lookout Creek. Thus the two armies confronted each other. Hooker moved Geary and one of Cruft's brigades to the front early on the 24th. Then followed the balance of his command. Thus was begun the "battle above the clouds," of which so much has been written and sung, ending in the capture of Lookout. Grant says:* "Hooker's advance now made our line a continuous one." It was in full view [from the top of Orchard Knob, where he and Thomas were observing], extending from the Tennessee River where Sherman had crossed, up Chickamauga River to the base of Missionary Ridge, over the top of the north end of the ridge to Chattanooga Valley, then along parallel to the ridge a mile or more, across the valley to the mouth of Chattanooga Creek, thence up the slope of Lookout Mountain to the foot of the upper palisade. . . . At 4 o'clock Hooker reported his position [there] as impregnable." General Fullerton says:† "As the sun went down [24th] the clouds rolled away, and the night came on clear and cold. A grand

* *Century* article, Grant's *Memoirs*, November, 1885.

† *Century*, May, 1887, "The Army of the Cumberland."

sight was Old Lookout that night. Not two miles apart were the parallel fires of the two armies, extending from the summit of the mountain to its base, looking like great streams of burning lava; while in between, the flashes from the muskets of the skirmishers glowed like giant fireflies." In the morning it was found that the enemy had left Lookout.

The 25th opened "big with expectancy." In retiring from Lookout the previous night, the enemy had burned all bridges and otherwise damaged the roads on which Hooker was to advance. This delayed him four hours. The main position became so critical that Grant gave the order for the advance of the Army of the Cumberland, which was to storm the ridge in the centre. Sheridan's and Wood's divisions were under arms. They had impatiently waited the order to "move" since early morning. Sheridan's order was: "As soon as the signal is given the whole line will advance and you will take what is before you."

General H. V. Boynton, the well-known journalist and military critic, who commanded a regiment, and was severely wounded in the assault, says of this great movement, that "It was the third and last day of the battle. On the first, Thomas had sent Hooker to the successful assault on Lookout. On the second, Sheridan had taken a brilliant part in a movement, which, in its precision, was mistaken by the enemy for a review, but which ended with the rush which captured Orchard Knob. On the last, four divisions of the Army of the Cumberland lay from morning till near sundown facing the ridge, and impatiently watching the terrible pendulum-swings of the splendid but unsuccessful assaults of Sherman's troops on its northern extremity, which were plainly seen from Orchard Knob, where Grant, Thomas, and Granger stood watching the contest hour after hour, with an intensity of interest and a growing impatience which were inseparable from the situation. The sun was nearing the western ranges. Hooker's guns had not been heard on the right, and Sherman was unable, with all his forces, to make further impression on the left. Baird was hurried to his aid. He then had seven divisions, or over half the Union army, but there being no room for Baird to operate, he returned to the centre, and had just formed again on the left of the Army of the Cumberland, when the grand spectacular movement began which closed the fight."

At twenty minutes to four the signal gun was fired. Suddenly 20,000 men rushed forward, moving in a line of battle by brigades, with a double line of skirmishers in front, and closely followed by the

reserves *en masse*. The guns of Fort Wood and other Union works roared above the rattle of our light artillery and musketry. The enemy's rifle-pits were all ablaze. The Cumberland Army divisions deployed right and left in front of Indian Hill, and moved in face of a terrible fire from the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge. When they reached the Confederate skirmishers, they fled precipitately, closely pressed by the Fourth and Fourteenth corps. Coming up on a run our men were greeted with a formidable fire, for all the Confederate outposts assigned to duty massed themselves in their lower rifle-pits. In a few minutes all was confusion among them.

By a bold and desperate rush, the two divisions had broken through in several places, and opened both flank and reverse fires. The enemy was thrown into confusion and took flight up the ridge. Many prisoners were captured. The order of the commanding general did not go far enough to satisfy our brave men, who were burning to wipe out the defeat of Chickamauga. There was a halt of a few minutes to re-form, then with a sudden impulse and without orders, the soldiers started up the ridge. Officers first followed, then led them.

General Boynton's description of the ground gives a vivid idea of what was before our men. He says: "The orders for the movement contemplated a halt in the first line of works for slight rest, and a reforming of lines for forward movement; but impatient under the galling fire from above, elated by success, anxious and determined to play their full part in the day's pageant, the front line scarcely halted at the lower works, but springing over and out of them, began to climb the rough face of the ridge. It was 500 yards to the summit. The general elevation was 500 feet, and from a point a short distance within the works at the base the slope became precipitous. It was broken by ravine, tangled with fallen timber, strewn with masses of rock, and covered at points with loose stones from the ledges on the crest. Spurs projected from the face of the ridge at intervals, serving for natural bastions, from which field artillery and riflemen swept the intervening curtains of the slope with an enfilading fire."

When the Fourth Corps was seen from Orchard Knob "swarming like bees," as Grant said, up the rugged mountain slope, the general turned quickly to Thomas, and said:

"Who ordered those men up the ridge?"

Thomas replied, coolly: "I don't know; I did not."

Then came the inquiry: "Did you order them up, Granger?"

"No," said Granger. "They started up without orders. When those fellows get started, all h—I can't stop them."

General Grant was startled, and at first dissatisfied. By and by, he turned to Granger's chief of staff and said: "Ride at once to Wood, and then to Sheridan, and ask them if they ordered their men up the ridge. Tell them, if they can take it, to push ahead."

General Fullerton writes: "As I was mounting, Granger added: 'It's pretty hot over there, and you may not get through. I'll send Captain Avery to Sheridan, and other officers after both of you.'"^{*}

When asked, Wood said: "I didn't order them up; they started up on their own account, and they are going up, too! Tell Granger if we are supported, we will take and hold the ridge."

"I didn't order them up," said Sheridan. "But we are going to take that ridge!" He then asked Avery for his flask, and waved it at a group of rebel officers standing just in front of Bragg's headquarters, with the salutation: "How are you, Mr. Bragg? Here's at you!" At once two guns—the "Lady Breckenridge" and the "Lady Buckner,"—in front of Bragg's headquarters, were fired at Sheridan and the group of officers about him. One shell struck so near that the dirt flew over Sheridan and Avery. "Ah!" said the little general, "that was d—d ungenerous. I'll take those guns for that."

Before Sheridan received the message taken by Avery, he had sent a staff officer to Granger, inquiring whether "the order given to take the rifle-pits meant the rifle-pits at the base or those on the top of the ridge?" Granger told this officer that "the order was to take those at the base." Conceiving this to be an order to fall back, this officer, on his way to Sheridan, gave it to General Wagner, commanding the second brigade of Sheridan's division, which was then nearly half way up the ridge. Wagner promptly ordered his men back again to the mountain base. They only remained a few minutes there. Sheridan seeing the mistake, ordered it forward. It again advanced under the raking fire at the lower part of the ridge. The men were climbing and fighting up the steep hill-side. The broken ground made it impossible to keep a regular line of battle. Sometimes the troops were in line like a lot of birds, again in "V"-shaped groups with the point toward the enemy. At these points our regimental flags were seen flying. Sixty of the gleaming colors were advancing up the hill, in the face of its defenders.

Again, says General Boynton: "Nothing less than the palisades of Lookout could have stopped that Army of the Cumberland, though

^{*} "The Army of the Cumberland." *Century*, May, 1887.



THE ROUGH RIDERS.

A STREET CAVALRY FIGHT IN KERNSTOWN, VA.

Bragg and his thousands above still deemed their position impregnable. All heights were fringed with spectators of that wonderful assault. The guns in the Union works which had covered the first advance were necessarily silent. The sun shone clear on the slopes, and the advancing flags and glittering bayonets marked the rush of the swift advance. Under the fire of the sharpshooters color-bearers fell at every point of the line, only to be relieved by other hands eagerly bearing the colors forward. This deadly fire gradually drew each regiment toward its flag, and soon, far as the eye could reach along the slope, the line was transformed into countless wedge-shaped masses, with a flag at the point of each, cleaving their way upward, following the headlong push of the guards bearing the colors. The rebels, who had been hurled back from the lower line, were soon driven out of the second parallel, and thence pursued so closely to the summit that retreating Confederates and the Union flags poured over the whole extended line of works together."

Bragg hurried large bodies of men from his right to the centre. They could be seen from Orchard Knob coming in double-quick time along the summit of the ridge. Bragg and Hardee were at the centre striving to encourage their troops, urging them to stand firm

and drive back the advancing enemy, now so near the summit,— so near, that the guns which could not be sufficiently depressed, became useless. Artillery-men were seen lighting the fuses of shells and bowling these by scores down the hill. At six different points, and almost simultaneously, Sheridan's and Wood's divisions broke over the crest. Sheridan's came first to the top, near Bragg's headquarters. In a few minutes Sheridan himself was beside the guns that were fired at him and claiming them as prizes. Baird's division of the Fourteenth Corps took the works on Wood's side almost immediately afterwards. Johnson then came up on Sheridan's right. The enemy's guns were still turned upon those who were in the woods. But soon all were in flight down the eastern slope. Baird got on the ridge just in time to change front, and oppose a large body moving down from the rebel right to attack our left. After a sharp engagement that lasted till dark, he drove them beyond a high point on the north, which he at once occupied. The sun had not yet gone down, and Missionary Ridge was ours.

Bragg afterward declared that the positions so rapidly taken were so strong that a single cordon of skirmishers ought to have defended the ridge against the whole Federal Army. Sheridan, however, had so well foreseen the success, that he sent to ask General Granger before starting, "if it was necessary to come to a halt at the foot of the hills?" This was when well on his way to the top. For a brief space the suspense was terrible, but it was soon over when the troops under Sheridan, Wood, Baird, Johnson, and others, so recklessly and fearlessly took possession of the summit. The Confederates could be seen from Orchard Knob, retiring on the road to Ringgold. Then followed the wildest confusion, as the victors gave vent to their joy. Cannon roared, men shouted, flags waved tumultuously. Sheridan did not stop for congratulations or praise. With two brigades he started eastward down the Mission Mills road, finding strongly posted on a second hill, the enemy's rear. They made a stout resistance, but by a sudden flank movement, he drove them from the heights and captured two guns and many prisoners. At 7 o'clock General Granger sent word to General Thomas that by a bold dash at Chickamauga Crossing, he might cut off a large number of the enemy. It was midnight before the guides could be found, and then General Sheridan again put his tired men in motion. He reached the creek just as the rear guard of the enemy was crossing, and pressed it so closely that it burned the pontoon bridge before all the troops were over. Sheridan captured several

hundred prisoners, a large number of wagons, together with caissons, artillery, ammunition, and many small arms.

In the battle of Missionary Ridge Sheridan's and Wood's divisions took thirty-one pieces of artillery, several thousand small arms, and 3,800 prisoners. But in that one hour of assault they lost 2,337 of their brave men. The fire along the rebel line was terrific while the conflict raged, still the damage done was comparatively small. According to Boynton: "From the first it had been an advance almost wholly without firing. Each successive line of works and the summit were carried with the bayonet. In an hour from the sounding of the signal guns Bragg had been swept from these dominating positions of a great natural fortress, strengthened by every engineering art; and the sun, which, at its rising, lighted up that one flag at Lookout, rested, at its setting, on the countless banners which a storming army had planted along the crest of Missionary Ridge.

"Throughout this movement Sheridan was conspicuous, followed by his staff. As ever, he was splendidly mounted, and could be easily followed by all eyes as he dashed across the plain and rode with his lines to and over the crest, and without a halt hurled forward upon the retreating enemy."

General Grant says: * "To Sheridan's prompt movement [after the ridge was captured] the Army of the Cumberland and the nation are indebted for the bulk of the capture of prisoners, artillery, and small arms that day. But for his prompt pursuit, so much in this way would not have been accomplished."

Hardee's command, of all the rebel army, was still unbroken. The Comte de Paris says of this pursuit of Sheridan's, that Hardee had "kept Sherman in check all day by his powerful artillery fire. At night he was congratulating himself on success when he heard of Breckenridge's disaster. Out of ten brigades only two, those which formed Anderson's right, maintained their ranks; with these our right flank was menaced. But Baird's arrival with Vandever's and Phelps' brigades obliged Anderson to fall back and seek support near Hardee."

Taking with him Cheatham's division, Hardee moved rapidly to the assistance of Anderson, arriving when the latter was falling back. This opportune reinforcement temporarily checked our progress as we advanced toward the north, following the summit of Missionary Ridge. Cheatham's division deployed on this crest, and for a moment resumed the offensive. It then retired step by step till it reached a point which

* *Century*. Article from *Memoirs*, November, 1885.

it was able to hold till nightfall. Bragg gave the order to fall back during the night. It was then that Sheridan in hot pursuit descended the slope of Missionary Ridge with Wagner's and Harker's brigades placed on the right and left of the Chickamauga road. Night came, but Sheridan brought his reserves into action despite the darkness and the difficulties of the ground. While Harker engaged the enemy in the front, Wagner with two regiments scaled a steep acclivity, and endeavored to turn Bate's right flank. As the full moon slowly rose behind the dark crest of the hill, Sheridan and his companions could see depicted against the sky the profile of Wagner's soldiers who just then had reached the acclivity's summit. It was the signal for a fresh attack, before which General Bate promptly fell back. This commander has since been governor of Tennessee, and is now a United States Senator. Sheridan moved rapidly, to prevent the destruction of the bridges over the Chickamauga, but at 2 A. M. he reached the stream only to find them in ruins.

Again, among the soldiers growing in public honor and national recognition, Sheridan was one of the foremost, and also the youngest. He was generally acclaimed, and received special mention in all orders and reports. It was a complete victory. The Union army was, in round figures, sixty thousand strong; the rebel nearly the same, with the added advantage of its strong positions. According to Grant, Bragg's mistakes were seen in sending away his ablest corps commander, Longstreet, with 20,000 men; in weakening himself by sending a division away the night before, and finally in massing so large a proportion of his troops below, and not in a position practically impregnable if it had been well occupied. The result was to put Bragg in full retreat southward. Sherman was sent to relieve Burnside, with two corps. Longstreet abandoned the siege without a fight. The Central South remained entirely in our hands. Sheridan remained through the winter and early spring with the Army of the Cumberland, under General Thomas, at Chattanooga, and was reluctant to leave it for the East, having been offered command of his old corps, and expecting to take part with it in the already outlined movement against Atlanta.

CHAPTER XI.

A BATTLE IN THE SNOW.

COLE'S CAVALRY HAVE A FIGHT—MOSEBY ATTACKS AND IS BEATEN OFF—A BATTLE TO THE DEATH—"FIRE THE TENTS AND SHOOT BY THE LIGHT"—SUFFERING OF THE MEN—THE DEATH OF YOUNG PAXTON.

SHERIDAN is about to occupy a larger field. In it, he will fill the public eye, and make the general tongue wag in wonder at the deeds performed. No commander, however, accomplishes great things without finding a quality kindred to himself in the officers who carry forward his designs, and in the men by whose courage and devotion the execution is alone made possible. The stuff for heroes was to be found in the men of the Potomac Army. Even Sheridan could not have made its troopers the fighting centaurs they became, in that last marvelous year of civil strife, unless, indeed, they were made of that splendid human material whose mould is never broken, even if it be sometimes weakened. In evidence of this the reader will find the story of "Cole's Cavalry" worth reading. They were a famous fragment of the troopers who, under his command, like mighty harvesters with their flails, pounded the armed enemies of the Union into fragments. The cavalry under Sheridan was Grant's flail. And here are incidents connected with some of the material whereof it was made:

One rather sultry day in September, 1862, when the clouds of war were black, a second lieutenant of cavalry sat upon the top of a rail fence at Paxton's cross-roads, in Loudoun County, Virginia. He was covered with the dust and smoke of a fight that his battalion was having with Moseby's command a few miles up the road. He had come back to the point where this scene opens, in charge of five severely wounded men, a partial result of the skirmish. They were lying back of him under an apple tree, one of them, his own brother, shot through the body, and believed to be mortally wounded. The other four were not bound to him by the tie of kindred, but they were very near to him, for not only had they been his playmates in childhood, but the companions of his later years, and ever since the beginning of war his closest

comrades. They were suffering terribly, and while the officer was wondering how they were to be taken to the Potomac River, where assistance could be secured, his command came down the road somewhat in disorder, showing that the battle had gone against them. The dread of capture was now added to the gloom of the situation, but there was no time for reflection or despondency. Moseby was coming, and something must be quickly done.

The officer sought the farmer whose name the cross-roads bore, and offered \$100 for a wagon to transport his wounded comrades to the river, a few miles distant.

"You can have the wagon in welcome. I am a Confederate and have a boy in the Confederate army, and I do by you, sir, as I would want others to do by him if he were wounded."

The farmer spurned the offer of pay for his vehicle, and not only assisted the officer in laying straw in the bottom of the wagon and placing the wounded men upon it, but he drove with him to the Potomac River, where medical assistance was summoned, and the lives of the wounded men saved. The farmer's son was in Moseby's command at this moment, and in the fight where these men were shot.

The tide of battle flowed on, and the disasters of war multiplied. Hardly a week during the two eventful years which followed, leading up to the climax of this story, but that Moseby's command and the battalion to which belonged the lieutenant and the five wounded men met in combat. Both saw hard service. The four companies of cavalry, whose marvelous gallantry under the most trying circumstances known in warfare gives this theme, were raised from among the Union men of Western Maryland and the adjoining counties of Pennsylvania. They were enlisted for the difficult and dangerous duty of scouting along the border, a service for which their familiarity with the general lay of the country specially fitted them.

Army operations along the Potomac River were so active and important that this battalion almost from the day of its muster into the service was called to the fore-front, and it was not long before "Cole's Cavalry" was known far and wide for its almost tireless activity and dauntless bravery. Major Henry A. Cole, of Frederick, Maryland, was the commander, and it is needless to say that he was a man of great dash and courage. From the very first fight in which he led his four companies of brave mountaineers, down to the close of the war, the cavalry he commanded bore his name, and every one of those sturdy veterans took a special pride in saying that he belonged to Cole's

Cavalry. Very many of these gallant veterans are still living, but they are scattered to the four quarters of the country.

It would be almost impossible to select any week during the years from '61 to '65 that was not fruitful in the stories of the daring of this handful of cavalry. But there is one bold deed that stands preëminent, not only in the history of this battalion, but in the whole cavalry service of the war.

If the reader could stand upon the great iron bridge which spans the Potomac River at Harper's Ferry, and look upon Maryland Heights, towering from the river's brink 2,000 feet into the air, and crowned with a great stone fort, useful in the days of conflict, and then turn the eye toward the great pile of rocks on the Virginia side, known as Loudoun Heights, rising abruptly from the Shenandoah River to the height of more than one thousand feet, and then upon Bolivar Heights, standing as a bold background to the desolate village of Harper's Ferry, he could better appreciate the situation where a singular battle was fought than by tracing its outlines on a map, or following a description of the place, however vividly pictured.

In the winter of 1864, Cole's Cavalry was encamped on the east face of Loudoun Heights, a little more than two miles by road from Harper's Ferry, but "as the crow flies" not more than half that distance. They were the only troops on that side of the river, and their position, as the sequel will show, was a very dangerous one. The single road leading past the camp toward the point where, at the beginning of this chapter, this command was engaged with Moseby, leads up the mountain-side, and at times was almost impassible.

Loudoun County was the home of many of Moseby's most daring officers and men. Every path, ravine, and declivity in the neighborhood of this isolated camp was as familiar to them as the high-road.

The camp was not established here without reluctance, for both officers and men recognized the perils which would surround it all through the hard winter months. For a time the men were cautious, and never undressed at night. Their arms were kept always within reach, ready for use. But the sense of danger, which all felt at first, wore off. As the weeks went by and there was no attack, not even an alarm, both officers and men relapsed into a feeling of security, which made them more mindful of their own comfort than of the dangers of the moment.

About the first of January there was a heavy snow-fall, and the weather became intensely cold, inclining the men to stow themselves

snugly away at night, as though going to bed at home. They were also not over careful about their arms and ammunition.

The 9th of January was very cold, and the night which followed intensely dark. The snow carpet which covered the camp was the only relief to the great black veil which seemed to be drawn over the face of all nature. It was upon this night that Moseby had determined to attack, and, if possible, capture this battalion of cavalry, which oftener than any other on the Potomac, had met him in battle, and dealt him hard blows.

He selected about four hundred of the best of his command and left camp, crossing the snow-clad mountains to the right of Major Cole's camp. They came by by-paths and through ravines, avoiding the pickets on the Hillsborough road and finally capturing them from the rear before they had a chance to fire a shot or alarm the camp. It was between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of the 10th of January that Moseby captured the pickets and prepared his plan of attack upon the slumbering camp. His command was quietly and quickly posted along the lines of tents where the Union cavalymen were sleeping in fancied security, without even a suspicion that an enemy was near.

At a given signal a deadly fire was opened upon them. In an instant all was confusion. The volley which killed some of the men in their tents and wounded others was the first warning of danger. There had been no call to arms. "Boots and saddles" had not been sounded to prepare the men for duty. The crack of the enemy's guns was the dread demand made upon these sleeping men. They were given no time to reach their clothing, and almost less to grope for their arms in the darkness. Used to severe hardships, they had never yet failed to respond to the call of duty. Their pluck and endurance were now subjected to the severest test known in war, but they did not flinch or hesitate. Almost without waiting for the orders of their officers, the men turned out into the bitter cold, in their night clothes, and in most instances without shoes, with the snow ankle deep. The determination with which the attack was met astonished the Confederates, who expected to have an easy capture after so complete a surprise.

"Fire at every man on horseback!" was almost the first order of the Federal commanding officer.

"Men, do not take to your horses!" was the next order.

The men obeyed, and directed their fire upon every mounted man, and this judicious action won them the day.

When the Confederates found that they were to be resisted to the death, Captain Smith, one of the principal officers in command of the attacking force, shouted to his men:

“Fire the tents, and shoot 'em by the light!”

He was sitting on his horse near the head of the row of tents occupied by Company A. A sergeant of that company, who had been groping for his carbine, had found it, and was just pushing his head through the tent when this order rang out on the night air. He dropped on his knees, raised his piece to his shoulder, and

fired at the officer giving the command. The ball struck him near the eye, crashed through his brain, and he fell dead into the mouth of the tent, almost upon the man whose bullet had killed him.

For an hour or more this fight in the snow continued, with varying chances of success. What the brave men who were doing battle in the bitter cold, without clothing, suffered, no man can tell, and yet they never wavered.

The scene during the fight was simply indescribable. The men on both sides fought like tigers, and volley after volley made the night hideous. The flash of the guns as each was discharged was the only relief to the sombre darkness. The shouts of the men engaged could be heard above the din of battle, and the cries of the wounded mingled strangely with the confusion of the strife. As each fresh volley would for a



COL. JOHN A. MOSEBY.

A FAMOUS CONFEDERATE PARTISAN LEADER. CONSUL TO HONG KONG DURING PRESIDENT GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION.

moment light up the camp with its sickening, death-like glare, some comrade would fall and a fresh stream of blood crimson the snow. How the men fought, and how they stood out during that hour, was a marvel, even to themselves, and the history of war cannot produce a more striking evidence of bravery and devotion to duty.

Hardly had the flash from the first volley died away and the fight actually begun, before the sorely tried cavalymen heard the long-roll beat in the camps at Harper's Ferry; and the struggling men knew that if they could hold out for a little while, relief would come. The troops in the infantry camps on the opposite side of the river, on Bolivar Heights, could see the flash of every gun and hear the crack of every death-dealing carbine, but they were two miles away. There was no cavalry relief at hand, and the conflicting emotions of hope and fear as to the fate of the courageous little band of veterans on the mountain, filled the hearts of those soldiers who could hear and see, but could not help.

The Thirty-fourth Massachusetts was ordered to the rescue on a "double-quick" as soon as it could be rushed into line. But before it could reach the summit of Loudoun Heights the Confederates had been repulsed, and Cole's Cavalry had won the fight upon the snow-clad mountain-top that added much to the name and fame it had already gained. When night lifted and day dawned upon that battle-field, there was a scene which never can be described. The dead lay upon the ground frozen stiff by the terrible cold. The severely wounded complained bitterly of the frost, and the bullet-pierced tents of the men that did the fighting were full of weary, powder-stained veterans, suffering sorely from the effects of frozen feet, of which they were unmindful until the battle was won. Seven Confederates, four of them commissioned officers, were killed in this night attack upon Major Cole's camp, and a great many more were wounded, some of whom were carried off by their comrades. Indeed, those who were able to follow the retreat declared that their path was literally marked by a track of blood. Major Cole lost two killed and thirteen wounded. Captain Vernon, afterward a lieutenant-colonel, lost an eye, and Lieutenant Rivers was wounded. A large number of the command was sent to the hospital with frozen feet, and two amputations were necessary. The suffering of these brave men did not stop with the battle.

General Sullivan, who was in command of the district, rode over from Harper's Ferry after daylight, accompanied by his staff. He had the men drawn up in line, and eulogized their conduct in the strongest

terms that words could express. He called the department commander's attention to the gallant conduct of this handful of men, requesting that his report of the fight be transmitted to the Commander-in-Chief. General Kelley, in complying with General Sullivan's request, indorsed upon the report: "I cheerfully comply with the request of General Sullivan in calling the attention of the General-in-Chief to the gallant conduct of Major Henry A. Cole and his brave command. His repulse of the murderous attack made by an overwhelming force at 4 o'clock in a dark morning evinced a watchfulness and bravery most commendable." The following commendatory order was at once issued by the General-in-Chief:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., January 20, 1864. }

Major-General B. F. Kelley, Cumberland, Md.

GENERAL: I have just received from your headquarters Major Henry A. Cole's report of the repulse of Moseby's attack upon the camp on Loudoun Heights on the 10th inst. Major Cole and his command, the battalion of P. M. B. Cavalry, Maryland Volunteers, deserve high praise for their gallantry in repelling this rebel assault.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK, *General-in-Chief.*

This order was read to the army, and a copy forwarded to Major Cole. It was the only instance during the Rebellion that such conspicuous commendation was awarded from the headquarters of the army to anything like such a force as that commanded by Major Cole.

There were a thousand thrilling incidents connected with this bare-footed fight on the mountains, in the snow, worth relating, and the conspicuous instances of almost unexampled bravery would include almost every man in the command. But there is one touching incident necessary to join the woof and warp of this narration.

When daylight broke upon the scene there was a young Confederate soldier lying upon the field with a fatal wound in the neck, near the jugular vein. He was not more than twenty years of age, and a boy in appearance as well as in years. The officer who appears at the cross-roads in the beginning of this story, found him. He raised up the dying lad and asked him his name.

"My name is Paxton," replied the boy, in broken tones.

"My God! are you Mr. Paxton's son who lives at the cross-roads towards Waterville?" eagerly inquired the officer.

"I am," was the simple response.

The humane act of his father in 1862 was recalled, and, full of emotion, the officer picked the lad up, carried him to the hospital, laid him upon an easy couch, and summoned the doctor, who replied, petulantly :

"We can't care for those men until we look after our own wounded."

"But this boy must be cared for," said the officer ; and in as few words as possible he told the story of 1862, when five of their men belonging to Cole's Cavalry lay wounded upon Paxton's farm at the cross-roads.

There was no more parleying, and the boy was at once carefully attended to, but he was beyond human aid. All that could be done for him to ease his last moments, was done. All the command felt, terribly as they themselves had suffered and were suffering, that this boy was entitled to every attention that could be shown him.

"I do this," said Mr. Paxton in 1862, when he assisted in taking the wounded men toward the river, "because I would want others to do the same by my boy, who is in the Confederate army, if he should be wounded."

The same officer and the same men who heard these words and received that favor, dealt the death-blow to that son. Yet his dying moments were made easier by them for the favor his father had done.

For this fight the battalion was raised to the dignity of a regiment, and Major Henry A. Cole was made its colonel, and Captain Vernon its lieutenant-colonel. The other officers were promoted to various positions in the regiment, but neither officers nor men, in their advanced places, lost an opportunity to refer with pride to the "old battalion" and its record.



CHAPTER XII.

SUMMONED TO WASHINGTON.

HARD SERVICE AFTER CHATTANOOGA—GRANT PUTS HIM IN COMMAND OF ALL THE CAVALRY IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—DISGUSTED AT BEING ORDERED EAST—THE CONFIDENCE HE INSPIRED—ROSTER OF THE CAVALRY CORPS—DISPUTE WITH MEADE—CHANGING SHERIDAN'S ORDERS AND ITS RESULTS.



GEN. H. JUDSON KILPATRICK,
A FAMOUS UNION CAVALRY LEADER,
AND MINISTER TO CHILI AFTER
THE WAR.

AFTER Chattanooga, what? Hard service without cessation. The little soldier welcomed it unhesitatingly. He had won commendation on all sides; most ungrudgingly from General Grant, who had from the first appreciated the young general, blunt of speech and bold of deed, untiring in action, persistent of pursuit, and fertile of resources under all conditions. He still further appreciated him when he saw at Chattanooga, how his valor and energy could not alone secure victory for himself, but repair also the breaches made through others. Adam Badeau says in his volume on the military life of Grant, that when first made brigadier, the young commander eagerly seized on the opportunity to participate in the pending campaign of General Buell, which terminated for that officer at Perryville. Grant, says Badeau, was "nettled" at Sheridan's willingness to leave the "Army of the Tennessee, then (1862), by Halleck's removal to Washington and acceptance of the post of General-in-Chief, under 'Unconditional Surrender's' immediate command." Badeau adds: "Grant followed Sheridan later to

the same field, and again at Chattanooga the fiery spirit and genius of Sheridan commended him to his superior. Grant always spoke in

glowing language of Sheridan's charge at Missionary Ridge, and still more warmly of his pursuit of the enemy afterward. He already saw that quality so rare, even in an illustrious soldier — the power to make the most of a victory.

“When Grant became (as lieutenant-general) the General-in-Chief, he at once put Sheridan at the head of the eastern cavalry.

“I remember asking him about the new commander, who at that time I had not seen, and his praise was enthusiastic when he described the energy and ability, the promptness and persistency of Sheridan. Grant always became eloquent when he talked of Sheridan or Sherman. His face would flush with generous ardor, his eyes gleamed, and he even gesticulated a little when he spoke of the feats of the two men who could ever, by any chance, become his rivals. After a very short time I can testify to the confidence, the chivalrous admiration, the commendation, which Grant bestowed on his cavalry commander.

“In the Wilderness campaign the young general (barely thirty years of age) was constantly given the most difficult and dangerous tasks. When he was sent off on a distant expedition his formal orders went through Meade, but Grant always saw him in person, and added verbal instructions, but leaving all detail of execution to Sheridan. They understood each other easily, they had so much in common.”

Grant himself says in his *Memoirs*, that it was Halleck who suggested Sheridan's name. Here is what Grant wrote :

“In one of my early interviews with the President, I expressed my dissatisfaction with the little that had been accomplished by cavalry so far in the war, and the belief that it was capable of doing so much if under a competent leader. I said I wanted the very best man that could be had.

“Halleck was present and spoke up, saying : ‘How would Sheridan do?’ I replied, ‘The very man I want,’ and the President said I could have any one I wanted. Sheridan was telegraphed for that day, and took command of the cavalry corps. This relieved General Alfred Pleasonton.”

Sheridan, however, did not receive his new assignment without distaste. He had been promised command of his old corps. The battlefields of Virginia had proven the grave-yard, in character, of so many rising soldiers, that it was not to be wondered at, that a brilliant young soldier like Sheridan should feel distrust at a command which might, in its results, ultimately cloud his own splendidly growing reputation. So it was, however.

There were yet over four months of toilsome work before Sheridan, ere he was to flash, meteor-like, over his new field of action. Immediately after the battle and victory of Chattanooga, Grant had to be assured of the temporary prostration at least, of the rebel forces his armies had so completely driven from their chosen positions. It was soon found that Bragg had fallen rapidly back to Ringgold, Georgia, and beyond. This southward movement relieved Tennessee. The head-lines of the New York *Tribune's* dispatches of November 27th, give in staccato sentences a picture of the condition of affairs which is worthy of reproduction. Here they are :

“Panic flight of the rebels !

“They burn the bridges behind them, all their depots and stores, and abandon everything that retards their flight !

“Three thousand prisoners taken — fifty-two cannon — 5,000 stand of arms and ten battle-flags !

“The rebels fly, leaving Longstreet to take care of himself !”

A dispatch of the 26th, says :

“Sheridan reached Chickamauga Station at 4 P. M. He captured 500 prisoners, four guns, and a number of pontoons.”

Quartermaster-General M. C. Meigs, in a most brilliant dispatch, wrote that “the battle extended six miles along Missionary Ridge and for several miles along Lookout Mountain. No better ordered or directed battle has taken place during the war.”

The condition of affairs that followed is shown by this dispatch of December 3d : “Generals Hooker and Palmer evacuated Ringgold this morning [Tuesday, December 1st]. There is no enemy within twenty-three miles. But they are in force at Tunnel Hill.” That was at least sixty miles south of Chattanooga.

Sherman, however, with part of the Army of the Tennessee (McPherson held Northern Alabama with the balance) and two divisions of the Fourth Corps (Granger's), Army of the Cumberland, was immediately sent after Longstreet, and to relieve East Tennessee entirely. Sheridan and his division were part of this command which, in the slush and snow of early winter, marched over the mountains to Knoxville. Longstreet with all of the regular Confederate forces under his command, made a hasty retreat and complete evacuation of the entire region, falling back eastward into Southwest Virginia. The relief thus afforded had a great effect on the preponderating Union sentiment, and

the Tennessee mountaineers flocked by the thousands to the Union army.

Our troops at Chattanooga were in December and January placed in winter quarters, along the Lookout Valley, holding the railroad to Loudon, and at Huntsville, Northern Alabama, helping to keep open the railroad and river communications with Nashville, Memphis, and Louisville. Sheridan was at Knoxville in January, 1864, when on the 12th of that month, Grant was there, leaving that day to complete a tour of the southern portion of the great territorial area under his command. The Union army was reported as "in good condition with plenty to eat," but the weather was bitterly cold. Active, though isolated rebel movements began to be reported, showing their desire to at once resume offensive-defensive operations. A news dispatch from Chattanooga, under date of January 13, 1864, says:

"When the pursuit of Bragg ceased at Ringgold, Sherman was sent to the relief of Burnside, then besieged at Knoxville by Longstreet. Two divisions of the Fourth Corps (Granger's), of Thomas' command, were pushed up another route—so together to drive Longstreet from Eastern Tennessee. When Grant left Knoxville the military world was held fast in the bonds of winter. There is no likelihood of anything being done on either side for the present. But as soon as the weather permits our forces will be in motion."

That the time for "motion" soon came is seen in a Chattanooga dispatch which locates General McPherson's troops (Sherman's Army of the Tennessee) as destroying the bridges on some portion of the Mobile and Ohio railroad in Mississippi and Tennessee, and a long distance from Knoxville. This was probably done by a portion of General G. M. Dodge's command, which had been left at Decatur and along the railroad line to Corinth, southwest, and to Nashville at the north.

The camp and bivouac records of this period convey interesting evidence of the esteem in which Sheridan was held. They also show the feeling over the battle of Chickamauga which existed in the Army of the Cumberland. In Sheridan's division, especially, the cry was "Chickamauga!" when rushing up Missionary Ridge. When the division charged over the summit, a rebel captain was captured by a drummer boy of one regiment, and refusing to go to the rear, our boy pushed him upon the breast-works, and gave him a kick that sent him headlong down the hill, accompanying the demonstration with a ringing shout of "Chickamauga! d—n you, Chickamauga!"



ONE OF SHERIDAN'S TROOPERS.

GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER,

As He Appeared on Passing Through Harper's Ferry to Join General Sheridan, Aug. 7, 1864.

[From a Sketch by J. E. Taylor.]

A favorite camp song of this period, under the title of "Keep Step to the Music of the Union," has this verse :

" So Sheridan, our leader, proclaimed,
While fearlessly through all the battle
His soul like a thunderbolt flamed.
O! still shall his patriot engine
Crash over disloyalty's cars,
Until every State that seceded
Returns to the old stripes and stars."

The poetry is rude and the rhythm is poor, but the sentiment is unquestionable.

February and March passed unbroken by serious incident with the Army of the Cumberland. Evidence accumulated that the Confederate army, under General Joseph E. Johnston, was making ready by an active campaign to meet and anticipate offensively the advance that the Union forces would soon make, southward from Chattanooga, and indeed from the Tennessee River in general.

Grant was in Nashville early in March, when summoned to Washington. He had been commissioned lieutenant-general, the grade only held theretofore in the American Army by Washington and Scott, but destined after Grant's further promotion to be held by both Sherman and Sheridan. On the 12th of March Grant was at Washington. On the 17th it was reported he would return West. In a few days thereafter it was known to the country and the Army of the Cumberland, that the lieutenant-general would direct in person the operations of our force in Virginia and against Richmond, and that its most brilliant and youngest division commander, Philip Henry Sheridan, had been ordered east for service.

On the 8th of April, 1864, the following order was made :

"Major-General P. H. Sheridan is assigned to the command of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac."

The importance and numerical character of that command may be seen from the following roster (May 5, 1864), as subsequently published by the War Department :

COMMANDING THE CAVALRY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

ESCORT.

Sixth United States, Captain Ira W. Clafin.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. T. A. TORBETT.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General George A. Custer.

First Michigan, Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Stagg.

Fifth Michigan, Colonel Russell A. Alger.

Sixth Michigan, Major James H. Kidd.

Seventh Michigan, Major Henry W. Granger.

Second Brigade.

Colonel Thomas C. Deven.

Fourth New York,* Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Parnell.

Sixth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Crocker.

Ninth New York, Colonel William Sackett.

Seventeenth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel James Q. Anderson.

Reserve Brigade.

Brigadier-General Wesley Merritt.

Nineteenth New York (1st Dragoons,) Colonel Alfred Gibbs.

Sixth Pennsylvania, Major James Starr.

First United States, Captain Nelson B. Sweitzer.

Second United States, Captain T. F. Rodenbough.

Fifth United States,† Captain Abraham K. Arnold.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID McM. GREGG.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General Henry E. Davies, Jr.

First Massachusetts, Major Lucius M. Sargent.

First New Jersey, Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Kester.

Sixth Ohio, Colonel William Stedman.

First Pennsylvania, Colonel John P. Taylor.

Second Brigade.

Colonel J. Irvin Gregg.

First Maine, Colonel Charles H. Smith.

Tenth New York, Major M. Henry Avery.

Second Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph P. Brinton.

* Detached guarding trains.

† Companies B, F, and K, under Captain Julius W. Mason, detached as escort to Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant.

THE LIFE OF

Fourth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Covode.
 Eighth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Wilson.
 Sixteenth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel John K. Robison.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON.

Escort.

Eighth Illinois (detachment), Lieutenant William W. Long.

First Brigade.

Colonel Timothy M. Bryan, Jr.

First Connecticut, Major Erastus Blakeslee.
 Second New York, Colonel Otto Harhaus.
 Fifth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel John Hammond.
 Eighteenth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. P. Brinton.

Second Brigade.

Colonel George H. Chapman.

Third Indiana, Major William Patton.
 Eighth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Benjamin.
 First Vermont, Lieutenant-Colonel Addison W. Preston.

The effective force of each brigade would average two thousand, and the total cavalry under the new commander would aggregate at least fourteen thousand men and horses. Subsequently Sheridan had command also of the cavalry of the Army of the James, consisting of the following troops under :

BRIGADIER-GENERAL AUGUST V. KAUTZ.

First Brigade.

Colonel Simon H. Mix.

First District of Columbia, Lieutenant-Colonel Everton J. Conger.
 Third New York, Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Lewis.

Second Brigade.

Colonel Samuel P. Spear.

Fifth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Kleinz.
Eleventh Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel George Stetzel.

Artillery.

New York Light, Eighth Battery, (section,) Lieutenant Peter Morton.

UNATTACHED TROOPS.

First United States Colored Cavalry, Major Harvey W. Brown.

Second United States Colored Cavalry, Colonel George W. Cole.

Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, Thirteenth Company, (pontoniers,) Captain John Pickering, Jr.

Brigadier-General Averill commanded a cavalry division operating in the valley under Hunter first, and afterwards with Crook. He was with Sheridan from the latter's entrance in the Valley of the Shenandoah, at a later date.

There was no boy's play ahead, but work that was to make a continent rock, and whose reverberations were heard round the world.

A story is told at this time, and early in the Wilderness movements, which aptly illustrates Sheridan's independence. General Meade, in immediate command of the Army of the Potomac, changed the orders of Wilson at Todd's Tavern. The spunky little commander, on learning of this interference, roundly demanded to know "if he (General Meade) commanded the cavalry, or whether he (Sheridan) did, by G——." There was a stormy period, and then Meade gracefully acknowledged he was wrong. As a matter of fact, had Sheridan's orders not been tampered with by Meade on the evening of May 7th, 1864, Spottsylvania would have been successfully held in all human probability against Lee, and the terrible fight at the Bloody Angle would not have occurred. Badeau says, that while Grant's written orders to Sheridan were always sent through Meade, yet that he personally consulted with his cavalry commander on all such matters.



GEN. H. E. DAVIES.

GEN. D. MOM. GREGG.

[From a *War-Time Photograph*.]

SHERIDAN AND HIS GENERALS.

GEN. WESLEY MERRITT. GEN. A. T. A. TORBETT.

GEN. J. H. WILSON.

GEN. GEORGE A. OUSTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM THE WILDERNESS TO JAMES RIVER.

HOWARD'S REVIEW OF THE FIELD — FROM VIRGINIA TO LOUISIANA — THE CAV-
ALRY AND ITS TEMPER — MOVING TO THE WILDERNESS — GUARDING ROADS
AND SUPPLIES — THE LOSSES IN THE MAY FIGHTING — SHERIDAN'S FIRST
GREAT RAID ROUND RICHMOND — THE YELLOW TAVERN FIGHT — REJOINING
THE ARMY.

GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD says in the *Century* of July, 1887,*
that :

“On the 18th of March, 1864, Grant and Sherman were together at Nashville. Grant having received promotion, immediately set out for Washington, and Sherman (having returned from East Tennessee and Northern Alabama) accompanied him as far as Cincinnati. That meeting and journey were of interest. They involve the thorough discussion and planning of eventful campaigns. Soldiers like Grant and Sherman consider first the forces at their disposal, and next a plan of operations. Grant had now under his general charge all the Union armies,—the Army of the Potomac, under Meade; that of the Ohio, near Knoxville, under Schofield; that of the Cumberland, under Thomas, near Chattanooga; that of the Tennessee, under McPherson, scattered from Huntsville, Alabama, to the Mississippi; that of the Gulf, under Banks, in Louisiana; besides subordinate detachments, under Steele and others, in Arkansas and further west.

“Grant took the whole field into his thought. He made three parts to the long, irregular line of armies, which extended from Virginia to Texas. He gave to Banks the main work beyond the Mississippi; to Sherman the middle part, covering the hosts of McPherson, Thomas, and Schofield, and reserved to himself the remainder. The numbers were known, at least on paper; the plan, promptly adopted, was simple and comprehensive: Break, and keep broken, the connecting links of the enemy's armies; beat them one by one; unite for a final consummation. Sherman's part was plain. Grant's plan, flexible

* “The Struggle for Atlanta,” Vol. XXXIV., pp. 442-63.

enough to embrace his own, afforded him 'infinite satisfaction.' It looked like 'enlightened war.'"

These words of Howard's are quoted in order to give that breadth and significance to the whole vast field of operations which will enable us fully to understand the great part assigned, subordinate in outward seeming though it was, to the young major-general and division commander whom Grant, with his unerring sagacity as to soldiers, had drafted from the Army of the Cumberland to that of the Potomac, and placed in command of all its superb array of cavalry troopers. The struggle was reduced to a system of pounding on our part, costly, heroic, and full of terrible sacrifice. In it Sheridan had to do a wonderful part, breaking constantly the communications and supply lines of an already exhausted foe, holding, however, to its position — the key of the Confederate struggle — with a tremendous tenacity and a slowly expiring vitality which never yielded until annihilation was threatened. Howard's few words indicate also what proved to be the weak points in Grant's comprehensive survey. It was a weakness he received and did not create. Sherman was able in the Atlanta campaign to break the last sturdy resistance of the Central South, and then by his "march to the sea," to prove that the Confederacy was indeed a "hollow shell." If the operations projected for the Southwest had been as vigorously executed, the Civil War would doubtless have closed some months earlier. A brief review of Howard's references to that "third" of the Union field, will throw some light on the causes of the long lingering vitality displayed by Lee and Johnston during the terrible punishment inflicted by Meade, Sheridan, and Sherman, in their several places, and under Grant's orders.

Howard speaks of the Union lines as irregularly extending from Virginia to Texas. In reality they reached only, as to the Southwest, to the Indian Territory at Fort Gibson, and to Shreveport, Louisiana. The points held on the Gulf coast had little or no importance at the time named by Howard, who is also a little wrong in giving Banks full sway. That general was charged with an important movement up the Red River to Shreveport. General Steele at Little Rock was required to move simultaneously from that point southwesterly toward Shreveport. He moved twenty-two days later, and as a result Banks was first overwhelmed by a conjunction of the Confederates under Dick Taylor, Kirby Smith, and Sterling Price. Steele was then beaten in detail and driven back by the forces under the two latter commanders. General S. R. Curtis was commander of the Department of Kansas, and Gen-

eral James G. Blunt was his fighting lieutenant in the field. Under the plans first sanctioned and then overthrown by Halleck, before Grant assumed chief command of field operations, Blunt was to have had command of some twelve thousand men, mostly mounted, who from Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the border of the Indian Territory, were to have raided in the rear of the Confederate armies of the Southwest, and broken up the supply depots of Northern Texas and Louisiana. Blunt's troops were unwarrantably taken from him by Halleck's order, and transferred to Steele, who through that action moved too slow, and really caused Banks' defeat on the Red River. These facts are worth understanding, as they practically caused a prolongation of the war, by enabling the Confederate authorities to retain unharmed its enormous cattle and wheat sources in Texas, and preserving also for nearly twelve months longer the power of reinforcement from the armies in the Southwest. These actions and changes sprang from the prejudices, and not the wisdom of Halleck, Steele, and other officers of the regular army, who were in high places. The men of Kansas were "anti-slavery radicals," and that was sufficient until Grant assumed full command, and obtained thereby the necessary understanding of the whole field. One of his first orders was to assign Rosecrans to command of the Missouri Department, and Pleasonton as second, with headquarters at St. Louis.

On Sheridan's advent, the cavalry arm of the Army of the Potomac was found somewhat demoralized by the same influences that had up to that date injured the *morale* of the entire force. It was in large part due to the army's undue nearness to the national capital, and the political forces collected there, which sometimes proved potent to arouse personal ambition and disturb discipline. Even Gettysburg had not succeeded in restoring, or rather, in creating, a fighting unity. It needed the presence of commanders untouched by the forces which had for nearly three years, more or less, unfavorably affected the efficiency of a great and valiant soldiery. It was also necessary that the commander should have rank enough to command all the gallant generals who were there upon the final battle-fields. In the promotion of U. S. Grant this was achieved. As to the cavalry, it was ready to receive the soldier who had stormed Missionary Ridge. Major-General Alfred Pleasonton, a splendid organizer and tactician at least, but who was not popular with his brigadiers, was sent by Grant to the Department of the Missouri. Sheridan took his command. From that hour Pleasonton was forgotten. What a galaxy of men, mainly young, too, like himself, did the new trooper find awaiting his commands!

There were Torbett, Merritt, Deven, Crook, Kautz, Chapman, Custer, Henry E. Davies, Jr., the Greggs, Spear, Buford, Irving, Mackenzie, Bryan, Dahlgren, Alger, and two score more, as famous as those, who have not been named invidiously, or to detract from the fame of others.

At midnight, or soon after, May the 3d and 4th, 1863, the Army of the Potomac moved from its position north of the Rappahannock, on a march towards the Wilderness, entering on that campaign which was to close nearly one year later by the surrender of the Southern Confederacy. At the beginning of this great campaign the Army of the Potomac had been reorganized into three infantry corps — the Second (Hancock), the Fifth (Warren), and the Sixth (Sedgwick, afterwards Wright). The Ninth (Burnside) served as an independent command until May 24th, when it was permanently attached to Meade's army. A cavalry corps under Sheridan completed the organization. The Confederate army was composed of three corps — Longstreet's (later R. H. Anderson's) on their left, Ewell's in the centre, and A. P. Hill's on the right, General Robert E. Lee commanding the whole.

It is not a necessary part of this work to describe the tremendous conflict of the Wilderness, or of Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and North Anna. Our work is with the cavalry under its new commander, so soon to prove himself to be a very thunderbolt of war. In the first movements, Sheridan's cavalry was charged with the necessary but, perhaps, prosaic duty, even to a soldier, of guarding supply trains and lines of communication. The corps under Sheridan's command had for brigade commanders such leaders, in the First Division, as Brigadier-General George A. Custer, Colonel Thomas C. Deven, and Brigadier-General Wesley Merritt. In the Second Division were Brigadier-General David McM. Gregg, and Brigadier-General Henry E. Davies, Jr., and Colonel J. Irvin Gregg. The Third Division was commanded by Brigadier-General James H. Wilson, and Colonels Timothy M. Bryan, Jr., and George H. Chapman. The total effective force of the Union army has been carefully estimated at 118,000 men, and that of Lee's at 61,000. It must be remembered that under all military rules, the Confederates, being on their own ground, chosen for defense, were at least equal to the Union forces in operating strength. At Cold Harbor, on the 1st of June, twenty-eight days after beginning to cross the Rappahannock, there were reported "present for duty" 103,875. The cavalry corps was not "present." The strength or losses of Lee's army are nowhere authoritatively given. According to the late Colonel Scott, the Union army lost during that memorable battle month, as follows :

	<i>Killed.</i>	<i>Wounded.</i>	<i>Captured or Missing.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
The Wilderness,	2,246	12,037	3,383	17,666
Spottsylvania Court House,	2,725	13,416	2,258	18,399
North Anna and Tolopotomy,	591	2,734	661	3,986
Cold Harbor,	1,844	9,077	1,816	12,737
Sheridan's first expedition,	64	337	224	625
Sheridan's second expedition,	150	741	625	1,516
Grand total from the Wilderness to the James River,	7,620	38,342	8,976	54,929

The loss has been counted as enormous. Aggregated in this wise it certainly seems so. But remembering that much of the earlier and severer fighting was done in the Wilderness, amid timber, brush, and undergrowth, and that the struggle over the "Bloody Angle" at Spottsylvania was one of the terribly contested events in modern warfare, it will be seen that the loss is not greater, as a whole, than that of other battles of the Civil War; certainly not more, proportionably to time and troops, than was the case at Pea Ridge, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, and Chattanooga. The difference between losses under Grant and those incurred under other Union commanders in Virginia, is seen in the fact that Grant moved forward, and the others generally fell back after winning or losing a battle. Grant's losses were always gains in the game of war.

Besides the continual skirmishing and the arduous duties devolving on troopers in a moving army, the cavalry corps fought several splendid independent engagements. On the 5th of May, when Warren's leading division, under General Getty, first became engaged with the enemy, Wilson with his cavalry division was further south, and was cut off from the rest of the army. On the arrival of Hancock's troops the battle became general. In this day's fighting Brigadier-General Alexander Hays, a classmate of Grant's, was killed. During the afternoon, Sheridan sent Gregg's division to Todd's Tavern in search of Wilson, whom he found engaged with a superior force under the Confederate cavalry leader, Rosser. Fortunately, together they were enabled to assume the aggressive and drive the enemy beyond Corbin's bridge, which was done in fine style.

On the morning of the 6th, Sheridan moved to connect with Hancock's left, there to attack the enemy's cavalry, which was endeavoring to get to our left and rear. They had not yet learned the quality of the new commander they were opposing, and so were not as cautious as they soon after became. Sheridan met, attacked, and defeated the enemy, commanded by Stuart in person, at Todd's Tavern and at the junction of Furnace and Brock roads. Later in the day he was himself attacked, and again defeated the enemy. The sound of these engagements caused Hancock to make stronger his position at the Brock road's opening. In the closing of that day's engagement Longstreet was severely wounded, and Lee in person took command of his right wing.

The 6th of May closed the fighting in the Wilderness, General Custer on the following morning moving against the rebel cavalry and driving them from Catharpin Furnace to Todd's Tavern. No effort at resistance was made by Lee.

The movement to Spottsylvania at once began. Sheridan concentrated at Todd's Tavern and had considerable severe fighting, lasting till long after nightfall. He held the field at its close. The purpose of the stand taken here was clear. It was to prevent our cavalry pressing too sharply the rear of Lee's army as it fell back to a stronger position.

Grant says, Sheridan issued the necessary orders for seizing Spottsylvania and holding the bridge over the Po River, which Lee's troops would have to cross to get to Spottsylvania. But Meade, on his arrival, changed Sheridan's orders to Merritt, who was holding the bridge. The road was thereby left free for Anderson's advance. He had succeeded to Longstreet's command. Wilson had obeyed orders, seized the little town, and was holding it with his cavalry division. If Lee's left had been detained at the Po by Merritt, as Sheridan directed, Wilson could have been reinforced. Warren would have come up while the gallant Merritt with his two brigades was resisting Anderson's advance. However, the compulsory evacuation of Spottsylvania by Wilson on that day enabled the terrific battle so named in the annals of the Civil War to be fought as it was, and at that point.

Sheridan now had other work to do. It was on the morning of the 8th—that of the opening storm of Spottsylvania—that Grant ordered Sheridan to cut loose from the army and go round Richmond. How well and swiftly he did the work assigned him can be seen in the fact that on the 11th instant, the closing day of the great battle of Spottsylvania, Sheridan sent back a dispatch of his successful progress toward and around Richmond. It was in this raid that he met and

overthrew Stuart; and that he also successfully withstood the temptation of entering Richmond, which undoubtedly, he could have done.

The story of Sheridan's services after the Wilderness, and before the Army of the Potomac was quartered on the James, can be well told in Grant's words:



GEN. A. T. A. TORBETT,

SHERIDAN'S CHIEF OF STAFF IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

“On the 8th of May, just before the battle of the Wilderness, and when we were moving on Spottsylvania, I directed Sheridan verbally to cut loose from the Army of the Potomac, pass around to the left of Lee's army and attack his cavalry; to cut the two railroads—one running southwest through Gordonsville, Charlottesville, and Lynchburg, the other to Richmond—and when compelled to do so for the want of forage or rations, to move on to the James River and draw from Butler's supplies. This move took him past the entire rear of Lee's army. The objects of this move were threefold:

“*First*, If successfully executed, and it was, he would annoy the enemy by cutting his line of supplies, and destroy or get for his own use supplies in store at their rear, or coming up.

“*Second*, He would draw the enemy’s cavalry after him, and thus better protect our flanks, rear, and trains, than by remaining with the army.

“*Third*, His absence would save the trains drawing his forage and other supplies from Fredericksburg, which had now become our base. He started at daylight the next morning and accomplished a great deal more than was expected. It was sixteen days before he got back to the Army of the Potomac. The course Sheridan took was directly to Richmond. Before night Stuart, commanding the Confederate cavalry, came on the rear of his command. But Sheridan’s advance kept on, crossed the North Anna, and at Beaver Dam, a station on the Virginia Central railroad, recaptured 400 Union prisoners on their way to Richmond, destroyed the road, and used and destroyed a large amount of their subsistence and medical stores. Stuart, seeing that our cavalry was pushing toward Richmond, abandoned the pursuit on the morning of the 10th, and, by a detour and exhausting march, interposed between Sheridan and Richmond at Yellow Tavern, only about six miles north of the city. Sheridan destroyed the railroad and more supplies at Ashland, and on the 11th arrived in Stuart’s front. A severe engagement ensued in which the losses were heavy on both sides, but the rebels were beaten, their leader mortally wounded, and some guns and many prisoners captured.

“Sheridan passed through the outer defenses of Richmond, and could no doubt have passed through the inner ones. But having no supports near, he could not have remained. After caring for his wounded, he struck for the James River, below the city, to communicate with Butler, and to rest his men and horses, as well as to get food and forage for them. He moved first between the Chickahominy and the James, but on the morning of the 12th he was stopped by batteries at Mechanicsville. He then turned to cross to the north side of the Chickahominy by Meadow Bridge. He found this barred and the defeated Confederate cavalry, again reorganized, occupying the opposite side. The panic created by his first entrance within the outer works of Richmond having subsided, troops were sent out to attack his rear. He was now in a perilous position — one out of which few generals would have extricated themselves.

“The defenses of Richmond were to the right, well manned; the Chickahominy was to the left with no bridge remaining, and the opposite bank well guarded. Close to his rear was a force from Richmond. This force was attacked and beaten by Wilson’s and Gregg’s divisions,

while Sheridan turned to the left with the remaining division and hastily built a bridge over the Chickahominy under the fire of the enemy, forced a crossing, and soon dispersed the Confederates he found there. The enemy was held back from the stream by the fire of the troops not engaged in bridge building.

"On the 13th, Sheridan was at Bottom's Bridge and over on the Chickahominy. On the 14th he crossed that stream and on that day went into camp on the James River at Haxall's Landing. He at once put himself into communication with General Butler who directed all supplies he wanted to be furnished.

"Sheridan had left the Army of the Potomac at Spottsylvania, but did not know where either it or Lee's army was placed. Great caution, therefore, had to be used in getting back. On the 17th, after resting his command for three days, he started on his return. He moved by the way of the White House. The bridge over the Pamunkey had been burned by the enemy, but a new one was speedily improvised, and the cavalry crossed over it. On the 22d he was at Ayletts on the Mattapony where he learned the position of the two armies. On the 24th he joined us on the march from North Anna to Cold Harbor, in the vicinity of Chesterfield.

"Sheridan on this memorable raid passed entirely around Lee's army, encountered his cavalry in four engagements, and defeated them all; recaptured 400 Union prisoners, and killed and captured many of the enemy; destroyed and used many munitions of war and supplies; destroyed miles of railroad and telegraph, and freed us from annoyance by the cavalry of the enemy for more than two weeks."

Sheridan's rejoining the army on the North Anna was the signal for renewed cavalry service. The North Anna country was a different field of operations from any the army had been in during that series of battles. The roads were wide and good, and the country well cultivated. But we had neither guides nor maps to tell where the roads were, or where they led to. By reconnoitering Grant was enabled to locate those in the vicinity of each army corps. The course was south, and we took all routes leading in that direction which would not separate the army too widely. Hancock had the lead. He marched easterly to Guinney's Station, on the Fredericksburg railroad, thence southerly, to Bowling Green and Milford, and was at Milford on the night of the 21st of May. Here he met a detachment of Pickett's division, which was coming from Richmond to reinforce Lee. They were speedily driven away, and several hundred captured. Warren followed on the morning of the 21st, and reached Guinney's Station that night without

molestation. Burnside was in supporting distance. The cavalry was again with the army, and played an important part in the Cold Harbor movements. These required that there should be great vigilance exercised. Grant threw the head of his columns to the south, and directed that they march on all roads so leading that were not too widely separated. The impression was given by our movements that we were designing to attack the left flank of Lee's army, while the real aim was to throw our own forces safely across the James, as well as other important streams that intervened. Their presence made the country very defensible. Grant says of these movements, and the use made of his cavalry, that :

“Wilson's division of cavalry was brought up from the left and moved by our right south to Little River. Here he managed to give the impression that we were going to attack the left flank of Lee's army. Under cover of night our right wing was withdrawn to the north side of the river, Lee being completely deceived by Wilson's feint. On the afternoon of the 26th Sheridan moved, sending Gregg's and Torbett's cavalry to Taylor's and Littlepage's Ford, toward Hanover. As soon as it was dark both cavalry divisions moved quietly to Hanover Ferry, leaving small guards behind to keep up the impression that crossings were to be made. We were enabled, therefore, to turn the enemy's right by crossing at or near Hanover town. This move crossed all three streams at once, and left us still where we could draw supplies. It was a delicate move to get the right wing of the Army of the Potomac from its position south of the North Anna, in the presence of the enemy.”

In a letter of instruction to Major-General Meade, of this date, he says :

General Smith will start up the south bank of the Pamunkey at an early hour, say 3 A. M. It is probable that the enemy being aware of Smith's movement, will be feeling to get on our left flank, for the purpose of cutting him off, or by a dash to crush him and get back before we are aware of it. Sheridan ought to be notified to watch the enemy's movements well out toward Cold Harbor, and also on the Mechanicsville road. I want Sheridan to send a cavalry force of at least half a brigade, at 5 A. M., and communicate with Smith and return with him. I will send orders for Smith by the messenger you send to Sheridan with his orders.

U. S. G.

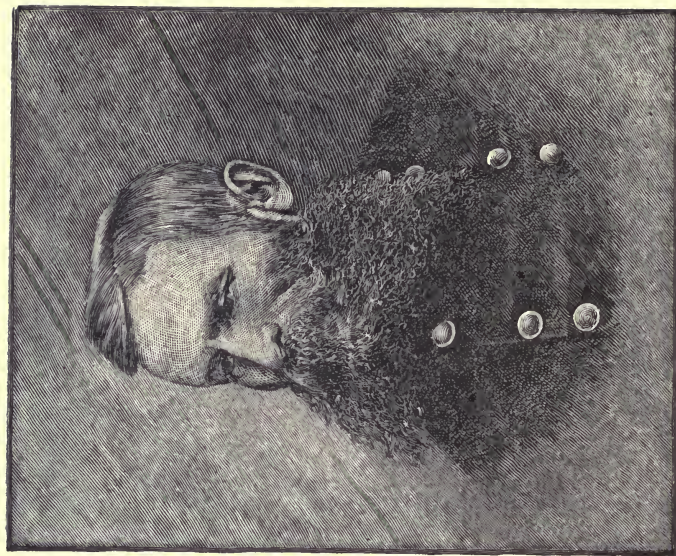
On the 31st Sheridan's advance was near the Old Cold Harbor. He found it intrenched and occupied by rebel cavalry and infantry. A hard fight ensued, but the place was carried, as was the constant custom

of our troopers at this date. The importance of Cold Harbor was understood. The Confederates seemed determined that we should not hold it, returning to the attack with such a large force that Sheridan was about withdrawing without making any further effort to hold it against overwhelming odds. He had commenced the évacuation, but received orders to hold the place at all hazards, until reinforcements could be sent him. To receive was to obey. The rebel works were speedily faced against them, and his men were placed in position for defense. Night came on, however, before the enemy was ready to renew the assault. Wright's corps was ordered directly to Cold Harbor that night, marching in the rear of our army. It was expected to arrive by daylight, but was not there till 9 A. M., on the 1st of June. Sheridan had gallantly and successfully repelled two fierce assaults. Smith, who was expected early, did not arrive till the afternoon had half waned. Anderson, of Lee's left, moved along Warren's front and was vigorously attacked on the flank, but he succeeded in holding and fortifying the position he had gained. At six that evening (June 1, '63), Wright and Smith charged the rebel works, broke their lines, driving them back, and capturing over seven hundred prisoners. Grant expected to take the offensive early next morning, and especially ordered that every advantage gained was to be pressed to the utmost, in order to drive or draw Lee out of his cover. Sheridan having reconnoitered the banks of the Chickahominy to find crossings and the condition of the roads, reported favorably upon the chances of crossing. During the night Lee moved his left up to make his line correspond with ours. The Confederate lines extended from the Tolopotomy and New Cold Harbor to the Chickahominy, with a division of cavalry watching our right.

An assault was ordered for the 3d, to be made mainly by the corps under Hancock, Wright, and Smith; but Warren and Burnside were to support it by threatening Lee's left, and to attack with earnestness if a favorable opportunity presented itself. Hancock sent Barlow forward, and after some very severe fighting he carried a position outside the enemy's main line. Three pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners were also taken. Gibbon had an encounter and gained much ground. Wright's corps captured the outer rifle-pits in its front. Smith's also carried the outer rifle-pits in its front. Warren and Burnside advanced and gained ground which brought the whole army on a line. These assaults cost us heavily. The next day and night were spent making our intrenchments as strong as Lee's.



MAJ.-GEN. ALFRED PLEASONTON,
THE FIRST CHIEF OF THE CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



GEN. GEORGE CROOK,
A FAMOUS CAVALRY LEADER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

DISTINGUISHED UNION CAVALRYMEN.

CHAPTER XIV.

BREAKING THE CONFEDERATE COMMUNICATIONS.

SHERIDAN'S SECOND GREAT VIRGINIA RAID—INTENDED TO CONNECT WITH HUNTER—OPERATIONS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—THE REBEL CAVALRY LEADERS—DESTROYING THE VIRGINIA CENTRAL RAILROAD—FIGHT AT TREVILIAN STATION—CONSTERNATION IN RICHMOND—RETURN TO CITY POINT—OPERATIONS ABOUT PETERSBURG—WILSON AND KAUTZ SOUTH OF RICHMOND—THE BATTLE OF REAMS STATION.

JUST before the completion of the great operations by which the Army of the Potomac had been brought to the north bank of the James, the second of Sheridan's great raids became a necessity. Lee's position was now so near Richmond that it was determined by the next flank movement to carry the Army of the Potomac across and south of the James River. This movement was a hazardous one. The Chickahominy had to be crossed. All the bridges over it had been destroyed; the enemy had shorter roads and better ones to travel on to confront us on crossing; more than fifty miles intervened between Grant and Butler, and lastly, the Army of the Potomac had to be got out of a dangerous position: it was but a few hundred yards from Lee's army at the widest place. Sheridan was sent on the 7th of June with two divisions to communicate with Hunter, and to break up the Virginia Central railroad and the James River Canal, also taking instructions to Hunter to come back with him.

The canal and Central road and the region penetrated by our troopers on this raid, were of vast importance to the enemy, furnishing and carrying a large per cent. of all the supplies they required for the Army of Northern Virginia and the people of Richmond. Before Sheridan got off on the 7th, Hunter's messengers reported his advance to Staunton and a successful engagement with the enemy near that place on the 5th, in which the Confederate commander, General W. S. Jones, was killed.

The death of General J. E. B. Stuart had deprived the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia of its most daring field commander. The cavalry under "Lee's master of horse," as Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton, with that pompous affectation of feudalism once so common in the South, was often called — consisted, at the time of Sheridan's second great raid, of three divisions, and seven brigades. Its roster was as follows :

CAVALRY CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, Commanding.

Major-General Fitzhugh Lee's Division.

Brigadier-General W. E. Wickham's Brigade.

Brigadier-General L. L. Lomax's Brigade.

Major-General M. C. Butler's Division.

Brigadier-General John Donovan's Brigade.

Brigadier-General P. M. B. Young's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Thomas L. Rosser's Brigade.

Major-General W. H. F. Lee's Division.

Brigadier-General Rufus Barringer's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. R. Chamblis' Brigade.

Grant's *Memoirs* say in a foot note that this corps appears to have consisted of Hampton's, Fitzhugh Lee's, and W. H. F. Dearing's brigades. Obviously it was inferior to the mobile and effective force that Grant and Sheridan had made of the Union cavalry. This opposing disparity of numbers, as will be seen, was due largely to the longer lines of cavalry defense, scouting, and operations generally, which the position of Lee's army was then and thereafter requiring. Grant's strategical action practically comprehended and brought about a vigorous concentration of Union forces in Virginia. The Confederates' was rapidly being reduced to but two objects: the defense of Richmond, and the maintenance of their lines of communication and fields of supply. The first compelled him to keep his infantry well in hand. He was allowed but twice to detach efficient forces from the army, which Grant's unyielding persistence kept constantly engaged. These occasions were in the direction of his granary — the Valley of the Shenandoah, to which he had sent Early, the North Carolinian, and afterwards gave him the force of Longstreet's genius, the effect of which was seen in the very narrow escape at Cedar Creek, when "Sheridan saved the day." The second object obliged him to extend and thus

weaken the force and value of his cavalry. Sheridan's skill in handling the cavalry, and Grant's genius in directing, may be clearly, even luminously traced, from this point onward. The opportunity was offered to make of this arm of the service something far greater than vedettes, pickets, guards for roads, messengers to commanders, or even advance raiders and fighting "rough riders." Sheridan so used the cavalry as to make it, in effect, a swift-moving army, to be hurled with terrible force in a given direction, and then moved away off as swiftly as it came. Then came his other use of it—a use born of his own genius in war: the handling of it as a screen for the massing of infantry bodies behind it. This digression is necessary to illustrate the nature of Sheridan's future movements. He was assigned to the breaking up of communications, then to the occupation of supply fields, and finally to the work of leading, as well as screening, the vast forward movement which finally ended the armed rebellion.

It will be interesting to note at this point the personalities and past and present positions of some of the rebel cavalry leaders, for they, like our own, were all men of mark. Contrary to our own rule, at least in the Army of the Potomac, the majority of the rebel commanders were from civil life. In the roster given, Brigadier-Generals W. H. F. Lee, P. M. B. Young, and T. L. Rosser are the only West Pointers. The last two belonged to the class about to graduate when the Civil War began. General Young has since served several terms in Congress as a Representative from Georgia. Rufus Barringer is from North Carolina, and has since the war become a Republican. He is, or was recently, a judge in the International Court, which sits in Egypt under the Khedive's rule. General W. H. F. Lee is now a farmer on part of the Lee estate, within a short distance of Washington and almost in sight of Arlington, where Sheridan has been laid at rest. His cousin, Fitzhugh Lee, is now the governor of Virginia. The lieutenant-general is now United States Senator Wade Hampton, representing, with one of his former major-generals and division commanders, Senator M. C. Butler, the State of South Carolina in the Senate Chamber of a restored Union. General Wickham, who is now dead, became, some years after the war, a Republican United States Senator from Virginia.

The true hero of the Confederate cavalry was unquestionably James E. B. Stuart. He is thus described by a Southern writer, as he reported in 1862 to General Johnston, at Williamsburg, Virginia, during the first Peninsula Campaign: "He appeared much fatigued and over-

worked, and would have served admirably for a picture of Dick Turpin when chased by officers on the York road. His horse was a splendid black, with heavy reins and bits, cavalry saddle and holsters; foam stood in a lather upon him, and he was mud-splashed from head to foot. The officer himself bore no insignia of command. A common black felt hat, turned down in front and up behind; a heavy black overcoat, tightly buttoned; elegant riding boots covering the thighs; a handsome sabre, carelessly slung by his side, and a heavy pair of Mexican spurs, that jingled and rattled on the pavement as he dismounted, were all that could be noticed at a distance. A nearer view, however, showed a full-faced, ruddy-complexioned man, with close-cut hair, and apparently some thirty years old. His eyes were bright, beaming, and when lighted up, piercing and full of deep expression. A stranger, unaccustomed to the war, would have at first taken him to be the daring chief of some wild predatory band; and yet, a moment more would cause a change of opinion, especially on hearing him speak, and noticing the high-toned, gentlemanly bearing he displayed."

General Hunter was informed by way of Washington and the valley that Sheridan was on the way to meet him. The following letter was sent to Hunter:

COLD HARBOR, VA., June 6, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL D. HUNTER,
Commanding Department West Va.

General Sheridan leaves here to-morrow morning with instructions to proceed to Charlottesville, Va., and to commence there the destruction of the Virginia Central railroad, destroying this way as much as possible. The complete destruction of this road and of the canal on James River is of great importance to us. According to the instructions I sent to General Halleck for your guidance, you were to proceed to Lynchburg and commence there. It would be of great value to us to get possession of Lynchburg for a single day. But that point is of so much importance to the enemy that in attempting to get it such resistance may be met as to prevent your getting onto the road or canal at all. I see, on looking over the letter to General Halleck on the subject of your instructions, that it rather indicates your route should be from Staunton *via* Charlottesville. If you have so understood it, you will be doing just what I want. The direction I would now give is, that if this letter reaches you in the valley between Staunton and Lynchburg, you immediately turn east by the most practicable road until you strike the Lynchburg branch of the Virginia Central road. From thence move eastward along the line of the road, destroying it completely and thoroughly, until you join General Sheridan. After the work laid out for General Sheridan and yourself is thoroughly done,

proceed to join the Army of the Potomac by the route laid out in General Sheridan's instructions.

If any portion of your force, especially your cavalry, is not needed in your department, you are authorized to send it back.

If on receipt of this you should be near to Lynchburg and deem it practicable to reach that point, you will exercise your judgment about going there.

If you should be on the railroad between Charlottesville and Lynchburg, it may be practicable to detach a cavalry force to destroy the canal. Lose no opportunity to destroy the canal.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieut.-General.*

This comprehensive plan thus briefly outlined was never laid aside by its author, though it took more months of hard fighting ere, under Sheridan, there was even a chance to execute a considerable portion of it. Lynchburg was never taken. It surrendered with or after the Army of Northern Virginia.

Crook and Averill were on the 11th, known to have united and to be moving east. This, with the news of Hunter's successful Staunton engagement, must have been known to Lee before the news reached Grant. Sheridan's departure with two divisions of cavalry looked threatening to both Lee's communications and supplies. The rebel cavalry was sent after Sheridan, and Early with Ewell's entire corps was pushed to the Valley of Virginia. Consternation prevailed again in Richmond. It was Sheridan's mission in those days to spread alarm and terror within the rebel capital. Supplies were growing scarce within it, and the outside refugees who were driven in by fears of our raiders, helped to consume the little that remained. Grant's object was to practically put Richmond in a state of siege, and this could not be accomplished while to the south and west communications remained unimpaired.

This second great raid of Sheridan and his cavalry, though it failed to unite with Hunter owing to Lee's sending Early strong reinforcements, and thus compelling "Black Dave" to fall back up the valley, was full of memorable encounters, chief of which was the brilliant battle at Trevilian Station. Sheridan started on the 7th of June from Cold Harbor. He crossed the river and pushed at once to reach the station and commence his destruction at that point. On the night of the 10th he bivouacked some six miles east of that place, while Fitzhugh Lee was on the same night at the station itself. Wade Hampton was but a few miles away. During the night Hampton ordered an advance on Sheridan, hoping, no doubt, to effect a surprise and thereby badly cripple

him. Sheridan, however, by a counter-move, sent Custer on a rapid march to get between the two rebel divisions and into their rear. This Custer successfully executed. At daylight, when the assault was made, the enemy found himself at the same time attacked in his front and rear. His troops broke in considerable confusion. Sheridan got away with five hundred prisoners, and sent them to City Point. On the same day Sheridan moved into Trevilian Station, and the following day proceeded to tear up the road, east and west. There was considerable fighting during the whole of the day, but the work of destruction went on. At night the enemy had possession of the crossing which Sheridan had proposed to take to go north when he left Trevilian. Sheridan learned, however, from some of the prisoners he had captured, that General Hunter was near Lynchburg, and therefore there was no use of his going on to Charlottesville to meet him.

On the night of June 12th, Sheridan started back, moving north and east. He reached the White House on the 21st, after a considerable detour, and found an abundance of forage and supplies for both horses and men. The James River was crossed on the 26th, Sheridan transferring all supplies, etc., in breaking up the depot, to the south side of the river.

While Sheridan was absent on this raid the transfer of the Army of the Potomac had been effected. Soon after dark on the 7th, some of our cavalry at Long Bridge also effected a crossing of the Chickahominy, by wading through the swampy water and mud, waist deep. They then drove away the Confederate pickets. A pontoon bridge was speedily thrown across. Warren's corps followed the cavalry, and on the morning of the 13th Hancock followed Warren. Burnside took the road to Jones' Bridge, followed by Wright. Ferrero, with the wagon train, moved by Window Shades and Cole's Ferry, our rear being covered by Wilson's cavalry. Warren on crossing, moved out and joined Sheridan's cavalry in holding the roads from Richmond while the army passed. But no attempt to oppose the crossing was made. The advance of the army reached the James River on the 14th of June. The same day pontoon bridges were laid. Next day Grant visited Butler at Bermuda Hundred for the purpose of directing a movement against Petersburg while the Army of the Potomac was crossing the James. Butler gave Smith about six thousand reinforcements, including some twenty-five hundred cavalry under Kautz, and about thirty-five hundred colored infantry under Hinks.

Smith in his advance encountered a rebel force intrenched between City Point and their lines outside of Petersburg. This position he carried. Hancock was sent across to reinforce Smith at Petersburg. He arrived in front of the lines early on the 15th and spent the day reconnoitering apparently empty works, consisting of redans occupying commanding positions, with rifle-pits connecting them. The assault was made with the colored troops and with success. By nine that night, he was in possession of five of these redans and the rifle-pits with them. Hancock came up and relieved Smith's men, who were in the trenches. On the 16th, Hancock was in command and captured another redan.

Meade arrived, and during the day carried three more redans. All the guns and men in these redans fell into our hands. Beauregard, who up to this time had commanded south of Richmond, had received no reinforcements though calling strongly for them, believing we were seeking Petersburg. On the 17th, the fighting was very severe. That night Beauregard fell back to a new line and commenced fortifying it. On the 18th our troops took the position he had vacated. The armies remained quiet now until the 22d, when General Meade ordered an advance towards the Weldon railroad.

After a sharp battle the Union soldiers were withdrawn, and to the Army of the Potomac was given the investment of Petersburg, while the Army of the James held Bermuda Hundred.

The balance of the cavalry corps was not idle while these operations were in progress. During Sheridan's twenty-days absence from headquarters, General Meade sent General James H. Wilson with his division, aided by General Kautz' cavalry, on a raid to destroy the Weldon and Southside railroads. His position, however, soon grew precarious, and on the 27th, the day after his arrival at City Point, Sheridan was in the saddle again, crossing the river to demonstrate in aid of Wilson's retreat. The united commands burned Reams Station and all the buildings, ten miles south of Petersburg, and were able to tear up the track for several miles. They then pushed over to the Southside railroad at Ford's Station, five miles further south of Petersburg. They destroyed it, and the road also to Nottoway Station, twenty-two miles south. At Nottoway a vigorous hand-to-hand encounter was had with a brigade of Virginia and North Carolina troops, commanded by Fitzhugh Lee in person. The enemy was defeated and severely punished. General Kautz then pushed on to Burke's Station, the junction of the Southside with the Danville road. It was at this place,

nine months later, that General Grant sent in his first demand for Lee's surrender. Kautz destroyed a large section of both roads, and then pushed on to Meherrin Station and joined Wilson there. They then destroyed the road to Staunton River. But the country was in arms against the Union raiders. Lee hurried his cavalry against them, and the mounted farmers joined in the hurry. Our cavalry was forced to turn back. They expected to fight their way to Reams Station, on the Weldon. This, they believed, would be in our possession. Instead, they encountered Hampton with his cavalry, supported by two infantry divisions under Mahone and Finnegas, the Irish-American soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Our cavalry was compelled to accept battle against these great odds of at least four to one, and were severely defeated, reaching our lines below Petersburg in bad condition. Sheridan crossed the river on the 27th to make a diversion in favor of our hardly pressed cavalry. This movement facilitated their retreat and prevented the rebel pursuit being as active. It was the only defeat of any portion of our Potomac cavalry after Sheridan assumed command.

It is impossible to particularize details. The cavalry movements thus inaugurated under Sheridan by Grant's orders were of so gigantic and audacious a character as to give a new conception of such warfare. The dash, vigor, boldness, and audacity displayed at all times startled the Confederate commanders. They recognized that this was a "new departure," and the abler ones saw that the end was rapidly approaching. It would require the pen of a poet and the brush of an artist combined, dipped in the sunshine, or made red with the blazonry of battle, to describe the tone, color, movement, of these events. It is simply impossible. It is only glorious to have lived and been of them.



CHAPTER XV.

FROM CORPS TO DEPARTMENT COMMANDER.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—HUNTER AND EARLY—THE VALLEY'S IMPORTANCE TO THE VIRGINIA CONFEDERATES—CAVALRY RAIDS ON RAILROADS—WASHINGTON IN DANGER—THE MINE EXPLOSION—HOW SHERIDAN BECAME A DEPARTMENT COMMANDER—MAKER OF HIS OWN CAREER—LIKENESS TO NAPOLEON.



GEN. AUGUST V. KAUTZ,

A DISTINGUISHED GERMAN-AMERICAN OFFICER—COMMANDER OF THE
CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF THE JAMES UNDER SHERIDAN.

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID HUNTER was in the Valley of Virginia early in that fateful mid-summer of 1864. Sigel had preceded him. "Black Dave," as Hunter was called in the old army, took the offensive. He fought at Piedmont in the Shenandoah Valley on the 5th of

June, defeating the rebels. On the 8th he effected a junction at Staunton with Generals Crook and Averill, the latter in command of a cavalry division, and the former with a large force of West Virginia infantry. Hunter

moved directly on Lynchburg by way of Lexington, which place he reached May 16th. His main difficulty was from inability to transport ordnance stores sufficient for the vigorous operations he was striving to execute. His movements did great damage, destroying grain, forage, food, growing crops, and otherwise making waste the granary of Lee's army. The fear of losing Lynchburg made Lee send "old" Jubal A. Early with his corps to oppose Hunter. He arrived first at Lynchburg—a most important point on the railroad lines extending south and southwest from Virginia—before Hunter, who, after brisk skirmishing on the 17th and 18th of June, was compelled to retire for the want of ammunition, and to reach the Ohio River by a circuitous route through the mountainous valleys of the Gauley and Kanawha rivers in West Virginia. On reaching the Ohio his army was transported to Harper's Ferry, by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. As a consequence of this retreat Early occupied the valley and Washington was uncovered. He moved at once on the national capital, arriving before it on the 11th of July. General Lew Wallace at Baltimore, in Hunter's enforced absence, commanded his department. Wallace's force was small, and generally raw troops. Washington had a very small effective garrison. There was a considerable body of convalescents who were ordered into the intrenchments. The department clerks and the quartermaster's employés had been organized as regiments, and were also put under arms. Brigadier-General Halbert A. Paine, of Wisconsin, afterward in Congress, and who is now a practicing lawyer at the Federal city, was placed in command of the defenses. General Paine had commanded the colored division in the famous attack upon the rebel works at Port Hudson. He lost a leg there, and was on invalid duty at the time of these occurrences.

Wallace had pushed forward from Baltimore to the Monocacy with such force as he could gather. He was soon joined by General Ricketts' division of the Sixth Army Corps, which Meade had already ordered to Baltimore by Grant's orders. They arrived on the 8th of July. Ricketts at once followed Wallace, and together they gave battle to Early. Though defeated, this fight delayed his progress for one day, enabling the balance of the Sixth Corps which had already been sent forward by Grant, to reach Washington on the night of the 11th instant. It has been reported, and never denied, that Early could have easily marched into the city on the afternoon of the 11th. Breckenridge, at a council held in the senior Frank Blair's residence at Silver Springs, Maryland, six miles from Washington, urged an immediate forward movement.

Among the troops in the defenses before Early were some six companies of Vermont cavalry — part of Sheridan's troopers, who were at the cavalry depot selecting horses to remount their regiment. They were under command of Major Chamberlain. Immediately on arrival at our meagrely manned works, they were ordered out in front of them as skirmishers. That these men were veterans every rebel understood. Early, with information from inside sympathizers that the Sixth Corps was expected to relieve the endangered city, could not be persuaded to believe otherwise than that the Vermont cavalrymen were part of Wright's corps, and withheld his attack till morning, when he found it was too late. Preparations had been made within the Federal city for disaster. The more important public archives and treasures were all ready for removal to, if not on board our war vessels in the Potomac. The public buildings and Capitol would have been blown up if necessary. This, at least, is generally understood. The rebel sympathizers within our lines were known to have prepared food, etc., for their friends, and some of the more indiscreet paid the penalty of showing their feelings by imprisonment in the "Old Capitol" jail.

In the West there had been some disasters to the Union cause. Sherman was pounding away in the Atlanta campaign. Then came the mine disaster at Petersburg, which Grant in his *Memoirs* deliberately sets down to the discredit of General Burnside. The famous mine was ready for explosion on the 23d of July, and Grant writes that he designed that event as the occasion, if possible, for carrying Petersburg. To that end he wrote: "It was the object, therefore, to get as many of Lee's troops away from the south side of the James River as possible. Accordingly, on the 26th, we commenced a movement with Hancock's corps and Sheridan's cavalry to the north side, by way of Deep Bottom, where Butler had a pontoon bridge laid. The plan was to let the cavalry cut loose, and joining with the cavalry of the Army of the James, General Kautz, get by Lee's lines and destroy as much as they could of the Virginia Central railroad, while, in the meantime, the infantry was to move out so as to protect their rear, and cover their retreat back when they got through with their work.

"We were successful in drawing the enemy's troops to the north side of the James, as I expected. The morning of the 30th was fixed for the explosion of the mine. All was ready by the 30th, and on the 29th Hancock and Sheridan were brought back near the James River with their troops."

“Under cover of the night they started to recross the bridge at Deep Bottom, and to march directly for that part of our lines in front of the mine. Warren was to hold his line of intrenchments on Burnside’s right, while Ord, now commanding the Eighteenth Corps, under Meade, was to form in the rear of Burnside, to support him when he went in. Everybody was ordered to charge as soon as the mine had been sprung, except Burnside’s troops, who were to push to the top of the hill, supported by Ord and Warren.

“There was some delay about the explosion, and it did not go off until 5 A. M., but it was very successful, making a crater twenty feet deep, and something like a hundred feet in length.”

The heavy cannonading Grant planned, began immediately. Troops marched into the crater, but there was no one to give them proper directions. The Confederates were seen flying in all directions, as rumors of the town being undermined were in circulation. So great was their confusion, that it was half an hour “before musketry fire was opened on our men.” Grant says:

“The effort was a stupendous failure. It cost us about four thousand men, mostly, however, captured; and all due to inefficiency on the part of the corps commander, and of the division commander who was sent to lead the assault.”

Next day, however, finding that the portion of Lee’s army which had been drawn north of the James was still there, Grant immediately gave orders to have the cavalry with infantry supports sent out under Sheridan to destroy, before Lee’s troops could get back, from fifteen to twenty miles of the Weldon railroad, to the south of Richmond. This was successfully accomplished and without any serious fighting. It was the last of Sheridan’s raids in that region. The time had come for the young soldier to take on larger responsibilities and to practically assume the independent command of a separate army. The “old women” at Washington (among whom Mr. Lincoln was not, it will be clearly seen, to be counted) were afraid to trust this young soldier. They were always in dread of Washington and its safety. This fear made “Old Brains” a trembling strategist, and the Carnot of our conflict, Secretary Stanton, a constant hinderer of regional success. The same fear had infected with ambition or dread, the councils or decisions of every soldier who had risen to the command of the Army of the Potomac. Grant had sagaciously separated himself from direct relations with Washington influence. He soon found that his instructions were translated in the War Department adversely to the views he held. Pursuit

was out of the range where the capital was concerned. When the failure at Petersburg made itself evident that a longer period remained of patient hammering against Lee and the chief Confederate forces and government in and around Richmond, Grant saw clearly that this delay, to be serviceable, must be



GEN. DAVID McM. GREGG,

A FAMOUS DIVISION COMMANDER UNDER SHERIDAN.

compensated for in other and more important directions. The fall of Atlanta was one of these compensations.

But in Virginia other action was imperative. General Wright, with the Sixth and a portion of the Ninth Corps, had failed in a vigorous pursuit of Early, who, however, supposed for some days that he was being actively followed southward. Since Grant's advent the Confederates had begun to expect the untiring activity which was so soon to have its disastrous effect on their *morale*. Early turned and assumed the offensive on finding that Wright had a severe attack of Washington paralysis. The Confederate general returned to Winchester, where Crook was stationed with a small force, and drove him out. He then

pushed north until he had reached the Potomac; then he sent McCausland across to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, to destroy that town. It was entirely defenseless, with no garrison or fortifications, but it was burned by Early's orders, on the 30th of July. Grant says: "I now recalled the troops that I had sent to destroy the railroad and sent them to Washington City. After burning Chambersburg McCausland retreated, pursued by our cavalry, toward Cumberland." Here he was met and defeated by General Kelley, and driven into Virginia.

An interesting contest now occurred, as it were, "behind the scenes." The importance of the Shenandoah Valley as a base of supplies was well understood by the Virginia Confederates. Grant desired to destroy this, and utterly. As Sheridan himself said afterward, in a dispatch announcing its accomplishment, that it was necessary to lay the valley so bare "that a crow flying over it must carry its rations." Previously to the Petersburg affair, Grant had asked for the assignment of Major-General Sheridan to the command of Hunter's department. Mr. Stanton was understood to object on account of the age of the gallant soldier rendering him unfit for so important a command. It is probable that the real reason was that Sheridan would always prefer Grant's policy to that of Stanton. On the 1st of August, Grant having settled that a waiting policy was necessary in front of Richmond, ordered reinforcements to Washington for its direct protection and forwarded to the Cabinet general the following:

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK :

I am sending General Sheridan for temporary duty, whilst the enemy is being expelled from the border. Unless General Hunter is in the field in person, I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy and follow him to the death. Wherever the enemy goes, there let our troops go also. Once started up the valley, they ought to be followed until we get into possession of the Virginia Central railroad. If General Hunter is in the field, give Sheridan direct command of the Sixth Corps and the cavalry division. All the cavalry will reach Washington in the course of to-morrow.

U. S. GRANT.

President Lincoln, on reading this, sent Grant a remarkable dispatch, which reads as follows:

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT :

I have seen your dispatch in which you say, I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy, and follow him to the death, etc. This, I

think, is exactly right, as to how our forces should move. But please look over the dispatches you may have received from here, even since you made that order, and discover if you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here, of putting our army *south* of the enemy, or of following him to the *death*, in any direction. I repeat to you it will neither be done nor attempted unless you watch it every day, and hour, and force it.

A. LINCOLN.

Grant's reply was emphatic and significant: "I start for Washington in two hours."

Sheridan and the first two divisions of his cavalry corps were already on the way. Grant went on to the Monocacy where Hunter's army was encamped, not stopping at Washington. Hunter did not know where to find the enemy. He had been so embarrassed by orders

from the capital, moving him right and left, that he had lost all direct traces of Early. Grant at once determined to find him, and pushed for Halltown, four miles above Harper's Ferry, quite sure that the foe would soon be found in front of our troops moving south. Instructions were then written to General Hunter, in which it was suggested that



GEN. ALFRED N. DUFFIÉ,

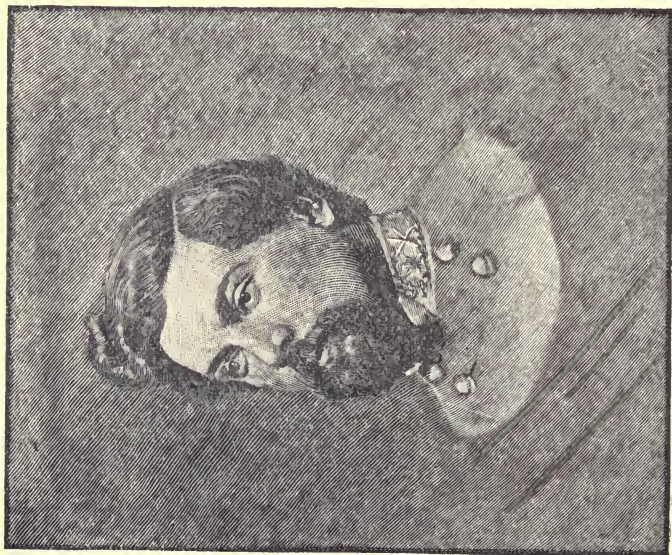
A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH CAVALRY OFFICER, WHO PERFORMED GALLANT SERVICE WITH THE UNION ARMY.

department headquarters be established, of which he assume command, leaving Sheridan in the field with the fighting force. The latter was then in Washington. To this Hunter replied that General Halleck seemed to doubt his fitness, and he had better be relieved altogether. This was done by Grant, and Sheridan assigned to the command. The latter was ordered by telegraph to go at once to the Monocacy. He arrived on a special train, upon the 4th of August, but the troops were all off before his appearance. Grant met him at the little station, told what had been done, and what he was to do, giving him at the same time the instructions already prepared for Hunter. He at once assumed his new command in a general order to his troops. Sheridan's first grand opportunity had come. He was but thirty-two years old, and in command of 30,000 men, the flower of our eastern army. There were eight thousand of the finest cavalry in the world, under such commanders as Averill, Torbett, D. McM. Gregg, Custer, Deven, Wesley Merritt, H. E. Davies, and J. Irvin Gregg. Against him was Early, with an equal force, including Stonewall Jackson's veterans, Rosser's and Wickham's rebel cavalry. The valley was a familiar battle-field to their forces, and eminently adapted also to the defensive-offensive operations which distinguished the entire history of Lee's struggle in Virginia.

The brilliant commander already held the expectant North by its eager ears. The attention of the country was truly turned upon the new star in our military firmament. It was no nebulous flicker that was seen; no mere asteroid dimly gleaming on clouded sky; but a full-orbed planet that glowed steadily through all the lurid storms that o'er-cast our summer horizon. Surely the large place he now filled was well won, for Sheridan had no adventitious aids in his upward career. The lucky incident of Granger's suggesting to Captain Alger Sheridan's appointment as colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, and the fortunate circumstance of Governor Blair's presence at Pittsburg Landing, cannot be esteemed as other than the incidents which sometimes favors modest merit. A luckier and more personal fact that greatly shaped the outset of Sheridan's superb career, is seen in that dislike of volunteer officers which Halleck always exhibited, and which always made him push forward the West Pointers and trained men of the regular army, no matter how young they were or how little actual service they had seen. In Sheridan's case it was an event of importance, for the day after his appointment as colonel, he was in the saddle and at the front, commanding more than his own regiment, and having under

Halleck's orders, a splendid opportunity of beginning a soldier's larger life. How well he availed himself of this all the world knows. It is part of its current history. But even then, as always thereafter, it was Sheridan's unaided genius that carved for him name and fame. When he reached Grant, the golden gates of opportunity were held back so firmly by that man and soldier of calmest equipoise, patience, and courageous trust, that his gallant and daring lieutenant was always able to dash through them unimpeded.

General Sheridan in August, 1864, was, though small in stature, a very model for a soldier. He was molded as if in bronze. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh was to be seen on that energetic frame. He bore in every line and motion the outward evidence of concentrated energy, while his face and head were the picture of vitalized mental power. Lincoln had looked into the little trooper's brain, and with that deep, penetrative, patient glance of his, had fathomed its capacity, and grown confident of its ability to succeed. The likeness in mold and line to Napoleon Bonaparte at Sheridan's age, was being generally commented upon. Stanton came to observe it later; and after Sheridan's historic ride a little later, it is recorded that Mr. Stanton had in his room, on the marble mantel, a little book of about five hundred pages, which contained, as a frontispiece, a likeness of Napoleon; and, says a writer in the *Washington Star*, he took it, and, turning to the frontispiece, handed it to the President, saying that there was a resemblance about the forehead and bust. Sometime prior to this, when our armies were being slaughtered by piecemeal, in Virginia, Mr. Stanton had received a letter from some prominent person calling his attention to a saying of Napoleon's that one commander for an army was better than two armies with independent commanders. "He then told me to get him this book on Napoleon from the library. They talked for sometime about General Sheridan, who had, several days before his Cedar Creek battle, defeated Early, and I heard Mr. Stanton then say to the President that Grant and Sheridan would end the war very soon with such fighting." It was after and in connection with this saying of Napoleon's, that the President is reported as having said that one bad general was better than two good ones.



GEN. W. H. H. ROSSER,
PITTED AGAINST SHERIDAN IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY IN 1864.



DISTINGUISHED CONFEDERATE CAVALRYMEN.
COL. HARRY GILMORE,
A CONFEDERATE PARTISAN FROM MARYLAND.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

SHERIDAN AS DEPARTMENT COMMANDER — HIS FIRST CHANCE TO DEMONSTRATE HIS ABILITY TO COMMAND — EARLY IS REINFORCED BY GORDON AND LOMAX — THE APPEARANCE OF THE REBEL COMMANDER — THE ARMY ROSTER — SHERIDAN'S PREPARATIONS — ATTACK AND PURSUIT — THE STORY OF THE LOYAL QUAKERESS — HOW HE GOT INTELLIGENCE — THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER — CAVALRY CHARGE AT OPEQUAN — VICTORIES OF FISHER'S HILL AND CEDAR CREEK.



GEN. SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS,
EAST SIDE OF CEDAR CREEK, AFTER THE BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL.

AFTER the Monocacy, Maryland, on the 4th of August, 1864, our troops were rapidly moving south on the kibes of Early's army. Sheridan, on the 10th instant, was ready to follow the veteran rebel commander to Strasburg, whither he had fallen back.

The confidence Sheridan inspired in Grant was rewarded by the latter's energetic efforts to prevent Lee's reinforcing Early,

at least to a dangerous degree. On the 12th of August, Sheridan was informed from City Point *via* Washington, that two divisions of infantry, twenty guns, and a considerable force of cavalry under Gordon and

Lomax had been sent to Early by Lee. It arrived in time to prevent Sheridan attacking Early in his chosen position, thus greatly strengthened. The position in Virginia could be likened to an irregularly formed triangle, the base of which was occupied by the Confederates under Lee, with the rebel capital to hold and guard. City Point with Grant and Meade's army might well be considered the most easterly point. Washington could be considered the northernmost point of our triangle. The irregular western side was formed of the Valley of the Shenandoah, contested by Sheridan and Early. In other words, the Union armies held the left flank entirely, were penetrating the centre as an occupying force, and contested the right flank (viewed from Washington), so as to be ready to strike at the rebel rear from that direction. This was the purpose of Grant's plans, and by it he expected to smash their southwestern railroad communications at Lynchburg. In order, then, to aid Sheridan, Grant gave orders to Meade to again threaten Richmond by another move to the north side of the James River. Hancock was placed in command with his own corps, part of the Ninth under Birney, and Gregg's cavalry division. They crossed on the night of the 13th. Sheridan was near Strasburg on the 12th when Early had received his reinforcements. The movement on the James seriously threatened Lee, and effectually prevented the sending of more troops to Early. During these days of severe skirmishing, prisoners were captured belonging to a rebel division it had been supposed was in the valley. Of all this Sheridan was made aware. Grant's field movements lasted till the latter part of the month, and we retained as a result our hold on the Weldon railroad.

Sheridan, as the press dispatches of the period show, was not idle. The *New York Tribune* of the 1st of August repeats an admirer's statement that "Sheridan is physically the smallest major-general I know, but he is mentally one of the largest." On the 10th a valley telegram says: "General Sheridan has assumed command of all the troops in the field belonging to the Department of West Virginia, the Susquehanna, and defenses of Washington. His headquarters will be in the saddle."

On the morning of the 10th, the march up the Shenandoah Valley began. Early was supposed to be at Winchester. The army consisted of the Sixth Corps, the Nineteenth Corps, Crook's Kanawha Division of West Virginia, infantry; and Averill's, Torbett's, and Wilson's divisions of cavalry, which included among the brigade commanders, Custer, Deven, and Wesley Merritt. Torbett's cavalry division

under Davies was holding the roads and the country in the rear; Torbett was serving as chief of cavalry. The march was made in three columns, and the first halt was at Berryville, eleven miles east of Winchester. On the 13th the two armies were at Cedar Creek, "the enemy," says the current news dispatches, "being sorely pressed by our advancing columns, who are harassing their rear and flanks. Early marched down the valley but a few hours in advance of Sheridan, and from our bivouacs at night you can see the rebel camp-fires." "Little Phil's" mettle was beginning to tell; his quality was raising the *morale* of our own troops. On the 17th Sheridan's headquarters were established at a farm-house on Cedar Creek, a locality which was so soon to be inseparably associated with his military renown. Skirmishing and picket firing were frequent. Strasburg was taken and retaken several times. The reports of the 22d and 24th say "Sheridan is taking good care of Early," and tell of a brisk engagement between the advanced brigades of both armies, two miles beyond Charlestown, memorable as the place where Captain John Brown, of Kansas, was hung by the State of Virginia, on the 2d of December, 1859. In the engagement of the 24th, our skirmishers were compelled to give way, the enemy outnumbering us, and also occupying a very strong position. • The latter, however, steadily, if slowly, was pressing the Confederates southward, becoming intimately familiar with the topography, conditions, and resources of the region over which he was to operate, strengthening his rear and means of supply; in fact, during this August month, Sheridan was proving himself as capable a general "in taking care," as he was already proven to be in forcing the fighting. Since the death of General Sheridan, in a notable review of his career, shaped and colored, it is evident, by Charles A. Dana, if not actually written by him, the *New York Sun* has said:

"This necessarily took time, but time which the sequel showed had been well spent.

"The government was filled with apprehension, the country was alarmed, not only at the deadlock which existed on the James, but at the danger which was now clearly menacing the national capital. The newspapers had become impatient, and asked with significant intensity, 'Why doesn't Sheridan do something?' Stocks began to decline, and gold, already alarmingly high, to rise still higher, which showed with unmistakable certainty how anxiously the business men had come to regard the situation of military affairs. There was marching and counter-marching; an advance and a counter-advance; then a demonstration

and a retreat from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, followed by louder mutterings of discontent, and a still higher rise in the price of gold. The President became uneasy, and wrote one of his wisest letters to Grant, who in turn began to doubt, and when he could stand it no longer he left the Army of the Potomac in its impregnable position facing Petersburg, and hurried through Washington to Harper's Ferry to see for himself why his lieutenant did not advance, and if need be to give him a plan of operations and to stay with him till it was in a fair way of execution.

"It was believed then, and it afterward became certain, that Sheridan's army outnumbered that of his wily antagonist and was far better clad, armed, and supplied, and so men wondered why the dashing cavalryman had grown so cautious, and the croakers went so far as to declare that Grant had made a grave mistake in putting him in command of an army.

"Thus six weeks of gloom and unhappiness passed over the country; but they were also six weeks of vigilance, careful study, and preparation; and when Grant, arriving on the ground, and considering the plan which he found to his joy the gallant Sheridan had matured, he stamped it with his approval in that laconic but all-sufficient order, 'Go in!' There was no more deliberation or delay. Every detail had been worked out, every contingency had been prepared for, and the hour of action and of victory was at hand."

In this wise, Sheridan's course put Early, on territory entirely familiar to him, almost wholly upon the defensive, for active attacks were only made to anticipate our unquestioned plans of advance. At the commencement of the serious work in the valley Sheridan's department and field forces were as follows :

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH IN THE
MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION, ON AUGUST 31, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, Commanding.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS ESCORT, SIXTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

CAVALRY FORCES.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALFRED T. A. TORBETT, Commanding.

FIRST DIVISION (ARMY OF THE POTOMAC CAVALRY.)

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General George A. Custer: First Michigan; Fifth Michigan; Sixth Michigan; Seventh Michigan.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Thomas C. Deven: Fourth New York; Sixth New York; Ninth New York; Seventeenth Pennsylvania; First United States Artillery, Batteries K and L.

Third Brigade.—Colonel Charles R. Lowell, Jr.: First Maryland P. H. B.; Second Massachusetts; Twenty-fifth New York.

Reserve Brigade.—Colonel Alfred Gibbs: First New York Dragoons; Sixth Pennsylvania; First United States; Second United States; Fifth United States; Second United States Artillery, Battery D.

THIRD DIVISION (ARMY OF THE POTOMAC CAVALRY.)

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON.

First Brigade.—Brigadier General J. B. McIntosh: First Connecticut; Third New Jersey; Second New York; Fifth New York; Second Ohio; Eighteenth Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General G. H. Chapman: Third Indiana (detached); First New Hampshire; Eighth New York; Twenty-second New York; First Vermont.

Reserve Horse Artillery Brigade.—Captain La Rhett Livingston: First United States Artillery, Battery I; Second United States Artillery, Battery A; Second United States Artillery, Batteries B and C; Second United States Artillery, Battery M; Third United States Artillery, Battery C; Fourth United States Artillery, Batteries C and E.

FIRST DIVISION (WEST VIRGINIA CAVALRY.)

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALFRED N. DUFFIE.

First Brigade.—Colonel William B. Tibbets: Second Maryland P. H. B., Company F; First New York (Lincoln); First New York Veteran; Twenty-first New York; Fourteenth Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Colonel John E. Wynkoop: Fifteenth New York; Twentieth Pennsylvania; Twenty-second Pennsylvania.

SECOND DIVISION (WEST VIRGINIA CAVALRY.)

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM W. AVERILL.

Eighth Ohio; First West Virginia; Second West Virginia; Third West Virginia; Fifth West Virginia; Fifth United States Artillery, Battery L.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL HORATIO G. WRIGHT, Commanding.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID A. RUSSELL.

First Brigade.—Colonel W. H. Penrose: Fourth New Jersey; Tenth New Jersey; Fifteenth New Jersey.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General Emory Upton: Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery; Sixty-fifth New York; Sixty-seventh New York (detached); One Hundred and Twenty-first New York; Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania; Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.—Colonel Oliver Edwards: Seventh Massachusetts (detached); Tenth Massachusetts (detached); Thirty-seventh Massachusetts; Twenty-third Pennsylvania (detached); Forty-ninth Pennsylvania; Eighty-second Pennsylvania; One Hundred and Nineteenth Pennsylvania; Second Rhode Island Battalion; Wisconsin Battalion.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE W. GETTY.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General Frank Wheaton: Sixty-second New York; Ninety-third Pennsylvania; Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania; One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania; One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General Lewis A. Grant; Second Vermont (detached); Third Vermont (detached); Fourth Vermont; Fifth Vermont; Sixth Vermont; Eleventh Vermont.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General Daniel D. Bidwell: Seventh Maine; Forty-third New York; Forty-ninth New York; Seventy-seventh New York; One Hundred and Twenty-second New York; Sixty-first Pennsylvania.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS.

First Brigade.—Colonel William Emerson: Fourteenth New Jersey; One Hundred and Sixth New York; One Hundred and Fifty-first New York; Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania; Tenth Vermont.

Second Brigade.—Colonel J. Warren Keifer: Sixth Maryland; Ninth New York Heavy Artillery; One Hundred and Tenth Ohio; One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio; One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio; Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania; One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

COLONEL CHARLES H. TOMPKINS.

Maine Light Artillery, Fifth Battery; First Massachusetts Light Artillery, Battery A; New York Light Artillery, First Battery; First Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery C; First Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery G; Fifth United States, Battery M.

NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM H. EMORY.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM DWIGHT.

First Brigade.—Colonel George L. Beal: Twenty-ninth Maine; Thirtieth Massachusetts; Ninetieth New York; One Hundred and Fourteenth New York;

One Hundred and Sixteenth New York; One Hundred and Fifty-third New York.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. W. McMillan: Twelfth Connecticut; Thirteenth Maine; Fifteenth Maine; One Hundred and Sixtieth New York; Forty-seventh Pennsylvania; Eighth Vermont.

Third Brigade.—Colonel L. D. H. Currie: Thirtieth Maine; One Hundred and Thirty-third New York; One Hundred and Sixty-second New York; One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York; One Hundred and Seventy-third New York.

Artillery.—New York Light Artillery, Fifth Battery.

SECOND DIVISION.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General Henry W. Birge: Ninth Connecticut; Twelfth Maine; Fourteenth Maine; Twenty-sixth Massachusetts; Fourteenth New Hampshire; Seventy-fifth New York.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Edward L. Molineux: Thirteenth Connecticut; Third Massachusetts Cavalry (dis.); Eleventh Indiana; Twenty-second Iowa; One Hundred and Thirty-first New York; One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York.

Third Brigade.—Colonel Jacob Sharpe: Thirty-eighth Massachusetts; One Hundred and Twentieth New York; One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York; One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York; One Hundred and Seventy-sixth New York.

Fourth Brigade.—Colonel David Shunk: Eighth Indiana; Eighteenth Indiana; Twenty-fourth Iowa; Twenty-eighth Iowa.

Artillery.—Maine Light Artillery, First Battery.

Reserve Artillery.—First Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery D; Indiana Light Artillery, Seventeenth Battery.

ARMY OF WEST VIRGINIA.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, Commanding.

FIRST DIVISION.

COLONEL JOSEPH HOBURN.

First Brigade.—Colonel George D. Wells: Thirty-fourth Massachusetts; Fifth New York Heavy Artillery (four companies); One Hundred and Sixteenth Ohio; One Hundred and Twenty-third Ohio.

Second Brigade.—Colonel William G. Ely: Eighteenth Connecticut; Second Eastern Shore, Maryland; First West Virginia; Fourth West Virginia; Eleventh West Virginia; Fifteenth West Virginia.

Third Brigade.—Colonel Jacob M. Campbell: Twenty-third Illinois; Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania; Tenth West Virginia; Eleventh West Virginia; Fifteenth West Virginia.

THE LIFE OF

SECOND DIVISION.

COLONEL ISAAC H. DUVAL.

First Brigade.—Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes: Twenty-third Ohio; Thirty-sixth Ohio; Fifth West Virginia; Thirteenth West Virginia.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Daniel D. Johnson: Thirty-fourth Ohio; Ninety-first Ohio; Ninth West Virginia; Fourteenth West Virginia.

MILITARY DISTRICT OF HARPER'S FERRY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN D. STEVENSON.

Cavalry.—Twelfth Pennsylvania; Virginia Rangers; Loudoun Independent Company.

Artillery.—Indiana Light Artillery, Seventeenth Battery; Kentucky Light Artillery, First Battery; Maryland Light Artillery, Battery A; Maryland Light Artillery, Baltimore Battery; Fifth New York Heavy Artillery; New York Light Artillery, Thirtieth Battery; New York Light Artillery, Thirty-second Battery; Ohio Light Artillery, First Battery; First Ohio Light Artillery, Battery L; First Pennsylvania Light Artillery, Battery G; First West Virginia Light Artillery, Battery A; First West Virginia Light Artillery, Battery F.

Infantry.—First Maryland P. H. B.; Second Maryland P. H. B.; One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Ohio; One Hundred and Sixtieth Ohio; One Hundred and Sixty-first Ohio.

FORCES WEST OF SLEEPY CREEK.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. KELLEY.

Cavalry.—Ohio Third Independent Company; Sixth West Virginia.

Artillery.—First Illinois, Battery L; First West Virginia, Battery H; First Maryland, Battery B.

Infantry.—One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio; Sixth West Virginia; One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Ohio.

KANAWHA VALLEY FORCES.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JEREMIAH C. SULLIVAN.

Seventh West Virginia Cavalry; First Pennsylvania Light Artillery, Battery D; Pennsylvania Acting Engineers, Independent Company; Virginia Exempts, Independent Company A; Veteran Reserve Corps, One Hundred and Thirty-second Company, Second Battery; First West Virginia Light Artillery, Battery D; First West Virginia Light Artillery, Battery E; Fifth United States Artillery, Battery B.

Early in September, Grant determined on an immediate advance in the valley. He says in his *Memoirs* :

“Knowing that it was impossible for me to get orders through Washington to Sheridan to make a move because they would be stopped there, and such orders as Halleck’s caution (and that of the Secretary of War) would suggest, would be given instead, and that they would, no doubt, be contradictory to mine, I therefore, without stopping at Washington, went directly through to Charlestown, some ten miles above Harper’s Ferry, and waited there to see Sheridan, having sent a courier in advance to tell him where to meet me.”

The result of this meeting is pertinently summed up in Grant’s order “Go in.” The general tells the story of this famous interview in a letter quoted by Badeau :

“When I visited Sheridan at Charlestown I had a plan of battle with me to give him, but I found him so ready to move — plan and all — that I gave him no order whatever, except the authority to move. He is entitled to all the credit of his great victory, and it established him in the confidence of the President and Secretary of War as a commander to be trusted in the management of the troops under him. Before that, while they highly appreciated him as a commander to execute, they felt a little nervous about giving him too much discretion.”

The order suited the man and the occasion. It suited his troops. They did “go in” for victory. Grant had a map in his pocket, but before using it he asked if Sheridan had one. From his pocket came map and plan, anticipating, as was seen, all of the commanding general’s ideas. Our troops were in front of Berryville on the turnpike leading from that town across the Opequan Creek to Winchester.

Early was on the same road west of the ford of the Opequan, which is about four miles east of Winchester. In this wise he covered the town. Thinking that Sheridan would be on the offensive, Early had extended the bulk of his army, by his left, to Bunker Hill, leaving his right on the Berryville road, weak and isolated.

The Confederate commander was described at the time as “a man past middle life and of vigorous and athletic appearance. His stature approached if it did not reach six feet, and he seemed to be capable of undergoing great fatigue. His hair was black and curling, and just touched with gray; his eyes dark and sparkling, his smile ready and expressive, but somewhat sarcastic, as was the bent of his character. His dress was plain gray, with slight decoration; long exposure had made the old coat which he wore quite dingy; a wide-brimmed hat

overshadowed his sparkling eyes, his swarthy features, and grizzled hair; his face, set upon a short neck joined to stooping shoulders, attracted attention from every one."

The campaign actively began on the Union side by the issuing to General Torbett, who was chief of cavalry, of the following order :

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
CEDAR CREEK, VIRGINIA, August 16, 1864. }

General:

In compliance with instructions of the lieutenant-general commanding, you will make the necessary arrangements and give the necessary orders for the destruction of the wheat and hay south of a line from Millwood to Winchester and Petticoat Gap. You will seize all mules, horses, and cattle that may be useful to our army. Loyal citizens can bring in their claims against the government for this necessary destruction. No houses will be burned, and officers in charge of this delicate but necessary duty must inform the people that the object is to make the valley untenable for the raiding parties of the rebel army.

Very respectfully,

P. H. SHERIDAN, *Major-General Commanding.*

Brig.-Gen. A. T. A. TORBETT, Chief of Cavalry, Middle Military Division.

The same day a cavalry engagement occurred at Front Royal between 3,000 Union cavalry under Merritt, and 3,500 Confederates, cavalry and infantry, which resulted in a Union victory. At this time Sheridan who was about to make a bold move directly to Early's rear, had watched him keenly, and when on the 8th, the Confederate leader sent half his army from Bunker Hill on a reconnaissance to Martinsburg (which Averill repulsed), he determined to "go in" at once, crush Early's weak right, and cut up the remainder of his force in detail. The Union forces were under arms that evening, and at 3 A. M. they were all in motion toward Winchester, Wilson's cavalry leading; Wright's corps, the Sixth, followed in double columns, flanking the Berryville road, while its artillery and wagon train occupied that highway. The Nineteenth Corps under General Emory followed in the same order. Early had pushed his largest force from Bunker Hill to Martinsburg on the extreme left. Sheridan designed to get his army across the Opequan and smash the weakened right wing of the rebels before aid could arrive. Crook, commanding the Eighth Corps, in position near Summit Point toward the left, was ordered to join the main army at the ford. Torbett and Averill, with their cavalry divisions, were left to make vigorous demonstrations on Early's left.

At day-break Wilson's cavalry was over the Opequan and in possession of a narrow mountain gorge or pass, through which alone our army could move.

In this brilliant sortie the cavalry swept all before them, till they secured a space within two miles of Winchester, sufficient for the deployment of our forces. The Sixth Corps followed sharply, but the Nineteenth was delayed. So our line of battle was not formed till 9 o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September. Wright held the right, Wilson's cavalry extending on its flanks. Emory held the centre and left, and Crook's West Virginians were held as reserve.

Early had been for hours hurrying his troops back from Bunker Hill. Sheridan was well posted as to his movements, but the delay of the Nineteenth Corps enabled the Confederate commander to get his entire force into a strongly fortified position, on a series of detached hills northwestward of the town. They had a powerful line thrown well forward for the purpose of breaking our lines by a vigorous charge, hoping thereby to seize the gorge already mentioned, through which alone if beaten, we might retreat. Early made the mistake of his military career in allowing us to obtain control of the gorge Wilson had seized.

Averill had hung closely on the rebel rear from Bunker Hill, and now formed a junction on our left with Merritt's troopers. This pow-



THE OPEQUAN FORD,
WHERE SHERIDAN CROSSED HIS
ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE
OF WINCHESTER.

erful cavalry force enveloped Winchester on the east and north. Early's position gave a strong defensive capacity. Our cavalry gave Sheridan a great advantage, not one iota of which was neglected during the hot scenes of that fiercely contested field. Between the two positions, the ground was rugged, rising, and quite heavily wooded. Troops found it difficult to move over it. The left and centre of Early's position seemed to be the only vulnerable ones. To reach them, the Union troops must pass through a narrow pass flanked by wooded hills. Under Sheridan's eager orders, Ricketts' division of the Sixth Corps was sent forward, followed immediately by a division of the Nineteenth, under Grover. Both commanders were old army officers. The pass was gained. Amid a terrible storm of shell, Early's centre was charged in splendid style, and the first line of his work remained in our hands. General Rhodes, Confederate division commander, was slain in this charge, at the head of his troops. Early hurled heavy masses of fresh troops upon our divisions, which fell back in disorder upon the narrow pass, from whence they had just before, at 10 A. M., so steadily emerged. A heavy flanking fire increased the rout, when Captain Rigby, a sergeant, and twelve men of the Twenty-fourth Iowa, at a designated point turned on the pursuing foe, and by heroic efforts were able to clear a space and gather a considerable force. Grover then ordered two guns of the First Maine Battery, Captain Bradbury commanding, into the gap. The fire checked the Confederate advance. The One Hundred and Thirty-first New York at the same time got into their rear and poured a destructive volley upon the foe, making them rapidly recoil. A second volley sent them flying back to their positions. There was rapid rallying and re-formation of the Union lines, under Sheridan's eye, and again the two divisions advanced. The fighting was most desperate, charge and counter-charge, bayonet against battery, with varying fortune, until about four in the afternoon, when, with loud shouts, Crook's corps of West Virginians and Torbett's cavalry division swung superbly from the woods on the Union right, pressing forward in the face of a concentrated and murderous fire, and charged boldly on Early's left. The sight was inspiring, and at once the Union lines moved solidly forward on the rebel right and centre. Wilson's cavalry swung in on the right flank, and without halting, continually charged the retreating Confederates, following them to their fortified heights. There was no halting there. "Forward," was the cry. In a few moments the heights were captured. Early's broken and confused columns fled in great disorder towards Strasburg. The victory

was ours. The field was hotly, fiercely contested, and the result hung for hours in the wavering balances of war. They left in our hands 2,500 prisoners, nine battle-flags, and five pieces of artillery. It was not until long after dark that the pursuit ceased, and the stars shone over Sheridan's first victory in the Shenandoah Valley. The battle of Winchester was ours. The rebel wounded found in the town numbered 3,100. From his headquarters in Lloyd Logan's house, Sheridan sent Secretary Stanton a dispatch saying :

“ We have just sent the rebels whirling through Winchester, and are after them to-morrow.”

That was the key-note of all Sheridan's actions. This first thoroughly successful battle of the Union armies in the Valley of the Shenandoah was not only a signal illustration of the valor of our soldiers, as well as the boldness and skill of their commander, but it was evidence also of the value of the Union sentiment which still prevailed in the region.

A competent critic has said since the general's death that : “ The battle of the Opequan was fought with the precision of clock-work; and that was the first one of the war in which cavalry, artillery, and infantry were all used concurrently and to the best possible advantage, each according to its own nature and traditions. The overthrow of the enemy was absolute and complete. The country was electrified, and the shadow of gloom which had hung over it was dispelled as if by magic. Gold took such a tumble as it had not received since the outbreak of the rebellion, and thenceforth no man of sense doubted the ultimate triumph of our arms, or the reëstablishment of the Union.”

The story of Rebecca I. Wright, a young Quaker lady of Winchester, has become of late familiar to the public. It will bear retelling. No soldier who entered Winchester on the night of September 19th, 1864, deserves more honor than the modest little Quaker maiden, through whose intelligence and courage Sheridan gained the information which warranted the movements he was making for crossing the Opequan. Here is the story as told in the press, and verified for this work from the official records :

Miss Wright was the unmarried daughter of a Quaker family living in Winchester. Her old father had died a prisoner in Confederate hands. Her mother and little brother, with Miss Rebecca, constituted the family. The Union generals all knew their steadfast loyalty, and Crook especially trusted Miss Wright. She told the story during General Sheridan's sickness :

“ I was engaged in some household duties about noon on the 16th

of September, '64. I was interrupted by a knock at the door, and, on opening it, I found an intelligent looking colored man, who asked to see Miss Wright. There were two Misses Wright living in Winchester, and I asked which he wanted. 'Miss Rebecca,' he said; 'the other is in sympathy with the rebels.' He would not say what he wanted, but after looking about carefully, asked to be allowed to speak with me alone. I was impressed by his manner, and took him into another room. He at once closed the door, and I became alarmed, as my mother and I were alone in the house. But he immediately said he had a note from General Sheridan, who wanted me to give him all the information I could concerning the rebel forces. He took from his mouth a little wad of tinfoil, which proved to be a letter from General Sheridan, written on tissue paper. The colored man said he had carried it all the way in his mouth, and had been instructed to swallow it if molested by the Confederate pickets. He was engaged in carrying provisions through the lines for the use of the town, and General Sheridan had secured his services in this matter. I was taken by surprise and did not know what to do. I did not know how far I could trust the man, fearing that there might be a trick to get me into trouble, and I told him that I knew nothing about the rebels. But the man spoke very intelligently and gave such evidences of earnestness that I concluded to trust him. While he was talking I was tearing the tinfoil.

" 'Don't, don't!' he said. 'You will need that to wrap the reply in.'

" He said he would return at 3 o'clock.

" After his departure I read the note. It was written on very thin, yellow tissue paper, which was greatly wrinkled and mused from being folded so tightly."

It is still preserved. "Miss Rebecca" is now Mrs. Bonsal, and lives in Washington. The framed letter reads as follows:

SEPTEMBER 15, 1864.

I learn from Major-General Crook that you are a loyal lady and still love the old flag.

Can you inform me of the position of Early's forces, the number of divisions in his army, and the strength of all or any of them, and his probable or reported intentions? Have any more troops arrived from Richmond, or are any more coming, or reported to be coming? I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Major-General Commanding.

You can trust the bearer.

“After reading the letter, I went at once to my mother and told her what had occurred. We were almost overpowered by the thought of the great danger we were in, but we concluded to run the risk.

“If it had not been for an accident, that seems to have been providential, I should have known nothing to tell General Sheridan that would have been of value to him. As it happened, I did not know how valuable the information I possessed might be. My mother and I were known to be loyal, and the Confederates had very little to do with us, so we knew nothing of them or of what was going on. But a Confederate officer, who had been wounded and was then convalescent, was boarding with one of our neighbors. As a convalescent, he wandered about at will, and knew all about the strength and movements, the dangers, the hopes, and the fears of Early’s forces. It happened that just two evenings before I got General Sheridan’s letter, or before I had any thought of serving him or the Union cause, this young Confederate asked permission to call on me. He had often observed me from his window arranging or gathering my flowers, and he was lonely and sought my company. So it chanced that two evenings before I got the note the officer was at our house. We were strangers, with nothing in common to talk about, so this conversation turned upon the war, and more especially the state of affairs directly about us. He described the situation from his stand-point—how many troops they had and what they must rely on. I asked questions without any purpose except to keep up the conversation, and he answered freely. I had no idea of what importance all this was, or that it would ever come of use to me, but when I read General Sheridan’s letter it at once occurred to me that I could tell him what the Confederate had told me.

“When the colored man returned I gave him an answer to the general’s letter, telling the number of troops, their situation, and the fact that some had been called off for service elsewhere. I told him, in fact, the very things, as I see now, that he most wanted to know: but I expressed regret that I could not give more information, and said I would try to gather more for him if he would send the messenger back in a day or two.

“The colored man put the letter in his mouth and left the house quietly. Many times during the next day, Saturday, and the quiet Sabbath that followed, I wondered what had become of the messenger, and what would result from my note.

“When I was awakened Monday morning by the booming of cannon my first thought was whether my note had anything to do with it.

It was a terrible fight, and in the afternoon, when the streets were filled with troops, wagons, cannon, and the poor suffering wounded, and the buildings were on fire all around us, my mother asked me, with tears in her eyes, if I thought my note had anything to do with this battle. I had thought of that all day, and I was overwhelmed. I hid my face in my hands, and cried: 'O! no, no! I don't believe he got it.' It was the most terrible day of all my experience. Houses about us were on fire, our own fence was burning, and shells fell so near that my mother and I went into the cellar for safety. Finally the rumbling of battle grew fainter and fainter, until it got so quiet I could not endure to remain in the cellar in ignorance of the result. From the first floor I could see nothing; nothing from the second floor; but from the garret windows I saw the old American flag coming in the town. I dropped upon my knees. I soon learned whether my note had to do with the battle.

"Hearing sabres clattering against the steps, I started to the front door, and met two Union officers, already inside the house. One introduced himself as General Sheridan. He told me that it was entirely from the information I had sent him that he fought the battle, and he thanked me earnestly, saying he would never forget my courage and patriotism. I was so fearful of suspicion that I would hardly permit him to speak to me. I knew that should the southern people discover the part I had in the battle, my life would not be worth much, and I was afraid to have the general talk to me. I begged him not to speak of it; that my life would be in danger when the Federal troops went away. General Sheridan replied that the Confederates would never come again. He wrote his report at my desk, and called in the morning to say good-bye before following Early to Fisher's.

"He rode a beautiful black horse that morning. I lived on quietly at Winchester until 1867, and no one suspected me. They knew nothing of the matter until the watch arrived, accompanied by a letter from General Sheridan. Then the Union people gathered around me in astonishment. I remember an old man who took both my hands in his and said: 'Why my little girl, there was not a man in the place who would have dared do such a thing. As much as I loved the Union I would not have had the courage.' Most of the community were wild with indignation, but the war was over and they could do me no injury. But they showed their dislike for me in many ways. The boys used to spit at me on the street.

“I had no conception of the service I had done until I received this letter :

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF GULF, }
NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 7, 1867. }

“MY DEAR MISS WRIGHT : You are probably not aware of the service you rendered the Union cause by the information you sent me by the colored man a few days before the Opequan, on September 19, 1864. It was on this information the battle was fought and probably won. The colored man gave the note rolled up in tinfoil to the scout, who awaited him at Millwood. The colored man had carried it in his mouth to that point and delivered it to the scout, who brought it to me.

“By this note I became aware of the true condition of affairs inside of the enemy’s lines, and gave directions for the attack. I will always remember this courageous and patriotic action of yours with gratitude, and beg you to accept the watch and chain which I send you by General J. W. Forsyth, as a memento of September 19, 1864.”

This letter is put in a double frame, so as to show the writing on both sides. On the back of it is an indorsement by General Grant, in his own hand, asking an appointment for (then) Miss Wright to a position in the Treasury Department. A report was also made by a committee of Congress and ordered printed. While in the Treasury she met and married Mr. Bonsal.

The watch, a handsome one of gold, bears the inscription : “Presented to Rebecca I. Wright, September 19, 1867, by General Phil H. Sheridan. A memento of September 19, 1864.” It is attached to a



MRS. McP. BONSAI,

FORMERLY MISS WRIGHT, UPON WHOSE INFORMATION SHERIDAN
FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

long gold chain, fastened at the neck with a clasp representing a horse-shoe, a military gauntlet, and stirrups. Hanging to a short end is a sword, a key, and a seal. Mrs. Bonsal is a lady of fifty, but she appears ten or fifteen years younger. Her manner is quiet, and her face expresses amiability and all the gentler womanly qualities.

Early was both early and late on the way from Sheridan's cavalry. His flight was not stopped until the Confederate forces reached Fisher's Hill, beyond Strasburg. Here they occupied a very strong position, previously prepared for an emergency. Sheridan kept the promise made in his dispatches "to be after the foe early in the morning." His cavalry was moving towards Strasburg by daybreak. The whole army was soon *en route*, full of that electric fervor of victory which makes the soldier forget fatigue and wounds, and causes him to feel as if the world was akin to his mood, beating in rhythmic jubilation with the passion of triumph wherewith he is animated.

Our army was in front of Fisher's Hill on the early forenoon of the 22d. Early was found entrenched strongly in a defensible position, with his left resting on the adjacent North Mountain. But Sheridan never hesitated. Torbett, with two divisions of cavalry, was sent by way of the Luray Valley, to take Newmarket, thirty miles in Early's rear. The Eighth Corps, under his old classmate, General Crook, was sent to gain the rear and left of Early's lines, beyond the North Mountain, with the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, commanded by Wright and Emory, screened by the cavalry under Averill. Sheridan, at 4 P. M., impetuously advanced to a general attack. The weight of the attack was made, front and rear, on Early's left. It gave way almost immediately, driven in upon the centre by the weight of the impetuous assault. The North Mountain was cleared at once. When the advancing lines were swiftly precipitated on Early's centre, the whole of the rebel infantry broke, and retreated down the valley in great disorder, leaving sixteen guns and a thousand prisoners in our hands. The victory was complete. All that saved Early's army from entire destruction as an organization, was the stubborn fight made against Torbett, at Milford, in the Luray Valley, by the Confederate cavalry under General Wickham, who at Front Royal the day before (September 21st), had fought Wilson most vigorously. Torbett was held all day in check at Milford, finally at sundown driving Wickham before him. Front Royal was a draw. Both were splendid and well-matched cavalry battles, in which the advantages finally rested with us, but the stubborn fighting of the Confederate troopers saved their army never-

theless. General Wickham afterwards served in the United States Senate from Virginia as a Republican.

Sheridan pursued Early, as Grant desired and his own wishes dictated. He overtook them at Port Republic, charging their broken lines with his cavalry, backed by infantry supports, and drove them again, destroying their supply train of seventy-five wagons. Our cavalry continued the pursuit until Early's army found shelter in the passes of the Blue Ridge. A large quantity of army stores were destroyed at Staunton. From that point, our cavalry passing on to Waynesboro', laid waste the Virginia Central railroad, destroying it utterly for several miles. A large Confederate tannery was also burned.

Then came the execution of Grant's order to leave nothing in the valley to invite the return of the enemy. All our cavalry was recalled to Sheridan's headquarters, and down the valley went the Union army, destroying all supplies as they moved.

When this serious but necessary work was completed, our entire force was placed behind Cedar Creek, "twenty miles away" from Winchester, between Middletown and Strasburg. Field headquarters were established at the residence of Benjamin B. Cooley.

Sheridan's dispatches at this period tell the man as much as his acts proclaim the soldier. In a report on the raid following the victory of Fisher's Hill, Sheridan wrote :

"In moving back to this point the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made untenable for a rebel army. I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat, hay, and farming implements, and over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat, have driven in front of this army over four thousand head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops over three thousand sheep. Since I entered the valley from Harper's Ferry, every train, every small party, and every straggler has been bushwhacked by the people, many of whom have protection papers. Lieutenant Meigs and his engineer officer were murdered near Dayton; . . . for this atrocious act," continued Sheridan, "all the houses within an area of five miles were burned." Badeau, in the *Military Life of Grant*, says :

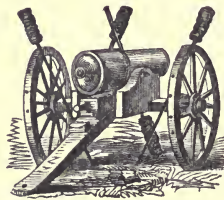
"Sheridan's telegrams during this campaign were handed to Grant usually as we sat around the camp-fire at City Point. No success had cheered him at the East for months, and the first gleams of light came from Sheridan's victories in the valley. As Grant read out these ringing dispatches: 'We sent them whirling through Winchester';

‘ They were followed on a jump twenty-six miles ’; ‘ I thought I best delay here one day and settle this new cavalry general,’ (referring to Rosser), his voice betrayed how welcome was the news. ‘ Keep on,’ he replied, ‘ and your good work will cause the fall of Richmond.’ ”

Sheridan writes from Strasburg: “ The people here [in the valley] are getting sick of the war.” He wrote also: “ I’m coming back to this point.” As he moved down the valley after the raid, Sheridan reported: “ I was not followed until late yesterday, when a large force of cavalry appeared in my rear. I then halted my command to give battle. I found it was only the rebel cavalry commanded by Rosser, and directed Torbett to attack them and finish this new ‘ saviour of the valley.’ ” And he did it so effectually that Rosser has ever since been explaining why he was so thoroughly thrashed. Honors and recognition were showered upon Sheridan after Winchester and Fisher’s Hill. Congress passed a resolution of thanks at its next session for the Valley Campaign. The victorious general was made a brigadier-general in the regular army.

Torbett’s fight with Rosser occurred on the 9th of October. At the first charge the Confederates broke and fled, leaving over three hundred prisoners, a dozen guns, and nearly fifty wagons in our hands. They were chased twenty-six miles.

Three days later Early attempted to surprise Sheridan, who had halted near Fisher’s Hill. This time the Confederates were so severely chastised that it was supposed they would remain quiet for some time. With that impression, Sheridan went to Washington on official business, leaving General Wright in temporary command of the army.



CHAPTER XVII.

SNATCHING VICTORY FROM THE JAWS OF DEFEAT.

LINCOLN'S LITTLE STORY ABOUT GENERAL CASS—CHANGE OF THE TROOPS—MEDDLING AT WASHINGTON WITH GRANT'S ORDERS—WRIGHT SURPRISED AT CEDAR CREEK—ROUT OF THE NINETEENTH CORPS—SHERIDAN'S RIDE "TO SAVE THE DAY"—DEFEATS EARLY AND GORDON—WHAT HE SAID OF HIS VICTORY—THANKS OF PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS—PROMOTION IN THE REGULAR ARMY—THE HORSE HE RODE.

CONSIDERABLE anxiety had prevailed in Washington during the latter of Sheridan's operations. He had got beyond telegraphic communication. The War Department feared for the capital. Halleck feared that the little soldier might seriously propose to end the war otherwise than according to Jomini, as translated by "Old Brains," while the President grew anxious for Sheridan's safety. None of them knew the man—he was a fighting soldier, who did his "job" with the same persistent determination that he would have bossed a railroad contract. Mr. Lincoln, of course, had a story to tell. He was afraid that Sheridan's hot pursuit had been a little like that of General Cass, in one of our Indian wars. Cass was pursuing the Indians so closely, that the first thing he knew he found himself in their front and the Indians were pursuing him. Sheridan might have got on the other side of Early. Mr. Lincoln feared that Early was behind him. Reinforcements might be sent out from Richmond to enable Early to meet and beat him. Grant says: "I replied to the President that I had taken steps to prevent Lee from sending reinforcements to Early by attacking the former where he was."

Sheridan had driven the enemy out of the valley and destroyed everything, so that if Early came back he would have to bring his provisions with him. It was in announcing this that he used the apt illustration already quoted, of the crow being compelled to carry its rations. He felt, therefore, he did not need so large a force, and sent to

Grant, asking him to take some and put them where they were needed more. This Grant did. The Sixth Corps was ordered to the James River. Sheridan then repaired the railroad up the valley toward the advanced position which he believed could be held with a small force. Troops were sent to Washington, by way of Culpepper, in order to watch the east side of the Blue Ridge, and prevent the enemy from getting into the rear of Sheridan, while he was still doing his work of destruction.

On the 10th of October, the march down the valley was again resumed; Early, at a very respectful distance, slowly following. Sheridan was ordered, however, to halt by Grant, and to improve the opportunity, if afforded by the enemy's having been sufficiently weakened, to move back again if possible and cut the James River canal and the Virginia Central railroad. This order had to go through Washington, where it was intercepted, and when Sheridan received what seemed to be a statement of what Grant wished him to do, it was something entirely different. Halleck informed Sheridan that it was Grant's wish for him to hold a forward position, as a base from which to act against Charlottesville and Gordonsville, and that he should fortify and provision this position. Sheridan objected most decidedly. Grant then telegraphed him on the 14th of October, as follows:

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN:

What I want, is for you to threaten the Virginia Central railroad and the James River canal, in the manner your judgment tells you is best, holding yourself ready to advance, if the enemy draw off their forces. If you make the enemy hold a force equal to your own for the protection of those roads, it will accomplish nearly as much as their destruction. If you cannot do this, then the next best thing to do is to send here all the force you can. I deem a good cavalry force necessary for your offensive, as well as your defensive operations. You need not, therefore, send more than one division of cavalry.

U. S. GRANT.

Sheridan was at Winchester, having returned the night before from Washington. Upon the forenoon of the 19th of October, on his way to his headquarters, he learned from the stream of stragglers, the news of the attack by Early on his lines at Cedar Creek, and the partial rout of his army that was then in progress. The story has been told by many pens, but the most compact account is that printed in White-law Reid's volume, *Ohio in the War*. It is so clear and direct, yet comprehensive, that it is given here in full:

“On the night of the 18th of October, while Sheridan was approaching Winchester, on his return, Early and Longstreet were stealthily moving out from Fisher’s Hill. So careful and minute were their arrangements for silence on the march, that they even took away the canteens from their men, lest their rattle against the bayonet-sheaths or cartridge-boxes should be heard. Wright, as we have seen, was apprehensive about his right flank. His disposition of the entire cavalry there showed it, and the enemy at once profited by the disclosure. They moved rapidly to the opposite flank. Here the front was scarcely protected at all. The exultant army that had followed the rebels ‘whirling up the valley’ was utterly incredulous as to the possibility of attack. They slept, officers and men, the deep slumber of absolute confidence. Pickets were advanced but a short distance from the camp—so short a distance that the rebel column crept around them within six hundred yards of the main line. Some pickets did report the sound of marching in the darkness on their front, and General Crook ordered men into the trenches; but this report failed to arouse much apprehension, and they neglected to send out a reconnaissance. The front line was broken here and there by regiments sent out for picket duty—even these gaps were unfilled.

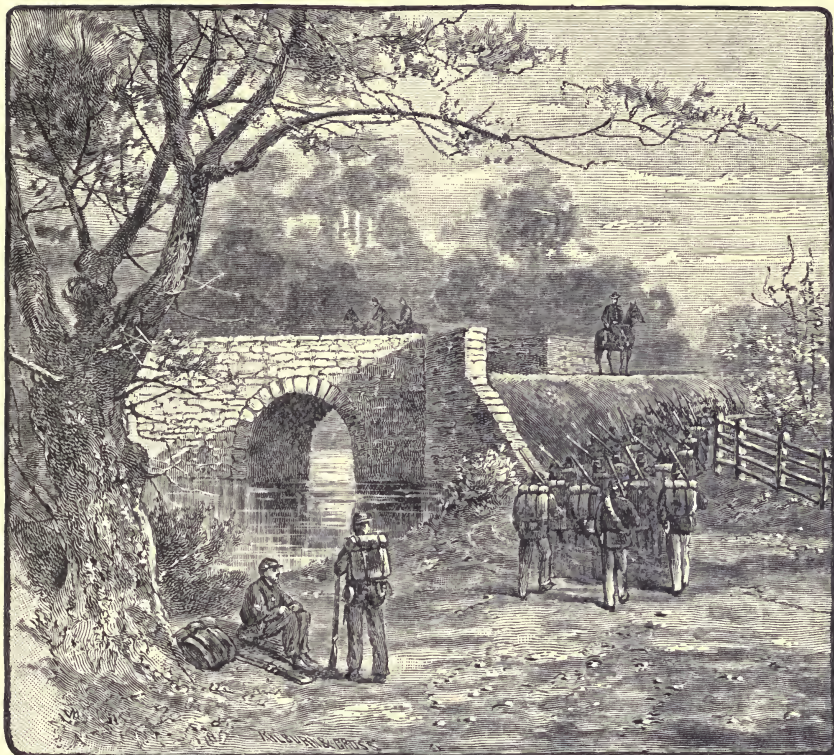
“The dawn was obscured by fog. Through this suddenly came bursting the wild charging yells of the rebel infantry—not Early’s often beaten troops alone, but the flower of the Army of Northern Virginia. The extremity of Crook’s line, taken thus by surprise in flank and rear, was doubled up in confusion, precisely as, a few weeks before, Crook had himself doubled up Early’s flank at Fisher’s Hill. The enemy was into the trenches before all the muskets of the defenders were loaded; the movement was quick, orderly, forceful on the part of the assailants—hesitating and bewildered on the part of the confused troops thus rudely awaked from their dreams of security. In fifteen minutes the struggle was practically over. The rebels, knowing perfectly their ground, and knowing, moreover, precisely what they wanted to do, drove forward their charging columns with a rapidity that to the surprised army seemed amazing. The Nineteenth Corps next gave way; next, only a little more slowly, the Sixth. Long before this the tide of runaways had swept down the pike as far as Winchester, twenty miles away. The camps were abandoned, twenty-four pieces of artillery were lost, and the whole army was in full retreat on Winchester. Nearly five miles down the valley it began to come together, and General Wright essayed the formation of a defensive line.

He was presently interrupted by his chief, who 'here took the matter in hand.'

"General Sheridan had arrived at Winchester the night before, on his way back from the consultation at Washington, to which he had been ordered. In the morning artillery firing was heard, but it was attributed to an intended reconnoissance, and nothing was thought of it. After an early breakfast Sheridan mounted and trotted quietly through Winchester, southward. A mile from the town the first fugitives from the lost field were encountered. He instantly gave orders to park the retreating trains on either side of the road, directed the greater part of his escort to follow as best it could, then, with only twenty cavalymen accompanying him, he struck out in a swinging gallop for the scene of danger. As he dashed up the pike the crowds of stragglers grew thicker. He reproached none; only, swinging his cap, with a cheery smile for all, he shouted: 'Face the other way, boys; face the other way! We are going back to our camps! We are going to lick them out of their boots!' The wounded raised their hoarse voices to cheer as he passed, and the masses of fugitives turned and followed him to the front. As he rode into the forming lines, the men quickened their pace back to the ranks, and everywhere glad cheers went up. 'Boys, this never should have happened if I had been here,' he exclaimed to one and another regiment, 'I tell you it never should have happened. And now we are going back to our camps. We are going to get a twist on them; we'll get the tightest twist on them yet that ever you saw. We'll have all those camps and cannon back again.' Thus he rode along the lines, rectified the formation, cheered and animated the soldiers. Presently there grew up across that pike as compact a body of infantry and cavalry as that which, a month before, had sent the enemy 'whirling through Winchester.' His men had full faith in 'the twist' he was 'going to get' on the victorious foe; his presence was inspiration; his commands were victory.

"While the line was thus being reestablished, he was in momentary expectation of attack. Wright's Sixth Corps was some distance in the rear. One staff officer after another was sent after it. Finally Sheridan himself dashed down to hurry it up; then back to watch it going into position. As he thus stood, looking off from the left, he saw the enemy's columns once more moving up. Hurried warning was sent to the Nineteenth Corps, on which it was evident the attack would fall. By this time it was after 3 o'clock.

"The Nineteenth Corps, no longer taken by surprise, repulsed the



THE STONE BRIDGE AT FISHER'S HILL,

WHERE, ON SHERIDAN'S RALLYING THE UNION ARMY, OCTOBER 19, 1864, A LARGE BODY OF CONFEDERATE PRISONERS WAS TAKEN.

enemy's onset. 'Thank God for that,' said Sheridan gayly. 'Now tell General Emory if they attack him again to go after them and to follow them up. We'll get the tightest twist on them pretty soon they ever saw.' The men heard and believed him; the demoralization of defeat was gone. But he still waited. Word had been sent in from the cavalry, of danger from a heavy body moving on his flank. He doubted it, and at last determined to run the risk. At 4 o'clock the orders went out: 'The whole line will advance. The Nineteenth Corps will move in connection with the Sixth. The right of the Nineteenth will swing toward the left.'

'The enemy lay behind stone fences, and where these failed, breast-works of rails eked out his line. For a little he held his position firmly.

His left overlapped Sheridan's right and seeing this advantage he bent it down to renew the attack in flank. At this critical moment Sheridan ordered a charge of General McWilliams' brigade against the angle thus caused in the rebel line. It forced its way through, and the rebel flanking party was cut off. Custer's cavalry was sent swooping down upon it. It broke, and fled or surrendered, according to the agility of the individuals. Simultaneously the whole line charged along the front; the rebel line was crowded back to the creek; the difficulties of the crossing embarrassed it, and as the victorious ranks swept up it broke in utter confusion.

"Custer charged down in the fast gathering darkness to the west of the pike, Deven to the east of it, and on either flank of the fleeing rout they flung themselves. Nearly all the rebel transportation was captured, the camps and artillery were regained; up to Fisher's Hill the road was jammed with artillery, caissons, and ambulances; prisoners came streaming back faster than the provost marshal could provide for them. It was the end of Early's army; the end of campaigning in the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah."

The scenes were startling, amusing, pathetic, humorous, and heroic, — all combined. Custer threw his arms around Sheridan's neck, as he rode up, and kissed him in the face of the army. "Little Phil" was the supreme incarnation of war. Some of his oaths were more picturesque than those of Homer's heroes. Men shouted, ran, screamed, and cried, as he came thundering along the pike with waving flag over his head. The Honorable A. F. Walker, of the Inter-state Commerce Commission, has given to our war literature an admirable little volume on the history of the Vermont brigade with which he served. They were at Cedar Creek. The brigade, says Mr. Walker, while sulkily waiting for the re-formation of the army, "heard cheers behind us on the pike. We were astounded. There we stood, driven four miles already, quietly waiting for what might be further and immediate disaster, while far in the rear we heard the stragglers and hospital bummers and the gunless artillery-men, actually cheering as though a victory had been won. We could hardly believe our ears."

The explanation soon came, horse and man, but four miles away from the battle-field. "As the sturdy, fiery Sheridan, on his sturdy, fiery steed, flecked with foam from his two hours' mad galloping, wheeled from the pike and dashed down the line, our division also broke forth into the most tumultuous applause."

"Such a scene as his presence produced, and such emotions as it

awoke, cannot be realized once in a century. All outward manifestations were as enthusiastic as men are capable of exhibiting; cheers seemed to come from throats of brass, and caps were thrown to the tops of the scattering oaks; but beneath and yet superior to these noisy demonstrations, there was in every heart a revulsion of feeling and a pressure of emotion beyond description. No more doubt or chance for doubt existed; we were safe, perfectly and unconditionally safe, and every man knew it."

"Forward" was at once the order. Mr. Walker's account is at least animating. He says:

"At the commencement of its advance, the brigade met a shallow mill-pond that had not been noticed in the forest, in some way floundered through, rushed up the hill to the rebel works, then turned to the left, and in a confused, delirious mass, hurried on as best it might after the scattering enemy. Guns were fired wildly into the air, and reloaded as the soldiers ran; captured cannon were wheeled about and discharged at the panic-stricken foe in mad salute for our victory. General Sheridan, with long black streamers waving from his hat, joined our division, exclaiming, 'Run, boys, run; don't wait to form; don't let 'em stop'; and when some one answered, 'We can't run, we're tired out,' his reply was perhaps unmilitary, but certainly, under the circumstances, judicious: 'If you can't run then holler,' and thus the wild pursuit was continued until we reached the turnpike where it crosses the very summit of Fisher's Hill.

"The defeat was utter and decisive, so far as the Shenandoah Valley was concerned. Its secret was simply Sheridan's personal magnetism and all-conquering energy. He felt no doubt, he would submit to no defeat, and he took his army with him as on a whirlwind."

Colonel Herbert E. Hill, of Somerville, went all through the Shenandoah Valley Campaign of General Sheridan, and was close by "Gallant Phil" at the battle of Cedar Creek, made famous by Sheridan's memorable ride from Winchester to the relief of his routed army. Colonel Hill has written several articles upon the Shenandoah Valley Campaign, and as some of his statements were disputed he appealed to Sheridan for the confirmation of his stories. He received in reply two dispatches, which are of great historical interest, as they settle forever some mooted points. Some have even seen fit to question whether there ever was such a thing as his ride from Winchester. Historians have disputed each other regarding the time when he arrived, the horse he rode, the number of guns captured, etc. These points are all settled

by the man who knew the most about the matter, and they corroborate Colonel Hill's accounts in every particular. Here are copies of the dispatches in question :

CHICAGO, Oct. 17, 1881.

COLONEL HERBERT E. HILL, Boston, Mass. :

Between 6 and 7 o'clock on Monday, October 19th, the officer on picket at Winchester reported to me, while I was in bed at the house of Colonel Edwards, the commanding officer, the sound of scattering artillery shots. These I supposed to be made by Grover's division of the Nineteenth Corps, which was to have made a reconnoissance that morning. My black horse "Winchester" was saddled, as well as the horses of my staff officers, and we started about 8 o'clock, passing through the main street of Winchester.

On reaching the southern suburbs of the town the sound of artillery indicated a battle to me unmistakably. We walked leisurely until we reached Mill Creek, half a mile or so from the town, trying to determine by the sound whether the firing was coming toward us or receding, and after crossing Mill Creek and rising a little bluff on the south side saw the heads of the troops retreating, coming rapidly to the rear. I at once ordered a halt, directing that the train be stopped and parked at Mill Creek, and sent orders that the brigade in garrison at Winchester be stretched across the country and all stragglers stopped.

Then taking twenty men from the escort I rode rapidly on, as nearly parallel to the valley pike as the crowd of stragglers would permit, until I struck Getty's division of the Sixth Corps, three-quarters of a mile north of Middletown, reaching there a little before 10 o'clock, A. M. I rode my black horse, "Winchester," until just before the final attack at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when I changed to my gray horse, which I rode until the battle was over:

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Lieutenant-General United States Army.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18, 1881.

COLONEL HERBERT E. HILL, Boston, Mass.

The enemy captured from our troops in the morning twenty-four pieces of artillery. These were recaptured and twenty-four more from the enemy in the afternoon, making forty-eight pieces. Ten battle-flags were also captured from the enemy. The black horse, "Winchester," died October 2, 1878, and is set up on exhibition at the Military Institute, Governor's Island. The gray horse was burned up in the Chicago fire, October 9, 1871.

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Lieutenant-General United States Army.

Colonel Hill has preserved these dispatches and some autograph letters from General Sheridan with the greatest care. The Eighth

Vermont Regiment, of which Colonel Hill was a member, was in the brunt of the fight at Cedar Creek. When Sheridan arrived from Winchester he found his army disorganized and presenting only a division front to the enemy. The divisions were ranged back and to one side of each other *in echelon*, as it is termed in military parlance, a form which is best represented by the steps of a staircase. He immediately ordered the rear division to the front, and presented an unbroken line to the attack of the enemy. The Eighth Vermont was on the right of their line, and here Sheridan took up his position. This regiment suffered as no other in the army. Out of 164 men who went into action, 110 were lost by death or wounds; thirteen out of sixteen commissioned officers were killed, three color-bearers were shot dead, and a fourth afterwards died of his wounds. For their conspicuous gallantry, Sheridan wrote them a letter of thanks over his own signature.

The only monuments which have been erected upon the battle-fields in the Shenandoah Valley were set up to mark the spot where this regiment fought, and they were both the gifts of Colonel Hill.

“The great secret of Sheridan’s strength and popularity with his men,” according to the colonel, “was that he never ordered his men to go where he would not lead them. He was perfectly fearless, and they had perfect confidence in him and would follow him into the jaws of death. He was said to be a profane man, but it only showed his earnestness, and was more in the nature of an invocation to the Deity than profanity. He had a thorough plan for every battle, and his men soon learned to appreciate and see the importance of every movement as bearing on the whole scheme of the fight. When he appeared on the field after his great ride he appeared to the enemy, to use a scriptural expression, like a great light in a dark valley.”

General Sheridan, speaking of the Valley Campaign and of the battle and victory at Cedar Creek, said :

“This battle [Cedar Creek] practically ended the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. When it opened we found our enemy boastful and confident, unwilling to acknowledge that the soldiers of the Union were their equals in courage and manliness. When it closed with Cedar Creek, this impression had been removed from his mind, and gave place to good sense and a strong desire to quit fighting. The very best troops of the Confederacy had not only been defeated, but had been routed in successive engagements until their spirit was destroyed. In obtaining these results, however, our loss in officers and men was

severe. Practically all territory north of the James River now belonged to us, and the holding of the lines about Petersburg and Richmond must have been embarrassing, and invite the question of good military judgment."

At the next session of Congress, which followed close upon the heels of the Cedar Creek rout, a concurrent resolution of thanks was voted unanimously to General Sheridan and his command.

No account of this campaign can be completed without a reference to "Rienzi," the famous charger which carried Sheridan "all the way from Winchester" "to save the day" at Cedar Creek. "Rienzi," or "Winchester," as he was called by the general after the battle at that place, died at Chicago, Illinois, in October, 1878, at the age of twenty-one years. His remains were sent to a taxidermist at Rochester, New York, and after being skillfully mounted were presented by the general to the Military Institute for exhibition at their museum at Governor's Island, New York. Here the steed of that memorable ride to Winchester can still be seen, looking as natural as life, and is the object of the greatest interest to the daily visitors to the island.

The damage done to the enemy in the valley during this memorable struggle is summed up in army reports as follows:

Barns destroyed, 630, valued at \$1,593,000; mills, 47, \$314,000; tons of hay, 3,445, \$103,607; bushels of wheat, 410,742, \$1,025,105; saw-mills, 4, \$8,000; furnaces, 3, \$45,000; woolen mills, 1, \$10,000; acres of corn, 515, \$18,000; bushels of oats, 750, \$750; cattle driven off, 1,347, \$30,380; sheep, 1,231, \$6,340; swine, 725, \$8,000; barrels of flour, 560, \$6,720; tons of straw, 255, \$2,550; tons of fodder, 272, \$2,720; tanneries, 2, \$4,000; wagons loaded with flour, 2, \$500; railroad depots, 2, \$3,000; locomotives, 1, \$10,000; box cars, 3, \$1,500; total, \$3,193,172.

The country was wild with delight. The President and Secretary of War shared the common enthusiasm. The latter seeking some way of honoring the victor, conceived the idea of appointing him major-general in the regular army. Then, as General McClellan had just resigned his commission, he having been nominated by the Democrats on the platform declaration "that the war was a failure," Mr. Stanton decided that Sheridan's new commission should date from that of McClellan's resignation, November 8, 1864. A general order was issued announcing Major-General Sheridan's promotion to the same rank that he held in the volunteer service, and that his commission was made to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of George B. McClellan.

In order to still further emphasize the feelings which dictated this appointment, the Assistant Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana, was sent by the President's orders to present the commission in person. Mr. Dana has recently talked of his visit to the valley. Noticing the affection of Sheridan's men for him, Dana said: "General, how is this; these men seem to have a special affection for you, more than I have ever seen displayed toward any other officer; what is the reason?"

"Well," said Sheridan, "I think I can tell you. I always fight in the front rank myself. I was long ago convinced that it wouldn't do for a commanding general to stay in the rear of the troops and carry on battle with paper orders, as they do in the Army of the Potomac. These men all know that where it is the hottest there I am, and they like it, and that is the reason they like me."

In the same conversation, Sheridan declared emphatically that it was all nonsense about a man's not being afraid under fire. He asserted that he always was, and that the only reason he did not turn and run was that his mind had control of his body and its fears.

Sheridan's own simple and modest dispatch announcing this great victory, snatched from the jaws of defeat, is only needed to complete the story:

"I have the honor to report that my army at Cedar Creek was attacked this morning before daylight, and my left was turned and driven in confusion. In fact, most of the line was driven in confusion, with the loss of twenty pieces of artillery. I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and found the armies between Middletown and Newtown, having been driven back about four miles. I here took the affair in hand and quickly united the corps, formed a compact line of battle just in time to repulse an attack of the enemy which was handsomely done at about 1 P. M. At 3 P. M., after some changes of the cavalry from the left to the right, I attacked with great vigor, capturing, according to the last report, forty-three pieces of artillery, with very many prisoners. I do not know yet the number of my casualties or the losses of the enemy."

Mr. Lincoln, in reply to Sheridan's dispatch announcing the victory, wrote Sheridan as follows:

"With great pleasure I tender you and your great army the thanks of the nation, and my own personal admiration and gratitude for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19th."



GEN. H. E. DAVIES,

ONE OF SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS DIVISION COMMANDERS.



COL. ULRIC DAHLGREN,

SON OF ADMIRAL JOHN A. DAHLGREN — KILLED MARCH 3, 1864.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GORDON'S MORNING SURPRISE AT CEDAR CREEK.

GORDON UNDER EARLY — A DISTINGUISHED CONFEDERATE SOLDIER — AN INTERVIEW ABOUT CEDAR CREEK — COMMANDING EWELL'S OLD CORPS — HOW HE PLANNED THE ATTACK ON WRIGHT — TURNING OUR FLANK SUCCESSFULLY — ROUT OF THE EIGHTH CORPS — EARLY'S FOLLY — DONE ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY — SHERIDAN'S ARRIVAL — A UNION VICTORY.

ONE of the most notable of soldiers produced by the Confederacy is the present governor of Georgia, formerly a United States Senator from that state — John B. Gordon, who at the time of Lee's surrender had attained the rank of lieutenant-general. General Gordon is one of the few Southern officers who obtained and held distinguished rank in their army from civil life. The general himself stands first among that few. Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, General Mahone, of Virginia, and Representative Wheeler, of Alabama, are still living. Forest and Morgan as cavalry leaders, Price as a corps commander, of those who are dead, count all whose names will be held in military esteem. Of these Mahone is the only one who had any military training, he having graduated as an engineer at the Virginia Military Academy. General Gordon, however, was easily first among the few. In an interview with Colonel Burr since General Sheridan's death, which has been published in a Boston paper,* Governor Gordon gives a number of such interesting details of the Valley Campaign of 1864, as well as confirms so strongly the extraordinary effect at Cedar Creek of Sheridan's arrival and personality on the field, and among his already defeated troops, that it is deemed proper to reproduce the account in these pages as a positive and valuable contribution to the life and actions of General Sheridan. The generosity of Gordon's mentality is clearly shown in his frank and open admiration of his whilom enemy.

*Boston *Herald*, August 19, 1888.

The interview occurred at Gettysburg. In response to the remark that had his (Gordon's) suggestions been carried out by Early, even Sheridan could not have "saved the day" on that memorable 19th of October, 1864, at Cedar Creek, the ex-Confederate general said, after remarking that he was a corps commander under Early:

"Yes, the plan was mine wholly, and so was the conduct of the fight up to a certain point. If my plan had been carried out there would never have been any 'Sheridan's ride.'

"We felt the vast importance of success and we started in to win it. We had good men, and, in most respects, we were well organized and equipped. In the Shenandoah Valley we were among as good friends as the Southern cause could boast.

"We swept down the valley and whipped Lew Wallace on the Monocacy, and were only a little too late for capturing Washington, while a great career seemed opened to our army. We could not quite get the Federal capital. As we moved off from Washington two splendid corps were immediately put under Sheridan. We had a great deal of confidence in ourselves, with a clear field, and the army was in good spirits. Across the Potomac we stopped to rest and to gather forage and food. We also did some recruiting. Sheridan attacked us at Winchester and we were routed. It was the first battle we lost in the valley. Indeed, before that we had not even had a check of any kind, having been enabled to live off the country, and even to forward supplies to Richmond.

"When Sheridan came up in the valley our troops were very much scattered. This, of course, because it was more convenient to feed them in that way, and we had not gotten well in line when we were plunged into the midst of battle. The Federal assault was confident and impetuous, especially that of the Nineteenth Corps, and we were in no condition to resist it. One division after another broke, and when the sun went down on the evening of the 19th of September the Federal victory was complete. We had been beaten in detail. The attack was too sudden to enable us to consolidate our forces and use them to the best advantage, and we were shattered and demoralized.

"Dejected and broken, we moved down the valley to Fisher's Hill, where we had a very strong position. There we stopped and recruited, and tried to repair the damage which had been done. Our soldiers were very much disheartened, however. The transformation from a

hopeful and advancing army to a beaten and retreating one was too great. Three days later we were attacked in our position and again defeated.

“For nearly a month there was a respite, and then came Cedar Creek. For the time being we won one of the great victories of the war. Every detail of the movement was carefully planned, and for twelve hours it was supremely successful. I had gone the day before, October 18th, to the top of what is called Massanutten Mountain, where we had a signal corps stationed, and had taken observations through the field-glasses. There was a magnificent bird’s-eye view. The Shenandoah was the silver bar between us. On the opposite side of the river I could distinctly see the red-cuffs of the artillerists. Why, I had so good a view that I could see the sore spots on the horses’ backs in your camp. In front of Belle Grove mansion I could see members of Sheridan’s staff coming and going. I could not imagine a better opportunity for making out an enemy’s position and strength. I could even count the men who were there. The camp was splendidly exposed to me. I marked the position of the guns, and the pickets walking to and fro, and observed where the cavalry was placed.

“It flashed upon me instantly that the expectation of General Sheridan was that we would attack him on his right, which was the only place supposed possible for the advance of any army. His left was protected by the Shenandoah; at this point the mountain was very precipitous, and the river ran around it. There was no road at all, and the point was guarded only by a mere cavalry picket.

“I saw our opportunity in an instant, and I told the officers present that if General Early would permit me to move my corps (I was then commanding Ewell’s corps) down to this point, I could get around the mountain. Both sides believed this was impossible, but I felt sure that it could be done. My plan was to dismount our cavalry, attack Sheridan’s cavalry when dismounted, and keep them from moving. I knew that if we could do this we would gain a great victory.

“None of my brother officers had at first much confidence in the plan. When I was on Massanutten, the members of General Early’s staff who were with me were utterly incredulous. I told them that if I was allowed to carry out my plan we could annihilate Sheridan’s army and drive him pell-mell out of the valley, and raise the spirits of our people beyond measure.”

In explaining the details, General Gordon says: “There was a back road running from our position on Fisher’s Hill to the Federal

right, where the cavalry was posted. I expected to deceive the Federals by Lomax' attack. It would be dark still, and they could not distinguish our dismounted cavalry from infantry, and would believe that our main attack was there on their right. This would leave us free to operate around their left.

“General Early acted promptly after he understood the project. The plan was submitted, talked over, and finally substantially agreed upon. I took my command, having ordered them to leave their canteens, sabres, and everything that could make a noise behind. I knew that our only dependence was in absolute secrecy, and in a complete surprise. After inspecting things with my staff, I found I could get my men around the mountain by putting them in single file. I discovered still another place where the horses could be led, although the venture would be exceedingly dangerous. Still, the expedition was essentially one of great peril, and more or less danger was of little consequence.

“Sharp men often leave a loop-hole ; and as Sheridan, or Wright, of the Sixth Corps, who was in actual command, had never through their scouts discovered this narrow, country road, or did not deem it possible to move an army by it, we were left to complete our surprise unmolested. The event was taking things as they were, not only possible but actual, and we did what none of your people for a moment dreamed of as possible. Early in the night I began to move my men around the mountain. My object was to have them already for an attack before daylight in the morning. The movement took all night. All through the hours of darkness the silent figures moved to their position near the sleeping enemy. An entire brigade of cavalry was moved in this way, and reached the point in about one and a half hours in advance of the men. I instructed the cavalry that as soon as I got ready to move they were to proceed in my front, rush across the river, open on the cavalry pickets, and capture them if possible. If they could not do this, they were to put their horses to full speed, ride right through the Federal camp, firing their pistols to the right and to the left as they passed through, and make directly for Sheridan's headquarters and capture him.

“At that time I did not know that Sheridan was absent and Wright in command. I had selected his house from the flags which floated from it and the couriers who were constantly going in and out. My orders were: ‘Go right through the Federal camp with your command before daylight and directly to General Sheridan's headquarters. Capture

him!' I told them not to try to take any prisoners, not to mind anything, but every mounted man was to press straight toward Belle Grove. We, with the infantry, would take care of what was behind. I knew very well that the little fighting or capturing they could do would be of little account compared with the prize they were expected to get. In order to guard against a premature onset at some point, we compared watches and arranged the times of attack. In fact, the actual demonstration was made in full accordance with my plan of action.

"My signal was obeyed exactly. On the morning of the 19th, just about daylight, we fired three or four shots. Away the Federal pickets went, with our cavalry brigade after them. I rushed across, wading the river with my whole corps of infantry. We went with a rush and double-quick. Before starting I had selected the house on the road at which the head of my column should stop. It was a white house at the turn of the road, farther down toward the river, and was on the flank of the enemy's line. As soon as I got there I was in position and I had nothing to do but to close up in front and move. Dashing forward with one brigade, we plunged into the enemy's camp and found the men asleep. Many of them never awoke in this world. We went right through them and shot every one in flight. The cavalry had reached the headquarters and General Wright barely escaped, leaving his papers behind him, and they fell into our hands. We killed and wounded between seven and eight thousand of the panic-stricken and bewildered Federals, and broke two corps entirely to pieces. The loss in my command was only about two hundred. By sunrise we occupied the breast-works. The enemy's cavalry was forced to retreat before Rosser, although superior to him in numbers. We did not press our advance. The enemy still had the Sixth Corps in reserve, but we drove it back and captured a few of its pieces. That was the battle of Cedar Creek, and it was a complete victory.

"To show that this was true, let me remind you that the Eighth Corps was scattered to the winds, the Nineteenth Corps, after hard fighting, was routed and driven entirely out of their works, and we had possession of the entire Federal position except a part of that held by the Sixth Corps. This corps had filed out by the left toward the pike, and we had driven them back and forced them to a ridge just west of Middletown. We had the pike away along up to the edge of Middletown, and our position was admirable every way.

"What was the real cause of the halt in our progress? There has been a great deal of misunderstanding on this point. I saw that the

enemy had a strong position, but that it was the last one they could hold. We had one of the finest positions for posting artillery I ever saw — right on the highest point of the pike south of Middletown, and east and above Sheridan's headquarters. I called for Colonel Carter, the chief of artillery, and wanted thirty guns planted right there, and we would have battered that Federal line all to pieces, demoralized an already beaten army, and sent it in utter panic down the valley. Let me tell you the real cause of our failure to get the artillery effectually at work. We did get a few guns — enough to break the line — but herein comes the lamentable feature of that day's business. You know Early says that the final defeat was caused by the demoralization of his own men in plundering the Federal camp and in gorging on sutlers' supplies there captured. There isn't a word of truth in it. There never was less straggling or plundering among any troops than there was in our army that morning. I had them well in hand, and had issued the strictest orders that any soldier falling out for plunder should be shot instantly.

“That whole statement is false. The real trouble was here. I was making every effort to get a mass of artillery in position when General Early rode up. He was wild with joy. I exclaimed ‘General Early, give me thirty pieces of artillery right here and we will destroy that army and send its fragments over the Potomac.’ I knew that the supreme moment had come.

“‘No, no,’ he said. ‘We've won a great victory; we've done enough for one day; we will stop here.’

“‘But,’ I said, ‘let us finish the job. It is true we have won a great victory; let us complete it. We can do it in an hour, and so destroy that army that it will never show its head in the valley again.’

“But General Early said no; that the men had seen fighting enough, and that we had won glory enough for one day.

“‘Very well, sir,’ I replied; ‘then I will return to my command.’

“Until then I had had charge of the entire movement on the right. I did return to my corps, and Early carried on the battle. We followed up the Federals as they retreated. Our men were too much elated with their victory.

As to Early's own conduct on the field, General Gordon permitted himself to say nothing. He describes vividly how the battle changed:

“Every body knows about how Sheridan reached the field in the nick of time, and how he came thundering down from Winchester.

He found his men scattered along the road in terror-stricken confusion, and he compelled them to turn about and follow him. He was a fury on horseback, dashing here and there among the flying soldiers and beating them back to the field of death which they had quitted. Meanwhile, the men who were retreating from the front had been brought to some sort of order. Then fol-



GEN. EBEN J. FARNSWORTH,

A DARING CAVALRY OFFICER, KILLED AT GETTYSBURG.

lowed one of the most extraordinary reversals in the history of any war. As soon as Sheridan reached the field he re-formed his line and practiced upon us precisely the same movement which had demoralized his own forces in the morning. He just moved around our flank, swept down it, and whipped us out of existence. He broke our line all to fragments, and routed the whole army most absolutely. It was as thorough a defeat as I ever saw. The day had dawned upon victory and exultation. It closed upon utter disaster and dejection. Two distinct battles had been fought, and in the last we lost all that we had gained in the first one, and all that we had before. The reaction was dramatic in its suddenness and completeness, and when we left the field that evening, the Confederacy had retired from the Shenandoah. It was our last real fight in the valley."

In regard to the number of killed and wounded on the Union side General Gordon overstates the facts a little. We fought four great battles and won each one of them, with the loss, in killed of but 1,938,

and of wounded 11,893. The missing numbered 3,121; in all 16,952. These figures include all skirmishes and cavalry fights during a period of seven months. It was, therefore, impossible that our loss could be as great. As a matter of fact, it was less in the morning rout by nearly one-half of our loss at Winchester or Opequan Ford.

General Gordon's statement is, however, a most noteworthy one. The character of its author is a clear guarantee of its truthfulness, so far as he was able to know the facts in their completeness.

The roster of the Confederate army serving under General Early, at the date of Sheridan's arrival in the valley, was as follows :

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE VALLEY DISTRICT, ON
SEPTEMBER 30, 1864.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JUBAL EARLY, Commanding.

RHODES DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL S. D. RAMSEUR, Commanding.

Grimes' Brigade.—Brigadier-General Bryan Grimes: Thirty-second North Carolina, Colonel D. G. Coward; Forty-third North Carolina, Colonel J. R. Winston; Forty-fifth North Carolina, Colonel J. R. Winston; Fifty-third North Carolina, Colonel D. G. Coward; Second North Carolina Battalion, Colonel D. G. Coward.

Cook's Brigade.—Brigadier-General Phil Cook: Fourth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Willis; Twelfth Georgia, Captain James Everett; Twenty-first Georgia, Captain H. J. Battle; Forty-fourth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Beck.

Cox's Brigade.—Brigadier-General W. R. Cox: First North Carolina, Captain W. H. Thompson; Second North Carolina, Captain T. B. Beall; Third North Carolina, Captain W. H. Thompson; Fourth North Carolina, Colonel Ed. A. Osborn; Fourteenth North Carolina, Captain Joseph Jones; Thirtieth North Carolina, Captain J. C. McMillan.

Battle's Brigade.—Brigadier-General C. A. Battle: Third Alabama, Colonel Charles Forsyth; Fifth Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel E. L. Hobson; Sixth Alabama, Captain J. Green; Twelfth Alabama, Captain P. D. Rose; Sixty-first Alabama, Major W. E. Pinckard.

GORDON'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON, Commanding.

Hay's Brigade.—Colonel Wm. Monaghan: Fifth Louisiana, Major A. Hart; Sixth Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Hanlon; Seventh Louisiana, Lieutenant-

Colonel T. M. Ferry; Eighth Louisiana, Captain L. Prados; Ninth Louisiana Colonel Wm. R. Peck.

Stafford's Brigade.—Colonel Eugene Waggaman: First Louisiana, Captain Joseph Taylor; Second Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel M. A. Grogan; Tenth Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Monier; Fourteenth Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel David Zable; Fifteenth Louisiana, Captain H. J. Egan.

Evans's Brigade.—Colonel E. N. Atkinson (October 30th, Brigadier-General C. A. Evans): Thirteenth Georgia, Colonel John H. Baker; Twenty-sixth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel James S. Blain; Thirty-first Georgia, Colonel John H. Lowe; Thirty-eighth Georgia, Major Thomas H. Bomar; Sixtieth Georgia, Captain Milton Russell; Sixty-first Georgia, Captain E. F. Sharpe; Twelfth Georgia Battalion, Captain J. W. Anderson.

Terry's Brigade.—Brigadier-General William Terry: Stonewall Brigade, Colonel J. H. S. Frink (October 30th, Colonel A. Spangler): Second Virginia, Fourth Virginia, Fifth Virginia, Twenty-seventh Virginia, Thirty-third Virginia; J. M. Jones Brigade, Colonel R. H. Dungan (October 30th, Colonel W. A. Whitcher): Twenty-first Virginia, Twenty-fifth Virginia, Forty-second Virginia, Forty-fourth Virginia, Forty-eighth Virginia, Fiftieth Virginia; G. H. Steuart's Brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Saunders (October 30th, Lieutenant-Colonel Martz): Tenth Virginia, Twenty-third Virginia, Thirty-seventh Virginia.

EARLY'S DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN PEGRAM, Commanding.

Pegram's Brigade.—Colonel John S. Hoffman: Thirteenth Virginia, Captain Felix Herskell; Thirty-first Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. K. McCutchen; Forty-ninth Virginia, Captain John G. Lobban; Fifty-second Virginia, Captain J. M. Humphreys; Fifty-eighth Virginia, Captain L. C. James.

Johnston's Brigade.—Brigadier-General Robert D. Johnston: Fifth North Carolina, Colonel John W. Lea; Twelfth North Carolina, Colonel Henry E. Coleman; Twenty-ninth North Carolina, Colonel T. F. Toon; Twenty-third North Carolina, Colonel C. C. Blacknall.

Godwin's Brigade.—Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Davis: Sixth North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel S. McD. Tate; Twenty-first North Carolina, Major W. I. Pfohl; Fifty-fourth North Carolina, Captain A. H. Martin; Fifty-seventh North Carolina, Captain M. H. Hunter; First North Carolina Battalion, Captain R. E. Wilson.

WHARTON'S DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. C. WHARTON, Commanding.

Echol's Brigade.—Captain Edmund S. Read: Twenty-second Virginia, Captain Henry S. Dickerson; Twenty-third Virginia, Captain John M. Pratt; Twenty-sixth Virginia, Captain Frank S. Burdett.

Wharton's Brigade.—Captain R. H. Logan: Forty-fifth Virginia, Major Alexander M. Davis; Fifty-first Virginia, Colonel August Fosberg; Thirtieth Virginia Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Lyle Clark.

Smith's Brigade.—Colonel Thomas Smith: Thirty-sixth Virginia, Lieutenant Jackson Vin; Sixtieth Virginia, Captain A. G. P. George; Forty-fifth Virginia Battalion, Captain W. B. Hensly; Thomas Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Lowe.

KERSHAW'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. KERSHAW, Commanding.

Wofford's Brigade.—Colonel C. C. Sanders: Sixteenth Georgia, Major J. S. Cholston; Eighteenth Georgia, Colonel Joseph Armstrong; Twenty-fourth Georgia, Colonel C. C. Sanders; Third Georgia Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel N. L. Hutchins; Cobb's Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel L. J. Glenn; Phillip's Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Hamilton.

Kershaw's Brigade.—Brigadier-General Conner: Second South Carolina, Colonel J. D. Kennedy; Third South Carolina, Colonel W. D. Rutherford; Seventh South Carolina, Captain E. J. Goggans; Eighth South Carolina, Colonel J. W. Henagan; Fifteenth South Carolina, Colonel J. B. Davis; Twentieth South Carolina, Col. S. M. Boykin; Third South Carolina Battalion, Lieutenant [Colonel] W. G. Rice.

Humphreys' Brigade.—Brigadier-General B. G. Humphreys: Thirteenth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. O'Brien; Seventeenth Mississippi, Captain J. C. Cockran; Eighteenth Mississippi, Colonel T. M. Griffin; Twenty-first Mississippi, Colonel D. N. Moody.

Bryan's Brigade.—Brigadier-General Goode Bryan: Tenth Georgia, Colonel W. C. Holt; Fiftieth Georgia, Colonel P. McGloshan; Fifty-first Georgia, Colonel E. Ball; Fifty-third Georgia, Colonel J. P. Simms.

ARTILLERY DIVISION.

COLONEL T. H. CARTER, Commanding.

Braxton's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Braxton: Alleghany Artillery, Virginia, Captain J. C. Carpenter; Stafford Artillery, Virginia, Captain W. P. Cooper; Lee Battery, Virginia, Lieutenant W. W. Hardwick.

Cutshaw's Battalion.—Major W. E. Cutshaw: Orange Artillery, Virginia, Captain C. W. Fry; Staunton Artillery, Virginia, Captain A. W. Garber; Courtney Battery, Virginia, L. F. Jones.

McLaughlin's Battalion.—Major William McLaughlin: Bryan's Virginia Battery; Chapman's Virginia Battery; Lowry's Virginia Battery.

Nelson's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel William Nelson: Amherst Artillery, Virginia, Captain T. J. Kirkpatrick; Fluvanna Artillery, Virginia, Captain J. L. Massic; Milledge's Artillery, Georgia, Captain John Milledge.

CAVALRY FORCES.

LOMAX' DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. J. LOMAX.

McCausland's Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. McCausland : Fourteenth Virginia ; Sixteenth Virginia ; Seventeenth Virginia ; Twenty-Fifth Virginia ; Thirty-seventh Virginia Battalion.

Johnson's Brigade.—Brigadier-General B. T. Johnson : Eighth Virginia ; Twenty-first Virginia ; Twenty-second Virginia ; Thirty-fourth Virginia Battery ; Thirty-sixth Virginia Battery.

Jackson's Brigade.—Brigadier-General H. B. Davidson : First Maryland ; Nineteenth Virginia ; Twentieth Virginia ; Forty-sixth Virginia Battalion ; Forty-seventh Virginia Battalion.

Imboden's Brigade.—Colonel George H. Smith : Eighteenth Virginia ; Twenty-third Virginia ; Sixty-second Mounted Infantry.

LEE'S DIVISION.

Wickham's Brigade.—Brigadier-General W. C. Wickham : First Virginia, Colonel Carter ; Second Virginia, Colonel Mumford ; Third Virginia, Colonel Owen ; Fourth Virginia, Colonel Payne.

Lomax' Brigade.—Brigadier-General L. L. Lomax : Fifth Virginia, Colonel H. Clay Pate ; Sixth Virginia, Colonel Julien Harrison ; Fifteenth Virginia, Colonel C. R. Collins.

Rosser's Brigade.—Brigadier-General Thomas L. Rosser : Seventh Virginia, Colonel R. H. Dulany ; Eleventh Virginia, Colonel O. R. Funsten ; Twelfth Virginia, Colonel A. W. Harman ; Thirty-fifth Virginia Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel E. V. White.





SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

“ But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,

A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight.”

[From an Original Painting by Copeland, of Boston.]

CHAPTER XIX.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THE DASH TO CEDAR CREEK—HOW THE RIDE WAS MADE—SHERIDAN'S WAR-HORSE—A DESPERATE SITUATION—THE TIDE OF BATTLE RUNNING AGAINST THE UNION TROOPS—A FRESH INSPIRATION FOR THE ARMY—HOW THE STORY OF IT CAME TO BE WRITTEN—HOW T. BUCHANAN READ GOT HIS INSPIRATION.

BETWEEN Winchester and Cedar Creek sixteen to eighteen miles of turnpike stretched away up the beautiful valley that had been made desolate by the torch and tramp of armies. As that charming region, clad in the garb of summer, lay between the mountains, its bright colors reflected in the rays of a mellow sunshine, it was but a sad reminder of the once great granary that for more than three years of conflict had furnished untold supplies to the Confederate Army. Sheridan had laid it waste.

He had clinched with and beaten Early at Winchester, and now he was hurrying with all speed back to the scenes of strife, where the tide of battle was ebbing and flowing upon a new field, and the fate of the day hung trembling in the balance.

For several weary, doubtful hours the two armies had been in deadly conflict. When Sheridan arrived at Winchester, the roar of artillery and the roll of musketry could be distinctly heard from the field of carnage along Cedar Creek. Down the valley came the awful din, echoing louder and louder through the still summer air, as the battle grew fiercer. There was but short delay at Winchester, the chief town in the lower valley.

There Sheridan mounted his favorite war-horse,— a large, beautiful, sinewy, black charger, who had borne his master through the heat of many conflicts. He is dead now, and his body has been preserved, that men yet to come may see the animal whose endurance has been recorded in enduring verse. Through the town and out over the turnpike which leads up the Shenandoah, Sheridan rode.

Who, knowing the quality of the man, cannot picture the restless rider urging his horse to his utmost speed to reach the field where the fate of his army was still pending in the hazard of war. He had only covered a few miles, when the moving mass of *débris* which always surges at the rear of a battle-field when the conflict is severe and doubtful, met his trained eye, and told more plainly than words what was going on in front. It was a signal of distress, and none knew it better than he. The sight fired his heart anew, and only added fresh impetus to his foaming horse. He reached the field after a sleepless night and a terrific journey, and the battle of Cedar Creek was won. Both poet and painter took up the theme of the ride and made it famous.

“I was not with Sheridan at this time,” said James E. Murdoch, “but was at the headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland. Soon after the battle of Cedar Creek, I came up to Cincinnati and was visiting Mr. Cyrus Garrett, whom we called ‘Old Cyclops.’ He was T. Buchanan Read’s brother-in-law, and with him the poet made his home. The ladies of Cincinnati had arranged to give me a reception that finally turned into an ovation. I had given many readings to raise funds to assist their Soldiers’ Aid Society, and they were going to present me with a silk flag. Pike’s Opera House had been secured, the largest place of amusement in the city, and they had made every arrangement to have the reception a very dramatic event. The morning of the day it was to take place, Read and I were, as usual, taking our breakfast late. We had just finished, but were still sitting at the table chatting.

“Mr. Garrett, the brother-in-law, a business man and guided by business habits, came in while we were thus lounging. He wore an air of impatience, and carried a paper in his hand. He walked directly up to Read, unfolded a copy of Harper’s *Weekly* and held it up before the man so singularly gifted as both poet and painter. The whole front of the paper was covered with a striking picture representing Sheridan, seated on his black horse, just emerging from a cloud of dust that rolled up from the highway as he dashed along, followed by a few troopers.

“‘There,’ said Mr. Garrett, addressing Read, ‘see what you have missed. You ought to have drawn that picture yourself and gotten the credit of it; it is just in your line. The first thing you know somebody will write a poem on that event, and you will be beaten all round.’

“Read looked at the picture rather quizzically—a look which I interrupted by saying :

“‘Old Cyclops is right, Read, the subject and the circumstance are worth a poem.’

“‘Oh no,’ said Read, ‘that theme has been written to death. There is “Paul Revere’s Ride,” “Lochinvar,” Tom Hood’s “Wild Steed of the Plains,” and half a dozen other poems of like character.’

“Filled with the idea that this was a good chance for the gifted man, I said:

“‘Read, you are losing a great opportunity. If I had such a

poem to read at my reception to-night, it would make a great hit.’

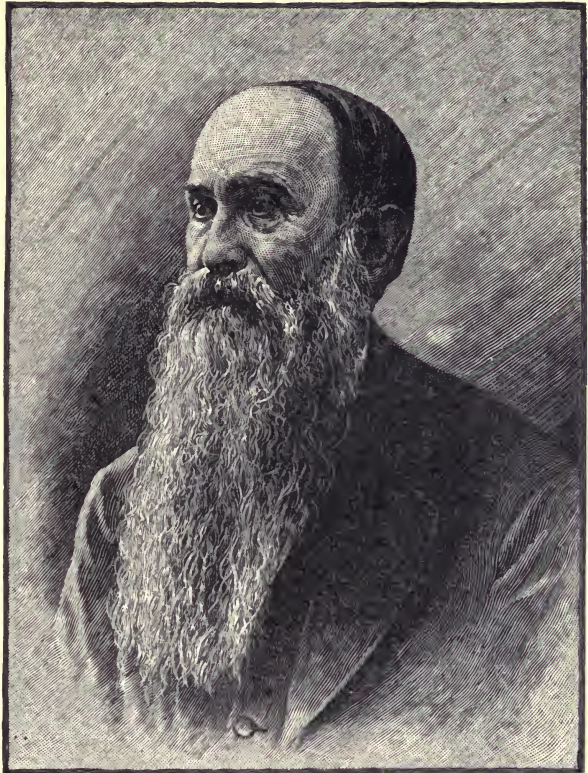
“‘But, Murdoch, you can’t order a poem as you would a coat. I can’t write anything in a few hours that will do either you or me any credit,’ he replied rather sharply.

“I turned to him, and said:

“‘Read, two or three thousand of the warmest hearts in Cincinnati will be in Pike’s Opera House to-night at that presentation. It will be a very significant affair. Now, you go and give me anything in rhyme, and I will give it a deliverance before that splendid audience, and you can then revise and polish it before it goes into print.’

“This view seemed to strike him favorably, and he finally said:

“‘Well! Well! We’ll see what can be done,’ and he went upstairs



GEN. JUBAL EARLY,
SHERIDAN'S ANTAGONIST AT WINCHESTER.

[From a Photograph taken since the War.]

to his room. A half hour later, Hattie, his wife, a brilliant woman, who is now residing in Philadelphia, came down and said :

“ ‘ He wants a pot of strong tea. He told me to get it for him, and then he would lock the door and must not be disturbed unless the house was afire.’

“ Time wore on, and in our talk on other matters in the family circle we had almost forgotten the poet at work upstairs. Dinner had been announced, and we were about to sit down, when Read came in and beckoned to me. When I reached the room, he said :

“ ‘ Murdoch, I think I have about what you want.’

“ He read it to me, and with an enthusiasm that surprised him, I said, ‘ It is just the thing.’

“ We dined, and at the proper time, Read and I, with the family, went to Pike’s Opera House. The building was crowded in every part. Upon the stage were sitting 200 maimed soldiers, each with an arm or a leg off. General Joe Hooker was to present me with the flag the ladies had made, and at the time appointed we marched down the stage toward the footlights, General Hooker bearing the flag, and I with my arm in his. Such a storm of applause as greeted the appearance I never heard before or since. Behind and on each side of us were the rows of crippled soldiers,— in front the vast audience, cheering to the echo. Hooker quailed before the warm reception, and growing nervous, said to me in an undertone :

“ ‘ I can stand the storm of battle, but this is too much for me.’

“ ‘ Leave it to me,’ said I, ‘ I am an old hand behind the footlights and will divert the strain from you.’ So quickly I dropped upon my knee, took a fold of the silken flag and pressed it to my lips. This by-play created a fresh storm of enthusiasm, but it steadied Hooker, and he presented the flag very gracefully. I accepted it in fitting words.

“ I then drew the poem Read had written from my pocket, and with proper introduction, began reading it to the audience. The vast assemblage became as still as a church during prayer-time, and I read the three verses without a pause, and then the fourth :

“ ‘ Under his spurning feet the road
 Like an arrow Alpine river flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind
 Like an ocean flying before the wind,
 And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
 Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
 But lo ! he is nearing his heart’s desire ;
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.’

“As this verse was finished the audience broke into a tumult of applause. Then I read with all the spirit I could command :

“ ‘The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both ;
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, ’mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils’ play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
‘I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day.’ ”

“The sound of my voice uttering the last word had not died away, when cheer after cheer went up from the great concourse that shook the building to its very foundation. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and men their hats, until worn out with the fervor of the hour. They then demanded the author’s name, and I pointed to Read, who was sitting in a box, and he acknowledged the verses.

“In such a setting and upon such an occasion as I have been able only faintly to describe to you, the poem of Sheridan’s ride was given to the world. It was written in about three hours, and not a word was ever changed after I read it from the manuscript, except by the addition of the third verse, which records the fifteen-mile stage of the ride :

“ ‘But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need ;
He stretched away with the utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.’ ”

“This Mr. Read wrote while on his way, shortly after I first read the poem, to attend a birthday reception to William Cullen Bryant. Mr. Read read the poem, thus completed, at Mr. Bryant’s birthday party. The great old man listened to every line of it, and then, taking the younger poet by the hand, said, with great warmth, ‘That poem will live as long as “Lochinvar.” ’ ”

The heroic verse in which Mr. Read so graphically describes General Sheridan's wonderful ride is here quoted in full :

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need ;
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master,
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him both ;
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
“ I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day.”

GEN. PHIL. H. SHERIDAN.

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"



GENERAL SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT
WINCHESTER.

THE RESIDENCE OF LLOYD LOGAN, ESQ.

CHAPTER XX.

THE UNION CAVALRY AND ITS COMMANDERS.

HOW OUR CAVALRY BECAME EFFECTIVE — MOUNTED INFANTRY AND ITS USES — SHERIDAN AND CAVALRY REORGANIZATION — HOW THE COMMANDERS WERE BRED — THE BATTLE OF TOM'S RUN, AND THE "WOODSTOCK RACES" — A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF BATTLE — CUSTER, THE EMBODIMENT OF WAR — STORIES OF THE YELLOW-HAIRED CAVALRYMAN — SKETCHES OF OTHER COMMANDERS — THE VALUE OF CAVALRY — DESTROYING RAILROADS.

WHEN the Civil War began, Lieutenant-General Scott, then in command of the army, was quite hostile to the organization of a large cavalry force. The men of the West, especially, were anxious for mounted service. Naturally they desired this, for outside the cities and towns — both smaller, and the towns not so numerous as now — the young men of America were all horsemen. They may not have had the "cavalry seat," but they all knew how to ride. It was this fact that made the transfer so easy in the West of large bodies of infantry into a very efficient cavalry army. And in that fact may be seen another, and that is, that our mounted force did a large proportion of its serious fighting on foot. The utility of the service was in its celerity and activity. The cavalry soldier, properly handled, is the eye and hand of an army. He should be the embodiment of the perceptive faculties, used by the reason to base action upon. The value of cavalry in all modern warfare has been greatly enhanced by the large experiences earned in the slave-holders' rebellion. The Southern military authorities were open from the outset to the value of the mounted soldier. They made of the service a special feature, by requiring the cavalryman to furnish his own horse. From the first, then, the Confederates outnumbered us in that direction. It took two years of actual warfare to make our War Department see the great need of this special service. And it was under Sheridan's fighting quality that it received the first marked impetus. The Booneville battle, and raid on the Mobile and Ohio railroad were the first marked

incidents of that character on our side. The utility of cavalry in the destruction of communications, as well as in developing an enemy's movements, was then made apparent. Rosecrans was first among Union generals to improvise a cavalry force — mounted infantry, under the dashing Wilder, being first employed in the Army of the Cumberland, after the battle of Stone River. Generals Stanley, St. George Cooke, and Stoneman, of the regular army, had already made very efficient the small force of volunteer cavalry which red tape and technical theories had allowed to be recruited and organized. Out of these regiments came some of the most capable and brilliant commanders of the war, especially of those who under Grant and Sheridan were enabled, during its last year of daring deeds and tremendous conflicts, to accomplish so much in and with the Army of the Potomac for the closing triumph of the Union cause.

Another force that tended, when the war was well underway and sweeping in its fulness over the vast continental field of its action, was the fact that so large an area was embraced within the border states, divided as they were between the two camps. Bush-whacking by Confederate partisans in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, and elsewhere, rendered necessary resisting organization as active as that of the guerrillas, who, mounted, were here and there as if in a flash, and being well informed by their neighborhood allies, were able to make of partisan fighters like Moseby in Virginia, Morgan and Duke in Tennessee and Kentucky, and even Quantrell in Missouri, a most formidable obstacle to Union success. As a consequence of this, the enrolled Union militia of the border states soon became in large proportion, a mounted force, trained to fight as infantry, but moving as cavalry. A notable example of this was seen in the fall of 1864, when Sterling Price, with some eighteen thousand mounted men, invaded Missouri and the Kansas borders, increasing his force to some thirty thousand, and was met, defeated, and driven out by the mounted forces, never over eight thousand in action, and usually not more than five thousand, of the Departments of Kansas and Missouri, commanded by Generals Alfred Pleasonton, James G. Blunt, Moonlight, Winslow, C. H. Blair, Phelps, Cloud, and others. The same lesson was learned when Morgan and Duke crossed the Ohio River and invaded parts of Indiana and Ohio. It was the mounted forces that poured upon them in their retreat through Kentucky,— that pounded their reeling lines into shattered fragments. It was the cavalry under that sturdy trooper, General Grierson, that utterly destroyed the Mobile and Ohio railroad with its

adjuncts.

It was Sherman's cavalry, or rather his "bummers"—the adventurous spirit of that great army which could not be restrained, and risked all to see and know more than their fellows on the "march to the sea," and "through the Carolinas"—that so successfully proved the Confederacy to be "a



GEN. JAMES H. WILSON,

ONE OF SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS GENERALS. HE CONDUCTED THE LAST GREAT RAID IN WHICH JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS CAPTURED.

hollow shell," by destroying all the means of communication and transportation they could reach. It was General James H. Wilson, trained in Virginia under Sheridan, whose splendid execution of the last great cavalry raid in the Central South, beginning at Limestone, in Northern Alabama, and closing in Georgia with the capture of Jefferson Davis by Michigan and Wisconsin cavalrymen, under Colonels Pritchard and La Grange, that effectually destroyed the possibility of further Confederate resistance after Appomattox, within the Cotton and Gulf States at least.

The cavalry service bred commanders, it seems. On our side there

may at a glance be named, McClellan, Franklin, Thomas, Reynolds, Granger, Stanley, Sykes, Sturgis, Frederick Steele, McPherson, Philip St. George Cooke, Kautz, Ord, Crook, Kilpatrick, Pleasonton, Burnside, Merritt, Torbett, Wilson, Averill, Custer, Grierson, and many another who graduated at West Point and entered the cavalry arm of the service before and during the Civil War.

There is a marvelous fascination in it. The wondrous activity, the ceaseless daring, the constant danger, the perpetual adventure, the freedom of motion, the companionship of man and horse, the open-air life, the responsibility, also, — all combined to give to the cavalryman's life a keener zest, and a large place in the administration of an army. "The tented field" soon became a myth to the Union soldier on horseback. He might or might not carry a shelter tent; but all he wanted was on his horse. The wagon train was gradually replaced, especially in the western cavalry, by pack-mules. The call to "boots and saddle" found them always ready, and the clear, resonant notes of the "charge" tightened every rein, steeled every nerve, and made every man and horse part of a terrible machine of war, and yet an individuality that was full of character and freedom. It was the constant chance of personal freedom of action that gave to our cavalymen such a *aplomb* and dash.

It was in 1864, however, under Grant, and commanded in person by Sheridan, that the cavalry gained such high renown, proving itself to be of the greatest consequence. What a consociation of brain and will, of courage and power, of physique and character, was wrought into the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac. Kilpatrick and Pleasonton, notable and noted men — the latter, especially, a fine organizer; the first a skillful, ambitious, and audacious fighter. Farnsworth, Lowell, Putnam, Dahlgren, Russell, among many as worthy, are names that flow to one's pen as types of the earlier cavaliers of the Union, fighting in Virginia.

When Sheridan assumed command, on the 4th of May, 1864, of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, he found himself at the head of three divisions, reporting something over ten thousand effectives for duty. Its organization had been perfected under Stoneman and Pleasonton, and it had done some most excellent service, but neither of its earlier leaders had succeeded in impressing himself sufficiently upon the army or its commanding generals, to secure that independent administration and care for the cavalry necessary to make it a prime factor in the campaigns which had taken place. It had the preponderance of numbers

and a decided advantage in equipment, but the Confederate cavalry had a higher *morale*, and had so far counted for much more in the operations of the army to which it belonged. Indeed, notwithstanding the gallant deeds of Bayard, Kilpatrick, Gregg, and of many junior officers, our cavalry was not in military eyes "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." General Hooker once perpetrated the cruel joke of declaring he would offer a reward for a dead cavalryman, and Meade himself told Sheridan it was no use talking of Stuart, as he would do as he pleased anyhow — a statement which a short time later, the little commander reversed by defeating the Confederate cavalry and leaving its leader dead on the field.

There was incapacity somewhere. It certainly was not all with the cavalry, for the same men were plumed with success when led by the master. Sheridan found over half the cavalry on picket duty, with a line of vedettes covering the army within sight of the infantry pickets and of each other, and extending from left to right nearly fifty miles. Such service had been exacted all winter. This is sufficient to prove that the bad condition of the corps was not altogether the fault of its officers. His first measure was to reduce the picket line, call in the detachments, get extra duty men returned to their regiments, secure remounts, new equipments and arms, and bend every energy to repair damages and put the command in condition to take the field with the rest of the army. In just one month from the day he took command the army crossed the Rapidan, and from that time onward there was never a word of censure for the cavalry corps. It covered the army's front, flank, and rear wherever and whenever it moved, but it was no longer broken up into detachments or strung out on useless picket lines. It became at once a compact fighting corps, and as such inflicted constant and irreparable injury upon the enemy. Fighting on foot, it assaulted and carried the enemy's intrenched positions, or held its own, whenever occasion required it. Mounted and moving rapidly, it seized strategic positions, or threw itself upon the enemy's flanks and rear, broke his communications, destroyed his transportation, burned his supplies, threatened his capital, and finally at Yellow Tavern met and overthrew his cavalry, and killed J. E. B. Stuart, its most competent and daring leader.

No cavalry corps ever did harder or better work than Sheridan's command from the first of May till the end of July, 1864. It scarcely ever rested by daylight from marching or fighting, and, what is still more curious, its efficiency and spirit constantly grew, till it came to

regard itself as invincible. Whether by night or by day, it was always ready, and responded promptly and cheerfully to every demand made upon it. Whatever despondency was elsewhere felt, there was never a day till the war ended when Sheridan's cavalry did not go forth cheerfully, even gaily, to its appointed tasks. This was doubtless due in part to the greater freedom of action allowed it by General Grant, but it is simple justice to add also, that a much greater part of it was due to the untiring industry, the unflinching courage, the watchful care, and, above all, to the cheerful alacrity with which General Sheridan performed his own duties, and inspired every officer and man in his command to perform theirs.

Sheridan was, at the time he commanded the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, in his thirty-third year. He weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, but was as hardy and wiry as a wild Indian. Always neatly but never foppishly dressed, indeed, scarcely ever dressed in the regulation uniform of his rank, he was as natty and attractive a figure as could be found in the whole army. With a clear and flashing eye, a bronzed and open countenance, an alert and active carriage, he appeared at all times and under all conditions a bright and cheerful figure, ready for any undertaking which might fall to his lot. He was the prince of subordinate commanders, and by his unfailing alacrity won his way straight to the confidence of those in authority over him. Knowing well how to obey, he was able also to command.

The solid men were around and with Sheridan. Their work in the Valley of the Shenandoah proved this. General Averill, as chief of staff, established his reputation in administration, as well as fighting. The disposal of the somewhat vaunted Rosser illustrates the mettle of our troopers. The typical cavalry fighting of the valley was had after Early's defeat at Fisher's Hill. Rosser, however, could not be restrained. His force was greatly outnumbered, but the feelings of himself and men were excited to a terrible pitch of fury by the awful, if necessary destruction which Sheridan spread all over the Valley of Virginia. Kershaw's division of cavalry, from Lee's army, arrived at Early's headquarters, just as Sheridan commenced a leisurely return, after Fisher's Hill and its subsequent pursuit down the valley, to his own base of operations.

It gave new hope to the defeated rebels, and new fury to Rosser's determination. The Confederate cavalry followed us down the valley, watching, like enraged hawks, for an occasion to swoop upon our rear. They made constant attacks, not dangerous in results, but annoying in

character. The sturdy Wesley Merritt was watched and struck at when possible, by Lomax and Johnson, while Rosser marked the golden-haired Custer for his quarry, striking, however uselessly, with vindictive tenacity. Sheridan at last decided to halt one day and make an end of "this new cavalry commander." There was a grim humor in this announcement, like all of his dispatches of the period.

The first night of the march, Rosser fell on Custer's camp at Turkeytown, near Brook's Gap. He was handsomely repulsed. All the next day, as Custer moved leisurely to Columbia Furnace, his rear guard was fighting Rosser's advance. The main body, in column of fours, moved in the road. To the right and left detached parties burned every barn and haystack to be seen. The rear guard followed at a slow walk, the greater part deployed as skirmishers. When the enemy pressed too close the men would halt and face about, and a brisk fusilade would last some minutes, till the advancing "gray-backs" were repulsed. Trotting onward, our rear guard would halt on the next hill or belt of woods, to repeat the operation.

The rear guard did its constant fighting under the brilliant eyes of its debonair and dashing commander, Custer, whose gay uniform and that of his staff, with the bright, brazen instruments of the field band, and the dark bronze of the bugles borne in his group of orderlies and attendants, made a constant figure in the landscape, lurid with smoke, bright with autumnal foliage, and lovely in its wonderful picturesqueness. Custer's band was always a feature of his movements. They might not be the best of players, but they could blow "Yankee Doodle," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," with a martial vim, amid showers of whistling lead, that gave heart to the fighters, if it did not win the plaudits of hypercritical musicians. The scarlet necktie and golden locks of Custer were always followed by his band and buglers, all of whom showed their ability at times to both give blows as well as to "blow their own horns." Rosser's men fell back when Custer galloped towards the rear. That 7th of October was full of annoyance. Custer was outnumbered, Rosser having 3,500 to our 2,500 men. Merritt's column was allowed by Lomax and Johnson to move on its work with but little molestation. He had about twenty-five hundred effectives. General Powell, with 2,000 men, was off to the right, following the Luray Valley, and separated from the main command by hills and gaps. On the 8th, General Torbett, commanding the division, determined to relieve Custer of the constant strain of Rosser's pushing. One of Merritt's brigades was sent forward a mile or so to develop Lomax.

The experience of three days had encouraged the confident Rosser. Custer had been steadily falling back in the face of a superior force, who fancied they were driving him. The arrival of Merritt's brigade checked Rosser, after some severe fighting, which ceased at dark, when Merritt withdrew to his own camp. That night "Little Phil" came up to see how things were going. His orders were brief. "He must get a lesson," was what he said of Rosser.

General Torbett's report says: "On the night of the 8th, I received orders from Major-General Sheridan to start at daylight and whip the rebel cavalry, or get whipped myself." Our infantry was concentrated at Strasburg; the cavalry was to the south, in front of that place. Merritt was ordered forward with three brigades, one on the pike, and two to the left of it, and to get into communication with Custer. The movement begun at break o'day has since been known as the "Woodstock Races." Both commands were nearly equal, a slight advantage being on our side. Custer had chafed under his position. Now, side by side, he and Merritt — honorable rivals for honors, comrades in a common cause — swept out together to attack Rosser and Lomax. Rosser was Custer's classmate at West Point. The Michigander swooped onward against the Virginian. On the pike moved that steady old reserve brigade — "the regulars." Next to them was the Second (Deven's brigade), with "Old Tommy," or the "Old War Horse," as he was called, at its head. Then the Michigan men (Custer's First Brigade) connected Merritt's line with that of their former division. The Union line was perfect, and all were anxious to pay off the enemy.

On the other side of Tom's Run — a little stream easily passed — our boys found Rosser and Lomax in line of battle and eager for the fray. The Confederates were elated and overconfident. Their main position was well chosen, occupying a low but abrupt range of hills on the south side of the little run. His dismounted men were strongly posted behind stone fences at the base of the ridge he occupied. On the crown was a line of extemporized works, where, with six guns, he waited the coming attack, and had the advantage of seeing all of Custer's movements. Both sides deployed within plain view of each other, and the skirmishers opened with their carbines. Long lines of horsemen trotted on, loading as they went. Batteries galloped up, unlimbering on the first little knoll that presented itself, opening fire, and mingling their crashing reports with the sharp crack of the repeating rifles.

Custer rode from his staff out between the lines, and taking off his *sombrero*, made a profound bow to his antagonist and shouted:

“Let’s have a fair fight, boys ; no malice.”

Rosser said to his men :

“You see that Yank down there bowing? Well, that’s Custer that the Yanks are so proud of, and I’m going to give him the best whipping he ever got, — see if I don’t!”

Again Custer’s hat was lifted, and the fight began. The rebel guns opened furiously at short range. The hail of lead became heavier. The trot in our lines turned into a gallop. Sabres were drawn. The gray steel flashed in the October sun. The bugles blared their brazen clangor. A loud shout pealed forth, every throat joining in the hoarse outgoing. Away sped our lines. Apparently they were but a whirling confusion of groups, dashing in isolation and without order, on stone walls, made alive by curling lines of blue smoke, as the crack, crack of cavalry carbines mingled with the roar of field guns above and behind our forward, dashing, roaring lines. The charge was a success:—Custer’s dashes always were. The column deployed in order—one regiment to the front, one to the right, and the other to the left. “Forward the line!” Sabres swinging, away they went, striking right at the centre and curling round Rosser’s flanks, as if in a moment. Before he knew what had happened, his position was inclosed in a semicircle of charging horses and flashing sabres. The Confederates became demoralized at once. In spite of Rosser’s every effort, his whole line broke and fled in the wildest confusion, running for two miles, until, in very shame, one brigade turned at Rosser’s frantic appeals, and succeeded in staying in an orderly retreat, what but a few moments before had been an utterly beaten rabble. A battery was got into position. Custer’s advance, flushed and careless with victory, was rudely halted by its fire and driven into momentary confusion. Seizing the moment, Rosser charged with his remaining brigade and forced Custer back half a mile. Then a battery of four guns made its appearance, and again checked Rosser. Disappointed in his charge, Rosser trusted to a defensive battle, while Custer re-formed his three brigades for a second grand charge, and once more advanced.

It fared ill with Rosser and his men that they received this charge at a halt, and trusted to a heavy fire for their defense. It did not stop the Union advance for a second. Through the dust and confusion of its charge was seen, far in advance, another cloud of dust out of which shone the glittering horseshoes, as the rebel squadrons fled. Behind them was nothing but an open field as far as Mount Jackson, twenty-six miles away. Every gun opposite Custer was taken, and only one

of Lomax' escaped. It was no longer a fight. The "Woodstock Races" had begun. All the way to Mount Jackson the Confederates flew before the Union soldiers like frightened sheep. The battle was over, Custer was ahead, first and last. There was always a little contention between Merritt and Custer about it, but the men never doubted.

The Confederate cavalry commander, Rosser, was undoubtedly a brave and efficient officer. He was never known, however, to accept defeat gracefully. To this day he has remained bitter, as the following, dated the 4th of May, 1887, and written to Major Holmes Conrad, of Winchester, Virginia, will show :

MY DEAR MAJOR: I have seen it reported recently in the newspapers that General P. H. Sheridan, United States Army, contemplates, at an early day, another ride up the Shenandoah Valley. I had hoped that our beautiful valley would never again be desecrated by his footprints. Cold, cruel, and brutal must be the character of this soldier who fondly cherishes memories of the wild, wanton waste and desolation which his barbarous torch spread through the valley, laying in ashes the beautiful and happy homes of innocent women, young and helpless children, and aged men, and who over these ruins boasted that "now a crow cannot fly over this valley without carrying its rations." General Sheridan has done nothing since the war to atone for his barbarism during the war. We have not forgotten that during his reign in New Orleans he asked that our fellow-citizens of Louisiana might be proclaimed banditti in order that he might set the dogs of war on them. I have forgiven the brave men of the Union armies whom I met in honorable battle, and who finally triumphed over us in the great struggle. Among them I can now name many of my warmest and truest and most-prized friends. They are good and true to me, and think none the less of us for having fought them. Indeed, they esteem him highest among us who fought them the hardest. Sheridan is not one of this kind, and he never accorded to us that peace which Grant proclaimed. I now say to you, my dear major, and to our gallant comrades who are now in the valley, that I hope you will allow this man to make his triumphant ride up the valley in peace, but have him go like the miserable crow, carrying his rations with him.

Yours truly,

THOS. L. ROSSER.

This letter caused a great sensation, as it was written at the very time when Massachusetts soldiers were being entertained in Richmond, and was a rare instance of a Southern man of high standing waving the bloody shirt. The leading newspapers North and South denounced General Rosser's letter. General Sheridan had only this to say of it :

"Rosser has not forgotten the whaling I gave him in the valley, and I am not surprised that he loses his temper when he recalls it.

Occasionally Rosser would come across small detachments of our troops and would swoop down on them. Finally it was reported to me that General Rosser had captured my pack train. This made me mad. Halting the entire army right in the road, I galloped to the rear, determined to settle Rosser. I found the train was not captured, but was coming in considerably scattered and broken up. I told Torbett I wanted Rosser cleaned out, and that if he could not do it I would take his division and do it myself. I concluded that I would remain and see the work performed, and so informed Torbett. The following morning Torbett went after Rosser, whose brigade was struck with an impetuosity that caused it to scatter. We stripped the enemy of everything they had captured; all their guns except one, which subsequently fell into our hands, and all their baggage, including the personal effects of Rosser. It was a regular frolic for our boys. Torbett pursued Rosser a distance of twenty-five miles. He did not trouble me further."

George Armstrong Custer was an embodied apotheosis of war — the very representative of a cavalry fighter. Like Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant, he was from Ohio. But he went to West Point from Michigan. He was born in 1839, and died at Rosebud, Dakota, in 1876, in his thirty-seventh year, slain in battle by the Sioux Indians. When the Rebellion began, Custer was twenty-one, and in his last year at the military academy. His was the class advanced a year in its graduation. Six feet in height, finely proportioned, small hands and feet, narrow hips and broad shoulders, thoroughly abstemious in habits, a blonde of the viking type, with handsome face and fine life-full eyes, Lieutenant Custer, when sent for service in the field to McClellan's army, was the *beau ideal* of a soldier. He weighed in the vigor of his service but 170 pounds. His head and face were long; his face was always sun-tanned, the eyes were blue, and the hair and mustache a deep gold. A man of immense powers of endurance, mental, as well as physical, he had always in hand all his powers. In '62 he was made captain. In '63 a brevet brigadier, and in '64 he was made a brigadier-general of volunteers. He was then in his twenty-fourth year. Before he was twenty-five he was made major-general. After the war he was made lieutenant-colonel of the Seventh Cavalry. In June, '63, he assumed command of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade, commanding it at Gettysburg. He was wounded at Culpepper. In Sheridan's raid around Richmond, May, 1864, he showed especial capacity and courage. In Sheridan's second raid, the Michigan brigade, under Custer, made a splendid fight at Trevilian Station. He was brevetted colonel in the regular

army, September 19, 1864, for his gallantry at Winchester, and for that and the Fisher's Hill battles he was, October 19th, brevetted major-general of volunteers. On the 30th of September, 1864, Custer assumed command of his famous division, and with it fought on the 9th of October, against his classmate, General Rosser, the brilliant battle of Woodstock. He was first in the attack at Cedar Creek. In the decisive movements of the next year, Custer's division fought and won the battle of Waynesboro'. He was brevetted brigadier-general in the regular army for services at Five Forks and Dinwiddie. What he was as a cavalry commander may be seen by the congratulatory order to his troops, dated Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865, in which he congratulates them on having, during six months of continuous fighting, often against great odds, captured in open battle, 111 field guns, sixty-five battle-flags, and upwards of ten thousand prisoners, including seven general officers. He wrote: "You have never lost a gun, never lost a color, and never been defeated," and "have captured every piece of artillery which the enemy has dared to open upon you." Custer was a fine writer, and a man of varied resources. The stories told of him are interesting. How he attracted men can be seen in the following incident, which brought him to McClellan's notice:

On the 22d of May, 1862, McClellan's army had arrived at the banks of the Chickahominy, some seven miles north of Richmond. No one knew anything of the river's depth. General Barnard, chief engineer, started off at once to reconnoitre. Custer being off staff duty, happened to be around, and not knowing who he was, Barnard beckoned him to come along. When they got through the swamps along the shore, and came to the river, General Barnard said to the subordinate: "Jump in." The order was instantly obeyed, and Custer forded the stream, expecting every minute to be fired upon by the enemy's pickets on the other side. All around was quite unknown, and he had drawn his revolver and held it up over his head (he was up to his arm-pits in the water), ready for anything. The general, in his report, called it "firm bottom," but as he did not wade in himself, it was not very technical. Custer got over to the other side, and hunted through the bushes, and all along the beach, until Barnard, becoming nervous, made signals for him to return. They were ignored until the lieutenant satisfied himself there was no enemy around. He then forded back. Barnard was so pleased that he ordered Custer to attend him to headquarters. The lieutenant had been in Washington the winter before, and spent all his money. He was shabbily clothed — indeed, rags were

to be seen — and, muddy and dripping, made a poor figure among the showy ones of the little Napoleon's staff. The stuff that was in him put all that aside. McClellan questioned the growing soldier, and ended by asking him to accept a position on his staff. Till the day of his death, McClellan was first in Custer's affections.

In a very short time he received his appointment, and became Captain Custer. He now begged to be allowed to take over some men and capture the pickets on the other bank of the river. At the time appointed, in the gray of the morning, he found his detail waiting, and rode down to the Chickahominy. As the light grew stronger, he suddenly heard some one say: "Well, I want to know! Ain't that Custer?" "Why, by gracious, it's Armstrong! How are you, Armstrong? Give us your fist, old fellow." He had by a strange chance fallen into the midst of Company A, Fourth Michigan Infantry, a company raised at Monroe, his own home, and composed of all his old schoolmates.

"Well, boys, I am glad to see you; you don't know how glad. But I'll tell you I'm too busy to talk now, except to say this: All Monroe boys follow me. Stick to me and I'll stick to you! Come!"

And he rode into the water, followed by cries of "That's us, Armstrong," "You bet we'll follow." And they did — and Custer captured that morning the first Confederate battle-flag taken by a force of the Army of the Potomac.

During one of the movements across the Rappahannock, Custer, commanding the Michigan brigade, found himself suddenly cut off from the main command by a body of 5,000 "gray-backs." Custer looked at them for a few seconds with his peculiar planning glance, and then shouted, rising in his stirrups and waving his hat above his head:

"Boys of Michigan, there are some people between us and home. I'm going home! who else goes?"

They all went, of course, following Custer's yellow locks, cleaving a clear path right through the enemy. When they came "out of the woods," Kilpatrick, the division commander, rode up and asked: "Custer, what ails you?" "Oh, nothing," said Custer; "only we want to cook our coffee on the Yank side of the Rappahannock, and not at Libby and Andersonville."

When, on the 11th of May, 1864, the Union cavalry corps was within four miles of Richmond on the Brook's pike, Custer was in the advance. It was in this campaign that Sheridan or Torbett commenced

the practice of giving Custer the advance, knowing he would not fail them. The fight was soon on, and hotly, too. Stuart was in Sheridan's front, determined to stay his advance. It was in the engagement that swiftly ensued that the Confederate cavalry leader was slain. Here is the story :

On reaching some woods to his front, Custer ordered Colonel Alger, of Michigan, to establish the Fifth and Sixth Michigan Cavalry upon a line near the skirt of the woods, and hold his position till further orders. Being so ordered, Alger, with his Fifth Michigan, drove the enemy through the timber to the opening. Then the order was given to cease firing. Just at that instant, a Confederate officer, who afterward proved to be General J. E. B. Stuart, rode up with his staff to within four hundred yards of the line, when a man of the Fifth fired at him. John A. Huff, of Company A, remarked: "Tom, you fired too low"; and turning to Colonel Alger, who stood near, he said: "Colonel, I can fetch that man."

"Try him," said Alger.

Huff took steady aim over a fence, and fired. The officer fell. Huff turned to the colonel, and coolly said: "There's a spread eagle for you." Huff was killed a month later at Cold Harbor.

A volume might easily be filled with similar stories. Custer stands in history as the ideal American cavalryman, and for that reason this description has been written, not with the idea of slighting the others, gallant, able, and true, who were his comrades. But it were invidious still, not to mention the men who made the Union cavalry so famous, as well as so important an arm of the service, teaching thereby new lessons in the art of war.

Major-General Crook deserves especial mention, for though he gained honorable renown as a corps commander, he was then as he still is, essentially a cavalry leader. A classmate and intimate of Sheridan himself, it was good fortune for both that brought them together again in the closing year of the war. Crook has won, by sheer service and hard fighting, the highest rank now known to the American Army. He comes, next to Sheridan himself, to the *beau ideal* of a regular soldier. He is now, as in the Civil War, simple, untiring, energetic, full of resources, and of the most rock-bound stubbornness of courage. Since the war closed, as an Indian fighter he has had more than his share of hard service and fighting. His experiences with the Apaches, both in fighting and using them as soldiers, have been among the most remarkable of any army officer. George Crook is in his fifty-eighth

year; a man just above middle stature, of remarkably compact, muscular frame, and without superfluous flesh. He is a gray blonde, with long and broad head, a long face, with Roman nose, strong but not heavy jaw, of few words, and possessed of a pair of the keenest and clearest of gray eyes.

Colonel J. W. Forsyth, Brevet Brigadier-General, United States Army, of the Seventh Cavalry, is another of Sheridan's "boys." He was a classmate of his old commander, and was his intimate friend and staff officer for years. Forsyth is a great contrast in figure and height to General Sheridan, but no two men ever supplemented each other more closely. Forsyth is a splendid trooper. His brother, G. S. Forsyth, known far and wide as "Sandy," was a young staff officer in the valley, and a dashing one, also. He proved, during Sheridan's Indian campaign of 1868, the stuff of which he was composed by his remarkable fight on the open prairie, with a very few companions, against a large force of hostile Indians. Captain Forsyth, with another officer and their orderlies, was cut off from the main command. Surrounded on all sides, without water, they made a double rifle-pit with their swords and bayonets, and successfully beat off the savage Kiowas for over two days. Some of the party at least were killed; all were severely wounded, but the remainder were rescued alive, and recovered.

General James H. Wilson, a young West Pointer when the Civil War began, was fortunate to be upon the staff of Major-General Grant at the siege of Vicksburg, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was early detailed to duties of importance, requiring the individual judgment, generally in engineer work, and planning or superintending constructions. In the Chattanooga he was sent to Knoxville to give Burnside a clear view of the situation, and was accompanied on his dangerous trip by Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, who volunteered for the service. He was, on Grant's transfer to the East, made a brigadier-general, and under Sheridan commanded a division of cavalry. Grant always had confidence in his judgment, coolness, and courage. His military history up to the fall of 1864, was part of that of the Army of the Potomac and its cavalry corps. There was then a necessity to organize extensive raids in the Central South. By October of that year the pounding and breaking process had to be made more effectual in that section. Wilson was sent to Thomas, with orders to remount and reorganize 10,000 dismounted cavalymen. He speedily made them effectives, and was in the field until his troopers

captured Jefferson Davis himself, in the latter part of April, 1865. No more capable leader was to be found in the Union Army than General Wilson. He was not as brilliantly sensational as Custer, or as stubbornly indifferent in the field as the Pennsylvanian, General Gregg, but he was a thoroughly competent and fully trained soldier, who grew to the measure of every occasion. He showed decided ability for independent command in his operations through the Central South.

General McKenzie, the youngest officer of commanding rank now in the regular army, rose into great prominence both as a cavalry division and corps commander with the Army of the James, especially so in the closing war raids and campaign in Virginia. Grant paid him what is a very remarkable tribute, considering that at the period whereof he writes, General McKenzie could not have been over twenty-four years of age — younger, even, than Custer: "I regarded McKenzie as the most promising young officer of the war. Graduating at West Point, as he did, during the second year of the war, he had won his way up to the command of a corps before its close. This he did upon his own merit and without influence."* Not all the dashing and competent cavalymen were from the regular army, though. A considerable number came from the city, as well as the farm; from civil life, as well as West Point. There was Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, who looks like one of Napoleon's marshals. Colonel Briggs, of the same state, is another, whose reputation as regimental commander is among the first. General David McM. Gregg, of Pennsylvania, who stepped from civil life into the command of a regiment, and almost immediately of a brigade, proved himself to be one of the best of cavalry commanders. "Old Steady" was his nickname, and he showed his cool Scotch blood at every turn. Another civilian who proved that he had the making of a fine soldier, is Colonel Benjamin R. Grierson, now commanding a regular cavalry regiment, whose great raid on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, in 1863, had so advantageous an influence on the Vicksburg campaign of General Grant.

The names and memories flock to the brain, and are flowing to the pen. Averill, gallant soldier, who had the early disadvantage of being associated with the first defeats of the peninsula and under Sigel, Fremont, and Hunter in the Shenandoah, but who fully proved his capacity when rightly directed. Torbett, too, commander of Sheridan's first division when the Army of the Potomac moved across the Rapidan;

* *Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 541.

his chief of cavalry in the valley and on the march to City Point by way of Charlottesville, against Lee. Sturdy Wesley Merritt, swinging always to the front, never failing in any emergency; chief of cavalry on the final campaign, contesting all honors with Custer, and proving his capacity in all positions. Brigadier-General Merritt has fully won and deservedly wears his star in the regular army. There were "Old Tommy" Deven and Davies, both West Pointers, and, as it were, born into the army. The canvas crowds with names: Lowell, the young and gallant son of New England; Putnam, adding lustre to an honored name; General Duffié, of "Little Rhody," the dashing, gallant, and handsome Franco-American, who so gallantly served his adopted country and state. He proved himself a fine cavalryman, and in the earlier years of the war was quite conspicuous. Major McClellan, of Stuart's staff, in his life of that Confederate commander, reports a severe fight in which Colonel A. N. Duffié, then commanding the First Rhode Island Cavalry, in 1862, was engaged. Colonel Duffié moved out with orders for an extended scout on the left flank of General Gregg's division, crossing the Bull Run Mountain by way of Thoroughfare Gap. His command was to encamp at Middleburg on the same night, but at 4 P. M. encountered Stuart's pickets, and at once became engaged in a severe fight. The pickets were followed so sharply as to cause Stuart to fall back on Rector's cross-road. Had Duffié been well informed of what was in his front, he could have inflicted considerable damage and got away safely. He dispatched to Kilpatrick for aid, and held on, fighting fiercely for three hours, till he was attacked by Robertson's brigade; retreated, and was met and struck by Chambers. The wonder is, says the Confederate writer, who gives Colonel Duffié great credit here and elsewhere for military skill, as well as courage, that he got away at all. The regiment lost 200 men, mostly as prisoners, but the colonel and some other officers, with the balance, cut their way through and escaped. Placed in command, Duffié was afterwards taken prisoner, exchanged, returned to the field, and was killed in battle.

One of the saddest episodes in one of these Virginian raids was the death of young Ulric Dahlgren. The rebel press sought at the time to fasten the odium on him and his command of an attempt to execute unmilitary orders. Dahlgren was killed within the environs of Richmond, and his body, taken by the Confederates, was treated with gross indignities. It was asserted that papers were found on him ordering the burning of Richmond and the killing of Mr. Davis, with

other acts claimed as outside the laws of war. The following is the Southern statement as to Colonel Dahlgren's reputed designs :

“Upon the body of Colonel Dahlgren were found papers which disclosed the objects of his expedition. An address which was to be delivered to his troops, and which was signed with his official signature, directed that the city of Richmond should be burned and destroyed, and that President Davis and his Cabinet should be killed. Another paper containing special orders and instructions, but without signature, made provision for the same course of conduct. Photographic copies of these papers were transmitted under flag of truce by General Lee to General Meade, and the inquiry was made whether the United States Government or Colonel Dahlgren's superior officers approved or sanctioned such orders.”

In his reply, General Meade denied that the United States Government, himself, or General Kilpatrick had authorized, sanctioned, or approved the burning of the city of Richmond and the killing of Mr. Davis and Cabinet, or any other act not required by military necessity and in accordance with the usages of war. General Kilpatrick further stated that the officers of Colonel Dahlgren's command all testify that he issued no address whatever. General Kilpatrick added :

“Colonel Dahlgren, one hour before we separated at my headquarters, handed me an address that he intended to read to his command. The paper was endorsed in red ink ‘approved’ over my official signature. The photographic papers referred to are true copies of the papers approved by me, save so far as they speak of exhorting the prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city, and kill the traitor Davis and his Cabinet, and in this, that they do not contain the endorsement referred to as having been placed by me on Colonel Dahlgren's papers. The colonel received no orders from me to pillage, burn, and kill, nor were any such instructions given me by my superiors.”

It was expected or hoped that Dahlgren's command might reach Libby Prison, Castle Thunder, and Belle Isle. The real address was prepared in expectation of the colonel's having the power to send it in by spies and other means. The denied portions thereof were undoubtedly interpolated in order to re-fire the “Southern heart” and arouse hostility to the Union in the North. It was a *ruse* that failed, however.

An idea of the service and of the importance it held may be seen in the service rendered chiefly by the cavalry. The importance of the cavalry in destroying lines of railroad communication was first sharply demonstrated by Sheridan himself at Booneville, Mississippi. It was

really an enlarged use of this branch of an army. Grierson came next, and his raid was of greater importance. On the Confederate side, Forrest, Wheeler, Morgan, and Duke were giving evidence of destructive capacity. Sheridan followed again, and then Sherman's forces demonstrated their power. Grant describes the process of railroad destruction as follows, while speaking chiefly of Sherman's movements :

“Soldiers to do this rapidly would form a line along side of the road with crowbars and poles, place these under the rails and ties, and, hoisting all at once, turn over many rods of road at one time. The ties would then be placed in piles, and the rails as they would be loosened, would be carried and put across these log heaps. When a sufficient number of rails were placed upon a pile of ties it would be set on fire. This would heat the rails very much more in the middle, that being over the main part of the fire, than at the ends, so that they would naturally bend of their own weight; but the soldiers, to increase the damage would take tongs, and one or two men at each end of the rail, carry it with force against the nearest tree and twist it around. All this work went on at the same time,” as a rule. “Some piled the logs and built the fire; while others would bend the rails that were sufficiently heated; so that, by the time the last bit of road was torn up, that it was destined to destroy at a certain place, the rails previously taken up were already destroyed.”*

So we might go on describing and illustrating. Some one should write the story in full of the cavalry service of the United States. In these pages the endeavor is made to give a glimpse, at least, of the “troopers” who served with “Little Phil,” as well as of the general himself. The early technical soldierly advantages were at first with the Confederates in the cavalry organization. The Union side presented its quality more slowly, but its technique, courage, capacity, and endurance were superb when it swung into action. And to it all, as the scenes rise at Memory's command, may it not be said with Shakespeare :

“Oh, farewell!

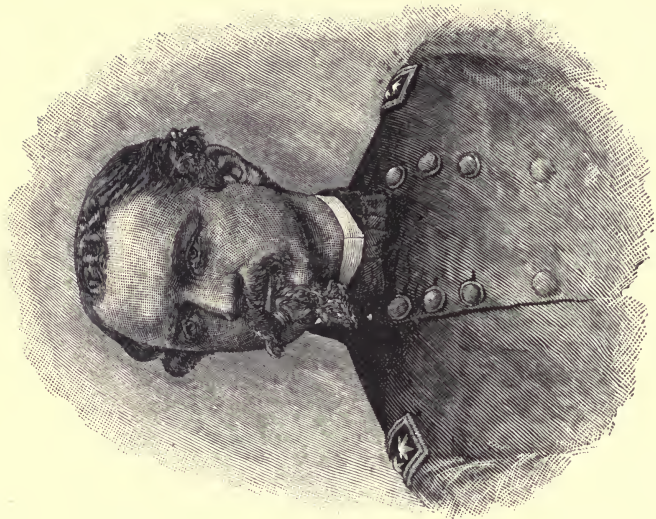
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.
And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell.”

* Grant's *Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 362.



GEN. JOHN B. IMBODEN,

A DISTINGUISHED CONFEDERATE GENERAL, OF VIRGINIA



GEN. W. W. AVERILL,

A FAMOUS CAVALRY GENERAL UNDER STONEMAN,
PLEASANTON, AND SHERIDAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM THE VALLEY TO CITY POINT.

HOW SHERIDAN WENT BACK TO GRANT — CLEARING THE LOUDOUN AND LURAY VALLEYS — GREAT IMPORTANCE OF SHERIDAN'S NEW ORDERS — GRANT PREPARING FOR THE LAST FIGHTS — THE UPPER SHENANDOAH LEFT FREE OF A FOE — CUSTER'S BOLD FIGHT FOR ROCKFORD GAP — EARLY'S ROUT AND DISAPPEARANCE — SURRENDER OF CHARLOTTESVILLE — DESTRUCTION OF THE JAMES RIVER CANAL — BURNING BRIDGES — BLOWING UP LOCKS — DESTROYING RAILROADS — PANIC IN RICHMOND — CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT READY TO TAKE HORSE-BACK — AT CITY POINT — GRANT'S ORDERS — SHERIDAN'S DESIRE TO "END THE BUSINESS RIGHT HERE" — THE WAY TO FIVE FORKS.

THE winter came on apace after Rosser was disposed of. Early, whirling down the valley, obtained no delay by Rosser's aid. The chill days were, however, made warm enough to horse and man by the constant activity the Confederate cavalry steadily displayed. Sheridan had disposed of a major part of his infantry. Wright and the Sixth Corps were returned to the army around Petersburg. The Ninth was sent to other duty. Crook, with the Nineteenth Corps, was kept in the Shenandoah Valley. The men thereof were nearly all West Virginians. Averill's fine cavalry division was of the same material, and remained with Crook.

The Valley of the Shenandoah runs from Harper's Ferry, on the Potomac, south by west, to the extreme corner of the Old Dominion, in that direction. Its west flank is the Shenandoah and Alleghany Mountains proper, and its eastern flank is made from the Blue Ridge range, on the east side of which are the rich fields of the Loudoun Valley, and the more picturesque one of Luray. The whole of Sheridan's fighting occurred in the upper valley, until after Early's last defeat at Strasburg and beyond. Lynchburg lies about eighty miles south by east of Winchester. It is about sixty miles west, by ten south, of Richmond. Topographically, it lies about ten miles east of the southern spurs of the Blue Ridge.

On the 24th of November, 1864, Sheridan started General Wesley

Merritt on an extended raid, for the purpose of destroying supplies, and preventing the concentration of any rebel forces to the east. He left Winchester on the 28th, and moved east through Ashby's Gap, in the Blue Ridge, towards Fairfax Court House, and thence to Centreville, Manassas, and other points easterly and north, attacking and driving Moseby's force, who made this region their chief field of operations, returning to Winchester by the 3d of December, through the Snicker Gap, and by way of Berryville.

On the 19th of December General Torbett's division, in two columns, passed eastward by Stormy Point and Chester Gap, sweeping a large circle, by way of Front Royal on its northern arc, and Madison Court House on its southern, and uniting at Gordonsville, below the famous battle-field of Spottsylvania. They reached that point on the 23d, and returning, marched northward to Culpepper and Warrenton. The division again took different routes, one column returning by way of Salem to Winchester, and the other by White Plains and Middlebury to Paris, and thence to headquarters. A glance at the map of Virginia will show the object of these expeditions, which were without any serious fighting, but damaging to the enemy, nevertheless.

Over a month passed in the valley without raids or expeditions of any import on either side. Grant—drawing tighter the huge meshes of the great net that slowly gathered about Richmond, the mouth of which he himself held on the James River, at Petersburg and Bermuda Hundred, while Sherman was slowly but surely compressing the southern folds, being about to make his notable Christmas gift to the Nation in the capture of Savannah, Georgia,—grew more anxious to complete the necessary work of isolating destruction which remained to be done to the immediate west of Richmond.

General Grant, in his *Memoirs*,* shows the importance of Sheridan's position and impending action by the following review of the general situation and the orders to the commander of the Middle Department :

“ By the first of February all preparations were completed for the final march (Sherman's), Columbia, South Carolina, being the first objective ; Fayetteville, North Carolina, the second ; and Goldsboro', or neighborhood, the final one, unless something further should be determined upon. The right wing went from Pocatigo, and the left from Hardeeville on the Savannah River, both columns taking a pretty direct route for Columbia. The cavalry, however, was to threaten Charleston on the right, and Augusta on the left.

*Vol. II., pp. 408-9.

“On the 15th of January, Fort Fisher had fallen, news of which Sherman had received before starting out on his march. We already had New Bern, and soon had Wilmington, whose fall followed that of Fort Fisher; as did other points on the sea coast, where the national troops were in readiness to coöperate with Sherman’s advance when he had passed Fayetteville.

“On the 18th of January, I ordered Canby, in command at New Orleans, to move against Mobile, Montgomery, and Selma, Alabama, for the purpose of destroying roads, machine shops, etc.”

The cavalry leaders, Kilpatrick and Grierson, were already in the field and at work, destroying and capturing; while General James H. Wilson, of the Army of the Potomac, had been sent with his cavalry division to move in conjunction with these great operations, through and across the Central South. General Grant continues:

“On the 8th of February, I ordered Sheridan, who was in the Valley of Virginia, to push forward as soon as the weather would permit and strike the canal west of Richmond at or about Lynchburg; and on the 20th I made the order to go to Lynchburg as soon as the roads would permit, saying:

“‘As soon as it is possible to travel, I think you will have no difficulty about reaching Lynchburg with a cavalry force alone. From there you could destroy the railroad and canal in every direction, so as to be of no further use to the rebellion. . . . This additional raid, with one starting from East Tennessee under Stoneman, numbering from four to five thousand cavalry; one from Eastport, Mississippi, ten thousand cavalry; Canby, from Mobile Bay, with about eighteen thousand mixed troops — these three latter pushing for Tuscaloosa, Selma, and Montgomery; and Sherman with a large army eating out the vitals of South Carolina — is all that is wanted to leave nothing for the rebellion to stand upon. I would advise you to overcome great obstacles to accomplish this. Charleston was evacuated on Tuesday last.’”

In preparation for the move on Lynchburg direct, or by the James canal, back to City Point, Sheridan sent out his scouts, with detachments from the cavalry regiments to scour the country for guerrillas, who were harassing our lines. This force marched 160 miles in fifty-five hours, and brought in as captive the noted guerrilla, Colonel Harry Gilmore, and twenty of his followers, with about one hundred horses, besides having given a severe drubbing to the balance of the Confederate partisans.

Winter quarters in the valley had been, on the whole, of an attractive character for our cavalry. The six weeks of needed rest preceding this, the last of Sheridan's extended raids, had been spent in the crisp, cold winter days of that delightful region. Veteran troopers still speak of their last winter in that field with pleasurable associations. Men and horses were alike in good condition, both well fed, and the men well clothed, and prepared for a severe campaign. The fine, clear cold of a Virginia mid-winter vanished before the buglers' "boots and saddles," and it was a cheerless and chilly morning, with a cold, mizzling rain, that greeted the column when Sheridan moved out of Winchester on the 27th of February, 1865. His force consisted of the First Cavalry Division, under Merritt, the Third, under Custer, and a brigade from Averill's division, consisting of three West Virginia regiments, under Colonel Capehart. General Merritt serving Sheridan as chief of staff, his division passed under the command of General "Tommy" Deven. The small army was in light marching order, with only four days' rations of bread and meat stuffs, and a larger supply of coffee, etc., and ammunition.

The Union columns marched steadily up the romantic valley, passing scores of little villages without halting, leaving their destination in doubt to the curious residents, whether unfriendly or otherwise. Their first objective point was Charlottesville, some sixty miles south by east of Winchester. Moving by way of Staunton, they crossed the Blue Ridge by Rockford Gap, at Mount Crawford. On the middle fork of the Shenandoah River, just above Staunton, the Confederate Rosser was encountered, prepared with a small force to dispute the passage of the mountain stream. By a swift dash Colonel Capehart secured the bridge, driving Rosser across in great confusion. The column moved on to Staunton, and Custer was thrown forward in advance to seize Rockford Gap.

At Waynesboro', on the west side of the ridge, Early was found strongly intrenched with a force of 2,500 men. He had ostentatiously boasted that Sheridan should never be permitted to pass through Rockford Gap. But Custer was in his front, sweeping all before him, and without waiting for supports, the golden-maned trooper fell upon Early's lines. This was on the 2d of March. Early's intrenchments were strong, but Custer was soon inside them. Some fierce fighting ensued, the Union troopers charging boldly up to the earthworks and leaping their horses over them. The Confederates met them as boldly, with bayonet and clubbed rifles, but the invincible Michiganders and

others of Custer's following, swept onward, actually wiping out Early's command. There remained 1,600 prisoners in our hands, with eleven field guns, seventeen battle-flags, and a train of 200 loaded wagons. Early had been acting for ten weeks or so as the commissary guard of Richmond and Lee. It was on this raid that Custer captured the gun which some rebel wag had marked in this wise: "For General Phil. H. Sheridan, U. S. A., care of General Jubal A. Early, C. S. A." This defeat of Early finished his career as a military commander, which, however, was, on the whole, a creditable one. Custer moved forward at once, until he was in possession of the disputed gap. It is estimated that at least a million dollars in military stores found at Waynesboro', were destroyed by our forces. The region round about and eastward of the gap had been almost entirely free from our raids. All grain and forage supplies were destroyed, and the cattle were driven off or killed.

The author of *Sabre and Spurs* says: "The enemy fled. This was the last seen of Rosser and his cavalry of which he had boasted so much when he came into the valley the preceding autumn 'to clean Phil. Sheridan up.' The destruction so systematically accomplished by Sheridan was not unrecognized in its true character. Those who were Union citizens had to suffer with the rest, for, as one of these said, 'If you do not burn my grain the rebels will take it when they come this way; and I will help you.' At the same time he lit a match and set fire to the only stack of wheat he had, and had depended upon to feed himself and family."

The Union column moved across the Blue Ridge on the night of the 3d of March, amid a cold and drenching rain, through which the vedettes could barely see a dozen yards in advance of them. The road was rugged and quite precipitous. There was reason to anticipate resistance at some point as we moved forward. But none came, and the morning broke with the splendid little army under Sheridan on the east of the ridge, at a point considerably south of any that our troopers had heretofore penetrated. The ammunition and pontoon trains were left behind to be brought over more leisurely, while Sheridan pushed rapidly toward Charlottesville, which place he occupied at 2 P. M. of the 4th, the authorities meeting him in advance of his entrance and surrendering without resistance. The two days occupied in waiting for the heavy trains were employed by our troops in destroying all supplies, the railroad bridges, depots, factories, and other valuable works useful to the Confederates. The railroad was rendered entirely useless for eight miles in the direction of Lynchburg.

Information received through his scouts, coupled with the heavy rains which had so swollen the streams, as to render his pontoons useless — they not making a bridge of more than half the length required — made Sheridan decide not to attack Lynchburg, which, indeed, was known to be too strongly garrisoned for his small force to risk an assault upon. He decided, therefore, to divide his command and push rapidly for the James River. One column, under General Deven, was pressed to Scottsville, in Albemarle County, and the other through Lovington, to the same stream at New Market, in Nelson County. Custer's column then proceeded along the canal to Duguidsville, hoping there to find a bridge, and cross the James, but the Confederates had burned it. They also destroyed one at Hardwicksville. Sheridan's pontoons could not span the river at either point. He was thus compelled to choose whether to return to Winchester, or to pass behind Lee's army to White House, and thence to the Army of the James, on Grant's right and to the north of his main position. Sheridan chose the latter course, and proceeding eastward, destroyed the James River canal as he went. It was then the chief channel of supplies for Richmond. The banks of the canal were blown up, and the locks destroyed as far as Columbia. All the canal bridges were burned.

In a dispatch, dated March 10th, Sheridan said: "Everybody is bewildered by our movements."

He did not know it then, but his operations were again producing the greatest consternation in "Richmond on the James." The Confederate government prepared itself for a sudden and rapid departure. The records, treasure, etc., were all prepared for removal, great care being taken in the manufacture of boxes, etc., to prevent the facts being known, so as to avoid a panic. The families of officials packed for a southward journey. Lee hastened to Richmond from Petersburg, to hold close consultations with Davis and the Confederate Cabinet. His own family, who were living on Franklin Square, not far from the capitol, also made preparations for an early departure. Chief Clerk Jones, of the Confederate State Department, in noting these facts in his valuable diary, under date of March 7th, says: "A large per cent. of the population would behold the exodus with pleasure!" Again he says, that on the night after Sheridan's arrival at Columbia, the government was so frightened by a rumor that the bold trooper was at the outer fortifications of the city, that "Secretary Mallory and Postmaster-General Reagan were in the saddle, and rumor says that the President and remainder of the Cabinet had their horses saddled in readiness for flight." The rebel

Congress was very nervous. Davis persuaded them not to adjourn, as the members wished, in order to fly, on the plea "that public necessity required them to remain as long as possible."

Halting in Columbia for a day, during which, however, the canal was destroyed eastward, as far as Goochland, not over ten miles from Richmond, Sheridan turned north-east with his whole command, striking the Virginia Central railroad, at Tolersville. This

important line was utterly destroyed for fifteen miles, and as far south as Beaver Dam Station. Custer in one direction, and Deven in another, made complete destruction of the railway. its culverts and bridges. They destroyed all supplies in the rear of Lee's army, thus inflicting another fatal blow upon the Confederacy. General Sheridan having done his work thoroughly, swept around by the Pamunkey River and White House, and joined the besieging army on the 26th of March. His command had swept out of existence the Confederate power in Virginia to the north of Richmond. He had disabled full two hundred miles of railroad, destroyed all their bridges, and great quantities of stores, inflicting a loss of many millions of dollars upon the already weakened foe. His campaign was most potential in demoralizing the Confederate soldiers, and disheartening the whole Southern people.

In his report of this raid General Sheridan said: "The first and



GEN. THOMAS C. DEVEN,

THE GALLANT COMMANDER OF THE SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION,
SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CORPS.

second cavalry division, which belonged to the Army of the Shenandoah had marched in midwinter over three hundred miles, in constant rains, over almost impassable roads, and swollen streams, to participate in the campaign, and were rewarded by the honor of having the flag of the Army of Northern Virginia presented to them on the morning of the surrender. . . . There perhaps never was a march where nature offered such impediments and shrouded herself in such gloom: incessant rain, deep and almost impassable streams, swamps and mud, —all overcome with constant cheerfulness on the part of the troops. Officers and men were buoyed up by the thought that we had completed our work in the Shenandoah Valley, and were on our way to help our brothers in arms in front of Petersburg in the final struggle."

The results of the campaign were, "besides the destruction of the canal, bridges, etc. : prisoners, 1,603 ; horses and mules, 2,154 ; battle-flags, 16 ; pieces of artillery, 17 ; small arms, 2,010. Our loss from Winchester to White House did not exceed one hundred men, and some of these we left by the wayside, unable to bear the fatigues of the march. The host of negroes that came into our lines was sent by steamer to Washington." The entire operations of the Shenandoah Army between August 1, 1864, and March 1, 1865, resulted in the capture from the Confederates of 13,000 prisoners, 101 field guns, twenty-four Union guns recaptured, and forty-nine battle-flags, with many thousand small arms. Our losses were: Killed, 1,938 ; wounded, 19,893 ; missing, 3,421. We have no account of the Confederate killed, wounded, and missing.

In the *Memoirs*, Grant, after speaking of the Waynesboro' fight, says :

"On the 12th of March I heard from him [Sheridan] again. He had turned east to come to White House. He could not go to Lynchburg, as ordered, because the rains had been so very heavy, and the streams were so very much swollen. He had a pontoon train with him, but it would not reach half way across some of the streams, at their then stage of water, which he would have to get over, in going south, as first ordered."

Again he wrote that "Sheridan had about ten thousand cavalry with him, divided into two divisions," and "moved very light, carrying only four days' provisions with him, with a larger supply of coffee, salt, and other small rations, and very little else besides ammunition. They stopped at Charlottesville, and commenced tearing up the railroad, back towards Lynchburg. He also sent a division along the James River canal, to destroy locks, culverts, etc. All mills and factories along the line of march of his troops were destroyed also.

“Sheridan had in this way consumed so much time that his making a march to White House was now somewhat hazardous. He determined, therefore, to fight his way along the railroad and canal till he was as near to Richmond as it was possible to get, or until attacked. On the 10th he was at Columbia. Negroes had joined his column to the number of two thousand or more, and they assisted considerably in the work of destroying the railroads and the canal. His cavalry was in as fine a condition as when he started, because he had been able to find plenty of forage. He had captured most of Early’s horses, and picked up a good many others on the road. When he reached Ashland he was assailed by the enemy in force. He resisted their assault with part of his command, and then moved quickly across the South and North Anna, going north, and reached White House safely on the 19th.”

General Badeau says: “Sheridan’s loss during the campaign did not exceed one hundred soldiers, and many of these were the men unable to bear the fatigues of the march. Incessant rain, deep and impassable streams, swamps, mud, and gloom, were the impediments offered by nature to his advance. Seventeen pieces of artillery, and sixteen hundred prisoners of war were captured. Forty-six canal locks, five aqueducts, forty canal and road bridges, twenty-three railroad bridges, one foundry, one machine shop, twenty-seven warehouses, forty-one miles of railroad, fourteen mills, and immense quantities of ammunition, gray cloth, saddles, horses, grain, and other supplies were destroyed.

“Sheridan’s cavalry had annihilated whatever was useful to the enemy between Richmond and Lynchburg, and, having completed its work in the Valley of the Shenandoah, he was once more ready to join the Army of the Potomac in the struggle which it had shared the year before. Hancock was placed in command of the Middle Military Division, while Sheridan resumed his old command close to Grant, an arrangement welcome to both soldiers, and destined to prove as fortunate for the reputation of the chief as of the subordinate.”

It was this raid and its results that made Grant decide on the final movements, ending in the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia. The effect of Sheridan’s arrival and cheery presence was felt at City Point and on Grant himself. Movements at once began.

Between the 19th of March (the day of Sheridan’s arrival at the White House from his raid) and the 29th thereof (the day on which

President Lincoln bid General Grant good-bye at City Point, as the latter with his staff took the train for the front), there had been a good deal of fighting about Petersburg, including the desperate Confederate sortie on Fort Steadman and its vigorous repulse. This occurred on the 25th of March. Sheridan was steadily on the alert, for Grant had been in constant fear for a month before, that Lee might suddenly pull out from his intrenchments and fall back to Lynchburg, taking advantage of the unbroken railroad line into North Carolina, where General Joe Johnston was operating against Sherman's advance. Such a movement might have proved disastrous to Sherman if successfully carried out. Both armies, in fact, were got in condition "for a fight or a foot race." Sheridan and his cavalry were the eye and arm of the Union army, and his thorough comprehension of the topographical and military situation, gained by unceasing vigilance, soon gave a fresh impetus to all efforts.

In a conversation with John Russell Young, had in 1880, while on the Chinese Sea,* the general told of his orders to Sheridan for the final movement that began at Five Forks and ended at Appomattox Court House, and of the manner in which Sheridan received his orders. The incident is so characteristic of both men, as narrated by the senior of them, that it is worthy of reproduction here. Grant said:

"I was only waiting for Sheridan to finish his raid around Lee, to make final movements. When Sheridan arrived from that raid, I asked him to take a walk. As we were walking, I took out his orders and gave them to him. They were orders to move on the left and attack Lee. If the movement succeeded, he was to advance. If it failed, he was to make his way into North Carolina and join Sherman. When Sheridan read this part, he was, I saw, disappointed. His countenance fell. He had just made a long march, a severe march, and the idea of another march into North Carolina would disconcert any commander, even Sheridan. He, however, said nothing. I remarked:

"'Sheridan, although I have provided for your retreat into North Carolina in the event of a failure, I have no idea you will fail—no idea that you will go to Carolina. I mean to end this business right here.'

"Sheridan's eyes lit up, and he said with enthusiasm:

"'That's the talk. Let us end the business right here.'

"But of course I had to think of the loyal North, and if we failed in striking Lee, it would have satisfied the North for Sheridan to go to

* *Around the World with General Grant*. Vol. II., page 357.

the Carolinas. The movement, however, succeeded, and my next news from Sheridan was the battle of Five Forks—one of the finest battles in the war.”

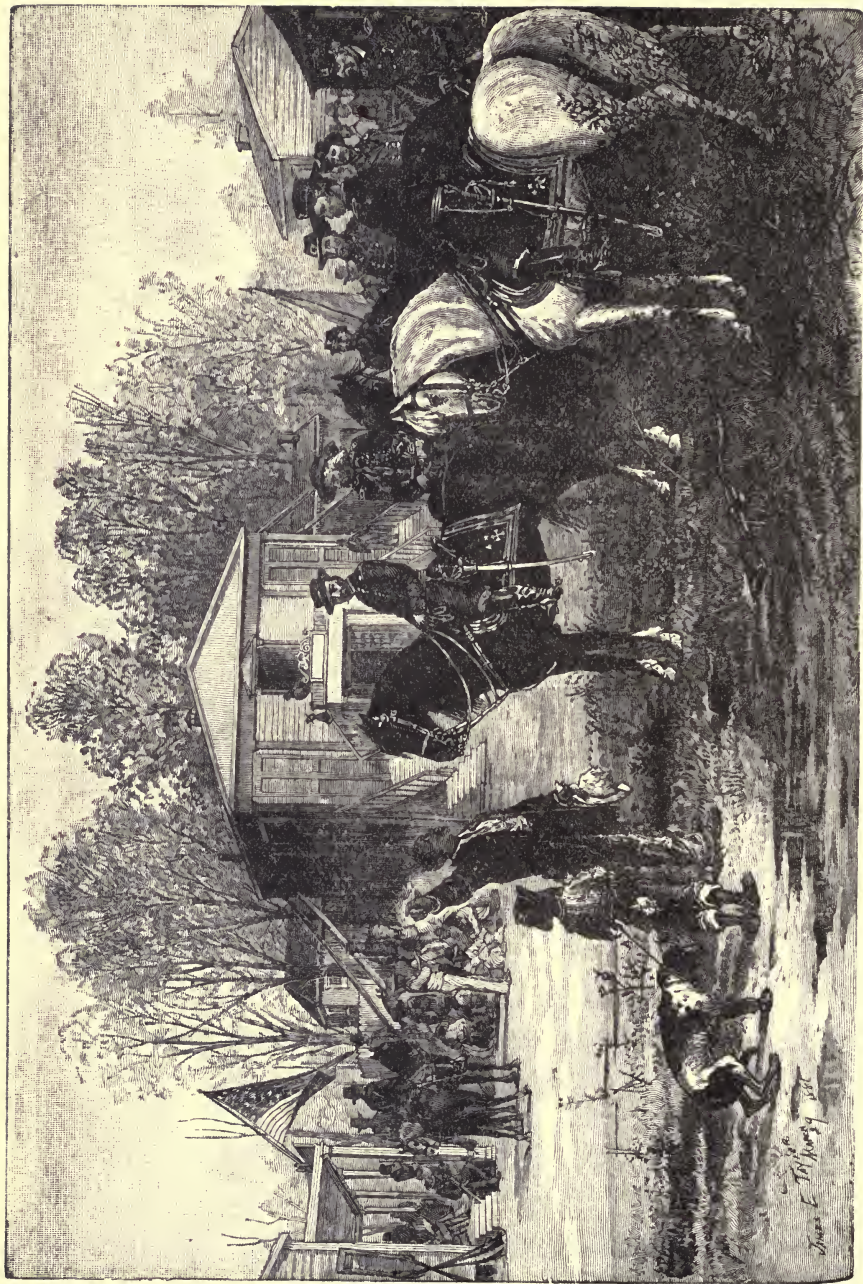
The movements indicated began at once. Grant took the field, leaving City Point. Badeau says :

“The final movement against Petersburg had no success for several days. A great many advised Grant to return—he himself was gloomy. But one dark, rainy morning Sheridan came riding into camp and talked so cheeringly, so confidently, and so intelligently of what he could do, that his mood was contagious.”

The staff took the great trooper in to Grant, who was in his tent, and when Grant perceived Sheridan’s spirit, he felt that the time had come. Of this interview Grant wrote the following : *

“One day, after the movement I am about to describe had commenced [*i. e.*, the closing campaign], and when his cavalry was on our extreme left and far to the rear, south, Sheridan rode up to where my headquarters was then established at Dabney’s Mill. He met some of my staff officers outside, and was highly jubilant over the prospect of success, giving reasons why he believed this would prove the final and successful effort. Although my chief of staff had urged very strongly that we return to our position about City Point and in the lines around Petersburg, he asked Sheridan to come in to see me and say to me what he had been saying to them. Sheridan felt a little modest about giving his advice where it had not been asked; so one of my staff came in and told me Sheridan had what they considered important news, and suggested that I send for him. I did so, and was glad to see the spirit of confidence with which he was inspired. Knowing as I did from experience of what great value that feeling of confidence by a commander was, I determined to make a movement at once.”

The movement was made, with Sheridan in command. The battle of Five Forks which followed, Grant always acknowledged, “made possible the final assault on Petersburg, and opened the way for the Appomattox campaign, in which Sheridan led the terrible pursuit, fought Saylor’s Creek, and out-marched Lee. In all these movements he sent back suggestions daily, almost hourly, to Grant, every one of which Grant accepted.”



SHERIDAN ON THE ROAD TO FIVE FORKS,
TAKING HIS BEARINGS FROM THE "RELIABLE CONTRABAND."

[From a War-Time Sketch by G. E. Taylor.]

James E. Taylor 1862

CHAPTER XXII.

SHERIDAN'S PURSUIT OF LEE.

A MASTERLY MILITARY ACHIEVEMENT—THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS—HOW GENERAL LEE WAS OUT-MANŒUVERRED—THE BATTLE-FIELD AS A STRATEGICAL POINT—THE CORPS AND SOLDIERS ENGAGED—YOUNG CHAMBERLAIN'S SPLENDID FIGHT—FOR "THE HONOR OF THE FIFTH CORPS"—SHERIDAN'S GRAND TACTICS—USING HIS CAVALRY AS A SCREEN—A BATTLE OF GIANTS—SAVAGE FIGHTING ALL DAY—SHERIDAN SELDOM OUT OF FIRE—CUSTER'S YELLOW LOCKS AT THE FRONT—THE "BARN DOOR" MOVEMENT AND HOW IT WORKED—GALLOPING DOWN THE LINES—MOUNTING THE CONFEDERATE BREASTWORKS—GENERAL WINTHROP'S DEATH—"STRAIGHTEN THAT LINE"—VICTORY—CAPTURES—SURRENDER—THE SOLEMN NIGHT SCENE AT GRAVELLY RUN.

THE battle of Five Forks was perhaps the most ingeniously conceived and most skillfully executed engagement that was ever fought on this continent. It matched in secretiveness and shrewdness the cleverest efforts of Napoleon, and shows also much of that soldier's broadness of intellect and capacity for great occasions.

Sheridan had scarcely time to change his horse's shoes after Lee started south from Petersburg before he was off, and after him much of Grant's infantry also moved to the left. They passed the ancient breastworks at Hatcher's Run, and extended their lines southwestward till they touched Dinwiddie Court House, thirty miles from City Point. The Confederates fell back with but little skirmishing until the Union force faced northward and reached out toward their idolized South Side railway. Then they grew uneasy, and as a hint of their opposition, fought the sharp battle of Quaker road on Thursday. Still Grant reached farther and farther, marveling to find that, with his depleted army, Lee always overmatched him at every point of attack; but on Friday the Union forces quitted the intrenchments on the Boydton plank road, and made a bold push for the White Oak road. This is one of the series of parallel public ways running east and west, south of the Southside, the Vaughan road being the first, the Boydton plank road the second, and the old Court House road the third. It became evident to the Confederates that Grant had two direct objects in view: the severing of their most important railway, and the occupation of the "Five Forks."

The latter is a magnificent strategic point. Five good roads meet in the edge of a dry, high, well-watered forest, three of them radiating to the railway, and their tributaries unlocking all the country. Farther south the Confederate defenses had been paltry, but they fortified this empty solitude as if it had been their capital. Upon its principal road—the White Oak afore-named—they had a ditched breastworks with embrasures of logs and earth, reaching east and west three miles. This was covered eastward and southeastward by rifle-pits, masked works, and felled timber. The bridges approaching it were broken. All the roads were well picketed, and a desperate resolve to hold to it averred.

This point of Five Forks is about eight miles from Dinwiddie Court House, four from the Southside road, and eighteen from Humphrey's, the nearest of our military railway stations. A crooked stream, called Gravelly Run, which, with Hatcher's, forms Rowanty Creek and goes off to feed the Chowan in North Carolina, rises near Five Forks, and gives the name of Gravelly Run Church to a little Methodist meeting-house built in the forest a mile distant. That meeting-house was a hospital, running blood, while a victor's battle-flags were flying at Five Forks.

The Fifth Army Corps under General Warren had all of the flank fighting of the week to do. It lost five or six hundred men in its victory of Thursday, and on Friday rested along the Boydton plank road, at the house of one Butler, which is about seven miles from Five Forks.

On Friday morning, April 1st, General Ayres took the advance with one of its divisions, and marched three-quarters of a mile beyond the plank road, through a woody country, following the road, but crossing the ubiquitous Gravelly Run, till he struck the enemy in strong force a mile and a half below White Oak road. They lay in the edge of a wood, with a thick curtain of timber in their front, a battery of field pieces to the right, mounted in a bastioned earthwork, and on the left the woods drew near, encircling a little farm-land and some negro buildings.

General Ayres' skirmish line being fired upon, did not stand, but fell back upon his main column, which advanced at the order. Straightway the enemy charged headlong, while their battery opened a cross fire, and their skirmishers on the left, creeping down through the woods, picked the Union men off in flank. Then they charged with a whole division, giving a memorable yell, and soon doubled up Ayres' line of battle, so that it was forced in tolerable disorder back upon General Crawford, who commanded the next division.

His men do not seem to have retrieved the character of their prede-

cessors, but made a feint to go in, and falling by dozens beneath the murderous fire, gave up the ground. Griffin's division, past which the fugitives ran, halted awhile before taking the doubtful way, and the whole corps was now back to the Boydton plank road, and nothing had been done to anybody's credit.

General Griffin rode up to General Chamberlain in this extremity. Chamberlain was a young and anxious officer, who resigned the professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College to embrace a soldier's career. He had been wounded the day before, but was zealous to try death again.

"Chamberlain," said Griffin, "can't you save the honor of the Fifth Corps?"

The young general formed his men at once,—the One Hundred and Eighty-fifth New York and the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania: they had tasted powder before. Down they went into the creek, waist deep, up the slope, and into the clearing,—muskets to the left of them, muskets in front of them, cannon to the right of them. But their pace was swift, like their resolve. Many of them were cut down, yet they kept ahead, and the Confederates, who seemed astonished at their own success, drew off and gave up the field.

Almost two hours had elapsed between the loss and the recovery of the ground. The battle might be called Daney's Farm, or, more generally, the fight of Gravelly Run. The brigades of Generals Bartlett and Gregory rendered material assistance in the pleasanter *finale* of the day.

An order was soon issued to hasten the burial of the dead and quit the spot, but Chamberlain petitioned for leave to charge the enemy's earthwork in the rear, and the enthusiasm of his brigade bore down General Warren's more prudent doubt. In brief, Griffin's division charged the fort, drove the Confederates out of it, and took position on the White Oak road, far east of Five Forks.

While Griffin's division must be credited with this result, it may be said that their luck was due as much to the time as the manner of their appearance. The Confederate divisions of Pickett and Bushrod Johnson were, in the main, by the time Griffin came up, on their way eastward to attack Sheridan's cavalry. Ayres and Crawford had charged as one to four, but the forces were quite equalized when Chamberlain pushed on. The corps probably lost twelve hundred men.

In this action the Confederates, for the first time for many weeks, exhibited all their traditional irresistibility and confidence; but a terrible retribution remained for them in the succeeding day's decrees.

Concentrating at Dinwiddie Court House, Sheridan proceeded to scour so much of the country that he almost baffled conjecture as to where his headquarters really were, as many thousand cavalry as constituted his powerful force seem magnified to an incredible number when mounted, and ever moving here and there.

The Court House, where he remained fittingly for a couple of days, is a cross-roads patch, numbering about twelve scattered buildings, with a delightful prospect on every side of sterile and monotonous pines. This is the largest village in the district, though Dinwiddie stands fourth in population among Virginia counties. At the time, there was almost as great a population underground as the ancient county carried on its census.

From Dinwiddie fields Sheridan's men went galloping, by the aid of maps and cross-examination, into every by-road; but it was soon apparent that the Confederate infantry meant to give them a push. This came about on Friday, with a foretaste on Thursday.

Little Five Forks is a cross-road not far from Dinwiddie Court House, in the direction of Petersburg. Big Five Forks, which, it must be borne in mind, gives name to the great battle of Saturday, is farther out by several miles, and did not lie within our lines. But, if the left of the army be at Dinwiddie, and the right at Petersburg, Little Five Forks will be on the front line, though when Sheridan fought there, it was neutral ground, picketed, but not possessed.

Very early in the week, when the Confederates became aware of the extension of our lines, they added at least a division of troops to the regular force which encamped upon our flank line. These were directed to avoid an infantry fight, but to seek out the cavalry, and, by getting it at disadvantage, rid the region both of the harmfulness of Sheridan, and that prestige of his name so terrifying to the Virginia housewife. So long as Sheridan remained upon the far left, the South Side road was unsafe, and the rapidity with which his command could be transferred from point to point rendered it a formidable balance of power. The Confederates knew the country well, and the peculiar course of the highways gave them every advantage.

The cavalry of Sheridan's army proper was divided into two divisions commanded by Generals Deven and Custer, General Merritt commanding; the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was handled by General Crook; McKenzie led the cavalry of the James. On Friday these were under separate orders, and the result was confusion. The infantry was beaten at Gravelly Run, and the cavalry, met in flank

and front by overwhelming numbers, executed some movements not laid down in the manual. The centre of the battle was Little Five Forks, though the Confederates struck Sheridan closer to Dinwiddie Court House, and drove his forces pell-mell up the road into the woods, and out the old Court House road to Gravelly Run. The Union men rallied several times, and charged them into the woods, but they, concealed in copses, could go where sabres were useless.

The plan of this battle-field will show a series of irregular advances to puzzle anybody but a cavalryman. The full divisions of Bushrod Johnson and General Pickett were developed against the Federal troops, with spare brigades from other corps. The Union cavalry loss during the day was 800 in killed and wounded; but the Confederates were pushed so hard that they gave up the field, falling back toward Big Five Forks. Two thousand men comprise the Union losses of Friday in Warren's corps and Sheridan's command, including many valuable officers. Under a single guidance, splendid results were next day obtained with half the sacrifice.

On Friday night General Grant, dissatisfied, like most observers, with the day's business, placed General Sheridan in the supreme command of the whole of Warren's corps and all the cavalry. General Warren reported to him at nightfall, and the little army was thus composed :

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S FORCES, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

Three divisions of infantry, under Generals Griffin, Ayres, and Crawford.

Two divisions of cavalry, formerly constituting the Army of the Shenandoah, now commanded by General Merritt, under Generals Deven and Custer.

One division cavalry of the Army of the Potomac under General Crook.

Brigade or more cavalry, Army of the James, under General McKenzie.

In this composition the infantry was to the cavalry in the proportion of about two to one, and the entire force a considerable army. Sheridan was absolute. He visited every part of his line, though it stretched from Dinwiddie Court House to the Quaker road, along the Boydton plank and its adjuncts.

At daybreak on Saturday he fired four signal guns, to admonish

Warren that he was off; and his cavalry, by diverging roads, struck their camps. Just south is a certain Stony Creek, the tributaries to which wind northward and control the roads. Over Stony Creek went Crook, making the longest detour. Custer took the bottom of Chamberlain's bed, and Deven advanced from Little Five Forks, the whole driving the Confederates toward the left of their works on White Oak road.

The Union men outnumbered their opponents. The latter were widely separated from their comrades before Petersburg, and the adjustment of our infantry, as well as the great movable force at Sheridan's disposal, rendered it doubtful that they could have returned. At any rate they did not do so, whether from choice or necessity, and it was a part of Sheridan's scheme to push them back into their intrenchments. This work was delegated to the cavalry entirely, but when the horsemen were close up to the Confederates, they were dismounted, and to all intents used as infantry.

A portion of them, under Gregg and McKenzie, still adhered to the saddle, that they might be put in rapid motion for flanking and charging purposes; but fully five thousand dismounted men, who had seen service in the Shenandoah and elsewhere, were formed in line of battle on foot, and by charge and deploy essayed the difficult work of pressing back the entire Confederate column.

This they were to do so evenly and ingeniously that the Confederates should go no farther than their works, either to escape eastward, or to discover the whereabouts of Warren's forces, which were already forming. Had they espied the latter they might have become so discouraged as to break and take to the woods; and Sheridan's object was to capture them as well as to rout them.

All the afternoon the cavalry pushed them hard, and the strife went on uninterruptedly and terrifically. The battle was fought at so close quarters that the Union carbines were never out of range; had this been otherwise, the long rifles of the enemy would have given them every advantage.

With their horses within call, the cavalymen, in line of battle, stood together like walls of stone, swelling onward like those gradual elevating ridges of which Lyell speaks. Now and then a detachment of Confederates would charge down, swaying the Union lines and threatening to annihilate them, for at no part of the action, till its crisis, did the Southern men exhibit either doubt or dismay, but fought

up to the standard, here and there showing some of those wonderful feats of individual courage which were the miracles of the time.

A colonel with a shattered regiment came down on a desperate charge. The bayonets were fixed; the men advanced with a yell; their gray uniforms seemed black amidst the smoke; their preserved colors, torn by grape and ball, waved yet defiantly; twice they halted and poured in volleys, but came on again like the surge from the fog, depleted, but determined. Yet in the hot faces of the carbineers they read a purpose as resolute but more calm, and while they pressed along, swept all the while by scathing volleys, a group of horsemen took them in flank. It was an awful instant; the horses recoiled, the charging column trembled, but at once the Confederates, with rare organization, fell into a hollow square, and with solid sheets of steel defied our centaurs. The horsemen rode around them in vain; no charge could break the shining squares until our dismounted carbineers poured in their volleys fresh, making gaps in the spent ranks, and then in their wavering time the cavalry thundered down. The Confederates could stand no more; they reeled and swayed, and fell back, broken and beaten. And on the ground their colonel lay, sealing his devotion with his life.

Through wood and brake and swamp, across field and trench, the fighting defenders were steadily pushed. For a part of the time Sheridan himself was there, short, and broad, and active, waving his hat, giving orders, seldom out of fire, but never stationary, and close by fell the long, yellow locks of Custer, sabre extended, fighting like a viking, though he was worn and haggard with much work. At 4 o'clock the enemy were behind their wooden walls at Five Forks, and still the cavalry pressed them hard, in feint rather than solemn effort, while a battalion, dismounted, charged squarely upon the face of their breastworks, which lay in the main on the north side of the White Oak road. Then, while the cavalry worked round toward the rear, the infantry of Warren, though commanded by Sheridan, prepared to take part in the battle.

The genius of Sheridan's movement lay in his disposition of the infantry. The skill with which he arranged it, and the difficult manœuvres he projected and so well executed, should place him as high in infantry tactics as he has many times shown himself superior in cavalry. The infantry, which had marched at 2.30 P. M. from the house of Boisseau, on the Boynton plank road, was drawn up in four battle lines a mile or more in length, and in the beginning facing the White

Oak road obliquely; the left or pivot was the division of General Ayres; Crawford had the centre, and Griffin the right. These advanced from the Boydton plank road at 10 o'clock, while Sheridan was thundering away with the cavalry, mounted and dismounted, and deluding his enemy with the idea that he was the sole attacking party. They lay concealed in the woods behind Gravelly Run Meeting-house, but their left was not a half mile distant from the Confederate works, though their right reached so far off that a novice would have criticised the position sharply. Little by little, Sheridan extended his lines, drove the whole defending force into their breastworks; then he dismounted the mass of his cavalry and charged the works straight in the front, still thundering on their flank. At last, every Confederate was safe behind his intrenchments. Then the signal was given, and the concealed infantry, many thousand strong, sprang up and advanced by *echelon* to the right. Imagine, as Sheridan himself described it, a great barn door shutting to, and you have the movement, if you can also imagine the door itself, hinge and all, moving forward also. This was the door:

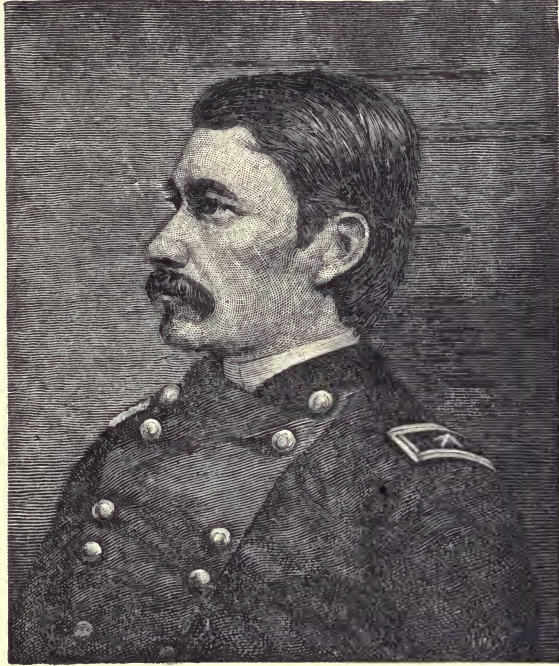
AYRES. CRAWFORD. GRIFFIN.

Stick a pin through Ayres and turn Griffin and Crawford forward as you would a spoke in a wheel, but move your pin up also a very little. In this way Ayres will advance, say half a mile, and Griffin, to describe a quarter revolution, will move through a radius of four miles. But to complicate this movement by *echelon*, we must imagine the right, when half way advanced, cutting across the centre and re-forming, while Crawford became the right and Griffin the middle of the line of battle. Warren was with Crawford on this march. Gregory commanded the skirmishers. Ayres was so close to the Confederate left that he might be said to hinge upon it; and at 8 o'clock the whole corps column came crash upon the full flank of the astonished rebels. Now came the pitch of the battle.

Sheridan was already on the Confederate right in force, and thinly in their rear. His carbineers were making feint to charge in direct front, and the Union infantry, four deep, hemmed in their entire left. All this they did not for an instant note: and so far from giving up, concentrated all their energy and fought like fiends. They had a battery in position which belched incessantly, and over the breastworks their musketry made one unbroken roll; while against Sheridan's prowlers on their left, by skirmish and sortie, they stuck to their sink-

ing fortunes so as to win unwilling applause from mouths of wisest censure.

It was just at the coming up of the infantry that Sheridan's little band was pushed the hardest. At one time, indeed, they seemed about to undergo extermination;—not that they wavered, but that they were so vastly overpowered. It will remain to the latest time a matter of marvel how so paltry a cavalry force could press back 16,000 infantry; but when the infantry blew like a great barn door—the *simile* best appli-



GEN. GEORGE D. BAYARD,

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST GENERALS IN THE ARMY, KILLED AT
FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

cable—upon the enemy's left, the victory that was to come had passed the region of strategy and resolved to an affair of personal courage. Every officer fought as if he were the forlorn hope. Mounted on his black horse—the same which he rode at Winchester—Sheridan galloped everywhere, his flushed face all the redder, and his small, nervous figure all the more ubiquitous. He galloped once straight down the Confederate front with but a handful of his staff. A dozen bullets whistled for him together; one grazed his arm, at which a faithful orderly rode; the black charger leaped high, in fright, and Sheridan was untouched—but the orderly lay dead in the field, and the saddle dashed afar, empty. General Warren rode with Crawford most of the afternoon, mounted likewise, and having two or three narrow escapes. He was as dark, dashing, and individual as ever, but was relieved of his command after the battle, and Griffin succeeded to his place.

Ayers fought like a lion in this pitch of battle, making all the faint-hearted around him ashamed to do, till with such an example contiguous. General Bartlett, keen-faced and active, like a fiery scimeter, was leading his division as if he were an immortal. He was close at hand in the most gallant episodes, and held at nightfall a bundle of captured battle-flags. But Griffin, tall and slight, led the charge on the flank, and was the first to mount the parapet with his horse, riding over the gunners as May did at Cerro Gordo, and cutting them down. Bartlett's brigade, behind him, finished the business, and the last cannon was fired for the day against the conquering Federals. General Crawford fulfilled his full share of duties throughout the day, amply sustained by such splendid brigade commanders as Baxter, Coulter, and Kellogg, while Gwin and Boweryman were at hand in the division of General Ayres—not to omit the fallen Winthrop, who died to save a friend and win a new laurel. Chamberlain, having been the hero of both Quaker road and Gravelly Run, in the action of Five Forks made the air ring with the applauding huzzas of his soldiers.

The fight, as Sheridan closed upon the Confederates, was singularly free from great losses on our side, though desperate as any contest ever fought on the continent. One prolonged roar of rifles shook the afternoon; and the Confederate artillery, until its capture, raked the Union men like an irrepressible demon, and at every foot of the intrenchments a true man fought both in front and behind. The birds of the forest fled afar; the smoke ascended to heaven; locked in so mad frenzy, none saw the sequel of the closing day. Now Richmond rocked in her high towers to watch the impending issue. But soon the day began to look gray, and a pale moon came tremulously out to watch the meeting squadrons. Imagine along a line of a full mile, 30,000 men struggling for life and prestige, the woods gathering about them—but yesterday the home of hermit hawks and chipmunks—now ablaze with bursting shells, and showing in the dusk the curl of flames in the tangled grass, and rising up the boles of the pine trees, the scaling, scorching tongues. Seven hours this terrible spectacle had been enacted, but the *finale* of it had almost come.

It was, by all accounts, in this hour of victory when the modest and brave General Winthrop, of the First Brigade, Ayers' division, was mortally wounded. He was riding along the breastworks, and while in the act of saving a friend's life, was shot through the left lung. He fell at once, and his men, who loved him, gathered around and took him tenderly to the rear, where he died before the stretcher on which

he lay could be deposited beside the meeting-house door. On the way from the field to the hospital he wandered in mind at times, crying out:

“Captain Weaver, how is that line? Has the attack succeeded?” etc.

When he had been resuscitated for a pause, he said:

“Doctor, I am done for.” His last words were:

“Straighten the line!” and he died peacefully.

He was a cousin of Major Winthrop, the author of *Cecil Dreeme*, and was twenty-seven years of age.

General Griffin said: “This victory is not worth Winthrop’s life.”

Winthrop went into the service as a simple color-bearer. He died a brevet-brigadier.

It was 7 o’clock before the Confederates came to the conclusion that they were outflanked and whipped. They had been so busily engaged that they were a long time finding out how desperate were their circumstances; but now, wearied with persistent assaults in front, they fell back to the left, only to see four lines of battle waiting to drive them across the field, decimated. At the right, the horsemen charged them in their vain attempt to fight “out,” and in the rear, straggling foot and cavalry began also to assemble; slant fire, cross fire, and direct fire, by file and volley, rolled in perpetually, cutting down their bravest officers, and strewing the fields with bleeding men; groans resounded in the intervals of exploding powder, and to add to their terror and despair, their own artillery, captured from them, threw into their own ranks from its old position, ungrateful grape and canister, enfiling their breastworks, whizzing and plunging by air line and ricochet; and at last bodies of cavalry fairly mounted their intrenchments and charged down the parapet, slashing and trampling them, and producing inexplicable confusion. They had no commanders—at least no orders—and looked in vain for some guiding hand to lead them out of a toil into which they had fallen so bravely and so blindly. A few more volleys,—a new and irresistible charge,—a shrill and warning command to die or surrender, and with a sullen and tearful impulse, five thousand muskets were flung upon the ground, and five thousand exhausted and impotent men were Sheridan’s prisoners of war.

Acting with his usual decision, Sheridan placed his captives in care of a provost-guard, and sent them at once to the rear. Those which escaped he ordered the fiery Custer to pursue with brand and vengeance, and they were pressed far into the desolate forest, spent and hungry,

many falling by the way of wounds or exhaustion, many pressed down by hoof or sabre-stroke, and many picked up in mercy and sent back to rejoin their brethren in bonds.

Thus ended the splendid victory of Five Forks, the least bloody to the Union troops, but the most successful, proportionate to numbers engaged, that was fought during the war. One man out of every three engaged took a prisoner. Sheridan captured four cannon, an ambulance train and baggage teams, eight thousand muskets, and twenty-eight battle-flags. Sheridan's loss only reached eight hundred.

This victory was almost entirely due to Sheridan. It was won by his strategy and persistence. The happy distribution of duties between cavalry and infantry excited a fine rivalry, and the consciousness of Sheridan's guidance inspired confidence. The enemy lost three thousand in killed and wounded.

The scene at Gravelly Run Meeting-house at 8 and at 10 o'clock on Saturday night was one of the solemn contrasts of the war. A little frame church, planted among the pines, and painted white, with cool, green window-shutters, held at its foot a gallery for the negroes, and at the head a varnished pulpit. Blood ran in little rills across the planks, and human feet treading in them, made indelible prints in every direction. The pulpit lamps were doing duty, not to shed holy light upon holy pages, but to show the pale and dusty faces of the beseeching; and as they moved in and out, the groans and curses of the suffering replaced the gush of peaceful hymns and the deep responses to the preacher's prayers. Federal and Confederate lay together, the bitterness of noon assuaged in the common tribulation of the night, and all the while came in the dripping stretchers, to place in this Golgotha new recruits for death and sorrow. Over the portal, the scenes within were reiterated, except that the greatness of a starry night replaced the close and terrible arena of the church. Beneath the trees, where the Methodist circuit-rider had tied his horse, and the urchins, during class-meeting, had wandered away to cast stones at the squirrels, and measure strength at vaulting and running, the gashed and fevered lay irregularly, some soul going out at each whiff of the breeze in the fir-tops; and the teams and surgeons, and straggling soldiers, and galloping orderlies, passed all the night beneath the old and gibbous moon and the hushed stars, and by trickle of Gravelly Run, stealing off, afear'd. But the wounded had no thought that night; the victory absorbed all hearts.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHERIDAN AT THE SURRENDER.

THE FIVE FORKS ENVIRONMENT — STRIKING AT APPOMATTOX — FIGHTING BEFORE DAYBREAK — STANDING TO HORSE ALL NIGHT — RAPID CAVALRY MOVEMENTS — OVERRIDING MEADE — SURROUNDING LEE — SHERIDAN'S DISTRUST — THE TRUCE — GORDON AND THE SHARPSHOOTER — GRANT AND SHERIDAN MEET — THE SURRENDER OF LEE — "CARRYING THE WORLD" ON THEIR SHOULDERS.

THE night of March 29, 1865, found Sheridan with his cavalry, pressing, watching, keenly alert, looking into the night and southward, as he held, at Dinwiddie Court House, the extreme left of our investing lines about Richmond and Petersburg. The end was near, and by the way at the flank of which Sheridan watched like an eagle ready to pounce upon its prey, must Lee get clear, if at all, of the fiercely elaborate environment which for ten months past Grant had so sternly and steadily forged about him. In a semicircle or arc of at least thirty-five miles, the army of investment was swinging steadily forward. Weitzel on the far right with a part of the Army of the James, was near to Richmond. Warren was below and behind Sheridan, holding the extreme left with his stern, unflinching veterans. Between them, and next to Warren was Humphrey, then Ord and the balance of the Army of the James, and Wright with the Sixth Corps, holding our works in front of Petersburg. Grant's headquarters were that night in the centre, south of the Vaughan road and close to Gravelly Run.

To understand clearly the wonderful part that Sheridan played in the next few days, the position of Lee must be fully comprehended. Richmond was half starved. Petersburg was a demoralized camp. Many of the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia were negatively hostile to a continuance of the struggle for the Confederate cause and its government. General Lee they worshiped and they would follow him. The corps and divisions were held by their leaders and the men's admiration in them. This indifference or semi-hostility was never

openly expressed. But it was felt, nevertheless. There was only one way out for Lee: a retreat to the southwest, by the line of the Richmond and Danville railroad. Looking at the conditions then existing, it may well be doubted if Lee had any real expectation of escaping from Grant with his half-fed and semi-naked troops. If so, it could have been only to commence a desultory, semi-detached warfare which must have very speedily degenerated into a partisan, guerrilla struggle, sure to have made far more difficult, with each recurring day's action, any liberal settlement of the terrible dispute which had put, first and last, over three million men under arms.

It may be well to indicate the troops with which this great task in its final phases, was to be accomplished. With Sheridan, fighting the battle of Five Forks, and serving, too, as the fighting advanced, in all subsequent operations, the roster of March 31st shows the following commands, as engaged in the final movements. In the field and at Five Forks were the

FIFTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General Joshua L. Chamberlain.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Edgar M. Gregory.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General Joseph J. Bartlett.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROMLYN B. AYERS.

First Brigade.—Colonel Frederick Winthrop.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Andrew W. Denneson.

Third Brigade.—Colonel James Gwyn.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL W. CRAWFORD.

First Brigade.—Colonel John A. Kellogg.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General Henry Baxter.

Third Brigade.—Colonel Richard Coulter.

Artillery Brigade.—Colonel Charles S. Wainwright.

The cavalry, Sheridan's own command, consisted of four divisions, all under Major-General Torbett, as chief of cavalry, two of which, under Merritt and Custer, were from the Shenandoah Valley, one

under Crook, of the Army of the Potomac proper, and the fourth under McKenzie, was from the Army of the James. The roster shows the following commands :

MAJOR-GENERAL TORBETT, CHIEF OF CAVALRY, Commanding.

ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

BRIGADIER GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS C. DEVEN.

First Brigade.—Colonel Peter Stagg.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Charles T. Fitzhugh.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General Alfred Gibbs.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.

First Brigade.—Colonel Alexander C. M. Pennington.

Second Brigade.—Colonel William Wells.

Third Brigade.—Colonel Henry Capehart.

SECOND DIVISION (ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.)

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General H. E. Davies.

Second Brigade.—Colonel J. Irvin Gregg.

Third Brigade.—Colonel Charles H. Smith.

ARMY OF THE JAMES.

CAVALRY DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL RANALD S. MCKENZIE.

First Brigade.—Colonel Robert M. West.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Samuel P. Spear.

In the subsequent pursuit of Lee that culminated at Appomattox, the following corps were also associated with General Sheridan :

ARMY OF THE JAMES.

[MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD O. C. ORD.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS AND UNATTACHED COMPANIES.

Signal Corps.—Captain T. B. Norton.

Engineers.—Colonel James F. Hall.

Cavalry.—Colonel Francis Washburn, Colonel Edwin V. Sumner, Colonel Charles F. Adams, Jr.

TWENTY-FOURTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT S. FOSTER.

First Brigade.—Colonel Thomas O. Osborn.

Third Brigade.—Colonel George B. Dandy.

Fourth Brigade.—Colonel Harrison S. Fairchild.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES DEVENS.

First Brigade.—Colonel Edward H. Ripley.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Michael T. Donohue.

Third Brigade.—Colonel Samuel H. Robert.

ARTILLERY.

CAPTAIN JAMES R. ANGEL.

Of the Army of the Potomac were the following organizations :

SECOND ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

First Brigade.—Colonel George W. Scott.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Robert Nugent.

Third Brigade.—Colonel Henry J. Madill.

Fourth Brigade.—Colonel John Ramsey.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM HAYS.

First Brigade.—Colonel William A. Olmstead.

Second Brigade.—Colonel James P. McIvor.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General Thomas A. Smyth.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General Regis De Tobriand.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General Byron R. Pierce.

Third Brigade.—Colonel Robert McAllister.

Artillery Brigade.—Major John G. Hazard.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL HORATIO G. WRIGHT.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANK WHEATON.

First Brigade.—Colonel William H. Penrose.*Second Brigade.*—Colonel Joseph E. Hamblin.*Third Brigade.*—Colonel Oliver Edwards.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE W. GETTY.

First Brigade.—Colonel James N. Warner.*Second Brigade.*—Brigadier-General Lewis A. Grant.*Third Brigade.*—Colonel Thomas W. Hyde.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL TRUMAN SEYMOUR.

First Brigade.—Colonel William S. Truex.*Second Brigade.*—Colonel J. Warren Keifer.*Artillery Brigade.*—Captain Andrew Cowan.

Upon Sheridan's vigilance, however, largely depended the consummation of Lee's necessity—the desperate venture of a great soldier's despair. That last night in March was a dismal one. It rained until the roads became sheets of water, and almost impassable. The men began to feel as if they had really gone through Virginia in a number of places. It seemed as if the waters themselves might knock the bottom out of the Confederacy.

Just above Dinwiddie Court House, at least thirty-five miles south of Richmond, was the important strategical position of Five Forks which Lee had seized and begun to fortify. In his later raid, after reaching City Point from Winchester, Sheridan had succeeded in destroying part of the Richmond and Danville railroad. Hence, Lee's escape from Richmond must be over the country roads. Pickett was at Five Forks, to protect Lee's right, with nearly all the Confederate cavalry and a large body of infantry. The rain held on all of the 30th, the morning upon which Grant gave Sheridan orders to "go in." It was to prevent Lee's holding this strategical position that the great movement and battle of Five Forks was fought and won. The last of March was, said Sheridan to General Horace Porter, of Grant's staff, "one of the liveliest days in his experience." He had fought infantry and cavalry, and had only his troopers to do it with. The

result was that he asked for the Sixth Corps, which had been under him in the Shenandoah Valley. Wright was too far off, however, and Warren was therefore ordered up with the Fifth Corps, which reached Dinwiddie by daylight.

This was the opening of the great "barn door" movement, graphically presented in a preceding chapter. General Porter describes Sheridan's manner at one period of that momentous 1st of April:

"The Fifth Corps had borne the brunt of the infantry fighting ever since the army had moved out on the 29th, and the gallant men who composed it were eager once more to cross bayonets with their old antagonists. But the movement was slow, the required formation seemed to drag, and Sheridan, chafing with impatience and consumed with anxiety, became as restive as a racer when he nears the line, and is struggling to make the start. He made every possible appeal for promptness; he dismounted from his horse, paced up and down, struck the clenched fist of one hand into the palm of the other, and fretted like a caged tiger."*

The same authority declares that Five Forks was "one of the most interesting technical battles of the war, almost perfect in conception, brilliant in execution, strikingly dramatic in its incidents, and productive of immensely important results." And this is the way the news of the victory was carried back, and received by Grant and his staff. General Porter says in the same article that he was with Sheridan all day:

"About half-past seven, I started for general headquarters. The roads in places were corduroyed with captured muskets; ammunition trains and ambulances were still struggling forward for miles; teamsters, prisoners, stragglers, and wounded were choking the roadway; the 'coffee-boilers' had kindled their fires; cheers were resounding on all sides, and everybody was riotous over the victory. A horseman had to pick his way through this jubilant condition of things as best he could, as he did not have the right of way by any means. As I galloped past a group of men on the Boydton plank, my orderly called out to them the news of the victory. The only response he got was from one of them who raised his open hand to his face, put his thumb to his nose, and yelled: 'No you don't—April fool!' I then realized that it was the 1st of April. I had ridden so rapidly that I reached headquarters at Dabney's Mill before the arrival of the last courier

I had dispatched. General Grant was sitting with most of his staff about him, before a blazing camp-fire. He wore his blue cavalry overcoat, and the ever-present cigar was in his mouth. I began shouting the good news as soon as I got in sight, and in a moment all but the imperturbable general-in-chief were on their feet, giving vent to wild demonstrations of joy. For some minutes there was a bewildering state of excitement, grasping of hands, tossing up of hats, and slapping each other on the backs. It meant the beginning of the end; the reaching of the 'last ditch.' It pointed to peace and home. . . . After having listened attentively to the description of Sheridan's day's work, the general, with scarcely a word, walked into his tent, and by the light of a flickering candle, took up his 'manifold writer,' a small book which retained a copy of the matter written, and after finishing several dispatches, handed them to an orderly to be sent over the field wires, came out and joined our group at the camp-fire, and said as coolly as if remarking upon the state of the weather: 'I have ordered an immediate assault along the lines.' This was about 9 o'clock."

Next morning at the earliest streak of gray, the men in blue were in. Before sunrise Wright had carried the lines in his front, and was pushing into Petersburg. Parke's dispatch came next, announcing that he had taken the outer works in his front, and captured twelve guns and eight hundred prisoners. Ord's came next with "I have broken through their intrenchments" and Humphrey kept hard and successfully at the foe in his front. Prisoners by the thousand were passed to the rear. Grant ordered Meade and Ord, commanding the two armies of the Potomac and the James, to face towards the east and close up on the inner lines which covered Petersburg. Up to this point the completeness of the assault had prevented Lee from attempting the recovery of any of his lost ground. But he turned on Parke's corps, threatening his left and the Petersburg bridge across the Appomattox, and, of course, his line of retreat. Parke resisted and repulsed these fierce attacks. The struggle went on all day, without an actual decision, Grant refusing to permit a general assault. He felt certain that Petersburg would be evacuated that night, and would not allow the sacrifice of life involved in taking it by storm. His view of it was sustained by the fact that before five in the morning, Parke had pierced the lines, and the city had surrendered. Lee was out of it before three in the morning. In the final assault on Petersburg by the famous Ninth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, its roster showed the following commands:

THE LIFE OF

NINTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN G. PARKE.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ORLANDO B. WILLCOX.

First Brigade.—Colonel Samuel Harriman.*Second Brigade.*—Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Ely.*Third Brigade.*—Lieutenant-Colonel Gilbert P. Robinson.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT B. POTTER.

First Brigade.—Colonel John I. Curtin.*Second Brigade.*—Brigadier-General Simon G. Griffin.

Major-General Meade received orders to press the whole of his available force in pursuit of Lee, and to follow himself, while Grant remained to receive Mr. Lincoln, who had telegraphed that he was on the way to see him. Richmond was also taken at 8.15, on the same morning, though the news was not received by Grant till late in the afternoon, several hours after he had joined the troops pursuing Lee. The Twenty-fifth Army Corps of the Army of the James, under Major-General Godfrey Weitzel, to whom was assigned the task of entering and occupying Richmond, reported its roster as follows :

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER GENERAL AUGUST V. KAUTZ.

First Brigade.—Colonel Alonzo G. Draper.*Second Brigade.*—Brigadier-General Edward A. Wild.*Attached Brigade.*—Colonel Charles S. Russell.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM BIRNEY.

First Brigade.—Colonel James Shaw, Jr.*Second Brigade.*—Colonel Ulysses Doublebay.*Third Brigade.*—Colonel W. W. Woodward.*Artillery Brigade.*—Captain Loomis L. Langdon.

Sheridan was far ahead and pushing fiercely to cut off Lee's retreat southward. Grant himself was somewhat alarmed for his safety, and urged Meade forward with the infantry corps as rapidly as was possible. As always, much depended upon the qualities and characters of the corps commanders, who in these circumstances proved equal to all circumstances, aiding and reinforcing Sheridan at all opportune periods.

On the evening of April 5th, one of Sheridan's scouts in Confederate uniform, was brought to Grant, or seen and recognized by his staff while being arrested. He brought, wrapped in tinfoil and concealed in his mouth, Sheridan's famous dispatch describing the situation at Jetersville, and ending with the suggestive remark "I wish you were here yourself." Jetersville is a station on the Richmond and Danville road, about thirty miles south by west of Richmond. The infantry, General Ord in advance, was swinging by the left flank a little further south, and were beyond Nottoway Station. Sheridan and the cavalry had struck directly north by west from Dinwiddie and Five Forks, after the battle, to intercept Lee as he moved south from Petersburg and Richmond.

Grant's great anxiety was that Lee should not escape and precipitate himself on Sherman. He ordered Miles' division to swing around to the White Oak road, and join Sheridan. The furious bombardment at Petersburg was also kept up till morning. Miles reported at daybreak. He was ordered to attack the enemy at the intersection of the White Oak and Claiborne roads. They were found in force and position, and Sheridan followed Miles immediately with two divisions of the Fifth Corps. Driven from their position, the Confederates were pursued by Miles across Hatcher's Run and towards the Southside railroad. Humphrey soon arrived with the balance of his corps, and reassumed full command. Sheridan then returned to Five Forks with the Fifth Corps. He sent Merritt westward across Hatcher's Run to break up the rebel cavalry, which had reassembled north of the stream. They, however, would not fight, and were pursued by Merritt in a northerly direction to the Appomattox River. Sheridan then, with the Fifth Corps, crossed Hatcher's Run, and struck the Southside railroad, north of Five Forks. Meeting no opposition, they marched rapidly, and came up in flank and rear of the enemy, opposing Miles. During this interval Miles had gained a signal victory, and when Sheridan arrived the rebels were in a precipitate flight. Sheridan overtook them on the main road along the Appomattox River, and the cavalry and Crawford's division attacked them at nightfall. In the darkness, however, they escaped.

West of the rebel centre all had now been driven beyond the Appomattox by Sheridan, who was directed by Grant to cross the river west of Lee's army, with the Fifth Corps and his cavalry. "You may cross where you please," said Grant. "The position and movements of the enemy will dictate your movements after you cross. All we want is to capture or beat the enemy." Sheridan, anticipating the evacuation of Petersburg, had commenced moving west. The cavalry

advanced and pressed the enemy's trains. Sheridan designed to reach the Danville road as rapidly as possible. Grant telegraphed him :

"It is understood that the enemy will make a stand at Amelia Court House. . . . The first object will be to intercept Lee's army ; the second to secure Burksville."

Sheridan moved in accord with orders. Soon after breaking camp there was some skirmishing on Merritt's front, but no serious fighting occurred until Deep Creek was reached. At this place a strong body of infantry was encountered. Merritt attacked with spirit, driving the enemy from the ford, and pushing vigorously on the opposite side. The Fifth Corps followed rapidly, and picked up many prisoners, as well as five abandoned field guns. But there was no fighting this day, except by our cavalry. At night, Sheridan had 1,300 prisoners. The cavalry encamped at Deep Creek. By daylight, on the 4th, our troopers were again in motion ; Merritt moving towards the Appomattox, and following the force he had driven from Deep Creek the day before, while Crook was ordered to strike the Danville road, between Jetersville and Burkeville, and then move up to Jetersville. The Fifth Corps moved rapidly in the same direction. During this day Grant sent a dispatch to Sheridan, stating that two railroad trains, loaded with supplies, were on the way from Danville, for Lee's army, and had been up the road to Farmville.

"It was understood," he said, "that Lee was to accompany his troops, and that he was bound for Danville, by way of Farmville. Unless you have more positive information of the movements of the enemy, push on with all dispatch to Farmville, and try to intercept the enemy there."

Sheridan, however, was again in Lee's front. At 5 o'clock the head of the Fifth Corps arrived at Jetersville, after a march of sixteen miles. Here a message was captured from Lee, ordering 200,000 rations immediately from Danville, to feed his army. The dispatch had not yet gone over the wires, but Sheridan gave it to a scout to take to Burkeville, and have it telegraphed from there, in the hope that the rations might be forwarded within the Union lines. The scout succeeded in sending the message, but other news traveled quite as fast, and the rations went on to Farmville, where they were captured. Discovering that Lee and his army were at Amelia, Sheridan ordered Griffin (Fifth Corps) to intrench across the railroad, until he could be reinforced. That command went into position, throwing up breast-works as it arrived, and Sheridan at once sent word back to Grant that

he had intercepted Lee. He also sent an aide-de-camp to Meade at Deep Creek, a long day's march from Jetersville. It was well into the night when the messenger arrived, and although Meade was unwell, and in bed, he roused himself at the stirring news, and issued an order to march at 3 o'clock in the morning. Meade was the senior of Sheridan, in rank and service, but he sent him word :

“The Second and Sixth corps will be with you as soon as possible. In the meantime your wishes or suggestions as to any movement other than the simple one of overtaking you, will be promptly acceded to by me, regardless of any other consideration than the vital one of destroying the Army of Northern Virginia.”

Sheridan had meanwhile recalled Merritt and McKenzie from the right, and the head of Meade's command encountered the cavalry marching in the darkness. The double column crowded the road, and the infantry was delayed until Merritt's troopers had passed.

Everything was quiet that night at Jetersville. In the morning the enemy made no demonstration. Sheridan sent a brigade under Davies as far to the left as Paine's cross-roads, five miles northwest, to ascertain if Lee was making attempts to escape in that direction. Davies soon discovered that Sheridan's suspicions were correct. Lee was already moving a train of wagons towards Painesville, escorted by a considerable body of cavalry. Davies at once attacked, and defeated this cavalry, burned 180 wagons, and captured five cannons and several hundred prisoners. A force of rebel infantry was sent to cut him off. Two brigades of Crook's were pushed to his assistance, and a heavy fight ensued, in which the rebels were severely repelled. At 2 o'clock Meade arrived at Jetersville in advance of the Second Corps, which came up an hour later.* Meade was still unwell, and requested

*The forces at General Meade's headquarters consisted of the following commands :

PROVOST GUARD.—COLONEL GEORGE N. MACY.

Engineer Brigade.—Brigadier-General Henry W. Benham.

Battalion United States Engineers.—Captain Franklin Harwood.

Artillery.—Brigadier-General Henry J. Hunt.

Siege Train.—Colonel Henry L. Abbot.

Headquarters Guard.—Captain Richard G. Lay.

Quartermaster's Guard.—Colonel R. N. Batchelder.

Signal Corps.—Captain Charles N. Davis.

Independent Brigade.—Colonel Charles H. T. Collis.

Sheridan to put the Army of the Potomac into position as it arrived. Sheridan placed two divisions of Humphreys on the left of the Fifth Corps, and one on the right, and Merritt, who had now come up, was placed on the left of the infantry. The vigorous movement against Crook on the left led Sheridan to believe the enemy to be escaping in that direction. He was anxious to attack with the force in hand—his cavalry and two corps of infantry; but at this juncture, Meade felt himself well enough to come out and assume command, and, much to Sheridan's mortification, he decided not to attack until the arrival of the Sixth Corps. Meade was the senior, and his wishes prevailed; the attack was delayed. A captured letter from a rebel officer to his mother, describing the condition of the Confederate forces, was just then brought to Sheridan, who sent it to Grant with the following dispatch:

JETERSVILLE, 3 P. M.

I send you the enclosed letter, which will give you an idea of the condition of the enemy and their whereabouts. I sent General Davies' brigade this morning around on my left flank. He captured at Paine's cross-roads five pieces of artillery, about two hundred wagons, and eight or nine battle-flags, and a number of prisoners. The Second Army Corps is now coming up. *I wish you were here yourself.* I feel confident of capturing the Army of Northern Virginia, *if we exert ourselves.* I see no escape for Lee. I will put all my cavalry out on our left flank, except McKenzie, who is on the right.

Immediately on receipt of Sheridan's dispatch, Grant determined to join his cavalry commander. A ride of twenty miles, with an escort of only fourteen men, skirting close to the enemy's lines a portion of the time, brought Grant to Sheridan's bivouac at twelve minutes past ten. This was on the 5th of April.

The Sixth Corps had arrived at 6 o'clock, and was placed by Meade on the right of the army, but no arrangement had been made to

The following other commands were also engaged at various points on the great arc of our operations:

INDEPENDENT DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF THE JAMES.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN W. TURNER.

First Brigade.—Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Potter.

Second Brigade.—Colonel William B. Curtis.

Third Brigade.—Colonel Thomas M. Harris.

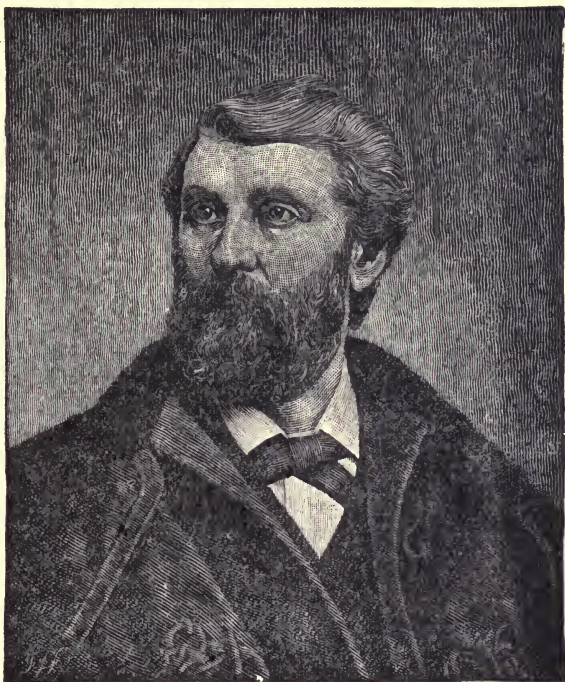
DEFENSES OF BERMUDA HUNDRED.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE L. HARTSUFF.

Pontoniers.—Lieutenant-Colonel Peter S. Michil.

Separate Brigade.—Brigadier-General Joseph B. Carr.

advance before morning. Sheridan was convinced that Lee would not remain to be attacked, and Grant coincided with him. He determined to forestall Lee's design. After midnight Grant visited Meade, whom he found in bed and still ailing. Meade explained his views to Grant, but failed to convince him, and the general took a pencil and wrote instructions for the movement of the entire army, reversing Meade's plan, directing the whole



GEN. J. IRVIN GREGG,

A DISTINGUISHED BRIGADE COMMANDER IN SHERIDAN'S CORPS.

force to move towards the left flank at daylight. Sheridan with the cavalry was dispatched in the direction of Deatonsville, about five miles west of the railroad.

The movement of General Lee was a self-evident one. Leaving Amelia Court House, he pushed south by west towards Danville. It was not his purpose to fight our army except as necessary to make secure his retreat. Other troops were stationed to the south, and supplies were more abundant. It was necessary that our pursuit should be hot and determined. On the 6th, Sheridan and Ord followed closely on the heels of Lee, and the fierce battle of Saylor's Creek was fought against the rebel rear. It was a hot fight, and our cavalry, especially under Custer and Merritt, performed prodigies of valor. Six general officers, 7,000 prisoners, and a large number of flags and guns were captured. Lee's wagon train and headquarters wagons were captured.

Sheridan had ordered General Crook to strike another of the Confederate wagon trains then being escorted on his left by a heavy force

of cavalry. In this attack the Federals were repulsed, but General Custer, who had pressed far in advance of Crook, had arrived at Saylor's Creek, a tributary of the Appomattox, and was intrenched across the path of the Confederates. Two divisions, those of Crook and Deven, now pressed up to his support, and the Confederate line was pierced and 400 wagons, sixteen guns, and many prisoners were captured.

Ewell's corps was thus cut off from the main body of Confederates, and being attacked by overwhelming forces, after the most desperate fighting fell back to Saylor's Creek. This position was held until the Federals were reinforced by Wheaton's division, and after stubborn fighting Ewell's veterans surrendered. The fighting began again early in the morning, and the pursuit was resumed by the Second Corps, which came up with the Confederates under General Mahone, at High Bridge, where a spirited engagement took place, resulting in victory to the Federals. Generally the Confederates felt that the "crack o' doom" was near.

Sheridan always appeared to anticipate Grant's plans and wishes. On that last pursuit, after the fight at Saylor's Creek, the general thought it was necessary to extend the cavalry pursuit further to the west, in order to intercept the fugitives and to capture any scattered forces that might slough off from Lee's main army. Sheridan had already taken steps. He was endeavoring to capture the trains of provisions which had been sent Lee from Danville or Lynchburg. He proposed to capture them and he did it. This tremendous activity of Sheridan had its effect on the enemy. Says a Southern writer:

"And so the retreat rolls on. We are passing abandoned cannon, and wrecked and overturned wagons, and their now useless contents belonging to the quartermasters; horses and mules dead or dying in the mud. At night our march is lighted by the fires of burning wagons; and the hoarse roar of cannon and the rattle of small arms before, behind, and on our flanks are ever in our ears. The constant marching and fighting without food or sleep is rapidly thinning the ranks of this grand old army. Men who have stood by their flags since the beginning of the war now fall out of the ranks and are captured, simply because it is beyond their power of physical endurance to go any further."

But one hope remained to Lee. Ruefully aware that Sheridan had intercepted his flight, he presumed his way blocked by cavalry alone, and at once ordered a charge of infantry. Sheridan was with his cavalry near the Court House when the Army of Virginia made its last charge. By his order, his troopers, who were in line of battle, dis-

mounted, gave ground gradually, while showing a steady front, so as to allow our weary infantry time to form and take position. This effected, the horsemen moved swiftly to the right and mounted, revealing lines of solid infantry in battle array, before whose wall of gleaming bayonets the astonished enemy recoiled in blank despair, as Sheridan and his troopers, passing briskly around the rebel left, prepared to charge the confused, reeling masses. A white flag was now waved by the enemy before General Custer, who held our cavalry advance, with the information that they had concluded to surrender. Riding over to Appomattox Court House, Sheridan was met by General Gordon, who requested a suspension of hostilities, with the assurance that negotiations were then pending between Grant and Lee for a capitulation.

It was an all night vigil on the 8th of April. The day had been one of hard fighting, exciting events, forced marches. Sheridan had placed his cavalry across the lines of Lee's retreat. The troopers stood to horse all that long, chill night. The commands of Ord, of the Army of the James, and of Griffin and Gibbon, of the Army of the Potomac, were being hurried to position behind the cavalry screen. The end was near, and every one worked hard and earnestly. Morning came, and its gray shadows were not lifted when orders came to move forward. The "Spencers" of the cavalymen were at once brought into effective use. We were on the higher ground, and looking over the plain below it could be seen that Lee's army was hemmed in and cut off. The Seventh Michigan Cavalry held the advance directly to the south. "Oh! for Sheridan, now," was the ejaculation of its gallant commander, Colonel Briggs. Towards the west Custer's column was seen advancing. Informed of the condition of affairs, Custer immediately prepared for a charge, and said to Colonel Briggs, "Show me the way."

"Custer's command on this occasion presented a most striking and beautiful effect in color, as also in concentrated power for action. Following the general and his staff, and thrown to the morning breeze, floated not less than twenty-five rebel battle-flags captured from the enemy within ten days. These, with division, brigade, and regimental colors of the command, the red neckties of the men, and the blue and yellow of their uniforms, made a picture, as with flashing sabres they moved into view, at once thrilling and beautiful."*

Just as the lines were formed, and the buglers waited an order to charge, there suddenly emerged from out a piece of woods in the left front three or four horsemen, the leader of whom waved something white over his head. It was Lee's famous flag of truce. They rode

* *Life and Deeds of General U. S. Grant*, p. 64, by Frank A. Burr, Philadelphia.

up to Colonel Briggs, who had moved forward to meet them, and asked for the "general commanding."

Custer was pointed out, and the Confederates rode rapidly towards him. A few moments' parley, and then they returned, Brigadier-General Whittaker, Custer's chief of staff, riding with them. All this, brief as the time was, the whole line saw, and the word passed that Lee was to surrender. Colonel Briggs was permitted to ride with the returning party, and it is from his narrative that this account is abridged. The party rode to Lee's headquarters. General Whittaker entered with the flag-bearer. Colonel Briggs, remaining without, was quickly interrogated as to the object of the flag of truce. On suggesting that it probably related to terms of surrender, many of the Confederate officers grew indignant. One officer felt especially insulted and had to be suppressed by his associates. The conversation within lasted twenty minutes, and then the party moved away.

General Whittaker tells the story of the flag negotiations more in detail. When the bearer rode up, and presenting General Lee's compliments, asked for a cessation of hostilities, pending a reply from General Grant as to surrender, General Custer replied :

"I am not in sole command upon this field, but will report the request to General Sheridan, and I can only stop the charge upon an announcement of an unconditional surrender."

Custer turned to his chief of staff, saying :

"Whittaker, return with this officer, and say to General Lee that I cannot suspend hostilities or stay this charge without the assurance that his army is here to be unconditionally surrendered ; and get me his answer as soon as possible."

The mission was undertaken and made. On arrival at Lee's headquarters, it was learned that he had gone in search of General Grant. Generals Longstreet and Gordon were found, and their assurances were received, that an unconditional surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia was intended. General Whittaker then started to return to Custer. Lee's army was found, during the ride through it, to be ready for battle. Grant was not aware then that Sheridan had built his wall of infantry across Lee's path, and the latter desired to make terms before this knowledge should reach the general. Our lines were moving, as Whittaker dashed into the centre, waving the flag of truce above his head. This, by the way, was a towel obtained from a villager. After its important use was over, General Whittaker cut off a corner of it, handing the towel itself to General Custer as a memento of the historical occasion. It is now in Mrs. Custer's possession.

A writer in the *Blue and Gray* describes some of that morning's scenes as follows :

"Had it been only Sheridan that barred the way the surrender would not have occurred at Appomattox ; but Gordon only drove back the cavalry to find himself confronted by the Army of the James, and their bayonets could now be seen advancing through the trees, and the road was blocked with ten times his number.

"It was then that the flag of truce was raised by an agreement with Sheridan and Gordon.

"Presently a Federal cavalry officer was observed coming down the road toward our forces ; he wore his hair very long, and it was of a light or reddish color. In his hand he carried a white handkerchief, which he constantly waved up and down. He inquired for General Lee, and was directed to General Longstreet upon the hill. Upon approaching the general he dismounted and said : 'General Longstreet, in the name of General Sheridan and myself I demand the surrender of this army. I am General Custer.'

"General Longstreet replied : 'I am not in command of this army. General Lee is, and he has gone back to meet General Grant in regard to a surrender.'

"'Well,' said Custer, 'no matter about General Grant ; we demand the surrender be made to us. If you do not do so, we will renew hostilities, and any bloodshed will be upon your head !'

"'Oh, well,' said Longstreet, 'if you do that I will do my best to meet you.' Then turning to his staff, he said : 'Colonel Manning, please order General Johnston to move his division to the front, to the right of General Gordon. Colonel Latrobe, please order General Pickett forward to General Gordon's left. Do it at once !' Custer listened with surprise depicted upon his countenance ; he had not thought so many of our troops were at hand with Longstreet. He, cooling off immediately, said :

"'General, probably we had better wait until we hear from Grant and Lee. I will speak to General Sheridan about it ; don't move your troops yet.'

"And he mounted and withdrew in a much more quiet style than in his approach.

"As he passed out of hearing, Longstreet said quietly, with that peculiar chuckle of his :

"'Ha ! ha ! that young man has never learned to play the game of "brag."' The divisions of Johnston and Pickett were only a myth, and had no existence whatever after the fight at Five Forks."

Lieutenant-General J. B. Gordon, now with General Joseph E. Johnston, the most distinguished of living Confederate officers, told to Colonel F. A. Burr the following interesting incidents of the surrender at Appomattox :

“A cavalry officer came to me from Sheridan with a flag of truce. He was a handsome fellow and very polite. Saluting, he said :

“‘Is this General Gordon? I am the bearer of General Sheridan’s compliments, and he demands your unconditional surrender.’

“‘Well, colonel,’ (or whatever I saw his rank was), I answered, ‘you will please return my compliments to General Sheridan, and say that I shall not surrender.’

“‘Then,’ he said, ‘you will be annihilated in half an hour. We have you completely surrounded.’

“‘Very well, sir,’ I replied. ‘I am probably as well aware of my situation as you are, but that is my answer.’

“‘You don’t mean that!’ he exclaimed.

“‘Yes I do, sir,’ I said; ‘the only thing I propose to say is what I have already said through my staff officer — that a flag of truce is in existence between General Lee and General Grant.’ I was not going to surrender; because I knew it was coming. I was not going to let Sheridan capture me in that way.

“‘Then you will be annihilated,’ he said, and rode away.

“While I had been sitting there waiting, the firing had almost ceased. The infantry on my flanks had not changed their position much, as they had been moving up very slowly. I was firing artillery at the time, so as to check them. In a few minutes Sheridan himself came up with his staff. He was riding an immense black horse. I will never forget how he looked with his short legs sticking out on either side. We had very much the same sort of parley as had occurred between the other officer and myself. Indeed, the language was almost a literal repetition. Finally I said to him: ‘General, I hardly think that it is worth while for us to parley. I have made up my mind not to surrender, and I shall accept any consequences which may follow this determination. I wish simply to give you the information which was sent me by General Lee. All I know is that there is a flag of truce in existence, and I only know the bare fact.’

“‘Did you say that you have a letter from General Lee?’ he asked.

“I handed him the letter.

“He looked it over and said: ‘I suppose, then, that the only thing we can do is to cease firing.’

“‘I think so,’ I replied.

“He then said to me: ‘If you will withdraw your forces to a certain place, I will withdraw mine, and wait to see what happens.’

“We got down off our horses, and taking a seat on the grass talked there for some time. In the meantime I had forgotten that early in the morning I had detached a force to go back and over on a brow of a hill to prevent the cavalry from coming around between Longstreet and myself. While we were sitting on the grass I heard a roll of musketry, and looking over to where the force had been placed saw it firing into some cavalry that had ridden down in that direction.

“‘H—l, sir, what does this mean?’ cried Sheridan.

“‘I am very sorry about it,’ I replied, as I explained the circumstances, and he and I each sent an officer over to the hill to stop the firing.

“I saved Sheridan’s life that morning beyond question. One of my sharpshooters was a sour sort of fellow, and his only idea was that when he saw a blue-coat it was his duty to shoot at it. I had the sharpshooters around me when Sheridan came up with the flag of truce, and I saw this fellow draw his gun. ‘What do you mean?’ I cried, ‘this is a flag of truce.’ He did not pay the slightest attention to me, and was just about firing when I knocked up his gun and it went off, over Sheridan’s head. ‘Let him stay on his own side, general,’ he muttered.

“General Sheridan and I sat on the ground, close to the brick house where Lee and Grant met, in the orchard. I had passed the house in the morning. We chafed each other a little in the course of the conversation. Sheridan saying: ‘I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you before.’ I replied that we had had some little acquaintance in the Valley of Virginia. He turned the thread of conversation to some guns he had received in the valley. Sheridan had captured nearly all of Early’s artillery, and some more had been sent to him from Richmond. Some wag had written with chalk on one of these guns: ‘Respectfully consigned to Major-General Sheridan through General Early.’ Sheridan had heard of this, and he was very much amused at it; but whether he ever saw such words upon a gun I do not know. When he was through with his story I suggested that I also had two guns which I could consign to him, and with the more grace because they had come from him that very morning.

“Sheridan came with a full staff and remained with me about an hour and a half. My recollection is that we stayed at that place until we received information that General Lee and General Grant had agreed.”*

* From Col. F. A. Burr’s *Life and Deeds of General U. S. Grant*.

It was high noon of the 7th of April, 1865, when Grant with his staff, was at the little Farmville hotel. The village is south of the Appomattox, and is famous because Grant opened from there the surrender correspondence with Lee. The latter was making a bold stand, north of the river, and Crook with his cavalry was being roughly handled. Humphreys' corps was also on the north side, and bearing the brunt of Lee's whole army. The Sixth Corps was hurried over that night. Sheridan was to the south, still moving by that terrible left flank with the rest of his cavalry. Lee was confronted again by Grant's fatal semi-circle. He could only break up and flee to the Appalachians at the west—sure destruction—or he could risk all on a final battle. General Grant offered another alternative, and asked for his surrender, on the afternoon of the 7th of April. Sheridan had sent word that he would probably capture Lee's supply train, which had nearly reached Appomattox Court House. Lee received the demand of Grant, and asked for terms, to which Grant returned in substance—peace only!

Everybody was in the lightest marching order, and it was made evident, also, that the Confederate army was also marching away—that is, crumbling to pieces. Next morning the end was reached. It would be superfluous to attempt to describe the scenes at the famous surrender. Our hero, Sheridan, barred the way of the rebel command. Lee realized this. He was so closely pressed that he had sent duplicates of his letter of surrender to Meade and Sheridan alike, as well as the original forwarded to Grant. The latter did not reach Appomattox till 1 P. M.

The little Virginian village, of half a dozen houses, stands on some rising ground. Beyond it there is a broad valley to the south and west. Our cavalry was holding the high ridge to the west, and with a portion of Ord's troops, held the west and south. As Grant came up with his staff, Sheridan and Ord were seen in the road. As they met, Grant said:

“How are you, Sheridan?”

“First rate, thank you. How are you?”

His manner and tone indicated quite plainly that he was satisfied at least with the position of things.

“Is Lee over there?” asked General Grant.

“Yes; he is in that brick house,” was Sheridan's reply.

“Well, then, we'll go over.” And Grant rode on, followed by Sheridan, Ord, and some others. Grant went into the residence of Wilbur McLean, the others remaining in the front yard for a while,

out of consideration for Lee. Shortly after, General Grant sent a request for them to come in. And in that room the terms of surrender were signed. Colonel Marshall, of Lee's staff, leaned his back against the mantel of the broad, open fireplace. In front of him sat General Lee. At the table fronting him was General Grant. Back of the table, and leaning against the wall, were Colonel Babcock and General Seth Williams, of the staff. Near by, and behind Grant, standing with his sheathed sabre resting across his left arm, was General Sheridan. Next to him were Generals Ingalls and Barnard. Directly behind Grant's chair stood his chief of staff, General Rawlins, with other members of the staff near by. General Ord was seated near the table. The others present were Colonels Badeau, Eli Parker, T. S. Bowers, Frederick T. Dent, and Horace Porter.

Sheridan was as marked a figure, in face, pose, expression, dress, as was Lee himself. The Confederate commander was in full uniform, with sword and equipment, all of which were nearly or quite new. The condition of General Lee's and Colonel Marshall's clothing was explained by the fact that the activity of Sheridan's cavalry in attacking their baggage train had compelled officers to select the most needed articles and leave the rest to be destroyed, rather than have them fall into our hands. Sheridan had fallen unconsciously, as the generals conversed, into a strikingly dramatic attitude. The others sat or lounged, with quiet if intense interest. Sheridan's attitude was that of the soldier who expected to be called suddenly to action. It was that of his mood, for during the whole marvelous pursuit in which he had led the attack and the advance he had been wrought up to the loftiest pitch of endurance, courage, foresight, and vital movement. Indeed, he could have almost stood as a model of Fate, so alert and unyielding was his attitude. Cavalry boots, rusty and soiled, covered half his short, sturdy limbs. He wore the full uniform of his rank, with sash, belt, and sword. His short, broad, sturdy form stood posed in strength. The head and face were remarkable. Beardless, except a close, dark mustache, its striking form and lines were seen most clearly. The expression was that of set, fixed force and determination. There was a tremendous degree of vitality in the notable figure — a great amount of intellectual reserve in the lined countenance. With close-cropped head and beardless face, the depth, height, and breadth of the general's remarkable cranium were felt by all. The jaw, strong and well defined, was not heavy. There was not a gross line to be seen. The arched brows dipped strongly to the interior, and were drawn close by the set, stern look habitual to him in the

field. The Irish gray eyes followed searchingly every facial movement of the Confederate leader. That the brain behind that fixed, impassive sternness was at work could be understood by one glance. Standing "at attention," with his heavy sheathed cavalry sabre resting on his left arm, Sheridan was indeed the embodied vigilance of the Union army.

That morning found ample cause for vigilance. The bold, ardent, ceaseless pursuit which had followed Five Forks, and especially marked the advance from Jetersville, had been rewarded by the securing of the west ridge beyond Lee's position and by the rapid alignment of infantry across the only road by which Lee could move. The Confederates were enmeshed and knew it. The work of disabling guns and destroying military property was going on. Custer in the advance was as usual aching to attack and capture more guns. His division secured the last taken by actual combat in Virginia. It was a wonderfully picturesque sight, for the topographical features permitted a full display of our strengthening and encircling lines, as well as the hurried movements of the gallant enemy within the fateful circles forming about them. Lieutenant-General Gordon with his corps faced Sheridan and Ord, fretting with the impatience of valor. It was his desire to cut his way through, and the veterans behind him would at his word have tried it. Lee knew, however, that such sacrifice was useless, and took pains to forward to General Sheridan a copy of his letter to Grant, calling for a conference to arrange the terms of surrender. Sheridan received this at least an hour before Grant did, with information, also, of the short truce allowed by Meade, whose army was steadily pressed to its position. Sheridan at once rode down to meet Gordon, accompanied by Custer, Merritt, Deven, and others.

How the news was received can be faintly seen by the following incident: Captain A. J. Ricks, of Major-General J. D. Cox's staff, was with that officer when the dispatch announcing Lee's surrender was read. The cheering frightened his horse, which dashed off at full speed, heading to an approaching column of the army. The thought flashed through the rider's mind that this was an opportunity to carry the news through the whole army, so giving free rein to the excited horse, he rode on. The battalions opened for the horse and rider, and he shouted out the news as he sped onward. Captain Ricks narrates: "In one of the regiments, as I was sweeping through the ranks, I caught the bright face of a soldier leaning out from the lines as far as possible into the road, to catch the message that fell from my lips. 'What is it? What is it?' he anxiously shouted. 'Lee has sur-

rendered his whole army to Grant,' was the reply. Clear and loud, above all the voices, and quick as the message fell upon his ear, was his answer: 'Great God! you're the man I've been looking for for the last four years.'

A little incident occurred which deserves mention, and it is given here in the words of General Horace Porter. After the formal terms of surrender were signed, and the staff of General Grant had been introduced, General Lee took the initiative in bringing the conference to business again, and said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men as prisoners, General Grant, a number of them officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them into your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. I have, indeed, nothing for my own men. They have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage. I telegraphed to Lynchburg, directing several train loads of rations to be sent on by rail from there, and when they arrive I should be glad to have the present wants of my men supplied from them.'

"At this remark, all eyes turned towards Sheridan, for he had captured these trains with his cavalry the night before, near Appomattox Station."

The incident shows how complete was the Union environment, and how hopeless would have been any further struggle on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia. It is another evidence of Sheridan's ubiquity. The cavalry was always there — wherever that might be.

Sheridan shared with the other officers, after Lee had ridden away, the desire to secure some relic of the memorable occasion in which he had been so stalwart an actor. But his desire took a generous turn, for paying McLean twenty dollars in gold for the little table on which Lee had signed the terms of surrender, he at once made a present of it to Mrs. Custer — through her husband. Porter says that Custer "started off to camp bearing it upon his shoulder, and looking like Atlas carrying the world." And for the time being they were — these men of high valor — "carrying the world" on their shoulders. It was a memorable event. The accessories were simple enough, as always on really great occasions. But no field in human history has held higher hopes, and none have ever witnessed a larger magnanimity, a grander generosity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRYMEN.

THE SOUTHERN ADVANTAGE AT FIRST—CAVALRY OFFICERS MAKING FINE COMMANDERS—PLANTER AND FARMER FINDING THEIR HORSES AS TROOPERS—THE WADE HAMPTON AND ASHBY LEGIONS—THE LEES—HOW GENERAL LEE LEFT THE UNION SERVICE—"JEB" STUART THEIR BEST COMMANDER—SOUTHWESTERN LEADERS ALSO—ROSSER—MOSEBY—WHAT GRANT SAID OF THE VIRGINIAN PARTISAN—HIS SERVICES TO THE CONFEDERACY—WHAT LEE SAID OF HIS USEFULNESS—THE "BOYS" ARE MARCHING HOME AGAIN—NOT ALL OF THEM.



THE cavalry of the Confederacy was a famous and terrible weapon in the hands of its leaders for more than the first half of the war period. The contempt of our organizers for this arm of the service brought to the people who deserved it not, a good deal of severe punishment. It is recalled as an illustration of how little men, set in their ways, can unlearn, even by experience, that as late as the fall of

1864, and during the rapid retreat from Missouri of General Sterling Price and his army, mostly mounted, that Rosecrans, commanding the Department of Missouri, coming up on the tail of the pursuit, sneered audibly at General Curtis, commanding the Department of Kansas, for pressing the enemy with the mounted forces under his control, which comprised only about half his command, and was much less in numbers than Price's beaten army. General Rosecrans remarked to the officer in command of an engineer party, that Curtis "could not keep it up." Our marches were then some thirty miles a day when not fighting. "You'll see; I'll have to come up at last with my

infantry." As a matter of fact, in that pursuit "Rosy's" infantry never got within fifty miles of a battle-field, and Price was three times routed, and driven finally across the Arkansas River, 200 miles below where the infantry was to "come up," if at all.

The Southern leaders, certainly at first, understood the logistics of the situation better than our own authorities. One reason of that is perhaps to be found in the fact that so many of the Confederate commanders—those from the regular service especially—had been in the cavalry service. Jefferson Davis himself evidently appreciated this arm, as he took especial pains while Secretary of War, under Pierce, in organizing four additional regiments to the regular army, to procure the legislation necessary to equip them as cavalry, and then to officer them with those who, it seemed to him, would best serve the South in the contingencies that were likely to arise. The ex-cavalrymen among commanding and leading generals of the Confederacy, can be named by the score.

It was in the eastern division of our vast field of war that the cavalry service was after all brought to its highest perfection. And it was in that field, also, that the Confederacy aggregated of necessity some of its most useful cavalry commanders. It had the advantage in some degree of securing there the most experienced of the old army dragoons. Lee himself, J. E. B. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, Ewell, Hill, Anderson, Sibley, Joseph E. Johnston, Steele, Hood, Jordan, Albert Sidney Johnston, and a hundred others who could be named, might be properly selected from our *ante bellum* army as the fittest men to organize a cavalry force. The Confederates were not, also, without most gallant cavalry soldiers and leaders whose sabres carved their way from civil life to martial eminence. Among those still living are such men as Wade Hampton, Wheeler, Chalmers, and Moseby. General Gordon himself has shown all the finest qualities of a cavalry commander. Of those who have passed away may be named with respect for soldierly qualities at least, Stuart, Forrest, Cleburne, Wickham, Gilmore, Ashby, Van Dorn, Ben. McCullough, and many others.

Still, as at first in our own army, the engineer officers, like Beauregard, were made prominent. The exigencies of field service, however, soon put the trained cavalry commanders to the fore. The excellence of our West Point training was well illustrated there, in that it showed how easily its graduates could pass from one arm of the service to another, especially in the three active ones—infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

The planter was necessarily a horseman. His work of supervision in the main was done in the saddle. As a slave-holder, owning many or few human chattels, he was more of a man on the back of his saddle-horse in the eyes of his slaves, than when on foot like any ordinary person. He knew how to both ride and shoot. He was master, too, in more senses than one. Besides, this was the slave-holders' war, and there were barely more than sufficient of their class to hold the offices and commissions incidental to a great war. It cannot be denied, either, that in the South the men whose teachings were directed to secession were among the first to volunteer for the fight that ensued.

What gave the Confederate cavalry, then, its first form and usefulness was the rule adopted of requiring each recruit to mount himself. Equipments were sometimes or in part provided, sufficient to give some uniformity. The munificent sum of forty cents per day was allowed each trooper for the use of his horse. He was required, however, to remount himself. The endeavor to achieve this necessity was the source of much of the activity shown by Moseby, Morgan, Duke, and other partisan leaders, in different parts of the large field of border operations. Such a condition applied to the raising of cavalry could only be made in an agricultural country. It was at first peculiarly adapted to the conditions of the South. The rich slave-holding planters, like Wade Hampton; the ambitious and dashing leaders, like Wheeler and Chalmers, then lawyers and planters with careers before them; the born horsemen like Forrest, Morgan, Moseby, the Ashbys, and others, were able to bring together a mounted yeomanry, accustomed to their horses, and used, in the rude atmosphere of slavery, to command. The early usefulness of the Confederate cavalry was due not alone to the character of the men who, by reason of the rule requiring them to furnish their own horses, enlisted in the service, but to the fact that the South had up to the Civil War, paid more attention than the North did to the breeding and training of fine saddle-horses. Besides that was the fact that the Southern trooper almost necessarily knew the country in which he was operating. Probably, also, two-fifths of the male effectives of the Confederate States were constant riders, owned their own stock, or were so related as to be able to procure their mount. Yet, as it turned out, given time and occasion, the loyal states were able, in the long run, to mould and make a better cavalry force, to mount it far more effectively, and handle it more efficiently for final victory.

Wade Hampton, of South Carolina—one of the richest planters in

the whole South, of revolutionary family, of high education and fine talents — was foremost in raising these troops. At the first Bull Run battle, Hampton's Legion was among the most notable of Confederate commands. With Ashby and the Virginian's "Black Horse" troop, the imaginations of our disordered and retreating soldiery were at that period most vividly filled. Hampton, shortly after the death of Stuart at Yellow Tavern, was made a lieutenant-general, and placed in command of Lee's cavalry. He possessed many of the qualities of a fine commander. He was cool in action, knew all about horses, had a way of winning his men, though without the hearty rollicksomeness of Stuart, or the headlong dash of Custer, while he was as remarkable as Sheridan in gathering accurate ideas of the topography through which he was moving. If he lacked anywhere, it was in a sort of immobility that prevented as much dash as cavalry demands.

The Lees all appear to have become troopers, as if born to the saddle. "Fitz-Hugh," "Fitz-Lee," and "Rooney" were far more than ordinary horsemen and commanders. It was doubtless natural that this should be so, for their famous commander, and the head of their house, also, was himself a trained and thoroughly competent cavalry commander. At the time of his entrance into the Confederate service he was lieutenant-colonel of the Second Regiment of United States Cavalry. His headquarters were in the Indian Territory, within the western part of the Chickasaw country, probably at what is now known as Fort Sill, and were, fortunately for the Union cause, under command of Major George H. Thomas, the noble Virginian soldier who did so much to honor his name by great service in the field to the Union cause. Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell at Shiloh, commanding on the Confederate side, was its colonel. Lee was in Texas, *en route* to Washington, when Major-General Twiggs, United States Army, commanding that department, surrendered his command to the secession authorities of the Lone Star State. It is recorded that Lee then declared that he should resign on arriving home, and retire to his farm at Arlington, taking no part in the conflict on either side. This was in December, 1860. He left San Antonio in January, 1861, to return to Washington, and was on duty with General Scott until after Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated. The governor of Virginia had raised a so-called state army of 20,000 men, the command of which was tendered to Lee. He was also offered the position of senior major-general in the Union Army and with it the command of all the troops. He dallied with both offers, not idly, it is certain, but in the grave agony and doubt of a

strong man who thought he saw before him the parting ways of a divided duty. He chose to go with his state, and his resignation was offered on the 20th of April, 1861. On the 22d instant, at Arlington, Lee received commissioners from the State Constitutional Convention, then in session at Richmond, and in its name and that of Governor Letcher, was offered the command of the state troops, with the rank of major-general. Having accepted this offer, that evening Lee left for Richmond with his family. On the 23d, he was received by the state convention. Up to that date Virginia had not actually seceded. It is properly claimed by Union writers and critics that Lee's action did very much to put the state into actual rebellion. No Federal force of any kind had entered the Old Dominion during the controversy. Not until it was actually known at army headquarters that Colonel Lee had not waited for the formal acceptance of his resignation before entering an hostile army was there any movement made in the direction of his arrest. It has been charged that technically General Lee was a deserter, as an officer who offers his resignation is presumed to be still in the army, but under waiting orders. However that may be, General Lee was the hero of the Confederate Army. History has managed, by reason of his strong, rounded character, dignity, and personality, to impress him in a remarkable degree upon the burning pages of that period. In an interesting after-the-war volume,* a Southern writer describes Lee, as he appeared in the Peninsula Campaign. It was just before the battle of Gaines Mills. His headquarters were at Hogan's house, six and one-half miles to the northeast of Richmond. It had been used by our commanders, but as they retreated, Lee, with Longstreet, used it as a post of observation. It also bore the evidences of hospital use. General Lee, says the writer quoted, "sat in the south portico, absorbed in thought. Dressed in a dark uniform, buttoned to the throat, his calm, open countenance and gray hair would have tempted an artist to sketch him in this thoughtful attitude. Longstreet sat in an old garden chair, at the foot of the steps. With his feet thrown against a tree, he presented a true type of the hardy campaigner; his once gray uniform had changed to brown, and many a button was missing; his riding-boots were dusty and worn; but his pistols and sabre had a bright polish, by his side, while his charger stood near, anxiously looking for orders or recognition." An English officer who was visiting the Confederate army, described General Lee as "almost without exception one of

* *Southern Generals*, William Parker Snow, p. 61.

the handsomest of men." At that time he "was fifty-six years old, tall, broad shouldered, very well made, well set up—a thorough soldier in appearance—with manners most courteous and full of dignity." His costume, according to the same authority, was "a well-worn, long gray jacket, a high, black felt hat," and with his trousers "tucked into his Wellington boots." These realistic touches bring the man home to us. It is not a matter to wonder at, then, that the Confederate cavalry service received his watchful care. The estimation in which Stuart—selected by Lee to command his cavalry—was held, is stated by General Longstreet, who in a *Century* article—"Our march Against Pope"—writes that "'Jeb' Stuart was a very daring fellow and the best cavalryman America ever produced. At the second Manassas, soon after we heard of the advance of McDowell and Porter, Stuart came up and made a report to General Lee. When he had done so General Lee said he had no orders at that moment, but he requested Stuart to wait awhile. Thereupon he turned in his tracks, lay down on the ground, put a stone under his head, and instantly fell asleep. General Lee rode away, and in an hour returned. Stuart was still sleeping. Lee asked for him, and Stuart sprang to his feet and said: 'Here I am, general.'

"General Lee replied: 'I want you to send a message to your troops on the left to send a few more cavalry over to the right.'

"'I would better go myself,' said Stuart, and with that he swung himself into the saddle and rode off at a rapid gallop, singing as loud as he could, 'Jine the Cavalry.'

To the gallant Stuart—whom we may admire as a soldier, without accepting Longstreet's eulogy of him—is due the credit of inaugurating the first extensive raiding expedition of the war. The daring and dashing raid made by his command around McClellan's army after the battle of Seven Pines, must take rank as the initiative of similar bold operations that followed rapidly on both sides. "Boots and saddles," was sounded, says Colonel W. T. Robins,* amid the delight of the men and officers. Nominally, the command started for Northern Virginia, but in reality, they were to flank the right wing of the Federal army near Ashland, and moving around its rear, cross the Chickahominy at near Sycamore Ford, in New Kent County, march to the James River, and return to Lee's army, near Deep Bottom, Henrico County—ground which was afterwards marked by the dashing raids of Kilpatrick, and later by the more seriously destructive ones of Sheridan.

This expedition displayed Stuart's capacity for surprise in an admirable manner. Fires were not allowed at bivouacs; the bugles were unused; the marches were begun early and made swiftly. Hanover Court House saw the first Union troopers—a small detachment which left incontinently. A fight occurred at Hawes' shop, where subsequently Custer's command had a brilliant rencontre and won a victory. The Union squadron was swiftly repulsed by a charge of Colonel W. H. F. Lee's regiment. They fell back swiftly on their main body, commanded by Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cooke, the father-in-law of Stuart, and himself a loyal Virginian. The fight was a sharp one, the pursuit was hot, and the conflict was again renewed at Old Church, where the Nationals had encamped. It all resulted in a Confederate victory. Stuart pushed on. McClellan's army was between him and Richmond. The Union cavalry was believed to be in Stuart's rear. Very little fighting occurred. An attempt was made at the York River railroad (in McClellan's possession), near Funstall's Station, to capture a train of troops. The engineer put on steam and broke through the obstructions, while the Confederates fired into the cars, wounding and killing a number of our men. In general, the raid was a huge picnic, during which Stuart's troopers secured many horses, arms, especially revolvers, raided several sutler stores, and got an unusual number, for them, of good things to eat. In their whole excursion they lost one man killed, several wounded, and no prisoners. General Stuart reported the capture of 165 prisoners, 260 horses and mules, and a quantity of small arms. It reads small by the side of the larger operations that marked Sheridan's movements in the last year of the war, but it was a fortunate movement on the Confederates' part, and inspired their troopers with greater dash and self-reliance. In the Central South, however, men like Wheeler, Cheatham, Chalmers, Forrest, and Morgan, had already taught the Union commanders the power of the mounted soldier. No such cavalry forces had been raised in Virginia as, under Forrest and Wheeler, were then and later assailing Halleck's lines of operations, or the movements of Buell and Rosecrans. It was in the Central South and west of the Mississippi that the Confederates made their most extensive and important use of cavalry. Neither Stuart nor Wade Hampton ever commanded over ten thousand cavalymen, Generals Forrest and Wheeler during several periods of their active campaigning, had larger forces. Morgan and Duke were as much partisan leaders as Moseby, yet the latter seldom had over twenty men with him, and probably never commanded over one hundred

troopers in any one engagement or raid. The topographical features of the different fields made necessary the differences of the commands.

General Stuart showed confidence in the material he handled by discarding, ex-regular though he was, the traditions of the United States Army, which held that it took three years of service to make an effective cavalryman out of a raw recruit. The Union cavalry in the Peninsula Campaign, from and around whom he



GEN. WADE HAMPTON,

A FAMOUS CONFEDERATE CAVALRY OFFICER. SINCE THE WAR A UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

seemed to so easily run, as well as fight, consisted of fourteen regiments and two independent squadrons. Major-General George A. Stoneman, recently governor of California, was in command, with Brigadier-General Cooke in command of the reserve. Colonels Emory and Grier ("old Billy," of the regulars, as he was called) were among the efficient, with Averill, Torbett, and others, moulders and commanders of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. Custer was a staff officer with McClellan. Kilpatrick was then a major. Buford was on Stoneman's staff; and the names of our other gallant heroes were, like the better known Confederate cavalymen, just beginning to be "sounded in the ear of fame." Averill had preceded Stuart's exploit of riding round the peninsula army by a raid, on a smaller scale, from Manassas to Fredericksburg. It was the peninsula fighting that made the Union cavalry effective, just as it also inspired that of the Army of Virginia.

“Jeb” Stuart, judging by the anecdotes told of him, was the unquestioned idol of the Virginian cavalry. The ex-partisan leader, Moseby, in the charming little book of *Reminiscences*,* thus sketches Stuart, with whom he first enlisted in the First Virginia Cavalry, as follows :

“He was just twenty-eight years of age—one year older than myself—strongly built, with blue eyes, ruddy complexion, and reddish beard. He wore a blouse and foraging cap with a linen cover, called a havelock, as a protection against the sun. His personal appearance indicated the distinguishing traits of his character—dash, great strength of will, and indomitable energy. Stuart soon showed that he possessed all the qualities of a great leader of cavalry—a sound judgment, a quick intelligence to penetrate the designs of an enemy, mingled with the brilliant courage of a Rupert. His good humor, readiness, and courtesy seem to have been unailing qualities. It is told that during the week of battles in front of Washington, following the second Bull Run, that General Bayard went forward, under a flag of truce, to meet and confer with his old comrade in arms. Less than two years previously ‘Jeb’ was first lieutenant and Bayard second lieutenant in the same company; now ‘Jeb’ was a major-general on the wrong side, and Bayard a brigadier on the right one. During the interview a wounded soldier lying near was groaning and asking for water.

“‘Here, ‘Jeb,’” said Bayard—old-time recollections making him familiar—as he tossed his bridle to a Confederate officer, ‘hold my horse a minute while I fetch that poor fellow some water.’ ‘Jeb’ held the bridle. Bayard went to a stream and brought the wounded man some water. As Bayard mounted his horse, ‘Jeb’ remarked that he had not for some time ‘played orderly to a Union general.’ Poor Bayard went gallantly to his grave some time before his friend did, but Stuart also fell at Yellow Tavern. Another little episode is told pending the Cedar Run field, in 1862. An eye-witness says: ‘On a fallen gum tree—the slain stretched around them—sat the officers of the parley; upon one side the Confederate cavalry leaders, Stuart and General Early; upon the other Generals Hartsuff and Roberts. Stuart was lythe, gray-eyed, and tall, of an intense countenance, nervous, impulsive manner, and clad in gray, with a soft black hat. He wore, curiously enough, United States buttons, and his sword which he

*Moseby's *War Reminiscences*, pp 11-12.

exhibited, was made in Philadelphia. Early was a quiet, severe North Carolinian, who wore a home-spun civil suit, with a brigadier's star on his shoulder bar. General Hartsuff was burly and good-natured; Roberts silent and sage, with white beard and distrustful eye. The former had been a classmate of the cavalryman, and he said, 'Stuart, old boy, how d'ye do?' 'God bless my soul, Hartsuff,' said the other, 'it warms my heart to see you,' and they took a turn arm-in-arm."

Stuart's earlier rival in the affections of the Virginia troopers was the farmer-soldier of Loudoun County, Colonel Turner Ashby, who at his own cost recruited an independent command at the very outset of the Civil War. There was a good deal of feeling displayed, when, the organization of cavalry commencing in earnest, Captain J. E. B. Stuart, formerly of the old regular army, was made colonel over the head, as it were, of Turner Ashby, who was then, as General Imboden has since written, "the idol of all the troopers in the field, as well he might be, for a more brave and chivalrous officer never rode at the head of well-mounted troopers." He was, however, soon placed in command of a regiment of his own people, and maintained his reputation for bravery and dash on the field until he fell in one of the cavalry skirmishes that preceded the battle of Winchester in 1864.

General Jackson, a prominent ex-Confederate officer, says that: "As a partisan officer I never knew his superior; his daring was proverbial; his powers of endurance almost incredible; his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purpose and movements of the enemy."

Strong praise, but characteristic of the Southern judgment which made of every fighter an Hector, and of every leader an Achilles. Another of the competent, but still over-rated men of "brawn and pluck" who served their cause, is the ex-cavalry commander, Thomas L. Rosser, who failed to thrash Custer as he promised, and almost pursued Sheridan even to the grave. There is no doubt, however, that Rosser was a brave and dashing cavalry leader, even if a bit of a braggart. There is a little story told in *Blue and Gray*, which illustrates him, and will bear repeating. During the last campaign, Rosser, in a fight with a portion of Crook's cavalry division sent to destroy the high bridge near Farmville, captured some eight hundred prisoners. The narrator of the incident says, hearing a voice asking for General Longstreet, that he turned in his saddle to find General Rosser near by, mounted on a superb black horse. Inquiring the news, he replied: "Oh! we have captured those people who were going to

destroy the bridge — took them all in ; but Jim Dearing is mortally wounded. He had a hand-to-hand fight with the commanding officer of the Federals, General Read, and cut him down from his horse, killing him ; but Read's orderly shot Dearing through the body, and then he, too, was shot. It was a gallant fight. *This* is Read's horse, and *this* his sabre. Both beauties, aren't they? But I must see Longstreet." Rosser was wounded in the arm, but made light of his "scratch." Longstreet hunted up, Rosser reported. There was evidently more gratification at the captures he made, than pain or surprise at the terrible position in which the army he belonged to was placed.

It is not unrefreshing to read over the old rosters,— so many names and memories are brought to light again. In the Army of Virginia cavalry there are embalmed some names that have grown somewhat since those days. At a glance the eye recalls Hampton and Butler, both in the United States Senate ; Fitzhugh Lee, Governor of Virginia ; Percy M. B. Young, of Georgia ; ex-Congressman Magruder, relative of the dashing and emblazoned artilleryman, who surrendered in Texas as major-general ; Wickham, ex-Senator from Virginia ; Thomas F. Goode, brother of the Congressman ; Brigadier-General W. E. Jones, formerly of the regular army ; Imboden, dashing and able, whose virile pen is still giving the country some valuable papers on the Civil War. But one of the most remarkable of Confederate cavalrymen is never named in these rosters. Yet he held, having won it fairly, the commission of colonel. John L. Moseby, the partisan leader of Northern Virginia, deserves a place in any reference to the doings and deeds of the Confederate troopers. He deserves it because he is a man of character enough to win the respect of his foe, and since the war closed to have induced General Grant to write of him as follows, after having appointed him consul to Hong Kong : " Since the close of the war I have come to know Moseby personally, and somewhat intimately. He is a different man entirely from what I supposed. He is slender, not tall, wiry, and looks as if he could endure any amount of physical exercise. He is able, and thoroughly honest and truthful. There were probably but few men in the South who could have commanded successfully a separate detachment in the rear of an opposing army, and so near the borders of hostilities, as long as he did without losing his entire command." *

Perhaps nothing will illustrate Moseby's intelligence as a soldier and

* *Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 142.

the amount that he accomplished, better than his own statement of the theory upon which he acted as a partisan leader, and the recognition of his services in that capacity which he received from his superiors. Of the first, Colonel Moseby says that he was never a spy, and that his warfare was always such as the laws of war allow. He epitomizes his theory of action as follows: "As a line is only as strong as its weakest point, it was necessary for it to be stronger than I was at every point in order to resist my attacks. . . . To destroy supply trains, to break up the means of conveying intelligence, and thus isolating an army from its base, as well as its different corps from each other, to confuse plans by capturing dispatches, are the objects of partisan warfare. . . . The military value of a partisan's work is not measured by the amount of property destroyed, or the number of men killed or captured, but by the number he keeps watching. Every soldier withdrawn from the front to guard the rear of an army is so much taken from its fighting strength." What he accomplished may be seen in part by the following, which is a copy of General Lee's indorsement on Lieutenant-Colonel Moseby's report of his operations from the 1st of March to the 11th of September, 1864:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
September 19th, 1864. }

Respectfully forwarded to the Adjutant and Inspector-General for the information of the department. Attention is invited to the activity and skill of Colonel Moseby, and the intelligence and courage of the officers and men of his command, as displayed in this report.

With the loss of little more than twenty men, he has killed, wounded, and captured during the period embraced in this report about twelve hundred of the enemy, and taken more than sixteen hundred horses and mules, 230 beef cattle, and eighty-five wagons and ambulances, without counting many smaller operations. The services rendered by Colonel Moseby and his command in watching and reporting the enemy's movements have also been of great value. His operations have been highly creditable to himself and his command.

(Signed)

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Official,

JOHN BLAIR HOGE, *Major and Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Discipline was not as strict in the Confederate as in the Union army, at least with the cavalry. Privates and officers were more familiar—a necessary result of their methods of recruiting for that service. The methods of cooking and of camp fare were also dissimilar to our boys'. They took "pot luck" more frequently, and did not receive the same abundance or quality in rations. One bane of a soldier's life was camp

guard. They never minded doing sentinel duty on the out-posts. The picket line was a place of horror, of danger, and responsibility, yet there was something inspiring and soldier-like in guarding the front. But camp guard, compelling them to stand and watch over a pile of corn, or a lot of half starved army mules, or some equally uninteresting object—it was then that the iron entered the soul, and many were the devices practiced by “old soldiers” to be relieved of this duty.

Here let us pause. The years have passed, summer and winter. Each season in its appointed time has held in its embrace the north land and the south land alike. The shell-shattered tree, the cannon-rifted earth, the torn bastions, the fields ploughed by “war’s dread enginery” have all changed their rude, sad features. The tender touch of nature has shrouded in moss, creeper, and verdure, the riven tree. The broken earth has been brought by industry into smiling places of plenty. The wild flowers bloom where the deadly missiles hurtled fast and furious. Dear nature has kissed alike the graves of Union and Confederate, and her robes of verdure or of snow are the proofs of loving impartiality. But memories live. The “boys” came home again, North and South—but alas! not all of them. As Francis A. Durivage so simply and pathetically sings :

“ There hangs a sabre, and there a rein,
With rusty buckle and green curb chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a moldy saddle,— well, that is all.

“ Come out to the stable; it is not far,
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar;
Look within! There’s an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger,—and that is all.

“ The good black steed came riderless home,
Flecked with the blood-drops, as well as foam.
Do you see that mound, where the dead leaves fall?
The good black horse pined to death — that’s all.

“ All? O God! it is all I can speak,
Question me not,—I am old and weak.
His saddle and sabre hang on the wall,
And his horse pined to death — I have told you all.”

CHAPTER XXV.

A WARNING ON THE RIO GRANDE.

SHERIDAN IS SENT TO TEXAS—GRANT'S LOVE FOR "LITTLE PHIL"—AFTER THE GRAND REVIEW—LOGAN, REYNOLDS, BLUNT, POPE, AND WEITZEL. ORGANIZING—WHAT WAS DESIGNED FOR MEXICO—ESCABEDO AND CORTINAS ON THE LOWER GRANDE—HOW THE IMPERIALIST MEJIA FELT THEIR POWER—ABANDONED UNITED STATES MATERIAL OBTAINED BY MEXICO—JAUREZ AT PASO DEL NORTE—THE OLD CHURCH—OUR CALIFORNIA CAVALRYMEN—HOW THE MEXICAN REPUBLICANS WERE AIDED BY THE UNION—DIFFICULT TASK TO MAINTAIN ORDER IN TEXAS.

THE surrender of Lee with the chief army of the Confederacy at Appomattox, the capture of Richmond also, and the flight of the Confederate President and of his Cabinet, promised, but did not quite insure, that peace for which the leaders of the Union armies had been so long laboring. Sherman was well into North Carolina when Grant told the men of Lee's army to take their horses and go home to plough, accepting unhesitatingly the paroles of men who had been under arms four years for the purpose of dissevering our National Union, that thereafter they would become and remain faithful and peaceful citizens of the land they had sought to disrupture with such courage and vigor as compel one to mourn that the splendid qualities they so lavishly displayed had not been expended in a better cause than that of making "African slavery" the "corner-stone" of a confederacy, which could not exist except upon the ruins of our Federal Union. The military situation, however, concerns the victorious commanders more than the political consequences that directly follow their victories. Still, Grant could not be quite regardless of these.

The assassination of Mr. Lincoln, so soon after Appomattox, terribly complicated affairs by its rapid creation of a public opinion bitterly hostile to all elements in the fallen Confederacy. We now see how little the Southern people had to do with the atrocious acts of Wilkes Booth and his small band of conspirators; but at that date we knew it not. Then came the Sherman-Johnston compact, under the

pretense of an armistice. With all his genius, Sherman lacked the marvelous equipoise which made Grant so supremely sagacious in war, and in all its operations and consequences. He could not and did not resist the trap into which he was led at Raleigh, under the hope of solving seriously the problems of permanent peace, found in the relations of the states to each other. It needed Grant's faith in his great lieutenant and the public confidence in himself to arrange the North Carolina affair, without leaving anything but some sharp personal feeling behind it.

But there was serious work for Sheridan to do. As Adam Badeau shows, there was on Grant's part a genuine love for, as well as confidence felt in Sheridan by his commanding officer and those about him. Badeau says :

“Without Sheridan, Grant's triumph would not have been so complete ; for it was Sheridan, who by rapid marches and incessant blows secured the enveloping, and thus the surrender of Lee. After this Grant fairly loved Sheridan. The affection was founded on admiration ; the intimacy grew out of achievement. While Grant was sick and dying, Sheridan wrote : ‘It is unnecessary for me to use words to express my attachment to General Grant and his family. I have not gone to see him, as I could only bring additional distress to them, and I want to remember him as I knew him in good health.’

“At the close of the war, on the very day of the grand review at Washington, Grant dispatched Sheridan with secret orders to the Rio Grande to watch the frontier. He was told to be ready for any emergency. He performed his part, as usual, well, and when the French were withdrawn Grant placed him in command at New Orleans.”

The interest thus manifested by General Grant in the Republic of Mexico, and the condition of affairs on the Rio Grande are forcibly illustrated in the following letter, written a little later by the conqueror of Lee. Grant had a great dislike to William H. Seward, and in this letter indirectly exhibits this feeling. The letter reads :

WASHINGTON, June 19th, 1865.

HIS EXCELLENCY A. JOHNSON,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The great interest which I feel in securing an honorable and permanent peace whilst we still have in service a force sufficient to insure it, induces me to lay my views before you in an official form.

In the first place, I regard the act of attempting to establish a monarchical government on this continent in Mexico by foreign bayonets,

as an act of hostility against the government of the United States. If allowed to go on until such a government is established I see nothing before us but a long, expensive, and bloody war; one in which the enemies of this country will be joined by tens of thousands of disciplined soldiers, embittered against their government by the experiences of the last four years.

As a justification for open resistance to the establishment of Maximilian's government in Mexico, I would give the following reasons:

First—The act of attempting to establish a monarchy on this continent was an act of known hostility to the government of the United States; was protested against at the time, and would not have been undertaken but for the great war which was raging, and which it was supposed by all the great powers of Europe, except, possibly, Russia, would result in the dismemberment of the country, and the overthrow of republican institutions.

Second—Every act of the empire of Maximilian has been hostile to the government of the United States. Matamoras and the whole Rio Grande under his control, has been an open port to those in rebellion against this government. It is notorious that every article held by the rebels for export was permitted to cross the Rio Grande, and from there go unmolested to all parts of the world; and they received in return, all articles, arms, munitions of war, etc., they desired. Rebels in arms have been allowed to take refuge on Mexican soil, protected by French bayonets. French soldiers have fired on our men from the south side of the river in aid of the rebellion. Officers acting under the authority of the would-be empire, have received arms, munitions, and other public property from the rebels after the same has become the property of the United States. It is now reported, and I think there is no doubt of the truth of the report, that large, organized, and armed bodies of rebels have gone to Mexico to join the Imperialists.

It is further reported, and too we will find the report confirmed, that a contract or agreement has been entered into with Duke Gwin, a traitor to his country, to invite into Mexico armed immigrants for the purpose of wrenching from the rightful government of that country states never controlled by the Imperialists. It will not do to remain quiet and theorize that by showing a strict neutrality all foreign force will be compelled to leave Mexican soil. Rebel immigrants will go to Mexico with arms in their hands. They will not be a burden upon the states, but, on the contrary, will become producers, always ready. When emergency arises, to take up their arms in defence of the cause they espouse.

That their leaders will espouse the cause of the empire purely out of hostility to this government, I feel there is no doubt. There is a hope that the rank and file may take the opposite side if any influence is allowed to work upon their reason, but if a neutrality is to be observed which allows armed rebels to go to Mexico, and which keeps out all other immigrants, and which also denies to the Liberals of Mexico belligerent rights—the right to buy arms and

munition in foreign markets and to transport them through friendly territory to their homes, I see no chance for such influence to be brought to bear.

What I would propose would be a solemn protest against the establishment of a monarchical government in Mexico by the aid of foreign bayonets. If the French have a just claim against Mexico, I would regard them as having triumphed, and would guarantee them suitable award for their grievance. Mexico would, no doubt, admit their claim if it did not affect their territory or right as a free people. The United States could take such pledges as would secure her against loss. How all this could be done without bringing on an armed conflict, others who have studied such matters could tell better than I.

If this course cannot be agreed upon, then I would recognize equal belligerent rights to both parties. I would interpose no obstacle to the passage into Mexico of emigrants to that country. I would allow either party to buy arms, or anything else we have to sell, and interpose no obstacle to their transit.

These views have been hastily drawn up, and contain but little of what might be said on the subject treated of. If, however, they serve to bring the matter under discussion, they will have accomplished all that is desired.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

West of the Appalachian ranges there still remained, even at the time of the grand review at Washington, some considerable Confederate forces in the field. They were not moving actively, it was true, but sufficient remained for a possible nucleus of any projected irregular operations. Certainly, west of the Mississippi, in Northern Louisiana, Southern Arkansas, and Indian Territory, and in the whole of Texas, Kirby Smith, Dick Taylor, and Sterling Price remained in command of a considerable army. The army under the latter had, it was true, been thoroughly defeated and disorganized the preceding fall by our "Army of the Border," under Generals S. R. Curtis and James G. Blunt, commanding the troops of Kansas and Missouri. But Texas was rich in supplies. Her people had grown rich from the necessities of the Confederacy. It was a serious problem for the Federal authorities to consider, and Sheridan was the one commander to be intrusted with a task that also involved the possibility of a foreign war. To subdue Kirby Smith and destroy the last remnants of Confederate resistance was an easy job to set before the young soldier who had harried the Shenandoah Valley, fought the battle of Five Forks, and at Appomattox secured all chances of Lee's retreat in his vice-like grip. But there was a deliberate intention, not publicly expressed at the time, but felt by the loyal nation, to see to it that the

Republic of Mexico was again established, and that the invaders and usurpers thereof should be compelled to withdraw. Sheridan was sent to the performance of this difficult task. The selection of his lieutenants was left to his judgment.

A few days after the occupation of Richmond, which occurred before Appomattox, Major-General Godfrey Weitzel, of the Army of the James, by whom the Confederate capital was taken, was ordered to Washington. On arrival, and upon reporting to the War Department, he was informed by Secretary Stanton of the intended movement to the Rio Grande and of its probable character. With this information he was offered the second command, under General Sheridan as department commander. Troops to the number of 53,000 were already detailed for the new field operations, and General Weitzel was expected to proceed at once to Brownsville, Texas. Weitzel and his staff were on the ground before the grand review was over at the National Capital.

Steps were quickly taken in preparation of any work that might have to be done. General John A. Logan with his famous Fourteenth Army Corps—the men who bore through so many campaigns and battles, the significant badge of a cartridge-box and forty rounds—was sent from Washington to Little Rock, Arkansas. The forces in the Department of Louisiana were sent forward towards Shreveport. Major-General J. J. Reynolds, commanding the Department of Arkan-



LAS CRUCES, VALLEY OF MESILA, NEW MEXICO.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE CALIFORNIA BRIGADE.

sis and the Seventh Army Corps, was at Little Rock. Major-General James G. Blunt, of Kansas, had been ordered from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas and within the Cherokee country, where he was to actively equip the Indians in the Union service (three regiments), several regiments of colored infantry also, with a sufficient force of volunteer cavalry to make a mounted column of at least ten thousand men. This force was to enter Northern Texas and push towards the Rio Grande, in the neighborhood of El Paso, or, as it was then known, the frontier village of Franklin. Major-General John A. Pope, who, after the second battle of Bull Run, was placed in command of the Department of the Northwest, had been relieved by Major-General S. R. Curtis and ordered to the command of the military division of the Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis.

General Sheridan went first to New Orleans, and soon after to Brownsville, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, where General Weitzel's headquarters were already established. The Gulf coast was in our possession. Heavy reinforcements were also sent there. Matamoras on the opposite side of the river was the headquarters of the Confederate spies, blockade runners, and others of similar character. An immense quantity of military stores and other goods, "contraband of war," had been received through this place for the Confederacy. A strong garrison was maintained by the Austrian-French invaders and their Mexican associates. A considerable number of prominent Confederates was daily passing over the Rio Grande border. Altogether, and to all appearances, at the outset it was a lively field of operations on which Sheridan now made his advent.

It was feared at first by the military authorities that detached bodies of Confederate soldiery might succeed in crossing the Mississippi in numbers sufficient to prolong the struggle. It was anticipated as a necessary consequence of this, that we should defeat and drive them westward upon Mexico, and in that way, possibly, bring on the hoped-for collision with Maximilian and his ally, Marshal Bazaine. But it was decided that the French must leave Mexico. The surrender of Kirby Smith on the eighteenth day of May to General Pope at Sarveport, Louisiana, put an end to the prospect of any further Confederate campaigning. That surrender was the last act of war in the great four-years struggle. The last brush between troops of the two armies occurred, however, a few days later, when a Texas infantry colonel, under the pretense that he had not known of the surrender, brought on a short, sharp fight with a body of colored soldiers. This little ebullition was of no importance.

Sheridan remained in command until, in fact, the invaders had left Mexico, Maximilian had been shot at Queretaro, and Jaurez, the great Indian president and liberator, was once more established in the city of Mexico. The French Emperor, as our State Department reports show in the correspondence they contain, fully understood what was meant by the ordering of Sheridan to the Rio Grande and the rapid concentration in the Southwest of so large a force. Mr. Seward succeeded in making our determination quite plain to the crafty schemer of the Tuileries. The withdrawal of Bazaine by Louis Napoleon's order, was the signal for the downfall of his puppet—the Austrian archduke who played emperor for about four years. Sheridan was near the Rio Grande until the end. He had a great deal of interesting work to attend to, and some repressive measures to rigidly enforce, amid a restless and still hostile population. It is unnecessary to say that his work was well done.

The story of Mexico and our relations to the struggling republic, is one of great interest. It has never been told. Probably it never will be, for diplomats are statecraft detectives who believe in secrecy; and so many who knew since these events have "crossed the river." Seward, Jaurez, Grant, Louis Napoleon, Maximilian, Slidell, Gwin, and Mason, might have given, each in his place, the whole story. Even now Romero, the astute, yet honest Mexican representative, could outline the whole matter. It is probable, however, that, like the presence of a Russian fleet on the Pacific coast during our Civil War period, and the subsequent purchase of Alaska from Russia, the truth about the relations between the United States and Mexico during the same period will only be hinted at and never fully explained. What is known, however, is worthy of recital, especially as it remained an instrument in Sheridan's hands while on observation upon the Rio Grande.

The manner in which the Mexican Republic was aided in many directions, as well as the internal questions involved in the maintenance of order within our own borders for the two years following the advent of Generals Sheridan and Weitzel, would form, if it could be fully and fairly told, one of the most interesting chapters of the war and reconstruction periods. At Brownsville the Union commander had his hands full in both directions. General Mejia, the leading Mexican commander in the service of Maximilian, had his headquarters at Matamoras. The Republican General Escabedo was operating against the Imperialists in the lower part of what is now known as the Mexican Free Zone. Cortinas, the notorious partisan leader, was fighting

for the Republic, and made himself a continued thorn in the side of Mejia and the Matamoras Imperialists. The state of feeling at that place towards the Federal troops and their cause may be seen in an incident that occurred but a few evenings before General Weitzel arrived at Brownsville. A mock funeral was held of Abraham Lincoln, the news of whose assassination had just arrived. It was done in derision. Tapers were lighted, masses parodied and intoned, and at the close a bottle of wine was opened and flung over the mask that was supposed to represent the dead American President.

The Imperialist Mejia sought eagerly, however, to gain the good graces of the Union commander. But Weitzel, under orders, acted with a cold reserve that quickly made the renegade Mexican and his allies understand the nature of the feeling with which he and they were regarded on this side of Rio Grande Bravo del Norte. As quickly, too, did the Republicans learn the sentiment and expectations held on our side. The staff officers and others were tacitly encouraged in making friends with the Mexicans. Cortinas and Escabedo were early and frequently in communication with our headquarters. A staff officer of General Weitzel, now a practicing physician in Providence, Dr. Graves, has given some interesting details of the condition of the Mexican camps and troops. At the first visit made to General Cortinas' camp (on leave, and privately as a guest, and not as an American officer) it was found that one thousand men were present. No two arms were of the same pattern, and in the whole command there were but eight hundred cartridges, of which no half dozen were of the same number or pattern. Escabedo's camp was in but a little better condition. Neither command possessed a quartermaster or commissary department; and they were both entirely without surgeons, medical stores, drugs, or hospital service of any kind. It is true that they possessed the Indian-Mexicans' wonderful knowledge of simples and herbs, of that remarkable pharmacopia of nature which the woods, shrubs, and plants of Mexico offer in abundance to those who know their secrets.

But it soon became evident to the Imperialists that the Republicans were rapidly becoming better equipped, especially in arms and ordnance stores. They could readily guess the source of supply, but did not dare make their knowledge a cause of complaint.

About that time it is probable that the records of the War Department will show an extraordinary shipment of arms and munitions of war, of quartermaster's supplies, of artillery and equipments, and of commissariat and medical stores, to the Gulf of Mexico and Browns-



THE PLAZA AND CHURCH OF PASO DEL NORTE, CHIHUAHUA,
MEXICO.

THE OLD CHURCH HELD AS A FORTRESS BY THE MEXICAN REPUBLICANS.

ville. Enough material of war was forwarded to the Southwest to well equip and furnish a moderate-sized army, in addition to what was actually needed for the Union troops stationed in Sheridan's department.

Another fact that would be found is the extraordinary amount of such material that was condemned and ordered to be abandoned. And it was abandoned, but always in very lonely parts of the Rio Grande Valley, long distances above Brownsville, contiguous to and upon the river bank. Somehow these well-guarded trains of condemned and abandoned army stores and munitions were always left at night-fall without escort. Is it any wonder, then, that Cortinas or some other of the Republican leaders always contrived to cross the Rio Grande in their bullock-hide boats and before morning to remove to their own side these valuable munitions which some lucky fate had left at their disposal? There was, also, another act in this interesting drama which will bear telling.

El Paso, now a well-known centre of railroad and commercial activity, in 1865 was a frontier village, with more swagger, crime, treason, and murder to the square foot, according to inhabitants, than any other place upon the North American Continent. It had been famous before as the starting point of military operations at the time of the first Mexican War. Doniphan's Missouri command, after its march across the plains and into New Mexico, was sent by General Phil Kearney to the village of Franklin (El Paso) to hold it as an important observation point upon the extreme northeast frontier of Chihuahua. When the slave-holders' rebellion had begun and ended, El Paso still remained in Confederate hands. It was soon after occupied by our California volunteers. A post of the United States now stands a couple of miles above the city, ensconced on a small plateau, just overlooking the narrow Rio Grande Valley, and embraced almost roughly by the mountain ranges crowding it in on either side. It is a wild, rough region, weird even to ugliness, with its gray grass, its brown mountain and mesa sides—often so grotesque in their eroded forms; its stunted trees and hideous cacti—the very hobgoblin of the vegetable world. Its human occupants are less lovely, as a rule, than even its natural aspects. But it is beautiful, also, beyond the poet's dream to describe, or the painter's genius and skill to depict. A marvelous atmosphere clothes it in wondrous radiance. Even when, at mid-day, the earth lies bald and naked beneath its translucent blue, the wondrous clearness of the arching sky lends enchantment to the vast outlook. But it is at night and morning—at dawn and sundown—that the glory of the wild

region becomes so marvelous that one's pen may well falter in an attempt to describe it. The rainbow's colors are but as idle shadows beside those that the atmosphere paints along the Rio Grande to welcome the sunrise or bid the moon and stars to their constant charming. The chasms, rough and jagged on mountain sides, are draped in the deepest, richest purple. The saw-toothed crests are all golden in the river of sunshine. The red, rugged mesa becomes a lake of beauteous hues. Far and near, all outlines grow tender and soft. In the morning the scene is one of radiant glory. In the evening it becomes a landscape of mystical softness and bewildering enchantment, so lovely are the shadows, and so wonderful the changes wrought by the magical touch of the arid atmosphere.

Across the shallow boundary river lies the Mexican village of Paso Del Norte, with its dirty, straggling adobe dwellings, its uncouth plaza, and ugly if historical church building. For a thousand years, it is probable, has this been the site of human dwellings and activity. It is the extreme northeasterly point of Mexican territory. Its inhabitants (the Pueblo extends for several miles down the river) are nearly all of the indigenous Indian stock of Northern Mexico. They are the most patriotic of Mexicans, and the story of the republic almost begins in this frontier village; nay, it almost ended there, just before the period of Sheridan's appearance in the Southwest. It was in the village of Paso Del Norte that the adherents of the patriot-priest, Hidalgo, made their last stand against their Spanish oppressors, while the liberator was being executed at the city of Chihuahua. It was here, too, that Jaurez and his representatives maintained for nearly two years one of their last territorial footholds on the eastern side of the Sierra Madre.

The Mexican people understood from the beginning the character of our Civil War. This is seen by the fact that early in 1862—it was in May—the Mexican Congress passed in secret session, and without opposition, a joint resolution permitting the authorities of the United States to land troops from California at Guaymas, Sonora, on the Gulf of California, and march the same overland through Mexican territory, to the Rio Grande, Texas. What greater proof of sympathetic alliance could be given? It is also understood that had it been necessary, the troops of the friendly republic would then have been used in our behalf. The permission of Mexico was never taken advantage of, owing to the fact that the Confederate General Sibley, who invaded New Mexico by way of the Rio Grande in the winter of 1861-2, was driven out completely by the Mexican volunteers of New Mexico and the First

Colorado Volunteer Cavalry, under Colonel Slough. Sibley and Baylor both acted in their invasions of the Southwest in the interest of a Confederate plan to conquer California. In this Sibley's intimates now assert that they were to have the assistance of Mexico, the northern states of which were to be sold to the Confederacy. So far as the Mexican Republicans were concerned, the rebel leaders "reckoned without their host." There was a cessation of recruiting efforts for a while in California, but in the fall of 1862, a brigade of cavalry, under Carlton and West, both West Pointers, started from Drum Barracks, Wilmington, Southern California, on a long overland march of nearly twelve hundred miles, passing across the Colorado desert, and entering Arizona at Yuma, marched up the Gila Valley, driving back the Apache marauders as they moved. They reoccupied Tucson, which had been held by Confederate guerrillas, and then they advanced over the Chiricuhua Mountains, meeting and defeating the Apaches, into New Mexico. In the early spring of 1863, they watered their horses in the Rio Grande, occupying the valley of Mesila, and establishing brigade headquarters at Las Cruces, forty miles above El Paso and the Mexican frontier. General Carlton was assigned to the command of the department, and West, promoted as brigadier-general, was placed in charge of the Californians. There was considerable active service against Apaches and Navajo, and an occasional Confederate guerrilla raid. But the great duty performed by the California troops was that of holding and protecting the Republic of Mexico, almost *in extremis*, at the village of Paso Del Norte. The homely church structure of that place was turned into a rude fortress, which was armed with two Parrott guns and several hundred repeating rifles. This armament found its way to Paso Del Norte across the frontier of the United States. It was placed there by General West's knowledge, and with the approval of Mr. Seward, as well as the War Department. For the next two years it was the California volunteers who always appeared on furlough at the Mexican village when the French troops occupying Chihuahua, came nearer to the northern frontier than was usual with them.

The Californians were kept at Las Cruces to protect the Mexican Republicans at Paso Del Norte. And it was from this point that a cavalry column of Sheridan's would have entered Mexico, in 1865, had it become necessary to overthrow the bastard empire by the employment of our forces. The brave Mexicans were able to work out their own freedom, but the United States stood ready to assist. The moral

force of that fact, felt at Paris, Vienna, and Queretaro, finally and visibly aided to crumble the usurpation to pieces.

But the indirect and diplomatic service Sheridan's troops were rendering to Mexico comprised but a small portion of the complex and perplexing duties that devolved upon the department administration.

When General Weitzel, his second in command, arrived at Brownsville, in the latter part of April, 1865, he found a hostile Confederate army, under Kirby Smith and Sterling Price, still in the field. That was the smaller factor in the problem. It speedily solved itself by the surrender at Shreveport. The real trouble was in Texas. Here Confederates not only considered themselves as having never been "subjugated" by the "Yankee hirelings" they affected to despise, but the state began at once to swarm with the more desperate and reckless of the minor Confederate leaders and soldiers, who, penniless and full of dangerous despair, had made their way into the Lone Star State from the Southern armies that were dissolving away east of the Mississippi River. A great many of them would have rejoiced, in impotent hostility, of the chance to swell the forces of Maximilian, provided they could have seen the opportunity of a collision with the Federal forces once more. Others there were — and their number was by no means insignificant — who would gladly have availed themselves of such an occasion to have entered the armies of the republic.

But these men were there, by the thousands, desperate and penniless. Grafted on the usual population of Texas, at that date exceedingly hostile, the problem of maintaining order was one of a peculiarly responsible character. General Weitzel set an early example of a needed sternness. The week before his arrival there, fourteen assassinations occurred on the streets of the town. In the week after his arrival General Weitzel tried and condemned a number of the assassins, executing four of them on one gallows. As a further illustration, an incident is recalled that occurred months later, when an ex-Confederate officer who had ranged himself on the side of Union law and order, was severely wounded in Northern Texas while defending the Union flag from a party of Texas sympathizers with Mr. Johnson. This officer had passed unscathed through the war.

Sheridan's duties in Texas then covered a vast range. They were met as promptly as they rose. Texas was gradually brought into line with law and order. As the years roll on, it will be seen that the acrid medicine of Sheridan's unyielding administration was doubtless the only potion that could at the time have been administered.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHERIDAN IN RECONSTRUCTION DAYS.

CONDITIONS PRECEDING AND ATTENDING RECONSTRUCTION — COMMANDING IN THE GULF STATES — NEW ORLEANS — ANDREW JOHNSON'S INTERFERENCE — MECHANICS HALL MASSACRE — RECONSTRUCTION LEGISLATION — SHERIDAN'S SERVICE UNDER IT — SHOWS EXCELLENT EXECUTIVE ABILITY — EJECTING A GOVERNOR — HIS BANDIT DELIVERANCE — HE GIVES THE PRESIDENT THE "LIE DIRECT" — ABLE BUT THANKLESS SERVICE — APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL HANCOCK.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN left Washington for the Rio Grande early in May, 1865. What he was sent there to do has already been suggested. He was placed in command of the Department of the Gulf, which in June following Grant extended to cover Louisiana and Florida, as well as Texas, with headquarters at New Orleans. This was done because a strong hand and firm will was particularly required at that point. Indications were not wanting to Grant's sagacious observation of the growth of that wide divergence of opinion between President Andrew Johnson and the leaders of the party which had been in power throughout the Rebellion, and were therefore responsible for the legislation of the land, and mainly, also, for its administration. These wide, even fundamental divergencies of opinion and action between the President who constitutionally succeeded after the assassination of the beloved Lincoln, were to place the soldiers of the Union in a terrible dilemma when Congress came to impose upon them the execution of civic duties, requirements, and authority, in the ex-Confederate States. General Sheridan was placed, of all who were so assigned, in the most embarrassing position, for he certainly had not only the more turbulent population to deal with, but the conditions surrounding him were of an extremely complex character. That he conducted himself wisely, even if he dealt sternly and severely with those whom he truthfully deemed "banditti," enleagued for the oppression and even murder of others on account of political differences, is seen in the fact that the representatives of the same communities, more

than twenty years after the events referred to in this chapter, while holding the same political opinions that largely governed the action of those Sheridan in the line of duty felt compelled to suppress, have openly declared their judgment to be, that this American soldier was governed only by his best and highest convictions, and that in no sense did he ever seek knowingly to unduly interfere with civil liberty or personal rights. The acknowledgment thus made on the floor of Senate and House, as well as in the party press, always opposed to the reconstruction policy, is a striking proof of how fast and far we have traveled towards that state of feeling which enables us to discuss the past with little of personal asperity, or to make up judgments, even while differing, with but a modicum of partisan bitterness. The admissions thus made as to motives in this matter, are among the finest tributes yet paid to the fame and character of Philip Henry Sheridan.

In order to place Sheridan's policy and actions in the right perspective and relations, it will be necessary to outline the political-social conditions that followed the collapse of the Southern Confederacy, but more especially the special events that influenced the situation in Louisiana. As a powerful commercial state, having within its borders the lower part of the "Father of Waters"—the Mississippi—and the largest city of the South, the Pelican State had, at the beginning of the secession movement, a considerable Union sentiment among its influential and wealthier citizens. It possessed a unique free colored population, of considerable wealth and education, generally Creoles in descent, by the fact of their having a male parent of French or Spanish birth or ancestry. The existence of this people was in itself a guarantee of more intelligence among the slaves wherever their influence extended, even though the Creole class held themselves aloof and in some instances were also slave-holders. These conditions are mentioned to show how, after Farragut and Butler captured New Orleans and the power of the Union began to be felt once more in the lower river parishes, and gradually therefrom into the other portions of the state, as the Confederate forces were slowly driven out, the demand became urgent to establish civil government in due relations with the Union.

Under General Banks, in 1864 a constitutional convention was convened, and the anti-secession constitution and state was set up, with J. Madison Wells as governor. He was a well-known planter and lawyer, who claimed to have remained faithful to the Union in sentiment. In this movement the colored Unionists were not included, neither public policy nor sentiment having definitely reached the point of their inclusion.

The convention of 1864 sought to perpetuate itself by providing in a schedule attached to the constitution they framed, for their being reconvened at the call of their president, Judge Durell. It was the attempt to exercise this questionable power — not by Judge Durell, but by Judge Howell, afterwards United States Senator from Louisiana, who claimed on Durell's retirement from the convention presidency to be his successor — that brought about the terrible tragedy at Mechanics Hall in New Orleans during the summer of 1866, an event which first brought Sheridan prominently forward in connection with Southern affairs, and finally was the immediate cause of the famous reconstruction legislation of Congress.

It is not proposed to enter into the right or wrong, politically speaking, of that legislation, or to discuss the constitutional interpretations that, *pro* and *con*, were raised thereon. But it is necessary to state the plain historical facts as they appear from the Union stand-point. President Johnson was a Tennessean, whose fidelity to the Union cause during the secession movements and in the civil war that followed, justly excited for him the regard of the loyal North. He was made a brigadier-general, and assigned to duty as military governor of Tennessee — a state in which the powerful Union element had been at first dragooned into helplessness by Confederate agencies and forces. It was a necessary condition of war politics that in such states as Louisiana, Tennessee, Missouri, as well as later, Arkansas, also, the Union element, should be protected in the reorganizing of their state governments on Union lines. It was this policy of Mr. Lincoln's administration that afforded the only basis for the subsequent attempts of Mr. Johnson to "restore," not "reconstruct," the ex-Confederate States — an attempt on his part which produced the bitter controversy between the Executive and Congress that raged until General Grant was first elected President, in 1868. There was a wide difference in this matter between Lincoln and Johnson. Mr. Lincoln had the full confidence of the country, and in all such matters as are under discussion acted in general upon the lines of approving legislation. In other matters he was within the orbit of his powers under the war necessities. The Union state governments named were set in motion to aid the army movement as much, or even more, than they were to inaugurate loyal civil government. Mr. Johnson was in a very different position. The war was over, and the military army of the Union was to be used only to keep order and aid in the final reestablishment of the Federal government. Congress was in full possession of its constitutional initiative. It was no longer the rule

that in war the law was silent. From the Union stand-point—that from which the war was fought—Mr. Johnson's deliberate attempt, in the summer and fall of 1865, to forestall the possible action of Congress, and by executive order to settle the whole question in advance of the current relations of the ex-Confederate States to the Nation they had attempted to destroy, and the Union they sought by war to disrupture, was to be regarded as doubtful and dangerous in character, if not, indeed, a deliberate usurpation on his part. His first act in this direction—that of amnesty—while founded on a constitutional power, was made so broad, and yet so craftily worded, as to arouse well-founded alarm. In the thirteen classes of formerly active rebels who could only secure pardon by direct application to the President, if he so willed, were to be found the representative men of the various social and ruling classes into which the forces of chattelism had divided the slave-owning South. Mr. Johnson was thus able to personally reach, by the exercise of his privilege of amnesty, each of these controlling forces. Following this peculiar exercise of the pardoning power came a bolder policy, in the recognition of the *de facto* civil power remaining over in several states from the military collapse, as possessing the *de jure* right to inaugurate a new and complete civil structure within the states where such fragments of government were found. Thus Mr. Johnson's policy of "restoration" was initiated.

The Republicans in control of Congress, who as Unionists had chosen and elected Mr. Johnson as Vice-President, and necessarily sustained his entrance on the executive powers and duties after Mr. Lincoln's assassination, could not see that it was their duty to consent to such a course as Mr. Johnson was pursuing, or to regard its promulgation as within his constitutional right. The exigencies of the war had brought to the victors the powers of a triumphant belligerent. They had also placed in their hands the future condition of a race emancipated as a war measure. More than either consideration, was the constitutional power to initiate legislation, which certainly does not rest with the American Executive. Legislation was necessary. Presidential orders and proclamations were not laws. Mr. Johnson acted as if they were. So did his Southern allies, growing turbulent with the encouragement they received. Congress began the long and fierce discussion of reconstruction days in its session of 1865-6. Johnson denounced its conduct as usurpation and its leaders as revolutionists, raising thereby the hopes of the ex-Confederate politicians and people, not in the direction of separation from, but of domination by the South,

as of old, within the Union. They also showed very clearly what treatment the freed people might expect at their hands. The laws proposed in the so-called legislatures of South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, and other states, sought to make of the emancipated a permanently dependent class, whose children, under a forced apprenticeship system, were to be made serfs and would be eventually reduced again to personal bondage. The adults were to be placed by these proposed codes at the mercy of the whites, to be compelled to make contracts to labor or to be sold as paupers, not to be allowed to move about at free will, to have their occupations and trades unduly taxed, not to carry arms, and in a hundred ways to be placed in the position of serfdom. These attempts aroused the strongest indignation at the North, and it also excited counter-efforts at the South, which in Louisiana, at least, brought on the first of the bloody collisions of reconstruction days, involving Sheridan's name and administration in their progress and outcome.

In Louisiana the citizens in sympathy with the Johnson policy soon became the most active, as the returning Confederate soldiery of that state settled down again. Without the colored men, free or freed, the Unionists were in a decided minority. With them they would be a large majority unless prevented from the exercise of the franchise by violence.

This was the state of affairs in the summer of 1866. Governor Wells was almost helpless. The lieutenant-governor, Voorhees, was an ex-Confederate soldier, as was the attorney-general. The mayor of New Orleans, J. T. Munroe, was notorious for his dislike of Unionism. He had been compelled to leave the city by Butler. His chief of police was an ex-Confederate officer, and the police were nearly all ex-rebel soldiers. In calling the constitutional convention together, the "radicals" declared their purpose to be the enfranchisement of the colored Unionists, and the exclusion from the ballot-box, for a time at least, of the ex-rebel citizens. This created bitter hostility and anger. Judge Abell, of the city criminal court, who had been a member of the original convention, charged the grand jury against its lawfulness after Judge Howell had issued the call to reconvene and Governor Wells' proclamation for an election to fill vacancies. Lieutenant-Governor Voorhees set himself, with the state machinery behind him, to oppose the governor, and with the mayor decided to disperse the convention if it should meet. In other words it was decided, if the military did not protect them, to kill off the whole body. Abell's opinion and the grand jury's indictments were to be the legal pretexts.

General Sheridan was not in New Orleans when the movement began. It is safe to assert that if he had been the convention would not have met, or that it would have been protected if it had done so. Major-General Absolom Baird, now inspector-general of the United States Army, was department commander.

Judge R. K. Howell's proclamation was issued July 7, 1866. The governor's election order was issued on the 27th. The convention was to assemble on the fifth Monday (30th) in July. On the night of the 27th the radicals held an open-air meeting, at which it was charged inflammatory speeches were made. Any expression was accounted such that favored the colored people and did not then agree with the ex-Confederates and their wishes.

The Mechanics Hall tragedy occurred just before noon on Monday, the 30th of July. It began on the street in an attack on a small procession, and was continued in the hall. The New Orleans police surrounded and entered the building, shooting, wounding, and killing indiscriminately. The governor's office was in the building. That they did not enter. General Baird had troops in readiness, but had decided not to interfere for or against the convention. This was before the attack. General Baird sent an aide to learn when the body would meet. He was told that they had met and adjourned until 6 p. m. The assault was made after the aide had left. The hall doors were forced open and the police fired indiscriminately into the room. The members, many wounded, drove the police back and barricaded the doors with settees, only to have them forced open three several times and the firing renewed. There were reported that day some thirty-seven killed and one hundred and forty-six wounded. A Congressional committee of inquiry afterwards declared the affair to have been pre-arranged, and charged that the state officers engaged with the mayor and chief of police were responsible for the crimes committed. Governor Wells did not take any part. The President encouraged the assailants by a dispatch stating that the military were to "sustain and not to obstruct or interfere with the proceedings of the court." At the same time General Baird's dispatches were given to the Johnson press without the knowledge of either Grant or the War Department.

Sheridan's testimony taken by the Congressional committee will illustrate his position. After stating that he was not in the city on the 30th and did not arrive till the evening of the 31st; that he was at the mouth of the river when he received dispatches announcing the riot, and also stating that there still remained great excitement and that

martial law had been proclaimed, he proceeded to testify that "I found a very high state of excitement, and a very large proportion of the people were armed. There had been quite an extensive sale from the different stores having arms for sale, and this continued . . . until I finally closed the stores. I found quite a state of excitement among the freedmen of the city, but no desire on their part to create a disturbance." He then gave in detail the measures taken to suppress disorder and quiet alarms. He was in command, by the President's order, of Texas, Florida, and Louisiana, each of which states was a separate department. To General Baird, in command of Louisiana, Sheridan testified that the orders given, were :

"That he was not to allow the military to become involved in any political discussion or matters of that kind; that he was not to allow the military to be used for the support or objects of either party, for there were two parties here (Louisiana) bitterly antagonistic. The military were not to be used, except in case of a breach of the peace, in which case I considered the condition of the country to be such that the life and property of the citizens depended upon the military, and not upon the civil authority. He was, therefore, if necessity required, to use the military to preserve the peace, but not to allow himself to be involved unless the peace was broken."

Certainly, these are orders that show a sensitive regard, all things considered, to the forms as well as the spirit of civil law. General Sheridan considered the police as quite competent to have maintained peace on the day of the riot. Twenty policemen, he declared, would have "been sufficient to have arrested the convention without violence." He further testified that there could have been no object, except "to have prevented the police perpetrating a massacre," to have had the military present when the convention met. In a dispatch to General Grant, Sheridan expressed his opinion, under date of August 2d, as follows :

"The more information I obtain of the affair of the 30th in this city, the more revolting it becomes. It was no riot. It was an absolute massacre by the police, which was not excelled in murderous cruelty by that of Fort Pillow. It was a murder which the mayor and police of this city perpetrated without the shadow of a necessity. Furthermore, I believe it was premeditated, and every indication points to this."

To the Congressional committee he declared "I have no reason to change the statement I made." This is plain speaking—direct characterization; but that was Sheridan's way, no matter whom he offended or

what hostility was raised in his path. His dispatch of the 1st of August, 1866, to General Grant still further emphasizes his clear vision and direct methods, as well as presents a lucid summing up of the atrocious crimes, which, under raging political passions, had been so horribly committed :

NEW ORLEANS, August 1, 1866.

General:

You are doubtless aware of the serious riot which occurred in this city on the 30th. A political body, styling itself the convention of 1864, met on the 30th, as it is alleged, for the purpose of remodelling the present constitution of the state. The leaders were political agitators and revolutionary men, and the action of the convention was liable to produce breaches of the public peace.

I had made up my mind to arrest the head men, if the proceedings of the convention were calculated to disturb the tranquility of the department, but I had no cause for action until they committed the overt act. In the meantime, official duty called me to Texas, and the mayor of the city, during my absence, suppressed the convention by the use of the police force, and in so doing attacked the members of the convention and a party of 200 negroes, and with fire-arms, clubs, and knives, in a manner so unnecessary and atrocious, as to compel me to declare that it was murder. . . . I believe that the sentiment of the general community is great regret at this unnecessary cruelty, and the police could have made any arrests they saw fit without sacrificing lives.

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Major-General Commanding.

All of this dispatch, showing the character of the riot, when given out at the White House to a favorite correspondent, was suppressed and withheld. General Sheridan's positive course and testimony did not please Mr. Johnson any more than it did those whom he forcibly and justly stigmatized as "murderers," and as willing participants in an unwarranted massacre.

The story of the New Orleans massacre, and the report thereon by the Shellabarger committee, as well as the positive denunciation of it to which Sheridan gave utterance, had the effect in Congress, after a winter of most remarkable discussion, of bringing about the passage of the original reconstruction act, in which the ex-Confederate States were by its terms divided into five military districts, the commanders of which were to direct and enforce the provisions of the act. Under it a registration of voters was to be had, the freedmen being made citizens and voters by its terms. All who had held office and sworn allegiance to the United States before they entered the rebellion in

favor of the Confederacy were to be excluded from the registration. The military commanders were to have the power to remove all *de facto* civil officials who created disorder, refused to obey, or impeded the reconstruction acts. The genesis of this law was found in an act of 1864, by which the President was authorized to appoint a provisional governor for any state in rebellion, to have the rank of a brigadier-general, when he should deem it necessary. Judge Shellabarger for the New Orleans committee, had offered a bill for the provisional government of Louisiana. This was made over into a general bill. The long debate arose over the extension of suffrage to the negro, the putting of Southern States under long probation, with provisional governments, or the speedy doing away of the *ad interim* conditions. The same act required that these states before being admitted to Congressional representation, should exhibit clean bills of political health, in the form of constitutions prohibiting secession, declaring the Union permanent, enacting full political and civil rights for the colored people, providing free schools, and forbidding payment of any rebel debts. A registration was to be taken immediately, and the first vote had was to be in each state for or against a state constitutional convention.

These statements illustrate broadly the distinctions between the President's "restoration" and the "reconstruction" of Congress. Neither policy recognized the destructibility of any state, but that of Congress was framed upon the constitutional duty of seeing that each state was possessed with a "republican form of government." Congress exercised the right of saying what was such a form. The President attempted to "restore" without any guarantee whatever. After four years of armed rebellion those who participated therein wished to walk in and take possession of their old seats. An act of war having emancipated, they could not directly repossess their old chattels, but they sought to control them for their own advantage, indirectly, at least. It was no wonder that true soldiers like Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Thomas, with others, should at once range themselves with Congress.

General Sheridan was appointed on the 28th of March, 1867, military commander of the Fifth Reconstruction District, consisting of the states of Louisiana and Texas. The latter had an appointee of Mr. Johnson, as provisional governor — Mr. Throckmorton. Louisiana was still organized under the constitution of 1864, and J. Madison Wells was serving as governor. There was no uncertainty in General Sheridan's order assuming command. He declared the law would be executed without fear or favor, but pending that, no one would be removed

from office except for cause, as already stated. Next day, March 29th, not having forgotten the victims of the Mechanics Hall massacre, General Sheridan, by order, removed from office Judge E. Abell of the criminal court, Andrew S. Herron, Attorney-General, and J. T. Munroe, Mayor of New Orleans. The first was charged with using his court to bring about the massacre by making it appear that no one would be tried therein for the deeds done in it. The second was accused of trying to punish the victims, not the murderers, and the last was charged with practically inciting the massacre.

This vigorous action was the key-note of General Sheridan's administration. He issued orders for registration to begin May 1st and end June 30th. Here came one of his earliest collisions with the President, who, through the adjutant-general, directed it be continued one month longer. Sheridan announced obedience, but protested in very plain language. He declared that the interpretation of the reconstruction laws by Attorney-General Stanberry was "a precipitate opening of a broad, macadamized road to perjury," and asked Grant plainly if he should obey them. As they were not promulgated in the forms required by army regulations and military law, General Grant told Sheridan to follow his own interpretation. Shortly after, Congress passed a supplementary act placing reconstruction wholly under General Grant's direction, and requiring military commanders to follow their own interpretations of said laws.

These things did not make the friction less, but more. Sheridan kept on his own way, however. A notable act of his administration was the removal of Governor Throckmorton. One of his most positive acts, making an amusing episode in the dreary virulence of political violence and crime, was that of his summary removal of Governor Wells from his office.

In the winter preceding, the so-called state legislature passed a bill for repairing the levees and providing for issuing bonds to the amount of \$4,000,000. Afterwards the governor and legislature quarreled, evidently as to their shares of the plunder. Sheridan stopped that summarily, by dismissing both from any control, and appointing a commission himself to execute the law. The Secretary of War afterwards (June 3d) suspended the commission and ordered Sheridan to dismiss Governor Wells. The office was offered to a most estimable and able Louisiana lawyer, then residing in Washington, Mr. Thomas J. Durant. He declined, and Benjamin J. Flanders accepted the appointment.

Wells declined to vacate, and at last Sheridan growing disgusted, sent the following very unequivocal and contemptuous order :

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT, }
NEW ORLEANS, June 7, 1867. }

Sir :

General Flanders has just informed me that he has made an official demand on you for the records of the office which you have hitherto held as governor of Louisiana, and that you have declined to turn them over to him, disputing the right to remove from office by me, which right you have acknowledged and urged upon me up to the time of your removal. I therefore send Brevet Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, of my staff, to notify you he is sent by me to eject you from the governor's room forcibly, unless you consider this notification as equivalent to ejection.

This same Governor Wells Sheridan declared to be "a political trickster and a dishonest man." He was full, he said, of "subterfuge and political chicanery." In these remarks the soldier was unquestionably right. His dispatches, letters, and reports of this period afford the raciest of reading. He minced no words, and met every accusation or attack in the most positive manner. It was the hot, ugly, murderous period of the Ku-Klux Klan and of the beginnings of the White League conspiracy and its tragedies. All these acts and proceedings Sheridan roundly denounced, and he stung their supporters in Louisiana and Texas, whom he declared in a famous letter to have murdered 3,500 citizens because of differences of political opinion and of color. He denounced them as "political banditti," and asked for authority to deal with them as such. General Sheridan conducted the first registration, and supervised the first election under the reconstruction acts in Louisiana and Texas. In Louisiana the registration aggregated 127,639, of whom 82,907 were the new colored voters. At the election for or against a constitutional convention, 75,083 votes were cast for, to 4,006 against. It has been estimated that 40,000 whites were disfranchised in that state alone, but this is a greatly exaggerated statement. On the 1st of August, 1867, Sheridan removed the aldermen and other New Orleans officials for impeding reconstruction, and on the 17th the President relieved him. In the final report of his operations in the Fifth Military District, General Sheridan declared that the difficult situation in which he had been placed had been rendered more difficult by the open sympathies the President expressed towards those who had been removed. He added significantly : "I have been charged by the highest authority

of the Nation with being tyrannical and a partisan, and I am not afraid to say that when such charges are made against me, I feel in my heart they are untruthful."

He did not return to New Orleans until 1875, when the operations of the White League were dangerous and murderous enough to induce President Grant to send Sheridan down there. His presence was enough to cause a sullen submission at least. It was, taken altogether, a strange chapter in a soldier's career. The needs of the hour proved him capable, and time has certainly justified both his motives and his judgment.

From this date onward, until his death, Sheridan remained clear of all political entanglements. His position in the army made this the only proper course, if policy alone had guided his actions, but it was also the course which his own convictions of duty dictated. No one who could have had the right to know of General Sheridan's opinions on public affairs, would have long been in doubt of his personal attitude towards them and the party divisions into which they were necessarily divided. He was, like Grant and Sherman, in sympathy with the Republican party, in its historic attitude towards the Union, and in its relations to the economic problems that are a part of its principles, purposes, and policy. Of this there can be no question.

But General Sheridan was no politician. As an American citizen he held sternly to his convictions of public duty. As a soldier he was honorably and properly a non-partisan, serving the whole people whose defender he was, and keeping true watch and ward over all interests intrusted to him. But he always felt keenly over the reconstruction period and the severe responsibilities which it thrust upon him in larger degree than on any other one of the soldiers who were called to the execution of trusts so repugnant to the general cast of a soldier's life and duty. He felt then that he was right in the course he had pursued. He knew afterwards that results fully vindicated his acts.



GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN,

SHERIDAN'S PREDECESSOR AS GENERAL OF THE ARMY — HERO OF THE MARCH TO THE SEA,
AND ONE OF THE THREE GREAT CAPTAINS UNDER WHOM THE WAR WAS
BROUGHT TO A SUCCESSFUL CLOSE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN COMMAND AT FORT LEAVENWORTH AND CHICAGO.

COMMANDING THE DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI — INDIAN WARS AND DISTURBANCES — SERIOUS MILITARY OPERATIONS NECESSITATED — REMOVING TRIBES FROM THE GREAT PLAINS — CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE KIWAS, COMANCHES, AND CHEYENNES — MADE A LIEUTENANT-GENERAL — WHERE AND HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED — HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO — VISIT TO EUROPE — SHERIDAN AT SEDAN — HOB-NOBGING WITH BISMARCK — THE GREAT FIRE — MARRIAGE AND REMOVAL TO WASHINGTON.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN was assigned by the general-in-chief, on the 12th of September, 1867, to the command of the Department of the Missouri. It was a grateful relief from the terrible strain of reconstruction responsibilities, ably borne though they were. It was also a command of considerable military importance, involving as it did heavy conflicts with the Indian tribes of the region, as well as the execution of a policy of concentration and removal which was designed to clear the central portion of our western region from the hindrances to settlement and railroad progress which the presence therein of strong Indian tribes necessarily created. The recognition of Sheridan for this command was in the line of Grant's course towards him. Sherman as the senior and ranking officer, was relieved largely of severe departmental service, and was then engaged as a member of the Indian Peace Commission in the inquiries and negotiations that were needed to achieve the policy indicated.

Sheridan's new headquarters were at Fort Leavenworth — the post which had become the most important in what might have been termed the frontier West. He found there his old comrade of the regular army, and of the Army of the Cumberland, General Elliott, who succeeded to the command of Sheridan's old division on his transfer to the Potomac. The department included the Indian Territory, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and that portion of Dakota now known as the Territory of Wyoming. This region was more or less disturbed by Indian hostility when Sheridan took command at Fort Leavenworth.

The Indian Territory had not quite settled from its war divisions, and constant watchfulness was needed to prevent disorders which might readily have grown serious. The great problem involved in Sheridan's department administration was mainly confined, however, to the territory lying between the Platte in Nebraska and the Canadian River in the western portion of the Indian Territory, and of the southern line of Kansas, further east. It extended as far west as the Rocky Mountains. In that region the Utes were restless, but not openly hostile.

In the region to which Sheridan's main efforts and operations were directed there was a considerable body of Indians. In the Missouri Valley itself was a number of semi-civilized tribes, nearly all of whom have since been removed to the Indian Territory or become incorporated in the general body politic. In Nebraska were the Otoes and other tribal remnants; in Eastern Kansas were the Delawares, Kickapoos, Shawnees, Peorias, Weas, Pinkeshaws, Osages, Pottawatomies, and Kaw or Kansas Indians, numbering in all between six and seven thousand souls. The Nebraska bands were not removed. About eighty per cent. of all the Kansas Indians have been removed and settled again, where the semi-civilized bodies all form part of the Cherokee nation, so far as organized civic action on their part is concerned. The work of removal was begun under Sheridan's department administration. West of Fort Riley, serious work was before him and the troops under his command, which included besides regular white and colored regiments and batteries, at least two regiments of Kansas volunteers, the Seventeenth and Eighteenth, raised for Indian service. These regiments were commanded by veteran soldiers, ex-Governor S. J. Crawford, formerly colonel of the Eighty-third, United States Colored Troops, and Thomas J. Moonlight, ex-colonel of the Fourteenth Kansas Volunteers (cavalry), and now governor of Wyoming Territory, being the colonels respectively of these organizations. In what is now known as Wyoming, the Cheyennes, Blackfeet, Northern Comanches, and some Sioux bands required constant watching. In Southwest Nebraska the Pawnees were restless. But in Western Kansas, the Kiowas, Arapahoes, Comanches, Apaches of the Plains, and the Cheyennes, the latter the most warlike and valorous of all Indians on the plains, were openly hostile in feeling, and from the outset more or less actively so.

These Indians, the Kiowas especially, during the last year of the Civil War kept the feeble frontier settlements in continual danger. They were unquestionably influenced in this hostility by old traders

and "squaw men," who were generally in sympathy with the South at the time. It is also known that the Confederate military authorities endeavored to organize their hostility to the whites as a direct menace to the Union cause in that vast and sparsely protected region. The activity of the Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico military authorities prevented these intrigues from making any great headway. But the infamous affair at Sand Creek, Southern Colorado, where, in the early fall of 1864, Colonel Chivington with a regiment of Colorado 100-day men attacked and slew the inmates of a Kiowa camp under Black Kettle, an Indian chief who had always been esteemed by frontiers-men as friendly to the whites, caused a general irruption of this tribe and the other Indians of the plains against the settlers of Western Kansas, in September and October of that year. The raiders were met and driven back by a force under General J. G. Blunt. Next year they were checked by volunteers and regulars under Crawford, Moonlight, Elliott, and others. General Hancock was in command and had a severe fight in 1866, before he was ordered by President Johnson to supersede Sheridan. When the latter assumed his new command, as Grant had foreseen, he found his work already cut out for him.

The Indians against whom he had especially to direct his forces numbered in all about eleven thousand persons. The Comanches were a warlike tribe, who generally roamed over the head waters of the Red and Canadian rivers and across the staked plains of Texas as far south as the Rio Grande. The Kiowas and Arapahoes hunted and lived about the Upper Arkansas and as far north as the Smoky Hill branch of the Kansas River. The Cheyennes roamed and hunted through the whole of Kansas, west of the 100th meridian of west longitude. They were unyielding foes, and the bands known as Dog-Soldiers, then under Mo-ke-ta-ve-tah, had not been at peace for at least twenty years preceding Sheridan's operations. The last terrible drubbing they received before the new commander annihilated them, was given by the gallant Colonel Sumner, who with the Fifth Cavalry in the late summer of 1857 took up their trail from Fort Riley, and never left it until he had reached their camp and defeated them in a terrible fight, utterly routing and killing a considerable proportion of the tribe. During the war they recovered their old strength and spirit, and once more became a terror to the growing settlements. The progress of railroad construction increased their hostility, and necessitated increasing vigilance and activity against them. When the Civil War closed there was not a single mile of railroad north of Jefferson City and west of the Missouri

River : certainly, not outside of California. When General Sheridan was transferred to Leavenworth, the Union and Central Pacific roads were nearing their junction in Utah, and hundreds of miles of other roads, as the Kansas Pacific, Pacific, and others, were already in local operation. The duties of a military commander in a region so active with the vanguard forces of civilization, and so hostile with the expiring assaults of aboriginal savagery, were of the most diverse and exacting character. Railroad construction at times and in part, assumed a semi-military character. Their advance also brought together the criminal scum of our western life, and trains had continually to be protected against it by military detachments. All this work was in addition to the comprehensive and exacting demands that were imposed by Indian hostility and subjugation. As in the work of reconstruction, Sheridan's new duties involved not only the subduing of disorder and the prevention of outbreaks, but it required that the work to be done should proceed upon plans that looked to a final solution of the whole question at issue. It was the necessity of the situation that the Indians must be wholly removed from the Plains region.

The Indian outbreak and subsequent campaign of 1868-9, gave the untiring department commander the opportunity to accomplish in full the policy of removal, or at least to compel Indian submission thereto, and the easy inauguration, therefore, of steps to complete this purpose.

In October, 1868, the valleys of the Smoky Hill, Solomon, and Saline rivers were the scenes of a series of Indian atrocities as horrible as any that have marked the bloody progress of our frontier growth. The Cheyenne Dog soldiers were especially fiendish, and made the Saline and Solomon valleys the scenes of outrages too terrible to narrate. Sheridan was at Fort Leavenworth. Before the day had closed on which the news was received, he was with his staff on the road to Fort Hays, upon the Smoky Hill River, and the then terminus of the Kansas Pacific, to which a rapid concentration and forwarding of troops was ordered. It was the best place for a movement against the savages, who were struck heavily on the flank as they rapidly fell back. A winter campaign was inaugurated at once, and pushed under his own command with the same untiring and remorseless activity that was exhibited in the Shenandoah Valley in the overthrow and pursuit of Early. The campaign proved a bewildering one to the Indian enemy. It was a surprise to the settlers. On arrival at Fort Hays, Sheridan sent out strong detachments of cavalry in all the directions required for pursuit, with orders to follow to the utmost

He then massed a considerable force, and formed depots of supplies at various points. All this was done with such great celerity that it remains among the older settlers and frontiers-men a subject of admiration to this day. They had never seen before the spirit of a great soldier carried into the work of protecting their homes and ranches, united as well, with that of permanently subduing a savage foe.

The severe task Sheridan set himself was magnificently performed. To those who criticise only from the stand-point of war among civilized peoples it may seem that the overthrow of not over ten thousand half-naked and half-armed Indians, men, women, and children, was an easy piece of work in comparison with what our soldier had previously performed. This would not be a correct judgment. All things considered, the warrior Indians were more than equal, at first, to double their number of ordinary troopers. This advantage was lost to them under the untiring pursuit that Sheridan instituted—such a pursuit as must always be destructive to aborigines, whose staying qualities are never as great as those civilized troops develop, especially such hardy troopers as Sheridan commanded. In that memorable winter campaign the Indians were beaten in all engagements, followed to all their lairs, and routed in every direction. Their villages were taken and destroyed. Their ponies were in large part killed or captured. Their supplies were cut off. Hundreds of their fighting men were slain. The unyielding Cheyenne Dog soldiers, with their chief, were actually annihilated, only one warrior, a minor chief, escaping. Their women and children were afterwards divided among other bands—so that the formidable Dog soldiers were literally “wiped out.”

Before the campaign closed Sheridan received the surrender of nearly ten thousand Indians, whom he placed under strong military guard on the territory they are still occupying in the upper valleys of the Wichita River, near the mouths of Medicine and Cache creeks, and within the limits of the Indian Territory. The Cherokee Nation had sold this section to the United States government by the treaty of 1866, for the express purpose of concentrating and settling thereon these and other tribes of a similar character. Sheridan's captives included a large proportion of the tribes by whom the proposed occupation was to be made. They are still settled there, and are now prosperous communities of cattle raisers and farmers.

Ulysses S. Grant had been elected President of the United States. The close of Sheridan's successful Indian campaign was almost contemporaneous with the inauguration of the new President. The influence

of Grant had already secured from Congress the legislative power necessary to enable him to make the first appointments given in his new position. The commission of general held by Grant expired with his resignation thereof. Sherman had been named, as was Grant when made general, in the acts which authorized his appointment as lieutenant-general. Legislation was therefore necessary. It had been obtained. Grant's first act as President after taking the oath of office, reading his inaugural, and calling the Senate together in executive session, was to nominate William Tecumseh Sherman as General, and Philip Henry Sheridan as Lieutenant-General in the Army of the United States. The nominations were immediately confirmed.

Sheridan, two thousand miles westward, was moving east with his wearied escort, consisting of a detachment of the Tenth Cavalry, accompanied by Colonels Lebo and Schuyler Crosby, Major J. W. Clous, and Colonel McGonigle. They were returning to Fort Hays. Between the middle of February and March 6th, a march of over three hundred miles had been made. Sheridan had left the camp of the captured Indians, on the head waters of the Wichita River, after a remarkable talk to such of their head men as were left, in which he had firmly, but without anger or the arrogance of power, told them what they could expect from the "Great Father." His little command was but twenty miles from Fort Hays on the Smoky Hill. The long shadows of the afternoon sun were descending as a military courier was seen fleetly riding towards the advancing command. The vedettes and their commander were proudly saluted, but the courier drew no rein. It was evident that whatever was the news, he was proud of being its carrier. But in his haste he rode by the general, and an orderly was sent to inform the rider that he was at the head of the little column. Turning his horse swiftly, the messenger drew a yellow envelope from his pocket, and rode up furiously, reining his horse almost back upon his haunches, and standing in his stirrups, as he touched his hat in a military salute, exclaimed while handing over the dispatch:

"I have the honor of saluting the Lieutenant-General of the Army of the United States."

The bronzed, flushed face of the trooper was all aglow with pride and pleasure, as at once he became a rigid and martial statue "at attention."

The cry was heard, and even before the gallant little soldier to whom the dispatch was addressed could open it, the soldiers all, officers and men, shouted "To the Lieutenant-General!"

General Sheridan's face, says an eye-witness, was flushed with mingled sensations of pride and emotion. His hand trembled with feeling as he opened the packet. It was a telegram from General Sherman substantially in these words :

“Grant has been inaugurated. He has just nominated me for General and you for Lieutenant-General.”

“To the Lieutenant-General!” went up in shouts along the little column of officers and troopers which broke the solitudes of the Smoky Hill; “To the Lieutenant-General!” again and again in rounds of cheers. And then the bugle gave the order “trot,” and shortly the little command was briskly galloping toward Fort Hays. The next day, March 7th, General Sheridan, with two aides, left for Washington. They arrived in the middle of March. Sheridan was the recipient of the most marked social attention. After a short rest he was assigned to the Military Division of the Missouri, embracing all the territory north and south from the Gulf to the British line, and from the Missouri River west to the Rocky Mountains. His headquarters were fixed in Chicago. Four departments, each commanded by a well-known soldier, were included within this great division.

One unaccustomed to the routine of army life and administration would naturally suppose that the lieutenant-general was now to have a very easy time. In this, however, the critic would be mistaken. The duties of an American army commander, even in peace, are exacting enough to fill the working ambition of any man competent to perform them. As already seen, in the conduct of the Department of Missouri the Indian troubles were serious and absorbing. The conditions imposed by the earlier days of railroad construction and traffic enjoined serious responsibilities on the military. Besides these things, there were to be foreseen and met the inevitable changes in frontier army administration that the new highways and the settlements which accompanied them rendered so necessary. Of these matters, Sheridan in his new position was at the fore. He prepared him to live comfortably. In Chicago, from the outset, the general became, for his personal qualities, as well as his distinguished position, a great social favorite. It is a feeling which grew with his years, and became a deep admiration when, during the great fire, he was able to perform signal service for a people so terribly stricken.

But he had hardly got his business office and personal belongings into good shape, when the thunder of war came floating over the Atlantic. France and Prussia declared war, and the latter, sustained by

the whole of Germany, commenced her terribly aggressive war on her old enemy. As customary with our government, it was determined at once to send a distinguished American officer to observe the progress of the war. The lieutenant-general was selected to represent us. Accompanied by Brigadier-General J. W. Forsyth, now colonel of the famous Seventh Cavalry, United States Army, which has been commanded since the Rebellion by Generals Sturgis and Custer, Sheridan sailed for Europe. Forsyth was a member of the staff, serving with the lieutenant-general from 1863 till 1878, and rejoining him in 1880. He received six-months leave of absence, with permission to go beyond the sea. Like Major-General Schofield, who succeeds to the duties of General commanding the Army, he was a classmate of Sheridan's at West Point. They both graduated, however, a year before he did, owing to the fact that his conflict with Cadet-Sergeant Terrell set the little Ohio soldier back a year in his class.

Lieutenant-General Sheridan was ordered to Washington on the 10th of July, 1870. His orders made him special commissioner of the United States at the theatre of military operations. He was to observe the methods of the French and Prussian governments in the conduct of war. On his return he was to make a report on the cavalry, infantry, and artillery of each, and also upon the arms, tactics, and discipline of each army.

General Sheridan sailed at once, and from London addressed to both the French and Prussian governments a formal official request for permission to accompany their armies. The French responded with a brusque refusal; the Germans with a direct royal approval. He is announced as leaving for the Continent on the 8th of August. On the 12th he left Berlin for Prussian headquarters. He was cheerfully given all the facilities needed. He was, in fact, treated as a royal guest on his arrival at King William's headquarters at Pont-a-Mousson.

Lieutenant-General Sheridan was obliged to select the German armies as his field of observation, because the French Emperor refused to allow his armies to be accompanied by foreign officers. As the Germans were the invading and attacking force, and also from the fact of their high reputation for military science, skill, discipline, drill, and mechanism, Sheridan was fortunate in his military hosts. The distinguished soldier was received with the honors and courtesy due his rank and high reputation. He was attached as a guest to the headquarters of Prince Bismarck, and was present as a critical observer at the battles of Gravelock, Beaumont, and Sedan, at the latter witnessing personally the surrender of Louis Napoleon.

At the battle of Sedan, Sheridan was on the field from the first movement at 6 A. M., on the 1st of September, until the surrender of Louis Napoleon at 5.15 P. M. The Sedan correspondence of George W. Smalley, the well-known journalist, who was with the German Army also, is replete with reference to General Sheridan's opinions and comments. There was very heavy musketry firing at noon. Mr. Smalley says :

“ General Sheridan, by whose side I was standing at the time, told me that he did not remember ever to have heard so well sustained a fire of small arms. It made itself heard above the roar of the batteries at our feet. . . . At 1 o'clock the French batteries on the edge of the wood towards Torcy, and above it, opened a vigorous fire on the advancing Prussian column of the Third Corps, whose evident intention it was to storm the hill northwest of La Garenne, and so gain the key of the position on that side. At 1.05 another French battery near the wood opened on the Prussian columns, which were compelled to keep shifting their ground till ready for their final rush at the hills, in order to avoid offering so good a mark to the French shells. Shortly after we saw the first Prussian skirmishers on the crest of the La Garenne hills above Torcy. They did not seem to be in strength, and General Sheridan, standing behind me, exclaimed :

“ ‘ Ah ! the beggars are too weak ; they can never hold that position against all those French.’

“ The general's prophecy soon proved correct, for the French advanced at least six to one, and the Prussians were forced to retreat down the hill to seek reinforcements from their columns which were hurrying to their support. In five minutes they came back again, this time in greater force, but still terribly inferior to those huge French masses.

“ ‘ Good heavens ! The French cuirassiers are going to charge them,’ cried General Sheridan. And sure enough the regiment of cuirassiers, their helmets and breastplates flashing in the September sun, formed in sections of squadrons and dashed down on the scattered Prussian skirmishers, without deigning to form a line. Squares are never used by the Prussians, and the infantry received the cuirassiers with a crushing ‘ quick fire ’ at about one hundred yards' distance, loading and firing with extreme rapidity, and shooting with unflinching precision into the dense French squadrons. The effect was startling. Over went horses and men in numbers, in masses, in hundreds ; and the regiment of proud French cuirassiers went hurriedly back in dis-

order; went back faster than it came; went back scarcely a regiment in strength, and not at all a regiment in form.

“The great object of the Prussians was gained, since they were not driven from the crest of the hill they sought to hold.

“‘There will be a devil of a fight for that crest before it is won or lost,’ said Sheridan, straining his eyes through his field-glass at the hill which was not over three miles from us.”

Several charges of a similar character by the French cavalry, followed the one which has been briefly described, each ending as the first one did. After the last desperate charge of the French cavalry, General Sheridan remarked to Mr. Smalley that he never saw anything so reckless, so utterly foolish, as that last charge. “It was sheer murder,” he added, emphatically.

“At 2.05 in the afternoon the French totally abandoned the hill between Torcy and Sedan, and fell back on the *faubourg* of Caval, just outside the ramparts of the town.

“‘Now the battle is lost for the French,’ said General Sheridan, to the delight of the Prussian officers. One would almost have imagined that the French had heard his words: they had hardly been uttered when there came a lull in the firing all along the line.

“At 6.30 the King received Napoleon’s letter of surrender, and sat down to write a note to the Emperor. While the King was writing this note, Count Bismarck came up to Generals Sheridan and Forsyth and Mr. Smalley, and heartily shook our hands.

“‘Let me congratulate you most sincerely, count,’ said General Sheridan. ‘I can only compare the surrender of Napoleon to that of General Lee at Appomattox Court House.’”

General Adam Badeau has recently caused to be published the following letter, which for its frank, unrestrained freedom, written in the confidence of personal friendship, possesses a peculiar value in this relation:

RHEIMS, FRANCE, Sept. 13, 1870.

MY DEAR GENERAL GRANT: The capture of the Emperor Napoleon and McMahan’s army at Sedan on the 1st of September has thrown France into a chaos which even embarrasses the Prussian authorities.. It seems to a quiet observer as though Prussia had done too much.. Whom to negotiate with, whom to hold responsible in the final settlement, are becoming grave questions, and one cannot see what will be the result. I was present at the battles of Beaumont, Gravelotte, and Sedan, and have had my imagination clipped, in seeing these battles,

of many of the errors it had run into in its conception of what might be expected of the trained troops of Europe.

There was about the same percentage of sneaks or runaways, and the general conditions of the battles were about the same as our own. One thing was especially noticeable — the scattered condition of the men in going into battle, and their scattered condition while engaged. At Gravelotte, Beaumont, and Sedan, the men engaged on both sides were so scattered that it looked like thousands of men engaged in a deadly skirmish without any regard to lines or formation. These battles were of this style of fighting, commencing at long range, and might be called progressive fighting, closing at night by the French always giving up their position or being driven from it in this way by the Prussians. The latter had their own strategy up to the Moselle, and it was good and successful. After that river was reached, the French made the strategy for the Prussians, and it was more successful than their own. The Prussian soldiers are very good, brave fellows, all young, scarcely a man over twenty-seven in the first levies. They had gone into each battle with the determination to win. It is especially noticeable, also, that the Prussians have attacked the French wherever they have found them, let the numbers be great or small, and, so far as I have been able to see, though the grand tactics of bringing on the engagements have been good, yet the battles have been won by the good square fighting of the men and junior officers. It is true the Prussians have been two to one, except in one of the battles before Metz — that of the 16th of August; still the French have had the advantage of very strong positions.

Generally speaking, the French soldiers have not fought well. It may be because the poor fellows had been discouraged by the trap into which their commander had led them, but I must confess to having seen some of the "tallest" running at Sedan I have ever witnessed, especially on the left of the French position — all attempts to make the men stand seemed to be unavailing. So disgraceful was this that it caused the French cavalry to make three or four gallant but foolish charges, as if it were to show that there was at least some manhood left in a mounted French soldier.

I am disgusted; all my boyhood's fancies of the soldiers of the great Napoleon have been dissipated, or else the soldiers of the "Little Corporal" have lost their *elan* in the pampered parade soldiers of the "Man of Destiny."

The Prussians will settle, I think, by making the line of the

Moselle the German line, taking in Metz and Strasburg, and the expenses of the war.

I have been most kindly received by the King and Count Bismarck and all the officers at the headquarters of the Prussian Army — have seen much of great interest, and especially have been able to observe the difference between the European battles and those of our own country. I have not found the difference very great, but that difference is to the credit of our own country. There is nothing to be learned here professionally, and it is a satisfaction to learn that such is the case.

There is much, however, which Europeans could learn from us, — the use of rifle-pits — the use of cavalry, which they do not use well; for instance, there is a line of communication from here to Germany exposed to the whole of the south of France, with scarcely a soldier on the whole line, and it has never been touched. There are a hundred things in which they are behind us. The staff departments are poorly organized; the quartermaster's department very wretched, etc., etc.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. H. SHERIDAN, *Lieutenant-General*.

P. S. — We go to-morrow with the headquarters of the King to a point about twenty miles from Paris.

P. H. S.

Letters received at Chicago from General Sheridan during this period, and while he was still at Prussian headquarters, stated that he had witnessed all the battles from the beginning of the war, and that he was present at the surrender of Napoleon. General Sheridan reported that the Prussian Army is well organized and equipped; but he expressed a positive opinion that neither the French nor the Prussian soldiers are equal to our own in point of intelligence, skill, and arms. Sheridan was with Bismarck when the great statesman sprang from his carriage with a pistol in each hand and cleared the streets of the village of Garge. He was also with him when he dismounted abreast of the carriage of the defeated Napoleon. Sheridan's descriptions of these events are very interesting and graphic. He says Bismarck saluted the Emperor "in a quick, brusque way which seemed to startle him."

Sheridan accompanied the German armies to Paris, witnessing all the operations of the siege. General Forsyth is reported as saying that "his fame had reached France in advance, where the people, from his vim and dash, had already likened him to and placed him on the same

high pedestal of fame as the great Corsican. When they saw him (for the general had a truly Napoleonic head) they nearly went wild with enthusiasm." It is quite safe to assert that the German Army had no closer or keener critic, nor was he in any way unobservant of the fine qualities of the French soldiers. He was reported at the time by a newspaper correspondent as expressing great admiration of the manner in which, under Gambetta's dictatorship at Tours, the French people and army showed their recuperative power. It is also recorded that he declared that in spite of the magnificent machinery and administrative perfection of the German Army, they would never know what real fighting was until they should meet in a popular war, American or British soldiers. General Butterfield recalls being in Italy with General Sheridan after the Franco-Prussian War had closed its fateful progress. He was full of life and animation, cheery with good humor, and interested his companions with an endless variety of stories and incidents of camp and field, of march and fight.

Returning after a year of travel, full of interest, professional and general, the lieutenant-general resumed command of his division, and once more occupied his attractive residence on Michigan Avenue. He was home but a few months when the great fire broke out which devastated and destroyed the larger part of the "City of the Lakes."

The historic cow that upset the old Irish woman and her kerosene lamp caused the greatest conflagration of modern, if not, indeed, of ancient history, also. The terrible fire swept on its path of ruin, bringing not destruction to property and life alone, but demoralizing the entire people, and proving the incompetency of the civic authorities to fulfil reasonably any of the onerous duties that fell upon them.

General Sheridan was appealed to, and not in vain. On the 10th of October, 1871, the Secretary of War, General John A. Rawlins, directed him, upon receipt of advices from the burning city, to use all his available troops as a guard and for the suppression of all disorder and criminals. He also authorized, at General Sheridan's request, the issuing of 100,000 rations. This was done, says the order, "to help protect what property is left and to try and get homes for the homeless." The lieutenant-general found it necessary to bring order out of the fiery chaos, and, to suppress the increasing hordes of scoundrels who were drawn hither for purposes of plunder, to proclaim martial law. The fire was subdued by the 12th instant. The soldier patrols were making safe the blackened streets, and the terrified survivors were coming back to where their stores and homes had once stood. The mayor issued an

order to all persons against committing acts endangering life or property, and declaring that "with the help of God and General Sheridan I will preserve order at all hazards." By the general's orders 800 tents were issued to the homeless that evening. All the resources at the command of his headquarters were fully drawn upon, his chief quartermaster, General Rucker, meeting all possible requirements. He forwarded to the mayor the following letter :

HEADQUARTERS OF MILITARY DIVISION OF THE WEST, }
CHICAGO, October 12th, 1871. }

To his Honor the Mayor :

The preservation of the peace and good order of this city having been entrusted to me by your Honor, I am happy to state that no case of outbreak or disorder has been reported.

The people are calm and well disposed. The force at my command is ample to maintain order.

Still I would suggest that the citizens do not relax their vigilance until the smoldering fires are entirely extinguished.

P. H. SHERIDAN, *Lieutenant-General.*

In every stage of the relief movements, as well as those for the maintenance of order and to prevent the revival of the conflagration in any direction, General Sheridan was consulted. The mayor announced, for example, on the 16th of October, that, after advising with General Sheridan, all matters relating to the distribution of supplies would be turned over to the relief society which had already been formed. On the 18th instant, through the Associated Press, General Sheridan appealed to the curious not to come to Chicago, simply to see. He said :

"Thousands of this class are here now, without shelter or accommodations, and they must be fed and cared for the same as the sufferers."

There are many anecdotes characteristic of Sheridan told in relation to this period. One will be sufficient to illustrate his direct modes of dealing. A certain hotel which had escaped the flames, was reported as charging exorbitant rates. Sheridan asked the price of board. The reply was \$6.00 per day. "How much before the fire?" The answer was \$2.50.

"All right," was the general's reply, "I'll run this hotel myself for \$2.50 a day," and he at once put an orderly in charge, and kept it full till martial law was removed.

Owing to a misunderstanding, Colonel Grosvenor, United States Army, was, on the 26th of October, shot by the police. There was a

great deal of ungrateful jealousy exhibited, which was fanned by a few lawyers and politicians like General Palmer, who saw the fabric of American liberty crumbling to pieces at their feet because, in response to a demand by the municipal authorities, the soldiery of the United States had, in a savage crisis, been used to maintain order, protect a homeless people, and to feed those who were suffering from hunger. Idle stories of a mischievous nature were set afoot. One of the current dailies tells the following after the fire and panic was over :

A reporter thought that as there was no murder there was no fun or excitement. So one day during the fire, he determined to start something of the kind, and dispatched to New York :

“Seven incendiaries have just been shot down in the act of kindling fires.”

Only seven, growled the public, there must be more than that ; the fire was a large one. The next day, he with his pen, hung Barney Aaron to a lamp-post and shot another fellow named Tracey. Next day a telegram was sent to General Sheridan asking him “if it would not be possible to put out the fire with gore?”

Sheridan answered, “No disturbance of any kind here.”

“Ah,” said this reporter, “Sheridan is so used to blood! This is nothing to him. To a man who swam his horse through it in the Shenandoah, a mere street full is nothing.”

This story is not a joke, but the truth, and the falsifying reporter is still a well-known correspondent. But the citizens of Chicago knew better. Sheridan's services in their behalf have been gratefully and substantially acknowledged. The Washington house in which he has resided since his transfer thereto in 1884, was purchased for \$44,000 by Chicago admirers, who have also endowed “Little Phil, Jr.,” with a valuable legacy in the shape of telephone stock, held for his benefit and in his name. General Sheridan liked Chicago as a residence. He took a decided interest there in social affairs. It is the city of his marriage. He was an active member of several, and an honorary member of all the Chicago clubs, and interested himself in racing stock and fishing. He loved to watch a good race to the finish. A capital angler, he was, says a member of the Point Pelee Club, the only man who could fish all day without getting a bite and yet never complain. On his leaving Chicago a dinner was tendered him by the Commercial Club, at which one of its leading members, Mr. J. W. Doane, said :

“Chicago can never forget General Sheridan. When the city was in flames, when men's hearts failed them, and ruin and desolation stared

us in the face, all eyes were turned to him whom we honor here this evening. It was his cool brain and prompt and ready courage that greatly helped to check the devouring fire. It is a matter of record that when every moment was precious, without waiting to consult the authorities at Washington he took it upon himself to order troops and rations from neighboring cities, and thereby averted riot and bloodshed, and helped many thousands of our people to survive the severest trials of the hour. So successful was he in this great crisis that the mayor publicly tendered to him the thanks of Chicago and its whole people. Nor was that all. In 1874, when the city was threatened with a repetition of those calamities, General Sheridan again was largely instrumental in saving our homes and fortunes from ruin and destruction. And once more, in 1877, when the Communist riots (so destructive in other places) threatened Chicago, the general, by making a rapid journey of 1,000 miles, by appearing quickly upon the scene, and by his wise and decisive action, rescued us for the third time from what might have been a public misfortune of no ordinary kind. Believe me, general, a grateful people will embalm your memory in their innermost hearts. Representing as we do, in some degree, the commercial interests of this great city, we feel that this is a most fitting occasion to acknowledge thus publicly and in the presence of your friends (whom we are proud to welcome here to-night), your constant loyalty to this, your chosen city, a loyalty which its citizens can never forget so long as Chicago holds her proud place among the chief cities of the Union."

General Sheridan made his chief investment in Chicago, or in enterprises recommended to him by friends in that city. The family still own his former residence on Michigan Avenue, and have other real estate, without considering the Washington home and belongings.

While still in Chicago, his military career was marked with the beginning and close of the great struggle of the Sioux Nation against the progress of the whites in Dakota. It was also intensified by his visit, under orders from President Grant, to New Orleans in 1875, where he remained for a short time. His presence was rendered necessary by the lawless actions of the White Leaguers, whose rebellious intentions against the existing state government would doubtless have been more determined but for the presence of the commander whom once before they had learned to dread. His administration of the great division assigned to his command will be noted in the history of this country as the period in which the Indian problem came nearer to a final solution than at any period of our history. Its extent and character is not yet

fully realized. In Dakota alone, from the early part of 1861, hostilities prevailed until after the death of General Custer, on the Rosebud. During the four years of Civil War it took an army of 12,000 men to hold the territory against the implacable warfare carried on by the hostile Sioux, then comprising the major part of their tribes. General Shelly, a regular army officer and a vigorous Indian fighter, and General Sibley, a volunteer, who from having long been with the Sioux as a trader, understood them well, were the commanding officers in those campaigns. The half-breed and other traders, sheltered under the British flag in what is now known as Manitoba, supplied the hostiles with excellent arms. As soon as the Civil War ceased the War Department turned its attention more closely to the Sioux troubles with the result that in 1866 General S. R. Curtis and others were sent as commissioners to receive the surrender of Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Rain-in-the-face, Big Thunder, and other chiefs, with their bands. The formidable Teton Sioux and their war chief, Sitting Bull, were not included in the negotiations which brought the peace that has since prevailed, except as to the Tetons. The progress of the Northern Pacific railroad and the discovery and development of the precious metals in the Black Hills region, rendered the presence of troops more necessary. From the date of his marriage, in 1874, for several years, Sheridan was kept busy watching Dakota affairs and arranging for the complete subjugation of the Sioux still remaining hostile. He visited annually the posts and camps included within his division. In 1867-8, he was occupied closely with affairs on the Rio Grande, which at one time almost threatened a rupture of our friendly relations with Mexico,

The lieutenant-general took, like his senior, General Sherman, a great interest in the higher practical instruction of army officers, and in aiding the welfare and promotion of worthy soldiers from the rank and file. The officers' school at Fort Leavenworth was, to all practical intents, a conception of Sheridan's, and he never failed to keep a close watch over its efficiency and welfare.

In 1883, General Sherman, who had passed the legal term of active service, was, at his own request, placed on the retired list. The lieutenant-general was summoned to Washington by President Arthur, to assume the duties of commanding-general. He remained there until his removal to Nonquit, during the first week in July of 1888. His time there was fully occupied by the army administration. Each year he made his annual tour of inspection, and it was during his last trip in the early months of the year of his death that he so over-exerted him-

self as to bring on the heart trouble to which, on the night of Sunday, August 5, 1888, he at last succumbēd.

General Sheridan was fond of visiting Chicago during the racing season. He sometimes acted as judge, and was president of the Washington Park Club. He was always present on Derby day. His official inspection of the garrison at the Highwood, United States Post, near Chicago, was probably the last time that he was officially saluted by United States troops under review. It was on May 5th.

While his fatal sickness was apparently at its height, and there then seemed but a very slight prospect of his living even the sad two months that followed, the Congress of the United States revived the active grade of general, and the President appointed him thereto, while the Senate immediately confirmed the nomination. This was on the 1st of June, sixty-six days before his death. The bill was presented and passed the House, and was carried to the Senate, the President signing Sheridan's nomination, and commission also, before the Senate had acted on the bill sent them from the other branch. It was passed, signed, and the nomination confirmed before 3 P. M. of the day on which it was introduced. Shortly after, Senators Hawley and Manderson carried the commission to the bedside of General Sheridan, and very soon after its receipt he took the oath of office and issued the following general order—his first and last official act as General of the United States Army :

General Order No. 37.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1, 1888. }

1. The following named officers are appointed aides-de-camp on the staff of the General of the Army, with the rank of colonel, to date from this day : Major Michael V. Sheridan, assistant adjutant-general ; Captain Stanford C. Kellogg, Fifth Cavalry ; Captain Stanhope Blunt, ordnance department.

2. In addition to his duties as aide-de-camp, Colonel Blunt will continue to perform the duty of inspector of rifle practice at headquarters of the army.

By command of GENERAL SHERIDAN.

R. C. DRUM, *Adjutant-General (Official)*.

J. C. KELTON, *Assistant Adjutant-General*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SHERIDAN'S HOME AND FAMILY LIFE.

THE GENERAL'S WASHINGTON RESIDENCE — MRS. SHERIDAN AND THE CHILDREN — DOMESTIC CHARACTER OF HUSBAND AND FATHER — HOME INTERIORS — PARLOR AND LIBRARY — THE GENERAL'S OFFICE IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT — HIS STAFF OFFICERS — INCIDENTS AND ASSOCIATIONS — HIS HEALTH — THE FATAL SICKNESS — NONQUIT — LIFE CLOSES AMID NATURE'S BEAUTY.

THE quiet, loving domesticity of General Sheridan's home and inner life since his marriage at Chicago in 1874, has been a beautiful and striking contrast with the Titanic activity of that outer and active life upon which rests his world-wide fame. It is not for any stranger to seek to withdraw the veil of seclusion that fitly enshrouds every one's private and personal existence; especially so while grief sits in majestic sorrow at the portals. But it will not be intrusive to draw together and present as a complete whole the facts known of men.

A striking proof of the wholesome domesticity of the general's character is to be seen in the fact that it has required the affectionate interest everywhere aroused by the saddening incidents of his last sickness and lingering death, to draw out the charming pictures of home life which are now associated with the Sheridan family. Living as the general and Mrs. Sheridan have done, for the last five years of his life, in a city and community where privacy for the public man is almost unknown, it is certainly a tribute to the habits and wishes of General Sheridan that the charming interiors of his Washington residence have not heretofore been made the subject of published gossip and illustration. General Sheridan was a lover of his home, a devoted husband, and a most affectionate father. He never delighted in "functions" like our other genial and lovable old warrior, General Sherman, but preferred retirement, the ease of home, the loving care of his wife, the prattle of his little ones, the quiet of his library, and the silent companionship of his books.

The Washington house, costing about forty-four thousand dollars, was purchased for Sheridan by his Chicago admirers and friends. It is a fine residence, even in a city notable for such dwellings.

The Sheridan home is a roomy, picturesque, double house, on the corner of Rhode Island Avenue and Seventeenth Street. It is directly opposite Representative Perry Belmont's residence, to which it presents an agreeable contrast. Mr. Belmont's dwelling is large and splendid, but it looks neglected. The turf is not well kept, while across the way the Sheridan terrace is clipped and watered until it looks like green velvet. The quick-growing ivy that covers nearly one side of the building is as well kept as the grass.

The entrance opens into a wide, roomy hall, running the whole depth of the house, from which a broad, easy staircase leads to the upper floor. The hall floor has been devoted to the family and reception rooms, the library and the dining-room. The usual sitting-room is a high-ceilinged, deep saloon, furnished in rich but quiet taste. The great bay window, deep, comfortable, and looking out on both avenue and street, was the favorite resort of Mrs. Sheridan and of all visitors to this delightful mansion. One feature of this room was a pretty little mahogany table, covered with a large cloth wrought with Indian bead work. It was sacred to the *lares* and *penates* of the household, being covered with exquisite miniature portraits of Mrs. Sheridan and their four children. The room behind the family saloon, and separated from it only by a heavy *portière*, was used as the general's library. An attractive room it was, with a distinct individuality, telling of its famous occupant. The old red silk papered walls were well covered with portraits — paintings or photographs — of army friends. Sketches of many historic events, and many striking mementoes were found here. Half-way up the high walls, rows of handsome bookshelves held an excellently selected general library, in which, however, works of reference and standard military authorities predominated. Many maps hung upon a convenient stand, and a large globe showed the world's face to the occupant's eye. The large, broad window at the rear had before it the general's desk — a flat, rather small, mahogany library table, with drawers on one side. There was a big crystal inkstand upon it. A heavy blotting pad, and usually, too, a thick tablet of heavy unruled white paper waited the convenience of the soldier owner. He used steel pens, and they always could be found in abundance in front of the inkstand. As a rule, at the right-hand corner of the desk could be seen a small collection of books, kept handy for such reference as the thoughtful, well-weighted man of affairs who used to sit there, might at any moment require.

Sheridan's library was crowded with curios. The mantel over the



LATE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL SHERIDAN,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

deep, open fire-place, always blazing in winter with pine logs, was filled with them. The little meerschaum smoked brown by the cadet, was preserved by the general. His collection of swords is notable and historic. The one prized most highly by its owner went through all the campaigns. It is a short-service weapon, of which scabbard, blade, and hilt alike bear the marks of severe usage and narrow escapes from bullets whose dents are still seen. His spurs, and a little silver canteen, pot-bellied, and of the size of a small tumbler, given him by an old army friend, occupied a prominent place. General Sheridan had a decided taste for numismatics, and owned quite a collection of old coins, of which he knew the history. There were his medals also, a

notable collection. His commissions hung — each representing a victory — all framed on the crowded walls. There were also busts and portraits of Grant, Sherman, Custer, and others. The most striking piece of sculpture ever made relating to General Sheridan is a statuette which represents him making that famous ride from Winchester. It is not more than a foot and a half high, but its every atom is full of life and action. General Sheridan gave it the place of honor on his parlor table. It represents him on his horse, hat in hand, as he waves it furiously above his head, while the horse gallops onward. This superb piece of plastic skill is the work of a young New York sculptor, Mr. Kelley, who is also one of the Harper's staff of artists. Mr. Kelley modeled the *bas reliefs* also of the Centennial Monmouth battle-field monument, now at Monmouth, New Jersey. The Winchester statuette is simply a piece of exquisite work. Sheridan's account of the famous horse he rode is interesting. The general said of "Rienzi," or "Winchester," as he was named after Buchanan Read immortalized him, that "I got the horse when it was about three years old. It was a full-blooded Black Hawk, sixteen and one-half hands high, and I kept him for seventeen years. He was twenty years old when he died, in 1878, and I think the primary cause of his death was rheumatism and neuralgia. I took him with me to New Orleans, and lent him to one of my staff officers. He brought him in one day, covered with foam, and I had a green stable boy, who turned the hose on him. I took good care of him, however, until he died. He was a remarkable horse, very fine looking, and a very quick walker. He was a present to me from Colonel Campbell, of the Second Michigan Cavalry. I rode him in the Mississippi campaign and then carried him to Kentucky. I rode him in the Kentucky and Tennessee campaigns, and when I was transferred to the Army of the Potomac I rode him in all the campaigns when I was in command of the cavalry. I rode him on that ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, and he carried me through in a hurry. It was not twenty miles, however, but sixteen, and my own horse galloped nearly all the way. He was, I think, in about eighty-five battles, and he was hit three times. I remember at the battle of Chickamauga, that a shot passed under him and between his legs. He straddled himself and would not move, and I had to get off and get another horse."

General Sheridan was always very fond of animals, and this home of his contained many finely mounted specimens. A gorgeous wild turkey, from Sheridan's roost in Arizona, looked down from one of

the walls of the dining-room, and the antlers of a gigantic elk ornamented the entrance hall. Upon the walls of the hall there was a tiger rug, almost as large as a bed quilt. It hung flat against the paper with its head downward, and is so mounted that it looks as though it might spring upon an advancing visitor. Beneath it was a magnificent Mexican saddle, which General Sheridan said took one man two years to make, and at the left of this stood a grandfather's clock, which out of an old Dutch face ticked a solemn welcome to every incomer.

Like Generals Logan and Grant, Sheridan delighted in collecting old arms. Among his collection are a number of costly pistols, many of which have histories, and some of which were presented to him by his soldier friends.

The office occupied by General Sheridan in the massive pile of which the War Department occupies the eastern side of its great parallelogram, looks out on the east grounds of the White House and Pennsylvania Avenue, takes in the gray granite pillars and walls of the Treasury building, and gives a glimpse above them all of the Capitol's white and gleaming dome. It is the northeast corner room on the second floor of that great pile. Sheridan was found nearly every day in the year at his desk in the room set apart for use as army headquarters. The general's desk stood obliquely across the outermost corner, in such a position that as he sat behind it the light fell upon his back and upon the faces of all visitors to the room. Two large cases are filled with curious pottery, Indian blankets, bows and arrows, head-gear, clubs and other articles collected in the Indian country before and since the War of the Rebellion. They stand at opposite sides of the apartment. Upon the walls are portraits of Generals Jackson, Worth, Zachary Taylor, Logan, Blair, Meade, and McPherson, and several spirited illustrations of Western hunting scenes. One picture represents a herd of buffalo. It was General Sheridan's favorite habit to show this picture to childish visitors, and to delight them with a hunting story. He was a hard-working man, and always acted promptly and methodically on all business before him.

If any men know another with whom they are most intimately associated, it should be the members of a military staff, especially under the exigencies of vigorous campaigning. Of the three great soldiers of the Union Army, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, we know that the military families of the first and last were drawn to their chiefs, not by admiration and respect alone, but by a love and regard which could only be inspired by the fine as well as strong characteristics of the chiefs.

to whom it was paid. With Sheridan there is something more—there is deep, enduring fraternal feeling, which is unusual, even among soldiers of the higher class.

As a rule, an officer of rank may be judged by his staff. Sheridan's military family was composed of men trained as soldiers under his own eye. While inflexible in matters of duty, severity was mingled with a courtesy that greatly softened punishment, and no soldier ever felt that he had been "snubbed" at General Sheridan's headquarters. Many will remember his assistant adjutant-general, Major George Lee, a gallant soldier and courteous gentleman, early stricken down with disease, an officer in Sheridan's confidence, and beloved by all. Then there was his brother, Colonel Michael V. Sheridan, as he will now be known in army records. There was Major Tom Moore, a great favorite of "Little Phil's," for whom he afterwards obtained a commission in the regular service. In war time, and during the earlier years thereafter, the general's constant companion was Brevet Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, at the present time colonel of the Seventh United States Cavalry.

Forsyth was the acting assistant inspector-general on Sheridan's staff, but it was seldom they were seen in public apart. A newspaper writer recalls their appearance on Canal Street, New Orleans: the short, sturdy figure of Sheridan, buttoned up with military precision in the dress coat of a major-general—he only wore two stars then—in his hand a short cane of ivory, made from an elephant's tusk, on his head a cloth hat, with a stiff rim of sailor shape—the same one he wore when on that memorable ride. Beside Sheridan walked Forsyth, his straight, slight, soldierly form towering in its nearly six feet far above the broad shoulders of his chief. Forsyth wore a jaunty straight-visoried forage cap and a cavalry jacket, which set off his form and seemed to add to his stature. He remained a member of Sheridan's staff long after the war, and left him only when promotion called him to other fields. The soldiers were together not only at West Point, but in early service on the Pacific coast. When Sheridan was gazetted in May, 1861, captain in the Thirteenth Infantry, of which William Tecumseh Sherman was made colonel, Forsyth was made a first lieutenant in the Eighteenth Infantry. Both were ordered East and came by sea to Panama, crossed the Isthmus, and thence by the regular steamship line to New York, reaching that city October 26, 1861. Forsyth was sent to the field and Sheridan to St. Louis, where he chafed under administrative duty for several months.

Another ex-staff officer, Colonel Newhall, who served him as chief of staff in the closing days of the Rebellion, has written one of the most interesting war volumes on those memorable scenes.

A staff officer's position in a volunteer army is not the best one for recognition and promotion, unless, indeed, the general with whom he serves is just in his dealings and careful to ensure reward to merit that he of all men can alone estimate at its proper value. Sheridan was always both prompt and just in this direction.

General Sherman mentions some interesting points in the following:

“ I saw Sheridan for the last time about Christmas of 1887, in Washington. He was then apparently hale and hearty — the last man, one would think, who would succumb to illness, even of such severity as that which finally carried him away. I refrained from visiting him at Nonquit because I thought the excitement attendant upon receiving a call from an old comrade and talking over old times might prove too much for his strength. I look with the greatest possible interest for the publication of his memoirs. While Sheridan was at no time that I knew him what might be called a student, yet he wrote admirably. I have many letters from him that are models for clearness and exactness of style. Because of this, I think his memoirs cannot fail to be interesting to an extreme degree. He always had such a fashion of going right to the point he was after and making it plain that I think he will carry the same characteristic into his literary work. With the publication the three leaders of the Federal armies will have had their say, and the historian of the future will, I think, find the story of the war truthfully set forth in them.”

The general wrote his autobiography during the past two years and a half, completing them in December, 1887. The manuscript was then revised and sent to the printers some time in the following May. This work was done in the library of the Washington residence. Its preparation was kept a close secret until his fatal sickness came on.

General Sheridan was known by a great many persons in Washington. He was seen a good deal on the streets and in the suburbs driving with his wife and children, and everybody knew and talked about his enjoyment of his home life. While he was constantly sought as a guest, it was not easy to draw him away from his home. He felt a great deal of diffidence before a large audience, and was even so in small gatherings, unless he found that he was sure to escape lionizing. At a dinner of the Gridiron Club, when he sat down with the Washington

newspaper men and their guests, he was not urged to speak, but he fell in with the unconventional spirit of the after-dinner exercises, and delighted everybody by relating, in a most charming manner, several stories of his own experience. The plan of permitting him to have his own way worked so well that he seized an opportunity, after he had spoken and others had followed him, to get up again and beg to be allowed to add another incident that he had recalled and regarded as too good to keep. He had the reputation of being reticent to the press, but it seems to have been given to him by writers who had not known him long enough to learn that he needed to be very sure of a man's discretion before becoming confidential with, or even communicative to him.

President Cleveland had learned to know Sheridan well, and to have a strong admiration for him. The general was obliged, in the line of his official duty, to call occasionally at the Executive Mansion. Many have wondered at times who was the modest little man that came puffing into the ante-rooms, breathless with the effort of climbing two steep flights of stairs, took a back seat as if to wait, but who was speedily invited, before all the rest, to join the President in the library. Colonel Lamont noticed that the stair climbing was hard work for General Sheridan, and suggested to him once or twice that he could save himself a good deal of exertion by using the private elevators. Sheridan, however, made light of his shortness of breath, and attributed it to his growing weight and laziness. He was aware for some time that his health was not good, although he had seemed to be the picture of robust vigor up to the date of his prostration. When General Rosser, of Virginia, indiscreetly revived the story about the Shenandoah Valley fight, General Sheridan treated the letter humorously, and referred to the reports of the Valley Campaign as furnishing the only answer that he could give to what he spoke of as "a rather late resumption of the fight by General Rosser." Then he turned the conversation to other subjects, dwelling upon the pleasure he had enjoyed in his long rides through the Wind River country and the Yellowstone Park, and recalling some incidents of his trip through the park in 1883 with President Arthur. He admitted that he was never in such good health as when he was on the back of a good horse and in the open country. It was suggested that he appeared to be enjoying the most vigorous health.

"Yes," he said; "everybody tells me the same thing. But, do you know, it's a mistake. I'm a miserable dyspeptic. I have to be ex-

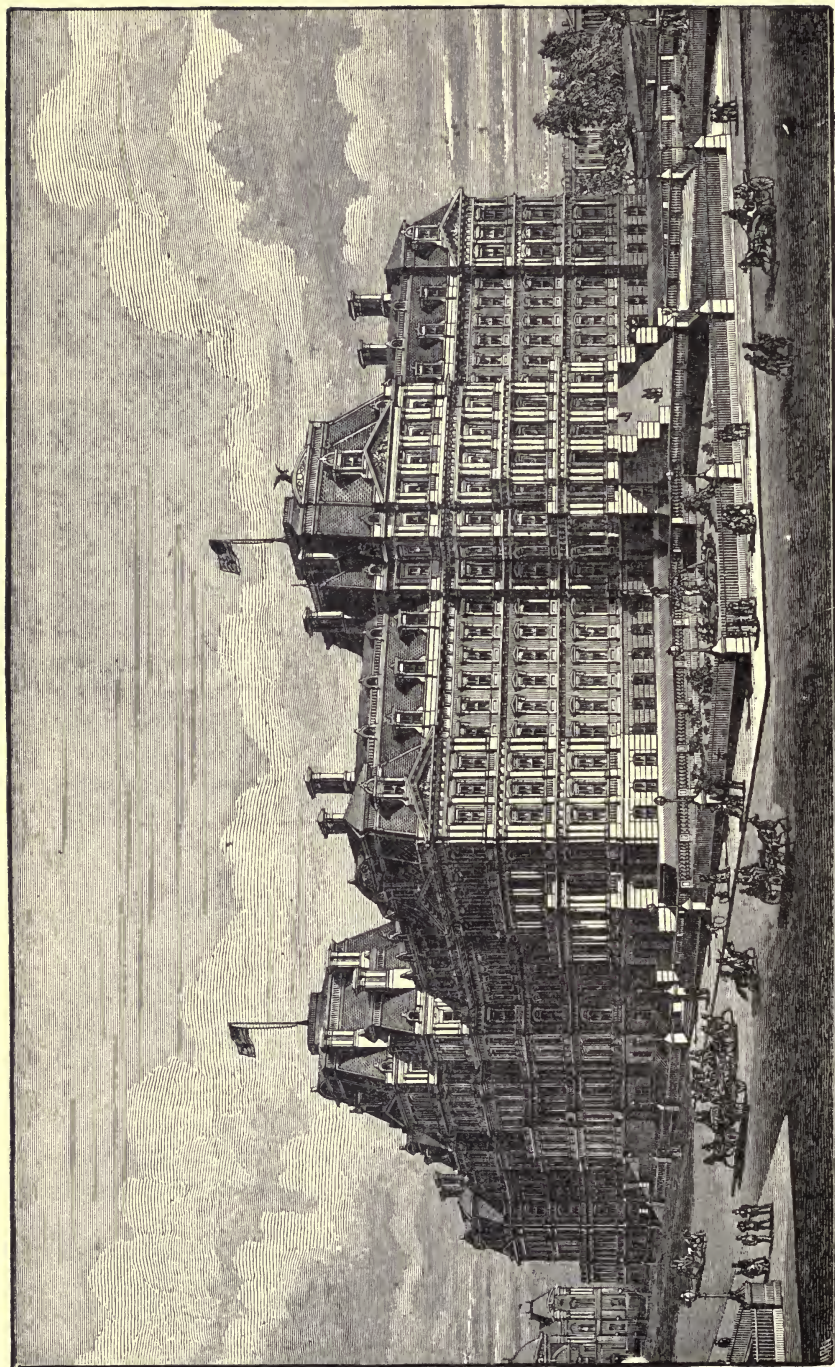
tremely cautious about everything that I eat and drink, for I find that many things that I once enjoyed with absolute freedom now give me most painful distress—make me irritable and miserable and good for nothing.” He spoke of his intention to make a radical change in his diet to see what the effect would be, but afterward laughingly admitted that he had never quite come to the point of making the change he had decided to be so important to his health.

Colonel Herbert E. Hill, of Somerville, Massachusetts, who was with Sheridan in the Valley Campaign, and to whom the general sent interesting letters after the war relative to the rally and victory of Cedar Creek, contributes to the flood of reminiscence the following interesting incident:

“As showing a little glimpse of Sheridan’s kindly heart and the affectionate regard in which he held all who fought with him, let me tell a little anecdote. There now stands a memorial battery on Central Hill, Somerville, behind the identical breastwork which the revolutionary army threw up on the night before the battle of Bunker Hill. There are four guns in the battery, and they are the ones which were sent by General Grant to Fort Standish in Plymouth Harbor. When this fort was discontinued these were returned to the Ordnance Department at Washington. They were just the ones I wanted to bring to Somerville, but other parties were after them, and I was not sure of getting them. In this dilemma I was sitting in General Sheridan’s office, chatting, and finally broached the matter of these guns. There is a great deal of etiquette among the different departments at Washington, and one does not like to interfere with another, as it mixes things all up. I knew this, and I knew that Sheridan had nothing to do with the Ordnance Department; but I ventured to suggest the matter to him. He thought of it, and then explained to me the difficulty he was in. He, the General of the Army, did not wish to break over any rule of etiquette between departments, as it would at once create a dangerous precedent. ‘I will do anything else for you,’ said he, ‘but I don’t see how I can do this.’

“‘General,’ said I, ‘twenty years ago this month I remember helping you capture forty-eight guns from the enemy on the field of battle, one day; now, am I not justified in time of peace to ask you to help me capture only four guns for memorial purposes?’

“Instantly a change came over his face; recollections of the hot fight at Winchester and the men who were with him then came over him, and, turning around in his chair, he pulled out an order, and



ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN WASHINGTON — STATE, WAR, AND NAVY BUILDING.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S OFFICE WAS IN LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER, FIRST FLOOR ABOVE BASEMENT.

before I left his office I had all the paper necessary to get those guns. I had touched the right cord, and he realized that but for the men who helped him twenty years before he would not then have been General of the United States Army, and in a position to help his old soldiers."

General Sheridan's wife, Irene M. Rucker, is the daughter of Mrs. and General Daniel Henry Rucker, retired Quartermaster-General of the United States Army. She is indeed, a soldier's daughter, as well as a soldier's wife and widow. The Ruckers are a family of soldiers, her grandfather and two brothers, as well as her father and husband, being all distinguished officers of the American Army. General Rucker and his wife, Mrs. Sheridan's mother, now reside in Washington. He is a native of Belleville, New Jersey, entered the army from Michigan as lieutenant of dragoons in 1837, and served with distinction on the frontiers, in the Cherokee Nation, at Fort Leavenworth, and in Texas and Mexico. From 1853 to 1855 he was stationed at Fort Union as depot quartermaster, and it was at this military post that Mrs. Sheridan was born.

The first three years of Mrs. Sheridan's infant life were passed at that frontier fort amid the alarms of Indian wars and the discomforts of garrison life. The following year was passed at Detroit, where her father was stationed. From that point he was transferred to Washington. There Mrs. Sheridan passed several years of her early childhood.

Upon the outbreak of the war, her father having been assigned to duty in the field, she was placed with her younger sister Sara, who was born at Albuquerque, New Mexico, at the Georgetown (now West Washington) Academy of the Visitation, and remained there until the close of the war. Her father having been ordered to Philadelphia for duty, Miss Rucker and her sister were placed at the School of the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Child, of that city.

General Rucker, assigned to duty on the staff of General Sheridan at Chicago, went to that point with his family, but his daughters, Irene and Sara, returned to the school at Philadelphia, where they were graduated. The year of their leaving school, in June, 1874, witnessed the marriage of Miss Irene M. Rucker to the lieutenant-general. Mrs. Sheridan's father, quartermaster-general for several years, and now retired, resides in Washington with his two daughters, Miss Louise and Miss Sara Rucker. Miss Louise Rucker, the eldest daughter, was born at Fort Leavenworth and was educated at Detroit, where she lived with her grandmother while her father, when a lieutenant, was on

active duty on the frontier. Mrs. Sheridan's brother, Francis D. Rucker, is an officer of United States Cavalry. Another brother, John A. Rucker, an officer of the Sixth Cavalry, was drowned while rescuing Austin Henly, of the same regiment, who also lost his life in a flood near Camp Supply, Arizona, in 1878.

The general and his wife first met at a wedding in army circles, where Miss Irene M. Rucker was one of the bridesmaids. Having decided, the general proved no laggard wooer, and the lady, a daughter and sister of soldiers, cradled in all the romance, fervor, and passion of loyalty and service, was not unwilling to be the bride, as their marriage proved, of the most dashing and picturesque leader the Civil War gave to the Nation. At the date of his marriage the lieutenant-general was thus described :

Sheridan still looked as he did during the fighting — a soldier in every line of his sturdy, nervous, vitalized frame. His face was florid, his head compact and powerful in form. But the lines of his once spare, muscular frame, which in his valley campaign weighed but one hundred and thirty pounds, had now begun to fill and curve with adipose. He was not over-stout at the time of his marriage ; but there was about him that sense of power which high responsibility gives. He had it in such degree that it lent dignity to a figure that without the sense of intellect and character his presence conveyed would have been otherwise awkward even to grotesqueness. In him there was more than the mere fighter look. The head and face always wore an unmistakable expression of intellectual vigor. Sheridan looked like a ruler of men ; like the man who could, as he did, make a scattered army cohere into a victorious phalanx and throw it like an avalanche on a coming foe. He was less than five feet six inches in height, while the breadth of his shoulders and the depth of his chest were very great. His hands and feet were small. His face was unmistakably Irish in expression, was slightly oval in outline, well-knit, and marked in feature. The lower jaw was long and powerful, coming down on each side to a square, firm chin. The mouth draped by a mustache of moderate size, was a strong, straight, and rather mobile feature. The nose was one of the fighting sort, small at the root, wide at the nostrils, and slightly aquiline in form. The head was long, moderately high, quite broad, very compact, with good back head and base brain. The larger proportion was forward of the ears. Sheridan's eyes were among the best, if not the very best, features of his remarkable face. These were of that warm, gray hue, which softens with a wonderful kindness, or flashes with a consuming fire. The fore-

head was good, broad, not high, with the perceptives well-developed, and the eyebrows arched into the shape which is seen in antique sculpture, but is so seldom visible in modern countenances.

The marriage was conducted by Bishop Foley, of Detroit, whose brother acted at the general's funeral. Owing to the death, then recent, of Mr. John Sheridan, the marriage was entirely a private one.

The children of this marriage are four: Mary, now in her eleventh year; "Little Phil, Jr.," a boy of four years, and two girls—twins—of six years old, named Irene and Louise. Miss Mary is slender, slight, dark eyed, with golden-brown hair, and fine mobile features. The twins are a pair of lovely children, so entirely alike as to be undistinguishable even to their grand-parents and aunts. They are noted by some slight difference of dress, but are always together, independent in ways, and full of character for little ones. Philip was born in Washington; Mary and the twins in Chicago. Mrs. Sheridan is recognized as a prudent and thoroughly careful mother, overseeing all details of their lives and caring for their education herself. The children all speak French as readily as their mother tongue. They are great favorites with their child companions and playmates. In the matter of dress, the same modest simplicity which is so striking a detail of the Sheridan household always prevails. The children are carefully, even artistically clothed, but laces, ribbons, sashes, silks, feathers, or elaborate wear of any kind are never seen on these little ones.

Mrs. Sheridan, nineteen years younger than her distinguished husband, was known at the time of their marriage as the "pretty Miss Rucker." She is always referred to in Washington as the "lovely Mrs. Sheridan." Both remarks are singularly applicable, yet her character is granted by all admitted to her friendship to be as charming and sincere as her physique is lovely and attractive. The womanly dignity and reticence, too, with which her grievous loss and the suffering it caused, was borne, has endeared her to all. She is *petite* in stature and a brunette in complexion. Since her marriage and maternity her figure has filled and rounded, yet not disproportionately to her height. Frank G. Carpenter, a well-known Washingtonian, thus described Mrs. Sheridan a short time before the general's death:

"Straight, well rounded, and fine looking, her face might have been that of an ideal portrait. Its features are regular and refined, and a great mass of dark brown hair is rolled up on the back of her shapely head. As wife of the General of the Army, she gives her regular receptions to the public, and she has on some days as many as three

hundred callers. Mrs. Sheridan is noted for her good sense. A friend of hers tells me that when she first came to Washington she was surprised at the silly remarks made by some women at receptions, and she decided that she would think before she spoke, and if she had nothing to say she would remain silent. She persevered, says this lady, in this determination, and she is one of our society ladies who always talks well. She is a good mother and a good wife, and she takes the greatest care in the education of her children. She and the general are wrapped up in their family, and the four little ones, the three girls and 'Little Phil, Jr.,' who make up the family circle, are as bright, intelligent, and well-bred children as you will find at the capital. . . . Mrs. Sheridan is one of the leading spirits in the charitable enterprises of the capital, and she is a devout Catholic."*

General Sheridan used to tell with considerable gusto a story in connection with the arrangements for the wedding, which was, of course, a social event of importance. The newspapers were eager for all items and incidents in connection with it, and correspondents and artists were sent from all the great journals to Chicago. The engagement was announced several weeks beforehand. The general's bachelor establishment was in a large, comfortable, old-fashioned, two-storied dwelling on Michigan Avenue, which the family still own, and which, it is reported, will be their future home, as Mrs. Sheridan does not care for Washington. The general's story illustrates the public curiosity at the time :

"The newspapers, you know, had got everything but a description of my house. Of course they could easily get the outside of that, but they wanted to describe the inside. I refused to let the reporter in ; I wasn't going to have that d—d old house put in the papers. It was good enough for me, but it wasn't fine enough for that. If it had been one of your swell houses I don't know as I'd have cared ; but I just made up my mind that that old shelter couldn't be described or sketched for the public. So, when a New York fellow came one day and asked me to let him make a picture of it, I told him, without any ceremony, that it couldn't be done. My housekeeper was an old black woman, one of the old-aunty, faithful-to-death order of servants. I told her not to admit any one in my absence, and on no account to let any man enter the house except the workmen who were doing some plumbing. They were at work for several days, and the old woman knew them after the

* *Cosmopolitan*, August, 1888.

first day. Well, I didn't see anything more of the New York man and soon forgot him. One day I went home and found the old woman crying and in great distress, scared, and nervous.

“ ‘Fore de Lawd, gin'ral, Ise couldn't help it; I thought he fixin' de pipes, and he done ketched pictures of all de rooms.’

“ The fellow had got in after all. He had borrowed a suit of plumber's clothes, concealed his sketching traps, and gone into the house. Of course the old woman had paid no further attention than to see his general appearance was that of one of the workmen. So he had gone up stairs, and when she happened to go up later she saw him sitting in my room working away with his sketch-book. He made no apology, and no efforts to comfort her when she began to cry, but only laughed and said he had got all he wanted, and was much obliged. I don't think I was ever so mad in my life. However, I consoled the poor old woman by relieving her of all blame, and then sat down to devise a plan to circumvent the fellow. It was a mighty smart dodge, and I knew I'd have to be quick about it, or I'd be beaten. All at once my eye fell on a sword that had been presented to me by the Army of the Cumberland. It was a magnificent sword, and had had a large diamond in the hilt. That had disappeared some time before. I never knew how, but supposed it had been stolen. Well, I took out my pocket-knife and scratched up the gold around where the diamond had been, and made it look as if the thing had just been taken out.

“ ‘Now, my young sketcher,’ I said to myself, ‘I'll see if I can't get ahead of you. If I don't outgeneral you, my name isn't Phil Sheridan.’

“ I went to the chief of police and told him the story of the reporter, and of the disappearance of the diamond. At the same time I let him into the secret, you know. Well, the detectives turned the city upside down in the search of the reporter disguised as a plumber who had undoubtedly stolen the diamond. The detectives were honest enough, as they were not posted on the real facts. It was worked in such a way that had the reporter brought out his pictures the theft could be traced to him. No, the old frame house did not get into the papers, by a long shot. The fellow was spotted, as the name of the paper was given. I presume he got away from the city as quickly as he could, and was mighty glad to escape, too. About two years after I happened to meet one of the editors of the paper and he referred to the affair, and said: ‘Why, that man had been in our employ a long time. He was the last one to be suspected of taking a diamond or anything else that didn't belong to him.’

“ Then I explained why my old house wasn't in his paper. I told him it wasn't often that we got ahead of reporters. But I thought I had succeeded pretty well with that one.”

General Sheridan's last residence, and the one in which he died, will make historic the exquisite seaside summer village in which it stands. Nonquit stands on the shore of Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, seven miles below New Bedford, the once famous whaling port of the United States. It looks over that lovely summer sea, which is dotted by Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket islands, besides other smaller ones, and is sheltered somewhat from the easterly wind by the sickle-shaped peninsula of Cape Cod. To reach it one passes by the entrance to the island-dotted waters and picturesque hilled shores of Narragansett Bay, at whose portals stands the historic Rhode Island, and whose shores are the famed Providence Plantations that Roger Williams founded. It is a region as lovely as any section of our Atlantic coast, and reminds one *in petto* of the beautiful St. Lawrence, and its Thousand Islands.

The Sheridans purchased land at Nonquit in 1887, and the general at once ordered the construction of the handsome cottage residence which he was to inhabit only in a dying state; to and from which he was borne dying and dead, surrounded by the loving watchfulness of his family and the generous care of the Nation he served so well. The bereaved family still use it as a summer residence.

The seaside hamlet of Nonquit is very small. But it is as socially select as it is lovely in its natural aspects. Doubtless the choice of this point as a summer residence was due to the fact that army and Chicago friends were both interested. The little village stands on a gentle slope almost entirely bare of trees, and is composed of cottages situated at short distances apart, and without fences to mark the dividing lines. Nonquit was founded something more than fifteen years ago by a syndicate of eastern capitalists who bought half a dozen large farms on Buzzard's Bay shore below Paden-Aran. They built a hotel and a number of cottages, and disposed of lots to well-known families for building purposes. The place has thus become a favorite and somewhat exclusive social summer resort. R. Swain Gifford, the artist, has a charming home there, and Louisa M. Alcott, the author, was also a sojourner at Nonquit for several seasons. General Sheridan went there in the summer of 1887, rented a cottage, and took such a liking to the place that he decided to make it his summer home, so he built the handsome cottage to which he was carried in July, 1888. It is roomy, very cheerful, and presents a pretty architectural effect.



CABIN OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP SWATARA,

IN WHICH SHERIDAN WAS REMOVED TO NONQUIT.

Like Mount McGregor, where Grant died, Nonquit, before unknown, will become sadly famous. It will always be recalled by the story of that fateful August 5th, when from the window of the east room in which he lay, Philip Henry Sheridan took that last long, lingering look over the summer sea that softly swelled before his eyes. The ocean has been by many poets treated as the emblem of Eternity. Unmastered by man, it flows on forever. Who can say what thoughts entered the brain of the dying hero, what pictures of the past and future were imprinted on the retina of his brain, as he gazed with wistful, absorbing, imaginative look for the last time on the lovely marine scene before him?

With such sad memories freighted, Nonquit has become famous. The old name "Barekneed" has been preserved in a charming painting by the famous marine artist, R. Swain Gifford, who has placed on

his canvas the romantic cliff near the Sheridan cottage, the neighboring beach, and a wide expanse of the waters that make the picturesque stretch of Buzzard's Bay. This painting has been given the old name. The little lyric here given was written at Nonquit, and seems to have caught in its musical numbers the brooding calm and beauty of the scenes amid which our hero has gone to his eternal rest :

- “Soft is the swell of the musical sea,
As ripple by ripple, and wave by wave,
It rises and falls on the sandy lea,
And the high, bold rocks its waters lave.
- “Nothing is heard but the rising tide,
And the winds that sweep o'er the bay's rough breast;
The distant ships o'er the white foam glide
And the nearer ones at anchor rest.
- “Peaceful and calm is the beautiful scene,
This wave-washed spot on the sandy shore;
Myriads of ages shall intervene,
And these waves will dash, as they dashed of yore.
- “The nations will live out their fitful life;
The swell of humanity rise and fall;
Oblivion brood o'er the world's wild strife;
Empires emerge from their weary thrall.
- “But these waves of the bay will still roll on,
These rocks resist with defiant will;
A thousand years will have come and gone,
But the sea shall ring out its brave notes still.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

HIS DEATH-BED AND THE RETURN TO WASHINGTON.

SAD SCENES AT NONQUIT — THE GENERAL'S DEATH — GRIEF OF THE FAMILY — WHAT THE DOCTORS SAID — A SIMPLE MILITARY FUNERAL DECIDED UPON — SHERIDAN IN HIS CASKET — REMOVAL TO WASHINGTON — PASSAGE FROM NEW BEDFORD TO NEW YORK — THE VETERANS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ROAD — IN SILENT RESPECT ALONG THE ROUTE — ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON.

A LOVELY August day at Nonquit closed, ere midnight, in the presence of life's mightiest tragedy — the death of a strong man in the high meridian of life, with the loved of his heart and home bewailing their terrible loss. That Sabbath — the fifth day of the month — was exquisite as it brooded peacefully over lovely Nonquit. The breast of the summer sea was barely ruffled and rippled by the languid breath of the summer wind. In that pretty cottage to which so much of solicitous hope was turned, its famous inmate lay drowsily on his cot, in deadly weakness, at times looking from the great bay window eastward over the unclouded waters. Yet there was hope that day. The chief consulting physician, Dr. Pepper, had lifted the Sheridan household with his cheering diagnosis of the patient's condition. As the sun went down, the busy pens of the pressmen, and the busy fingers of the telegrapher pressing his operating key, were telling all over the broad land that there was "hope for Sheridan yet." The slow step of the saddened wife and mother was a little lighter as it moved to and fro. The children, happily, almost unconscious, except the eldest girl, were allowed to play about the pleasant hotel. The black-robed sisters who had so carefully nursed the dying soldier, began to indulge in a little hope. Every one felt the effect of Dr. Pepper's cheering examination. And so the sun went down. The brief twilight of the New England coast passed into the soft and fragrant darkness of its earlier night hours.

There came a change as the evening closed. Klien, the general's faithful servant, who had been with him for many years, entered the general's room, with his usual purpose of attending to the comfort of his chief before he himself retired for the night. No one had any serious fears, but rather the contrary.

Mrs. Sheridan was attending the children on their retiring for the night, when Klien found the general breathing heavily. That stertorous sound was one of grave danger. Doctors O'Reilly and Mathews, his faithful army comrades and surgeons, were notified. What they saw brought the gravest of anxiety. They felt the gates of death were opening wide. Everything was done and at once. Mrs. Sheridan was called. His brother — absent briefly at the hotel — was hastily notified by Klien.

The soldier was nearing his end. The change occurred suddenly. When the heavy breathing was first heard, he was lying partially on one side, and the sister who had been in constant attendance did not notice anything wrong. It had been the practice of the physicians to frequently apply the fingers to the pulse, and Dr. O'Reilly usually did this. To his horror he now discovered great weakness and frequent intermissions. The first step taken was to administer ammonia. This stimulant was powerless to produce a change in the heart's action. Digitalis was then injected hypodermically. Still the life current coursing through the artery at the wrist remained weak. Then it grew weaker and weaker. Sinapis was applied to the chest and limbs, and finally the galvanic battery was brought out and a current steadily increasing in strength was directed along the spine and through the chest of the now nearly unconscious form of the general.

The end was near, but it was peaceful. There was but little physical suffering, apparently, until within the last few minutes. Mrs. Sheridan was not greatly alarmed, and she expected a reaction from the syncope. Quietly, like a child going to slumber, the gallant soldier fell into the long sleep. The great heart ceased to beat, and Philip Henry Sheridan was dead. The little children were slumbering in their beds. Only the wife and mother with one of the sisters was present, besides the physicians. The scene at the bedside was impressive, but free from striking incidents. During the first part of the attack General Sheridan did not realize his condition. But he became aware of the impending doom before his wife appreciated the danger. He spoke of his children once in faint tones, and his manner impressed Mrs. Sheridan for the

first time with the fact that her husband was dying. Several family matters were referred to, and he spoke the name of his son. "Little Phil!" the dying hero whispered, "Little Phil!" He continued to grow weaker, the pulse-beats seemed almost to cease. Suddenly opening his eyes for a moment, he seemed to gather into his vision all the faces about him, and gazing intently into the agonized one of his wife for the last time, a sweet smile wreathed his pallid countenance. The comrade doctors knelt in reverence with Sister Justicia, and while the wife held the hand, joined in prayer, the brave man peacefully closed his eyes as if going to slumber. It was the end.

The "tick," "tick" of the telegrapher's key announced the close of the newspaper's death-watch in these brief words: "General Sheridan died to-night of heart disease."

The death occurred exactly at 10.20 P. M., on the 5th of August, 1888.

Mrs. Sheridan fell fainting to the floor when she realized that her husband and her hero had gone forever from her presence. Almost crazed with grief, she was taken to her room. The messages of sympathy and condolence which at once began to pour in upon the retired nook where this saddest, but common human tragedy, was being enacted, it was decided should be withheld from her while the wound was gaping.

The night passed and the dawn, as if in tears, arose in a robe of gray, dark mist. It covered water and land, and hid the garish sun from the dwellers in the house of mourning. The children, who had retired before the last scene, had not been called. Indeed, the end came too sudden for that. The scene in the morning was a sad one. Mary realized the actualities of the situation in a keener degree than her sisters, the twins, Irene and Louise. All were extremely fond of their father, and he petted and played with them, as well as with little Phil, who was his heart's delight. The grief of these little ones was pitiable. They wept as if their hearts would break. Mary sobbed by herself in a chair, little Irene flung herself on a rug and cried aloud, her sister Louise doing likewise, and little "Phil" wept in sympathy, not actually understanding what it was all about. The governess endeavored to assuage their grief, and finally dried their eyes. Mrs. Sheridan, completely exhausted, and now suffering the reaction from the strain of the anxious weeks just past, remained in her chamber. It was decided advisable to refrain from consulting her regarding the funeral arrange-

ments until the afternoon. The meals of the family were taken down to the cottage from the hotel by the servants.

The appearance of the body as it lay in that front room was sadly impressive. A white pall covered it, and when the upper portion was drawn away it disclosed the face and the broad chest. The latter was covered only by a gauze shirt. But slight emaciation was distinguishable, save in the arms and legs; the face was sunken a little in the cheeks, but the broad chin and the firm lips retained the normal characteristics in death. The chin was clean shaven, and the iron-gray hair was brushed back from the broad, massive brow.

The day was occupied fully, however sadly, with preparations for the interment, and in the receipt of the numerous messages which came pouring in from all quarters. The news of this death showed how closely the people held the memory of the heroes who, like Sheridan, had so powerfully aided in saving the Nation. Mrs. Sheridan was left undisturbed in the physical prostration that had so inevitably followed the months of sorrow and tender watchfulness. The embalmer came and performed his work. The hero's body was placed in its casket, rich, though simple in its belongings. General Sheridan had always expressed himself as opposed to funeral pageants, and he had signified a wish as to the resting-place of his body. When he commanded the escort at John A. Logan's funeral, and laid his comrade to rest in Arlington, he expressed his desire to be buried there also. He was a soldier. So he had lived and wrought; so he had died; and so he would lie — attended by soldiers, and buried among his dead comrades. The regulations of the army he commanded provide for the escort honors to be paid to one of his rank. The burial services of his church are stately enough for any man, however renowned; for any life, however lowly.

The tributes paid to the man as well as soldier lying dead at Nonquit were of the most remarkable character. None of them were merely ceremonial — even those that etiquette required also bore in the formal word the touch of a tear or the faint sound of a sob. As if at a sudden word, but by common impulse and with one feeling of grief, the flag floated everywhere at half mast. Nonquit is but a little seaside hamlet, whose owners jealously guard their domain from intrusion by the sight-seeing horde. Their action in this regard proved useful during the days which give to the place a sad page in American history. Seven miles from New Bedford, without railroad communi-

cation, and having but one little wheezy steamboat to ply to and fro, there was no pressure from the outside world.

As the senior physician and surgeon in charge, Major O'Reilly's certificate as to the cause of death is part of this narrative. It reads as follows :

General Sheridan died at 10.20 this evening. The immediate cause of his death was heart failure. The remote cause was disease of the mitral and aortic valves, the existence of which was known to his physicians, to himself, and to his family, in November of last year. The complications which have occurred have been nervous exhaustion, pulmonary anasarctions, pneumonia, pulmonary œgeria, anasarca, and hemorrhages. The last day of his life was somewhat restless, but not more so than he has been several times since his arrival at Nonquit. At about 9.30 symptoms of heart failure suddenly appeared. The remedies which had hitherto been successful were vigorously applied, but proved ineffectual, and he sank rapidly, dying painlessly at the hour named.

ROBERT M. O'REILLY,
Surgeon United States Army.

WASHINGTON MATHEWS,
Assistant Surgeon United States Army.

There can be no doubt that the immediate cause of death was the failure of the heart to act. If it were possible to reach the remote cause of that fatal weakening, first of the valves of the heart, and then of the walls also, in so strong and robust a man as Sheridan, it may well be conceived that it was the result of some one of those magnificent strains of his heroic nature, the results of which have made his name so memorable among a patriot soldiery, and so great in the estimation of those who esteem military genius and renown. Perhaps, at Winchester and up the valley, when he rode "to save the day," the fierce heart throbs tore all the strong valves, and gave the first blow which finally in the long series of activities that followed, left him cold and lifeless at Nonquit.

Dr. Pepper gave to the public press, after the general's death, his professional opinion of the case and its treatment. He said :

"At the time of the early attacks the heart failure was so intense that the walls of the heart contracted very imperfectly and the cavities became rapidly and greatly dilated. This was much increased by the mechanical obstruction due to the organic disease of the valves of the

heart, which had existed for many months. In this state some heart-clot must have formed, and for some time very alarming attacks recurred unexpectedly, apparently due to the sudden detachment of portions of clot which were carried from the right side of the heart into the lungs. The most alarming spell was connected with the development of an extensive infraction in the lower lobe of the right lung, followed by the development of aneurisms around it. For weeks this was a constant source of anxiety, but gradually it cleared away, the heart gained power, its cavities contracted better, and the spells above mentioned grew less frequent and less serious.

“When the heart trouble was at its worst grave symptoms of congestion showed themselves everywhere. The brain suffered, the liver and stomach were so much engorged that hemorrhages occurred and were almost fatal. From the shock the kidneys also suffered, as was shown by a scanty albuminous urine and swelling of the feet. But as the heart slowly improved all these complications subsided. This was very gratifying, and justified the hope that gradually there would be a return to better health if no untoward complications should occur again. But inevitably a patient with extensive organic disease of the heart (as in all probability existed here), with fragments of heart-clot adhering to the lining, is continually in danger of fatal heart failure, and of sudden detachments of fragments of such size that if carried to the lungs almost immediately fatal results will follow. On Sunday evening, at a time when all the general’s symptoms were more encouraging than at any previous period, the above occurred with such severity as to make all efforts to sustain the heart and lungs unavailing.”

While the body of their sacred dead was being arranged in the villa by the sea for its final interment, everywhere, officially and personally, the Nation, the states, the men of the war, the citizens who honored and the friends who loved him, were sending their tokens of sympathy and their proffers of service, in behalf of his memory and to the family Sheridan has left, for they all remembered that he had said “Every service I ever performed for my country was due to her from me, and if I have contributed in my humble way to her success and glory, I am proud of it.”

Among the first of these tokens came the personal words of President Cleveland, who immediately on receipt of the news of the general’s death, sent to Mrs. Sheridan the following telegram :



THE SHERIDAN COTTAGE AT NONQUIT,

WHERE THE GENERAL DIED, AUGUST 5, 1888.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, August 6, 1888. }

While the Nation mourns its loss and shares your sorrow, let me express to you my personal grief and most sincere condolence.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

When Congress met at noon of the 6th, the following message was received :

TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES :

It becomes my painful duty to announce to the Congress and to the people of the United States the death of Philip Sheridan, General of the Army, which occurred at a late hour last night at his summer home in the State of Massachusetts.

The death of this valiant soldier and patriotic son of the Republic, though his long illness has been regarded with anxiety, has, nevertheless, shocked the country and caused universal grief.

He had established for himself a strong hold in the hearts of his countrymen, who soon caught the true meaning and purpose of his soldierly devotion and heroic temper. His intrepid courage, his steadfast patriotism, and the generosity of his nature inspired with peculiar warmth the admiration of all the people.

Above his grave, affection for the man and pride in his achievements will struggle for mastery, and too much honor cannot be accorded to one who was so richly endowed with all the qualities which make his death a national loss.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, August 6, 1888.

The Secretary of War sent his condolence in the following dispatch :

WASHINGTON, August 6, 1888.

DEAR MRS. SHERIDAN: It was the most painful surprise to hear of General Sheridan's death. Accept my heartfelt sympathy in your overwhelming sorrow. The Nation mourns with you a great and noble soldier, and while I feel deeply his loss to the service and the department, yet at this moment the personal bereavement is first in my thoughts as I recall his valuable friendship and the many delightful memories I shall ever associate with him.

W. E. ENDICOTT, *Secretary of War.*

By order of the department, as usual, "the flags will be placed at half mast at all military posts and stations, seventeen minute guns will be fired on the day after the receipt of this order, and the usual badge of mourning will be worn for thirty days."

The senior major-general of the army, commanding the Division of the Atlantic, received the order to take charge of the burial of his comrade, as follows :

WAR DEPARTMENT, }
WASHINGTON, August 6, 1888. }

GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD,
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.

The following dispatch received from Colonel Sheridan this morning :

"NONQUIT, MASS., August 6, 1888.

"SECRETARY OF WAR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"It is Mrs. Sheridan's wish that her husband should be buried with military honors, and that at the same time there should be no display beyond what pertains to a strictly military funeral in proper respect to his rank. Will you be kind enough to authorize such funeral and place matters under charge of General Schofield? The funeral will be in Washington, but when and where I cannot yet say. Perhaps it would be well for General Schofield to come up here.

"M. V. SHERIDAN."

I leave it to your discretion whether to go to Nonquit, as requested. You are hereby directed to make the necessary arrangements in regard

to the funeral, including the funeral train to bear the body to Washington. By request of Mrs. Sheridan, her husband will be "buried with military honors, with no display beyond what pertains to a strictly military funeral in proper respect to his rank." This request will be strictly complied with and the escort will conform to regulation 631, funeral escort to general-in-chief, and you will issue orders for such troops to assemble as may be necessary to complete this escort. You will detail the necessary guard and bearers to go to Nonquit and accompany the remains to Washington. Please ascertain from Mrs. Sheridan whom she wishes to be designated in orders as pall-bearers. Please inform me from time to time in regard to arrangements. The place of burial and day of funeral still undecided. Your dispatch to adjutant-general of this morning received.

WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT, *Secretary of War.*

The funeral escort, under regulation 631, is a regiment of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and two light batteries. Mrs. Sheridan in her decision necessarily excluded all participation in the actual pageant of the many societies and bodies that were ready, even eager, by their active presence to do such honor as they could to their well-beloved comrade. Her decision, however, met general approval.

Congress at once acted in sympathy with the general feeling of sorrow, by adjourning on the 6th instant in token of respect, after passing the resolutions here given :

In the Senate Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, offered these resolutions :

Resolved, That the Senate has learned with profound regret of the death of Philip H. Sheridan, late General of the Armies of the United States.

Resolved, That the Senate hereby expresses its grateful sense of his great and patriotic services in the cause of his country, its deep sensibility of the loss which the Nation has sustained in his death, and its sympathy with his family in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

Mr. Edmunds said: "It is quite unnecessary for any Senator to submit any observation in support of these resolutions. The career of General Sheridan has been so conspicuous, so grand, so noble, and so patriotic that any words which I could use in respect of his memory, or in praise of his career, would be like gilding refined gold, or painting the lily. I therefore, for my part, leave them to the judgment of the Senate without any further observation."

The resolutions were adopted unanimously. Subsequently a bill was introduced by Mr. Farwell, of Illinois, and referred to the Committee on Pensions, granting a pension of \$5,000 a year to Mrs. Sheridan. This bill has been so modified in the House of Representatives as to make the sum \$3,500. In that form it will doubtless become a law.

The President's message announcing the death of General Sheridan having been presented and read, Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut, rose and said :

“Nothing that I could say, Mr. President, is needed to set forth the loss which the country has sustained by the death of the able, brilliant, magnificent soldier and beloved general, Philip H. Sheridan. I have just learned of the course taken by the House, and I now send to the desk a resolution for which I ask immediate consideration :

“*Resolved*, That the Chair is requested to appoint a committee of seven Senators to attend the funeral services of the late General Sheridan.”

The resolution was adopted, and Senators Hawley, Connecticut, Manderson, Nebraska, Cullom, Illinois, Stewart, Nevada, Hampton, South Carolina, Gibson, Louisiana, and Gray, Delaware, were appointed. The Senate at 1.55, adjourned.

The session of the House was opened with prayer by the Rev. W. H. Milburn, D. D., the chaplain. His reference to General Sheridan's death was as follows :

O Eternal God, with the Nation we stand awestricken to-day by the startling intelligence that the illustrious career of the General of the Army is ended. The brilliant story of his achievements is written in the annals of the country, and he has gone to the bar of history. We commend to Thy Almighty protection and fatherhood the wife who has been widowed and the children who have been made fatherless.

A message from the President having been received announcing the death of General Philip H. Sheridan, Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, said that this was the third time in the history of the government that the President had announced the death of the commander of the armies of the United States. He had prepared resolutions appropriate to the occasion, but he was informed that the Military Committee had agreed to a series of resolutions, and he would therefore refrain from offering his.

Representative Hooker, of Mississippi, offered these resolutions :

Resolved, That this House has learned with profound grief of the death of General Philip Henry Sheridan, General commanding of the armies of the United States.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Speaker of the House is directed to transmit to the widow of the deceased a copy of these resolutions and the assurance of the sympathy of the House in the loss which she has sustained in common with the people of the Nation.

Resolved, That the Speaker of this House appoint a committee of seven members to confer with a like committee of the Senate, and, after consultation with the family of the deceased, to take such action as may be appropriate in regard to the public obsequies of General Sheridan.

Mr. Hooker, of Mississippi, himself an ex-Confederate soldier, briefly addressed the House in eulogy of the deceased soldier. Descended from a race of people which had given to the world in the old country and in the new the greatest commanders of any people on earth, the career of the distinguished military man whom these resolutions were designed to honor was a mark of the singular fact that "in this country there was no position, whether in civil or in military life, that was not within the reach of the humblest citizen of the land.

"General Sheridan inherited from his father the fire and the spirit of that great Irish race that has so successfully fought the battles of all countries save its own. At an early day General Sheridan graduated from the military academy, and was assigned to duty in the army. He obtained prominence in the late contest between the states which gave him a position second only to that of the great leader of the Federal Army. This Congress had, a few weeks before his death, conferred on General Sheridan the distinguished position of General of the Armies of the United States. It had been held by few persons, and was considered a mark of honor and regard for General Sheridan when he yet lay on his bed of sickness, which finally became his couch of death. The resolutions were designed to express the universal grief and sorrow of the Nation at the death of the commander of the armies of the United States and to express sympathy with his bereaved family."

The governor of Ohio, in which state the general claimed citizenship, issued this proclamation :

TO THE PEOPLE OF OHIO:

General Philip H. Sheridan is dead. He departed this life yesterday at Nonquit, Massachusetts. He was a citizen of Ohio, but his name and fame belong among the richest treasures of the Nation. Next after Grant and Sherman he was the most illustrious general of the war for the suppression of the rebellion. His name was the synonym of gallantry. He was the ideal field marshal. He led only to victory. So long as the Union shall endure and human liberty be cherished he will hold an affectionate place in the hearts of his countrymen. As a slight appreciation for his heroic services, the flags on all civil and public buildings of the state will be displayed at half-mast until and including the day of the funeral.

From nearly all the state executives came some form of public sorrow and sympathy. General Rea, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, in General Order No. 11, issued August 9th, paid a fitting and eloquent tribute to the life and services of General Sheridan. The order says that during the year, 4,123 Grand Army of the Republic comrades have died, among whom Sheridan stands most conspicuous. The colors at the national and department headquarters were ordered to be draped, and the customary badge of mourning to be worn for thirty days.

The Loyal Legion, of which Sheridan was commander, paid its tribute; and the Massachusetts Commandery, as did the state, asked to be allowed to appoint a guard of honor. This was supplied under orders from the War Department by a detail of two line and eight non-commissioned officers from Fort Adams, who left Newport on the 8th instant for Nonquit. This detail, serving as a guard of honor until the body reached Washington, consisted of Captain H. B. Anderson, in command; Lieutenant McCahn, Sergeants Greenhault, Company L, Wayland Light Battery; Buchanan, Company D; Corporals Blake, light battery; Hill, Company G; Beraske, Company E; Day and Halpen, of fort battery.

The Secretary of the Navy sent his expressions of sympathy and the offer of a naval escort, in this dispatch:

I must express to you my great personal regret and sorrow, and that of the whole naval service, at the death of General Sheridan. It is the desire of this department to participate in all ceremonies which may take place in recognition of his great services to his country, and to mark the high esteem in which such services are held by his countrymen. The President directs me to place at your service an escort of naval vessels if your plans should contemplate returning by water.

The death of their gallant commander was announced to the soldiers of the United States Army in the following general order, issued the next day :

“WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL’S OFFICE, }
“WASHINGTON, August 6, 1888. }

“With profound sorrow the Secretary of War announces to the army that General Sheridan died last evening at Nonquit, in the State of Massachusetts.

“He was born March 6, 1831. Upon graduating from West Point he entered the army July 1, 1853, as brevet second lieutenant of the First Infantry. His first service was on the frontier of Texas; then in Oregon and California, engaged against hostile Indians in the Yakima expedition and the defense of the Cascades. In 1861, having reached the grade of captain in the Thirteenth Infantry, he was placed on duty as chief quartermaster and commissary of the army under Major-General Curtis in the Pea Ridge Campaign, and subsequently as quartermaster at Major-General Halleck’s headquarters in the advance on Corinth, Mississippi. He was appointed colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, May 25, 1862; brigadier-general of volunteers July 1, and major-general of volunteers December 31, of the same year, having participated with distinction in numerous engagements in the armies of the Ohio and Cumberland until April 4, 1864, when he was selected to command the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, and subsequently the Middle Military Division and the Army of the Shenandoah.

“For the gallantry, military skill and courage displayed in the brilliant series of victories achieved by his army in the Valley of the Shenandoah, especially at Cedar Run, he received the thanks of Congress and was appointed brigadier-general of the Army of the United States, September 20, 1864, and November 8, 1864, was promoted to major-general United States Army ‘for the personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of his troops displayed by him on the nineteenth day of October, at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Providence, his routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels, for the third time, in pitched battle, within thirty days.’

“In the final campaign, which resulted in the surrender of General Lee’s army, he bore a distinguished part.

“ Since the close of the war he commanded successively the Military Division of the Southwest, the Gulf, the Fifth Military District, the Department of the Missouri and the Division of the Missouri. He was appointed lieutenant-general March 4, 1869, and assumed command of the Army of the United States, November 1, 1883. In recognition of his military services the grade of general was revived by Congress, to which he was appointed June 1, 1888. These achievements placed him in the front rank of the great and successful soldiers of his time, and are recognized and acknowledged at home and abroad. To the army his loss is personal and irreparable, but the work that he did and the associations that cluster about his name will be a grateful memory to its older, and an inspiration to its younger officers.”

The morning of the 8th brought to completeness the preparations for removal to Washington. The soldier lay in his white lined, black covered casket, with its heavy plate and handles of silver. Its only inscription was this :

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN,
GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY,
BORN MARCH 6, 1831. DIED AUGUST 5, 1888.

The room in which the body lay was kept fresh and cool. The jalousies were but partially closed. A simple vase of flowers, the only decoration, perfumed the air. That portion of the lid of the coffin over the head and chest of the silent hero was laid back so as to disclose the face and upper part of the body. Upon it lay the chapeau, sword, belt, and sash worn by the deceased officer as a lieutenant-general on state occasions. The uniform in which the body was clad was that of the grade from which he was promoted during his illness. But the epaulets carried the insignia of his latest rank—the golden shield of state flanked on either side by a large golden star. On the white metal scabbard of the sword were engraved the names of the many battles in which Sheridan had taken part. They began at a point immediately below the hilt of the weapon and ended only at the extreme lower end. They were one above the other, close together, forty or more in all.

The appearance of the face was striking. There was almost a smile upon the lips. The whole aspect was one of serene repose. A sharp contrast was presented by the grizzled hair upon the head, the

black bushy eyebrows, and the silvery hue of the mustache and small imperial. The entire mask was one never to be forgotten by those who looked upon it. Only one hand was in sight. It lay across the breast, and between the partially closed fingers was held a curiously carved crucifix of yellow ivory.

The morning broke clear and bright. A light northeast wind rendered the air cool and bracing. The cottage was outwardly as silent as a tomb. Colonel Michael V. Sheridan, with bowed head and sorrowful demeanor, was to be seen at times on the verandas. Colonel Blunt and Captain S. C. Kellogg, of the general's staff, passed in and out. The day dragged slowly. In the afternoon the steamer *Monohansett* appeared in sight around the high casemented fort at Clark's Point, headed toward Nonquit landing. At half-past 4 o'clock the *Monohansett* was at the landing. There was a peculiar significance attached to the selection of this steamboat to convey the body of Sheridan to New Bedford. She was employed in the government service during the Civil War, and was used by General Grant as his dispatch boat. Captain Smith, who commanded her that day, was her commander on the James River.

A guard of honor composed of members of the Loyal Legion, ranged themselves in two lines near the gangway of the *Monohansett*. Just after five, the procession moved to the steamboat landing. With the casket came two officers of the Grand Army, and twelve veterans, who bore on their shoulders the coffin. The silken folds of an American ensign draped the head of it. Mrs. Sheridan, leaning on the arm of Colonel Michael V. Sheridan, and holding the hand of her youngest child, little Phil, followed. Mrs. Michael V. Sheridan led Mary Sheridan next. Then followed Sister Justica, of the Bon Seours, holding the hand of Louise, while the little twin sister, Irene, was escorted by the good Sister Urban. Mrs. Sheridan's servant and maid were the next in order, and they were followed by Colonel Blunt, Dr. Mathews, and Captain S. C. Kellogg. Klien, the general's attendant, Richard, his waiter, and Rohrback, the general's clerk, completed the procession. Very slowly it moved toward the landing.

There was not a person to be seen on the Nonquit meadows. There was not a single carriage to be seen, for, with remarkable delicacy, the surrounding population refrained from coming near. The settlement might have been deserted so far as any signs of moving life outside the

cottages and the hotel were concerned. At a quarter past 5 o'clock the head of the *cortege* passed Henry B. Peirce, Secretary of State, of Missouri, and vice-commander of the Loyal Legion, in charge of the delegation. The members thereof present were Colonel Charles Devens, Colonel Joseph W. Gilroy, General A. P. Martin, Colonel Henry Stone, Major Edward Dews, Dr. J. H. Mackie, Captain A. M. Dudley, Lieutenants F. S. Gifford and B. Penniman, and Colonel A. A. Rand, representing the Massachusetts Commandery; Colonel William Broadhead, of the New York Commandery; Captain J. M. Lewis, of the Ohio Commandery; Colonel Douglas, of the Rhode Island Commandery; and Major Farnham Lyon and Lieutenant Stewart Draper, of the Michigan Commandery. Colonel Dudley represented the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, General Rae. With uncovered heads the veterans stood and silently watched the passage of the remains. The coffin was placed in the open space in front of the ladies' cabin of the *Monohansett*. Mrs. Sheridan kissed little Phil, and pressed the wondering, awestruck boy to her bosom. Then she embraced Mary and the twin girls, and turned with faltering steps to the *Monohansett*. The little ones wept piteously, and Mrs. Colonel Sheridan, in whose charge they were left, endeavored in vain to assuage their grief. Mrs. Sheridan, Colonel Sheridan, and the sisters went to the ladies' cabin, where they remained in privacy.

The departure from the *Monohansett* was made in the same order as that of embarkation. A special train of five cars was in waiting. A very large, yet silent and orderly crowd was in waiting. All the bells in the city were tolled. All flags on vessels and public buildings were at half mast. The coffin was placed in the black-draped space in the combination car, and rested on an elevated platform in the centre. The mourners entered the rear sleeping coach. Colonel Blunt and the army officers took possession of the second sleeping car and the few representatives of the press allowed on the train were allotted the private saloon, "Idlewild." In the make up there came first a baggage car, then a combination car, in which the body was placed on a platform covered with black velvet, in the baggage compartment. The floor of this compartment was covered with black cambric, and the walls and roof with alternate broad vertical stripes of black and white, continued into the middle of the monitor roof in wall-tent form. On one side of the car, inside, were two small flags and the motto, "We mourn our heroic dead," all covered with semi-transparent black crape. Over the outer

door was a flag. The passenger compartment was hung with black, white, and red, and the outside of the car with black. Then followed two Pullman cars and the private car of Vice-President Thompson, of the Pennsylvania railroad. The last car was occupied by Mrs. Sheridan. The train was drawn to Walpole by locomotive No. 108 of the Old Colony railroad, which was trimmed with bunches of black and white ribbon. The train left in charge of Conductors F. M. Buzzell and C. F. Russell, Baggage-master Clarence Wing, Engineer E. A. Barker, and Fireman M. S. Kennedy.

It was Mrs. Sheridan's desire that the start should be near sun down, and the speed maintained a slow one. At every station, as the train passed, the draped flags and masses of silent, uncovered spectators, gave eloquent though unspoken evidences of the common feeling of loss. The people remained till late in the night at all the principal stations, and the bells were tolled at Taunton, Mansfield, Walpole — where a Grand Army Post was drawn up — at Putman, Willimantic, New London, New Haven, Hartford, Bridgeport, and until it reached Harlem in the early dawn at 4.55 of the 9th. In this way the pressure of the crowds in New York was avoided. The transfer to the waiting railroad ferry-boat was speedily and orderly made, and at Jersey City the precious freight was transferred to the Pennsylvania railroad with care, kindness, and foresight, as had been arranged. A special train of four cars was provided, manned, too, by veterans in the employ of the great corporation, who had all served with "Little Phil":— ex-cavalrymen all, their presence was indeed a tribute of respect.

The names of these veterans deserve to be recorded. Their duties with the train, and former position in the "service" are also given :

Engineer—“Joe” Killey, formerly captain of Company A, First New Jersey Cavalry. Served in the army from 1861 to 1865.

Fireman—J. Rodd, formerly quartermaster-sergeant of the Sixth New York Cavalry. Served in the army from 1861 to 1865.

Conductor—W. W. Branson, formerly second lieutenant of Company C, First New Jersey Cavalry. Served in the army from 1861 to 1865.

Baggage-master—H. Heberton, formerly lieutenant in the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Served in the army from 1861 to 1863.

Flagman—S. Craig, formerly captain of Company A, First New York Cavalry. Served in the army from 1861 to 1865.

Silently the *cortege* passed by the great city. As silently it left Jersey City, and passed on its way to the general's last resting-place. At various points a few people gathered. Demonstration was carefully avoided by halting outside Philadelphia, and at Baltimore by taking the Potomac route, which, with its tunnels, enabled keeping out of sight.

The arrival at Washington was known and the people in large numbers, in silence, and with uncovered heads, paid their tribute to him who was well and personally known among them. It was 3.17 P. M. when the *cortege* entered the Baltimore and Potomac Depot. It was met by General Schofield, and Lieutenants Sawyer, Bliss, and Pitcher, of his staff, a Guard of Honor from the District of Columbia Commandery, Loyal Legion, and Troop B, of the Fourth Cavalry, Captain Lawton in command. As the train slowed into the station eight sergeants of the Third Artillery, under command of Lieutenant Danes, marched up the platform and formed in line. After the departure of Mrs. Sheridan with her father and sister, the artillery sergeants took the casket from the car in which it made the journey from Nonquit and bore it to a gun caisson belonging to the Third Artillery, which was draped with flags festooned with crape. As the caisson bearing the body left the station, Troop B, of the Fourth Cavalry, fell into line in front and escorted the procession up Pennsylvania Avenue to Fifteenth Street, and to St. Matthew's Church.

Following the caisson in carriages were General Schofield and staff, Dr. O'Rielly, Colonel Blunt, and the Guard of Honor from the local commandery, Loyal Legion. As the body reached the church door it was met by a procession of the clergy and the sanctuary boys singing the "Miserere."

After the casket had been placed upon the catafalque the preliminary burial service was recited, the choir singing a funeral hymn. The services concluded, the little company immediately left the church.

Only the final services remained! only the requiem! only the funeral pageant! Then laid away among his dead—our soldier will be at rest.

Many poetical tributes have already been paid his memory, among them being those of Walt Whitman, David Graham, Adee, and others. But the finest of these is from the pen of Richard Watson Gilder, the poet-editor of the *Century*. It was published in the *Critic*, and bore the title "Grant, Sherman, Sheridan."

Quietly, like a child
That sinks in slumber mild,
No pain or troubled thought his well-earned peace to mar,
Sank into endless rest our thunderbolt of war.

Though his the power to smite,
Quick as the lightning's light—
His single arm an army, and his name a host,
Not his the love of blood, the warrior's cruel boast.

But in the battle's flame
How glorious he came!—
Even like the white-combed wave that breaks and tears the shore,
While wreck lies strewn behind, and terror flies before.

'Twas he,— his voice, his might,—
Could stay the panic-flight,
Alone shame back the headlong, many-leagued retreat,
And turn to evening triumph morning's foul defeat.

He was our modern Mars,
Yet firm his faith that wars
Erelong would cease to vex the sad, ensanguined earth,
And peace forever reign, as at Christ's holy birth.

Blest land, in whose dark hour
Doth rise to mightiest power
No dazzler of the sword to play the tyrant's part,
But patriot-soldiers, true and pure and high of heart!

Of such our chief of all;
And he who broke the wall
Of civil strife in twain, no more to build or mend;
And he who hath this day made Death his faithful friend.

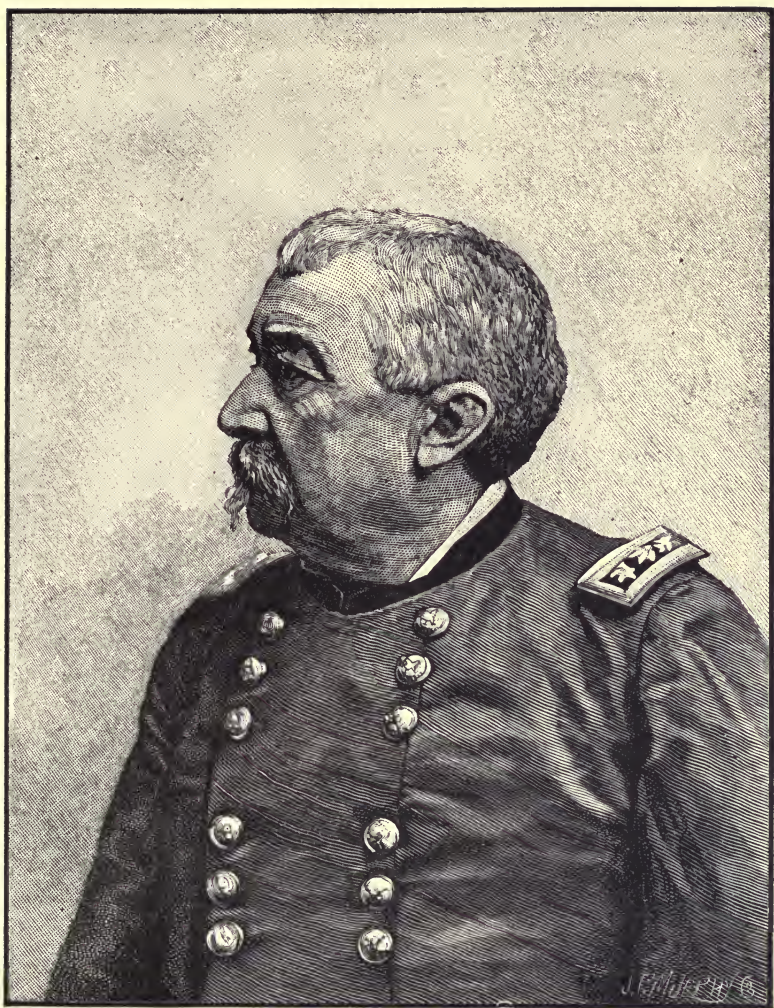
And now above his tomb
From out the eternal gloom
"Welcome" his chieftain's voice sounds o'er the cannon's knell;
And of the three only one stays to say "Farewell!"

Philip Henry Sheridan.

Nor King, nor Peer, nor privileged Knave who stole
From Labor's aching thews its scanty dole,
On this Man's sword a hireling's lien did hold!
No Master's pride unto the victor's goal,
Nor Statecraft's whim in mean or lofty role,
To his brave brain gave fire or wish so bold!
Life's fame on larger lines that Patriot's mold,
His Duty simple cast in grander whole!

We hold all dear who for our Union fought,
We love the Brave who for Liberty hath wrought,
And this strong Man whose service rose so grand,
Revered will be while memories burn
Like some clear white light out centuried urn,
As one, in truth, who knightly did command!

—Richard J. Hinton.



PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN.

[From a Recent Photograph.]

CHAPTER XXX.

SHERIDAN'S LAST RIDE.

LYING IN STATE — QUAIN AND QUIET ST. MATTHEW'S — THE WIDOW'S LAST FAREWELL — THE DECORATIONS AND CATAFALQUE — CHANTING THE REQUIEM — SCENES IN THE CHURCH — THE DISTINGUISHED CONGREGATION — ALTAR BOYS AND DOMINICAN MONKS — CARDINAL GIBBONS' SERMON — THE FUNERAL PAGEANT — BUGLER KIMBALL SOUNDS "TAP-TAPS" — "PUT OUT THE LIGHTS" — "GOOD-NIGHT" — HISTORIC ARLINGTON AND SHERIDAN'S GRAVE.

THE Church of St. Matthew's, on the corner of Fifteenth, and H Street Northwest, is a plain, simple, puritanical structure, at first glance to a stranger's eye looking quite unlike a Catholic Church. It was the centre of attraction on the 10th of August, for the body of a beloved soldier of the Republic lay there in state, ere removal to its final resting-place at Arlington.

Before the public was admitted, just before 8 A. M., Mrs. Sheridan, accompanied by her father and mother, General and Mrs. Rucker, her sisters, and Colonel M. V. Sheridan, entered the simple church building. A special requiem mass was celebrated by the pastor, Father Kervick, and then the church was left to the wife and mother and her sacred dead. Ere the attendant guard of honor retired, the coffin lid was removed for the first time since leaving Nonquit, so that the face and bust of the dead lover and husband might be seen by his devoted companion. Who shall intrude upon that holy communion — that sacred association of the "quick and the dead"? In solemn stillness — alone — the sorely afflicted lady was left to such sorrow and yet such rapture of resolve as may well be supposed to commingle over so beloved a form. At last the father and mother stole in, and found their dear one kneeling still over her dead. Gently they carried her away, with that last look, that last treasured glance of his marble face and noble head to be carried forever in her memory. Only once more was the lid unfastened. That was when John Sheridan, the general's elder brother, a veteran of the ranks, an employing printer in Ohio, arrived from his home, and desired to once more look upon his famous

brother's face. He is a middle-aged, portly man, looking like the father, and as he bowed over the casket the suppressed sobs of a strong man's sorrow were heard by those in attendance.

All day the sympathizing people passed through the church and in long lines around the coffin. It was Mrs. Sheridan's wish, and in accord with her conception of the general's desires, that the lid was not removed. The interior they saw was solemn and mournful in its ensemble. The scant light through the stained glass windows and the flickering light of a dozen wax tapers but dimly outlined the scene about the altar, while giving added sombreness to the heavy drapings of crape that hung from ceiling, balcony, and pillar. Immediately before the altar, on high successive pedestals, forming a graceful apex, rested the coffin. To the left, with white-gloved hands folded across his breast, stood an artillery-man in full uniform, with short sabre swinging at his belt, keeping silent guard over his silent charge. On either side of the catafalque, slender marble tables supported tall candelabra in which burned dimly the tapers required in such church services. At the corners and further back, were other candelabra unlighted, waiting for the final mass and burial. Further back stood the red throne erected for the cardinal, and a pair of draped flags lent a background of slight color to the dark decoration of the chancel.

Over the coffin was loosely thrown, in sash-like folds, a heavy silk American flag, the red and white stripes falling gracefully on one side, and the blue ground with gold stars dropping on the other. Buried in the soft folds on the top of the casket was the dead general's sabre, with the names of all his battles and their dates engraved along the scabbard. The sash of his rank, woven with yellow silk and gold thread, lay folded across the top, and the heavy gold tassels fell on one side. The black-plumed chapeau was there, not looking new and unused, but showing such marks of service as the general had given it. At the head of the coffin, as one approached the altar, a tall flagstaff rose high above, bearing the identical corps flag which Sheridan had used at the close of the war. This was that oriflamme of red with a white star on one side and a white ground with a red star on the other, which had led the way into many bloody fights and many a brilliant victory. It was the rally flag he waved at Winchester. It swung heavily in the smoky-laden atmosphere of the Wilderness. It was seen in the desperate charges of Todd's Tavern; on the field where Stuart fell; at Trevilian Station; from Staunton to Charlottesville; it rustled angrily in the Homeric fury of Five Forks, and waved in commanding hostility when Lee made his last effort just before the surrender. It

is not an established flag, but the colors are of such design and pattern as the commander of a corps may choose as his distinguishing mark. Two other old flags, of designs now forgotten and out of service, were back of the coffin. One was the blue cavalry guidon carried by Sheridan's troops in some of his earlier cavalry raids. Now the guidon is of yellow, not blue, and of a different pattern. The other flag held associations of the hero's early battles, and was that of his division headquarters at Perryville and Stone River; in the Tullahoma campaign, marching, fighting, and bridge building; at the front, flaring on the fateful field of Chickamauga, and rising in triumph up the rock-ribbed sides of Mission Ridge, until, moving over its crest, this soiled, frayed, ragged, battle-riven emblem became the oriflamme of victory.

The fronts of both galleries were covered with large flags caught up at intervals with broad bands of black. Above the entrance on the front of the organ loft were grouped regimental and cavalry flags, fastened together by a knot of black, with black streamers. The altar was heavily draped. The candelabra and the marble figures on either side were draped with black. Two silk American flags hung from the wall above the altar. The cardinal's throne on the left of the altar was appropriately covered, and the front of the pulpit was concealed by heavy black velvet, with deep silver fringe. A space had been made in front of the altar by the removal of four pews on either side of the main aisle, in the centre of which stood the catafalque, the same that was used in the funeral obsequies of King Alphonso, held in this church on the death of that king, several years ago. It is about four feet high, and rests upon a broad base, which was covered with the national colors, bordered with a band of black velvet. All these, though subdued, and with the tokens of the church services everywhere in the foreground, still served to give the spectator the impression of military pomp and ceremonial. The clinking of spurs and, now and then, the stroke of a sabre as it was drawn over the tessellated pavement, broke the usual quiet and repose of the place.

The plain yet massive simplicity of the interior, centering as it did on the catafalque and the casket thereon, enshrouding in its sober garb of black and silver the remains of the dead soldier, left nothing to mar the sad harmony of the scene. By Mrs. Sheridan's request, the floral tributes, some of great beauty, and all in loveliness and abundance, were grouped effectively on the altar steps. Masses of flowers in various forms were piled up under the Virgin's altar: The shoulder strap of a general in blue and yellow flowers; an easel with

vines; a white cross from the President; palms, clustered bunches of pond lilies, and a wreath. From Boston was sent a large piece representing the "Gates Ajar," made at the order of a number of United States Senators. In height and length it was nearly six feet, in width it was four feet. In the centre were two large pillars, from which gates were hung. Joining the pillars was an arch, having in the centre a cross and a crown. Suspended from the arch was a pure white dove, and on the top of each pillar was a large star. Through the open gate and picket fence was a representation of the Garden of Eden, in which flowers, roses, and ferns abounded in artistic profusion. On the right corner stood a beautiful bouquet of roses tied with satin ribbon. Across the front the inscription read, "Light lie the earth on thee." Some four thousand asters, and a large number of crimson king carnations, crysanthemums, and roses were used in this tribute.

Mr. John W. Mackey sent an appropriate gift—a wreath of ivy intermingled with palm branches. It was worked in artistic taste and attracted attention from its peculiar fitness and sombre beauty. *All day on the 10th, the long line of silent spectators saw sitting on a step of the altar a sad-faced colored man, in years beyond middle-age. The officer in command spoke to him familiarly, but with respect. This was Richard, who for over twenty years had been the faithful body-servant of General Sheridan. He was the general's attendant in health, was with him in that last desperate struggle against death, and still on duty, sat there beside the coffin of his benefactor and much-loved employer.

The preparations for the morrow's funeral went on quietly and steadily. It was to be strictly in accordance with military regulations, even to the use of the artillery caisson as a bier for the hero's body. Major-General Schofield, the senior officer in the regular army, and who is now in command of it, was in charge of the ceremony. The troops called for in the following were all ready:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE ATLANTIC, }
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1888. }

Special Order No. 160.

The following troops will compose the military escort at the funeral of the late General Philip H. Sheridan, commanding the Army of the United States, which is to take place in Washington, D. C., on Saturday, Aug. 11, 1888: A battalion of foot troops, to consist of batteries F, First (Davis'), I, Second (Vose's), M, Third (Kobbé's), and H, (Story's), Fourth Artillery, Fort Monroe, Va.; batteries A (Ches-

ter's), E (Lancaster's), K (Smith's), and L (Hess'), Third Artillery, Washington Barracks, D. C.; batteries D (Knower's) and G (Barstow's), Third Artillery, Fort McHenry, Md., under command of Colonel Horatio G. Gibson, Third Artillery.

The battalion of cavalry (troops B, Fourth, and B, Sixth regiments), Fort Myer, Va., Major Louis H. Carpenter, Fifth Cavalry, commanding.

Light Battery C, Third Artillery (Turnbull's), Washington Barracks, D. C. Light Battery F, Fifth Artillery (Brinckle's), Fort Hamilton, N. Y. H.

The major-general commanding will be in command of the funeral escort.

The artillery troops designated will so time their departure from their respective posts as to arrive in Washington on Friday morning, the 10th inst. They will then proceed to Washington Barracks, reporting their arrival to the commanding officer of that station. They will take with them their camp equipage. The cavalry battalion will report at Washington Barracks on the morning of the 11th inst., in time to take its place in the column for the march to the church and cemetery.

The Quartermaster Department will furnish all necessary arrangements for the transportation of these troops to and in Washington and return to their posts.

The commanding officer at Fort Adams, R. I., is hereby directed to send at once to New Bedford, Mass., two commissioned and eight non-commissioned officers for duty as guard over and bearers of the body of General Sheridan while being transferred on the afternoon of the 8th inst. from Nonquit to Washington, D. C. The guard will take charge of the remains on their arrival at New Bedford, and convey them to the special train. At Washington the guard will receive further orders. The Quartermaster Department will furnish the necessary transportation.

The depot quartermaster, New York City, is hereby directed to provide a special funeral train to convey the remains of General Sheridan, and the attendants thereupon, from Nonquit, Mass., to Washington, D. C., starting on Wednesday, p. m., August 8, 1888.

The commanding officer, Washington Barracks, will cause a caisson to be prepared to convey the remains from the railroad depot to the church and from the church to the cemetery.

The commanding officer, Fort Myer, will cause a troop of cavalry to be at the railroad depot in Washington on Thursday, the 9th inst., to meet the remains of General Sheridan and escort them to their temporary resting-place.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL SCHOFIELD.

WILLIAM D. WHIPPLE, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Official, JOHN PITCHER, *A. D. C.*

The artillery command arrived at Washington on the 10th, and the cavalry upon the morning of the 11th instant. This battalion was

in command of Captain Lawton, of the famous Seventh Regiment, whose commander, Brevet Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, was Sheridan's fellow cadet, his companion in arms on the Pacific coast, and afterwards and for years his staff officer and intimate associate and friend. Captain Lawton is a man of herculean mould and of most striking appearance. His swarthy complexion, black hair, and soldierly air is enhanced, as it were, by his splendid reputation as an Indian fighter.

Speaker Carlisle appointed the following members as the representatives of the House upon the joint Congressional Committee to attend General Sheridan's funeral: Messrs. Hooker, of Mississippi; Cutcheon, of Michigan; Wheeler, of Alabama; Henderson, of Illinois; Cox, of New York; Grosvenor, of Ohio, and McShane, of Nebraska. Colonel Hooker lost an arm in the military service of the Confederacy, and General Wheeler, of Alabama, was Sheridan's antagonist in a number of hard-fought skirmishes and engagements in Tennessee, Alabama, and Northern Georgia. He was the best Confederate cavalry commander in that section, and has often been termed, because of his stature, his audacity, and skill "the Sheridan of the South." A concurrent resolution also passed both houses of Congress to the effect that when the members adjourned on Friday it would be to meet again on Monday, in order to allow the members to attend the funeral. Cards of invitation to be present at the church and cemetery were issued from army headquarters. Engraved on note paper with a heavy black border, they read as follows:

You are invited to be present at the funeral ceremonies in honor of General Sheridan, which will take place at St. Matthew's Church, Washington, at 10 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 11th of August.

The invitations were accompanied by a card of admission which contained the following:

Admit bearer to funeral ceremonies of General Sheridan at St. Matthew's Church, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, the 11th of August. Please be in the church at least ten minutes before 10 o'clock.

The President issued an order directing the closing of the departments and public offices on the day of the funeral. The invitations to attend included the President and Mrs. Cleveland, the members of the Cabinet and the ladies of their families, the judges of the United States Supreme Court, the judges of the local courts, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the members of the Senate and House of Rep-

representatives, and the elective officers of both houses, all the members of the Catholic clergy in Washington, all officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps stationed in Washington, twenty-five to the Grand Army of the Republic, twenty-five to the Loyal Legion, eighty to the members of the press, and a large number to personal friends of the family. The total number of invitations issued was 1,500, and no person was admitted to the church without a card of admission.

Colonel John M. Wilson, Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds, was selected to take charge of the seating arrangements at the church. He appointed the following officers to assist him in seating those invited: Army—Major Thomas Ward, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain John G. Bourke, Third Cavalry; Lieutenant W. P. Duvall, Fifth Artillery; Lieutenant Thomas G. Knox, First Cavalry; Lieutenant C. Mc D. Townsend, of the Engineer Corps. Navy—Lieutenant George L. Dyer, Lieutenant William H. Schuetze, Past Assistant-Engineer F. C. Bieg, Past Assistant-Engineer H. P. Norton, and Lieutenant Randolph Dickens, United States Marine Corps.

The pall-bearers were announced early in the day as follows: General Sherman; Marshal Field, of Chicago; General Hawley, of the United States Senate; Speaker Carlisle; Vice-President Frank Thompson, of the Pennsylvania railroad; General Wesley Merritt, United States Army; the senior officer of the Grand Army of the Republic in the District of Columbia; Secretary Whitney; General MacFeeley, United States Army; General Joseph Fullerton, of St. Louis; Secretary Endicott, and G. W. Childs. The following officers of General Sheridan's staff were especially invited to attend the funeral: General J. W. Forsyth, Colonel Fred. D. Grant, Colonel James F. Gregory, Colonel George W. Davis, General J. W. and Colonel George S. Forsyth, United States Army.

Brevet Brigadier-General Tompkins, commanding the Second United States Cavalry, was placed in command of the escort.

General Sheridan commanded at the funeral of his comrade, John A. Logan, who, at his own request, was buried at Arlington. The general then expressed the desire to find his last resting-place in the same historic ground. In accordance with this wish, on the day preceding the burial, General Rucker (Mrs. Sheridan's father), accompanied by General MacFeeley, Commissary General, and Major Lydecker, of the Engineer Corps, visited Arlington and made choice of the commanding spot in which our gallant leader is now laid at rest.

The consecration of the grave was appropriately performed by the

bishop-elect of Detroit, the Right Rev. Thomas Foley, whose brother it was, as Bishop of Detroit, who performed the ceremony at the marriage of Philip Henry Sheridan and Irene M. Rucker, fourteen years before this sad occasion.

The heat of the season compelled the pastor of St. Matthew's to limit the musical part of the ceremony to the singing of a single requiem mass. Before the service, the choir of clergy, of whom there were over twenty in attendance, chanted the "Miserere," and at the close of the service the "Benedictus" and "Libera Me." The services in the church then did not occupy more than an hour and a half.

The morning broke with a clear, unclouded sky, burning with all the fervor of an August day in Washington.

It was on the stroke of nine when with military promptness the three doors of St. Matthew's Church were opened, groups of epauleted officers received friends and mourners, and escorted them to their seats. There was no confusion and hurry — white tickets to the body of the church, red tickets up-stairs. The rusty, well-worn, old-fashioned pews had been marked off into sections or groups, and for an hour they slowly, noiselessly filled up:—on the right side near the Virgin's altar, the diplomatic representatives, not more than thirty, and only the military attachés in uniform. On the other side the committees of the Senate and House, with sashes and rosettes, were quietly marshaled into place by Mr. Christie, Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. Famous people, statesmen, soldiers, sailors, illustrious men, with names of world-wide celebrity, were escorted to the pews by the martial ushers.

Ingalls, with his keen, rather Voltaire-looking face, sat, as presiding officer, to the front and right of the Senators. There were noted among others, Allison, Morgan, Evarts, Dolph, West, Hoar, Dawes, and Edmunds. The Representatives likewise clustered in masses.

A voluntary, which came from the organ like a wail, and all eyes turned toward a small company, slowly led up the centre aisle: Colonel Michael V. Sheridan, with the widow of the general leaning on his arm; John Sheridan, another brother, with a striking resemblance to the deceased, portly, spectacled; General and Mrs. Rucker, with other members of the family, all in deep mourning. In front of the coffin were three velvet chairs and *prie-dieus*. In the centre, Mrs. Sheridan, with a brother on each side, knelt in prayer. Then another group — what might be called the general's military family, his aides and companions: General J. W. Forsyth—"Tony" Forsyth, as the

army affectionately calls him — classmate, aide, and life-long friend, his hair silken and white ; Colonel Frederick D. Grant, with the almost startling resemblance to his father ; Schuyler Crosby, in deepest sorrow ; Alger, of Michigan, with a military, well-knit, keen, French face, who carried Sheridan his first field commission ; Colonel James F. Gregory, Colonel G. W. Davis, and George S. Forsyth, whom the army knows as "Sandy," famous in Indian and other wars, and dear to the dead commander.

Priests, acolytes, groups of boys, with purple and scarlet trimmings above their white gowns, clustered around the altar. The church began its sacred offices of repose and intercession. The tall candles around the bier were lighted, and burned freely in the gentle breeze which escaped from the sultry, drowsy sun. The chancel swarmed with clergymen in various stages of authority, and all knelt as, following an uplifted cross, the spare form of Cardinal Gibbons, robed in scarlet, wearing the beretta, slowly moved from the sacristy, knelt at the altar, and was escorted to the episcopal throne.

As the cardinal bent in prayer there was a rustle of interest as another group moved up the aisle under military escort — the President, Mrs. Cleveland, and Mrs. Folsom. Special chairs had been provided, but the President paused a moment, looked at the ostentatious curules, and seated himself in the modest pew behind, beside Secretaries Fairchild and Vilas. In the rear sat Secretaries Bayard and Dickinson. The pall-bearers slowly marched up the further aisle. At the head was Sherman — tall, erect, in full uniform, his fine, brave face compressed in evident emotion — the last of the heroes of our greatest days. At his side Speaker Carlisle, with thin, cultured, intellectual face, and clear, penetrating eye ; Hawley, Augur, Endicott and Whitney from the Cabinet ; George W. Childs, General MacFeeley, Wesley Merritt, Mr. Lincoln, of the Grand Army, and Marshal Field, of Chicago — close friends or dear comrades of the dead commander, all of them.

Suddenly, the full, sweet, sad resonance of the organ's wailing notes pealed through and filled the church. The altar boys emerged from the sacristy and ranged themselves around the bier, while the sanctuary filled up with the clergy.

The Dominican Brothers chanted the "Miserere." As the solemn and melancholy notes struck on the ears of the bereaved widow, she was visibly affected, and rested still harder on Colonel Sheridan's arm, which was supporting her. But a few minutes lasted this peal of

anguish for a lost soul, and then the organ gave forth a burst of stately music as the procession of clergy entered. Two altar boys bearing lighted candles led the way, then came the pastors of the various city churches, next Father J. F. Mackin, the celebrant, Father T. J. Kervick, the deacon, and Father S. F. Ryan, the sub-deacon, and lastly Cardinal Gibbons, wearing the red beretta, the insignia of his office, and the purple archiepiscopal cape. The officiating clergymen wore black robes elaborately embroidered with gold. Softly the organ played as the prelates knelt in silent adoration, and every one in the congregation, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, bowed the head in prayer.

It was a notable gathering. The tall wax candles on the altar cast a soft light on the upturned features of the highest dignitary of the Catholic Church in America. Directly in front was the President of the United States and his wife and Cabinet. To the right was the family of the dead soldier. To the left were the pall-bearers and prominent military men, headed by General Sherman in the full uniform of a general of the United States Army. On the other side were the Congressional committees; behind them Senators, Representatives, and the judges. Here were gathered together every branch of the government and the highest officers of the government.

The cardinal took his place at the foot of the coffin and read the prayers of the church in Latin and then in English. The whole assembly listened in sympathy, as with singularly sweet, sincere voice the priest commended to God the soul of "Our dear brother Philip Henry," praying that the angels would guide him into Paradise and give him everlasting rest. The President, who sat almost at the side of the cardinal, bent his head reverently during the prayers, and the priests who had formed into line along the aisle chanted the responses. And then by one of those odd phenomena in nature — out of which faith and perhaps fancy might draw an omen of consolation — at this moment the hazy, sultry summer air suddenly flushed with sunshine — clear, lucid sunshine — for there came through an oval window over the altar a sudden burst of light, illuminating the chancel, paling the candle gleams, suffusing the scarlet decorations of the episcopal throne with a deeper hue; a strange, striking effect, causing a manifest movement among the congregation, for it seemed as if the consenting heavens were answering in very truth, the prayer of the church, and sending a glow of light and hope and peace over the proud *manes* of Sheridan.

And while the sweet, entreating voice intoned the offices of the dead, and from the trained company of priests and musicians came the answering entreaty that God would be with the dead and have mercy forevermore, through the windows came a quick sound of command, the bugle note, the tramp of armed men moving into column, the crash of the muskets as they came heavily to the ground. It was a strange unison — peace and war, repose and action. The church and the state seemed to blend and to combine to do honor to the memory of the dead. At the conclusion of the mass the cardinal descended from his red-covered throne, and delivered the following discourse in a calm, impressive manner :

“And Jonathan and Simon took Judas their brother, and buried him in the sepulchre of their fathers, in the city of Modin. And all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation ; and they mourned for him many days, and said : How is the mighty fallen that saved the people of Israel.—1 Mach. ix., 19-21.

“Well might the children of Israel bewail their great captain who led them so often to battle and to victory. And well may this Nation grieve for the loss of the mighty chieftain whose mortal remains now lie before us. In every city and town and village of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, his name is uttered with sorrow, and his great deeds recorded with admiration.

“There is one consoling feature that distinguishes the obsequies of our illustrious hero from those of the great Hebrew leader. He was buried in the midst of war, amid the clashing of arms, and surrounded by the armed hosts of the enemy. Our captain, thank God, is buried amid profound peace, while we are enjoying the blessings of domestic tranquility, and are in friendship with all the world.

“The death of General Sheridan will be lamented not only by the North, but also by the South. I know the Southern people ; I know their chivalry ; I know their magnanimity, their warm and affectionate nature ; and I am sure that the sons of the South, and especially those who fought in the late war, will join in the national lamentation and will lay a garland of mourning on the bier of the great general. They recognize the fact that the Nation’s general is dead, and that his death is the Nation’s loss.

“And this universal sympathy, coming from all sections of the country, irrespective of party lines, is easily accounted for when we consider that under an overruling Providence the war in which General Sheri-

dan took such a conspicuous part has resulted in increased blessings to every state of our common country.

“ ‘ There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.’ ”

“ And this is true of nations, as well as of individuals.

“ What constitutes the great difference between the wars of antiquity and our recent war? The war of the olden time was followed by subjugation and bondage: — in the train of our great struggle came reconciliation and freedom. Alexander the Great waded through the blood of his fellow-man. By the sword he conquered, and by the sword he kept the vanquished in bondage. Scarcely was he cold in death when his vassals shook off the yoke and his empire was dismembered into fragments.

“ The effect of the late war has been to weld together the Nation still more closely into one cohesive body. It has removed once for all, slavery, the great apple of discord; it has broken down the wall of separation which divided section from section, and exhibits us more strikingly as one nation, one family, with the same aims and the same aspirations. The humanity exhibited in our late struggle contrasted with the cruelties exercised toward the vanquished of former times, is an eloquent tribute to the blessings of Christian civilization.

“ In surveying the life of General Sheridan it seems to me that these were his prominent features and the salient points in his character: undaunted heroism, combined with gentleness of disposition; strong as a lion in war, gentle as a child in peace; bold, daring, fearless, undaunted, unhesitating, his courage rising with the danger; ever fertile in resources, ever prompt in execution, his rapid movements never impelled by a blind impulse, but ever prompted by a calculating mind.

“ I have neither the time nor the ability to dwell upon his military career from the time he left West Point till the close of the war. Let me select one incident which reveals to us his quickness of conception and readiness of execution. I refer to his famous ride in the Valley of Virginia. As he is advancing along the road he sees his routed army rushing pell-mell toward him. Quick as thought — by the glance of his eye, by the power of his word, by the strength of his will — he hurls back that living stream on the enemy and snatches victory from the jaws of defeat. How bold in war, how gentle in peace. On some few occasions in Washington I had the pleasure of meeting General Sheridan socially in private circles. I was forcibly struck by his

gentle disposition, his amiable manner, his unassuming deportment, his eye beaming with good nature, and his voice scarcely raised above a whisper. I said to myself, 'Is this bashful man and retiring citizen the great General of the American Army? Is this the hero of so many battles?'

"It is true General Sheridan has been charged with being sometimes unnecessarily severe toward the enemy. My conversations with him strongly impressed me with the groundlessness of a charge which could in nowise be reconciled with the abhorrence which he expressed for the atrocities of war, with his natural aversion to bloodshed, and with the hope he uttered that he would never again be obliged to draw his sword against an enemy. I am persuaded that the sentiments of humanity ever found a congenial home, a secure lodgment, in the breast of General Sheridan. Those who are best acquainted with his military career unite in saying that he never needlessly sacrificed human life, and that he loved and cared for his soldiers as a father loves and cares for his children.

"But we must not forget that if the departed hero was a soldier, he was, too, a citizen, and if we wish to know how a man stands as a citizen we must ask ourselves how he stands as a son, a husband, and a father. The parent is the source of the family; the family is the source of the nation. Social life is the reflex of the family life. The stream does not rise above its source. Those who were admitted into the inner circle of General Sheridan's home need not to be told that it was a peaceful and happy one. He was a fond husband and an affectionate father, lovingly devoted to his wife and children. I hope I am not trespassing upon the sacred privacy of domestic life when I state that the general's sickness was accelerated, if not aggravated, by a fatiguing journey which he made in order to be home in time to assist at a domestic celebration in which one of his children was the central figure.

"Above all, General Sheridan was a Christian. He died fortified by the consolations of religion, having his trust in the saving mercies of our Redeemer, and a humble hope in a blessed immortality.

"What is life without the hope of immortality? What is life that is bounded by the horizon of the tomb? Sure, it is not worth living. What is the life even of the patriarchs but like the mist which is dispelled by the morning sun? What would it profit this illustrious hero to go down to his honored grave covered with earthly glory, if he had no hope in the eternal glory to come? It is the hope of eternal life that constitutes at once our dignity and our moral responsibility.

“ God has planted in the human breast an irresistible desire for immortality. It is born with us, and lives and moves with us. It inspires our best and holiest actions. Now, God would not have given us this desire if He did not intend that it should be fully satisfied. He would not have given us this thirst for infinite happiness if He had not intended to assuage it. He never created anything in vain.

“ Thanks to God, this universal yearning of the human heart is sanctioned and vindicated by the voice of revelation.

“ The inspired Word of God not only proclaims the immortality of the soul, but also the future resurrection of the body. ‘ I know,’ says the prophet Job, ‘ that my Redeemer liveth, and that on the last day I shall rise out of the earth and in my flesh I shall see my God.’ ‘ Wonder not at this,’ says our Saviour, ‘ for the hour cometh when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they who have done well shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and they who have done ill to the resurrection of judgment.’ And the apostle writes these comforting words to the Thessalonians: ‘ I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning those that are asleep, that ye be not sorrowful like those who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so those who have died in Jesus, God will raise unto himself. Therefore comfort yourself with these words.’

“ These are the words of comfort I would address to you, madam, faithful consort of the illustrious dead. This is the olive branch of peace and hope I would bring you to-day. This is the silver lining of the cloud which hangs over you. We followed you in spirit and with sympathizing hearts as you knelt in prayer at the bedside of your dying husband. May the God of all consolation comfort you in this hour of sorrow. May the soul of your husband be this day in peace and his abode in Zion. May his memory be ever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and may our beloved country, which he has loved and served so well, ever be among the foremost nations of the earth, the favored land of constitutional freedom, strong in the loyalty of its patriotic citizens and in the genius and valor of its soldiers till time shall be no more.

“ Comrades and companions of the illustrious dead, take hence your great leader, bear him to his last resting-place, carry him gently, lovingly; and though you may not hope to attain his exalted rank you will strive at least to emulate him by the integrity of your private life, by your devotion to your country, and by upholding the honor of your military profession.”

The offices of the church and the soft mournful words of the reverend speaker rose and swelled, as mingling, the martial notes of preparation fell strangely, but not harshly, on the ear. For it was fitting that the bugle notes should be heard in such a ceremony. The cardinal slowly moved back to the chancel and passed into the sacristy. The last word had been spoken, and at a signal a body of grizzled, brown soldiers, sergeants and non-commissioned officers, marched up the aisle with firm military stride, to the coffin. The pall-bearers formed in line, Sherman and Carlisle leading. The coffin was lifted to the soldiers' shoulders, and as it moved away the President arose, and the congregation with him, and stood with bowed heads as it was borne to the door.

The escort had assembled while the funeral services were in progress. It formed on H Street facing north, with the foot artillery on the right, the cavalry on the left, and the light batteries in the centre. Before the completion of the services the caisson and the general's horse were moved to a point nearer the church entrance, and after the casket had been placed on the caisson the column was formed by wheeling to the left, and moved *en route* far enough to permit the formation of the column of carriages in the rear. Just before the close of the services General Schofield and his aides arranged themselves in front of the troops and prepared to receive the funeral party.

While the services were in progress the caisson was placed in a position to receive the casket, and the general's horse was led to a place immediately behind. The horse is a dark bay, and was bought by General Sheridan in Chicago about four years ago. It was bridled and saddled just as when last ridden by the general. The general's military boots were in the stirrups, with the toes pointing backward. The animal was led by a tall sergeant in full uniform. All the horses used by the general during the war are dead, and "Guy," who was used on this occasion, is the animal which had been the longest in the general's service as his personal saddle-horse.

The order of march was as follows :

A BATTALION OF CAVALRY.
TWO BATTERIES LIGHT ARTILLERY.
MARINE BAND.
THIRD ARTILLERY BAND.
BATTALION OF FOOT ARTILLERY.
CLERGY IN CARRIAGES.

PALL-BEARERS IN CARRIAGES.
BODY BEARERS, ARTILLERY SERGEANTS.
CAISSON BEARING REMAINS.
THE GENERAL'S HORSE.
MRS. SHERIDAN AND FAMILY.
MILITARY STAFF.
THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND.
THE CABINET.
THE JUDGES.
THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES.
DIPLOMATIC CORPS.
REPRESENTATIVES OF THE LOYAL LEGION AND
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

As the body was borne from the church the bell tolled. Soldiers stood at present arms, and all the citizens removed their hats. The best of order was preserved, and the crowd seemed inspired by the solemnity of the occasion. When all had been arranged, the column moved slowly in the direction of the cemetery.

It was a long journey, and as the Marine Band playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," marched away, the noonday sun came blazing down. At half-past 11 o'clock the procession started, and it was 1 o'clock exactly when the head of the column came to the Arlington Cemetery. The route was along Pennsylvania Avenue, around the old-fashioned Washington statue, through old-fashioned, mediæval Georgetown, over the aqueduct bridge, and by red gravelly, winding roads, past Fort Myer to Arlington. General Schofield rode part of the way in his carriage, but mounted again at the cemetery gates. The *cortege* attracted respectful, curious attention, but much of the route was through country roads, and when the column reached the cemetery the men were marching in quick time and looked tired. Some of the officers were so weary that they threw themselves on the ground under the trees.

The artillery was massed at the foot of the hill, the guns ready to fire. The infantry drew up in line, extending down the slope. The grave had been covered with rude scantling, which was torn away as the procession advanced. The police and the soldiers formed a square, and around the edges of the square was a crowd of two or three thousand adventurous men, women, and children, who had tramped all the way over the red, dusty roads to do honor in their humble way to Sher-

idan. The caisson bearing his coffin was slowly drawn up to the front of Lee's ancient Arlington House. Pall-bearers and friends advanced, Sherman, Colonel Grant, and Governor Alger standing at the side of the grave. A few paces back was the President. Near were George W. Childs, Hawley, and the group of staff officers, Forsyth, and standing nearer the bier, Crook in full uniform, with the face and bearing of one of Louis XIV.'s marshals, and at the head of the grave the general's family. The priest, Father Foley, with a large company of responding priests, recited the offices of the church, chanting the "De Profundis."

Tenderly the coffin was laid in its place. The flag was lovingly removed. The glorious sword of the dead hero, which seemed rusted and worn with service, was reverently taken from the coffin by an aide. A bugler, one who had served under Sheridan, came to the grave and played the old bugle notes of "taps." It was the "good-night" he had heard as a boy at the military school, as an officer during his whole army life—meaning that the day was ended and the work was done. As at the grave of Grant, so at the grave of Sheridan, was the same felicitous thought—that the ceremony should end with the old bugle notes. The day was ended and the work was done, and all present felt, as the music died away and they looked into the new-made grave of this captain, whose name will live in far distant ages, that his life was cast among the days of noble deeds, and that his great work was well done.

The bugler was a man of magnificent proportions, with a face tanned and bronzed by much exposure. He stood like a statue, his left hand resting on his sabre, his right hanging at full length and holding his bugle. Had he been carved out of marble he could not have been more motionless. He stood alone, as all had fallen back to be out of the range of the rifles. While Bugler Charles Kimball, who had served with Sheridan, stood at his old comrade's open grave, the infantry had loaded their pieces. "Fire," rang out from the officers, and the sharp crack of the rifles awoke the echoes. Twice more this was repeated, and then the last ceremony but one had been performed.

The soldier slept. The grand rounds had been made. The camp was hushed in slumber. The signal of "taps" or "lights out" must be given by the bugler. When the last echo had died away, Bugler Kimball raised the instrument to his lips and sounded the call that every old soldier knows so well. The notes rolled out and were caught up by the trees and the air and carried away until they gradually faded from

mortal ear. It was peculiarly a solemn moment. The weird tones of the bugle fell like the wail of a spirit, and the significance of its trumpet tones was understood by every one.

It was the soldiers' last farewell to Philip H. Sheridan.

The final rite had been performed, and every one turned away except General Sherman. He stood on one side and looked into the open grave and quietly wiped his eyes. Brave man as he was, he was not ashamed to drop a tear in memory of his comrade and companion in arms.

Historic and lovely Arlington! No more appropriate place could be found in the land for a soldier's grave. There are nearly sixteen thousand of our heroes lying there. The bodies of Logan, Stanley, and Paul rested therein before Sheridan's came to still further sanctify it. And in all that patriotic two hundred acres, could a more befitting spot be found for General Sheridan's grave than the one in which his body is laid? Chaplain Van Horne, of the Army of the Cumberland, tells a story of the much-loved General George H. Thomas, which is appropriate here. When the National Cemetery at Chattanooga was being laid out under the chaplain's direction, he asked the general how he should arrange the graves—whether by the states to whose regiments the dead belonged, or designate them by their army organization.

“Bury them as they fell fighting for the Union. They aided to preserve it,” replied the wise-brained and sound-hearted Virginian soldier. And Sheridan lies, as it were, at the head of the columns.

His grave is on the open plateau, a little to the right of Arlington House, upon the highest swell in the inclosure, and just where behind him, as it were, are the serried grave ranks of those who fought to maintain the Union and make all its people free. Not one hundred paces from the door of the stately, old-fashioned house, once occupied by Robert E. Lee as his home, the new-made grave of the hero who harried and fought him to final defeat, swells to the sunlight.

Here on the brow of the hill, where you have one of the most beautiful views imaginable, even in picturesque Virginia, Sheridan finds rest. As you stand at the grave, Washington lies unrolled as a panorama: the white winged Capitol, the Washington Monument, the national buildings, all form a back-ground to a scene of surpassing beauty. There is no place of public vantage in Washington, which may not be clearly seen from the grave and the future monument of the illustrious general. The wisdom of the Federal government in selecting this



THE NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY, ARLINGTON.

SHOWING THE GRAVES OF MANY OF THE UNION DEAD. SCENE IN THE SOUTHWESTERN SECTION
OF THE GROUNDS.



THE ARLINGTON HOUSE AND CEMETERY.

THE BURIAL PLACE OF GENERAL SHERIDAN.

THE GRAVE IS LOCATED ABOUT WHERE THE SHADOW OF THE FOLIAGE IS SHOWN, IN THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF THE ENGRAVING.

site for the great war cemetery can be best apprehended when standing where Sheridan lies. Here amid the graves of so many thousands of our soldiers one can see the capital of the Nation — the symbol of that unity which they gave their lives to preserve. It seems fitting that the spirit of Sheridan should be here, forever, as it were, keeping watch and ward over the capital he fought so ably and victoriously to defend and save.

The National Military Cemetery lies on the south bank of the Potomac, one mile south of the aqueduct bridge. The estate, of which these sacred acres once formed a part, belonged to the Custis family, of which Martha Washington was a member. It passed into possession of the Lees through the general's marriage with the only child of George Washington Parke Custis. It is a fit and striking place, in association and aspect, for its use. Here under the shade of noble oaks lie the remains of 16,264 Union soldiers — white and colored. The larger portion of the burials are made in the southwest portion, which is very nearly a level plateau covered with groves of wide-spreading, ancient trees. The graves are arranged in long, parallel rows, giving something of the appearance of marching columns. There are 11,915 graves of soldiers whose names, companies, regiments, and commands are known. On the plateau upon which the manor house stands, is a stately sarcophagus covering the remains of 2,211 unknown Union soldiers, whose remains were gathered from many fields. There are 4,349 graves the occupants of which are unknown, and the head-boards suitably indicate the melancholy fact. And here, it is plain that

“ The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.

“ Your own proud land's heroic soil
Must be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil,
The ashes of the brave.”

Arlington is indeed a beautiful spot. Its broad, gravel walks and smooth green lawns are kept in such perfect order all the time, as is only possible in a place under military control. The flower-beds are masses of color in their seasons, and the whole aspect of the place is one of quiet and rest. The large oaks afford shelter to many a squirrel, and these pretty little animals spring about from headstone to headstone,

and by their liveliness accentuate the contrast with death, of which the turf mounds are ever-present reminders. The old house in which generations of the Lees first saw the light and learned to know the meaning of the word home, stands on the highest part of the estate. It is in the stately Greek style so much affected by our revolutionary sires and their sons. The house is spacious, and the great portico with its high white pillars gives it a large appearance, and commands the landscape in conspicuous fashion.

Sheridan rests among his comrades. He rests in scantified earth, made holy alike by its rescue from the degradation of slavery and the entombment therein of those who died that the Republic might live. What worthier grave could be found for heroic dust? What loftier memories could be evoked than those which must arise, even to the dullest of the many who will stand there, gazing upon the grave of Sheridan, and then raising their eyes to take in the wonderful landscape, made glorious with its vast array of memories—sad and sombre, grave and great, as they may be, yet filled forever with cheer to those who strive for the betterment of mankind? Our soldier, whose stainless sword was never drawn unworthily, lies where his name must be, as long as the Nation lives, a reminder of the nobility of service, the exaltation of patriotism, the unquenchable dignity and fame of those who nobly labored for both. The historic Potomac rolls its waters where the mounds of our heroes swell to the sunlight. Some miles below stands a mausoleum, bearing within its walls the ashes of Washington. All vessels, of whatever nationality, pay homage to the great dead by the solemn toll of their bells as they sail by. May it not yet seem fitting, as the sacred shades of Arlington are passed, that the dipping of the colors at least will be made the evidences of honor to the *manes* of Sheridan, Logan, Stanley, Paul, and the great, silent army of their comrades who lie there in their sentineled mounds?

“ Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead, dear is the blood you gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread the herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot, while fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot where valor proudly sleeps.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S LIFE AND CAREER—A REVIEW.

SHERIDAN'S SERVICES — OPINIONS OF CONTEMPORARIES — CHARACTER AND POSITION AS A SOLDIER — AS A CITIZEN AND MAN — A WONDERFUL STORY OF GREAT DEEDS — A ROMANCE OF WAR — AN HONORABLE AND UPRIGHT PERSONALITY — HIS GRAPHIC POWERS AS A WRITER — BADEAU'S TESTIMONY — BRIEF SPEECHES AT ARMY REUNIONS.

IN closing this volume, it will not be out of place to briefly review the career of the great soldier and honored citizen, as well as to give some of the contemporaneous opinions of his character, which, following his death, have been given to the world.

To write of his career is to speak of national forces. To discuss it personally involves the growth of a great people. Could such a career have occurred anywhere else than in this democratic country? The child of Irish immigrant parents, born in 1831* in Ohio, his father a railroad laborer or sub-contractor, his brothers printers and country storekeepers, he is enabled to become a cadet at the National Military Academy. Again it may be said, what a career! At seventeen a cadet; at twenty-two a brevet second lieutenant; two years later receiving his grade; at thirty commissioned a captain in the Thirteenth Infantry, United States Army; fourteen months later a colonel of volunteer cavalry; thirty-seven days passed, of which thirty-four were under fire, and he fought and won a battle with 1,200 men against 7,000, — a battle which makes him a brigadier at thirty-two; four months later a division commander and tenaciously holding in a great battle the key

* Colonel Burr was informed when in Somerset, Ohio, and by the venerable mother of the general that her son Philip was born at Albany, New York, March 6, 1831. There was a difference of opinion in the town as to this, and it is known also that Mrs. Sheridan has given at other times Somerset as the birthplace of her famous son. But it was decided to let the last statement stand. These inquiries were made for this volume, and before it was known to the publishers that the general was preparing his memoirs. Since then General Sheridan himself settled the question by correcting, shortly before his death, the proofs of a biographical article to be published in Appleton's *Cyclopædia*. Albany was named by him as his birthplace.

of the Union position ; three months later still, leading and fighting in one of the greatest battles of the Civil War — that of Stone River, for his service and ability in which he was made, and before he quite reached his thirty-third birthday, a major-general of volunteers. In the next twelve months he was a foremost participant in a vast forward movement, that of the Tullahoma campaign, ending in the occupation of Chattanooga, followed by the terrible battle of Chickamauga ; and still later winning the plaudits of commanders, soldiery, and nation by his masterly capture of Orchard Knob and the audacious and victorious assault on Mission Ridge, in the three-days fighting and victory known to Union annals as the battle of Chattanooga. A winter of hard work and some fighting, and then ordered East to the command of the finest cavalry army that has been organized, equipped, and handled in modern days. And what a record of service ! The constant fights and as constant victories are to be reckoned by the hundred. Around Richmond, between May and August, 1864, Sheridan's troopers were ubiquitous. They were a flame of destruction ; a tornado of defeat to the rebels ; a very cyclone of victory to the Union cause. In eleven months seventy-six battles were fought and won by that cavalry, and Sheridan personally participated in sixty-two of them.

Then came that campaign of massive fighting and magnificent triumphs, which swept the Shenandoah Valley within three months clear of the enemy that had held it almost unbrokenly for three years — a campaign of five great battles, fought with all arms, and won, too, against a foe always having a decided advantage in chosen positions. It was a campaign of constant struggle, skirmish, sortie, infantry charges, and fiercest cavalry encounters. One, too, that was so dramatic in character, so heroic in mould, that its commander's name has passed into the world's history — become renowned in poesy and painting, and accepted finally as that of one of the greatest soldiers of the century. Sheridan was not more than half way over his thirty-third year, when he received the thanks of Congress and was made a major-general in our regular army. It is a record of honors won grandly, only equaled, as to the age of him who received them, by that other great soldier, to whom Sheridan has sometimes been not inaptly compared — Napoleon Bonaparte. Our soldier was at the very front of his career when, within a month after his thirty-fourth birthday, he planned, fought, and won the splendid tactical campaign, fierce battle, and complete victory of Five Forks. That wonderful "barn door" of devoted human lives he so skillfully swung with such terrible and unerring precision

against Lee's army on that April day of 1865, has made Sheridan renowned as the most famous tactician of the Union Army. Then came that unerring and relentless pursuit, in whose grip the slave-holders' rebellion was at last strangled to death on Saylor's Creek and at Appomattox.

Sheridan was a captain on the 14th of March, 1861. On the 4th of April, 1865, he was the youngest of our renowned soldiers, and in fame surpassed only by two others—Grant and Sherman; in rank only by Grant.

As Grant so often said, "Sheridan never failed." That is why the general sent him to the Rio Grande, with the expectation of having to lead the way into Mexico in order to destroy the usurping defiance of the Monroe doctrine, insolently executed while we were struggling in the throes of civil war, created by a similar and sinister sympathy of despotism.

Then his career since the clash of arms, was one both notable and characteristic. The administration of the turbulent Fifth Military (reconstruction) District, is now acknowledged by friend and foe to have been remarkably able, and now his bitterest antagonists recognize that he sought within his orders only the maintenance of peace and civil liberty. The splendid policy by which, during Grant's terms as President, the entire Central and trans-Missouri West was cleared of its Indian difficulty, so that the vast material development thereof made by railroad, mine, ranch, and prairie farm, could go forward unmolested, owes very much of its success to the military skill and administrative sagacity with which Sheridan conducted all the field operations, as well as the tribal negotiations. Made a lieutenant-general as the first act of Grant's presidential term, his commission being, like Sherman's, dated March 4, 1869, Sheridan received the news of his promotion to the grade of lieutenant-general while returning from an Indian campaign in Kansas. And then came his last promotion—that of general. Given by a grateful country while its valiant and worthy soldier lay in the darkest recesses of the Valley of Death, it was indeed a tribute worthy of a nation and of the services of the public servant by whom it was then received.

The estimation in which Sheridan was held while living, and now that he is dead, by those competent to pass judgment on him as a soldier and man, is such as to accord to him a lofty place among his contemporaries. Interviews had with famous German soldiers illustrate this:

Count von Moltke is reported as saying: "General Sheridan struck me as the type of a thoroughly American general, with all the wonderful energy and fertility of resource that characterize the Nation, and probably no better cavalry commander has ever taken the field. All the armies of Europe have adopted many of the lessons taught by him in the tactical use of cavalry."

General von der Goltz: "I consider General Sheridan one of the ablest cavalry commanders in the world."

General von Pape, who commands the entire Prussian corps of guards says that Sheridan's campaign in Western Virginia is a model of the way to handle large masses of cavalry in the warfare of the future.

Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern says: "The late emperor often spoke of him as the man who knew best how to make cavalry horses do more work than any other commander ever got out of them."

General Boulanger, the French soldier of whom Von Moltke is said to have allowed that there is something in him, pays, as reported, this tribute to Sheridan: "The judgment I personally formed of him was that he was a most intellectual man and a most competent soldier."

The London editorial writers, among other foreign critics, have not been chary of discriminating praise of the dead soldier. The writers are still biased by their overstrained admiration of the Confederate commanders, but some of their expressions in regard to Sheridan will bear preservation:

"General Sheridan," said the *Times*, "had an eagle eye for piercing through the designs of the enemy and for detecting at a glance all their weak points."

"Sheridan," remarked the *Morning Post*, "was a man whom his enemies admired even while his genius was overcoming their stubborn courage."

The *Daily News*, the day after the intelligence of Sheridan's death was received, wrote of him that he was "not only the most brilliant cavalry officer," of our Civil War, but he was also "both a tactician and a strategist, capable of the most extensive combinations, and able to carry out far-reaching plans, and he had the nerve, resource, and decision for emergencies that were wanting to some of the greatest strategists, notably the Archduke Charles."

The same writer tells that "his warmth of nature and the peculiar character of his genius made him loved. He was one of the most soldierly soldiers of his time. He united brilliant courage, which he owed to his Irish origin, to perfect steadiness and presence of mind in emer-

gencies." There is internal evidence in the *News* article which points to Justin McCarthy as the writer thereof.

General Sherman has often and again given his opinion of his dead comrade. In the grief that filled him when his death was announced, the old soldier would only allow himself to say, in reply to a question put by a New York reporter: "My estimate of Sheridan? I have frequently given my estimate of General Sheridan—and the world knows what it is—what I thought of his great abilities as a soldier and of his character as a man. Sheridan's place in history has long been established. His deeds and achievements, with those of Grant, Logan, and other great commanders of the Civil War, are familiar household words throughout the land. But I have nothing to say now."

No tribute paid to him professionally and officially, as well from man to man, shows more discriminating insight than the words of Mr. Endicott, Secretary of War, who declared that:

"General Sheridan's death is a great loss to the army and to this department. I mean as a practical, energetic man of affairs. He had a wide experience, gathered during an active military life. He knew and understood all the conditions of army life in all parts of the country, and of the people with whom our soldiers have to deal, including the Indians, in whom he took peculiar interest. He was wise and sagacious, and his judgment was marked by readiness in decision and guided by shrewd common sense. He had so long held high command, and had been attended by such success, that he felt a confidence in his administration of affairs which was rarely at fault. I always found him most reasonable and ready to look at all sides of a question, and, for a man of such impulses, most open to conviction. As a soldier, he, of course, stands quite by himself, differing with a marked and intense individuality from all our distinguished soldiers. As a cavalry officer he was preëminent. The rapidity of his movements, the energy with which he inspired officers and men, his unerring instincts on the battle-field, led necessarily to great success, that was well deserved. He was very interesting and entertaining in social intercourse; he had a fund of anecdote, a variety of information that often was very instructive. His experiences in Europe, when he accompanied the German Army to France in 1870, were varied and very interesting."

Major-General Daniel E. Sickles said of Sheridan: "He was a great soldier. Sheridan's character impressed itself readily upon his command. He gave to his men an intrepidity, a confidence, an audacity like his own, which enabled him to get a great deal more work out of

ten thousand men than another commander would get from twenty thousand. His presence with a command fairly doubled its strength."

Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, himself a capable soldier, has said, among other tributes, that "Sheridan's judgment was as sound as if he had been the calmest of men. In private life he was one of the sweetest, tenderest, kindest of men."

Senator Frye, of Maine, declares that "he was one of the most admirable officers I ever knew. I was with him in New Orleans during those troublesome days when he was in command. Before that I had supposed that he was a somewhat rollicking and adventurous Irish leader. My experience with him there satisfied me that he was a man of wonderfully sound and cool judgment."

The New York *Sun*, in a very lucid and comprehensive review of Sheridan's career, which bears the distinct marks of Editor Charles A. Dana's supervision, at least, closes with these words: "It must be said in conclusion that he was one of the ablest and most impartial administrators the American Army ever had. In recognition of this, no less than of his conspicuous services in the field, Congress and the President reflected infinite credit upon themselves when they bestowed upon him, before his eyes were closed in death, the exalted rank of general, as had already been done in turn to his illustrious predecessors, Grant and Sherman. He has deserved well of the Republic. May his soul rest in peace!"

Major-General James M. Schofield, who was a classmate of Sheridan's, and succeeds him in command of the United States Army, is reported as saying, among many other tributes to his dead comrade, that "To me Sheridan was always the *beau ideal* of a true soldier and a really great commander. He is one of the few American officers who attained high and responsible rank through his natural force of character and his military genius. He was a marked man, even at West Point, for he displayed at that early stage of his military life the same sterling qualities which subsequently made him a prominent character in our national history. . . . Every officer I have ever met, whatever rank they might have held, who served under Sheridan in the West or the East, have shown by their language that they honored and loved him. That is something you cannot say of every man who wore the shoulder straps of a general."

General Daniel Butterfield, who first met Sheridan at Chattanooga, says: "He was a great soldier, a fighting soldier. As a leader he has never had a superior, in my judgment, in any army, at any time."

Senator Jones, of Arkansas, said: "I regarded General Sheridan as a great soldier." Senator Cockerell, of Missouri, considers that "he was one of the greatest cavalry officers, I think, in either army during the war. He was, as a man, genial and pleasant, and very popular with those who knew him." Senator Morgan, of Alabama, declared that Sheridan "honored the character of the American soldier and citizen, and his memory will be cherished with great national pride." These are all ex-Confederate officers. One of the most touching tributes was paid also by Colonel Hooker, Representative in Congress from Mississippi, by whom the resolutions of sympathy and honor were introduced.

Thus alike from old-time foe, life-time friend, and the comrades of a common cause, comes the general tribute, all paying honor alike to man and hero. The list might be indefinitely lengthened. In this connection it will not be out of place to quote the opinion of the "Good Gray Poet," Walt Whitman, as a tribute to Sheridan's memory, and as an evidence of our national strength:

"In the grand constellation," the poet wrote, "of five or six names, under Lincoln's presidency, that history will bear for ages in her firmament as marking the last life throbs of secession and beaming on its dying gasps, Sheridan's will be one.

"One consideration rising out of the now dead soldier's example as it passes my mind, is worth taking notice of. If the war had continued any long time these States, in my opinion, would have shown and proved the most conclusive military talents ever evinced by any nation on earth. That they possessed a rank and file ahead of all other known, in points of quality and limitlessness of number are easily admitted. But we have, too, the eligibility of organizing, handling, and officering equal to the other.

"These two, with modern arms, transportation, and inventive American genius, would make the United States, with earnestness, not able only to stand the whole world, but conquer that world united against us."

General Sheridan himself manifested sensitiveness only on one point with regard to the character publicly given him. That was as to his having been both "rash and reckless" as a commander. The facts of his career amply disprove that judgment. At a dinner given in 1882 to the Loyal Legion, at which the general was present, he said during the evening's chat:

“ People think I am rash and reckless. I say that there never was an officer more prudent than I. I encamped my men well, watched their rations and comforts, and when we fought the enemy I gave them the confidence of victory from my knowledge of the enemy and my confidence in the men.”

Senator Plumb has contributed to the public *memorabilia* in relation to our dead soldier, the following capital reminiscence. The Senator, talking with Sheridan, said :

“ ‘ General, you were in the West before you came East. What was your opinion of the Army of the Potomac? You remember it was criticised about that time as not doing its share of the work.’

“ ‘ Oh, the Army of the Potomac was all right,’ replied Sheridan. ‘ The trouble was the commanders never went out to lick anybody, but always thought first of keeping from getting licked.’

“ ‘ Sheridan,’ continued the Senator, ‘ came East when the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was not in good condition, and Grant gave him the task of reorganizing it and raising its efficiency. He had worked away some time when Meade sent him over the Rappahannock on a reconnaissance. Sheridan came back, and in making his verbal report referred to a brush he had had with Stuart’s cavalry.

“ ‘ Never mind Stuart,’ said Meade, interrupting, ‘ he will do about as he pleases, anyhow. Go on and tell me what you discovered about Lee’s forces.’

“ ‘ That made Sheridan mad, and he retorted: ‘ D—n Stuart; I can thrash h—l out of him any day.’

“ ‘ Meade repeated the remark to Grant, who queried: ‘ Why didn’t you tell him to do it?’

“ ‘ Not long after, sure enough, Sheridan got an order to cross the river, engage Stuart, and clean him out.

“ ‘ I knew I could whip him,’ remarked Sheridan, ‘ if I could only get him where he could not fall back on Lee’s infantry. So I thought the matter over, and to draw him on started straight for Richmond. We moved fast, and Stuart dogged us right at our heels. We kept on a second day straight for Richmond, and the next morning found Stuart in front of us, just where we wanted him. He had marched all night and got around us. Then I rode him down. I mashed his command and broke up his divisions and regiments and brigades, and the poor fellow himself was killed there. Right there, Senator, I resisted the greatest temptation of my life. There lay Richmond before us, and there was nothing to keep us from going in. It would have cost five

or six hundred lives, and I could not have held the place, of course. But I knew that the moment it was learned at the North that a Union army was in Richmond then every bell would ring, and I should have been the hero of the hour. I could have gone in and burned and killed right and left. But I had learned this thing — that our men knew what they were about. I had seen them come out of a fight in which only a handful had been killed, discontented, mad clear through, because they knew an opportunity had been lost, or a sacrifice, small as it was, had been needlessly made; and I had seen them come out good natured, enthusiastic, and spoiling for more, when they had left the ground so thickly covered with dead that you could have crossed it on the bodies alone. They realized that, notwithstanding the terrible sacrifice, the object gained had been worth it. They would have followed me, but they would have known as well as I that the sacrifice was for no permanent advantage.’”

Senator Plumb added: “That exhibits the man and the commander. He aimed to win and keep the confidence of his men, and he did it. He fought for results and not for glory.”

In a recent letter to the press, General Badeau has given expression to some views of Sheridan’s characteristics which help to round out our conception of the strong but simple man, whom Badeau has known so well. He writes:

“I have seen scores of the letters of Sheridan to Grant, and he wrote not a few to me, on points connected with his own military history. They were often short, and at times almost rugged, but invariably to the point, full of meat, and sometimes extremely felicitous in expression, like his ringing dispatches from the valley: ‘We sent them whirling through Winchester!’ ‘I deemed it best to make a delay of a day to settle this new cavalry general.’ ‘They were followed by our men on the jump twenty-six miles.’ He had a large share of that power of expression which men of great executive ability often possess when they approach subjects in which they are interested. He knew what he meant and what he wanted, and he could say it, not only so that a child could understand, but often with positive eloquence.

“Whenever the correspondence between Grant and Sheridan during the reconstruction period is published it will prove all that I say. That correspondence was secret. Grant’s letters were not copied in the ordinary letter books. They were seen by none of the clerks and by few of the officers at the headquarters of the army. I retained single copies of them at the time, and when Grant became President I copied

these into a book, which, for some reason, was not turned over to the War Department; but the first drafts or rough copies he gave to me, and told me they might serve as material for a political memoir. All that were of importance I have already so used, but Sheridan's replies have not yet been given to the world. They will demonstrate the ultimate character of the relations of Grant and Sheridan, the complete harmony in their feeling and the accord in their judgment on a subject which they had never discussed in spoken words; for one was in Washington and the other in New Orleans before the Louisiana difficulty arose, and they did not meet after this until Sheridan had been relieved.

"I consulted Sheridan frequently in the course of my historical labors, and he gave me all the assistance I asked, but desired me not to name him as authority in political matters. He did not wish to be involved in political controversies, especially while he was serving under a Democratic administration; but he promised to furnish me all the facts in his possession, and he kept his word. After the appearance of *Grant in Peace*, he assured me that he would never contradict or give cause to contradict any statement that it contained.

"When he saw the picture I tried to make of himself for my military history, he objected to my saying that he swore, and I struck out the statement; but he allowed me to describe him as rising in his stirrups and swinging his hat in the famous ride from Winchester. He was loathe, however, to go down to history as a mere Murat, and naturally so, for he was much more the cavalry leader. Still, he had all the passion and magnetism that are so irresistible with troops. I have often been told that on the great ride his face was fairly black with the rage of battle, and he cried out again and again: 'We'll lick 'em out of their boots, boys! we'll lick 'em out of their boots!' He was all the more a general because he shared and inspired the feeling of his soldiers.

"I shall never forget how he looked on the day of the surrender of Lee. His troops had outmarched the great Southern leader, and fairly surrounded him at last; but when this was discovered, Lee sent word that he was negotiating with Grant for a surrender, and asked for a suspension of hostilities. Sheridan had heard nothing of the negotiations, and feared the report might be a ruse of Lee. At this moment I happened to ride up, and Sheridan, supposing I had come from Grant, asked eagerly if the story was true. He was pacing up and down in a piece of a farm yard that looked like a pig-pen, and I

could not but think how like his action was to that of a wild beast in a cage. His face flamed, and he clinched his fist as he said to me: 'I've got 'em, d—n 'em, I've got 'em like that,' and his nails were doubled into his palm."

The same article contains the following letter:

April 11, 1885. }
 HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE }
 UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON, D. C. }

MY DEAR BADEAU: I am requested by the commissioners of the Soldiers' Home to forward to you the accompanying letter to be delivered in case of the death of General Grant from his present illness, and request you to fill in the proper date.

We will select the most agreeable and commanding site on the grounds of the home.

It is unnecessary for me to use words to express my attachment to General Grant and his family. I have not gone to see him, as I could only bring additional distress. Then I want to remember him as I knew him while in good health. With kind regards, yours truly,

P. H. SHERIDAN.

In action Sheridan was extraordinary. Almost insignificant in appearance when on foot, when on horse-back he became conspicuous in any body of mounted men. He could be as calm as a brazen figure, or as fluid and flashing as a stream of molten metal. He would choose, when a battle began, a rising piece of ground, from which he could survey the whole field. He sat his saddle like a centaur; there was no better horseman in the American Army;—and he knew his horse also. Sitting silent, his wonderful gray eyes—so capable of expressing every emotion, passion, power known to man—would see every phase of the conflict. They would glow, burn, flash—until at a critical moment he would dash forward, galloping direct to where he was needed. It was a sight, indeed, to see him ride swiftly along the lines just before a charge and raise the troops' enthusiasm to fever heat. Then his cheek glowed with excitement, his eye grew bright, and there was a magnetic influence about him which extended itself to every one in the ranks. At such moments he seemed transformed, and it was no wonder that his troops afterward moved with steadiness and determination into the vortex of flame that awaited them.

As a practical soldier, it is doubtful if any army ever had a better one. He readily, almost, as it were, instantaneously, mastered the topography of the region in which he was operating. He was never

surprised. In any army he always proved on consultation to be better informed than any one else. He had the best of scouts — men who were ready to dare anything at his orders or request. He provided for his troops amply and always the best there was to be had, in commissariat or country, and he proved himself to be an admirable tactician—that, too, in the most scientific sense of the term. He was equally at home in handling every arm of the service, though he delighted most in handling the cavalry, to whose capacity for real warfare he gave increased value. While a firm but not extreme disciplinarian, he never expected impossibilities, or failed to remember that he was dealing with men to whom martial service was but an episode in citizenship. Personally, Sheridan was a lovable man—irascible and hot-tempered at times—but aiming to be just, and always ready to acknowledge a wrong or harsh judgment. He was honest, wholly truthful, generous, and fearless, morally, as well as physically. In private life most devoted to his home, his wife, and his beloved children. Among his personal friends and intimates—a limited circle, perhaps—he was generally cheerful and companionable. He was always as modest as he was brave, and was not readily drawn to talk of himself or his own career and actions. He was not a great reader, but he knew well what he did read. Certainly he was not neglectful of his books, and of late years, and especially since residing in Washington, his library became more of a social companion. He was a lover of Shakespeare, and could quote aptly on occasion.

A faithful member of the chief army associations, the Loyal Legion, of which he was the commander, and the Grand Army of the Republic, General Sheridan was a faithful attendant on the reunions which make each year so worthy a feature of our reminiscent life. He has spoken several times to such bodies.

General Horatio C. King, the secretary of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, United States Army, so favorably known as a writer on military matters, as well as a soldier in the field, speaks of his former commander in terms that deserve permanent record. "I first met General Sheridan," he says, "on reporting to him for duty in October, 1864. Sheridan at that time was about thirty years of age [he was in his thirty-fourth year]; short in stature, lithe, active, straight as an arrow, and every inch a soldier. He sat in the saddle as if he were welded to the animal he rode. He had a bright, piercing eye, a firm yet elastic tread, and was alert, quick, and energetic in every movement. He was our Marshal Ney, and inspired the most complete con-

fidence. Men fight better when they know that the man who leads them has the ability to extricate them from sudden and unforeseen difficulties. We had many soldiers who were good at a dash in carrying out instructions, but miserably failed when they ran against obstacles not anticipated in the plan of procedure. Sheridan, though brave to recklessness, was never rash. He comprehended the situation before he made his dispositions. He was swift to plan and to execute, and was, in fact, the *beau ideal* of a brilliant soldier. No officer was more beloved by his troops. He often spoke at the meetings of the Society of the Army of the Potomac."

Like Grant and Wellington, Sheridan never considered himself a speaker, yet he could express, among his former comrades especially, in a terse and happy manner the fitting thoughts for the occasion. His little speeches to the Society of the Army of the Potomac are all worthy the preservation the records give.

He was present at the Boston reunion in 1873, and said happily to his comrades at that gathering:

"We must remember that at one time the country depended upon us, and was obliged to call on us as a higher court, when all other courts had failed, to decide whether the Republic should live or die. We ought to feel proud of the future we have given to the country. In the last ten months I have heard continual allusion to the state of our Republic, and in Europe they look forward to the future of this country as the future which belongs to Europe as well."

He had but recently returned from Europe, where he had witnessed the great struggle between the German and French. He had studied widely and closely also, and his words then have a significance beyond the day on which they were uttered.

The year before, at the Cleveland reunion, the general responded to the toast of "The Cavalry." General Sheridan said:

"I don't know why I should be selected to respond for the cavalry, unless it is the fact, you know, that I did belong to the cavalry at one time, but at the same time I must say I was rather cosmopolitan. I not only belonged to the cavalry, but belonged to almost everything else. I once even belonged to the engineer corps, and corduroyed more bridges about Shiloh than any man I know of. After a while I came into the cavalry and traveled from the West to the East, and I can assure you, comrades of the cavalry, that there is no event of my life that I look back to with so much pride as my connection with the cavalry."

There is in these remarks a pleasant confirmation of General

Badeau's testimony that Sheridan desired to be rated as an all-round soldier. And he was undoubtedly a man of military genius in the largest sense of the term. The fact that from the very outset of his real military activity he gave an importance to the handling of mounted masses not before achieved, shows this conclusively. His generalship is a matter of universal recognition.

There is a world of meaning in the earnest words he addressed to the Army of the Potomac at the reunion held at Philadelphia, in 1878. They embody the advice of an earnest citizen as well as the words of an honest soldier, mindful of the noble cause for which he fought, and of the high character of the Nation whose soldier he was. They are to be read, not only for what is actually said, but for the unexpressed feeling the trenchant, well-considered words convey, as well for the spirit, also, of comradeship. It was the Centennial year, also :

“ I want to see the government secure, and the cause for which we fought secure. I consider that we are here as the guardians of the honor of the men who now lie sleeping on many battle-fields, and that it is our duty to maintain the cause for which they died. Now I do not want any more war. I am the last man in the world, you know, to want war. But I think the best way to keep it from coming is not to be so forgiving as we are. I do not ask for anything, I do not want to be elected to any office, but I would like to keep what I have got. There is no danger but General Sherman will live longer than I will, so I have nothing to hope for in the succession. I will tell you one thing — I never yet have heard a single address by any one in this army society that I thought embodied what the society most wanted to hear. They all want to talk about the cause which led to the war, and about emancipation, and all such things. We do not care about hearing that. It is all over. The problem is worked out. What we now want to hear is something about our old comrades and about the battles we fought, and the good times we had, and the bad times we had — and things of that kind.”

At New Haven in 1878, he said at the reunion :

“ I have a few earnest words to say to you, comrades. I have remarked during the day that we are thinning out. Every year some of us go ; we are all going, you know — we must go sometime — and it seems to me that every succeeding year ought not to allow any troubles which may come up or which may have existed heretofore to destroy the good feeling that we ought to have for each other. If I had anything against anybody heretofore belonging to this army, I would

just like to shake hands with him now. One thing you can depend upon, there is nobody belonging to this Army that can get up any quarrel with me."

And General Sheridan never had a dispute with any one, in or out of the Army of the Potomac, over any event or action in which he was a participant.

In a pertinent, if brief address at the Burlington, Vermont, reunion of 1880, he gave a comforting assurance, as a military expert, which is worth while remembering. In responding to the toast of the "Army and Navy," the general said:

"There are about three millions of men in the United States belonging to the army and navy. I think it is unnecessary to count the little fraction of the regular army that exists now, or of the navy, because they would be nothing but a nucleus in case the country was required anew to engage in war. I hope no war will ever happen that will call out the entire number of men we can turn out in this country. I do not believe such a war will ever occur. We have the ocean as a fortification. It would take more than all the shipping in Europe to bring men sufficient to this country to make one campaign. I mean all the shipping of Europe, unmolested, if it were permitted to sail, couldn't carry men and material sufficient for one campaign, to meet the force we could command. It would take more than all Europe could do."

A more recent speech was made in 1886, at Creston, Iowa. The speech was wholly impromptu, and there was, fortunately, a good stenographer present. General Sheridan's manner was easy and his speech flowed unembarrassed. He said:

"Comrades, I came here to-day to see you and talk with you and shake hands with you, while Colonel Carr and others, you know, came here to make eloquent addresses for you to listen to. I think he has been too eulogistic of me in his remarks. It is true that I fought in almost everybody's army, from Pea Ridge to Appomattox, and although I fought with cavalry and infantry and on every line of operation, and always had to change and take new men on new lines, I was very successful. I went through all the grades they had in the volunteer service, and then I commenced and went through all the grades in the regular service, and the date of every commission that I have is the date of a battle. Now I want to say to you, comrades, this — that I am indebted to the private in the ranks for all this credit that has come to me. [Applause, long, and continued.]

"He was the man who did the fighting; and the man who carried the musket is the greatest hero of the war, in my opinion. I was nothing

but an agent. I knew how to take care of men. I knew what a soldier was worth, and I knew how to study the country so as to put him in right. I knew how to put him in a battle when one occurred, but I was simply the agent to take care of him, and he did the work. Now, comrades, these are common-sense things, and I can't say them in very flowery language; but they are true, nevertheless, and they are true, not of me alone, but of everybody else. It is to the common soldier that we are indebted to any credit that came to us.

“I am glad to see you here to-day, gentlemen, and I am glad to be with you on this occasion. There are many here to-day who served in the field with me, and it is a great pleasure to me to find them out, and they have been very kindly in their remarks to me. While they were with me I certainly did all I could for them. I often laid awake planning for their welfare, and I never killed a man unnecessarily. One great trouble with men who command troops is that they kill men unnecessarily. You may kill as many men as you choose if you give them an equivalent for the loss. Men do not like to be killed for nothing; they do not like to have their heads rammed against a stone wall unless for some good results. Those are the points I made during the war. Whenever I took men into a battle I gave them victory as the result of the engagement, and that was always satisfactory.”

A soldier's speech that — aptly expressing the feelings of men and commanders alike. A longer, more finished, and quite a notable address was that delivered before the graduating class at West Point, in June, 1887. This dealt with the life of the graduates, their obligations, and the duties they owe to their profession and the country. General Sheridan could tell a good story, and tell it well. Among his army friends he was quite apt to do so. His dispatches, reports, and other official papers show him to have possessed a simple and direct style of writing, which became rather racy and epigrammatic on occasion.

A strong, simple man this — very human withal, and close to our common life. The genuine child of democracy, he honored it by his deeds, made it more glorious by his services, and proved that once felt in a man's blood and brains, democracy contains the civic philter which cures even the lofty if cruel ambition that history has too often identified with a soldier's successful career. In the American Democracy Sheridan's life, like Grant's and Sherman's, with all their comrades', gives us proof that the equality of man before the law is the very best guarantee that under the law the loftiest service, the bravest deeds, the most daring of intellectual activity, must all tend steadily to the common advantage — to the uplifting and glory alone of the Commonwealth.



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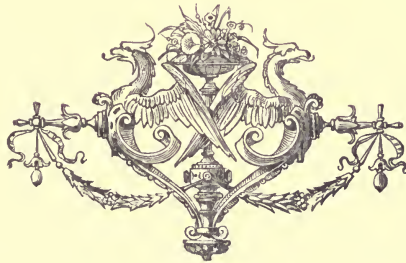
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