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LEADING AMERICAN SOLDIERS

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MEMOIRS OF "MALAKOFF":
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G. Washington

Biographies of Leading Americans
Edited by W. P. Trent

LEADING AMERICAN SOLDIERS

BY

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WITH THIRTEEN PORTRAITS

NEW YORK
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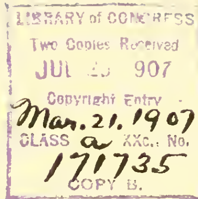

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TO

E. M. J.

PREFACE

To write a book on war at the present day is to launch out against a stream that has been flowing pretty steadily in one direction since Green coined his famous phrase concerning the drum and trumpet. Public opinion, never before so active, is set on peace and disarmament, and finds in this plausible shibboleth the only practical basis for international co-operation. The peace movement has become a fashion, and one that enrolls among its followers the most humane and, in some respects, the most progressive section of every community. And so the writer of such a book as this, after recording the overwhelmingly attested fact that men whose vocation was the battle-field must be ranked among the greatest of mankind, rubs his eyes and wonders for a moment whether he is dreaming, or whether he is out of tune with what passes for the most advanced thought of the day. Were these men the leaders of their race, an example to their descendants?—or were they only extreme representatives of the decaying traditions of barbarism?

Is not the truth this? One of the most obvious facts of history is the evil aspect of warfare, its hardships, its cruelty, its injustice to the innocent. These are things which even those who have not seen war can realize, these are things which lead good men to cry, though perhaps with insufficient reflection, *Down with war*. There is another fact, however, equally demonstrated by history, but un-

fortunately far from equally obvious, which is that war does at times carry with it certain benefits, and benefits not so much material as moral. Shakespeare, with his amazing instinct for the profounder realities, well put the case when he wrote of

"The cankers of a calm world and long peace."

The study of history leaves many students firmly persuaded that although war in excess, war as a habit, is brutalizing and degrading, the occasional war that has a right cause behind it, a struggle for religion, for principle, for national existence, marks the healthy and vital stage in a people's development, while the long periods of peace are invariably attended by materialism and moral loss. And is not materialism at the present day more closely associated with the outcry against war than is generally realized?—materialism now busy constructing a new civilization, but that will later turn to the mere enjoyment of it? There is doubtless an exaggeration in the indifference to death displayed by so many Asiatics; is it not possible, however, that there is some excess of materialism in our present extreme fear of it? The battle-field takes life, it is true, but it does not take that which otherwise we would retain. The hour is advanced, and that—why hesitate to say it?—is often best. Would it not have been better to have stood among our soldiers on the banks of the Rappahannock furiously cheering our great opponent Stonewall Jackson as he inspected his pickets on the further side, than to have lived twenty years longer to mingle with football mobs hurrahing at the disablement of a successful adversary? Or to have followed Sherman to the sea among waves of uplifted slave faces fondly dreaming liberty and righteousness had come, rather than spend a lengthened life in the lucrative but dubious routine of mercantile affairs? Which is the better part?

And if it is the case that there is much to urge for war on ethical grounds, as a tonic or stimulus for the moral

fibre of a nation, it is also true, as a matter of historical deduction, that the best way to obtain peace is not that which is so widely popular at the present time under the alluring label of disarmament. Disarmament is a vast subject of which only one small aspect, one that arises directly from the lessons of military history, can be touched on here.

If military operations during the period of improved firearms be carefully considered no principle can be deduced of more general application than this: that the duration and decisiveness of a struggle will vary directly as the numbers engaged. In other words, when large armies are opposed the result is longer delayed and less decisive than when small ones are engaged. Even those who have not studied military history may well perceive this by considering an extreme illustration. Take two cases. In the first five men are opposed by five. The struggle will inevitably be short and almost inevitably decisive; in every case it will give the fullest scope for the exercise of those fundamental wiles and stratagems that form the basis of military science. Now let us take the other case, and oppose five millions to five millions. Is it not obvious that with such masses engaged the result must be long delayed, and that under present conditions decisiveness could rarely be attained? And to quote a modern example, it may be recalled that most military experts consider that in the event of a war between France and Germany the forces that would be mobilized between Belfort and Sedan are so great that it is a question whether the fiercest fighting could lead to any definite result.

If this, then, is the case, that the larger the armies the less are the chances of substantial gain, is it not better to urge on rather than to retard the movement that is now making of Europe and the world an armed camp? When the runaway horse begins to flag is it not better to whip

him on to exhaustion than to attempt to rein him in before he has learned his lesson? Supposing armaments could be limited by international agreement, is it not conceivable that the result might be just the contrary of what so many expect? With armies reduced to the size of the professional armies of the eighteenth century, the world would always have to fear the advent of a new Bonaparte and the domination of a military caste; but with inflated armies it can at best only witness a scientific exposition of military methods by two contending groups of specialist staff officers. Is it not really premature to talk of disarmament until we have established as the guiding principles of statecraft, international toleration, equity, good will, and respect of the weak by the strong? A nation that is compelled to pass through the ranks will be more ready to deal justly by its neighbors than one that can get its fighting done for it by a relatively small body of professional soldiers. Let us first learn to act rightly in our international dealings and the question of peace and disarmament will take care of itself.

And now to come more closely to the matter in hand, a few words of explanation appear to be necessary. The series of which this volume forms part is intended to be of an elastic or continuing character. The reader is not to understand that the thirteen biographies included in this volume represent the thirteen leading American soldiers in a final and exclusive sense. For in the first place to draw up such an exclusive list, to draw a line, say, between Meade and Thomas, or Horatio Gates and McClellan, would be an impossible task. All that is claimed is that these thirteen are leading American soldiers, and are those it seemed best to group together in one volume; but this does not preclude the publication of further volumes in the series covering lives the inclusion of which should seem properly warranted.

Another matter that requires explanation is this. The classification of prominent men is often difficult. Thus several of the soldiers included in this volume were not only soldiers but statesmen. It has therefore appeared better in the case of Washington and of Andrew Jackson, whose political careers were of such great importance, to focus the attention in this volume on the military side alone, reserving for another volume a treatment of their lives as statesmen.

As this series is intended to be free from foot-notes and bibliographies, the reader will find an unsupported narrative, as to which perhaps the following word of explanation is due. No claim is put forward that these biographies are based on new material. But in those that belong to the Civil War period the Official Records have been freely used, and as to many of them it may be said that they offer points of view not to be found in previous biographies. Hardly one of the existing works on our leading soldiers has been written by a trained scholar with a grasp of the principles of military history. And even in the case of George Washington, whose life has so frequently been written, it is possible that the present biography may present a few facts in a light hitherto unsuspected by the reader.

Lastly it must be said that in the biography of Stonewall Jackson, one authority has been so closely followed that special acknowledgment is due. It is only in one or two details that it has appeared possible to diverge from the late Colonel Henderson's masterly work on the subject, and where his views have not been accepted references to authorities have been given.

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PART I

THE REVOLUTION

George Washington

Nathaniel Greene

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Washington still remains the great national figure of American history, and deservedly; for nothing less than his heroic leadership could have brought the war of independence to its triumphant close, nothing less than his rectitude and serenity could have inspired the states to rise above provincialism to union. Therefore to compose his biography must be the most gratifying of tasks for an American writer, and yet that biography presents one nearly insurmountable difficulty. So often has the life of Washington been written, so diligently have the records been searched, that it would appear as though at our day nothing but an ancient and familiar literary dish could be served up. To a certain extent this must, indeed, be the case; and at all events no new facts concerning his life can be set out here. But it may be that the angle from which the old facts are viewed will prove not altogether familiar. It was as a soldier that Washington established the independence of his country, and it is from a strict military standpoint that his life, his character, his achievements, will now be considered.

There is little known of the boyhood of George Washington. He was born on the 22d of February, 1732, at Wakefield, Westmoreland County, Virginia, at his father's plantation. The Washingtons had emigrated from England less than a century earlier and had become prominent Virginia planters. The family was a large one, however, and George

had no brilliant prospects before him. His education was scanty, and, except as to mathematics, left little impression on his mind. But for mathematics young Washington had a natural bent. His intellect was precise, cold, unyielding. There was little elasticity about him, and with less intelligence and less good breeding, he might have developed into a martinet or a prig. Alongside of his aptitude for mathematics was another factor that helped determine his early vocation. His physique was splendid. He stood over six feet, was broad in proportion, and excelled in the saddle and in the field. Not unexpectedly, therefore, we find him, on leaving school, turning his attention to surveying.

Many of the wealthy planters and of the adventurous spirits of Virginia were at that time interested in the acquisition of land towards the opening West. Washington acted as a prospector and surveyor for friends and relatives, thus undoubtedly developing the instinct for topography that was later to serve him so well when at the head of the army of the United States.

This introduction to the western borders of Virginia led to other things. Beyond lay the rich Ohio valley, and there the French from Canada were gradually erecting a line of posts that must eventually close the West to the English. In 1753 the British Government decided to make a stand. Instructions were sent to Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia to summon the French to abandon their forts; and it became necessary to find a suitable person to carry out the mission. Washington had influential friends; he already had won a reputation for dignity and resolution; his knowledge of the woods was an important advantage; and so he came to be chosen as Governor Dinwiddie's messenger to the French on the Ohio.

Washington carried out his mission to the Ohio frontier successfully. The undertaking proved arduous but fruitful, for he concentrated more experience into it than many men

get in an entire lifetime. The hardships of winter travel through the wilderness brought him several times to the verge of famine and of exhaustion; the Indians were mostly hostile, altogether deceitful; the French were nearly as bad, though in different fashion. To deal with such conditions required courage, pertinacity, resource, and even subtlety.

All these qualities Washington displayed, and in respect of the last the point may well be emphasized. Great generals, as a rule, have been men who could add to many other gifts that of deceiving their left hand as to what their right hand was doing, and Washington acquired that talent rapidly while dealing with the French and Indians in the Ohio valley.

He returned from his mission at the beginning of January, 1754. In April he was once more on his way to the Ohio. For some years he had held a commission in the militia, and, partly owing to the aristocratic system then in vogue in Virginia, partly to his real merit, he had attained the rank of major. On hearing that the Governor intended sending a force of militia to the frontier he applied for, and obtained, promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, in which capacity he was sent at the head of two or three hundred Virginians to drive the French from the Ohio.

The expedition that ensued throws little light on the military capacity of its leader, but it was notable in that the first skirmish between the Virginians and the French, a well-planned ambuscade, Indian fashion, led by Washington in person, was the occasion for the firing of the first shot in the long war that gave Silesia to Prussia and Canada to Great Britain. The skirmishing and ambuscades on the Ohio were insignificant affairs compared to Leuthen and the Heights of Abraham, yet they helped form a soldier who by his crowning triumph of Yorktown won a victory even more fruitful than either of these.

It would be fruitless to enter into the details of the Ohio

adventures of Washington. We have no precise account, as is natural, of the way in which he matched wits with the Indian chiefs who might be fighting with one party to-day, with the other to-morrow. Numbers and supplies, two vital factors, proved to be on the enemy's side, and were decisive. After varying fortune, Washington was driven into a bad position, at Fort Necessity, and there, on the 3d of July, 1754, he had to accept a capitulation whereby he and his troops were to evacuate the fort and return to Virginia.

He was soon in the field once more. Great Britain was now aroused. The Government sent out to America General Braddock and two regiments of regulars; the object of the expedition was to drive the French from Fort Duquesne and the forts of the Ohio. Braddock, a much-abused man, was clearly not a genius, yet he was no such fool as history has generally represented him, if for no other reason than that he singled out Washington and Benjamin Franklin as the two Americans with whom it was a satisfaction to transact affairs. It is true that he underestimated the fighting value of French, Indians, and Virginians among woods; yet he was only partly wrong in insisting that his British regulars should fight in line. The British private, as an individual, was helpless and a poor soldier; it was only under the stress of accustomed discipline that he became part of that highly effective engine of destruction, the British army of the eighteenth century. Braddock erred, but not wholly. He had great faith in Colonel Washington, whom he appointed to his staff and consulted frequently. But when, on the 9th of July, 1755, the little army of regulars and provincials crossed the Monongahela and advanced on Fort Duquesne, Braddock unwarily marched into an ambush and was annihilated.

Washington did wonders on the day of Braddock's defeat. He was ill and had rejoined headquarters only the night before. The advance-guard of the column was suddenly

fired on by the French and Indians from a belt of wood in front and from ravines to the right and left. Braddock rode up and attempted to deploy his column into line of battle. The fire was too hot, however, and too close. Braddock himself was struck down, mortally wounded. Every officer of the staff was killed or disabled save Washington alone. He had two horses killed under him and received four bullets in his clothes, but, fortunately for America, was saved for greater events. While the regulars, like the French at Rossbach or the Austrians at Marengo, huddled into a confused mass, failed to deploy and fired blindly in the air, the Virginians sought cover, fought behind trees, logs, and rocks, met the enemy with equal tactics. Washington, with unsparing courage and unfailing skill, held them together, formed some sort of screen for the army, saved its retreat. And so it proved that Braddock's defeat, an event almost insignificant in its military and political consequences, made the reputation of an individual. Washington was henceforth the most noted of the provincial officers, the one man who had shown military capacity while British regulars were meeting with their most disastrous rout on the American continent.

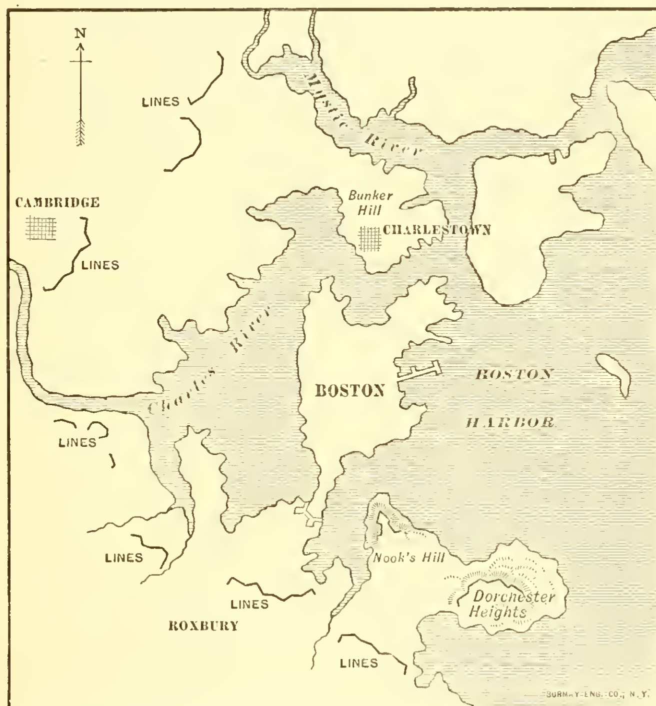
It was almost twenty years before this result of Braddock's defeat came to a consequence—years of peace, but years of unrest. France had been driven from America by England, and now the time had come when England in turn should be driven out of the greater part of her possessions. The colonies were eager for independence; constitutional and economic questions had been developed by short-sighted statesmen into an opportunity for disruption. Washington took part in the political agitation, but more with sympathy and advice than with words. He was not so much an orator as a man of the sword, and it was not until the quarrel had come to a crisis that he became prominent. He was

now, by his marriage with Martha Custis, one of the wealthiest men in Virginia, and this, together with his military reputation and personal prestige, led to his being chosen as one of the Virginia delegates to the first Continental Congress.

Washington from the first made his position clear. He was the most prominent of provincial officers and was prepared to act up to all that this might logically involve. His heart was in the cause. He declared publicly that he was prepared to raise 1000 Virginia riflemen at his own expense and march at their head to the relief of Boston. His appearance in Congress was significant; he attended dressed in the uniform of a colonel of Virginia militia. There could be but one conclusion, for Washington's attitude was not only expectant, but legitimate. Clearly enough no other man could carry such weight at the head of the American forces from his achievements, from his social position and from his personal qualities, as the Virginia planter. And so, when the federation of the colonies against Great Britain had become an inevitable necessity, when the army of New-Englanders before Boston required a commander whose prestige should silence petty provincial jealousies, when an amalgamation of north and south was necessary to consolidate the new-born union, Washington was the one man in Congress to whom little objection could be raised by any section of the country. John Adams of Massachusetts, with statesmanlike breadth of view and prescience, moved the resolution himself that George Washington of Virginia should be appointed commander-in-chief of the armies of the united provinces. This was at the beginning of June of the year 1775.

Washington arrived at Cambridge on the 2d of July, and assumed command of the colonial army on the following day. The conditions he found were these: within Boston was an army of highly efficient British troops, nearly 10,000

men, under the command of generals of repute—Gage, Howe, Burgoyne, Percy, Clinton. That army, capable by its numbers and discipline of playing a considerable part in European warfare, had, however, recently met with two somewhat disconcerting experiences at the hands of the



SIEGE OF BOSTON

New-England farmers and militia. At Concord and Lexington the Americans had shown that men of determination who knew how to shoot straight, even though unorganized, could throw a column of regulars into considerable confusion among the winding roadways and stone fences of Massachusetts. At Bunker Hill, only a fortnight before Washing-

ton's arrival, a small force of militia had inflicted a loss of over a thousand on the flower of the British army and had held a rough earthwork for over an hour against superior numbers. From these occurrences two conclusions of a general character might be drawn.

In the first place, the war that had just broken out was of a character unlike those which the armies of the eighteenth century were especially fitted to cope with. The Americans were a people in arms, citizen soldiers with opinions to fight for and with intelligence and skill in the essentials, if not in the fine art, of fighting. Here was a war not between two kings, or two ministers, or two favorites, to be resolved by the formal manœuvres of trained tacticians, by the fall of a frontier fortress or by the occupation of an enemy's capital, but a war between a king with his small group of trained soldiers and a people in arms. France, Prussia, Spain, might accept the occupation of their capitals as decisive of their fate; the farmers of New England were rather exasperated than cowed by the British occupation of Boston. And as against the regular the farmer was by no means helpless. The military tactics of the eighteenth century were of a highly artificial character. The conduct of war had been crystallized by the genius of Frederick the Great into a somewhat arbitrary system. The essential pivot of battle was the infantry. It was armed with a clumsy firelock, loading slowly, shooting inaccurately, and not able to kill at more than 200 yards. The efforts of tacticians were centred on converting into an effective machine a mass of recruits, the dregs of the European capitals or the clods of feudal servitude. A consensus of opinion had solved the problem in the following manner. Musket-fire to be decisive must be delivered in volleys at a range of from 125 yards downwards. For this purpose soldiers must be aligned not more than three deep, and this extended order must be brought up in rigid ranks to murderously close distance of

the enemy. There was only one way of obtaining this result, which was to subject the troops to an iron discipline which instilled in them an even greater fear of the cat-o'-nine-tails than of the enemy's fire.

With this system universally followed, the result of battle depended largely on greater or less rigidity of discipline. The British had proved at Bunker Hill the superb courage and solidity of their infantry. But the New-Englanders had long held them at bay, fighting according to an entirely unorthodox code, and the question presented itself, would it be possible for the colonials to fight the mother country by adopting a new system of tactics? Under what we may style the official one, both contending generals should be content to seek out a battle-field where flat, open ground would give them opportunity to manœuvre their troops; but what if the Americans should refuse to play the game? Sixteen years later the French Republic, when confronted by the same problem, invented a new system of tactics to beat the old; in 1776 Washington accepted tactics as he found them, but employed them with some regard for the difference between the composition of his battalions and those of the enemy. It was possibly a mistake.

To besiege General Gage and his professional army in Boston was precisely the sort of task that the well-trained soldier, who was that and nothing more, would never have attempted. That Washington accepted it and carried it through to a brilliant conclusion is proof enough that he had that greatest of all qualities in a soldier, the quality without which technical skill is fruitless—moral intuition and courage. He knew that "battles are won in the hearts of men"; that to abandon the positions occupied by the New-Englanders, however faulty and dangerous they might be, would deal the cause a well-nigh fatal blow; he knew instinctively that to impose on the enemy is more essential to military success than the best tactics and strategy

in the world. He had a cause behind him, he was bound at all risks to show the world that its leader was certain of its success.

And so Washington, with scant army, no gunpowder, and bad positions, settled down to besiege Boston. The choice made of him by Congress was rapidly justified. It was one of his characteristics that he impressed those he met with his greatness at first sight. Few men inspired more complete and more rapid confidence. His common sense, his dignity, his uprightness, his devotion, were all carried to the transcendent point. His physique was magnificent, his deportment indicated courage, modesty, and resolution. To all this Washington added a quality indispensable for one who was to control the provincial levies of New England. Local jealousy and indiscipline were rife in the camps of Cambridge and Roxbury, military talents moderate and evenly matched. But the general-in-chief, designated by John Adams of Massachusetts, was a Virginian; he could arouse no local jealousy; his firmness and tact soon quelled any feeling of provincial rivalry.

It was hard work for Washington during the autumn of 1775 and the winter of 1775-76. Hard work establishing discipline and order in the camps; hard work pleasing the New-England assemblies and resisting their often ill-judged demands; hard work supplying the troops; hard work trying to get powder, money, cannon, and the thousand things that feed war; hard work deceiving friend and foe into the belief that the army was ready to beat back any attempt the British might make to sally from Boston. And here, in passing, it may be remarked that Washington from the first operations of the war showed a wonderful skill in deceiving his opponents. His closest companions were rarely let into his confidence, and his correspondence is by no means overflowing with state secrets. In all he did and all he wrote it is clear enough that his inmost

plans are kept to himself and that he is always thinking of the state of mind of his opponent.

It was of course important that Gage and his successor Howe should not realize fully the feeble condition of the blockading army. Although the engagement against the detachment at Bunker Hill had severely tested the strength of the garrison, yet it was always possible that the British generals might attempt a further attack on some part of the American lines. It was probably far more with the object of keeping the enemy on the defensive than from any real intention that Washington, on at least two occasions, made known his opinion, unanimously disagreed from by his generals, that the American army should attack Boston. It would appear more reasonable to see in this not, as generally accepted, the bold, almost rash, resolve of a mettlesome soldier, but rather the suggestion of the subtle thinker deceiving his own friends in order to ensnare the enemy more completely.

The same profound calculation may be discerned in the remarkable plan eventually devised by Washington for driving the British out of Boston. For many weary weeks and months the blockade dragged on, marked by no incidents beyond an occasional fusillade at the outposts. Washington could not, Howe would not, attack. At last, in February, 1776, the situation changed. Howe, very wisely, considered Boston a bad military position, difficult to hold, and when held not valuable as a base. New York was very differently situated. Its bay could be controlled by the king's ships and the town formed a natural base to the line of the Hudson; that line offered the best communication with loyal Canada and also marked a natural cleavage between New England on the one hand, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the South on the other. Howe had already decided to abandon Boston; Washington was already casting an anxious eye towards New York. At the close of February Howe was leisurely

and quietly gathering transports together, and Washington, at last, had succeeded in collecting sufficient gunpowder with which to fight.

It had long been recognized by the British that the harbor could be commanded not only by Bunker Hill to the north, but also by Dorchester Heights to the south. The irrepressible feeling of contempt of the regulars for the provincial levies, however, even after Bunker Hill, had resulted in Howe's neglecting to fortify this point. His neglect cost him dear.

Washington's plan was elaborate and carefully worked out in every detail. On the 26th of February he applied to have all the militia from the districts near by sent into camp for three days. In the meanwhile the troops were busy. At various points, and for various purposes, fascines, bales of hay, floating batteries, bateaux, and bandages were prepared. On the night of the 2d of March the long-silent American batteries at last opened fire and bombarded the town, though with little more effect than to terrify its inhabitants. This cannonade lasted three nights, and was intended to mask the movement that was successfully made on the 3d. At 7 P.M. on the 6th of March General Thomas with 2000 men silently made his way to Dorchester Heights. Behind his column followed a long line of carts, their wheels wrapped in hay, full of material for building up breastworks on the frozen ground. The men worked with an ardor worthy of their cause. The route of the carts and the line of the breastworks gradually extended; relief-parties took the place of the early workers; while to their left and rear the batteries thundered across Roxbury neck.

On the following morning the surprise of the British was complete. Howe, after so many months of inaction, had not anticipated any such decisive move as was now disclosed. He had doubtless thought that the Americans would remain

quiescent until the frost had broken up. One thing, however, was clear, that Washington's check must at once be replied to; immediate orders were issued for attacking the new American position, and troops were hastened on board ship for the purpose of landing at the foot of Dorchester Heights. It was to be a repetition of the expulsion of the provincials from Charlestown eight months before.

But Washington did not intend to repeat Bunker Hill. His intrenchments at Dorchester were carefully planned; they were strong at dawn, and every hour that passed made them more formidable. And again they formed a part only of an extensive plan. For one thing, the British were to face, not as before an isolated detachment, but the full force of the American army. Dorchester Heights were strongly held, with reserves close at hand, while to the left at Roxbury other corps were in line ready for action; the decisive rôle, however, was allotted to the part of the army farthest away from Dorchester. Eight miles to the northwest, at Cambridge, a division of 4000 men under Putnam, Greene, and Sullivan, was held ready for a development of the situation Washington foresaw. It was not for an instant to be thought that Howe would accept passively the occupation of Dorchester Heights and its consequences. He would undoubtedly collect every man that could be spared from the defences and attempt to drive the Americans out. But at the instant that the British power should be concentrated at Dorchester, a slow and difficult operation involving water transportation, Washington was ready to launch Putnam's division at whatever part of the long water front of Boston appeared weakest. Moving down the Charles River on bateaux, directed by the general-in-chief's signals from Roxbury Heights, there was every probability that the Cambridge troops could effect a lodgment at one point or another. Washington thus stood a double chance of vcitory: he was confident that he could hold Dorchester

Heights against any troops Howe could mass there; he was confident that if Howe did mass his troops at Dorchester, Putnam could improve the opportunity that would then be his. And a success at both points meant in all human probability a British disaster and a forced surrender. It was the plan of a bold and subtle mind, and gave promise of splendid success, but the elements intervened to disappoint Washington's well-grounded expectations.

British troops embarked and were conveyed up the harbor towards Dorchester. But before their numbers could be completed a violent wind sprang up and a landing was quickly out of question. This proved decisive. The weather showed no sign of moderating that night, while the Americans could be seen hourly making their position less vulnerable. Howe had intended to abandon Boston, and now concluded, wisely, that he had better hasten his departure rather than make the doubtful experiment of attempting to storm Dorchester Heights.

Soon Boston was full of confusion and alarm. Howe's transports were insufficient in number and not ready for sea. But the Americans were improving their success, and from Dorchester were pushing forward to plant batteries even closer to the harbor and city. There could be no delay, so, burning the stores and spiking the guns that could not be carried away, the British troops were hurried on board ship and, on the morning of the 17th, Boston was evacuated by the enemy and occupied by the American army.

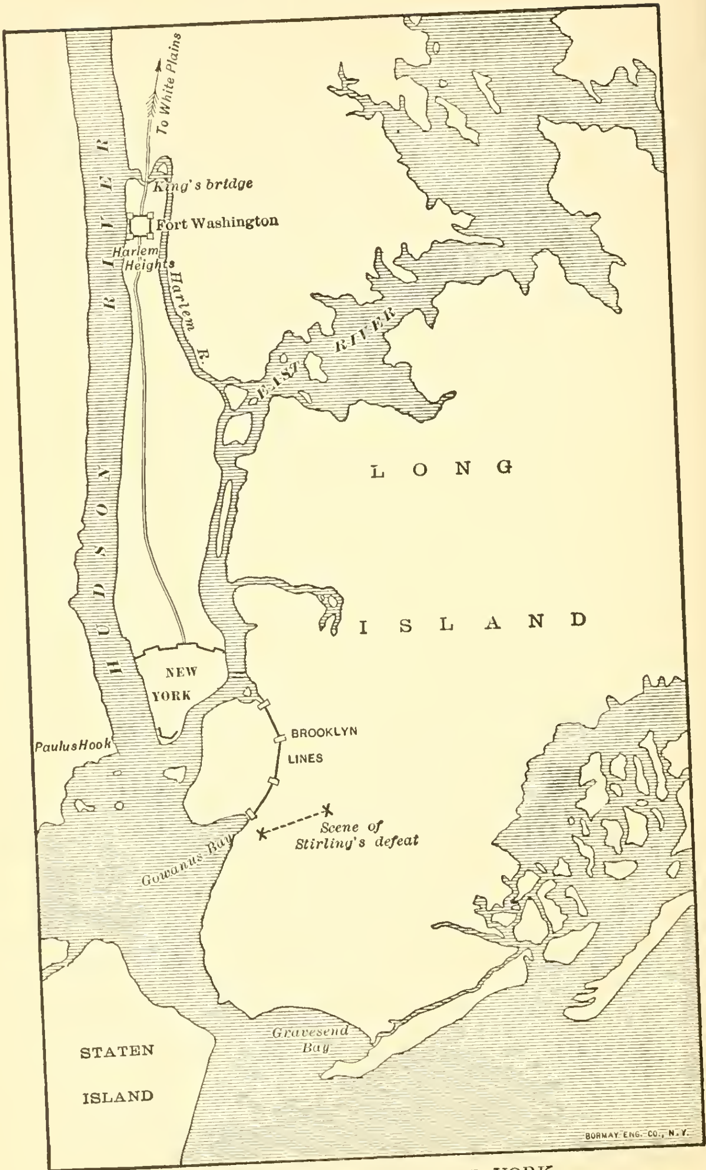
During the two weeks that passed between the first movement to Dorchester Heights and Howe's evacuation, Washington had spent many anxious hours. Should he attack the town at any cost, now that the British forbore attacking him? Were Howe's preparations merely a ruse, to be followed by some unexpected stroke? If Howe was really evacuating, would he not transfer his army to New

York? These were some of the questions that perplexed Washington, but it was the last one only that proved of practical importance.

The successful conduct of the siege of Boston was one of Washington's most brilliant achievements, one that called for the finest qualities both of the statesman and the soldier. Few of his contemporaries discerned how great a part in the march of events the genius of the American leader had played. Although real appreciation and discernment were scanty, however, the popular mind did not fail in its broad impressions; if the finer points were missed, yet the political instinct of the people told them that in Washington they had found the pilot who could steer them through the storms of civil warfare to a safe haven.

The faith of the people in Washington, though never shaken, was soon tried. He had guessed, rightly enough, that New York would be Howe's next objective, but he had not foreseen that the British move would be long delayed. As it was, Howe sailed to Halifax for the present, and the Americans had ample opportunity to make preparation for the defence of the threatened point.

The first plan for the protection of New York was drawn up by General Charles Lee, and was adopted and elaborated by Washington after his arrival. It was based on a perfectly sound principle stated in a letter from Lee to Washington, as follows: "Whoever commands the sea must command the town." The plan for the defence of New York was accordingly framed so as to prevent, as far as was possible, the British fleet from approaching the city. This it could apparently do in one of three ways. The first, and least to be feared, was the direct approach and attack, the possibility of which was met by strengthening the batteries at the point of New York and the fortifications generally. The second was by running past the city and up the Hudson River with a view to disembarking troops above it. The Hudson ran



OPERATIONS ABOUT NEW YORK

due north 150 miles to Albany, which was the objective of a second British army, operating from Canada, and might well attract the attention of General Howe. To ward off a blow in this direction numerous batteries had been placed from Paulus Hook on the New Jersey shore to King's bridge over the Harlem River, near which point two large forts had been erected, and some ships and other obstructions sunk in the stream. The third line of approach lay on the other side of New York, by the East River. This arm of the sea running from the bay to Long Island Sound was commanded, so Lee thought, at the part where it passed the city, by Brooklyn Heights on Long Island. He therefore planned a line of forts and intrenchments about a mile long enclosing the heights, forming a sort of intrenched camp, and declared that this was the key of New York.

This defensive scheme was more specious than sound. It set too high a value on land batteries as a means of preventing ships of war passing up such broad waterways; it involved a wide dispersal of the defending troops in works too extensive for their numbers; it provided for the defence of the East River from New York Bay only, when it was just as open to a land attack, as was subsequently demonstrated; it hardly took account of the size of the armed force which the ministers of George III. were assembling for the suppression of the American revolt.

Between the end of June and the middle of August Admiral Lord Howe and General Sir William Howe, his brother, brought seven hundred ships and thirty thousand troops inside Sandy Hook. A blow was intended that should demonstrate the might of England and completely crush the rebellion if necessary. But before resorting to force the Howes tried to negotiate. An attempt to enter into communication with *George Washington, Esq.*, failed, and some pourparlers with the Continental Congress, later, came to nothing. During all the time the British force was assem-

bling in the outer bay Washington was kept guessing as to where the blow would fall. Every point was guarded, but the Americans were strong nowhere; the army numbered about 27,000 men, including a proportion of militia.

Between the 22d and 25th of August Howe landed 20,000 men at Gravesend Bay in Long Island. About ten miles north were the Brooklyn lines; to the northeast stretched Long Island; between him and Brooklyn lay a small American force, the brigades of Generals Parsons and Lord Stirling. It is easy to see why Howe, with his overpowering numbers, should have aimed a blow at this force; but it is difficult to understand why it was ever placed in such a position. It was posted along a ridge of hills from one to three miles in front of the Brooklyn lines, its right resting on New York Bay, its front covering several roads leading from Gravesend to Brooklyn, its left in the air, that is resting on no natural feature or fortified position. This detached corps was large enough to push a determined reconnaissance and discover the strength of the enemy, but it remained quiescent and Washington could get no information as to Howe's numbers; it was not large enough to leave in front of Howe's whole army or even of any considerable part of it; there was not any sufficient object to be gained defending a line of hills with a small body, rather than the elaborately intrenched position behind with a larger one.

Not only was this dispersion of strength dangerous, but the handling of the troops proved faulty. Staff arrangements were non-existent or primitive. The command of the troops on the Brooklyn side, owing to the unfortunate illness of General Greene, changed hands twice just before the crisis, and even then there was some question as to who should exercise command outside and inside the lines. And so it befell that while Howe, on the night of the 26th, started a column of 10,000 men to march around the unpro-

tected American left flank, neither General Putnam, commanding at Brooklyn, nor General Sullivan, second in command, nor Lord Stirling, commanding outside the lines, nor General Washington himself, in New York, saw that any particular precaution was taken at the vulnerable point. One patrol was sent out, and was captured; and its failure to report apparently passed unnoticed. In extenuation, however, it must be said that the overlooking of a road outflanking a position is one of the commonest incidents of military history;—was not the bloody field of Busaco fought with those two wary commanders Wellington and Masséna equally blind to the fact that the position could be easily turned?

On the morning of the 27th two British divisions demonstrated in front of Stirling and Parsons and held them fast while Howe gained their rear. The British movement was well executed and successful. The surrounded and outnumbered Americans sought safety in flight or laid down their arms. Stirling showed much courage and some skill, but was eventually taken prisoner, as were also General Sullivan and about 1000 rank and file.

Washington, for some days anxious about New York itself owing to the demonstrations of the British fleet, hurried over to Brooklyn Heights in time to witness the rout of Stirling and Parsons. He immediately ordered over reinforcements to make the Brooklyn lines secure from attack, but, probably before many hours had passed, decided that Long Island must be evacuated. Earlier in the summer Washington had been confident he could defend New York. Yet he had had misgivings as to the value of the river fortifications, misgivings which the British admiral confirmed by sending two of his frigates up the Hudson as early as the 12th of July. But now there was an even worse danger to be feared, a danger that came from within and not from without. The army had been in a state

of poor discipline before the battle, it now gave signs of demoralization. In addition Howe showed no symptoms of trying to repeat the Bunker Hill experiment on Brooklyn Heights, but opened regular approaches, while the fleet prepared to clear communications between Long Island Sound and New York Bay. Under these circumstances Washington prudently resolved to withdraw the 9000 men he had in Brooklyn to the farther side of the East River.

With characteristic secrecy, and to the immense relief of his troops, Washington effected his withdrawal from Brooklyn on the night of the 29th of August. His preparations were excellent, his movement swift, his energy unremitting, the elements favorable, and complete success resulted. Washington, who had not slept for forty-eight hours, embarked in the last boat that left what is now Fulton Street Ferry, a dangerous, almost reckless, proceeding. In Howe, commander of a professional army, such an act would have been folly; in Washington it was simply an example of unflinching devotion which his army absolutely required to nerve it for the ordeals that were yet before it.

With Brooklyn in Howe's possession New York could not be held. The British extended up the East River beyond Hell Gate. Their ships passed up and down the stream and controlled the waters of Long Island Sound. At any moment, and at any point, Howe's formidable army might be thrown over, and that far enough behind the city to cut a great part of Washington's forces from their line of retreat to the north. The American general was, however, fully conscious that to gain time would be of inestimable value to the new government of the United States, then only two months old, and that to abandon New York without some semblance of a struggle would produce a bad effect. He resolved, therefore, to hold the city until compelled to abandon it, and took every precaution to minimize the risk when the enemy should attack.

Howe, with his usual deliberation, did not effect a crossing until the 15th of September. His troops disembarked at Kip's Bay, and the American regiments occupying the defences at that point straightway took to flight without firing a shot. Washington galloped up to rally them, drew his sword and snapped his pistols at the men, all to no purpose. He was abandoned within one hundred yards of the advancing enemy, and his staff had to urge him back. There was truly enough ground for the reiterated complaints as to the quality of his troops made by Washington that summer.

The American army was now withdrawn to Harlem Heights and King's bridge at the upper end of New York Island. Howe, having secured the city, and not caring to advance directly against the American positions, tried to gain Washington's rear, and, for that purpose, began moving troops by ship to various points on Long Island Sound. His objective finally became White Plains, 12 miles north of Harlem Heights and about midway between the Sound and the Hudson River. One road led from White Plains north to Albany, and another northeast into Connecticut. It was an important point of supply for Washington, and on Howe threatening it he marched the whole army there and intrenched. On the 28th of October a slight engagement took place on the American right, Howe getting possession of Chatterton Heights, not without loss, and Washington in consequence drawing back his whole line a short distance to a stronger position in his rear. The British advance was not, however, pushed farther. Howe had failed to reach Washington's line of communications, and he did not care to venture an attack on his new position. He turned instead back towards Harlem Heights and sent his troops to the attack of Fort Washington. This, with 2500 prisoners, he captured on the 16th of November, Washington, from the Jersey side to which he had transferred the bulk

of the army, watching the attack, powerless to help the garrison.

There has been some debate as to whose was the responsibility for leaving in Howe's grasp the large force which he captured at Fort Washington. Ought Washington, as he did, to have left the question of whether the fort should be evacuated to be decided by Greene, with a mere general recommendation that this should be done? Ought Greene to have ordered the evacuation when a council of war had recently decided in favor of the retention of the fort? Such questions cannot be answered in precise form without losing sight of the essential nature of warfare. No great captain has been faultless. Mistakes are constant in war owing to its inherent conditions, and the art of the general is to remedy his own and take advantage of those of his opponent. Beneath this somewhat academic question of whose was the responsibility are larger and more vital questions, two of which must receive short notice.

Washington's whole treatment of the question of fortified posts and distribution of forces during the operations of 1776 is half-hearted and shows his generalship not at its best. From the moment he reached New York he apparently doubted whether his earthworks could fill their purpose of closing the rivers to the British men-of-war. To scatter an army in detachments in widely separated fortifications may be justified when those fortifications answer their purpose, but otherwise the result must be what it proved in 1776. Both at Long Island and at Fort Washington losses were incurred for which the responsibility is to be placed less with any individual than with an inherently faulty system of defence.

Alongside of this probable error of principle was an influence that arose from a marked trait of Washington, his deference for the opinion of others. This came partly from temperament, partly from political tact, partly from the

express injunctions of Congress. That body had enjoined on its general never to venture on steps of importance without first consulting his lieutenants. Now notoriously councils of war, like most assemblies, make for half-hearted measures. And although Washington's councils were unusually strong in their resolves and, after the fall of Boston, were obviously dominated by the great personality of their president, yet they tended to encourage precisely such a system of defence as that which had come to such a miserable end at New York. It should be added, however, that in 1778 Congress authorized Washington to overrule his councils of war, and that although from beginning to end of the war he constantly called them, it was never from lack of an opinion of his own, or from fear of shouldering responsibility.

From August to December, 1776, were four months of constantly increasing depression for the American cause. There was not only defeat to face, but a rapid depletion of the ranks, partly the result of defeat, partly of the fact that most of the Continental troops had enlisted for only twelve months and were reaching the term. When Howe had moved back from White Plains towards Harlem Heights, Washington feared that the next British movement might be across New Jersey to Philadelphia, where the American Congress was sitting. By forced marches he placed his rapidly dwindling army between Howe and his supposed objective, seized all the boats he could find on the Delaware River, and called to his assistance such reinforcements and such militia as were available. For a few days, early in December, it appeared as though the American forces would melt to nothing, and as though Howe might be able to march the 100 miles that separated New York from Philadelphia without firing a shot. Then, gradually, a change came over the situation.

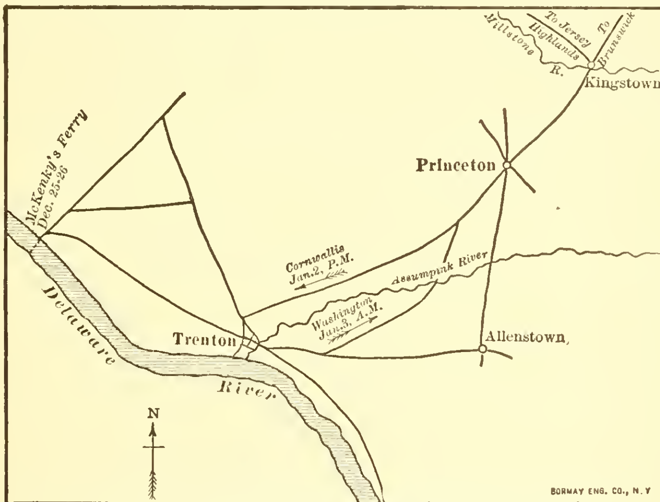
Howe, who had displayed some skill in generalship and

great moderation in conduct, was above all things methodical. He was not ready as yet to strike a blow for Philadelphia. His army had been in the field four months, had captured New York, had won considerable successes in the field. Severe winter weather had set in. The Americans had hitherto maintained a strictly defensive attitude, and even in that had so far given little proof of military power. Their army too, as the British were well aware, was rapidly approaching the point of dissolution. Under these circumstances Howe and his subordinates felt no apprehensions for the future, and were decidedly inclined for repose. The army was ordered into winter quarters; the division of Cornwallis was distributed in cantonments so as to utilize the resources of New Jersey, and two brigades of Hessians, under von Donop and Rall, were pushed as far as the Delaware River.

Rall's brigade, numbering about 1000 men, was quartered at Trenton. His nearest support was von Donop's brigade, five miles farther down-stream, at Bordentown. His line of communications ran north and a little east ten miles to Princeton, and thence through Brunswick on the Raritan to New York Bay. The Delaware covered his front, and the American army beyond it gave no uneasiness. Washington had only a handful of men left, and even these would in part leave him on the 1st of January. It was this very fact that spurred the American leader to action. The desperate situation of affairs urged that the opportunity should be taken and a blow attempted that might, if successful, redress the drooping cause. Washington decided on a night march and surprise; he fixed on Christmas night as likely to further his enterprise.

The American army, about 2500 men, crossed the Delaware at dark under the greatest difficulties. Floating ice made the passage so arduous that two bodies of militia under orders to cross south of Trenton were unable to get over. The whole expedition was undertaken in conditions of such

severity that no less than 1000 men, two-fifths of the army, dropped out of the ranks in twenty-four hours from exhaustion and from frost-bite. It was in such circumstances that the iron resolve of Washington always rose highest. Nothing could stop him. The passage of the river appeared impossible, but he persisted. Precious hours were lost in the struggle against the freezing Delaware, and all hope of reaching Trenton before dawn passed; still he persisted. After the march was nearly accomplished a message reached



TRENTON AND PRINCETON

him from General Sullivan stating that the ammunition of his column was soaked. "Tell General Sullivan to use the bayonet," was the immediate answer. Something of their leader's heroic spirit was in that small band of devoted men, half starving, half frozen, half clothed, half armed, a ragged and miserable array to any eye that could not pierce to the valorous hearts beneath in which was throbbing the great destiny of their country.

The storm of the night of the 25th to the 26th of December

helped Washington as much as it hindered him. The roads were deserted, and when Greene's column struck the German picket half a mile from the town the surprise was complete. Washington swept into Trenton with startling rapidity. Before the Hessians could be formed or posted for defence six American guns were in battery at the head of the chief thoroughfare, and by the time Rall had made some sort of disposition for facing Washington and Greene, Sullivan appeared behind him. The Hessians in fact were asleep; forty or fifty of the enemy, including their commander, were soon killed or wounded, and the rest surrendered. Over 900 prisoners, 6 guns, and several colors were the trophies of victory.

Trenton was a well-planned stroke carried out with great determination; but the operations that immediately followed form an example of the highest generalship that extorted the admiration of the great Frederick himself—and the king of Prussia was rarely given to compliment. After the battle Washington had retraced his steps so as to place the Delaware once more between himself and the enemy. His little force was too small and too exhausted to be risked inside the enemy's lines. But in the course of the next four days the situation changed somewhat. Pennsylvania and New Jersey were inspirited by the victory. Over three thousand militia from those states were now in the field under Cadwalader and Reed. Von Donop had retreated towards Princeton, and the British were collecting between that point and Brunswick under the orders of Cornwallis, who had hastened from New York. Washington decided, on the 30th of December, to recross the Delaware, and that day he reoccupied Trenton.

Just as before Trenton, Washington's preoccupation while making this new move was as much political as military. Still the American cause required that a blow should be struck to inspirit its supporters and to raise recruits for a

new army. Trenton had indeed done much. Most of the old soldiers had agreed to remain with the colors a few days longer to enable their general to face the enemy. And when Washington recrossed to Trenton his movement meant danger to the British. It was self-evident that the victorious British commanders would not easily submit to have the end of their campaign marked by such a check as that which Rall's brigade had just suffered. Cornwallis hastened from New York and concentrated 7000 men at Princeton by the 1st of January. Washington, he knew, was at Trenton, ten miles away, with not more than 5000 men, mostly militia, and with the Delaware behind him. The river was in such a state that no retreat seemed open to the Americans, and Cornwallis, a capable soldier, did the obvious thing by marching on Trenton without a moment's delay. Washington kept good watch on the British movements, which he had more than expected.

The fact was that Washington in taking post at Trenton was merely attempting to decoy the enemy to that point. Manœuvres of this sort are delicate and not frequently recorded in military history, the only other example that will be mentioned in this book being that given by Stonewall Jackson at Manassas Junction on the 27th of August, 1862. Whereas Washington's generals wondered, first at the perilous situation of the army between the advancing British and the impassable Delaware, and later at the ability with which their chief had extricated them from it, he clearly had in mind from the very first that the position taken up at Trenton was not defensive, but offensive. He was there not in danger as to his own line of retreat, but to imperil that of the enemy. Yet so secretive was Washington that it was only when the British army was within musket-shot that he unfolded his purpose to his generals.

Washington's plan was daring but simple. Trenton is divided by the Assumpink River into two unequal halves,

north and south. Cornwallis, starting from Princeton early on the 2d, was delayed by detachments sent to harass his advance-guard, but reached that part of the town which lies to the north of the Assumpink at dusk. Washington was then drawn up on the south side of it, but at midnight, leaving his camp-fires burning, he abandoned his positions and marched for Princeton by a road south of and parallel to the one over which Cornwallis had just arrived. At dawn next morning Washington with his advance-guard reached the outskirts of Princeton just as a small column of British infantry was leaving it to join Cornwallis. A short but sharp skirmish ensued. Washington rode into the thick of the fighting to steady his ill-drilled militiamen, who were at first scattered by the steady British volleys. But numbers told. The British were soon dispersed, and, leaving a party behind to break down a bridge on the road Cornwallis might return by, Washington entered Princeton.

At Princeton another British detachment was dispersed and captured, stores were taken or burned, several pieces of artillery became prizes; then the army hurried on. Cornwallis was marching back from Trenton with tremendous rapidity. His advance-guard reached one end of Princeton as the American rear-guard left the other.

Washington now kept straight on towards the British base. At Kingstown he crossed the Millstone, and on the northern side of the bridge called his generals to confer. The scene is easy to picture. Fatigue-parties working desperately to break down the bridge; exhausted soldiers lying in their rags on the frozen ground; Washington, the erect, calm, splendid figure we know, sitting his horse impassive, while in a circle about him his generals eagerly discuss the situation,—Greene, Sullivan, Cadwalader, Mifflin, Reed, Knox. The question was, should the raid be pushed farther? Eighteen miles north was Brunswick, Cornwallis' base, where were his treasure, and supplies of inestimable

value. On the other hand the army was well-nigh spent; the British were close at hand; an inspiriting success had already been won; was it better to face a great risk, or to be satisfied with a moderate gain? The general-in-chief and his subordinates were apparently agreed that in the condition of the troops the prudent course was right, and orders were at once issued that turned the march of the army towards the left by Somerset Court-house towards the Jersey Highlands. Cornwallis continued straight on Brunswick, which he reached with a rapidity that demonstrated the wisdom of Washington's decision.

The surprise at Trenton and the raid on the British line of communications had two great immediate results and made clear an important truth. They gave new life to the American cause. Even Washington, in the autumn of 1776, viewed the future as a matter for something like despair. With the British uniformly successful and with the American regular army on the point of coming to a natural end, we find Washington more than once telling his correspondents that "the game is nearly up." After Trenton the cause looked bright once more, and Washington succeeded in recruiting a new army with which to face whatever the year 1777 should bring forth.

Another great result was that all but a few points in New Jersey were now relieved from the presence of the British, and that their advance no longer menaced Philadelphia from the banks of the Delaware. Washington had taken the offensive and, in face of superior numbers, had retained it. From Morristown, where he now fixed his headquarters, he might descend on any part of the district lately marked out by Cornwallis for his winter quarters, and the British general did not dare risk again such losses as he had just suffered by reoccupying his old quarters. So the British troops were withdrawn to the shores of New York Bay, and about that city spent the remainder of the winter in comparative quiet.

The withdrawal of the British from New Jersey demonstrated an important truth, clearer now, perhaps, than then. It was this, that although the British army might well hope to capture and hold important points, especially on the American seaboard, and although it might anticipate defeating the American army in pitched battle, yet it could not hope to occupy permanently by detachments any large section of the country so long as Washington and his gallant little army of patriots remained in the field.

There was, perhaps, only one stretch of American country, apart from the chief towns, that the British might hope to hold. And that was the great natural waterway that ran north from New York through Albany, Saratoga, Lake George, and Lake Champlain to Canada. The north had remained faithful to England, the American expeditions against it had failed, and now, in 1777, the British ministry prepared to deal the revolted colonies a blow from that quarter. Burgoyne operating from Canada, Howe from New York, were to join hands at Albany and get control of the long line from New York to Montreal that would cut off New England from the Middle and Southern States. On the map the plan looked well, in practice it fortunately proved impossible of execution.

One of the numerous difficulties inherent to this scheme for the combined action of the two British armies was that of communication. Instructions from London were always weeks, and sometimes months, reaching New York. Information from Canada was equally uncertain. And so Howe was never quite clear when to act. He had no great faith in the Hudson River plan. He was anxious to settle accounts with Washington, and he thought the war as likely to be terminated by the defeat of that general or the capture of Philadelphia as by a march on Albany. The game of strategy that resulted between Howe and Washington was extremely keen.

At Morristown the American general was within reach of the Hudson should Howe move north, he was close enough to New York to threaten that city should Howe leave it unprotected, and he was on the flank of the line —Amboy, Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton—that led from New York Bay across the Delaware to Philadelphia. Howe felt the strength of this position and was anxious to lure Washington into a battle that should decide the issue. In June he massed about 15,000 men at Brunswick and moved as though to cross the Delaware. Washington, "the old fox," as the British officers called him, was too wary to be trapped. He read the signs aright, and concluded that if Howe was really intending to march on Philadelphia his transport would be larger than it actually was. Besides this he did not believe his opponent would attempt such a move so long as the American army remained on his flank and rear. Washington therefore made no attempt to interpose and defend the line of the Delaware as Howe had hoped, and his judgment was quickly justified, for Howe, after manœuvring for a few days, fell back to New York Bay. During the retreat Washington pressed his rear-guard severely and, but for the miscarriage of an order, might possibly have cut it off.

Soon after this unsuccessful demonstration Howe began placing his troops on board ship, and Washington's perplexity became very great. Burgoyne was making steady progress in the region of Lake Champlain, and Washington, though not in the British secret, read clearly enough that Albany should be, sooner or later, Howe's objective. His ships might carry the troops some way up the Hudson, or again they might sail around from Sandy Hook to the Delaware and, with favorable winds, be near Philadelphia within comparatively few hours. Which was it to be? Washington long supposed it must be Albany, and even got Lord Stirling's division across the Hudson as an advance-

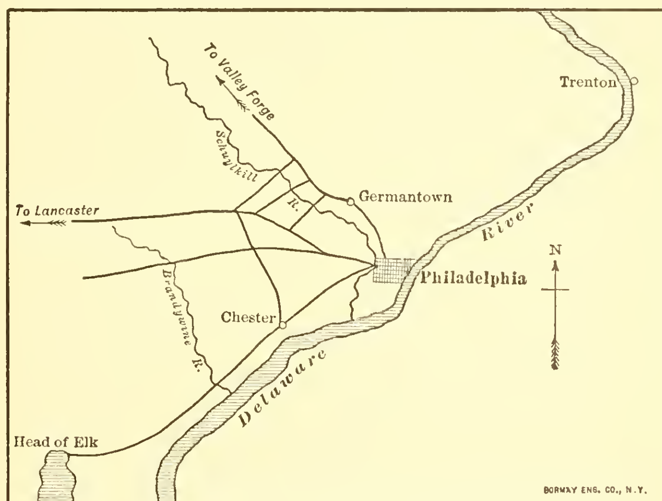
guard. But on the 23d of July news came that the British fleet had put to sea. Instantly the American army was started for Philadelphia.

Washington's move proved correct. Howe was bound for the city then regarded as the American capital; but he had not worked out the details of the operation closely enough to secure immediate success. The Delaware, by which the enemy sought to approach the city, had been well fortified and offered little depth of water. The fleet could not force a passage, and so the army, after much delay, had to be carried around to the Chesapeake, eventually disembarking at Elk River on the 25th of August. Howe was now fifty-four miles southwest of Philadelphia and Washington's army was in his front prepared to oppose his advance. During the preceding month the Americans had executed more than one march and countermarch as conflicting reports of the British movements came in. But Washington was always in a position to interpose his army, and was now ready to accept battle to defend Philadelphia.

The situation in its broad outlines was as follows: the direct road from Elk River to Philadelphia followed the western bank of the Delaware. It was cut at intervals by streams, the last of which, the Schuylkill, was of considerable size. In August, however, with water low, there were many passable fords, and by operating a little inland, that is up-stream from the confluence of these streams with the Delaware, there was no very great obstacle to the advance of an army. Washington's strategy was very simple. It was merely to defend the line of these streams as against a direct advance, taking up the strongest position he could find. With this object in view he first disposed the army along Red Clay Creek near Newport.

Howe advanced, made demonstrations in Washington's front, and began a movement by the left flank to turn the American position to the north. Washington was on

the alert, however, and, in the night of the 8th to the 9th of September, slipped away and fell back a few miles to the Brandywine, where the army went into position about Chadd's Ford, rather more than 20 miles from Philadelphia. There were a number of other fords upstream, and Washington apparently gave personal instructions for watching these, but also left it somewhat to General Sullivan, commanding the right wing, to take proper precautions in that direction. The precau-



OPERATIONS ABOUT PHILADELPHIA

tions of both generals proved insufficient, and in their breakdown one may see less their individual failure than the inherent weakness of an army lacking not only a properly trained and organized staff but also light cavalry commanders accustomed to the duties of reconnaissance and flank protection. On the morning of the 10th of September Howe had his troops concentrated a few miles west of the Brandywine. He now proceeded to execute the same sort of movement that he had attempted two days earlier

at Newport. With complete confidence in the ability of his troops to defeat the Americans in the open field, he left Knyphausen with a weak division to march on Chadd's Ford, while he took Cornwallis with the rest of the army on a long flank march that was intended to lead them to Washington's right wing and rear. Howe's flank march, it should be observed, was in both cases to the north; in other words, his object was to drive the American army down towards the Delaware and Schuylkill, where he might hope to force it into a perilous position.

On the 10th of September was fought the battle of Brandywine. Knyphausen demonstrated in front of Chadd's Ford. Washington first awaited the development of the attack; then conflicting reports began to come in as to British movements up-stream. At last, after an incredibly rapid march and skilful deployment, Howe was reported advancing behind Sullivan's line. The British attack was almost a surprise. The American right wing was hurriedly thrown back to meet the onset, but was almost immediately broken and driven from its positions. Greene brought up the reserve to cover the rout, and succeeded in checking the British long enough for Washington to withdraw the centre and left from the Brandywine. Brave efforts succeeded in extricating the army from impending catastrophe, but for five miles or so the retreat of the American army, save for a few steady battalions, was more hurried than dignified.

Although defeated, Washington had saved his army. Firm as ever in purpose, he was still resolved to save Philadelphia, but his plans now took somewhat different shape. The two greatest soldiers of the day, Frederick and Saxe, were agreed that the best troops in the world restricting themselves to fighting behind intrenchments must in the end be beaten. Washington's were not the best troops in the world, but they had more than once been set the passive task of holding intrenchments. Washington's experience at Trenton

and Princeton pointed the same lesson that the greatest masters of the art of war taught. It was very questionable whether the sound way to prevent Howe's taking Philadelphia was to fortify positions in his path and await his onslaught. Might it not be better to take advantage of the patriotic ardor and good marksmanship of the American soldier, and attempt offensive instead of defensive operations? Whatever Washington's train of reasoning may have been, this in fact was what he decided to do.

From the Brandywine the American army fell back to the Schuylkill, crossed that river, marched through Philadelphia and went into camp at Germantown, 6 miles beyond. The troops were given just enough rest to recover from their late misadventure, and on the 15th of September Washington recrossed the Schuylkill at Swede's Ford, nearly 20 miles north of Philadelphia, and assumed the offensive. Washington's plan was this. Howe, with all his ability, had a fault common to many eighteenth-century generals: he was overmethodical. He was apt to be slow both in preparing a movement and in improving a victory. Bonaparte would have pressed on immediately after Brandywine, would have occupied Philadelphia, and perhaps broken up the defeated army within twenty-four hours. Not so Howe. He must restore his army to machine-like working order before advancing farther. He had wasted many hours in this way and was now cautiously feeling his way towards the Schuylkill and Philadelphia.

The British army was in two divisions. The right was about Chester, marching towards the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill. The left was some miles north, out of supporting distance, advancing towards the fords above Philadelphia. Washington had left sufficient militia under General Armstrong to guard the lower fords of the Schuylkill against the British right, and he intended with his massed army to throw himself on the British left. Nothing

could have been sounder in theory, though with an army so loosely disciplined as his it is idle to speculate as to what were the chances of success. To say that they were not inconsiderable is all that is permissible, for the elements intervened and prevented Washington's engaging the enemy. On the first intimation of the American movement Howe drew his threatened left wing together with great promptness, and, eager as always to accept battle, decided to oppose Washington even with much inferior numbers. On the 16th the two armies came into contact on the Lancaster road. Washington had succeeded in completing his ammunition to forty rounds a man, and his disappointment may be imagined when just at this moment a severe rainstorm broke and at a stroke disarmed his troops. To face the British now was impossible; retreat only was left, and on the 17th the American army once more crossed the Schuylkill, but so far above the city as to leave it at Howe's mercy. The British general promptly seized his opportunity. His divisions now closed in towards one another, crossed the Schuylkill between Philadelphia and Washington's camp, and while some of the British commands occupied the city, others observed and held in check the American army.

Washington, however, was not yet disheartened by the continued misfortunes of the campaign. At the Brandywine he had been surprised; on the Lancaster road natural forces had robbed him of his opportunity. But his army was still numerous, his subordinates still loyal, and he soon resolved on a new effort to drive the British from Philadelphia.

Howe, like Washington before him, fixed his main camp and headquarters at the little village of Germantown. Washington decided to surprise him by using a dangerous expedient to which he was much addicted, a night march. Now night marches are delicate operations in the course of which errors and confusion generally arise. Even at

Trenton, where success attended him, Washington could only deliver his attack at 8 A.M. instead of three hours earlier, a somewhat different matter on a December morning. At Germantown, on the 4th of October, his arrangements turned out even worse.

Howe was not altogether surprised. His outposts were well thrown out, and he appears to have had word that a forward move on the part of the American army was to be expected. Added to this, a fog arose, a circumstance more unfavorable to the assailants than to the assailed, and in the fog Greene with a division of three brigades lost his way. The attack, however, was delivered with great vigor. The British outposts and their supports were driven some distance and only the admirable steadiness of Howe's infantry under very trying conditions finally checked the American advance. Confusion, the fatigue of a long night march, the well-disciplined volleys of the Hessians and British, persuaded the patriot ranks there was nothing more to be accomplished, whereupon a sudden movement of retreat set in not altogether creditable to the troops. Yet even if complete success had not been achieved enough had been done to show that the British had acquired, in Philadelphia, less a base for future operations than a convenient station to shelter their troops for the winter; they held the city not as a base for attacking Washington, but only until Washington should be able to drive them from it.

After Germantown Washington retired a few miles to the north and went into winter quarters at Valley Forge. This was a very well-chosen strategic position, but one in which it appeared almost impossible to supply the army. The camp could be easily fortified and made impregnable; it was within two marches of Philadelphia; it commanded many of the roads over which the city might draw provisions.

It was just at this moment that was formed a party among

members of Congress and ambitious generals whose aim was to effect a change of commander-in-chief. It was not surprising that after Washington's unsuccessful campaign, after Congress had been driven from Philadelphia, some of its members should feel dissatisfied with their general. And this dissatisfaction was all the more accentuated by the fact that, only a few weeks before, General Gates, in command of the northern army, had won the first conspicuous success of the war, receiving the surrender of Sir John Burgoyne with over 5000 men near Saratoga on the 17th of October. Gates was really a man of mediocre attainments, his success at Saratoga being far more due to others—Schuyler, Stark, Arnold—than to himself, but the public had not yet gauged his deficiencies and Congress was persuaded to appoint him president of a Board of War that was to have supreme control of operations.

That was unmistakably a setback for Washington. But Conway's Cabal, as it was called from General Conway its prime mover, tried to move a step farther. Strong hopes then existed, hopes realized a few months later, that France would recognize the independence of the United States and enter into alliance with them. Since the beginning of the war there had been a number of Frenchmen in the American forces,—Conway himself had served in the French army,—though they were mostly adventurers, pretentious and of little service. But in the summer of 1777, at a moment when Frenchmen were viewed with anything but favor, there arrived a small band of French officers, two of whom, the Marquis de Lafayette and Baron de Kalb, were destined to earn very honorable distinction fighting for the American cause.

De Kalb was a veteran, a highly trained professional soldier capable of rendering, as he did, eminent service in the field. Lafayette was only a boy, but his rank was conspicuous, and his departure from Paris to join the American army had

caused something of a sensation. Lafayette had, however, more than rank to recommend him. He was confessedly ambitious yet unmistakably modest; his bravery had been amply demonstrated at his first battle, the Brandywine; he had shown spirit, tact, loyalty, military aptitude, and, from the moment they met, he and Washington had become fast friends. In a few weeks from his arrival at the American headquarters the young French officer had conquered for himself a position of exceptional influence, and now that the intervention of France in the conflict was being eagerly anticipated he became, in a sense, the unofficial representative of his country. Therefore to detach him from Washington became a pressing object with Conway's Cabal.

But Lafayette was true to the leader whom he declared on his first acquaintance and in the hour of defeat to be the only man who could steer the American revolt to victory. That intense admiration, that veneration, which made Lafayette repel the insidious advances of Conway, was too wide-spread to allow a cabal of ambitious intriguers to jeopardize the fortunes of America. Hardly one of Washington's generals, hardly one of his soldiers, faltered in his trust and love for his chief. The country at large maintained its belief in him unshaken, and before many weeks had passed Conway's Cabal weakened and died out.

Washington displayed his greatness of soul conspicuously during the winter of 1777–78. His treatment of Conway's Cabal was wise and magnanimous. He made not the least demur when Congress, exercising its undoubted prerogative, placed Gates and the Board of War over him, but when it came to questions affecting the conduct of the operations of his army he exercised his judgment freely and even directly in opposition to the wishes of Congress. He went, and rightly, into quarters at Valley Forge, notwithstanding loud clamors that he should attack Philadelphia, and there his troops entered on a period of suffering such as no Ameri-

can army has since known.* His attitude at this moment is stated by Washington himself in the admirably direct and simple words of a letter he addressed to one of the most trusted of his subordinates, Nathaniel Greene. "Our situation . . . is distressing," he wrote on the 26th of November, "from . . . the impracticability of answering the expectations of the world without running hazards which no military principles can justify, and which, in case of failure, might prove the ruin of our cause; patience and a steady perseverance in such measures as appear warranted by sound reason and policy must support us under the censure of the one, and dictate a proper line of conduct for the attainment of the other; that is the great object in view."

Washington took up his position at Valley Forge and retained it from the middle of December to early summer, notwithstanding the outcry of most of his officers and men that to keep the army in a country swept bare of supplies instead of dispersing it into convenient cantonments meant destruction. If Washington clung firmly to his purpose of wintering at Valley Forge, it was because of his determination at all costs to retain the superior moral position implied by the offensive. From Valley Forge he threatened Philadelphia, he could cut off its supplies, he placed Howe on the defensive. So long as the American army maintained its position there British success remained in question. And yet Washington's iron-hearted and right resolve to keep the offensive at all hazards came near destroying the patriot army.

In the earliest part of that terrible winter, two days before Christmas, nearly one-half of Washington's 8000 men were barefooted, many were shirtless, over one-half had tasted no

* Probably the hardships endured by the Army of Northern Virginia during the winter of 1863–64 and of 1864–65 most nearly approximate to those of Washington's army at Valley Forge.

meat for seven days, and the commissariat had no food save 25 barrels of flour. Starving men make revolutions, and Washington's soldiers, small wonder, were now at mutiny-point. The utmost exertions of their officers brought the troops through the ordeal successfully, but Washington's correspondence shows that even his extraordinarily calm and generous spirit had been ruffled by the strain. Yet it must not be thought that the winter at Valley Forge, as too often represented, was the darkest hour of the American cause. Far from it. There was merely a question of food-supply; an awful question, but not one of moral or military power. And the Continental army gained from Valley Forge not only strategically, but in tactical efficiency.

There is no evidence that Washington was a tactician, in the sense of an innovator in minor tactics.* Such immense labor was thrown on his shoulders by the lack of organization of the army and government that it is not to be wondered that he found no time to devote to the tactical state of his quickly fleeting battalions. Valley Forge he viewed as an opportunity for army organization, and fortune favored by sending a foreign volunteer to him at this moment, specially fitted to impart tactical efficiency and unity to the army.

Baron Steuben, who joined Washington at Valley Forge, was a lieutenant-general and aide-de-camp of Frederick the Great. A stronger certificate of military attainment no man could hold, as he very quickly proved. As Inspector-General of the army he introduced uniform infantry tactics, taught colonels to manœuvre a battalion, and generals a brigade. Steuben was as indefatigable as he was skilful; he showed elasticity and a comprehension of the special needs of a patriot and republican army; he was appreciated

* A subject of some interest, however, would be a study of Washington's employment of militia alongside of regular troops, their special value as skirmishers, split up into very small commands, etc.

by his fellow generals; his services were highly commended by Washington. What he accomplished as drillmaster was matched by what Greene accomplished as quartermaster, and it was with increased numbers and much-increased efficiency that the American army prepared to open the campaign of 1778.

If Great Britain was unsuccessful in the war of the American revolution, the blame is not to be imputed to her soldiers. The rank and file were admirably led, and fought superbly. The generals, Howe, Clinton, Cornwallis, Burgoyne, were all men of courage and capacity who, though not the equals of Washington, knew their business thoroughly. But so universal is the ignorance of military affairs among civilians that even the best general in the world must expect to find public support measured by the only test of the uneducated, the uncritical, and the vulgar—success. By that test Howe had not accomplished as much as was hoped, and as a result the chief command of the British army in America was transferred to Sir Henry Clinton on the 9th of April, 1778.

There was a greater change in the relative position of the antagonists, however, than that represented by Clinton superseding Howe. Four weeks later a grand review was held at Valley Forge, managed by Steuben to the general satisfaction, to celebrate the conclusion of an armed alliance between His Most Christian Majesty Louis XVI. and the independent and united States of North America. In camp there was parade, running fire of musketry, and rejoicing; in the mind of the commander-in-chief there was anxious scrutiny to perceive the military bearing of this new development.

One thing was plain enough. Clinton's army of 10,000 men was not secure in Philadelphia. Supplies were difficult to obtain. Detachments could not safely be ventured far. The prospect of reinforcements was dim, because the war

with France meant the presence of hostile fleets at sea, fleets that might intercept troop-ships, or that might even blockade the Delaware, Clinton's only easy line of communications. Under these circumstances he was bound, as Washington readily guessed, to move from Philadelphia, and when, on the 18th of June, news reached Valley Forge that the British had evacuated the city in the early morning, he was ready to act. Five American brigades were out of camp and on the march within four hours.

There was little choice of route for Clinton. New York was the only point he could make for, and there were only two ways of getting there, by sea and by land. The sea route was safe in 1777, dangerous in 1778. It was known that a powerful French fleet was in the Atlantic, and Clinton decided to attempt the march across New Jersey which Howe would not risk the year before. He might, however, have sent his heavy baggage by sea; he chose rather to take it with the army, and so saddled himself with a train 12 miles long. This decision came near costing the British army dear.

On hearing that Clinton had left Philadelphia, Washington ordered his army forward in the direction of New York. His position now was the converse of what it had been twelve months earlier. Then, from the vicinity of Morristown, he was on the flank of the line through the Jerseys which Howe must follow to get from New York Bay to Philadelphia, Howe had marched towards the Delaware, light of baggage, and had manœuvred to draw Washington into a pitched battle. He failed in this, but declined the long flank march with the American army so near. Now, Clinton, with his 12 miles of baggage, was merely anxious to get across to New York Bay without fighting, and Washington intended operating exactly as he would have in 1777 had Howe attempted the march to Philadelphia.

From Valley Forge the American army advanced with

as great celerity as the exceptionally hot and rainy weather would permit, so as to gain Clinton's flank. In his front General Dickinson, with the New Jersey militia and a few Continental troops, was burning bridges, damming streams, blocking roads, and in every possible way delaying the British advance. The Americans to the north and on parallel roads rapidly outmarched the British. On the 21st, just before crossing the Delaware above Trenton, Washington called a council of war.

The council of war assembled by Washington on the 21st of June, 1778, has especial interest, for two reasons. In the first place it illustrates admirably Washington's somewhat curious attitude towards his councils, and how little it was for the sake of shifting responsibility that he called them. Here he was, at the evening of the third day of a forced march, still pressing on towards the flank of the enemy, carrying out a long-matured strategic design of which Howe had twelve months earlier certified the excellence; and now, on calling his officers together, they agreed, Lafayette and one or two others dissenting, that to attack the enemy would be imprudent. Though we have no positive evidence one way or the other, it will be safe to dismiss the idea that Washington was influenced in the very least by this timid decision, and at all events the rapid movement of the army towards Clinton's line of march was not for an instant relaxed.

The vote of the council had been carried by General Charles Lee. This officer, taken prisoner in December, 1776, and exchanged just before the operations of 1778 opened, had proved a capable and dashing regimental commander in the British army some years before. His ambitious and treacherous character, his headstrong temper, made him unsuited to larger commands. Inspired by doubtful motives, he urged so cleverly and so strongly that Clinton should not be attacked that the council was won

to this opinion. And so it happened that whereas Greene, Stirling, de Kalb, Lafayette, responded loyally to the order of the general-in-chief though his object was precisely contrary to the opinion of the council, Lee clung obstinately to his view, disobeyed orders, and finally threw away deliberately the opportunity which Washington had so long, so patiently, and so ably worked for.

At Monmouth Court-house, early on the 29th of June, the American van caught up Clinton's column. On the night before the advance-guard, a division of 5000 picked men under Lee, camped within 3 miles of the British, and the main part of the army under Washington was only a few miles in the rear. Orders of the most explicit character were issued to attack the enemy as soon as they should get on the march. The commander-in-chief's intentions were as plain as noonday. Clinton's long column would in due course set out on its journey the following morning. If attacked vigorously by Lee's command just as the day's march was beginning it was more than probable that some part of the rear of the column would be cut off. If Clinton succeeded in drawing back and deploying a considerable part of his 8000 men, Lee should, at the worst, be able to hold them long enough for Washington to get up to his support. In furtherance of this general idea Washington got his part of the army out of camp early; the men marched in light order, leaving all baggage behind; Greene's division was detached to the right for a flanking move that might, had Lee done his duty, have had far-reaching consequences.

But Lee did not do his duty. His troops were full of ardor, and his subordinates, notably Wayne and Lafayette, strove hard to carry out Washington's intentions. Detachments were marched here and there. Lee refused to give orders, or gave such as withdrew the troops from the enemy, and finally, having given Clinton time to get his train well on

its way and to turn back his best battalions and form a line of battle, orders were given for a general retreat. In sullen disgust regiments that had done no fighting fell back in obedience to orders. Clinton pressed forward his lines of grenadiers and light infantry, and the retreating troops, blocking the roads, were soon in some confusion. It was at this moment that Washington, riding in advance of Stirling's division, reached the scene of action. He met Lee, with whom he exchanged a few words, indignant, yet, as ever, dignified and restrained. Lee rode to the rear, never again to exercise command, while Washington set to work to retrieve a threatening disaster.

The situation was serious. Close behind the van, now streaming backwards, were the enemy's battalions advancing unchecked. The road beyond was filled with the main American column marching forward. There was the most instant danger of a general confusion and rout of the whole army should the two currents meet while under the enemy's fire. Washington was never more prompt, more resourceful, a greater soldier, than on this occasion. The retreating troops had not been defeated, only mishandled. The general rode among them, rapidly inspired them with courage, succeeded at once in throwing two regiments in line right and left of the road. Stirling's troops filed off at the double to the left, their artillery finding an admirable position. Soon a line of battle was improvised and the roar of musketry and cannonade arose. Greene heard the sound, and, promptly changing his line of march, came up on the right.

There appears to be a general agreement among eyewitnesses that Washington never appeared to better advantage than at this difficult moment. Not only was the battle restored, but the army so placed as to check the British advance completely. Clinton was much outnumbered; he had covered the march of his train so that he could now

count on its reaching Sandy Hook safely; he maintained his ground till evening, and at midnight he silently and swiftly moved away. He had fought a successful rear-guard action; and yet the impression produced had been highly favorable to the American cause. Washington had clearly been within measurable distance of a considerable success; the Continental troops had shown discipline and steadiness far greater than ever before; and, most important of all, the offensive now was unmistakably with Washington and the British army was little more than the garrison of New York, capable at most of an occasional incursion into the neighboring country.

The direct consequences of the affair at Monmouth were not otherwise momentous. Lee was tried by a court martial, over which the Earl of Stirling presided, for disobedience, misconduct, and insolence to the commander-in-chief. He was found guilty on all counts, and was suspended from command. He had clearly shown his incapacity for handling large bodies of troops, and, for that reason alone, the army was well rid of him. Clinton was not followed. He had not many miles to march from Monmouth to get in touch with the fleet, and the country he had to pass through was highly favorable for defence. Under these circumstances Washington made no attempt at pursuit, but directed the march of his army to the Hudson.

The Americans were now back in much the same situation as a year earlier, when Howe had left New York for Philadelphia. But prospects were brighter. The tide of war had turned and British success was now fast ebbing. The army had shown to advantage in the field; Clinton was reduced to garrisoning New York, and French assistance was known to be on the way. A combined French and American attack on New York was a clear possibility, and such an enterprise successfully concluded would probably terminate the war. It proved, however, that Great

Britain was to continue the struggle for three more years, but during those years Washington's army remained unquestionably the decisive factor in the situation and was not once seriously threatened.

This second stage of the war, now opening, had the following main features. Great Britain, engaged in a European conflict, could not increase her army in America to such a total as would, in the opinion of men like Howe, Carleton, and Amherst, give her a prospect of subduing the revolt. The force she maintained there was sufficient to garrison New York and to operate near the seaboard at one or two other points. Furthermore the British army depended for its supplies and communications on the sea. But the sea was now in dispute, and here lay Washington's opportunity. If the French fleet could hold the sea at any point where the British army was operating, at New York or elsewhere, he would at once concentrate the chief effort of the American arms at that point. The general principle was plain, but three years were to pass before it could be successfully applied.

Just before Washington fixed his headquarters once more at White Plains, on the 8th of July, Admiral Count d'Estaing with twelve sail of the line and four frigates made the Capes of the Delaware. Operations were soon concerted between him and Washington. A small British force held Newport, the capital of Rhode Island. D'Estaing agreed to blockade the town by sea and Washington detached troops from his army so that it could be effectively besieged by land. The operations at Newport were not destined to prove successful, however, and only one incident connected with them requires mention here. The French and American officers, as frequently happens with allies, especially in misfortune, grew quarrelsome. Recriminations arose, and the Americans proclaimed loudly that d'Estaing had failed to play his part and had robbed them of success. Washington rose higher than

these petty disputes. His attitude towards France remained immovably correct, courteous, grateful, yet independent. He realized the full value of foreign aid, and by his admirable stanchness and elevation of character soon won for himself a position in European opinion that led to important consequences. For the moment, however, French aid had proved unavailing, and no event of note marked Washington's observation of New York. He still watched the city and the main British army from the Highlands of the Hudson, and there in fact more or less remained from the time of the battle of Monmouth until, three years later, he marched to Yorktown and the final victory.

During this long period the struggle was a deadlock, Clinton unable to drive his adversary from the Hudson, Washington unable to raise sufficient forces, or to secure French cooperation, for an attack on New York. It appeared demonstrated that Great Britain could not reconquer her colonies, and equally demonstrated that she could not be driven from the American continent. But to Great Britain the struggle in America was essentially an incident; her resources, her credit, her supply of money remained practically unimpaired. It was far otherwise with the United States. More than once the army dwindled nearly to vanishing-point. No food, no money, no uniforms, no shoes, were the constant cries of the American soldiers. To be a major-general in the Continental line was to take up a life of denial and pain and not one of emoluments and reward. Under this strain and in the stagnation of military operations, the new-made patriotism of the Americans often faltered. Recruits were hard to find, and many in all cl sses of the community remembered too easily that up to a few months before they had been the loyal subjects of George III. Among these persons the most conspicuous was Major-General Arnold.

Benedict Arnold was a brilliant soldier. Washington had,

from the time of the siege of Boston, repeatedly shown the highest appreciation of his services. He was more than once specially selected by the commander-in-chief for important duty. He had greatly distinguished himself under Gates fighting Burgoyne. But, unlike his great leader, his personal character was not of a piece with his military attainments. Arnold was placed by Washington in command of the strategic pivot of his operations on the Hudson under the following circumstances. As we have seen, Washington was observing New York from the Highlands. In other words, he had taken up a position just north of the city that secured the communications of New England with Philadelphia. This position was one of great natural strength. The Highlands of the river Hudson are too familiar to American readers to require description. Suffice it to say that Washington chose West Point as his central post and began fortifying it even before he left Valley Forge.

A few miles below West Point the Hudson narrows to a small strait between Verplanck's Point on the east and Stony Point on the west. These were outposts of the American army, slightly fortified, and Clinton, in the summer of 1779, decided to attack them. The expedition, supported by a powerful fleet, was successful, and the British proceeded to erect two considerable forts there as a standing menace to West Point above. Washington replied to Clinton's move. A few weeks later General Wayne with a picked body of light infantry surprised Stony Point, stormed and captured it at the point of the bayonet. Prisoners, artillery, munitions of war, colors, rewarded the victors, but Washington decided not to hold the position. He staked the security of the army and of the country on West Point. In the summer of 1780, feeling some uneasiness as to the capacity of the general officer then in command, he had him transferred to a less important post and replaced him by Benedict Arnold.

Washington had no reason to suspect Arnold, and yet it must be said that he shared with Robert Lee what is in a gentleman a virtue, in a soldier sometimes a failing. He was wont to assume that his officers would act up to the same standard as his own, and often showed forbearance with them when a sterner measure was necessary. Washington and Charles Lee before Monmouth, suggest Robert Lee and Longstreet at Gettysburg; it is more than probable that neither Stonewall Jackson nor Philip Sheridan in the same position as Washington or Lee would have treated his subordinate with as much confidence and forbearance. Be this as it may, Washington was profoundly mistaken in his man; Arnold was a traitor. He had been bought for money by Clinton. He prepared to deliver West Point to the British. Fortunately the plot exploded prematurely.

On the 23d of September one of the principal officers of the British army, Major André, Clinton's adjutant-general, was captured within the American lines in civilian dress. He had seen Arnold the night before, and in his boots were found papers proving Arnold's guilt beyond question. By the folly of a subordinate officer the first news of André's capture reached Arnold and, without a moment's delay, he took boat and escaped down the river to the British. Washington had been absent from the army a few days, but happened to return just at the moment of Arnold's escape. He made an attempt to intercept the traitor's flight, but failing in this, decided that André must pay the penalty exacted by the laws of war. Clinton made every appeal, every effort, to save his unfortunate officer; in vain. All he succeeded in obtaining was an intimation that André could be exchanged for Arnold. This Clinton could, of course, not consent to, and at that point negotiations stopped.

From the first Washington was determined to hang André. A stroke of severity was most necessary at the moment; ill-timed weakness might have fatal consequences; and so the

British chief of staff was sent before a board of general officers. The facts were patent; André admitted them; he was sentenced to be hanged as a spy. In vain he begged to be spared the ignominy of the rope and to die a soldier's death facing levelled muskets. But Washington was inexorable. He was merely the instrument of the law; he joined the universal regret at André's fate; but his duty to the United States forbade clemency. He confirmed the sentence, and on the 2d of October André was hanged.

Washington was absent from the army just before André's arrest. Such a thing was nearly unprecedented, and it was only a reason of the utmost urgency that could draw him away from his command. His absence on this occasion was for the most important object of conferring with General Rochambeau, commander of a corps of French troops recently landed at Newport. American diplomacy had secured French help, but it is worthy of special remark, in a military biography, that the armed assistance rendered by France to the United States was marked by unusual features. Joint action by allied armies is apt to result in discord and jealousy. The French, however,—Louis XVI., his ministers, his generals, and his admirals,—all vied with one another in their efforts to be of real assistance to the Americans. In this respect Rochambeau deserves the most favorable mention; he was not only a good soldier, but a gentleman, loyal, tactful, and determined to work for the success of the cause rather than for his own. Another point that needs emphasis is the fact that the instructions handed to Rochambeau placed him under the orders of Washington. This was an extraordinary tribute to the genius and character of the American leader, and although he used the power thus conferred on him with the utmost restraint, yet it speaks well for the French officers with their well-appointed regiments that they should have unquestioningly accepted the position. There are few more pleasing features of the War of Independence than the

history of the loyal cooperation of Rochambeau and Washington.

The little French corps, about 4000 effective men, had reached America in July, 1780, preceded a few weeks earlier by Lafayette. This young nobleman had crossed to France the year before, had been very active in promoting the American cause there, and was greeted with much enthusiasm on his return. Washington, with French cooperation once more possible, turned at once to his favorite plan for an attack on New York. But once more circumstances were against it. Rochambeau was bound to afford protection to the French fleet on which he had crossed the Atlantic, and that was soon blockaded in Newport. The British admirals, following their favorite strategy, were holding the French fleets beleaguered in port, and unfortunately, so Washington wrote to Franklin, naval superiority was the pivot on which everything turned. Let the French control the sea for a few days only, and British power in America might be dealt a fatal blow.

For the moment Rochambeau must protect his fleet at Newport, and Clinton held New York too strongly. Meanwhile the British, while still holding New York in sufficient force, had been making great progress with a detached corps in the South, where Cornwallis, after defeating Gates at Camden in August, 1780, was virtually in control of Georgia and South Carolina. Gates was suspended, and Greene, on Washington's selection, was sent to command in the South. Lafayette also left headquarters on detached duty to oppose a small British corps operating in Virginia under Arnold, and Washington's main army was so reduced in numbers that he declared that he had little more with him than a garrison for West Point.

The year 1781 opened inauspiciously. On the 1st of January the Pennsylvania line mutinied. The corps was non-American, being made up largely of Germans and deserters,

and its officers were poor disciplinarians. But the fundamental reasons for the mutiny applied to the army at large. They may best be stated in Washington's own words taken from a circular he wrote on this occasion to the governors of the New England States.

"HEADQUARTERS NEW WINDSOR, 5 January, 1781.

"SIR, It is with extreme anxiety and pain of mind I find myself constrained to inform you that the event I have long apprehended would be the consequence of the complicated distresses of the Army, has at length taken place.—On the night of the 1st instant, a mutiny was excited by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Pennsylvania line which soon became so universal as to defy all opposition. . . . At what point this defection will stop, or how extensive it may prove, God only knows; at present the troops at the important posts in this vicinity remain quiet, not being acquainted with this unhappy and alarming affair. How long they will continue so cannot be ascertained. . . .

"The aggravated calamities and distresses that have resulted from the total want of pay for nearly twelve months, the want of clothing at a severe season, and not unfrequently the want of provisions, are beyond description. . . . I give it decidedly as my opinion that it is vain to think an army can be kept together much longer under such a variety of sufferings as ours has experienced, and that unless some immediate and spirited measures are adopted . . . the worst that can befall us may be expected. . . ."

And Lafayette wrote to his wife: "Human patience has its limits. No European army would suffer the tenth part of what the Americans suffer. It takes citizens to support hunger, nakedness, toil, and the total want of pay, which constitute the condition of our soldiers, the hardiest and most patient that are to be found in the world."

The mutineers were soon out of Washington's reach, for he dared not leave the rest of the army. They marched on Philadelphia, closely followed by the fearless Wayne, their

divisional commander. A committee of Congress met them near the Delaware, negotiated with them, and compacted an arrangement of which the practical effect was that nearly the whole of the Pennsylvania line secured a discharge from service. Washington was much distressed at this occurrence. He feared that the weakness of Congress would encourage more mutiny, and when, a few weeks later, Wayne put down a rising in the New Jersey line by having every leader shot down or bayoneted on the spot he earned the warmest praise Washington could give.

The spring of 1781 brought important developments. The French Court, yielding to the pressing solicitations of the American envoys and of Lafayette, sent over a large sum of money to be employed at the discretion of Washington. This was indeed the most decisive step that could be taken. There was patriotism, there was heroism enough in the American ranks to earn success, but when, as in the Southern army, men appeared in the ranks with only a strip of blanket for a loin-cloth, when there was neither food nor pay, how could human nature stand the strain? French gold removed the worst of Washington's embarrassment; their commanders soon brought him further aid. The French fleet at Newport was, on Washington's advice, moved to Boston, a port in which it was secure from British attack. Rochambeau now felt at liberty to undertake active operations, and, after a conference with Washington, agreed to march to the Hudson, there to unite with the American army in an attack on New York, Washington's constant objective.

At the back of the Franco-American concentration against New York lay the really decisive factor in the whole situation. A powerful fleet of nearly thirty line-of-battle ships under the Count de Grasse was in the Atlantic making its way to the West Indies. But Washington, Rochambeau, Lafayette, and a few other persons knew that the French

attack on the West Indies was little more than a diversion, and that the real objective of this powerful armament was the British army in America. At some time during the summer it would appear, with a reinforcement of 3000 or 4000 infantry, off the coast of the United States, and then, as all the generals equally realized, the opportunity for a great stroke would have arrived. Washington hoped that the blow might be struck at New York, the most decisive point. In the meanwhile Rochambeau directed Grasse that the best landfall for him to make, with a view to quick communication with Philadelphia and headquarters, was the Chesapeake.

While Rochambeau marched to the Hudson to join Washington, while Grasse operated in the West Indies and thence sailed northward, an important change was taking place in the Southern States. Greene, who had succeeded Gates, although his means were scanty, had made some headway. Cornwallis decided to shift the theatre of war farther north, and invaded Virginia. On this new ground he was opposed by a small corps under Lafayette, and after much manœuvring, in the course of which he failed to bring the Americans to a general engagement, he decided to abandon all efforts at holding the central parts of the State. The British general now had several courses open to him. He could, brushing Lafayette aside, march north through Maryland and effect a junction with Clinton; but Washington would probably attack him on the Delaware or in New Jersey, and the risk was obviously great. Again, he might retrace his steps and return to reinforce Lord Rawdon in the South. Or again he might make his way to a port and there embark for New York. The course he chose was to march down the long promontory between the York and James rivers, and there, on orders from Clinton, he intrenched himself at Yorktown. He had with him a little more than 7000 men.

Yorktown, on the York River, is in Chesapeake Bay.

Cornwallis took up his position there on the 1st of August, and on the 30th of that month the French fleet under Grasse arrived at the same point. The arrival of the French fleet had been preceded by dispatches which made it appear very doubtful whether Grasse could be persuaded to attempt to force his way into New York Bay, and moreover, just at the precise moment when news of his arrival at the Chesapeake with the largest fleet ever assembled in American waters was momentarily expected, came the intelligence that Cornwallis had established himself at Yorktown. The same thought, an obvious one, occurred to Washington, to Rochambeau, to Lafayette, that the best move was to concentrate every effort by sea and by land on Cornwallis. The British generals had so long assumed that the sea was at their command that they had for a moment overlooked the possibility of the enemy's controlling it.

On the day that Grasse reached the Chesapeake Washington, with the allied army not many miles behind, reached Philadelphia. The march from New York had been marked by the utmost secrecy and celerity. The most elaborate deceptions were practised on Clinton to persuade him into the belief that New York was the objective of the allied army. And Washington, deeply versed in the ways of spies, took care to deceive even his own generals and troops as long as possible. When at last the movement could no longer be concealed it was accomplished with great rapidity.

On the 14th of September Washington and his staff reached Williamsburg only a few miles from Yorktown. There he found Lafayette with his corps, who had been joined a week earlier by the Marquis de St. Simon with about 3000 men disembarked from the fleet of Count de Grasse. Ten days later Washington's whole force was assembled: with the 2000 Continentals from the Hudson, the 7000 French troops, Lafayette's corps, and some 3500 Virginia militia, it totalled about 16,000 men, and, what

was equally important, it included strong detachments of artillery with many heavy guns. On the 27th Washington issued orders for a general advance.

Cornwallis, a very capable, clever soldier, made a somewhat moderate defence at Yorktown. Conditions were certainly against him. He had never reckoned on the French controlling the sea. Yorktown was not altogether a good position for so small a force as his, owing to its topographical peculiarities. He was not well supplied with ammunition, was short of heavy guns, and had few engineer officers. Yet, all allowance made, the British defence was not up to the reputation of the general or the excellence of his troops.

It appears probable that Cornwallis was disheartened even before the siege began. Grasse had been less than a week in the Chesapeake when the British admirals, on whom Cornwallis relied, had attempted his rescue, but failed. Graves and Hood were met by Grasse on the 5th of September off the Chesapeake, and a naval action on stereotyped eighteenth-century lines was fought. The French carried their usual tactics to a successful issue; they crippled several of the British ships, kept the enemy at arm's length, and retained possession of the Chesapeake until Graves should have refitted at New York. Had Cornwallis realized, however, for how few days the French control of the sea was to last, he might have taken heart and made a stouter defence.

Washington knew what Cornwallis did not know, that de Grasse was bound by his orders to return to France within a very short period, and his anxiety during the ten weeks that followed the 1st of August was intense. There is a note in his correspondence for this period clearly different from what is to be found at any other time: he is perceptibly keyed up to a higher pitch. The dignity is still there, but it is not quite calm. He knows better than any man what a climax has come, how many small factors may

produce or may shatter a great result, and his resolution is raised to the highest stress of daring and doing. There is no wavering. His judgment has decided his course, his courage holds him on it, but there is an unwonted glow in his words when at last, on the 5th of September, after marching to Philadelphia and beyond without any news of Grasse, he is able to write that word has just reached him that the French admiral has made the Chesapeake. But that was not the last trial, not the last hour of suspense. Now that Grasse had reached the decisive point, would he consent to stay there? Grasse, as it proved, was somewhat inclined for operating at sea, and had to be persuaded not to; he had instructions to leave the American coast by the 15th of October, but consented to stay two weeks longer if required.

It was morally certain that in either event, if Grasse went to sea, or if he left the American coast by the 15th of October as his instructions required, Cornwallis could not be captured; and it is pathetic to read Washington's entreaties and arguments to persuade him to support the siege. Yet with all the need for haste Washington would not move from Williamsburg against the British position until he had collected a force that would make the attack decisive. His army was of excellent quality; it was well commanded; there was an admiration for Washington in the French ranks that facilitated his supreme direction of the operations; French and Americans vied with one another with splendid zeal.

The siege turned against Cornwallis from the very first moment. On the 30th of September, when the allies prepared to advance, the British abandoned the exterior lines of defence, which they had not sufficient numbers to hold; the inner lines were not nearly so well situated. On the night of the 5th to the 6th of October the first trench was dug. Three days later the batteries opened, and immediately mastered those of the defenders. A storm of shot and shell was

poured into the town and its defences. On the 12th the second parallel was opened. On the 14th two British redoubts were stormed and captured at the point of the bayonet, one by the French, the other by the American light infantry. On the 16th the garrison made an ineffective sortie, the only one attempted during the siege. On the 17th, the bombardment having greatly increased in intensity, Cornwallis sent out a flag and proposed capitulation.

Washington's sudden shifting of the centre of war 400 miles from the Hudson to the York was, in the manner of its doing, a very brilliant military operation; the actual siege of Yorktown was merely a well-conducted, spirited attack by a well-appointed army on one not properly equipped for supporting a siege. But the surrender itself was one of those events that rightly strike the imagination of contemporaries and of posterity. The details of this ceremony over which the parties contended appear indeed less important to us than to eighteenth-century military formalists. It surprises us to note that the British resented the condition that their standards should be cased and not unfurled. We wonder why it was with reluctance that they consented to lay down their arms to one of their own military marches instead of to the tune of *Yankee Doodle*.* But what is as clear to us to-day as it was to men in those times is that the picture of Washington, the man who had moved through so many years, so many sufferings, so many defeats, always serene, strong in the right of his cause and in the hope of the future,—the picture of Washington at the head of his ragged but at last victorious battalions receiving the submission of the brilliant army of King George was a

* The freaks of patriotism are curious, and the case of that ancient tune, *Yankee Doodle*, a sad one. We prefer nowadays more *dignified* national airs,—borrowed without permission,—and turn up our noses at the memorable fife-and-drum march to the sprightly step of which our fathers made America.

striking symbol of the triumph of right over wrong. The whole world, except one individual, accepted Yorktown as conclusive. The English Prime Minister, Lord North, on hearing the news immediately exclaimed, "Oh God, it's all over!" But George III. declared that the surrender of Cornwallis could make no difference to his views and intentions.

Happily the King of Great Britain and Ireland was singular in his opinion. Although peace did not come for many months after Yorktown, active operations practically ceased, and Washington's career as a soldier closes with this hard-earned triumph. Though his victories were few, his battalions scanty, there can be no question but that he belongs in the ranks of the great captains. He had those supreme qualities of mind and of character that make a man something more than merely a good general. His patriotism was balanced with the most far-sighted judgment, his careful investigation of minute details went with lightning conception and execution, his unconquerable prudence was matched by his lofty courage; his tact, his courtesy, his justice, his loyalty, were all unimpeachable, and yet were all deliberately employed for the proper execution of his duty; he was a master of craft, of spying, of stratagem, and yet a more honorable gentleman never led men into the field.

Yorktown proved the culmination of the War of the Revolution and of Washington's military career. During the two years that were still to elapse before the treaty was signed whereby Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States, the war was practically at a standstill, and no sooner was peace signed than preparations were made for disbanding the army. This proved a delicate operation owing to the deep-rooted and justified discontent of the soldiers. Their past sufferings and continued want made their spirit dangerous, but Washington's influence, firmness, and good sense led to a reasonable and patriotic

conclusion. In December, 1783, he bade farewell to his officers,—a touching and memorable scene,—and proceeded to his plantation at Mt. Vernon.

Mt. Vernon, his home, his family, were the focus within which were concentrated the affections of Washington. He had accomplished his arduous duty and now longed for repose and retirement. "I have not only retired from all public employments," he wrote to Lafayette, "but I have retired within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order for my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers." This pious wish, however, could not be fulfilled.

In 1789 Washington was elected first President of the United States; the choice was inevitable. Reluctantly, bowing only to the obvious call of duty, he accepted a thankless office in which he expended his remaining strength. As statesman he completed the work he had begun as soldier. Though many have attacked his abilities, have drawn shallow parallels contrasting his powers unfavorably with those of the statesmen who surrounded him, it is safe to say that Washington in the President's chair as at army headquarters remained a giant among pygmies. Jefferson even, so a contemporary reported, never felt quite at his ease in the greater man's presence; to elaborate the uncertain rhetoric of the Declaration of Independence was one thing, to enforce that independence at the point of the sword was another; when it comes to the things that count, reason remains inferior to wisdom and action. As President, Washington showed to the full that supreme quality of the intellect and of the heart known as greatness. His secretaries might elaborate details better than he, but he knew how to utilize, how to judge, how to accord their

talents, and always for the furtherance of his duty to the country.

The narrative of Washington's political life must be sought elsewhere; here his career as a soldier is all that concerns us. And it was chiefly as a soldier that he hoped his memory would be perpetuated. "Any memoirs of my life distinct and unconnected with the general history of the war," he once wrote, "would rather hurt my feelings than tickle my pride whilst I lived." He served two terms as President, and then retired to Mount Vernon for a few months of quiet ere the end came. His constitution had been much impaired by hardship, and a chill caught in a snow-storm while riding about his farms proved quickly fatal. On the 14th of December, 1799, at the age of 67, he passed away at Mount Vernon. His death removed from the scene one of the greatest characters of history, a general fit to encounter his contemporaries Frederick and Napoleon, a patriot, statesman, and hero with whom William of Orange alone offers a near parallel. He was an aristocrat though serving the cause of democracy, and that is perhaps why of late years, not unnaturally, a tendency has arisen to make of Lincoln, a son of the people, our national hero. History cannot support this view, and the verdict of the future as that of the past must be that to George Washington is wholly due that most noble, most splendid of epithets, the *Father of his country.*

NATHANIEL GREENE

Nathaniel Greene, next to Washington the most eminent soldier produced by the Revolution, was the fit counterpart of his great commander. Washington stood for the aristocracy of the South, Greene for the democracy of the North; they came to mutual appreciation by their similar qualities of common sense, rectitude, courage, and untiring application to details.

Greene came of a Quaker family of Rhode Island, and was born on the 6th of June, 1742, at Potowomut. He was brought up to work in a mill and forge belonging to the family. The forge was a considerable one for those days, making a specialty of ships' anchors. Young Nathaniel soon showed his remarkable powers. He had an insatiable thirst for books and learning, attaining great proficiency in mathematics, and, later in life, reading many military books. His business capacity was quickly recognized; his affairs prospered; he was looked up to by his neighbors as a man of good counsel. Thus it came about that when the Revolution broke out Greene quickly came to the front as one of the leaders of Rhode Island.

In the year 1775, being then 33 years old, Greene joined, as a private, a military company organized because of the trouble between the colonies and the mother country. Although he only shouldered a musket, yet he was one of the most prominent citizens thus enrolled, and one of the most useful, for he had journeyed as far as Boston to purchase his musket, and there had fallen in with a British

Nathl Greene

sergeant, whom he had brought back with him to act as drillmaster for the Rhode-Islanders. Characteristically, now that hostilities had broken out and that he had decided to take part in them, Greene set to work to learn all he could about war. Drill and discipline, he realized, were of the essence of the matter, and also certain larger questions which he set to work to study with all his might in the military books he was able to procure. In other words, he proceeded to undertake the business of making war just as he had that of making anchors, by close application to details.

Rhode Island was a small place. Neighbor knew neighbor, and Greene had long been a marked man. There was no voice listened to with more attention and respect in the Assembly. He was now constantly consulted, not without profit, on military affairs, and when, after the fighting at Lexington and Concord, Rhode Island decided to form an army of observation, Nathaniel Greene was relieved of his musket, passed over the head of his comrades, and appointed general-in-command. It was a wise and fortunate choice, the choice of a small community in which each man was well known, and the fittest for the business in hand chosen.

At the head of a brigade of Rhode Island troops Greene joined the New-England army that was blockading Boston. After Washington's arrival as commander-in-chief, Greene's brigade and Sullivan's were assigned to the division of General Lee, which held the left of the lines of investment. During the siege Greene figured in no conspicuous event, but silently and steadily he built up a reputation at headquarters, just as he had formerly in the Rhode Island Assembly. The regiments of his brigade were soon known as the best drilled and best disciplined of the army. He paid unremitting attention to his intrenchments, to the welfare and to the good conduct of his troops, to matters of organi-

zation and commissariat. Washington was not slow to perceive the value of such an officer, and after compelling Howe to evacuate Boston, he appointed Greene military governor to tide over the period of confusion following the British departure.

From Boston, happily released, the tide of war rolled to New York. Again, in the operations that culminated in the battle of Long Island, Greene was destined to play no conspicuous part. Washington did, indeed, intrust to him the construction and defence of the Brooklyn lines, the point of danger. But a few days before Howe delivered his victorious attack, Greene, ill, had to give up the command and retire to New York for medical treatment. He was fortunate, therefore, in escaping the rout that overtook Sullivan and Stirling a few days later, for it would be idle to suppose that his presence alone would have saved the army. The surprise might have been averted, but defeat was apparently inevitable.

It is at the period of the operations about New York that Greene begins to emerge as an officer specially trusted by Washington. The thoroughness of his intellect never showed more clearly than in the long letter on the situation after the evacuation of Long Island which he wrote to his commander from his sick-bed. To attempt to hold New York now, he declared, would be folly, and if the city must be abandoned, then, rather than let Howe make a base of it, he would burn and destroy it. From a strict military point of view this was counsel of perfection, but Washington, and especially Congress, had to consider the operations of the army as part of the larger game of politics, and Greene's drastic advice as to the destruction of New York passed unheeded. It was, however, largely through his influence that the council of war decided that New York must be evacuated.

When Washington retreated from New York northwards

to observe the city from the east side of the Hudson, he could communicate directly on his left with Connecticut and the New-England States. But to reach Philadelphia it was necessary to cross the Hudson, and British frigates were not unfrequently passing up and down the river. He decided, therefore, partly to keep this line of communication open, partly to ward off any sudden British stroke against New Jersey, to place one division of his army on the Jersey side opposite the city, and he selected Greene for this important command.

At a point not far from where now stands Columbia University stood Fort Washington, a very extensive fortified position covering Harlem Heights. Opposite Fort Washington on the Jersey side were other works, and the crossing between them, though occasionally forced by British vessels, was the direct line of communication between Washington to the east and Greene to the west of the Hudson. Fort Washington had, however, two glaring faults, not clearly enough perceived either by Washington or Greene. It was a good position to stop an enemy advancing straight up the island of New York from south to north, and had been planned for that purpose, but weak if attacked from the east or north; again, it was too small a position, and with too difficult an outlet, for the whole army to occupy, but it was far too large to hold with the small garrison that a mere fortified post should call for. And unfortunately when Howe came to attack it, he was, as no one had foreseen, marching south instead of north.

Howe tried to gain Washington's flank, took his troops up Long Island Sound, then struck west. Washington met the movement, fell back, until at White Plains the two armies met and there came to a stalemate, neither of them able to advance. This again was unforeseen. Greene, anxiously following events from the Jersey side, knew that the two armies were coming together, and expected, as

most men did, soon to hear tidings of victory or defeat. If victory, there could be no question of evacuating Fort Washington; if defeat, it might be prudent, and there would surely be time, to withdraw its garrison to the other side of the river. But there was neither defeat nor victory. Howe could not push matters farther against the main army, so he turned back swiftly and marched towards Harlem Heights. Washington sent Greene discretionary orders to evacuate the fort. Greene hesitated somewhat as to the best course. Washington reached the scene too late. And Howe, swift as ever in execution, stormed the lines of Fort Washington and forced a capitulation under the very eyes of the American generals.

With men of less lofty intelligence and patriotism than Washington and Greene, this misfortune might well have led to recrimination and loss of confidence. It speaks for both to see them associated perhaps even more closely than before in the stirring events that shortly followed. At Trenton, on the 26th of December, we find Greene and Washington riding side by side at the head of the left column, and together visiting the bedside of Rall, the Hessian commander, mortally wounded in the fighting. At Princeton, a few days later, Greene is again at the head of his division.

It is not so much at Trenton and Princeton, however, as a little later that one can discern what an important figure in the army General Greene had become. From the beginning of the war Washington had had constant difficulties with Congress: he striving to obtain an effective military machine; they, jealous of the army, omitting to supply him with men, money, and munitions, and taking many steps of a political character subversive of all discipline and efficiency. Washington, in despair of persuading Congress to support him, and unable to leave his troops, commissioned Greene to proceed to Philadelphia and there to lay the state of the army before Congress. Nothing could show

more clearly how entirely they were in accord or how much the commander-in-chief relied on his subordinate's judgment.

Greene's experience with Congress did not prove very satisfactory. He appears to have displayed much tact, patience, and restraint in his dealings with the legislators; but like most political assemblies, especially those containing a strong legal element, Congress proved utterly incapable of dealing with military questions. Greene had much trouble and accomplished little. But there was worse to follow. Not many weeks after his return to camp, Congress appointed a French officer, Du Condray by name, to be a major-general with rank, by seniority of appointment, in front of Greene, Knox, and Sullivan. These three officers immediately tendered their resignation. There had been repeated protests against granting commissions to foreign officers; the thing had been overdone; and these three generals, among the very best in the service, thought it due to themselves and to the army to protest as they did. Who shall say they were wrong? Congress, indignant at first, finally shelved Du Condray, and the services of Greene and Knox were fortunately saved for their country.

In the summer of 1777 Howe decided to attack Philadelphia, transferring his army by sea to the Chesapeake. Washington made a corresponding movement, and the two armies were soon face to face, manœuvring between the Schuylkill and the Elk. There are indications that Greene perceived more clearly than his commander-in-chief the strategic mistake that placed the American army directly in the path of the British and that led eventually to the rout at the Brandywine. Greene declared his belief that Howe would never march on Philadelphia leaving an undefeated American army behind him, and that strongly expressed judgment of a soldier may serve to confirm the opinion that to defend Philadelphia the American army should have taken

position to the north of the British line of advance and not across it.

At the battle of the Brandywine Greene commanded the reserve or centre division, two good brigades under Weedon and Muhlenberg. When the sudden and impetuous onslaught of Cornwallis shattered the American right wing, Greene was ordered by Washington to support it or cover its retreat. Greene did all that was possible. He succeeded in throwing his brigades across Cornwallis' path. For a while he stemmed the current, while behind his line the left wing and the artillery were got away. He handled his troops skilfully, covering the fugitives, alternately withdrawing one brigade while the other held the enemy. But before night the retreat was general and rapid. The army had been saved, but it had unmistakably been routed.

A few weeks later Washington once more met Howe in the field, attempted to surprise him at Germantown just north of Philadelphia. Greene commanded one of the four divisions engaged, but succeeded in effecting little. A morning fog and an untrustworthy guide threw his division out. He arrived on the field an hour late. Confusion already prevailed, and Wayne's brigade was mistaken for the enemy. As usual Greene showed coolness and resource, but he could not prevent the general advance of the British line, and, with the rest of the army, was soon forced to retreat.

We must follow Greene as a subordinate officer in one more engagement before we come to the important part of his career. At Monmouth Court-house in the following year, 1778, again we find him in command of a division, this time with better success. His troops formed the right wing of the army and were ordered to march by roads some distance on the flank of the main column. But on hearing the cannonade that marked the defeat of General Lee in the morning, Greene at once moved on the sound of the

guns and, as Washington reported, "marched up and took a very advantageous position on the right." This position he held through the day, thus materially contributing to Washington's eventual success.

The division commanded by Greene at Monmouth was not his own, but General Lee's. For he had a few weeks earlier entered, with some reluctance, on duties even more important than the charge of a division, those of quartermaster-general. The past winter, the winter of Valley Forge, had been one of army reform and organization, and one of the most valuable of the reforms had been the placing of an officer of high rank at the side of the commander-in-chief as quartermaster-general. Greene was without question the best man in the army for the post. Washington pressed it on him as a patriotic duty, and Greene, on the understanding that when opportunity offered he should be given a chance of service in the field, accepted the appointment. It was just such an opportunity that arose at Monmouth when, Lee being detached on special duty, Greene temporarily took over his division.

After Monmouth Greene returned to his arduous duties as quartermaster for a while. At the end of July, however, he proceeded once more on special service to Newport, which Sullivan, with the help of a French fleet, was attempting to reduce. The enterprise was unsuccessful, and Greene had little opportunity for distinction, but as usual worked hard for success, loyally supported his commanding officer, and gave sound advice. One also perceives from his correspondence at this time that he is really the confidential correspondent of Washington and the tactful intervener between the hot-headed Sullivan and the French commanders. After the failure of the siege he proceeded to Boston to make arrangements for the refitting of d'Estaing's fleet.

For nearly two years after the siege of Newport, until the summer of 1780, we must imagine Greene involved

in a continuous wrestle with questions of supply, of armaments, of transport, of finance, and the million other details falling within the province of the quartermaster-general. He was ill requited for his labors. All the principal officers of the army were agreed that his services had been invaluable in the past and that his retirement might be disastrous, yet Congress singled out his department for censure, and for reforms that made it in his opinion necessary for him to resign the thankless post. This he did in a straightforward but somewhat uncompromising letter on the 26th of July, 1780. A storm followed. Congress threatened to cashier Greene by a vote. Washington wrote pointing out that even in despotic governments such a step would be unparalleled. Greene, weary of the folly of Congress and of his dreary semi-civilian duties, declined to recede from his position, and finally had his way. Colonel Pickering, a good officer, became quartermaster, and Greene was left free for active duty. His release proved well timed.

The last phase of the war was marked, on the part of the British, by immobility at New York and the north, and active enterprise in the Southern States. There were many loyalists in Georgia and the Carolinas, and though it was obvious enough that no decisive results could be reached so far from the great centres of population, yet the British government decided to operate actively there. On the 12th of May, 1780, Clinton with 7500 men captured Charleston. On the 13th of June Congress, without consulting Washington, appointed Gates to command the southern army. On the 16th of August Gates was routed at Camden, showing so much incompetence that he was relieved from command until a board of inquiry should have considered his conduct. Cornwallis, now in command of the British forces, had the South apparently at his mercy.

It was necessary to appoint a successor to Gates, and

Congress this time placed the selection in Washington's hands. There was a wide-spread feeling that Greene was the best possible choice, and with that feeling Washington entirely concurred. The appointment was offered and accepted, and Washington when he notified it to Congress added, "I think I am sending you a general." He was not mistaken.

Greene assumed command of the Southern Department at Charlotte, North Carolina, on the 3d of December, 1780. The situation he found was this: South of him, less than a hundred miles, was Cornwallis at Winsboro, covering Granby and the well-settled districts of South Carolina that stretched out westwards to Ninety-Six. The British were trying to do in the South what they had failed to do in the North: having established their superiority in the field, they were attempting from a seaport as base to hold the country inland with their army and detachments. It was Greene's business to dislodge the British and, even if he could not beat them in the field, to drive them back into Charleston. From the first the American general realized clearly the nature of the problem he had to deal with, and adapted his means closely to that end. He determined to fight no pitched battles except on the most favorable terms, to outmarch and outmanœuvre his opponents by securing mobility, to make large use of flying columns under two Continental colonels who had already shown their effectiveness—Marion and Sumter.

The campaign opened well. Greene had detached to his right a mixed force of about 1000 men under General Morgan to threaten the British posts towards the west. Cornwallis, on receiving a reinforcement under General Leslie, determined to strike a blow at Greene; he marched swiftly northwards, bearing to his left and preceded by a flying column under Colonel Tarleton, who was to overtake Morgan and bring him to bay. Tarleton was swift, resolute,

daring, but a little uncertain of judgment. He overtook Morgan at the Cowpens on the 17th of January, and, with equal numbers, attacked him. Morgan made judicious dispositions and completely defeated Tarleton, capturing 600 prisoners and two guns.

The blow proved a severe one to Cornwallis, for it deprived him of nearly all his light troops. He still outnumbered Greene, however, and continued his march northwards with the intention of distancing the Americans and, keeping well to the west, of reaching the Dan on the border of North Carolina and Virginia before or as soon as they. He hoped by striking at so distant a point to find Greene unprepared with means to cross the river, and by gaining its upper reaches he expected to control the fords and to push his enemy down the south bank of the Dan towards the sea. The plan was bold, and the little army of Cornwallis marched brilliantly, but the British general had for opponent a strategist able to meet him on equal terms.

Greene had no choice of courses. He mustered barely two thousand men, many of them nearly naked. He could only retreat, and hope that the enemy would eventually become overconfident and give him an opening. In two days he rode 125 miles to join Morgan. He got the prisoners away into Virginia. He appealed for help to the States behind him, concentrated the various parts of his command at Guilford Court-house, and then, with Cornwallis 25 miles west of him and bearing north, marched in the same direction for the Dan. Cornwallis was now certain of success, but when his advance-guard reached the Dan after covering 40 miles in their last day's march, they found that the last American soldier had just crossed the river. Greene had foreseen the move and, long before he needed them, had collected every boat on the river for use in just such an emergency.

Cornwallis, baffled and fatigued, now turned back to

pacify and control the State of North Carolina, which he had so rapidly traversed. He fell back to Hillsboro, and Greene immediately, on the 22d of February, crossed to the south side of the Dan again, and threw out detachments in the direction of Guilford Court-house. Cornwallis made a corresponding movement towards the same place. Greene, having now received reinforcements and—with Cornwallis east of him—having control of the upper fords of the Dan with a good line of retreat, decided to meet the British in the field.

On the 15th of March, 1781, was fought the battle of Guilford Court-house. Greene had over 4000 men, double the British numbers, but of these more than one-half were raw levies and militia, and the uncertain composition of his troops dictated a curious plan of battle. His Continental infantry and guns, about 1500 men, were placed along a ridge with open ground in front of it, covering the cross-roads at the Court-house. The Virginia militia made an advanced line in the woods across the road the British must follow; the North Carolina militia formed a still more advanced line. Riflemen were on the flanks, and Greene probably hoped that with his irregulars thus placed there was hope that at the first or second line the British would receive some sort of a check.

Cornwallis advanced in line across the road. The North Carolina militia fired one volley and fled. The Virginians did a little better. The riflemen threatened and galled the British wings. Cornwallis threw troops out right and left to clear himself, and pushed the Virginians back through the woods. At last, but no longer in line, the British reached the open in front of Guilford Court-house. Their force was now somewhat scattered. If Greene could hold the ridge, if the riflemen could continue the fight in the woods, if the militia would rally and help, there was good hope yet.

The ridge was nearly held. Two attacks were met by counterstrokes in which the Maryland Continentals broke the British light infantry and the Grenadier Guards at the point of the bayonet. But the British soon formed again. The riflemen relaxed their hold on the flanks. The militia were clearly disposed of for the day. The whole British force was gathering to attack the ridge. Greene now rightly judged retreat prudent. In perfect order he got his troops away, falling back 12 miles to a strong position he had previously reconnoitred on Troublesome Creek. There he prepared to withstand a further attack. But Cornwallis, although able to claim the victory, had really suffered a check. He had lost one quarter of his little army, and had been within measurable distance of defeat. He felt no inclination to attack Greene again. After remaining near Guilford a few days, he started for Wilmington near Cape Fear to refit his troops, and Greene was left in possession of the interior of North Carolina.

Greene was not the man to leave a favorable slant of affairs unimproved. He gauged the move of Cornwallis rightly as one of necessity. He realized that for a few weeks he could count on the British force as out of the game, so he decided to move at once into South Carolina, and operate against the detachment Cornwallis had left there under the orders of Lord Rawdon. Sending Marion, Sumter, and Harry Lee to operate against the British posts and lines of communication, Greene approached Camden, where Rawdon was stationed, and pitched camp on Hobkirk's Hill. There, on the 25th of April, an engagement was fought by about 1000 men on each side, as a result of which Greene was driven from his position and compelled to fall back a few miles.

After this the war in South Carolina becomes for a time merely a long record of marches and countermarches, until, in August, Greene's army received reinforcements

of regulars that brought his numbers up to about 2500. The British force in South Carolina, now under Colonel Stewart, was no greater, and Greene determined to attack it. At Eutaw Springs, forty miles from Charleston, was fought Greene's last battle, on the 8th of September, 1781. His little army was well constituted, well officered, and confident in its general; the British were not so well led as usual. The two armies met in conflicting lines, and after some heavy fighting the Americans carried the day at every point, forced the enemy back to their camp, and captured it. Here, however, success came to an end. To place the starving, naked American soldier in the midst of a British camp and ask him not to plunder, was clearly to ask more than human nature could endure. The victors broke order to loot the tents; the British reformed, and maintained a new line. It was not till the evening of the next day that Stewart gave up his positions and retreated towards Charleston.

After Eutaw Springs, followed so closely by the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the British made little effort to control any points in the South not on the seaboard. There were a few minor operations, but the two armies did not meet again, nor did Greene have the material means for attempting the siege of Charleston. He had, with the splendid support of Marion, Sumter, Morgan, and Harry Lee, accomplished wonders, and although the British were never dislodged from Charleston, yet the close of the war deservedly left him with a reputation second only to that of Washington.

The Southern States made handsome recognition of Greene's services. Several valuable plantations were conveyed to him, and on one of these, Mulberry Grove, Georgia, he and his family took up their residence after the war. He was not, however, destined to enjoy a long repose. In September, 1786, he suffered an attack of sunstroke, and

died on the 17th of that month. He was only 44 years of age, and such were his attainments and character that it was certainly unfortunate for his country that he did not live to succeed his great commander in the Presidency of the United States.

PART II

FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE CIVIL WAR

Andrew Jackson

Zachary Taylor

Winfield Scott

Andrew Jackson

ANDREW JACKSON

ANDREW JACKSON is the extreme representative of the generation that immediately followed the War of the Revolution. He belongs to the War of Independence, yet because of his youth took no real part in it; his hatred of England was then aroused, but not assuaged; he witnessed the struggle in its worst form, that of a civil war waged by contending factions with all the excesses of irregular warfare. This beginning of his life colored its every development. He was always the bitter enemy of England, and the equally bitter opponent of his political rivals. He could only see them through the distorting haze which had surrounded the struggle of his neighbors and friends against Tarleton and the Tories, of the struggle which had dramatically swept from his sight his brother and his mother. As a soldier his achievements were few, as a politician they were not always commendable, but as a representative of the fervid Americanism born of the Revolution Andrew Jackson occupies the most conspicuous place in our annals.

He was born on the 15th of March, 1767, the third son of an Ulsterman and his wife who had just settled on the border of North and South Carolina. His early years were full of difficulty and bereavement. Just before his birth, his father died. Neighbors and relatives lent willing help to the widow, but when Andrew was only eight years old another misfortune, as it proved, overtook the family: the War of Independence broke out.

The early period of the war was one in which the South

was not directly concerned, but in 1780 the British operations were extended to the Carolinas, and in May of that year Tarleton with a flying column surprised and cut to pieces a detachment of American militia at Waxhaws, the very settlement where Mrs. Jackson and her sons resided. A year before this the eldest, Hugh, had enlisted, and in a few weeks had been struck down by fever,—he was only sixteen. The two younger boys joined in the fighting after the affair at Waxhaws, with what result is shown by the following inherently credible account, ascribed to Andrew Jackson himself:

"I witnessed two battles, Hanging Rock and Hobkirk's Hill, but did not participate in either. I was in one skirmish, that of Sand's House, and there they caught me, along with my brother Robert and my cousin, Tom Crawford. A lieutenant of Tarleton's Light Dragoons tried to make me clean his boots, and cut my arm with his sabre when I refused. After that they kept me in jail at Camden about two months, starved me nearly to death, and gave me the smallpox. Finally my mother persuaded them to release Robert and me on account of our extreme youth and illness. Then Robert died of the smallpox and I barely escaped death. When it left me I was a skeleton—not quite six feet long and a little over six inches thick! . . . Whenever I took the field it was with Colonel Davie, who never put me in the ranks, but used me as a mounted orderly or messenger. . . . Take it altogether I saw and heard a good deal of war in those days, but did nothing toward it myself worth mention." *

Andrew was the only member of the family who survived the war. Just before its close his mother contracted yellow fever on a visit to Charleston, and died. So that when the war was over Andrew, then a boy of sixteen, was left to shift for himself in the world. This he did with much

* Report of a conversation of Jackson, by F. P. Blair to A. C. Buell; vide the latter's "Andrew Jackson," I, 51.

success. His personality was conspicuous, his energy superabundant, his qualities those of a born leader of men. In a restless, active community, as a pioneer of advancing civilization, he was bound to make a mark.

First came several years of indeterminate struggle to make money and live. There were occasional spells of teaching school and of studying law, until at last, in 1787, he was admitted to the bar and a few months later received a commission from the State of North Carolina to proceed as "Public Solicitor" to the frontier settlement of Nashville beyond the mountains. This step proved decisive of Jackson's future.

Nashville was then a mere village on the fringe of civilization and surrounded by Indian tribes counting many thousands of braves, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, Cherokees. Whites were constantly killed even within sight of the town. Conditions were unsettled in the extreme; comforts few, money scarce—but litigation constant. The tide of immigration poured steadily on. Jackson soon made a reputation in this pioneer community. He was a typical frontiersman, fond of card-playing, cock-fighting, wagering, hunting, and ever prone to the settlement of personal differences according to the code of honor. But alongside of all this he was astute as a lawyer, he was sane and reliable in counsel, he was swift and daring in emergencies, and the community soon looked to him as one of its leading men. In 1791 occurred an incident which in any but a frontier community would have ruined Jackson's career. Shortly after his arrival at Nashville he had taken up his abode at the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Robards. The husband became jealous of the guest, and eventually left his wife in Nashville to go to Kentucky. In 1790 Mr. Robards introduced a bill for a divorce in the Virginia legislature authorizing him to take legal proceedings and have a case tried before a jury. The notice of the Act was

published by the *Kentucky Gazette* in the summer of 1791; it was seen by Jackson and Mrs. Robards, and they thereupon, within a few weeks, went through a ceremony of marriage at Natchez. In 1793 the Kentucky court gave Robards a verdict on evidence of adultery that had taken place after the Virginia Act had been passed; and it is clear that Mrs. Robards was equally open to the imputation of bigamy. A second ceremony was gone through, and, however irregular its inception, the marriage proved to be a long and happy one.

Returning to Nashville with Mrs. Robards, Jackson proceeded to live down this matrimonial irregularity. This he did with his usual concentration of energy and directness of method. The pistol and the code of honor cost one imprudent man his life, and secured for the couple a certain immunity from criticism which was increased by Jackson's real popularity in the community. He now settled down to improving his fortunes, and he prospered, as did Tennessee. In 1795, when a convention was held for erecting the territory into a State, he was one of the prominent delegates. Shortly afterwards the newly constituted legislature of the State appointed Jackson its first representative in Congress. On the 8th of December, 1796, he took his seat for the first time and was therefore present on the occasion of Washington's last address. Eighteen months later he retired in favor of Daniel Smith, and returned to Nashville, where all his interests centred.

Jackson now threw himself into farming and trading with great vigor, in addition to which he became a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee in January, 1799. Judge of the Supreme Court is a dignified and imposing designation, but in those early days and in Tennessee, and especially as filled by Andrew Jackson, the functions were of the liveliest, sometimes even melodramatic, character. The judge occasionally strengthened the authority of the law

by the display of his pistols, and to this period belongs a famous shooting affray between Jackson and the Governor of the State which fortunately resulted in no loss of life. In 1804 he resigned from the bench and thenceforward had little more to do with the law.

A year later Aaron Burr arrived in Nashville and became the guest of Jackson. Burr was just at the fatal crisis of his career. A year before this he had shot Alexander Hamilton, and a few weeks before he had laid down the office of Vice-President of the United States. He was now embarking on the political scheme that was to mark his final downfall. What that scheme was Jackson did not exactly realize. He thought Burr wanted to lead a few thousand western riflemen to the conquest of Mexico, or to war against Spain, in a general way to the new southwest territory of Louisiana just acquired from France. One thing was both clear and satisfactory: that Burr required large quantities of supplies and transportation for which Jackson was ready to contract. Later, however, suspicion arose. Jackson, in doubt as to Burr's intentions, asserted his allegiance to the Government and declined further contracts. And a few months afterwards he was summoned to Richmond as a witness when Burr was tried for treason, though he was not actually called on to testify.

It was just at this time that Jackson began to prepare for the war with England which he judged to be inevitable. Unlike most of the political leaders of the day, who hoped by a temporizing policy and mild attitude to avert a conflict, Jackson flamed out against England with a vigor that came from his life-long hatred, but that in this instance coincided with true patriotism and wisdom. At Richmond, while attending Burr's trial, he delivered on the steps of the state-house, on the occasion of the *Leopard Chesapeake* incident, a tremendous diatribe against President Jefferson and the peace party. This speech was long remembered

and placed Jackson prominently before the eastern public. On returning to Nashville he set to work steadily and methodically to perfect the military organization of Tennessee. He was already major-general of the State militia, and he now strained every nerve to make its 2500 men effective in discipline and armament. If the ability to see two or three years into the future is one of the sure signs of the statesman, Jackson certainly earned the distinction at this period.

In 1812 the long-gathering storm burst, and Congress declared war against England. In January, 1813, Jackson with the Tennessee militia was ordered to Natchez for the protection of Louisiana, but remained there only till the end of March, when the troops returned home on the alarm passing over. Jackson was disappointed at losing, as it seemed, an opportunity for military service; he got into conflict with Government as to the manner of disbanding his men; he became personally involved for military payments: these were circumstances that proved highly irritating and that perhaps explain or palliate a disgraceful shooting affray in which he became involved soon after his return to Nashville. The code of honor was as usual at the bottom of the trouble, and in a resultant brawl Colonel Thomas H. Benton of the Tennessee militia shot and severely wounded his major-general. So foolish and disgraceful was the whole affair that even the irrepressible Jackson was ashamed of it, and had not the great opportunity of his life come just at this moment, nothing is more likely than that his influence in the politics of his State would have been seriously compromised. As it was, such feeling as was already working against Jackson was very quickly set at rest.

In August, 1813, the Creeks took to the war-path. On the 30th of that month they surprised Fort Mims, not far from Mobile, and massacred three or four hundred people.

there. Jackson immediately made preparations to place the Tennessee militia in the field. September was spent in organizing, October in marching. On the 2d of November fighting began. The Creeks had to face superior numbers, excellent riflemen, and good leadership; they were beaten in every encounter. At Tallahatchee, at Talladega, at Emuckfaw, at Tohopeka, the Indians were broken, and by the end of April, 1814, all the chiefs save a few who had fled to Florida made their submission.

The Creek war had proved a severe ordeal, and Jackson's determined leadership had been perhaps the chief factor of success. His services were handsomely acknowledged by appointment to the rank of brigadier, and later of major-general in the regular army. In September he was sent to take command of the seventh military district with headquarters at Mobile, and arrived there the day after a small British fleet had made an unsuccessful attempt to capture the forts guarding the bay. Jackson determined to return the British compliment, and prepared to attack Pensacola, nominally Spanish, but in reality the British base of supplies.

Entirely on his own responsibility General Jackson marched out from Mobile on the 26th of October, at the head of 3000 men, on his invasion of Spanish Florida. The governor of Pensacola attempted to defend the town, but the small British force at Fort Barrancas abandoned the post and went on board ship. Jackson occupied the town for a few days, destroyed the fortifications, and then returned to Mobile, which he reached on the 16th of November. Only twelve days later a privateer brought a British transport into the bay as a prize and, with her, information of the utmost moment. A great British armament was collecting at Jamaica for the purpose of dealing a blow at New Orleans.

Four days later Jackson was at New Orleans, and every

available man in the Southwest was being rushed to the threatened point. It was a curious episode of our history, this sudden convergence on the Creole and far-distant city of the backwoodsmen of Tennessee and Kentucky. And it proved fortunate for New Orleans that they arrived in time to defend her. That they did so arrive was the result of a combination of circumstances that must now be related.

The British, long held back by head-winds, arrived off the mouth of the Mississippi a few hours after Jackson reached New Orleans, but they spent much precious time reconnoitring before placing any of their troops on shore. To attack New Orleans was in fact a very difficult undertaking. The British engineers soon found that on the western side of the river a continuous line of swamp fringed the coast, making disembarkation well-nigh impossible. On the eastern side there were two or three possible lines of advance amid the lagoons and swamps, and finally it was decided to march up the narrow strip on that side which extended with varying width from the levee of the Mississippi to the swamps just to the east. Difficulties of transport further retarded the British advance. The commander-in-chief, General Pakenham, with some of the troops, had not yet arrived. No horses or mules could be found to haul guns and supplies. So it was not until the end of December that the two armies actually came into contact.

Jackson, meanwhile, had been busy. His exuberant courage, resource, and enthusiasm inspired even sleepy New Orleans with martial ardor. He was joined by Coffee's Tennessee riflemen. He disposed his 2200 available men across the neck up which the British were advancing. He impressed negroes to build an intrenchment across it at a point little more than a mile wide where a ditch ran from the Mississippi to the swamp. He collected all the cannon that was to be found, and mounted it. He manned

his artillery with crews of smugglers and privateersmen, mostly Frenchmen,—a piratical assortment were they, but they laid their guns with deadly accuracy. He was still in the midst of these preparations, still hoping for the arrival of reinforcements from up the river, when the British advance under General Keane reached the front of the American position near the Villeré house. It was the 23d of December.

Jackson decided to attack the British that night. We have no record of his reasons for this bold step; but a good soldier acts by instinct quite as much as by reason, and the decision was entirely sound from a military point of view. There was the chance,—there always is when a small force is attacked by night,—that the enemy might be stampeded and routed; there was the probability that even if the attack failed it would deter the British from continuing their advance at once, and that it would therefore gain time; there was the certainty that it would accustom his troops to face regulars in the open, and it was better to effect this before the real crisis came. And in addition to these very valid reasons, one cannot doubt that all Jackson's long-pent-up Anglophobia had now reached explosion-point and that the sight of the British uniforms had the same effect on him that a red rag has on the proverbial bull. At all events that night the Americans, in two divisions, crept out of their lines, edged around the right and left wing of General Keane's command, 3500 bayonets, and, at a preconcerted signal, opened fire.

The night battle of the 23d of December was claimed as a success by both sides. The British troops were veterans of the Peninsular War and displayed great steadiness under very trying conditions. They refused to be stampeded, and although driven back at first, came on again when reinforced, and recaptured their original ground. Jackson had only 2200 men against first 3500 and later

5000; and when the British took up the attack, he prudently and properly withdrew to his intrenchments. The losses were about 250 killed and wounded on each side.

The engagement had one result indisputably clear. General Keane's advance was for the moment checked, and while the British force in his front slowly accumulated, Jackson was given time to complete his defences. What he prepared for his enemy was a more elaborate and more complete Bunker Hill, one of the most murderous death-traps a brave army was ever led into. A breastwork was completed right across the British front, eight feet high counting the ditch, four feet thick, made of heavy black earth packed tight within a casing of planks. For the embrasures of his artillery Jackson tried cotton bales to take the place of gabions, but found them useless or worse, and, contrary to legend, cotton played no useful part in the defence of New Orleans.

On the 1st of January the British tried an artillery duel. Their field-pieces and improvised shelter were, however, completely outmatched by the heavier American guns and intrenchments. Finding artillery useless, the British generals thought of opening siege-trenches, but the watery nature of the soil caused them to abandon that idea. There remained but two courses: either to rely on numbers and discipline and to attempt to carry the American lines by a direct attack, or to abandon the present line of operations and try elsewhere. It was this latter course Jackson most feared, and he was scouting with the utmost vigilance east and west. But Pakenham, as it proved, decided on the frontal attack; his troops were as splendid a body of infantry as the world could show, and he decided to throw them at the American position.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 8th of January Jackson was standing on the breastwork gazing through the morning mist at the long lines of British infantry advanc-

ing in successive waves towards him. The attack bore towards his left, and there, lying against the breastwork, were the rough riflemen of Kentucky and Tennessee, with the Louisiana militia and the regulars on their right, and with Coffee, Carroll, and Adair to see that the orders of their commander were carried out. The British were advancing in line, three battalions, twelve ranks, nearly 3000 men. What Pakenham was attempting might have been possible against French or German troops armed with muskets; it was quite impossible against backwoodsmen armed with rifles. With the former the first volley would have been fired probably at about 120 yards with the troops just breaking from a quickstep to a charge, and even then would probably have done comparatively little damage; with the backwoodsmen a single rifle cracked out with the British still at a route-step 300 yards away and the officer riding in the front of the line toppled from his horse, shot through the forehead with mathematical accuracy. Then followed a horrible scene: the 44th Foot were literally mowed down by a storm of bullets; other regiments took their place and shared their fate. In fifteen minutes the first attack had been swept away. But Pakenham was brave, and so were his soldiers. The British general formed a new column of attack, and with his staff behind him, his hat raised in the air, rode at the head of the Sutherland Highlanders back into that fearful zone of fire. Only one thing could happen. Once more the rifles blazed. Pakenham went down, killed outright, and every one of the British staff went to earth at the same moment. The Highlanders were decimated, but heroically struggled on, a few getting within a hundred yards of the intrenchment —but no farther. Placed on four ranks, constantly firing and stepping back to reload in rotation, Coffee's buck-hunters had too easy a target, and when General Gibbs, succeeding Pakenham in command, brought up the Scots Fusiliers

and the 43d Light Infantry, dealt out the same fate to him as to his predecessor. General Lambert followed, and he, too, with magnificent but senseless British courage, attempted to continue the attack; but it was no longer possible; even Wellington's veterans could not face such an ordeal, and there was nothing left but retreat.

The British had 9000 men in the field, of which about 7000 actually took part in the attacks. The loss was about 3300 killed and wounded, and 500 prisoners; the color company of the Sutherland Highlanders went into action 103 strong, and lost 100. The Americans out of 4500 present lost 8 killed and 13 wounded. The battle of New Orleans was certainly one of the most remarkable engagements of the nineteenth century.* Above all things it illustrated what an artificial adjustment a system of tactics is, and that the soldier of first-rate ability must look beyond them to the essential factors on which they repose. On this occasion the British system, invincible in Europe, was founded on data obtained from *Brown Bess;* it was found useless in the presence of the long Tennessee rifle.

The battle of New Orleans was fought after the signing of peace between the United States and Great Britain at Ghent (Dec. 24, 1814), so it was fortunate for Jackson's reputation that news travelled slowly in those days. The victor was suddenly magnified by his well-earned triumph into one of the most conspicuous men in the country, and he now inevitably became the representative of a new force in American politics. The tendency of the pioneer States of the West was towards a democratic equality that the old settled States of the seaboard, inheritors of an older tradition, had not as yet accepted. There the educated and wealthy classes still controlled political power, but a change was

* In these figures allowance is made for the small force detached by each army to the western bank of the Mississippi.

fast coming, coming from the West, coming under the leadership of Jackson.

It was not all at once, however, that Jackson led his countrymen into the Promised Land of the ballot-box and the party machine. He was a solider and still had soldier's duty to perform. In the year 1818 he was actively engaged against the Seminoles and other Indians, and in the course of his operations once more crossed the Spanish border. The Indians had used Florida as a refuge and were constantly supplied with guns and ammunition by English traders, which was hardly sufficient warrant for Jackson's unauthorized invasion of the soil of a friendly power and for his causing to be executed, while on Spanish territory, two British subjects who fell into his hands. However, diplomacy succeeded in smoothing out this last matter, and as to Florida, its purchase from Spain in 1821 put an end to the constant irritation which reigned on the border. In this same year Jackson resigned his commission.

Jackson henceforth devoted himself exclusively to politics. His bent was all for organization, his temper made of him the most extreme of party men, his breadth of view and right instinct made him delicately responsive to the currents of opinion of the electorate. His career as a statesman proved far from edifying, it was marred by violence of temper and the obtrusion of personal motives, and yet beneath it all was a wonderful sagacity that generally pierced beyond the detail of etiquette and the argumentation of the day. Above all, here was a man born a leader, all of one piece, honest, a pioneer of democracy. That was enough, in a day when political questions and parties were ill defined, to give Jackson the Presidency.

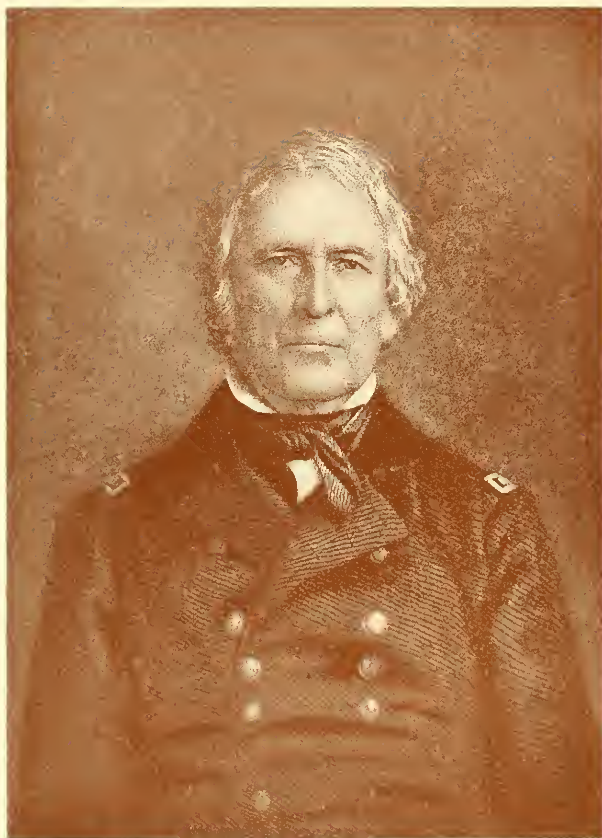
From 1829 to 1837 Andrew Jackson was President of the United States; the period was marked by three special features. As a private citizen, as a politician, as a general,

Jackson had always been a man of friends and enemies. His enemies he struck at with all the vigor that was in him, his friends he could not do too much for. His advent at Washington changed matters at the Federal capital. Jackson supporters were rewarded with government offices, and the former occupants were turned out. This was the famous system the active principle of which is expressed in the formula, *To the victor belong the spoils*, a system that subsists to this day.

To the period of Jackson's administration belong the first marked symptoms of the great struggle between North and South that eventually broke out in 1861. In 1832 South Carolina put forth the celebrated Nullification Ordinance which implied that a State had the right to override the Federal laws and constitution. Jackson was firm in his intention of asserting the supremacy of the central government, and a judicious mixture of resolution and forbearance fortunately tided over a very threatening crisis.

A great question among the politicians of that day was that of the renewal of the charter of the United States Bank. Jackson, whose financial theories were of an elementary character, had long marked the bank as a victim. His persistent attacks, backed by popular support, finally won the day and brought the institution to an end.

Jackson retired from the presidency in 1837, but continued to act as leader of the Democratic party. So great was his zeal that he afforded the country the spectacle of an ex-President well-nigh an octogenarian still taking the stump. His activities continued up to a few weeks of his death, which occurred in 1845; he was then 78 years of age.



Z. Taylor

ZACHARY TAYLOR

ZACHARY TAYLOR, like so many other prominent soldiers of America, came from Virginia. He was born at Orange Court-house on the 24th of November, 1784, the third child of Richard Taylor, who had served as colonel of a Continental regiment under the orders of Washington. But Virginia could not claim Zachary Taylor long. His father moved west soon after the close of the Revolution, and Zachary grew up in a frontier settlement on the site of what is now Louisville. He received, however, a better education than what was then usual so far west, though the little schoolhouse which he attended was in the midst of woods in which Indians were frequently seen lurking and were occasionally shot.

As he left boyhood behind, Zachary Taylor showed a restless, adventurous disposition. In 1806 an opportunity came for gratifying this taste. That was the year of Aaron Burr's conspiracy. All along the Mississippi valley volunteers were raised to meet the emergency of the hour, and among those of Kentucky was enrolled young Taylor. His disappointment was great when the conspiracy ended in smoke and the volunteers were disbanded. Two years later, however, a better opportunity offered. His elder brother had obtained a commission in the army, but died prematurely. Colonel Taylor therefore applied to his friend President Jefferson to grant a commission to his younger boy. This was done, and in 1808 he thus became a lieutenant in the 7th Regiment of Infantry.

From this time on, for forty years, the life of Zachary Taylor was devoted to the steady and, until nearly the end, inconspicuous pursuit of his profession. He long remained unknown to the public; but his persevering attachment to duty, his unvarying success in all missions entrusted to his charge, finally brought to him the opportunity that served to crown the close of his life with national renown.

All of Taylor's early experience was gained fighting Indians. Under General Harrison he took part in the campaign against Tecumseh, though he was apparently not present at the famous battle of Tippecanoe. A little later, as commandant of Fort Wabash, he conducted a spirited defence against a very large force of Indians. This incident apparently gained him some little reputation in the army, and earned for him the brevet rank of major.

After the close of the War of 1812, during which Taylor was engaged entirely in Indian fighting, the army was much cut down and many officers were retained on the establishment only on condition of accepting a reduction of rank. Major Taylor was offered a company; he declined, and sent in his resignation. He had made influential friends, however; General Harrison and others worked for him in Washington, and before long he was commissioned as major of the 3d Infantry by President Madison, a family connection.

In the course of the next twenty years Zachary Taylor served in many regiments and saw duty along the whole length of the frontier from Fort Winnebago in Wisconsin to Baton Rouge in Louisiana. In 1832 he was promoted colonel. In 1837 he received orders to proceed to Florida, where he was to assume command of one of the columns then operating against the Seminoles and Creeks.

The Florida Indians had long caused trouble to the Government, and had damaged the reputation of nearly every prominent officer in the service, even that of Winfield

Scott himself. They were brave, crafty, stubborn; and the everglades in which they lurked were nearly impassable. None but a commander deeply versed in Indian warfare and of high determination could hope to do much with them; and this was undoubtedly why the unknown and uninfluential Colonel Taylor had been selected for this service.

Taylor met with decidedly more success than his predecessors in this Florida fighting. On the 23d of December, 1837, he heavily defeated the Seminoles at Okeechobee (Kissimmee) after a stiff fight in which his volunteer regiments were routed and his regulars suffered severely in restoring the battle. For this distinguished service he was rewarded with the brevet rank of brigadier-general, and was, on the retirement of General Jesup, appointed to chief command in Florida. For two years more he struggled to pacify the country with some measure of success. In 1840, however, worn out by the constant strain, he asked to be relieved. This application was reluctantly acceded to, and he was appointed to the military district which included the States of the Southwest. In other words, he was sent to the frontier of Texas where a war-cloud was hanging on the horizon, a war-cloud that was destined to burst in 1846.

Louisiana, when Taylor took command, was a border State. Beyond lay Texas, Mexican territory into which the tide of American emigration had long been setting. And the questions had now arisen: were the American settlers to shake off their Mexican allegiance and transfer it to the United States? And further, would the United States assist them to carry out such an enterprise? Taylor had his personal views on these questions, and they were not always in accord with those held in high places at Washington, but whatever they might be, he sank them entirely when called on to act professionally. His duty

as a soldier was to attend to the military affairs of the government and to carry out such instructions as he might receive, keeping his political opinions to himself.

In 1845 the crisis came. President Polk and his Cabinet decided to support the Texans and to bring them into the Union. Taylor received instructions to enter Texas and defend its inhabitants from Mexican aggression. This he did, in July, 1845, disposing the small force he had with him in positions about the mouth of the river Nueces. This was the extreme line of Texan settlement, and the Mexican government claimed that it constituted the boundary of the State of Texas. Unfortunately neither the Texan leaders nor their supporters in Washington would accept the Nueces as a boundary; they must have the Rio Grande del Norte 130 miles farther south. Taylor, accordingly, received instructions to occupy the disputed territory, and to take position on the Rio Grande; once there he was to assume a strictly defensive attitude, engaging no hostilities unless the Mexicans should cross the river and attack him. Thus did the quibbling statesmen of Washington seek to demonstrate that Mexico, not the United States, was responsible for war.

There are two points near the mouth of the Rio Grande that played an important part in what followed. About ten miles to the north of the mouth is Point Isabel, a convenient station for ships and for the disembarkation of troops; this Taylor chose for his base. On the river itself, but to the south or Mexican side, is Matamoros, some twenty miles from the mouth; this was the point of assembly of the Mexican forces. From Matamoros to Point Isabel, the longest side of the triangle, is 28 miles.

The army placed under Taylor's orders for the conquest of Texas could hardly be described as a vast host; it numbered, when hostilities began, little more than 3000 men. Even then many deductions had to be made for ineffectives

and detachments. One of Taylor's first steps after reaching the Rio Grande was to erect a small fort exactly opposite Matamoros, and this at once swallowed up no less than six hundred men. Leaving these under command of Major Brown, Taylor then turned back to Point Isabel.

Taylor's action in erecting this fort and then withdrawing to Point Isabel is susceptible of two interpretations. He could probably have concentrated the greater part of his army on the river in time to contest the passage of the Mexicans; but would the enemy attempt to cross if the passage was to be disputed? By going back to Point Isabel and concentrating the main strength of the army there, he could collect more men; but he would also leave the Rio Grande for a while unprotected. Again, the detaching of 600 men to hold a post opposite Matamoros, was a great loss of strength with little compensating advantage, unless, indeed, the object was to tempt the Mexicans across the Rio Grande. And perhaps this was Taylor's chief object, for it was only in this event that his instructions permitted him to engage the enemy.

Whatever the real interpretation of Taylor's retirement to Point Isabel, it immediately resulted in drawing the enemy north of the river. The Mexican commander, General Arista, was in force; he viewed Taylor's withdrawal as a symptom of weakness; he immediately crossed the Rio Grande, and, leaving a part of his army to reduce Fort Brown, advanced cautiously with the remainder towards Point Isabel. Midway he took up a position at Palo Alto, and Taylor there found him on the 8th of May, 1846.

Palo Alto is usually dignified by the name of battle; it was really not much more than a skirmish. Taylor, advancing from Point Isabel, found the Mexicans drawn up in line. The enemy outnumbered him by over two to one, and had a large force of cavalry. Taylor, confident in the steadiness

of his regulars, deployed in line of battle, and advanced towards the enemy. Arista then moved his cavalry so as to threaten the American right. A regiment was thrown into square to check this move. On both sides the artillery was busy, and the fight was really more of a long-range cannonade than anything else. Taylor was weaker than the enemy in the number of his guns, but he had brought with him, dragged by long lines of oxen, two 18-pounders, and these heavy pieces rendered the greatest service. At the close of the day the Mexican cavalry was beaten off, and the Mexican infantry had fallen back a little from their original position. That night General Arista decided to retreat five miles to the stronger position of Resaca de la Palma, there to await the American advance. Taylor's victory had cost him only 9 killed and less than 50 wounded.

At Resaca de la Palma on the following day the fighting was of a far more serious character. The road was cut by a ravine and was swept by the Mexican guns. Taylor ordered his line forward to carry the position by frontal attack. The Mexican guns were taken by a charge of dragoons, then lost again, and again captured, by the infantry this time, and held. The troops fought well and obstinately until at last the Mexicans lost heart and gave way in a general panic that spread to their whole army. They were pursued to the Rio Grande, where many were drowned and many taken prisoners. The Mexicans had lost all their artillery and about 1000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, in the two engagements.

After Resaca de la Palma, General Arista gave up all hopes of holding the district at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and a few days later he abandoned Matamoros to the Americans. General Taylor promptly occupied the city, but was then at once confronted by a difficulty. Matamoros with the surrounding country was virtually an oasis. The nearest fertile and inhabited part of Mexico was

Monterey, 200 miles to the west, and to reach it a tract of what was virtually desert would have to be crossed. This meant a formidable problem in transportation. Then there was another question. Even if Monterey could be reached and captured, was the enterprise worth undertaking? This was a very debatable point. The war had now obviously entered a new stage, for Taylor's victories had settled the question of the possession of Texas. There remained, however, the quarrel with Mexico, and it was now necessary to bring it to a successful issue. Would the capture of Monterey lead to such a result? It seemed hardly probable; for the city was too small and too distant from the Mexican capital for its loss to be greatly felt. The commander-in-chief, Winfield Scott, constantly urged that the best means of bringing the war to an end was to land an army as close as possible to the city of Mexico and march on it. This was sound advice, as even Taylor was bound to admit.

The administration dealt with this military problem after the manner of the untutored politician; they ignored strategy and concentrated their attention on politics. The President and Cabinet were Democrats; their two chief generals were Whigs. Scott had long been a possible Whig candidate for the Presidency; Taylor, since Resaca de la Palma, had suddenly become a probable one. To increase the reputation of either general was clearly bad politics. Under these circumstances operations came to a painful halt after Taylor's occupation of Matamoros while President Polk and his advisers were casting about for a profitable solution of the Mexican problem. Finally public impatience came into play. A result was loudly demanded, and Washington was forced to decide that Scott should attempt the march on Mexico. But instead of giving him the very moderate numbers he asked for, 24,000 men, he was cut down to half that amount, while Taylor was allowed to

continue his campaign towards Monterey. That campaign, whether brilliantly successful or not, could have no possible effect on the result of the war, while the resulting dispersal of force criminally exposed Scott to disaster. It was fortunate for the United States that the expedition to Mexico happened to be conducted by one of the most brilliant soldiers produced by the American army.

It was no business of Taylor's whether folly or wisdom prevailed in the councils of the White House; his part was merely to do all he could in the place to which he was sent and with the means placed at his disposal. This he did fully. To reach Monterey he decided first to shift his base to Camargo, 180 miles up the Rio Grande; thence the march would be another 150 miles. It took time and trouble to accomplish this change of base, and it was not till the end of August, 1846, that Taylor started from Camargo on his march south; he was now at the head of nearly 7000 men.

The American army reached the outskirts of Monterey on the 19th of September. The town was garrisoned by a Mexican force under General Ampudia, the numbers of which may be found variously stated; it was in all probability about equal to that of Taylor. The city was, however, carefully fortified. There was a considerable fort or citadel on the northern side from which the Americans must of necessity approach. On the east were a bend of the San Juan River and various fortifications; on the west was a high elevation, the Obispado, on which several public buildings of massive character had been elaborated into a strong position. Taylor, after careful consideration, decided to force Monterey by the west side, for if he could get possession of the Obispado hill he would not only command the city, but also the road running thence westwards towards Saltillo. This was the chief line of communications of the Mexican army and therefore the decisive point.

On the 21st of September the fighting began, and continued for three days. General Worth was entrusted with the main task, that of carrying the Obispado hill. This he did after two days of continuous fighting; on the 23d he effected a lodgment in the city, and by nightfall had reached a point near the Cathedral Square. In the meanwhile the left wing after some alternation of success and failure, for the Mexicans made a good fight, carried the outworks of the town to the east and penetrated the streets. At 9 P.M. of the 23d Ampudia, who had done his duty, wrote to Taylor proposing that the Mexican troops evacuate Monterey.

The evacuation of Monterey by Ampudia's army proved a very difficult matter to adjust; and the terms that were finally settled provoked much unfavorable comment. Taylor agreed that the Mexican troops should retire with their arms and six of their guns to a line drawn some miles south of Monterey, and that this line should not be crossed by either belligerent until after the expiration of eight weeks. These terms were assailed as too lenient by Taylor's enemies and political opponents, yet on the whole the defence which he made of his action appears perfectly valid. Ampudia had made a courageous and capable defence. That being the case, it was reasonably certain that if a surrender of his army had been insisted on he would have declined, and got out of Monterey by the roads leading south—roads that Taylor did not control—in as good order as he could, leaving the citadel to hold out for as long as possible. Then, if Taylor chose to enter into an armistice of eight weeks, the arrangement, as he saw it, was quite as advantageous to him as to the Mexicans. Meeting the enemy in battle, he wrote to a friend, was the simplest of the problems he had to deal with. The campaign turned chiefly on questions of transportation and supply. Taylor knew that he could not operate effectively beyond Monterey for at least eight weeks;

he hoped that by tying the enemy to an armistice he might so utilize the respite that at its close he would be in a position to push matters vigorously.

Yet Taylor was never under illusions as to the significance of his strategic situation, or as to what could be accomplished on his present line of advance. The distances in front of him were too great; the country was too poor; his troops were too few. To Saltillo, the next town of any importance, was seventy miles; thence to S. Luis Potosi, over 200 more; and thence to Mexico a further journey unnecessary to state in terms of miles. And Taylor was already clear that Saltillo must of necessity mark the utmost limit of his advance.

After the expiration of the armistice there were operations by various columns resulting in the unopposed occupation of Saltillo and other towns of the northeast of Mexico. The Mexicans had for the moment given up hopes of defending this part of their country, but only for the moment. A change of government had brought the capable and energetic Santa Anna to power, and he was now fast concentrating at S. Luis Potosi an army with which he expected to deal a crushing blow at the feeble American forces. It was just at this moment that the paltry wire-pullers who were posturing as statesmen at Washington decided to send Scott to Vera Cruz, but as this was preliminary to reviving the grade of lieutenant-general and to appointing a party man to fill it over the heads of Scott and Taylor, they were not altogether anxious that the Whig generals should cover themselves with glory. So their nimble wits devised this: Instead of giving Scott 24,000 men, which he stated were necessary, he was allowed to make up 12,000 men by taking every regiment of Taylor's regular infantry from his army. It was a great blow to Taylor, but it was in part softened by the considerate and courteous manner in which Scott broke the news to him, and by the

military obviousness of the move by Vera Cruz. In fact Taylor so fully concurred in the necessity for it that he offered to serve with the Vera Cruz force under Scott's orders.

Just as when Harold turned from the south coast of England to deal a blow at the Danes ere the Normans should land, so Santa Anna resolved to march swiftly north to crush Taylor and then to move back to Mexico and Vera Cruz before Scott should arrive. He anticipated an easy victory over his first antagonist, for his well-appointed army numbered 20,000 men, while Taylor, as he knew, was reduced to less than 5000. Scott had advised Taylor to retire as far as Monterey, and there was a general feeling that a retirement had become necessary, but Taylor had a constitutional aversion to retrograde movements, and he decided to hold on where he was and play the game out.

Santa Anna marched rapidly from Potosi and reached Encarnacion, about 25 miles south of Saltillo, on the 21st of February, 1847. From this place two roads ran to Saltillo, one the direct road, the other perhaps twenty miles longer, leading through the mountains to the east. Now it so happened that Taylor had decided to make a stand about 7 miles south of Saltillo in a very strong natural position near the *hacienda* of Buena Vista. Had Santa Anna realized what this position held by a resolute fighter like Taylor meant, he would probably have detached a division to march around by the eastern road. But he was very confident in his numbers, and in a great hurry to dispose of Taylor so as to get back to Scott, now operating near Vera Cruz. So he continued his headlong march on the direct road to Saltillo, merely detaching a small force of cavalry to operate by the eastern road.

On the morning of the 22d Santa Anna reached Encantada, only 6 miles from Buena Vista. The head of his column had already come into contact with the Americans, and a line of battle was being deployed. So certain was Santa

Anna of the result that he now wrote a curt letter to Taylor in which, after alluding to his own overwhelming numbers, he summoned him to surrender his army as prisoners of war. This letter was not fated, as Santa Anna perhaps believed, to exercise any marked influence on the result of the campaign; Taylor replied to it in the fewest words that would serve to convey the most point-blank of refusals.

Taylor's position at Buena Vista was across the road leading to Saltillo, at a point where it traversed a narrow pass. To the right the ground sank lower than the road and was so cut by precipitous gullies as to be virtually impassable. No movements of any importance were attempted by either army in this direction. To the left were a series of spurs running down from the mountains with deep ravines between them. These spurs formed difficult but by no means impassable ground, and the Americans would have the great advantage of defending them. The Mexicans might counterbalance this by their numbers, as the ravines and spurs between the road and the mountains made a possible front of operations varying from a mile to a mile and a half. The position on the road, narrow and well covered by Captain Washington's battery, was the pivot of the American line and was held firmly on both days of the battle; the question was, would Taylor's small numbers suffice to hold the excellent but somewhat long line between this pivot and the mountains?

On the 22d there was little serious fighting, Santa Anna being anxious to get all his men up before engaging. Such movements as took place were favorable to the Mexicans, Ampudia's division gaining one of the spurs far to the American left. On the 23d the main attack was delivered. Santa Anna made demonstrations on his left, among the gullies below the road; he threatened the pass itself; he sent Ampudia forward on his extreme right below the mountains, and then, when the Americans were hotly

engaged on a wide front, holding such hills and defiles as gave best opportunity for defence, the Mexican commander launched a serried mass of two divisions, greater than the whole American army, straight at Taylor's centre. This was good generalship, and nearly succeeded. A few companies of volunteers were not sufficient to hold back this tide; they were swept away, many of the fugitives not stopping short of Saltillo. A few regular guns, served with splendid skill and the most reckless courage, checked the advancing Mexicans a few minutes, just long enough for Taylor to reach the spot, Taylor cool and resolute as ever, Taylor with a regiment of Mississippi riflemen behind him. The riflemen fought well, and were well handled by their colonel, Jefferson Davis. By desperate efforts the line of battle was slowly reestablished. Pressed by several of his officers to fall back and take up a new position, Taylor curtly declined; with regulars this might have been the more prudent course, with volunteers it would probably have been fatal.

This was not, however, Santa Anna's last attempt. Before the close of the day, after Taylor had reestablished his line, when both armies were nearing exhaustion, he aimed one more blow at the same spot, and again he nearly succeeded. All the Mexican reserves were thrown in, and once more a powerful column began steadily pressing into the American centre. Resistance was nearly over when Braxton Bragg, who sixteen years later saw a greater but less glorious victory at Chickamauga, galloped up with three guns. For some minutes those guns were all that was left of the American centre, and Bragg fought them heroically. He poured in his last discharge of grape and canister with the enemy only fifty yards away, and Taylor, who stood by the guns, afterwards reported that this last round saved the day. The efforts of Santa Anna's men were well-nigh spent, and his last attack presently rolled back defeated.

At sundown the two armies camped on the ground they had occupied in the morning. At night Santa Anna began his retreat, thus acknowledging defeat. He had lost nearly 2000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, while Taylor had proportionately suffered even more heavily, losing about 750 killed and wounded.

One incident of Buena Vista, not of a military character, is too curious to be passed over. The colonel of the Mississippi riflemen who was later to be President of the Confederate States had some years previously eloped with one of Zachary Taylor's daughters. The general had constantly refused to forgive him. But after the splendid stand made by Jefferson Davis' men when the American centre had first been pierced, Taylor could hold out no longer; he made his peace with his subordinate after the battle, and gave him a handsome mention in dispatches.

Buena Vista marks the close of Taylor's military career. Active operations after this were practically confined to those of Scott and Santa Anna in the south, and during the remainder of the war Taylor was little more than a spectator. But there were soon other matters of national importance to engage his attention. Taylor's personality had many of the characteristics that make for wide popularity. His soldiers called him *Old Rough-and-ready*, an expression clearly implying endearment. To his men indeed he was always the personification of justice and kindliness. Then, again, he was a very plain and direct man, and Americans have always loved directness and plainness save in their oratory and literature. He was not fond of fuss and feathers. He went into action wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat and a linen duster; and to rest himself he would often pass his leg over the pommel of his saddle in the most unmilitary and unpicturesque manner. All these were matters, crystallized by anecdotes, for making popularity, and, added to his victories, they had made of

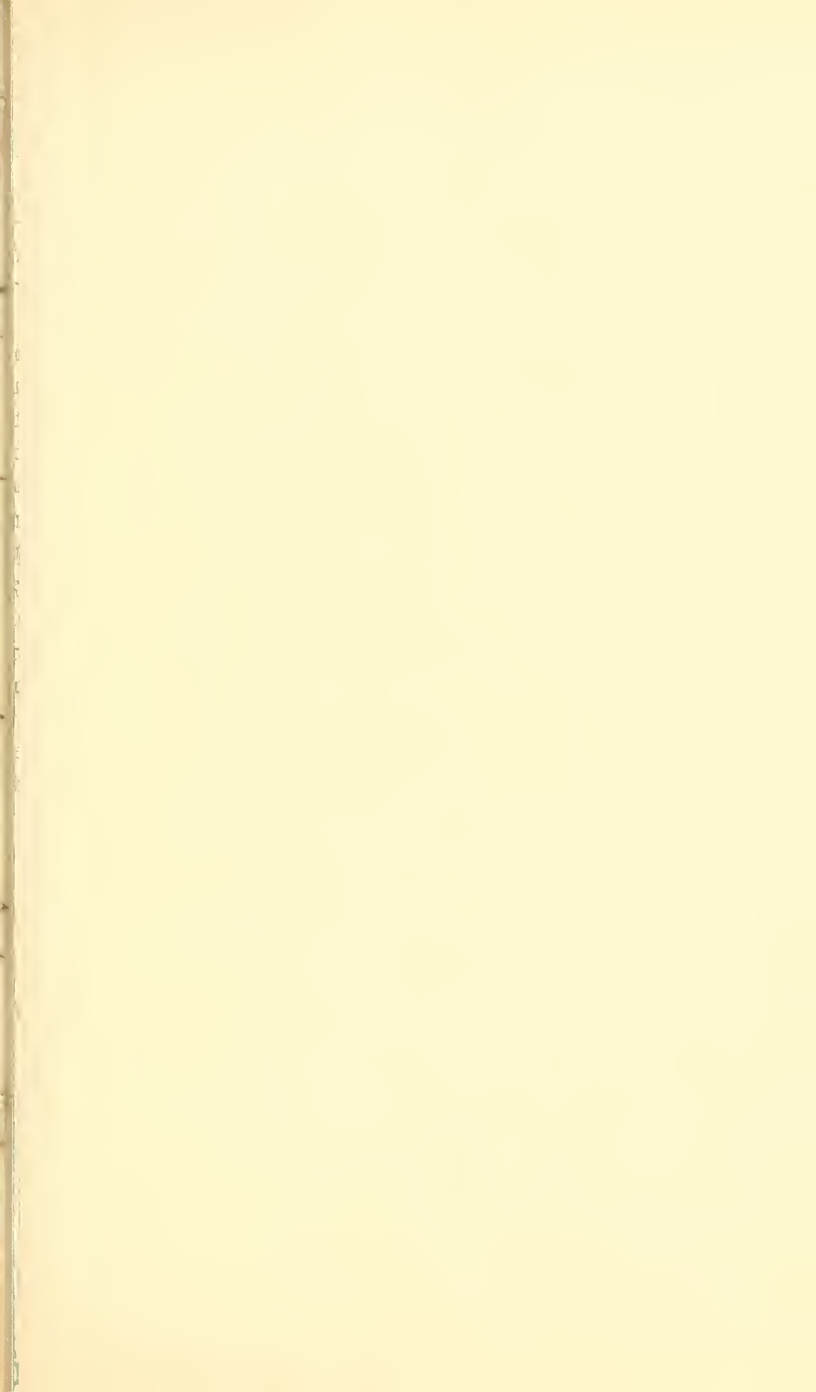
Zachary Taylor a national hero. And so the party leaders seized on him as a man likely to win a presidential election.

There were also reasons of a more narrowly political character why Taylor should carry the presidential election set to take place in 1848. The war with Mexico had indirectly brought to a head the great question of slavery then dividing North and South. From Texas to California a vast stretch of territory had been won and might be converted into slave States or free States. The quarrel which till then had been led on both sides by comparatively small groups of extremists threatened to become a popular one, to resolve itself into civil war. The wisest still hoped, however, to avert disaster by moderate courses, and the Whig party, declining to follow the Abolitionist lead, chose Taylor for its candidate, and chose him because, although a moderate or Henry Clay Whig, he was a citizen of the State of Louisiana, a planter, and the owner of 300 slaves. Here was the man of all others to conciliate the South, to allay the fears of its citizens. And so it proved.

Taylor did nothing to secure the nomination; it is indeed probable that the choice of Henry Clay as candidate would have gratified him. But being elected he proceeded to carry out his duty as he had always been accustomed to. During the few months of his presidency he gave one or two indications of his character. Political feeling at Washington was running very high. Members of Congress put pistols in their pockets before going to the Capitol. Prominent Southerners were already advocating secession. But the President, whatever his sentiment as to slavery, was firm in his allegiance to the flag he had so long served, the flag of Monterey and Buena Vista. He declared roundly to a deputation of Southern hotheads that if there was an insurrection he would put it down himself at the head of an army of Southern volunteers. This was more than bravely said, it was statesmanlike. This, however, was

not always the case with the old soldier's utterances. Forgetting the delicate balance between free and slave States, forgetting how slight a spark would fire the political magazine, he bluntly advised and helped new-born California to advance towards the statehood that was due to her population, statehood under a free constitution.

All in all, however, President Taylor's was, in a personal sense, an uneventful presidency. It came to a sudden close in the summer of 1850. On the 4th of July of that year the President graced the ceremonies attendant on the laying of the foundation-stone of the Washington monument. He was slightly overcome by the heat, and that evening aggravated his condition by partaking too freely of fruit and iced milk. His state rapidly became alarming, and on the 9th of July he died. His death was felt as a great loss even by men like Daniel Webster who had been accustomed to look down on his lack of political training. But the loss was a real one, for "Old Rough-and-ready" was far above common men in his resolute valor and sense, and his memory has therefore long been honored in the annals of his country.



Winfield Scott

WINFIELD SCOTT

Among American soldiers few have received less recognition than Winfield Scott. This is doubtless due in part to the fact that the end of his career came just at the moment when our greatest war broke out, and when the veteran had to make way for young men who soon filled the public eye to his exclusion. But there is another reason, which is that no historian has yet set forth with due emphasis the magnitude of his military achievements and shown the public that Scott, though he was never put to the test of handling large armies, conducted one campaign, that of Mexico, after a fashion that Frederick or Napoleon might not have surpassed. His field was small, but within it he played his part like a great captain.

He was born on the 13th of June, 1786, near Petersburg, Virginia, and his grandfather was a Scotch Jacobite who had fled to this country after Culloden in 1746. The second American Scott, Winfield's father, served in Washington's army and died in 1792; fortunately the family was well-to-do, and Winfield was therefore able to secure a good education. His school days were mostly spent under a Quaker schoolmaster, whose pacific precepts were fated to be somewhat wasted on his pupil; Scott recorded later that on his return home from the war in 1815 he met his old pedagogue, who greeted him thus: "Friend Winfield, I always told thee not to fight; but as thou wouldst fight, I am glad that thou weren't beaten."

In 1805 young Scott entered William and Mary College,

but remained there only a short time, leaving it in his nineteenth year to enter a law office in Petersburg. Two years later, in 1807, came the *Chesapeake* and *Leopard* incident; President Jefferson closed our ports to British men-of-war and called for volunteers; Scott was among those who responded to the call. The President's proclamation reached Richmond late one evening; but on the very same night Scott travelled twenty-five miles, purchased a horse and borrowed a uniform. The next morning he was back in Richmond fully equipped as a private in the Petersburg troop of cavalry. His manner of joining the army augured well for his military aptitude.

Scott's experience of volunteer soldiering in 1807 lasted only a few weeks, but it awoke in him a strong taste for the career of arms. For a few months after the first war alarm had blown over he returned to the law, but, using such influence as he could control at Washington, he succeeded in obtaining a commission as captain of light artillery. This was in May, 1808. He recruited his company about Petersburg and Richmond, and was soon afterwards ordered to proceed to New Orleans.

The first four years of Scott's army life offer no incidents of sufficient importance to find space here; but on the breaking out of war with England, in 1812, he profited from the dearth of officers and the increase of the army, being promoted lieutenant-colonel immediately on the declaration of hostilities. After some time spent in recruiting duties at Philadelphia, he succeeded in getting orders to proceed to the frontier at Niagara, reporting to General Alexander Smyth. In the ill-conducted engagement at Queenstown Scott was at one time in command of the troops rashly sent to the farther side of the Niagara River, and, after their defeat, he entered into a capitulation. He was courteously treated by his captors, paroled, and, in January, 1813, exchanged. The war was still proceeding,

and so Scott had a farther opportunity, of which he was destined to make better use.

In May, 1813, Colonel Scott joined the staff of General Dearborn as adjutant-general, and on the 27th he led the advance against Fort George, a work on the British side of the Niagara River. The troops were met by the enemy as they were disembarking, and it was not till the second attempt and after heavy loss that a foothold was gained and the British driven back. Scott instantly pursued, gained the rear of Fort George, and, from prisoners, learned that it was being abandoned and that its magazines were about to be exploded. Followed by captains Hyndman and Stockton, he instantly galloped towards the fort, but was struck down from his horse by the explosion of one of the magazines, and had his collar-bone broken. For most men this would have been enough, but Scott was undeterred. He struggled to his feet, ran on, was the first to reach the fort and hauled down the enemy's flag with his own hands, while Hyndman and Stockton were stamping out the fuses that would in another minute have exploded the two remaining magazines.

By his conspicuous action at the taking of Fort George, and in other ways as well, Colonel Scott won considerable repute in the army, a repute that penetrated even as far as Washington, so that at the close of 1813, a year marked by numerous reverses and by the glaring incapacity of our generals, he was noted in many quarters as an officer likely to be soon tried in independent commands. Promotion came in March, 1814, six years after joining the army, and made him at the very early age of twenty-seven a brigadier-general. Up to this point he had moved upwards even faster than his illustrious contemporary, Napoleon.

Appointed to the army of Major-General Brown, Scott first devoted his attention to a considerable camp of instruction formed at Buffalo. There, armed with a single copy of

the French *Manuel d'Infanterie*, he set himself to teach his raw army scientific war. He took in hand personally large squads of officers which he put through the soldiers' exercises, and after several weeks of unremitting toil he was rewarded by finding his companies, regiments, and brigades capable of effective deployment into a well-aligned battle array and full of confidence in their chief.

At the end of June General Brown arrived at Buffalo, and promptly decided on an effort to capture Fort Erie, on the Canadian bank of the Niagara River. Scott, as had now become usual, was placed in command of the van; he was nearly drowned while effecting a landing, but was rescued and was able to carry through the expedition to a successful end, the fort surrendering to the greatly superior numbers brought against it. At dawn of the next morning, the 4th of July, 1814, an English force under Lord Tweeddale was discovered advancing towards Fort Erie; Scott promptly attacked it, and, on the enemy retreating, pursued sixteen miles to the Chippewa River with the utmost vigor. At this point he discovered the main British army under General Riall.

Early in the morning of the 5th Brown joined his lieutenant and decided to take the offensive. To do this it appeared necessary to cross the Chippewa, which was strongly held at its mouth by the enemy. It was therefore decided to bridge it some way up-stream, and until this should be accomplished, never suspecting that General Riall might also decide to take the offensive, Scott indulged his men with their deferred 4th-of-July dinner. Late in the afternoon, dinner being disposed of, he led them down to some meadows towards his left, about one mile from the Chippewa River, where he intended employing such leisure as yet remained in putting them through some field exercises. Just as Scott reached a bridge crossing a creek near these meadows he was joined by Brown galloping

up with the information that the whole British army was on them.

Scott barely had time to get his guns in position and to start his column over the bridge when the British artillery opened. It was at this moment that the long hours of drill in the camp of instruction at Buffalo came to their proof. With a steadiness that astonished the British general, Scott's infantry continued its march across the bridge, deploying into line of battle on the farther side face to face with the British. Scott was outnumbered, and the rest of the army was not within supporting distance of his brigade, but he disposed his troops with such skill as to secure an enfilading fire, and his men behaved with great determination. The two lines closed nearer and nearer firing successive volleys until they were locked together, in some places at push of bayonet; the breaking-point was soon reached, and it was the British who broke. Scott pursued as far as the Chippewa River, making many prisoners. The victory of Chippewa came at a moment when a gleam of success was badly wanted to lighten up the gloom caused by many months of failure. The country rejoiced, and Scott instantly became a national hero.

A second engagement, that of Lundy's Lane, was soon fought by the two armies within a few miles of the Chippewa River. Riall, reinforced by Sir Gordon Drummond, resumed the offensive, and the American army, unaware of the enemy's vicinity, was unexpectedly attacked on the 15th of July. Scott's brigade was first in action, and, well handled, won some success, including the capture of General Riall. Then followed a confused night engagement in which, after the Americans had gained some advantage, the British delivered several successive attacks that were all for the moment driven back. Scott, however, had two horses killed under him and was twice wounded, the last time so severely that he had to leave the field. Brown

having also been wounded, the command devolved on General Ripley. That officer decided on retreat, so that on the following day the British occupied the American positions and claimed a victory.

Scott, who was shortly after promoted major-general, was seriously wounded, and took no farther part in the war. He was met with great ovations on his journey to Washington, and his own description of one of the scenes that took place on this occasion is so characteristic that it is here reproduced just as he wrote it in his memoirs: "From Albany another long journey, on a mattress, was to be undertaken. At Princeton College (Nassau Hall) a very interesting scene occurred. The invalid chanced to arrive at that seat of learning on Commencement Day, in the midst of its exercises, and made a short halt for rest. He was scarcely placed on a bed when a deputation from the Trustees and Faculty did him the honor to bear him, almost by main strength, to the platform of their body. This was in the venerable church where thousands of literary and scientific degrees had been conferred on pupils from all parts of the Union. The floor and galleries were filled to overflowing with much of the intelligence, beauty, and fashion of a wide circle of the country.

"All united in clamorous greeting to the young wounded soldier (bachelor), the only representative they had seen of a successful, noble army.

"The emotion was overpowering. Seated on the platform with the authorities, he had scarcely recovered from that burst of enthusiasm, when he was again assailed with all the powers of oratory. . . . Finally the honorary degree of Master of Arts, conferred on the soldier, rounded off his triumphs of the day."

All this is very like Scott. Alongside of his great military qualities he had marked foibles. He was a conspicuously tall and handsome man, inclined to vanity on the score of

his looks and his achievements, to which he added an exaggerated dignity of manner and a fondness for the trappings of rank. "Old fuss and feathers" was his name in the army, and it fitted him like a glove. His courage was exuberant, and on at least one occasion, shortly after the war, led him into very foolish behavior. He had made some comments on certain proceedings of Andrew Jackson, which led that general to correspond with and complain of Scott. His reply was part provocative, part pompous, and wholly inconclusive. Soon afterwards Scott found himself in Washington, where Jackson had just arrived to take his seat in the Senate. For six consecutive days Scott attended the meetings of that body as a spectator, placing himself so that Jackson could not fail to see him, and on one occasion deliberately walked out just in front of him. It was a regular "won't you step on the tail of my coat?" proceeding, but Jackson declined to notice his fire-eating brother officer. Finally Scott wrote as follows:

"SIR,—One portion of the American community has long attributed to you the most distinguished magnanimity, and the other the greatest desperation, in your resentments. Am I to conclude that both are in error? I allude to circumstances which have transpired between us, and which need not here be recapitulated, and that I have now been six days in your immediate vicinity without having attracted your notice. As this is the first time in my life that I have been within a hundred miles of you, and as it is barely possible that you may be ignorant of my presence, I beg leave to state that I shall not leave the District before the morning of the 14th inst."

To this swashbuckling provocation Jackson had the good sense to answer with mild courtesy, and there the matter fortunately dropped.

After the close of the war we find Scott travelling to

Paris, which was then in the occupation of Wellington and Blücher. There he seems once more to have done all that was reasonably possible to bring on a private conflict with pistols, by organizing a banquet at a hotel immediately opposite the headquarters of a British regiment to celebrate Jackson's defeat of Pakenham and the veterans of the Peninsula. On his return to Washington he married a Miss Mayo, and then relapsed into the humdrum duties of a general in times of peace.

For seventeen years Scott's life was uneventful, until 1832, when South Carolina became greatly excited over the *Nullification* proclamation and threatened to secede from the Union. He was now specially selected by President Jackson to take charge of affairs at Charleston. In this delicate task he showed much discretion and tact, and his forbearance was largely instrumental in averting violent action on the part of the South Carolinians, action that might have brought on a civil war. Shortly after this he saw active service once more.

At the close of 1835 the long war against the Seminoles and Creeks of Florida and Georgia began. Scott was sent down to take command in 1836, but accomplished nothing, either on the Withlacoochee against the Seminoles or on the Chattahoochee against the Creeks. The great difficulty was one of transportation and Scott had been, with slender means, unable to solve it. He was summoned to Washington by order of Jackson to appear before a military court, his command being transferred to other officers, who proved no more successful. The Court of Inquiry honorably acquitted Scott, and unanimously recorded its approval of the steps taken by him for prosecuting the war against the Indians. It may, however, not be useless to reproduce the opening sentence of the accused and indignant general's address to his judges: "Mr. President and Gentle-

men of the Court: When a Doge of Genoa, for some imaginary offence imputed by Louis XIV., was torn from his government and compelled to visit France in order to debase himself before that inflated monarch . . . ." It is clear, unfortunately clear, that the "inflated monarch" Scott had in mind was none other than Andrew Jackson, President of the United States!

In 1839 Scott, whose real abilities and conspicuous traits had both served him with the political world, came out as a presidential candidate. It was "without wish or agency on his part," as he carefully informs the reader of his memoirs, that his name was put forward; it was nevertheless an obvious disappointment to him when the nomination went to Harrison. A compensation came soon after, however, in the form of the appointment to be commander-in-chief of the army of the United States. This was in 1841, and only five years later the new commander-in-chief's powers were put to the most severe test.

The war with Mexico broke out in the early part of the year 1846. It was one of those incidents in the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race over the world, of which Elizabeth's seamen gave the first examples and of which the present day has given us the continuing tradition in the Transvaal and at Panama. Seen close to, such episodes in our history savor too strongly of politics and sordid motives to attract the reader possessed of the slightest elevation of mind; viewed in a wider perspective, however, they possess that attraction which often bedecks the less lofty actions when set in the scenery of war and of a great racial evolution. The war with Mexico was a land-grabbing affair; party wire-pullers were constantly tampering with the machinery of our army; Scott himself had been a presidential candidate and might again figure in that capacity; yet the pure military achievement was great and is, fortunately, the

only direct issue here. For Scott was first and foremost a soldier, and, however much or little politics influenced him, his campaign of Mexico is a well-nigh flawless example of the performance of military duty.

There were two possible ways of conducting war against Mexico. The first arose naturally from the cause of the dispute. The question was, should the United States or should Mexico control Texas; hostilities took place on the border; both parties sent reinforcements to that point; presently the Mexican army under Arista and the American army under Taylor were in presence on the Rio Grande. But a victory could have little effect at a point so remote from the populous parts of both countries, and a march from the Rio Grande to the city of Mexico would involve a line of communications through a hostile country and of such length that only a very numerous army could venture to hold it. Scott at the very outbreak of the war proposed another plan of campaign based on perfectly sound strategical reasons; and it was eventually adopted. By this plan an army was to be transported by sea to the port of Vera Cruz, and, after capturing that city and establishing a base, was thence to march on the Mexican capital, 260 miles inland. There, it was supposed, a peace could be dictated.

The events of the spring and summer of 1846 demonstrated the futility of operations on the Rio Grande. Taylor won several successes and pushed as far south as Saltillo, but there came to a stop and was clearly not able to carry offensive operations on that line to any decisive conclusion. Finally, President Polk and his advisers concluded that they must let Scott take charge and carry out his plan, and with that object he left Washington just before the close of 1846. First proceeding to Taylor's camp he conferred with that general and made arrangements for drawing some of his troops for the projected

move on Vera Cruz. Taylor was left, much to his disgust, with the bare minimum that would enable him to maintain the defensive, and Scott assembled a force of 12,000 men for his expedition. On the 7th of March the army reached the coast near Vera Cruz, and on the 9th a landing was effected unopposed by the enemy.

There was a garrison, however, sufficient to man the not inconsiderable fortifications of Vera Cruz, and Scott decided that regular siege operations must be opened. For this purpose heavy artillery had been placed on board ship and was now brought to land, where approaches and batteries had already been begun. On the 22d the city was summoned to surrender, and, on the governor's refusal, the American batteries opened fire.

Vera Cruz was not very stubbornly defended, but surrendered long before any signs of a breach had appeared, on the 27th of March. Five thousand prisoners were taken and a strong base secured at a cost of less than one hundred officers and men killed and wounded.

Scott was now confronted by a task that called for resolution and courage nearly equal to that of Cortez himself. He had but 12,000 men, though he had long before informed the Government that 24,000 would be necessary to carry the enterprise through to a successful termination. The city of Mexico was nearly 300 miles distant, and was 7000 feet higher than Vera Cruz, with several mountain passes intervening. Santa Anna, the Mexican president, had a deserved military reputation and large resources, while it was known that he was determined to defend the capital to the last extremity. Under these circumstances it might have been thought that Scott's little force was no larger than might actually be required to protect his line of communications between the two cities, leave alone meeting 20,000 or 30,000 Mexicans in battle. Yet Scott faced the

problem, a problem that only courage and firmness of well-nigh heroic quality could possibly solve.

In a little more than two weeks after the capture of Vera Cruz Scott had collected sufficient transportation to begin his advance. Twiggs' division marched first, followed at a few days' interval by Patterson's, and later by Worth's. At Plan del Rio, fifty miles from the coast, this first stage of the advance culminated; just beyond this point the road began climbing and zigzagging up the steep pass of Cerro Gordo, which the enemy had fortified and occupied with 13,000 men and 40 guns. Their right was covered by a precipitous ravine, their left by the mountain of Cerro Gordo; numerous batteries made these naturally strong positions apparently impregnable.

To attack Santa Anna Scott disposed of less than 9000 men, yet he never doubted of complete success. Finding the position virtually unassailable on its front, he cast about for some means of turning it, and Captain Robert Lee, a brilliant young engineer officer of Scott's staff, succeeded in discovering a line whereby troops could be marched by the spurs of Cerro Gordo around the enemy's left flank to his rear on the main road to the city of Mexico. Pioneers swiftly and secretly improved the passage, and on the evening of the 17th of April orders were issued for an attack on the following morning. Twiggs' division was to turn the enemy's left and attack his rear, while the rest of the army pressed him in front, and so certain was Scott of victory that the greater part of the order was taken up with directions for carrying on the pursuit of the Mexicans after their anticipated defeat. On the following morning Scott's orders were carried out with great vigor and effect. Santa Anna had grossly failed in neglecting to cover his wings, and paid the penalty. His army was surprised; his positions were turned; his troops were routed. Scott's dragoons pursued relentlessly, and a military oversight in the face

of a bold opponent cost the Mexican army 1200 killed and wounded, 3000 prisoners, and all their artillery. The American losses were less than 500 killed and wounded.

Scott followed up his brilliant success by a rapid advance; he believed in improving victories. For four weeks the army marched on, meeting little opposition and securing several fortified posts, until on the 15th of May the city of Puebla was reached, 180 miles from Vera Cruz and only 80 from Mexico. Here Scott had perforce to come to a halt. For of his little army nearly one-half was made up of volunteer regiments, and these now claimed a discharge under the terms on which they had enlisted. There was no help for it; Scott let the troops return to the coast and with a mere handful of men, 5000 all told, settled down at Puebla until he should get reinforcements and be able to resume his march on the Mexican capital.

It was weary waiting, and infinitely dangerous, while the politicians at Washington and the hostile administration were wrangling and wire-pulling over the fate of the gallant little army. At last reinforcements slowly came up, and in August Scott, now at the head of 11,000 effective men, was able to resume offensive operations. Dividing his army into four divisions under Worth, Twiggs, Pillow, and Quitman, he marched out from Puebla on the 7th of August.

Meanwhile, Santa Anna had collected a considerable force, about 25,000 men, for the defence of the capital, but, not realizing fully the perils to which Scott's little army was exposed owing to its comparative isolation from its base, he adopted a defective plan of campaign. Instead of leaving Mexico to take care of itself and carrying on offensive operations against the Americans, attacking especially their line of communications, he resolved to await Scott's advance under the walls of the city and there

to stake everything on the results of a pitched battle. This course proved a fatal one.

On the 12th contact with the enemy was established at a point only 8 miles from the city of Mexico, and it soon became clear that any further advance would be in the face of great obstacles. Reconnaissances disclosed the fact that the whole Mexican army was drawn up on a narrow, hilly, and heavily fortified front, while its flanks were covered by Lake Tezcoco to the north and Lake Xochimilco to the south. Clearly the approach to the city from the east was too risky, and, as at Cerro Gordo, Scott cast about for means to get around his enemy's wings.

As at Cerro Gordo the American army once more succeeded in getting at Santa Anna by moving over ground which the Mexican President had considered impracticable. By a rapid circuitous march to the southwest, between the lakes and the spurs of Popocatepetl, Scott succeeded in placing his army on another road leading to the city of Mexico from the south. Santa Anna, however, moving on interior lines, quickly faced the Americans again, and took position behind some heavy intrenchments about the hacienda of San Antonio directly in the line of advance.

The situation of the American army was now apparently even worse than before. In front was the enemy numerically much superior and in carefully prepared positions; to the right were the lakes; in the rear were lofty mountains; to the left was a rugged district known as the Pedregal, a maze of broken ridges and ancient lava-beds reputed impassable. Once more, however, Scott punished Santa Anna for his inert defensive, and overcame the natural obstacle. Lee found a way through the Pedregal; the army once more shifted to its left; and on the 19th of August Worth and Pillow debouched from the wilderness of lava on to the road that runs into Mexico from the southwest through Contreras.

At Contreras itself a desperate action was fought that very day. One half of Scott's force was faced by 6000 Mexicans, who, before the end of the day, were supported by the bulk of Santa Anna's army. Little headway was made by the Americans, for the Mexicans were as usual heavily and not unskilfully intrenched. At the close of the day's fighting the troops had gained little and were faced by four times their numbers. Under these circumstances an anxious conference was held by the generals, to which Lee was summoned. The heroic ardor and courage of the absent general-in-chief was reflected by his staff-officer. The generals decided not to relax from the offensive, but to continue their efforts and to attempt, by a night movement, the surprise of the enemy's lines at early dawn. Lee, after seven other staff-officers had failed, rode back through the Pedregal in a terrific storm to carry this information to Scott, and the general sent him back once more to convey his approval of their decision. Lee was further charged to announce a simultaneous movement by the wing that had not crossed over the Pedregal.

Early in the morning of the 20th an attack was delivered, for which the Mexicans were quite unprepared. In little more than fifteen minutes all their positions near Contreras were won, and a disordered retreat began. From this early discomfiture they were not allowed to recover. Far to the right Worth drove the enemy out of San Antonio, and then the two American columns pressed on in pursuit, converging on Churubusco. There the Mexicans held their ground for two hours, but the irresistible vigor of the American troops finally prevailed and the defeated army sought refuge within the walls of the capital. Kearney with two squadrons of dragoons sabred the fugitives up to the very gates. In this severe fighting Scott had lost just over 1000 killed and wounded; the enemy suffered three

times as much, besides losing 3000 prisoners, 37 guns, and a quantity of supplies.

Scott could probably have carried the city of Mexico by force of arms that night or the following morning; he chose rather to hold his hand. The reason he gives is that he feared lest a further disaster would shatter Santa Anna's government, and thereby postpone the peace that now appeared inevitable. He may also have hesitated at placing his little army in the midst of such a large population, under circumstances that might have resulted in street fighting. As it was, he sent in a flag and proposed an armistice with a view to negotiating a peace. Santa Anna accepted the proposal, but only to gain time for reorganizing his forces.

For two weeks the American troops camped in sight of the city, and then, on the 7th of September, Santa Anna being now ready to renew the struggle, hostilities broke out again. As a first step Scott decided to capture an arsenal just outside the city gates known as Molinos del Rey, and also the formidable height and fort of Chapultepec that commanded it. On the 8th Molinos del Rey was gallantly attacked and captured by Worth's division, but at a cost of no less than 800 killed and wounded. On the 12th batteries of siege-guns opened fire on Chapultepec. Twenty-four hours later Scott sent two columns to the attack, and after a brief struggle the hill and fort were carried. On all sides the troops pressed on after the retreating enemy, and General Quitman succeeded in taking the San Cosme gate before dark. At four o'clock on the following morning a deputation from the municipality reached the commander-in-chief to treat for the capitulation of the city.

Although in all these operations Santa Anna had grossly violated strategical principles in confining himself to a passive defence, this does not detract from the extraor-

dinary brilliance of Scott's achievement. What stands out most conspicuously is his boldness, his greatness of heart. And his army was like him. Not even the Army of Northern Virginia in its greatest days equalled the splendidly officered, splendidly disciplined, splendidly effective and responsive army that carried the stars and stripes in triumph from Contreras to Chapultepec. The achievement was on a small scale, yet it has rarely been surpassed in military annals. Wellington had pronounced an advance to Mexico impossible. Grant, who fought through the campaign as a subaltern, declared afterwards that Scott's strategy and tactics "were faultless." Lee always spoke of his chief with the utmost reverence, and once said of him that he did not "hide his head under a bushel, but appears the bold, sagacious, truthful man that he is."

In truth Scott, like nearly all great generals, was something of a statesman as well. His fondness for full-dress uniforms and parades was but a trifling weakness and was much weighed down in the balance by the broad humanity and benevolence he showed to the conquered. By the strict discipline he enforced and by his consideration for their interests he won the good will of the Mexicans, and during the long weeks that followed Chapultepec the American army established excellent relations with the inhabitants of the capital. At last the long-protracted negotiations culminated in peace, and in February, 1848, Scott was able to turn over the command to General Butler and start for home and well-earned repose.

For his services in Mexico Scott was rewarded by a joint resolution of thanks passed by the Senate and the House of Representatives on the 9th of March, 1848. Four years later he received the brevet rank of lieutenant-general, being the first officer to reach that grade since George Washington. His great prominence in the national life now once more led him into the political arena. Not

without some heartburning and unseemly exhibitions of petty vanity he secured the Whig nomination for the presidency in June, 1852, but in the ensuing election, largely owing to his own blunders, he was overwhelmingly defeated by Franklin Pierce. His own comment on the result can by no means be passed over: "For his political defeats," he writes, "the autobiographer cannot too often return thanks to God. As he has said before, they proved benefits to him. Have they been such to his country? This is a point that may, perhaps, hereafter be doubted by calm inquirers."

With the exception of this excursion into political affairs, there is nothing of moment in Scott's life to mark the period that elapsed between the Mexican and the Civil War. The Secession movement found him still general-in-chief, but old and infirm. It was evident to all, and to Scott himself, that he was past commanding an army in the field. But from this the politicians jumped to the conclusion that he was not competent even to offer counsel. It was perhaps the greatest in Lincoln's long series of military blunders that he was unable to gauge the value of Scott's technical attainments and advice. If Buchanan would not listen to the veteran's reiterated plea that the coast fortresses should be secured by adequate garrisons and the South thus shut off from outside communication, the reason is plainly that Buchanan's heart was with the Secession movement. Lincoln had no such excuse to offer. He apparently did not consider for a moment Scott's perfectly reasonable opinion that 300,000 men under an able general might carry the business through in two or three years. This was far from immoderate; it proved, in fact, an underestimate; but the Government decided that 75,000 men enlisted for three months would suffice, which resulted in McDowell's premature advance on Manassas Junction and the disaster

of Bull Run. Worse was to follow, for the deplorable incident that closed Scott's military career certainly constitutes one of the gravest faults in the administration of that fine diplomat, clever politician, admirable patriot, but far from impeccable statesman, Abraham Lincoln.

In his memoirs Scott displays a restraint unusual with him when dealing with the circumstances of his retirement from command of the army. He adopts the official version presented by the Administration to the country, and this, doubtless, for the patriotic motive of avoiding any controversy likely to diminish the prestige of those in office. But his biographer, forty years after the events, may well reestablish the facts in their true light.

McDowell had been defeated by Johnston and Beauregard at Bull Run. The half-drilled volunteers had lost their cohesion under the strain of retreat. Washington was full of stampeded soldiers. The wildest alarm prevailed. The Administration, closely responsive to public sentiment, cast about for a new general to supersede McDowell, and their choice fell on McClellan. This officer's great capacity was widely known, he had been successful in some engagements in western Virginia, and, on the whole, the choice was reasonable and justified. But what followed McClellan's arrival at Washington was neither reasonable nor justified. The Administration, while retaining Scott as commander-in-chief, gave all their confidence to the younger man and freely adopted his views. It was subversive to the discipline of the army to deal direct with a subordinate over the head of the commander-in-chief. It was folly to hearken to McClellan's timid views and to turn deaf ears to Scott's stout-hearted and perfectly sound opinions. But the Administration was panic-stricken and cared neither for decency, nor discipline, nor reason. Scott maintained silence, however, until, on the 8th of August, his subordinate wrote him a letter which

broke down his restraint. In this letter McClellan urged the immediate necessity of taking steps to secure Washington from an attack on the part of Beauregard at the head of 100,000 men, and generally wrote in such a tone as completely to reveal both his state of panic and his lack of subordination. Scott promptly wrote to the Secretary of War. In this letter he scouted McClellan's opinion that Washington was in "imminent danger," and declared roundly that he had "not the slightest apprehension for the safety of the Government here." He concluded by requesting that his resignation as commander-in-chief be accepted.

This communication was shown to McClellan by the President, who asked the younger general to withdraw his letter. McClellan consented. Lincoln then went in person to see Scott, and asked him if, under the circumstances, he would agree to withdraw his own letter. Scott took two days to consider his reply, and then, on the 12th of August, wrote to the Secretary of War, declining to withdraw his letter, and specifying very clearly that his ground for this refusal was the obvious fact that the Administration was transacting the business of the army over his head with his subordinate. To this there was, there could be, no answer; and so the only capable and clear-sighted general officer at Washington was thus virtually forced out of the army. On the 1st of November, 1861, the President announced in a general order the retirement from active command of the honored veteran "upon his own application." This was an extremely official way of stating the facts.

Thus closed Scott's career, unfortunately for the country he was yet capable of serving. He did not survive long, but died on the 29th of May, 1866, at West Point. Once the favored hero of the American public, which has forever perpetuated his memory in one of its favorite exclamations

of surprise, it was his misfortune to end his career at a moment when public attention was riveted on events of gigantic magnitude that dwarfed and dimmed the memory of his exploits. But history must rescue his name from oblivion and place it with those of the two or three greatest captains that the American people have produced.

PART III

THE CIVIL WAR

North	South
U. S. Grant	R. E. Lee
W. T. Sherman	T. J. Jackson
P. Sheridan	J. E. Johnston
G. McClellan	
George Meade	

U. S. Grant

ULYSSES S. GRANT

No man since Washington has rendered greater service to the United States than Ulysses Grant, and yet his figure as it appears in history still keeps a certain haziness of outline, lacks the clear-cut precision with which we evoke Franklin, Andrew Jackson, Lee, Jefferson, Lincoln. We realize that Grant accomplished the greatest deeds, but we fail to detect in him anything of the heroic, anything of the supreme. He was plain, not over-educated, unprepossessing in manners and appearance, entirely devoid of subtlety, far removed from the brilliant intuitions of genius; and so, as we run over these traits, we wonder at his fame. The fact is that he was an ordinary American citizen, endowed with exceptional firmness of character and strong practical sense, whom circumstances placed face to face with a problem that might be solved by the relentless and single-minded application of these qualities alone. "The whole man," says Badeau, "was a marvel of simplicity, a powerful nature veiled in the plainest possible exterior, imposing on all but the acutest judges of character, or the constant companions of his unguarded hours." His success was the success of sheer common sense,—which is almost the same thing as generalship,—and of American democracy.

Hiram Ulysses Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, on the 27th of April, 1822; his ancestors were Scotch by origin, and New-Englanders by

eight generations. His father, Jesse Grant, moved in the year 1823 to Georgetown, in the adjoining county, and there carried on in successful fashion the trade of tanning. Jesse Grant was a typical New-Englander and found the community into which he had come not altogether of his way of thinking. Even at the time that his son Ulysses was born the question of slaveholding was an agitating one, and on this question Jesse Grant was outspoken and radical. He was, in fact, connected with the extreme abolitionist party, having learnt tanning from John Brown's father.

As a boy Ulysses had to suffer for the family opinions. Georgetown was a violently anti-abolition community; "There was probably no time during the rebellion," Grant wrote in his memoirs, "when . . . it would not have voted for Jefferson Davis for President of the United States." Most of the village boys translated their father's politics into social action of an unpleasant character, so that at his earliest and most impressionable age the mind of Grant became thoroughly saturated with sentiments the strength of which had much to do with the unquenchable force he displayed in putting down the great rebellion.

The first forty years of Grant's life were inconspicuous and the biographer who by the ingenious use of doubtful anecdotes would attempt to show that his childhood and youth were marked by the traits of genius would be performing a misleading task. Superficially he was dull and plodding, difficult to interest in anything but farming and horses; below the surface ran an undercurrent of hard sense and determination that was in late life to rise to the surface and sweep through great events.

In 1838 Jesse Grant secured a nomination to West Point for his son, and it was on registering at the Academy that his baptismal name of Hiram Ulysses was altered by a clerical error into Ulysses Simpson. The change was adopted for convenience; it gave Grant his mother's family name, and

initials that were converted by his classmates into *United States*, *Uncle Sam*, and for short *Sam* Grant, which remained his name among his comrades of the army. The young cadet appears to have viewed West Point with mixed feelings. His disposition was not military,—he was in fact the most unpugnacious of boys,—and he did not look forward to an army career. The work was hard and, with the exception of mathematics, uncongenial. The discipline was severe, the uniform uncomfortable, the hazing wearisome. In 1839 Congress was debating the abolition of West Point, and young Grant expressed his hopes that this result might be reached. Yet at other times he saw clearly enough what a privilege he was enjoying, and although he took little interest in his studies, he was strong enough in mathematics to make him aspire to teaching them as his future career.

Grant's four years at West Point were passed with fair credit, and in due course he was appointed to the 4th Infantry. He was still a sub-lieutenant in that regiment when, in 1846, the Mexican War broke out. The war was one that Grant entirely disapproved of; he believed it unjust and the work of party politicians; and so, when he went into action for the first time, he felt none of the enthusiasm that often helps the young soldier through that trying ordeal. In his matter-of-fact, ungarnished way he has left it on record that when he first heard the sound of the enemy's guns he felt sorry that he had enlisted; the confession does honor to his common sense and no discredit to his courage, for did not even the great Frederick run away from his first battle-field?

The 4th Infantry was attached to General Taylor's army and fought at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. These were mere skirmishes, and Grant gained no distinction. The attack and capture of Monterey followed, and there Grant proved beyond question his personal courage. After

Monterey, Taylor's advance was suspended. A new army was formed under Winfield Scott for operations against the city of Mexico, and the 4th Infantry was transferred from Monterey to Vera Cruz. The regiment took part in the siege of that city and followed Scott's brilliant march thence to the Mexican capital. During these operations Grant rendered good service as regimental quartermaster, the duties of which post he was specially suited to by his youthful experience of teaming and of horses. In action he also showed ability, courage, and determination. At the battle of Molino del Rey, being ordered to dislodge some Mexican soldiers from the roof of a house, he had a cart pushed up and, improvising a ladder from the shafts, was the first to scramble up. A little later in the day, on his own initiative, he ordered a howitzer to be dragged up to the top of a church tower, whence it did such execution that General Worth sent an aide-de-camp to congratulate the officer in charge. That aide-de-camp's name was Pemberton, and he was to meet Grant again seventeen years later at Vicksburg on the Mississippi River. For his distinguished conduct at Molino del Rey Grant was mentioned by his regimental, brigade, and divisional commanders, and by two successive steps he reached the brevet rank of captain, though his substantive rank when the army entered the city of Mexico was no higher than when he had first seen the enemy at Palo Alto.

Just before the 4th Infantry had left for the war Grant had become engaged to Miss Julia Dent of St. Louis, and shortly after the regiment's return from Mexico, on the 22d of August, 1848, the marriage was solemnized in that city. It proved a happy one, and Mrs. Grant eventually bore her husband a large family.

A wife and family were an expensive luxury for a lieutenant of infantry, and it was only by strict economy that the Grants managed to live. For four years they passed a

quiet garrison life at Sackett's Harbor and Detroit, but when, in the spring of 1852, the 4th Infantry was ordered to California, Grant decided that his wife and family must for the present stay behind. He reached the Pacific coast with his regiment that summer, and remained there until the spring of 1854, when he resigned his commission and returned to the East. This momentous change in Grant's career was due to a circumstance that must be briefly dwelt on.

Grant had two bad habits, one venial, the other serious. The first was his passion for smoking. He was rarely without a cigar in his mouth, and a cigar of the strongest possible kind. He always reeked of tobacco, and doubtless accelerated or brought on the disease that killed him through its use. His other failing was drink. He was one of those men so constituted that a very slight amount of stimulant affected the head. He is said to have contracted the habit of over-indulgence in whisky while campaigning in Mexico. Perhaps his lonely and isolated life in California drove him farther down the path; suffice it to say that it was for being found unfit for duty by his colonel that, instead of being sent before a court-martial, he was told to hand in his resignation. In his memoirs Grant gives as his reason for resigning his commission the fact that he could not hope to maintain his wife and family on the Pacific coast, and was anxious to rejoin them. There is no reason to doubt that he felt this quite sincerely, and there is no reason to be surprised that he does not state the other, more urgent but less creditable, reason. To dispose of the topic once and for all, this much must be added: that Grant battled with this failing all his life, that the habit never entirely conquered him, as is well enough attested by his record of achievement, and that probably his worst years in this respect were between 1852 and 1860.

Grant, during the gloomy period of his life that followed

his retirement from the army, offers the picture of a man hovering with uncertain steps along the line beyond which is perdition. Returning to the Mississippi valley, he drew his wife and family to him and set to work farming, cutting lumber, teaming, doing what he could. An old army friend who met him in the streets of St. Louis in 1860 barely recognized him: he appeared so shabby, so unshorn, and so discouraged. This was the lowest ebb of his career, and from this point his fortune began to rise. His father now offered to take him into a leather store which he had placed in charge of his two other sons at Galena, Illinois. Grant accepted, and it was at Galena that the outbreak of the Civil War found him.

During the few months that Grant lived at Galena he worked steadily at his father's business, but acquired few friends. It was as a comparative stranger that he made his appearance at a meeting called for the purpose of organizing volunteer troops to put down the rebellion. He was called on to take the chair as the only professional soldier of the town and a veteran of the Mexican War, and, instead of indulging in spread-eagle eloquence, he spoke to the young men who were anxious to volunteer of the dangers and duties of a military life with an earnest and serious patriotism that produced a considerable impression on them. Grant himself was deeply moved, and had instantly made up his mind to rejoin the army if possible. His life seemed gathered up to a focus. From his earliest days, when the village boys jeered at him as an abolitionist, to days only just past when his wife's slaveholding relatives pointed the finger of scorn at him as a failure in life, the question of slavery had been ever present, ever burning. His conviction on the matter was whole-souled; it had long smouldered, waiting for the spark that should set it ablaze. And now the chance had come for relieving his mind of this long and silently accumulated burden of opinion, and

at the same time for recovering the honorable position he had lost, for stepping back into the army with a chance of doing useful, patriotic work. Grant undoubtedly felt that he could do such work, for at the very outset his conduct was that of a man conscious of his value. He declined the command of the company raised by Galena and drilled by his efforts, and quietly packing a carpet-bag betook himself to Springfield, the State capital, in search of military employment. A captain of regulars, he thought, must surely be equal to the command of a regiment of volunteers.

Several weeks of sore trial were spent by Grant before he obtained the command he aspired to. He was penniless; he had few political friends; his name was bad in regular army circles. At last he succeeded in obtaining employment as a mustering officer, and in that capacity impressed those with whom he came into contact with his ability and decision. A few weeks later mustering was over, and Grant was out of place once more. He wrote to the War Department; he wandered from Cincinnati to St. Louis, begging to be allowed to help in the great struggle. He has left no record of the mental torture he must have felt, incompetence flourishing on all hands, his own glowing patriotism and trained ability despised and rejected. Finally the opportunity came. The officers of the 21st Illinois, a regiment which Captain Grant had mustered in, unanimously petitioned the governor of the State to remove their colonel, whose incompetence they could no longer tolerate. Many of them asked for Grant to replace him, and after some hesitation the appointment was made.

There is but one incident in Grant's career as a regimental commander that need be recorded here. In some of the preliminary movements that preceded the greater operations of the war the 21st Illinois found itself in the vicinity of a Confederate command of equal strength. Grant determined to advance against it, and on the march felt to the

full those misgivings bred of the imagination that so frequently assail the man who has to bear large responsibilities. On arriving at the position occupied by the Confederates Grant found it deserted, and instantly realized the great truth that his enemy was as likely to be afraid of him as he of his enemy. He made up his mind then and there never again to be afraid of attacking, and his career from Fort Donelson to the Wilderness demonstrates how over and over again he compelled success by a firm and logical determination not to fear the enemy. The lesson that Colonel Grant so firmly grasped that day is one that many quite distinguished soldiers have failed to learn.

Grant was slowly but surely making friends; E. B. Washburne, representative of his district in Congress, was among the strongest of them, and used his influence to have him promoted. He had not been in command of the 21st Illinois long before President Lincoln nominated several brigadiers to command the State troops, and his name appeared in the list of appointments. Before the close of 1861 he was commanding an important district with headquarters at Cairo at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi and with nearly 20,000 men under his orders. It was Grant's good fortune that Cairo was the most important strategic point within the Federal lines on the western side of the Alleghanies. To understand its importance, and in fact all Grant's western campaigns, a general survey of the strategical situation will be necessary.

The Civil War presents several distinctive features that will bear restatement. In the first place, the contestants were playing different parts. The South was generally on the defensive, owing to the political starting-point taken by her leaders, whose constant claim it was that they were merely defending their rights and their soil; few if any of her generals had the ruthless logic of Stonewall Jackson, whose aim was consistently that taught by all military

history as the only sound one—the annihilation of the enemy's forces in the field; even Lee was deeply influenced by the idea of gaining time. The Northern point of view was totally different; it was offensive and not in the least defensive. The South was in a state of armed rebellion, and the duty of the Federal Government was to put down that rebellion, or, in other words, to occupy with its military forces the territory in which the rebellion had occurred. Incidental to this object it was necessary to defeat such armies as the South might bring into the field. From this it followed that the problem confronting the Federal generals was: along what lines should the Southern States be invaded and how should the invading armies be kept supplied? This problem was fairly simple in the East, owing to the proximity of the Confederate capital to Washington, but in the West it was somewhat more complicated.

In the first place, it should be borne in mind that modern war is largely a matter of transportation, for an army is a voracious devourer of supplies, and a shortage of bread, of powder, of boots, of cannon-balls, or even of horseshoes, might entail the failure of the greatest captain and the bravest army. Transportation to the west of the Alleghanies in 1861 was so difficult a matter that it dictated peremptorily the lines along which the war was bound to be conducted. Stated in the shortest terms, one might say that the Southern armies, fighting on the defensive, depended on several lines of railroad running diagonally from northeast to southwest, from Richmond to New Orleans, while the Northern armies, acting on the offensive, relied on the waterways and aimed at cutting through the Southern lines of communication. Looking due south from Cairo was the long line of the Mississippi, leading to New Orleans and the sea; looking about east was the Ohio, already covered at various points by Federal troops; looking southeast were Nashville, then Chattanooga, then Atlanta,

the three great railroad junctions of the South. With these in the hands of the Federal troops the heart of the Confederacy would be pierced, and communication between the northeast and southwest would be cut. General Grant was eventually to solve the problem by viewing the theatre

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES

of war as it has just been described, but in 1861, as a brigadier-general commanding a small body of troops at Cairo, his eye did not range beyond the first movements along the two great lines of attack that opened out from his headquarters, the one south, the other southeast.

Nashville, capital of Tennessee, is only about 150 miles southeast of Cairo as the crow flies. It lies on the Cumber-

land River, a navigable affluent of the Ohio. Both the Cumberland and the Tennessee run into the Ohio within a few miles of one another and not far from its junction with the Mississippi; they offered the best line along which to move an army from Cairo towards Nashville. To block this possible line of invasion the Confederates had erected a large fort on each river at a point near their junction with the Ohio where they flowed close together; these were named Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and were intended to make the waterway impassable to steamers. Grant, quickly recognizing the strategical importance of these forts and eager to get into action, urged his superiors to be allowed to operate against them by river from Cairo, but for some time he was held back and restricted to operations of a subordinate character.

The first engagement in which Grant met the Confederates is known as the battle of Belmont; it was fought under the following circumstances: Fremont, who was in supreme command of operations on the Mississippi, was anxious to strike a blow at the enemy near Indian Ford on the St. Francis River in southeastern Missouri. To assist him in this object it was necessary to prevent reinforcements being despatched by the Confederates from Columbus, a point on the Kentucky side of the Mississippi about 20 miles below Cairo. Grant was therefore ordered to make a demonstration against this point.

On the evening of the 6th of November 3000 men left Cairo in steamboats. On the 7th they landed a few miles above Columbus, but on the Missouri bank. Grant was anxious to turn his demonstration into an opportunity for giving his men some experience of fighting, and had information that led him to believe he might capture a camp established by the Confederates at Belmont on the opposite bank to Columbus. His anticipation proved correct. After four hours of heavy skirmishing the Federal troops

drove the enemy from their camp to the river-bank and then, getting out of hand, started plundering and celebrating their victory. But the Confederates were not yet done with. Reinforcements were crossing over from Columbus. Soon the enemy was threatening the Federal flank and line of retreat. At this critical moment the coolness of Grant probably saved his command. He ordered the Confederate camp to be fired, the result of which was to drive his men from their plundering. By dint of great efforts, and not without much disorder, the troops were eventually withdrawn to their steamboats. Grant had lost about 500, half prisoners, inflicting much heavier loss on the enemy. The battle was claimed as a victory by the Confederates, but Grant could truly say that he had accomplished the strategic object of his expedition, which was to prevent the despatch of reinforcements from Columbus to the St. Francis River.

Belmont was hardly more than a skirmish; operations of greater moment were soon to follow. Grant had long recognized the importance of operating on Nashville. Within a few days of assuming command at Cairo he had seized Paducah, a few miles up the Ohio River, where the Tennessee flows into it. On the appointment of Halleck as Fremont's successor soon after Belmont, Grant urged a movement beyond Paducah on Fort Henry, and eventually succeeded in obtaining his superior's consent.

On the 2d of February the expedition left Cairo—17,000 men on river steamboats. They slowly made their way up the Ohio, past Paducah, into the Tennessee, and reached a point a few miles below Fort Henry on the 5th. On the 6th the troops, supported by some armored gunboats, advanced to the attack. The fort was poorly planned and of moderate strength; it withstood the fire of the Federal gunboats for about an hour, after which its commander, General Tilghman, surrendered. It was found

that nearly all the garrison had escaped before the crisis, and less than 100 prisoners were made.

The capture of Fort Henry requires little notice here, as it was entirely the work of the navy; it proved the superiority of the armored gunboat over open earthworks placed on a low river-bank, for Commodore Foote, opening fire at about 1200 yards, had closed to about half that distance in an hour, disabling seven of Tilghman's eleven guns. The Confederate commander-in-chief in the west, Albert Sidney Johnston, read the lesson instantly. He wrote, on the day after Fort Henry fell, that Fort Donelson would fall in the same way, and perceiving the strategic consequences of Grant's movement, he immediately took steps to have all the Confederate forces fall back, from right and left, from Bowling Green and Columbus to Nashville.

Grant, who had witnessed the effective action of the gunboats on the 7th of February, immediately announced the capture of Fort Henry to Halleck, and added: "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th." This promise could not be kept literally, owing to heavy rainstorms that prevented the movement of the troops, but there was only postponement, not failure.

Grant knew that reinforcements were being hurried by the Confederates towards the point he now proposed attacking, and that he might at any time be confronted by large numbers. He was anxious to profit by his initial advantage and to attack before the enemy had time to prepare. He was further encouraged to attack Fort Donelson because he remembered its commander, Pillow, from the days of the Mexican War. He prophesied to his staff officers that the Confederates would have no outposts and that he would be able to reconnoitre right up to the walls of Fort Donelson, and this he actually did on the 7th. It was not till the 11th, however, that the troops could be started

on their march across the twelve miles that separated the Tennessee from the Cumberland.

On the Confederate side there was thorough comprehension of the importance of Fort Donelson. Johnston stated later that he sent to the threatened point every available man, for he realized that the struggle there was really a struggle for Nashville. Reinforcements were hurried down the Cumberland River, and on the 13th of February, the day after Grant appeared in strength before Fort Donelson, there were not far short of 15,000 men assembled to defend it.

On the 12th and 13th Grant, who was awaiting Foote's gunboats, did little but get his troops into position so as to encircle the Confederate position on the land side. Pillow and Floyd—the latter had only just arrived—made the mistake of allowing the Federals to do this unopposed, not recognizing the fact that their command should be dealt with rather as a field army than as a garrison, and that it was essential that a line of communications should be kept open. Once surrounded in Fort Donelson, their only line of retreat was the Cumberland, and not only were their steamers few in number, but Grant had got a foothold on the river to the south of them, near Dover.

On the night of the 13th Foote arrived with four armored gunboats. About 3 P.M. on the following day he advanced to the attack. With the utmost gallantry he pushed close in to the batteries; but his losses were heavy, and after two of his ships had been disabled he gave up the attempt. The fact was that at Fort Donelson the batteries were on higher ground than at Fort Henry, they were better planned, more heavily armed, and more largely garrisoned.

The defeat of the gunboats was discouraging. Foote, who was wounded, sent for Grant, and declared that he could not engage again until after repairs that would take ten days to effect, and Grant had to concur. This was

early on the 15th. The Federal commander was depressed by Foote's communication and was turning his mind towards a regular siege, when word was brought to him that severe fighting had broken out to the south of Fort Donelson. He hurried on shore and riding along the rear of his left and centre,—Smith and Lew Wallace,—reached McClernand's division on his right, which he found driven from its ground and in a state of the utmost confusion. It was just at this moment that occurred an incident which shows Grant's coolness, common sense, and courage. He ordered the knapsack of a Confederate soldier to be brought to him and on examination found that it contained rations for three days. From this he instantly and correctly deduced that the Confederates had decided to force their way out of Fort Donelson towards Nashville, but finding that, although they had driven McClernand's division, from its ground and put it into confusion, they were not pressing on, he further inferred that the enemy was also partly disorganized. Under these circumstances he acted with unhesitating logic and courage. McClernand's division supported by some fresh troops, was fast getting into position again, and Grant immediately sent orders to Wallace and Smith to attack all along the line. If the Confederates were trying to force their way out on Grant's right, there would probably be a weak point somewhere opposite his centre and left. The move proved correct. The Confederates were poorly led; their dispositions were faulty. Before night Smith's troops had won ground that commanded Fort Donelson, and there was only one issue possible.

Floyd and Pillow, having shown no capacity for handling an army, now shirked the duty of surrendering it, and passed it over to their junior Buckner. A few troops were ferried across the Cumberland and escaped with Floyd. The rest, about 13,000 men, became prisoners of war. On

the morning of the 16th Buckner wrote asking for conditions, and Grant promptly replied in words that soon acquired celebrity: "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Buckner, knowing as well as Grant did that those works could not be defended, bowed to the inevitable. Grant's victory, the first great success of the war, caused intense excitement through the Northern States, and notwithstanding Halleck's jealous efforts to keep his subordinate's name in the shade, many realized that the North had found a leader. From that moment Stanton, Secretary of War, believed in the new general; he probably contrasted the sureness and self-confidence with which Grant read his opponents' weakness with the apocalyptic imagination of McClellan that was always raising imaginary armies with which to fill his endless reports to his masters at Washington.

Fort Donelson was followed by the occupation of Nashville by Buell's army; Johnston, with numbers too few to risk an engagement, made a dangerous but skilful retreat southwest from Nashville and across the Tennessee towards Memphis on the Mississippi, leaving the road to Chattanooga open. On his line of march between the Tennessee and Mississippi was Corinth, of which the Federal commanders did not at once perceive the importance; for by moving Grant's army straight up the Tennessee it would have been possible to intercept Johnston near that point. Grant indeed urged a forward movement on Nashville, but on finding that Buell had occupied the city, he proceeded there in person to see him with a view to concerting combined operations. This aroused Halleck's animosity. He had all along shown the utmost jealousy of his subordinate's success, and had a real grievance in that, owing as it proved to the fault of a telegraph-operator, he could not get replies to official inquiries he had sent to Grant

at the request of the War Department. He took this opportunity, with the concurrence of McClellan, then commander-in-chief, to disgrace Grant. McClellan gave Halleck permission to place him under arrest, and this gave Halleck the chance of removing Grant from command. The army was to be moved up the Tennessee, but it was ordered that General Grant should remain at Fort Henry to forward supplies, while the field army passed under the orders of General C. F. Smith. This petty incident need not be dwelt on. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him" was a true proverb for Grant during many months. But the fiery furnace of war is a searching test of merit; and it soon consumed the reputations of those who would have held down Ulysses Grant. Fortunately the feeling against him was confined to a small section of regular army officers. The President and the Secretary of War were strongly inclined to believe in him. Lincoln caused him to be promoted major-general for his victory, and soon after, on the telegraph incident being satisfactorily explained, sent him back to the command of the Army of Tennessee.

The Tennessee and the Mississippi rivers form two sides of a rough triangle of which the apex is Cairo, and the base a line of about 100 miles from Iuka on the former to Memphis on the latter; from Memphis to Cairo is about 150 miles as the crow flies. On the base-line between Memphis and Iuka was Corinth, and at this point two great lines of communication intersected, one running east through Chattanooga to Richmond, the other running south through Jackson and Vicksburg to New Orleans. Johnston had brought his small force into Corinth, and to that point the Confederate Government had hastened all available re-inforcements.

When Grant resumed command of his army he found it encamped on the Tennessee and nearly as far south as the line Memphis-Iuka. Twenty miles to the west was Corinth,

and about 100 miles to the northeast was a Federal army of 40,000 men under Buell marching from Nashville to cooperate with him. Under these circumstances what was Grant to do? His inclination was to march at once on the enemy at Corinth, but this Halleck would not permit. In view of the numbers and proximity of the reinforcements then on their march to join Grant, and in view of the fact that Johnston was more or less bound to stand an engagement before giving up Corinth, it appears probable that Halleck was right. On the assumption, then, that no advance would be made until Buell's arrival, what was Grant's proper course? He could encamp on the eastern bank of the Tennessee and, with that stream to protect him, await Buell's approach with perfect safety; or he could place his army on the western bank at some point whence a road led in the direction of Corinth so as to save the delay of crossing the Tennessee after Buell arrived. He chose the latter course and its consequent detriment, which he had seen so well exemplified at Fort Donelson, of placing an army with its back to a river so that if attacked it would be at a great disadvantage. Grant admits in his memoirs that he was firmly convinced that the Confederates would only fight on the defensive and that they would never attack him, but that is merely an explanation, not an excuse. Having placed his army in this unfavorable position, he should clearly have taken every precaution that prudence could dictate; breastworks and intrenchments should have been thrown up, artillery positions should have been prepared, and when, in the first few days of April, there were constant signs of Confederate activity along the front, careful reconnaissances should have been pushed out to feel the enemy. These things were all virtually left undone, and when, on the 6th of April, Johnston attacked in full force, the Federal army was surprised, pushed back, and nearly driven to disaster.

Albert Sidney Johnston had as brilliant a reputation as any general then in the field, North or South, and nothing in the conduct of the Confederate army intrusted to his charge belied it. He remembered what had not apparently occurred to Grant, that the surest defence is to take the offensive. His army at Corinth had rapidly been increased to about 40,000 men, and with this force he determined to strike Grant in his ill-chosen position before he could be reinforced by Buell. Had Johnston moved 48 hours earlier he would have met Grant alone; as it was, Buell's troops reached the battle-field at the very close of the day.

On the 4th and 5th of April Sherman, whose division was nearest the enemy, made some attempts at discovering their intentions, but so slight were his reconnaissances that he reported to Grant there was no probability of a serious movement. On the right, however, Lew Wallace succeeded in locating a large body of Confederates in his front, and reported to headquarters accordingly. Yet Grant was undoubtedly surprised when, on the morning of the 6th, his breakfast was interrupted by the sound of heavy firing in the distance. Headquarters were at Savannah, five miles lower down the Tennessee than Pittsburg Landing and on the opposite bank. Grant had remained at that point for several good reasons: to superintend many urgent details of organization and transport, to concert the junction of Buell's army, of which the leading division under Nelson was just arriving. The fact that the commanding general was not with his troops when they were attacked produced a bad impression at the time, but was not Wellington dancing in Bruxelles when Napoleon's advance had already attacked his outposts near Quatre Bras? If Grant was at Savannah instead of with his advance-guard, it was because he thought there was more for him to do there. The real fault Grant committed was more that he failed to perceive that Johnston might perhaps attack him, and

that he neglected to dispose his troops to meet such an obvious eventuality, than that he chose for his headquarters the point where he thought he could effect most.

The sound of the cannonade indicated beyond doubt that a battle was raging along the whole line, and Grant, after sending word to Buell to get as many of his troops as possible over the river, hurried to join his army. The battle of Shiloh and Grant's personal share in it may both be related in very few words. Johnston advanced in three big echelons, right wing forward, intending to get a foothold on the Tennessee and to bear back the Federal army to the river. He nearly succeeded. Grant's divisions were not properly disposed for battle, and in that sense the Confederate onset was a surprise. On both sides a large part of the troops fought well, but on the Federal side the leadership, with the exception of Sherman's was not effective. Divisions, brigades, regiments, fought where they happened to be, some well, some badly. Many of the troops were quite raw and quickly broke up before the combined Confederate onset. Stragglers melted away from the fighting-line, and by the afternoon nearly 10,000 men, about a quarter of Grant's army, were cowering under the banks of the Tennessee, a panic-struck mob that no effort could get back to face the enemy's fire. Steadily the Confederates drove back the Federals, and through all the turmoil and confusion of the fight, hoping and at times despairing that reinforcements would come, Grant rode here and there. He did his best coolly, effectively, and with grim determination, but, in fact, there was little he could do save to send messages calling Buell, Nelson, Lew Wallace to his aid. His soldiers saved him. With that stubborn bravery that will not own defeat, the stubborn bravery that saved the Union, many raw recruits from the farms and cities of the West gave their lives, but saved the fight that day. As the sun was sinking the Confederate shells

were bursting on Pittsburg Landing, but at the same moment Nelson's division was hurrying from the steamboats to the rescue and Buell was urging on 30,000 more men at their heels. Both armies were spent; the Confederates had just failed to gain enough to make their success decisive and they had lost their able general, killed in the early part of the afternoon; the Federals had just managed to hold their ground and were being reinforced by a large army of fresh troops.

Grant did not hesitate as to his course of action. Generals are of one cast of mind or of another: either they are always turning events towards the possibility of attacking the enemy, or they are always devising how they can use events for repelling the attacks they imagine the enemy might make. Grant belonged to the first-mentioned class, and, with the possible exception of Fabius Cunctator, it is difficult to name a great general who belongs to the other. He issued orders that night for placing Buell's divisions in line and for an advance on the enemy at the earliest dawn.

On the 7th the battle was renewed, the Federals advancing to the attack. The Confederates were outnumbered, and although they offered a fierce resistance it was soon apparent that they must fall back. Position after position was slowly recaptured, and Beauregard, who had succeeded Johnston in the command, decided on retreat. The second day's battle was less sanguinary than the first, but Grant, who had in all about 60,000 men engaged, lost in the two days some 12,000 killed and wounded, a figure that produced a feeling akin to consternation in the North. On the evening of the 7th he made dispositions to pursue the enemy towards Corinth, but his troops were so jaded and so ill organized, the roads were so mud-bound, that the attempt was eventually given up as hopeless.

Grant undoubtedly was not seen at his best at Shiloh;

he committed obvious errors of judgment; and yet on the field he showed the dauntless resolution that never forsook him in any of his military operations, and that, though not always a showy quality, is the one that often carries farthest. There was much dissatisfaction over Shiloh, there were many gross exaggerations in the newspapers, and Grant was made a scapegoat. His bad name still clung to him, and it was freely reported that he had been actually seen drunk on the field; for such a statement there was apparently not the slightest foundation.

After Shiloh, as after Fort Donelson, Grant had to endure a period of disgrace. Halleck, commander-in-chief of the Department of the West, had left his headquarters at St. Louis and arrived at Pittsburg Landing a few days after the battle. He assumed command, and drawing in all the forces available concentrated a grand army of over 100,000 men. Grant was retained as commander of the Army of the Tennessee, but, with his superior constantly at his elbow, was reduced to the position of a mere channel for the conveyance of orders.

Halleck's operations need not be related: he was a general more in theory than in practice, and his timidity in the field resulted in his great army's accomplishing very little. In two months he succeeded in capturing Corinth, which the Confederates made no attempt to defend against overpowering numbers. The lack of vigor of the Federal commander was taken advantage of by Bragg, Beauregard's successor, to transfer the greater part of his army to Chattanooga, whence he advanced northwards to Nashville and Louisville. This move transferred the initiative to the other side and, coupled with Halleck's appointment to act as commander-in-chief at Washington, resulted in the splitting up of the army. Heavy reinforcements were dispatched to McClellan in the Peninsula; Buell was sent east towards Chattanooga; Grant remained with the army of

the Tennessee on a line between Pittsburg Landing and Memphis.

Grant's duties were now of a strictly defensive character; the main operations of the war were being conducted elsewhere. Two small Confederate corps were in his immediate vicinity under Price and Van Dorn. At Iuka, on the 19th of September, Grant dealt a heavy blow to the former, and at Corinth, on the 3d and 4th of October, Rosecrans, one of Grant's divisional commanders, beat off the combined force of the two Confederate generals. It was just at this moment that the stress of war in the east was relieved; Lee's brilliant series of victories over McClellan and Pope had at last been checked at the Antietam. The North breathed once more; 300,000 new troops were levied; Grant's army began to receive fresh accessions. It became evident that the Army of the Tennessee would soon be in a position to exchange its defensive for an offensive attitude. The question was, what should be its objective?

Southwards from Grant's army, from Corinth and from Grand Junction, ran two parallel lines of rail to Mobile and to New Orleans. These two lines were traversed, at Meridian and at Jackson, by another line that ran east and west, from Atlanta to Vicksburg. Vicksburg was the last foothold of the Confederacy on the Mississippi. New Orleans had fallen to Farragut, and the occupation of Corinth by the Federals had made Memphis and everything on the Mississippi above that point untenable.* Grant's objective in the Mississippi valley might therefore well be Vicksburg, but there were several ways in which that stronghold might be approached. One of these was from New Orleans by river, but Farragut had made the attempt and found that the high-placed batteries of the Confederates

* Halleck's operations against Island Number Ten were pure waste; the troops sent there should obviously have been sent up the Tennessee, for Island Number Ten could be taken at Corinth.

were too strong for his ships. Another plan was to move an army down the Mississippi and to attack Vicksburg directly from the river. Another was to operate along the line of rail towards Jackson, thus getting into the rear of Vicksburg and cutting it off from the rest of the Confederacy. Grant apparently was in favor of this plan; it would place the Confederates under the necessity of fighting for the possession of Jackson, and a victory at that point would probably entail the fall of Vicksburg.

Circumstances arose, however, that led eventually to Grant's moving down the Mississippi. During the close of 1862 he operated along the rail towards Jackson, but found it difficult to keep his army supplied so far from its base, especially as the Confederate cavalry was actively raiding his lines of communication. Then, again, Grant had not a free hand; he was a subordinate, he was not yet trusted in high places, and he was at the mercy of the suggestions, often far removed from valuable, of Halleck and the Executive. Under these circumstances he cautiously framed a plan for detaching his most trusted divisional commander, Sherman, to attack Vicksburg by the Mississippi while he held Pemberton with the Confederate army on the Yallabusha. Finally, towards the end of December, he determined to give up the advance towards Jackson and to shift the bulk of his forces to the river.

Through all these apparent hesitations and half-hearted plans ran a thread of political intrigue. Not only had Grant to show deference to the strategic suggestions that were constantly being flashed to him from Washington, but he had also to fear the influence of one of his least-competent divisional commanders. General McClernand was an Illinois politician, an orator, opinionated, full of self-esteem, and a friend of President Lincoln. From his headquarters he constantly sent reflections to Washington on the conduct of operations in defiance of all military

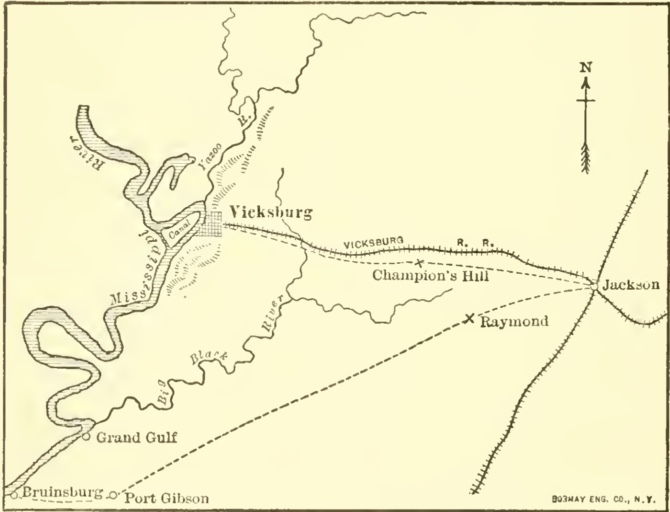
etiquette. He finally obtained a month's leave, proceeded to the capital, and there persuaded the President of the vital importance of immediately clearing the Mississippi. This, as a military plan, was unobjectionable, but the corollary was fraught with danger,—it was that McClernand should raise fresh levies in Illinois and, adding these to other troops from Grant's department, take command of the expedition. McClernand nearly succeeded in securing the President's complete support, and it was knowledge of this intrigue that largely affected Grant's decisions. Fortunately Halleck stood firm for the maintenance of proper military order, and was able to inform Grant that he would in every event retain supreme control of all officers and troops in his department.

Sherman failed in his attempt on Vicksburg. McClernand, his senior in rank, joined him, and Grant, who would gladly have left the command to Sherman, went down the Mississippi to take the direction of affairs. On the 17th of January, 1863, he found the troops, numbering about 30,000 men, at Napoleon, midway between Memphis and Vicksburg. Two weeks later, notwithstanding McClernand's protest that he was to have charge of the enterprise, Grant assumed the command of all the troops on the Mississippi.

Grant's earlier plan, to attack Vicksburg by marching parallel to the Mississippi and striking at Jackson, was the better one, as he quickly realized as soon as he arrived on the ground. From the Mississippi Vicksburg was practically unassailable. The line of bluffs on which the town stood was covered with batteries, and where the Mississippi did not serve as a ditch to this natural glacis, swamps took its place. The lowlands were mostly under water, and the only hope of getting into the place seemed to be by landing on the east bank either far above or far below the city and executing a very wide turning movement.

The outlook was most unpromising, but the political position was so difficult that Grant decided that it was absolutely necessary to carry the undertaking out, now that it was begun, and so set to work with his usual determination.

During February and March a continuous struggle was waged against the flooded Mississippi. Attempts were made to clear a passage for boats into the Yazoo, whence Vicksburg could be turned by the right, and at the same



VICKSBURG

time waterways were dug and prospected that might serve to carry the army below the Confederate position, out of reach of its guns. Enormous difficulties were surmounted, but all in vain. In the first week of April Grant decided to abandon all further attempts on the north, and to transport his army by land to some point below Vicksburg. Miles of corduroy roads and trestles were built, gunboats and transports ran the batteries by night, and finally, on the 30th of May, a landing was effected at Bruinsburg,

below Grand Gulf, about 40 miles south of Vicksburg. From this point Grant marched northeast for Jackson, then, just as in November, the strategic centre of the whole Vicksburg district. This town lay about 50 miles due east of Vicksburg.

Grant's march towards the rear of Vicksburg was strenuously resisted by the Confederates. General Pemberton, in command of the Department, had about 50,000 men, and although a large proportion of this force was dispersed to man the numerous fortifications erected to protect the Mississippi and its tributaries, yet enough remained to meet the Federals in the field. Grant's landing at Bruinsburg had been so skilfully and rapidly effected that Pemberton was not in force to oppose him. But on the following day (May 1) General Bowen with about 7000 men barred the Federal advance near Port Gibson. McClernand's and McPherson's corps, over 20,000 bayonets, were sent to the attack, and after a hot fight, in which the Confederates lost 5 guns and 1000 prisoners, they were driven from the field. It was more than twelve months since Shiloh had been fought, and Grant's success was all the more welcome as in the east Lee had recently defeated Burnside at Fredericksburg, while on the same day that the battle of Port Gibson was fought the Confederate commander-in-chief met Burnside's successor, General Hooker, on the disastrous field of Chancellorsville.

The operations that followed the battle of Port Gibson were the most brilliant in Grant's military career, and the most carping strategist could find little in them to criticize. North of him lay Vicksburg with a large garrison, northeast Jackson, where reinforcements for Vicksburg could be collected. He therefore determined to strike rapidly, that is, before the enemy could concentrate a large force at either point, and to march in such a direction as to cut the Vicksburg-Jackson line. To carry out this plan he

concentrated an army of about 40,000 men with great rapidity and decided to rely on the country for supplies.

Grant marched northeast from Port Gibson. On the 12th of May an engagement was fought by his right wing at Raymond, and on the following day his left wing got across the Jackson-Vicksburg line at Clinton, 10 miles west of Jackson. The Federal army was now between two Confederate ones: to the west was Pemberton with the Vicksburg garrison, following Grant's movements at a cautious distance; to the east was Joseph Johnston, who had that day arrived at Jackson, with a small command of two brigades. Grant had cut the line only just in time to prevent the junction of the two Confederate armies, and he was still in danger of a combined attack on his right wing, front and rear. The brilliant decisiveness of his movements, however, gave his opponents no chance of assuming the offensive.

On the 14th the Federal columns converged on Jackson; the Confederates, hopelessly outnumbered, made only a short stand and abandoned the town with 16 guns and large stores. Giving his men and his opponents no rest, Grant issued orders, as soon as he knew that Johnston was in retreat, for turning the army sharp back to the west to strike at Pemberton. On the 16th his leading divisions were nearly half-way to Vicksburg when, at Champion's Hill, the enemy was found ready to give battle. Pemberton was outnumbered, and after a sharp fight he was defeated with a loss of 1500 killed and wounded, 2500 prisoners, and 25 guns. So complete was the victory that Grant for the moment thought Vicksburg was his. The army was urged forward to one last march that should crown its efforts.

On the following day Pemberton made an ill-considered stand on the Big Black River. The Federal advance was so rapid that no proper dispositions for defence had been made, with the result that the Confederates, after a very

short engagement, lost nearly 1000 men with 18 guns. Pemberton thereupon ordered all his remaining troops, including those at Haines' Bluff, into Vicksburg and disposed them for the defence of the city; he numbered about 21,000 men actually in the ranks. On the night of the 18th a great part of the Federal army lay stretched out in front of Vicksburg, and at 2 P.M. on the 19th Grant sent it forward to storm the Confederate works.

For three days the Federal army attempted to carry Vicksburg at the point of the bayonet, but after the repulse of a combined and determined attack, on the morning of the 22d, Grant decided that a regular siege must be undertaken. He was, however, undoubtedly right in ordering the attempt that had been made. His army was inspirited by the brilliant and successful operations of the preceding two weeks, and Pemberton's troops were in part demoralized. To seize such a moment for immediate attack was sound generalship, for there are occasions in war when anything is possible to the side with which fortune is marching. And the reward of victory would have been great, for delay in front of Vicksburg meant that Johnston would be given time to organize a force for its relief.

The siege of Vicksburg lasted from the 18th of May to the 4th of July, 1863. It was not marked by any striking incidents. The besiegers worked continuously at trenches, batteries, and mines that gradually crept nearer and nearer to points chosen for a final assault. But when Grant had already fixed the 6th of July as the day on which he could breach the works and carry them, Pemberton decided to surrender. He had given up hope of Johnston's being able to relieve him; he was short of food and ammunition; he did not believe his troops would be able to resist the assault which he expected Grant to deliver on the 4th of July; and so on the 3d, the very day on which Lee retreated from Gettysburg, he hoisted the white flag. Grant

received a letter from the Confederate general asking on what terms the garrison could surrender, and in his reply wrote: "The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping . . . can be ended at any time you may choose by the unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war. . . ." An interview between the two commanders followed under an oak between the two lines, and after a good deal of discussion Grant, though entering into no formal capitulation, agreed to several conditions pressed on him by the Confederates. On the 4th of July the garrison marched out, with colors flying, stacked arms, and then returned to the city, where officers and men were called on to sign a parole and take their departure. Over 30,000 paroles were signed, though the effective strength of the garrison was much less.

The campaign against Vicksburg marked a great turning-point both in the Civil War and in the career of Grant. It was in solving the many and difficult problems of this campaign that Grant apparently found himself, and stood revealed as a general of conspicuous ability. He had always been, and always remained, a modest and sensible man. When, at the beginning of the war, he wrote his opinion that under the existing circumstances he was fit to command a regiment, he meant plainly what he said, and what he said was plain truth, neither more nor less. He would have said, with equal directness, that he was not fit to command a brigade. A little later, just before Fort Donelson, he remarked to one of his staff officers that he thought himself capable of commanding a brigade effectively; this time he was perhaps a little under the mark. Grant never overrated himself, but the Vicksburg campaign taught him not to underrate himself. The whole aspect of

his correspondence with Washington changes most markedly at this period. Up till then the tone of his dispatches to Halleck is often disappointing. He is very deferential at times, anxious to carry out the least whim of the commander-in-chief, trying to carry out the plans made at headquarters rather than his own,—just doing his best as a military subordinate. But as the course of events about Vicksburg unrolls itself, as his moral courage and military insight carry him triumphant over every obstacle, he feels less and less the superiority of Halleck, he feels more and more the undeniable truth that he, Ulysses Grant, is a general whose services are absolutely indispensable to the Union cause. Sherman, as he rode by his chief's side on the day the army came in sight of the fortifications of Vicksburg, told him with enthusiasm that the campaign just finished was the work of a great captain; and so sure did Grant now feel of his position that midway through the siege he took occasion of an irregular and ill-judged proceeding on the part of McClernand to remove on his own responsibility that officer from the command of his corps.

Halleck supported Grant most effectively through all the operations against Vicksburg. No sooner was Pemberton hemmed in than the necessity arose for warding off any attempt Johnston might make to relieve the city. Grant called for reinforcements, but Halleck had foreseen the emergency and troops were already on their way; by the 1st of July the Federal army numbered over 70,000 effective men. This was far more than necessary to contain Pemberton, so that Grant was able to dispose of quite a large force to ward off any offensive movement from the east. About 30,000 men under Sherman were solidly established along the Big Black River facing towards Jackson, and successfully held Johnston in check. The instant Vicksburg surrendered Grant started reinforcements for his lieutenant, and on the afternoon of the 4th of

July Sherman was rapidly marching towards Jackson at the head of 50,000 men.

For some weeks following the fall of Vicksburg Grant was occupied with matters of minor importance, especially details concerning the clearing up of the Mississippi, which took him to New Orleans and other points. But his services were soon required to deal with another great crisis of the war. On the 19th and 20th of September Rosecrans was defeated at Chickamauga, and two weeks later Halleck telegraphed to Grant to proceed with his staff to Cairo.

Rosecrans' defeat had been very severe. His partly routed army, after losing nearly 20,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, had been driven into Chattanooga by Bragg, who there held it close. The problem was how to extricate it. The Government's measures to this end were wise. On the advice of Grant, Rosecrans was superseded by Thomas, whose stubborn and skilful fighting had saved the army from complete disaster at Chickamauga. Grant was given supreme control of the departments of the Ohio, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland; this gave him the army under Thomas and in fact all the armies west of the Alleghanies save that of Banks at the mouth of the Mississippi. Grant telegraphed to Chattanooga an order assuming command, and to Thomas instructions to hold his position at all hazards, thus reversing Rosecrans' decision to abandon Chattanooga and retreat. Grant's resolve was prompt, bold, and soldier-like. Chattanooga was a point of the highest strategic value, worth heavy sacrifices; and he judged that were Thomas to attempt a retreat, his army was so lacking in transport and supplies, so badly placed for reaching a line of communications, so shaken from its defeat, that Bragg might possibly destroy it before it could reach safety.

Having made these dispositions, and having ordered up the 11th and 12th army corps under Hooker, and the army

of the Tennessee under Sherman, Grant repaired to Chattanooga to take direct charge of operations. The town lay on the Tennessee River at the opening of a lateral valley which was bounded by two lines of hills, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. These two lines ended abruptly on the river and perpendicular to it, a mile above and a mile below the town, and Bragg had intrenchments running along them and across the valley between them at the back of the town. Grant's plan was of the simplest character. Taking advantage of a great preponderance of numbers,—he had about 60,000 men against 35,000,—he decided to attack Bragg's positions at every point and to force him out of them. This was carried into effect on the 23d, 24th, and 25th of November in a series of engagements at Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, jointly known as the battle of Chattanooga. Hooker, on the right, won the first great success, his men scaling Lookout Mountain. Sherman, on the left, was to have moved from the Tennessee up the spur of Missionary Ridge, but found the Confederates too strongly posted and was checked. Thomas, in the centre, made good headway up the valley and turned against the line of Missionary Ridge, his men finally charging up the last precipitous ridge without orders and capturing many guns and prisoners. The victory was complete. Bragg's army was badly demoralized and in part dispersed; 6000 prisoners and 50 guns were captured.

As soon as Bragg was disposed of, Grant turned to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville. The Confederates had committed the strategic error of disseminating their forces just before the battle of Chattanooga. Bragg, trusting to the natural strength of his positions and to the ill-supplied condition of the Federal forces, thought he was safe from attack and detached Longstreet's corps in hopes of overwhelming a small force under Burnside at Knoxville. The anxiety of the Government as to the fate of Burnside was

intense, but Lincoln had by now nearly learned the lesson that it was safer to allow his generals to judge of the expediency or inexpediency of military measures, so he restricted himself to sending constant telegrams to Grant, reminding him of the danger in eastern Tennessee. Grant, free to make his own decision, adhered firmly to the sound military principle of concentrating every available man on the decisive point. The instant Sherman's army had joined him his attack on Bragg had been delivered, and the instant Bragg had been defeated columns were rapidly started on the road to Knoxville. But Chattanooga settled the fate of the absent corps of Longstreet as well as the present corps of Bragg. Burnside had defended himself skilfully, and Longstreet, on the news of Bragg's defeat, realized that he was at Grant's mercy and promptly abandoned all further efforts against Knoxville.

One more point may be mentioned in connection with the Chattanooga campaign, which is that it called for a display of all Grant's natural aptitude for questions of transportation. In boyhood his bent had been for teaming; in early army days he had been regimental quartermaster; as a general he was always resourceful and skilful in supplying his troops. He got food for Thomas' starving army in Chattanooga by prompt, decisive military steps backed up by hard driving of the transport service, and only these measures made possible the great success that followed.

Vicksburg and Chattanooga made Grant the inevitable leader that the North had constantly looked for during two weary years marked by many disasters. McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Halleck, Burnside, Hooker, Rosecrans, had all proved disappointments, and Meade, who had won Gettysburg and had since then commanded the Army of the Potomac, was viewed by few soldiers or civilians as anything more than a capable and judicious corps commander. Public opinion pointed to Grant as the necessary

man. Swords of honor were presented to him. Congress voted him thanks and a gold medal for Vicksburg and Chattanooga. Lincoln had long believed in him as a man who would do things, not merely plan them. Among congressmen he had enthusiastic supporters, under his old friend E. B. Washburne. And so it came about naturally enough, after a ripening of public opinion through the winter of 1863–64, that towards the end of February Congress passed a law restoring the grade of lieutenant-general in the army of the United States. Washington was the only other man who had held this rank, though Winfield Scott had taken it by brevet. There could be no question as to the person whom Lincoln would nominate to fill it.

On the 3d of March, 1864, Grant was summoned to Washington to take up the duties of lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States. The letter which he wrote to Sherman on the following day is so characteristic, so creditable to both men, that it must find space here.

"DEAR SHERMAN: The bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place. I now receive orders to report to Washington in person, which indicates either a confirmation or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order; but I shall say very distinctly, on my arrival there, that I accept no appointment which will require me to make that city my headquarters. This, however, is not what I started to write about.

"Whilst I have been eminently successful in this war in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the skill and energy, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying a subordinate position under me.

"There are many officers to whom these remarks are

applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of service, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot tell as well as I. I feel all the gratitude this letter can express, giving it the most flattering construction.

"The word 'you' I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also. I should write him, and will some day; but, starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find time now."

Grant was not many days in Washington. His mind was too simple, too concentrated on the task before him, to face for long the hero-worship of hotel and White House mobs. He was anxious to get into the field, and after a few meetings with President Lincoln, Secretary of War Stanton, and others, he left the capital to visit the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. It was inevitable that this should be the first point to attract the attention of the new commander-in-chief. The theatre of war in the west was familiar to him from New Orleans to Chattanooga, and now that he held supreme control he knew exactly what measures should be taken in that part of the field and where to find men to carry them into effect. But in the east ground and men were equally unfamiliar, in the east was the more important scene of operations, in the east the Federal arms had been constantly checked and the Federal capital itself more than once threatened by the Confederacy's finest army. Grant's unmistakable duty was to face in person the great general who commanded that army, Robert Lee.

Grant received his commission on the 9th of March. On the following day he was near the Rapidan River at Brandy Station, headquarters of the Army of the Potomac.

Meade was in command, and Grant, who had a good opinion of Meade's capacity and a due appreciation of the great services he had rendered the Union at Gettysburg, decided to retain him in this position. He proposed, however, to place his own headquarters in close proximity to those of the Army of the Potomac, thus virtually directing the movements of that army. The arrangement was a clumsy and unsatisfactory one and it speaks much for the loyalty and right spirit of both Grant and Meade that they were able to carry it out to the end.

Grant was back at Washington on the 11th of March, then off west, where he met Sherman at Nashville. To this trusted officer and warm friend he had decided to give control of the West, and he wanted to confer with him on the operations that were shortly to be entered on. The plan was on a large scale, but the design was simple. Just as the clearance of the Mississippi had broken the Confederacy in two, so would an advance to Atlanta break in two the remaining part, all but isolating Virginia and the Carolinas. Sherman's object would be to take one more step on the great line from Cairo to the southeast through Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and to break the last line of communication between Richmond and the southwest.

Having conferred with Sherman, Grant was quickly back in Washington, saw Lincoln, listened patiently and impassively to a preposterous scheme of operations put forward by the President, gave no man an inkling of his own intentions, and by the 26th of March had his headquarters fixed at Culpeper, ready for opening the campaign against Lee. The affairs of the Union had undergone an inconspicuous but considerable improvement in the course of these last three weeks, for an effective, centralized, and strictly military control of the operations of the armies had been established. Every man in the theatre of war was now to respond to a

single impulse and to march where military considerations and not political fears dictated. It was not the least of Grant's qualities that he could grasp large as easily as small problems. He viewed the theatre of war as one battle-field, and surveyed hundreds of square miles as calmly and as logically as a few acres. He saw how the South had with greatly inferior forces won many victories by rapidly withdrawing troops from points where pressure was least to employ them at points where pressure was most tense. This, Grant was determined, should not happen in 1864. He was resolved to press the Confederate armies heavily and simultaneously at every point from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico, and he knew that with such numbers and leadership as he could command their lines must break at one point or another. The first week of May was fixed for the opening of the campaign.

The continuous operations of the Army of the Potomac during the next thirteen months, from the Wilderness to Appomattox, were controlled by Grant and must now be related, but throughout the whole of this period it must be remembered that other great movements were taking place in the West, of which Grant was the supreme director, and that were the complement of the operations carried out under his immediate eye in Virginia. The problem before the Army of the Potomac itself was this: Richmond lay less than a hundred miles south, the country between being wooded, heavy, and cut by several rivers. Lee barred the way with about 70,000 men well intrenched behind the Rapidan, a few miles west of Fredericksburg.

Here a slight digression must be indulged in; for there are three questions of military science that are worth considering in connection with the position of the two contending armies. A brief discussion of these will help the reader follow with better understanding the events about to be narrated; they are, first. the question of transportation;

second, that of the relation of a field army to a fortress; third, that of the true strategic objective.

To transport the mass of supplies necessary for an army intended to total 150,000 men was a difficult matter. Lee had more than once demonstrated the comparative mobility of the Southern army and its consequent power of striking its opponents' line of communications. But as against this Grant had a factor in his favor of which McClellan had already demonstrated the utility, the control of the sea. The coast of Virginia was broken at numerous points by deep inlets up which ships might bring supplies to the immediate rear of an army operating towards Richmond, so long as that army kept in touch with the coast. It was this factor that decided Grant to make his first move against Lee, and, as it turned out, every move that followed, by the left flank. Curiously enough, Lee acted in a converse way, and that brings us to the second point, the question of the relation of a field army to a fortress.

It is generally agreed that from a strictly military point of view a field army should never assume the rôle of garrisoning a fortress; the protection it should afford the fortress is by means of operations in the field against the enemy's main force. In this case the Army of Northern Virginia was the army in the field, Richmond the fortress. Lee understood his military duty to be to protect Richmond by conducting operations in the field for the destruction or defeat of the Federal army. Should he be worsted, however, in the first encounters, then he ought not to fall back on and garrison Richmond, but endeavor to continue operations from outside it. To do this he would require a new line of supplies; that line could only be back to Lynchburg and the Shenandoah Valley, giving him an ex-centric and threatening position on the flank of the invader. This was the underlying reason that determined all Lee's movements in the ensuing campaign up to

the moment when he abandoned his positions on the North Anna. But war is only a factor in the larger game of politics; Richmond might from a strict military point of view be no more than a fortress, but from the larger political standpoint it was the capital of the Confederacy. Lee's constant desire to act on sound military principle was as constantly neutralized by the despairing cry of the Southern leaders that Richmond must be defended at all costs, and Lee's army eventually became its garrison and thereby doomed to destruction.

This naturally brings us to the third point,—what was the true strategic objective of Grant's army? He might aim at the capture of Richmond or at the destruction of the Confederate army. As a matter of strict rule the latter was the correct course, and from Grant's memoirs it seems clear that what he set out to do was to attack and if possible destroy Lee. This being so, a criticism often made falls to the ground. It is said that when Grant finally placed his army on the Chickahominy, he had only succeeded in doing after a hard campaign marked by terrific fighting what McClellan had accomplished without difficulty by making use of sea transportation. If Grant's objective had been Richmond, the criticism would be correct, but Grant set out to destroy Lee, and to do that it was best to attack him as far from intrenched positions as possible. There was also an incidental advantage in this course,—that it kept the Federal army between Lee and Washington. And yet it will be seen, as the narrative of the campaign progresses, how closely Grant's two possible objectives became identified; when he failed to crush Lee he turned against Richmond, and when he failed to take Richmond he turned against Lee again. In practice Grant's objective became a shifting one, but his splendid courage and resolute sense of maintaining the offensive never wavered for an instant.

Before one o'clock on the morning of the 4th of May, 1864,

the Army of the Potomac opened what was to be its last campaign. By a rapid and well-conducted movement it was thrown across the Rapidan beyond the extreme right of Lee's position, and soon the army was advancing into the Wilderness. Grant's intention was to turn Lee's right and to get into the open country beyond the Wilderness, where he might hope to fight him to advantage and to throw him back towards the Shenandoah Valley. When his staff officers brought him word that the columns were crossing unopposed and effecting a lodgment on the farther bank, he concluded that he had surprised and outgeneralled Lee. That conclusion was a mistaken one. Grant's powerful mind and character carried him to high achievement and made him an adversary that the greatest captain might well have feared, but in the subtler aspects of the military art Lee always remained his superior. The Confederate general was not to be beaten by such a simple move as his adversary had carried out; he was perfectly willing that Grant should engage his army in the Wilderness, for once there, offering its flank, he was determined to strike it a blow from which it might not recover. To defend Richmond he intended to paralyze its attacker, and the whole Confederate army was thrown on to Grant's left before he could reach the clear country south of Chancellorsville.

On the 5th and 6th of May the two armies were locked in the bloody contest of the Wilderness. After his troops had succeeded in staying the first fierce rush of the Confederate infantry, Grant strove hard to take up the attack himself. Through the dark tangle the struggle wore on, musket against musket, nearly beyond the control of the generals owing to the denseness of the woods. On the evening of the 6th of May both armies, both generals, were fought to a standstill, and it was clear that neither could possibly win a decisive advantage on that ground. Under such circumstances most of Grant's predecessors in the command of the

Army of the Potomac would have recrossed the Rappahannock and called up reinforcements with a view to starting again later; Grant was cast in a different mould. In his memoirs, writing with reference to an incident of his early days, he says: "One of my superstitions had always been, when I started to go anywhere or to do anything, not to turn back or stop until the thing intended was accomplished. I have frequently started to go to places where I had never been, . . . and if I got past the place without knowing it, instead of turning back I would go on until a road was found turning in the right direction, take that, and come in by the other side." It was precisely this that took him from the front of Lee's inexpugnable intrenchments at the Wilderness and that brought him out a few weeks later at Petersburg on the south side of Richmond.

Grant determined at all hazards to retain the offensive, and ordered about the only forward move that Lee had left open to him. Meade was directed to advance to the left on Spottsylvania Court-house, leaving in the enemy's front a sufficient force to mask the movement. That force was Hancock's corps, and late at night as its soldiers saw Grant and Meade with a large staff riding by, heading the march of the army southwards, they cheered and cheered again; all their sacrifices had not been in vain if their new commander would not accept Lee's superiority in the field.

Grant failed to reach Spottsylvania in time. Lee watched the Federal movements so closely that little escaped him. He was on the march nearly as soon as his opponent; his cavalry was swung around into Grant's path and delayed his advance just long enough to enable the Confederates to reach Spottsylvania in time to secure favorable positions for giving battle. The challenge was accepted and the two armies grappled once more to decide the question left unsettled at the Wilderness. The fighting that took place at Spottsylvania was even more stubborn than that which had

marked the earlier contest. From the 8th to the 18th of May the two armies were locked in deadly embrace, and although that of the South saved its honor and held its ground, it received a mortal wound from which it never recovered. Over and over again Grant sent the Federal corps to assault the log and earth intrenchments thrown up by the Confederates. Among the hills and woods, brigades and divisions were shifted about to favorable positions and a constant effort was maintained to pierce the enemy's lines. On the 11th of May Grant wrote a memorable letter to Halleck, then filling the functions of Chief of Staff at Washington. In it he said: "We have now ended the sixth day of very hard fighting. The result up to this time is much in our favor. But our losses have been heavy as well as those of the enemy. We have lost to this time eleven general officers killed, wounded, and missing, and probably twenty thousand men. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater—we having taken over four thousand prisoners in battle, whilst he has taken from us but few except a few stragglers. I am now sending back to Belle Plain all my wagons for a fresh supply of provisions and ammunition, and purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It was to take more than a summer to fight it out, but Grant's resolution stayed to the end and compelled ultimate success.

On the day after this letter was written occurred the fiercest fighting that marked what is known as the battle of Spottsylvania, and Grant for a few minutes was nearer a victory than he ever was in a general engagement against Lee. A point had been discovered at which the Confederate intrenchments ran far forward at a salient angle from the rest of the line; it was determined to attack it. A desperate struggle took place, and the position was at one time captured by Grant's troops, though not held permanently. For some minutes it looked as though a hole would be driven straight through the Confederate centre; but Lee, although he lost

an entire division as prisoners of war and suffered heavily in killed and wounded, succeeded in re-establishing his lines.

Grant quailed not at the appalling character of the struggle. In the course of his attempts to find a vulnerable point he had been continuously shifting from right towards left, and he now decided to repeat his manœuvre of the Wilderness. Several days of drenching rain followed the 12th of May, and little more than heavy skirmishing took place between the armies. Finally, in the early hours of the 21st, the Federal corps were moved once more to the left in a second attempt to swing around Lee's right.

Grant's new movement was accompanied by a change of base to Port Royal, and it brought his main line of advance on to the road that runs due south from Fredericksburg to Richmond through Hanover Court-house. Lee once more kept in touch with his opponent's movements and fell back rapidly to the North Anna, the next possible line of defence.

Grant, moving south, soon found that Lee was again in his front, and, still holding the offensive, he properly determined to seek out and attack the enemy. The Federal commander thought, not without some justification, that even though he had won no great victory, yet the morale of the Army of Northern Virginia had been reduced by its desperate, costly, and unsuccessful efforts to throw back the Army of the Potomac. To a certain extent he was warranted in believing that its power of attack was reduced, and, in fact, after the Wilderness it never repeated its tremendous charges, those led by Longstreet at the Second Manassas, by Jackson at Chancellorsville, and by Pickett at Gettysburg. But the spirit of Lee's army was only reduced, far from quenched, and Grant at first failed to perceive the remarkable strategic and tactical value of the position it now occupied. Lee meant to strike once more at the flank of the Army of the Potomac just as he had at the Wilderness, but

Grant, although wary, failed to penetrate his opponent's intentions. These were, in fact, not carried out, partly owing to the fact that Lee was for some days disabled and not fit to leave his tent. As it was, the two armies manœuvred and skirmished until Grant, finding Lee too strongly posted, gave up all idea of a battle, and concluded once more to break away towards his left and march nearer to Richmond. The decision was a prudent one; the movement was carried out swiftly and almost unperceived. That Grant managed to slip away unscathed from the very delicate position into which Lee had drawn him on the North Anna is enough in itself to stamp him as a general of the greatest ability.

Once more Grant was manœuvring by his left against Lee's right, and once more a change of base had become necessary, this time to White House on the Pamunkey River. This point, together with Hanover Court-house, where Grant crossed the Pamunkey, and Richmond, mark the three angles of a triangle of which Cold Harbor is the centre. Both armies were now rapidly marching to get possession of Cold Harbor, Grant so as to cover the roads running towards White House, Lee so as to interpose between the Federals and Richmond and so as to strike at their communications if possible. The two armies were soon in contact again, their march was about equal, and on the 3d of June they met at the point both were struggling to reach.

The battle of Cold Harbor was, after Shiloh, Grant's least brilliant effort. His indefatigable, undefeated enemy was once more before him, and Grant, in a hasty moment, giving unrestrained vent to his rooted conviction in the efficacy of attack, ordered the whole army to advance. There was apparently no reconnoitring, no attempt, as at Spottsylvania, to locate the enemy's true positions, to discover points of tactical value, to manœuvre so as to take advantage of them. Orders were merely issued to three army corps to attack in any way their commanders thought best, and to the

two other army corps to demonstrate strongly and attack if possible. The Confederate army was not yet so outnumbered that such crude tactics could avail. Lee, with his marvellous eye for ground, had got his men well covered, and when the Federal lines began to roll forward on the morning of the 3d of June they were thrown back with the utmost ease. In one disastrous hour the Federal army lost over 10,000 men and all heart for further fighting; and so dispirited were some of the divisions that had Lee attempted a rapid counterstroke it is possible that he might have driven Grant's whole army from the field.

Cold Harbor was fought within sight of Richmond; four or five miles in Lee's rear were the fortifications that protected the Confederate capital. Grant quickly made up his mind that it would be useless to attempt to continue his advance at this point and so cast about for another line of approach. Having failed to defeat Lee, or to interpose between him and Richmond, there remained the possibility of starving out the Confederate army and the capital itself. Virginia was devastated, and supplies in any bulk could reach Richmond only from the west and south. To the west ran a line of rail through Lynchburg and Chattanooga; this Grant hoped to cut with his western army under Sherman and with a corps operating up the Shenandoah Valley towards Staunton. To the south ran another line connecting Richmond with the Carolinas and Georgia; this Grant undertook to break with the Army of the Potomac. It was undoubtedly the best course he could adopt under the circumstances.

Availing himself once more of his command of the sea, Grant started to describe a half-circle from the north of Richmond around by the east to the south. He got his army first over the Chickahominy, then over the James, with prudence, skill, and celerity. From the James it was only a few miles to the little town of Petersburg on the

Appomattox River, the key of Richmond, and only about twenty miles to the south of it by rail. This was Grant's objective. The troops were hurried to seize the town, but Confederate reinforcements arrived in time and the Federal army had to intrench within a short distance of it.

On the 18th of June, 1864, began the long siege of Petersburg, or siege of Richmond. The essential features of this tedious operation were the natural consequences that flowed from the plans which Grant had consistently adhered to. It was still his aim to crush Lee's army, or at least to keep it under such constant pressure that no detachments could be made to help the other Confederate generals; and so the siege was marked by a continuous series of attacks along the Richmond-Petersburg line, of which the best known was the so-called Petersburg mine. Alongside of this was a constant effort to cut Lee's line of communications by outflanking him beyond Petersburg, and it was at this point that success finally crowned Grant's superb obstinacy.

The winter of 1864–65 saw the Confederate Government reduced well-nigh to despair. The Federal armies were triumphant all along the line, and Sherman, who had pierced through Georgia to Savannah before Christmas, had thence turned northwards and captured Charleston in February. The Confederacy was fast melting away. Lee's army was now hardly larger than one of Grant's corps. Richmond was starving. The end was approaching.

The instant that the roads had recovered sufficiently from the winter rains to permit the movement of artillery Grant issued the orders that were to seal the fate of the Confederacy; he probably did not realize how rapid and dramatic the end would be. Moving by his left flank as on previous occasions, he placed a large force, the 2d and 5th

corps with Sheridan's cavalry, south of Petersburg. On the 31st of March and 1st of April heavy fighting took place at White Oak Roads, Dinwiddie Court-house, and Five Forks, in which the troops detached by Lee to check this movement were completely defeated. At the same time Grant, faithful to one of his favorite principles, pressed the Confederate lines at various points between Petersburg and Richmond, and succeeded in forcing his way through early on the morning of the 2d.

Lee was now in a hopeless position. He made several attempts during the 2d to recapture the Petersburg lines, but he was losing heavily in guns and prisoners and could only hope to gain time to retreat. That night he abandoned Richmond.

On the morning of the 3d of April Petersburg was found to be evacuated, and Grant rode in with Meade at the heels of the retreating Confederates. Not a moment was lost in turning the victory to account. The case was one of those in which time is the most essential factor of the situation. Grant realized this fully. He knew that with such a general as Lee the gain or the loss of even half an hour might mean all the difference between the destruction and the salvation of his army. The Federal columns were immediately headed west up the valley of the Appomattox to strike in if possible between Lee and his line of retreat.

With Sheridan in the van, and the troops elated with victory, the Army of the Potomac pressed on regardless of hunger and fatigue. The two armies were marching west on parallel lines, and each trying to head the other. In this contest Grant's moral and material superiority won. At every encounter the Confederate resistance became weaker, prisoners came in with greater readiness. On the 7th Grant's headquarters were at Farmville, and he thence wrote the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.,
5 P.M., April 7, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. A.

"The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

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

This letter was not premature, as Lee himself acknowledged by an immediate answer in which he asked what terms would be granted. The reply was that officers and men would be paroled and sent back to their homes.

During the 8th Lee continued his retreat; on the morning of the 9th he found himself at Appomattox Court-house with Sheridan across his path and the Federal corps closing in on his flanks and rear. There was now nothing left but to send a flag of truce and accept the conqueror's terms.

Early in the afternoon of the 9th of April Grant and Lee met to arrange for the surrender in McLean's house at Appomattox. The scene is so characteristic as told by Grant in his memoirs that his account of it must be reproduced here:

"I had known General Lee in the old army and had served with him in the Mexican War; but did not suppose, owing to the difference in our age and rank, that he would remember me; while I would more naturally remember him distinctly, because he was the chief of staff of General Scott in the Mexican War.

"When I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a

soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

"What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible [*sic*] face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

"General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough travelling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.

"We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in

our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

"Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the following terms:

"'Appomattox C. H., Va.,
Apl. 9th, 1865.

"'Gen. R. E. Lee, Comd'g C. S. A.

"'Gen.: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va. on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done,

each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

"'Very respectfully,

"'U. S. GRANT, Lt.-Gen.'

"When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side-arms.

"No conversation, not one word, passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, side-arms, or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or if he had a point to make against them he wished to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about side-arms, horses, and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army.

"Then, after a little further conversation, General Lee remarked to me again that their army was organized a little differently from the army of the United States (still maintaining by implication that we were two countries); that in their army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses; and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them. I told him that as the terms were written they would not; that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

"I then said to him that I thought this would be about

the last battle of the war—I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them, and I would therefore instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

"He then sat down and wrote out the following letter:

"'HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9, 1865.

"'General: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

"'R. E. LEE, General.'

"'Lieut.-General U. S. GRANT.'"

The surrender of Appomattox was virtually the end of the Civil War, and to Grant more than to any other soldier was due the honor of having brought about this consummation. Rome would have formulated his chief merit with classic preciseness by thanking him for never having despaired of defeating Robert Lee, and it is certain that nothing less than military abilities of the highest order supported by an iron resolution could have forced the Army of Northern Virginia from the Wilderness to Appomattox.

The gratitude of his countrymen, intensified by the tragic end of Lincoln, assassinated less than a week after Lee's surrender, went out to the victor. The great cities greeted

him; mobs of enthusiasts wrung his hand; frantic but useless efforts were made to get him to attempt popular oratory. At last he escaped from the turmoil and reached Galena, the little Illinois town whence but four years before he had started for the war with a carpetbag in his hand. And Grant felt that it was pleasant to be back once more among his plain country neighbors, even though he was now the most conspicuous, the most honored, of them all. The war had been, in his mind, for just this one simple thing, that in every American community there should be homely content, freedom, social equality, and duly rewarded labor. Here was the normal and satisfying atmosphere of democracy, and Grant settled down to enjoy it unreservedly. When a neighbor asked him if the quiet were not trying and if he did not long for camp-life again, he replied decisively, "No; I never want to see a uniform again."

It was only for a few weeks that Grant could be permitted to enjoy the repose he had so well earned. He was commander of the armies of the United States and still had duties to perform. The Southern States were under military occupation and many details of this necessary but painful service had to be supervised. During the four years of Johnson's agitated presidency Grant rose even higher in the esteem of his countrymen. In his military administration of the South he was firm but ever mindful of that high patriotic duty of charitableness that had marked his conduct at Appomattox. In his often difficult relations with the politicians at Washington he never forgot that his duty was that of a soldier. Much against his will he became involved in some of President Johnson's quarrels with Congress, but the country could not doubt his undeviating sense of veracity and duty, and when the Republican Convention met to nominate a new President in May, 1868, an absolutely unanimous vote designated Ulysses Grant of the State of Illinois. In the electoral campaign itself Grant declined to take any

part. "If the people wish to make me President, they will do so," he said, and his saying was justified, for he easily carried the country.

The record of Grant's administration from 1869 to 1877, for he served two terms, does not affect his character as a soldier, and may therefore be passed over briefly. As a statesman he was not altogether successful. The maze of political intrigue and venality by which he was soon surrounded proved too subtle for him. He was true to his friends, good and bad; he was easy with all men; and he was made great use of. His political career ended in a storm of scandal that for a moment injured his reputation and that has placed on record the limitations of his good judgment. Renominated by the unanimous vote of his party in 1872, he hardly had a friend left five years later when he left the White House.

Grant had served his country faithfully and without intermission in positions of the greatest responsibility for sixteen years, and he decided to seize the opportunity now presented for a long rest. He proceeded on an extended tour around the world, from which he returned to the United States shortly before the Convention of 1880. In the meanwhile his popularity had revived and once more he became a candidate for the presidential nomination, only, however, to be defeated by James Garfield.

During the last few years of his life Grant resided in New York. His sons were interested in financial affairs, and he himself became partner in the firm of Grant & Ward, a hazardous concern run by a young speculator who had become acquainted with Ulysses Grant, Jr. It is clear that General Grant took no active share in the management, and, as in the record of his presidency, in the unfortunate result it was more his judgment than his integrity that was in question. A crash soon came. Ward and Fish, the two active partners, were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment,

and Grant, to satisfy the creditors, sold all his belongings, even his swords of honor and the trophies of the war. He was not destined to survive this misfortune long, for not many weeks later he felt the first symptoms of a cancer in the throat that was to prove fatal.

His last days were of pathetic interest. He was relieved from immediate pressure by the action of Congress reinstating him in the army with the rank of general. Yet, anxious to earn for his family if not for himself the large reward offered by a firm of publishers, he devoted himself with the same iron courage that had broken down the Southern Confederacy and Robert Lee to writing his memoirs. Through an agony prolonged for many months he held fast to his task,—as he had held fast to Vicksburg and to Richmond,—and with his last breath accomplished it. On the 23d of July, 1885, he passed away.

During his last days, when the whole country was reverently watching by his side, he more than once gave expression to those simple and just feelings with which he had always met his old opponents of the Civil War. A few days before his death General Buckner, who twenty-three years earlier had accepted the unconditional surrender of Fort Donelson, called on him, and when, on the 8th of August, he was interred with great pomp in the city of New York, among the pall-bearers Sherman and Sheridan were supported by Buckner and Joseph Johnston. That was the greatest tribute to his memory and to his worth; it was perhaps his greatest achievement.

W. T. Sherman

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN

William Tecumseh Sherman, sixth son of Judge Sherman of Lancaster in the State of Ohio, was born on the 8th of February, 1820. His family was much given to politics, his younger brother, John, eventually attaining considerable distinction as a United States Senator. William, however, chose the army as a profession. He secured a nomination to West Point, graduating in 1840, sixth in a class of forty two. He served in the artillery and on staff duty from 1840 to 1853, but owing to his battery being sent to California saw no active service at the time of the Mexican War. In 1850, General Taylor being President, Sherman married Ellen Ewing, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Ewing, Secretary of the Interior, thus strengthening his political connections. On resigning his commission three years later he passed through a varied experience of civil life, being in turn manager of a bank in California, president of a newly founded military institute in Louisiana, and, on that State's seceding from the Union, president of a street traction company in St. Louis. It was there that the war found him.

Sherman did not reveal at the outset his rare abilities as a general, but he did, from the very first moment, show his strongly marked character. No sooner had the war broken out than he was offered an important post at the War Department, and declined; he was offered the appointment of brigadier-general of volunteers with the command at St. Louis, and again declined. He was not prepared to sacrifice the welfare of his family for the sake of a temporary if lucra-

tive employment. But when, on the 14th of May, 1861, he received notice of his appointment as colonel of the 13th regiment of United States regular infantry, he accepted with alacrity.

The regiment which Sherman had been selected to command was not yet raised, and the Secretary of War decided that the task of enrolling recruits should be left to the lieutenant-colonel, while the colonel did inspector's work for the volunteer regiments now rapidly assembling at Washington. A few weeks later even more important duties were imposed on him: he was placed in charge of a brigade of Tyler's division of McDowell's army.

With that army Sherman took part in the battle of Bull Run, and there are several points in connection with this event that deserve mention. In the first place it appears that Sherman's brigade was one of those that had the least distance to cover before reaching the field, crossing Bull Run not far above the stone bridge. The brigade consequently got into action in a fresher condition than many of the Union troops to its right. Again, it appears clear that Sherman, with no scouts and no staff to help him, led his brigade most skilfully to the very spot at which its services were most required—the base of the Henry House plateau. At this point, however, his lack of knowledge of the high command of troops found him out. He had never before seen a battle; he had handled a brigade for just three weeks; he had had no training in the art of command—and so he failed. His brigade was placed under the brow of the hill, and then, one regiment at a time, was sent up to face the woods, where Stonewall Jackson's line was pouring out destruction. For raw troops Sherman's battalions fought well, as their casualties show, but the action was too hot for them and, last of McDowell's army, they gradually melted away from the fire in their front and were driven from the field. Sherman, following the example of a regiment of regulars on his right,

tried to get his men into square, but cohesion could not be maintained, and before long his brigade, through no fault of his, had merged into the rest of the disbanded army.

After Bull Run the dispirited soldiers needed fresh mettle for a new start, and this Sherman and his brother generals set about to instil into them with great vigor. McClellan took chief command; drill and organization were the order of the day. Just at this moment Sherman was moved once more, this time to command a brigade under Major Robert Anderson, the defender of Fort Sumter, under whom he had formerly served in the Third Artillery. Anderson was now a general and in command of the District of the Cumberland, a charge that proved altogether too great for his capacity. He soon gave up, and Sherman, much to his regret, had to assume the position. Sherman felt, and it was to his credit for he felt rightly, that he was unequal to the command thrust upon him, and he urged the authorities at Washington to relieve him. This they eventually did by sending General Buell to take over the district.

It was while Sherman was exercising this command that occurred a curious and well-known incident. The Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, passed through Louisville and had an interview with Sherman there. The military situation was discussed, and Sherman, basing his opinion on the fact that the Department of the Cumberland was the connecting link between East and West and had a frontier of three hundred miles, declared that to carry the offensive into the enemy's country a force of 200,000 men was necessary. The estimate, as events proved, was not excessive; but at that time, when the district had not much more than a tenth of those numbers, it appeared to civilians wildly extravagant. Cameron, who knew little of Sherman and far less of war, referred in a letter to the general's remark as crazy; enterprising journalism fastened on the word; head-lines arose; and presently Sherman found himself with a

national notoriety as a lunatic general. No man could be expected to bear such a ridiculous yet fatal reputation with patience. Sherman chafed himself to the verge of sickness, and had not Grant taken Fort Donelson and given the press another lead, there is no telling what might have been the result of the criminal irresponsibility of the journalists.

Fortunately great events were making, and Sherman was destined to be part of them. In November Buell relieved him at Louisville and he proceeded thence to report to Halleck, commanding at St. Louis. He was sent to Paducah to forward troops to Grant, then operating up the Tennessee River, and before long Sherman was in command of a division and at the front under the orders of the commander he was to serve so long and so faithfully. From the moment Grant and Sherman met they understood and admired one another; their friendship, their mutual reliance and esteem was uninterrupted and constant through good and through evil report.

When Sherman reached the front the army was encamped at Pittsburg Landing on the western bank of the Tennessee, about twenty miles from Corinth, where the Confederates were concentrating in force under Albert Sidney Johnston. It fell to Sherman's lot to occupy with his troops camps about Shiloh Church at the point nearest to the Confederate line of approach. In the first days of April the Southern cavalry displayed a good deal of activity, and on the 4th and 5th reconnaissances were sent out to feel the enemy. But Sherman, although he was fast learning the art of generalship, was not quite out of the blundering stage yet. Like his commander-in-chief he had allowed a fixed idea to take possession of him,—that the Federals were on the offensive and that no serious attack was therefore to be expected from the Confederates. His reconnaissances were either not pushed far enough, or were skilfully checked by the enemy's calvalry, and he failed to ascertain that the whole Confederate

army had been brought up into close proximity for an attack early the next day. When that attack came, however, at dawn on Sunday, the 6th of April, Sherman showed his mettle and his powers. Nearly all accounts agree in assigning to Sherman the greatest share of merit for saving the Federal army from a disastrous rout that day. His division was made up of raw troops; many of his men ran away; a whole brigade lost its organization; but Sherman continued undaunted, manœuvring and hanging on alternately with the coolest tenacity and judgment until night drew down. He was wounded and had horses shot under him, but through all the dangers and difficulties of that terrible and well-nigh lost field he showed a quality of inborn leadership that his troops and that Grant never forgot.

After Shiloh Grant suffered a temporary eclipse. Halleck took command, but proved entirely lacking in initiative. The great army under his orders was wasted, and its generals were afforded no opportunity of distinguishing themselves. It was not until some months later, with Grant once more in charge of the northern Mississippi valley, that Sherman's opportunity came. On the 8th of December Grant instructed his lieutenant to move down the Mississippi from Memphis with about 30,000 men to attack Vicksburg, while he held the Confederate army under Pemberton in check north of Jackson.

The move against Vicksburg was in the nature of an attempted surprise, but the surprise failed. The troops were disembarked in the lowlands just north of the city, and on the 29th of December were sent forward to effect a lodgment on a line of bluffs along which ran the intrenchments and batteries of the Confederates. The ground was swampy and cut by bayous, so that there were only two narrow points at which an attack could be pressed home, and these points were well guarded by the enemy. The attack was poorly executed and was never near success. The troops were drawn

off, and, heavy rains ensuing and flooding the lowlands, the attempt against Vicksburg was abandoned with a loss of 1500 killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Sherman was now superseded in the command by McClernand, a political general and friend of Lincoln's, who had obtained from the President an order to take charge of the expedition. Sherman, in the capacity of a corps commander, accompanied McClernand in a successful attack against Arkansas Post, but soon found himself under Grant once more on that general's arriving to take supreme command of the operations against Vicksburg.

From the 21st of January to the 4th of July, 1863, Sherman led one of Grant's divisions in the operations against Vicksburg, showing the greatest zeal, skill, and energy. This remarkable campaign, in which he took a conspicuous share, completed his military education and left him an accomplished general fit for the highest commands. When Grant decided to move below Vicksburg and, abandoning his base and line of supplies, to strike in behind the city towards Jackson, Sherman went to his chief and begged him to reconsider his decision. Sherman's own operations in Georgia a year later show how rapidly he assimilated the lesson that Grant then gave him, a lesson in audacity, a lesson in living on the enemy's resources.

Sherman's corps was in the fighting at Jackson on the 14th of May and on the Big Black three days later. On the 18th he and Grant, riding side by side, arrived in sight of the defences of Vicksburg and of the Mississippi River, Sherman declaring enthusiastically to his chief that this was the end of one of the greatest campaigns in history.

On the 19th and 22d of May Sherman's corps took part in the assaults on Vicksburg ordered by General Grant. Those assaults failed at every point, and the plain reason of such failure may be found in Sherman's own words. "I have since seen the position at Sevastopol," he wrote, "and with-

out hesitation I declare that at Vicksburg to have been the more difficult of the two." It was at all events so strong that Grant decided to abandon active operations for a blockade and entrusted to Sherman the task of covering the rear of the army from any efforts that Joseph Johnston might make to relieve Pemberton from the direction of Jackson. The task proved anxious, but the Confederate army was never strong enough to deal an effective blow against its skilfully intrenched adversary, and Vicksburg fell on the 4th of July with Sherman quietly in position between the Big Black and Haine's Bluff.

On that very day heavy reinforcements were started for the front and Sherman received orders to attack Johnston. But the Confederate commander was wary and skilful, a past master in the art of retreat. He had caused extensive fortifications to be built about Jackson, and promptly retired to their shelter. He held back the Federal advance at that point for a week, and then quietly slipped away in the direction of Meridian. Sherman made an unsuccessful attempt to strike a blow at Johnston's rear guard, and was then ordered back to Vicksburg. For his share in the campaign Sherman received the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army.

For some weeks the Union cause seemed triumphant, for Meade at Gettysburg had rivalled Grant's exploit at Vicksburg. The armies at the east and west were eased in their work and all seemed promising, when disaster suddenly overtook the central army and made necessary once more the most strenuous activity. Rosecrans had been badly defeated by Bragg at Chickamauga; his army had been driven into Chattanooga, where it was in danger of being starved into surrender. Orders were at once sent to Sherman to move his corps up the Mississippi from Vicksburg to Memphis, and thence to march on Chattanooga.

On the 2d of October Sherman was at Memphis, and there occurred an incident in his family life that must be

briefly touched on, for it gives a glimpse of a side of his character that had much to do with the devotion and response his troops always gave him. His family had been with him at Vicksburg, where his oldest boy, Willie, had contracted typhoid fever just before leaving. He died at Memphis, and the soldiers of the 13th regulars—his favorite playmates of the camp—followed him to the grave. To their commanding officer Sherman wrote the following letter:

"My dear Friend: I cannot sleep to-night till I record an expression of the deep feelings of my heart to you, and to the officers and soldiers of the battalion, for their kind behavior to my poor child. I realize that you all feel for my family the attachment of kindred, and I assure you of full reciprocity.

"Consistent with a sense of duty to my profession and office, I could not leave my post, and sent for the family to come to me in that fatal climate, and in that sickly period of the year, and behold the result! The child that bore my name, and in whose future I reposed with more confidence than I did in my own plan of life, now floats a mere corpse, seeking a grave in a distant land, with a weeping mother, brother, and sisters clustered about him. For myself I ask no sympathy. On, on I must go, to meet a soldier's fate, or live to see our country rise superior to all factions, till its flag is adored and respected by ourselves and all the powers of the earth.

"But Willie was, or thought he was, a sergeant in the Thirteenth. I have seen his eye brighten, his heart beat, as he beheld the battalion under arms, and asked me if they were not *real* soldiers. Child as he was, he had the enthusiasm, the pure love of truth, honor, and love of country which should animate all soldiers.

"God only knows why he should die thus young. He is dead, but will not be forgotten till those who knew him in life have followed him to that same mysterious end.

"Please convey to the battalion my heartfelt thanks, and assure each and all that if in after-years they call on me or mine and mention that they were of the Thirteenth Regulars

when Willie was a sergeant, they will have a key to the affections of my family that will open all it has; that we will share with them our last blanket, our last crust!

"Your friend

"W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General."

Sherman could not linger at his son's tomb, duty urged him incessantly forward. On the 24th his troops were crossing the Tennessee not far from the battle-field of Shiloh, and on the same day he was notified that Grant had been placed in charge of all the West and that the command of the Army of the Tennessee had thereby devolved on him. General Blair succeeded to the command of Sherman's corps, while the other two corps constituting his army, under Hurlbut and MacPherson, were at Memphis and Vicksburg. Three days later a message came from Chattanooga from Grant in which he ordered Sherman to move to his assistance with the utmost despatch. The order was literally carried out.

On the 24th and 25th of November Sherman's army was with Grant on the field of Chattanooga, 330 miles from Memphis. Straight from its long and arduous march, it was sent to attack the extreme right of the Confederate position, where Missionary Ridge sinks down to the Tennessee. While Sherman struggled slowly forward on the left, Hooker pressed on with good success on the right, and to meet these attacks on either wing Bragg gradually depleted his centre. That was the result that Grant aimed at, and with Thomas' army he finally drove in a wedge through the Confederate centre that carried Missionary Ridge and put the enemy to flight. But Grant had not yet done with Sherman's services.

One hundred and thirty miles northeast of Chattanooga was Knoxville, and at Knoxville was a Federal army under Burnside, hard pressed by a larger force under Longstreet. Sherman was immediately detached to disengage Burnside.

He marched on Knoxville with the same energy he had shown in marching on Chattanooga, and at his approach Longstreet decided to withdraw.

During the next three months Sherman was not engaged in operations of sufficient importance to be recorded here. On the 18th of March, 1864, following the promotion of Grant to command all the armies of the United States, he was placed in charge of the Mississippi valley. It is at this moment that he really first appears as an independent commander of a large army, and that his career becomes of national interest.

Grant's plan for the operations of 1864 was strong and simple. He intended that every army in the field should press on the enemy simultaneously. For three years, profiting from interior lines and from the fact that the Federals never combined their attacks, the Southern generals had been able to move reinforcements from the points at which pressure was relaxed to those where it was heavy. This was to be permitted no longer. Sherman was instructed to this effect. He was to press the enemy continuously, and if necessary he was to follow him even to Richmond. Grant expected to take the offensive all along the line during the first week in May, and it was on the 8th of that month that Sherman opened his campaign.

Johnston was on the railroad a few miles south of Chattanooga at Dalton. Sherman, with double his numbers, made a wide flanking movement towards the right and rear, threatening Resaca. Johnston fell back. In all the movements that followed, Sherman was constantly attempting to bring his wary adversary to a pitched battle, Johnston was as constantly attempting to gain time while avoiding general engagements except under circumstances that would be especially advantageous. Resaca was abandoned on the 15th of May, the Confederates retreating towards Cassville, where for a few hours Sherman hoped he would be able to

fight a decisive battle. But Johnston, who had for a moment decided to risk an engagement on what appeared to be favorable ground, thought better of it, and on the 20th once more slipped way.

The Federal army now crossed the Etowah River and, avoiding the direct road which led through difficult country, marched by its right towards Marietta. Johnston's cavalry under Wheeler was very active, however, and the Confederate commander realized his opponent's intentions in time to throw himself across his line of march at a point just south of the little town of Dallas. There, on the 25th of May, began one of those long-protracted struggles in which the woody nature of the country, a large use of intrenchments, and the undaunted bravery of the combatants made it difficult for either side to win a substantial advantage. Stubbornly the struggle continued until the 4th of June, Sherman gradually extending his left until he was once more astride the railroad that marked the direct line of advance on Marietta. The Federal front was now so extended that Johnston could no longer prevent his wings from being overlapped; he therefore abandoned his lines on the night of the 4th of June, falling back a few miles to a new position about Kenesaw Mountain immediately in front of Marietta. Sherman slowly followed.

On the 10th of June the armies were once more within cannon-shot. Johnston's position was a commanding one and well fortified, but too extensive for his numbers. For two weeks there was continuous fighting and intrenching on both sides, the Federals constantly working to the right and left to overlap the Confederates, who as persistently fell back to more contracted positions, until finally Johnston was placed very much as Lee had been at the North Anna three weeks before. His centre was at Kenesaw Mountain; his right and left, both sharply thrown back, covering Marietta, formed the two sides of a very acute angle. The Confederate posi-

tion was now so compact, so favorable for a strong counter-stroke, that Sherman would not venture on extending his lines farther. He ordered instead a general frontal attack; this took place on the 27th of June and virtually failed (battle of Kenesaw Mountain).

Sherman was now faced by a problem very similar to that of Grant in Virginia. A Confederate army in such a country, and skilfully led, could hardly be forced from an intrenched position. There was only one remedy, which was to manœuvre. So Sherman, like Grant after the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, decided that all he could do was to attempt to get around the enemy. Supplies were collected to enable the army to leave the rail for ten days, and on the 2d of July Sherman began shifting troops towards his right. On the following morning, however, Kenesaw Mountain was found to be evacuated; Johnston had abandoned Marietta and moved south in the night; so skilfully was his retreat conducted that all Sherman's efforts to strike at his rear proved ineffective.

Atlanta was now in sight, the last link that held together the southwestern half of the Confederacy with the northeastern; so long as the leadership of the Federal army remained with its skilled and resolute commander, it could now be only a question of time when the city fell. Johnston felt this; he could but gain time and keep watching for an opportunity which his well-matched antagonist appeared very unlikely to afford him. For some days he held the tide of invasion back at the Chattahoochee River, then, once more outflanked, he fell back to Atlanta, around which, for weeks past, miles of carefully planned fortifications had been erected.

On the 17th Sherman crossed the Chattahoochee and advanced, wheeling towards the east and south of Atlanta, where he hoped to cut the railroad near Decatur, thus severing the Confederacy in two. Johnston expected the move-

ment, he recognized its gravity, he perceived its difficulty and danger, and he determined to strike a blow at the Federal army before the movement could be completed. Just at that moment, however, President Davis removed from command the ablest general save one in the Confederate service, and substituted for him General Hood, an officer of lesser abilities from whom a far less skilled defence was met.

On the 22d Hood made a strong offensive movement. Fighting raged all along the eastern side of Atlanta for many hours, but the Confederates were thrown back at all points. It was in this battle of Atlanta, as it was called, that General MacPherson was killed; the vacant command of the Army of the Tennessee was assigned to General O. O. Howard. Once more, on the 28th, Hood attacked, this time Sherman's extreme right, but with no greater result than to lose many lives and to leave his army correspondingly depressed.

Sherman could not hope to take Atlanta by assault, nor yet to lay close siege to the city—its fortifications were too strong and too extensive; his best plan was the one he followed: to cut its lines of communication. His superiority in numbers and the reduction of the fighting efficiency of the Confederate army by Hood's injudicious attacks enabled him in August to stretch to the southwest in the direction of Eastport and there sever the last line of railroad by which Atlanta could still be supplied. On the 28th of August the Federal army worked its right wing across this line about 8 miles southeast of Atlanta, and three days later Hood attempted to regain control of his communications by fighting the battle of Jonesboro, where once more he was defeated. On the night of the 1st of September, Atlanta being no longer tenable, the Confederate general began to burn and blow up such stores as he could not carry away, and on the following morning Slocum's corps entered the city.

All through the operations that had just been brought to this victorious close Sherman had been anxious as to his own line of communications, the railroad connecting him with Chattanooga, 140 miles to the north through the enemy's country. Constant attempts had been made to break it up, but in force insufficient for the purpose. Now, however, the tide of war being so decidedly unfavorable that bold resolves appeared the only reasonable ones, the Southern leaders decided to throw Hood's whole army between Sherman and Chattanooga, thus hoping to carry the war back into Tennessee.

To further this scheme Hood, on abandoning Atlanta, marched north towards Chattanooga, and as a consequence the Federal plan of operations was completely changed. Sherman at first was drawn after Hood, as the Confederates had hoped, and during October the two armies manœuvred against one another in the country between Chattanooga and the Chattahoochee. This followed the original plan of Grant for pressing the Southern armies continuously, so as to prevent the transference of reinforcements from the one to the other. Sherman, however, soon came to the conclusion that this plan could no longer be adhered to owing to the ex-centric character of Hood's operations. Another one, which Sherman pressed warmly on Grant, was substituted for it. Thomas, with a subsidiary army, was to hold Hood in check; while Sherman, abandoning his line of supply, was to live on the country and to march across Georgia to Savannah, there establishing a new base with the help of the navy. By doing this he would retain the offensive instead of following Hood's movements; he would destroy many supplies intended for the Southern armies; he would, by marching through the enemy's country, deal his prestige a mortal blow, and he would eventually, from his new base, sweep up the coast line and join hands with Grant under the walls of Richmond. The plan was bold and brilliant;

its conception and its execution are both to the credit of Sherman.

On the 15th of November, at the head of 62,000 seasoned soldiers, he started on his famous march to the sea, and plunged into Georgia, burning his bridges behind him. Every building and storehouse of Atlanta that might be converted to use by the Confederates was burnt, as were many private houses. Sherman was determined not only to live off the country, but that the enemy should find no subsistence wherever he had passed. In his front there was no opposition; the weather was glorious; the men were in high spirits, and as they swung along singing "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," they were answered by swarms of negroes dancing with delight at the sight of their victorious liberators. The army believed it was marching on Richmond, and, strong in its faith and in its leader, it would have been difficult to hold in battle; few among its officers and men suspected that their fighting days were nearly over.

On the 9th of December, three and a half weeks after leaving Atlanta, the army reached Savannah—a march of over three hundred miles. There had been virtually no resistance; the soldiers had found abundant supplies; a broad belt of destruction had been swept through Georgia. At Savannah, however, resistance was once more met with. General Hardee had assembled a force, mainly militia, for the defence of the city, and for two weeks held Sherman at bay. On the 23d, however, he abandoned the city, and on Christmas Day, 1864, the Federal army was established in a secure base on the Atlantic seaboard.

For a while Grant thought of transferring Sherman's army to Virginia by sea to deal the death-stroke to Lee; but for three months to come the roads about Richmond were likely to be impassable, and it was as well to let his lieutenant turn this time to account by operating in the Carolinas,—the more so as Thomas had just crushed Hood's army at Nash-

ville. So Sherman was given a free hand to operate from Savannah northwards up the Atlantic seaboard towards Richmond. Grant and the Government had complete confidence in him, and Congress on the 10th of January passed a joint resolution thanking him and his army for their gallantry and good conduct.

Early in January Sherman started on his last advance: it was to meet with little more resistance than had the march to the sea. The resources of the Confederacy were now nearly exhausted and no army could be collected sufficient to check the triumphant march of the Federals northwards. With remarkable rapidity Sherman swept through South Carolina and into North Carolina. Columbia was burnt down; destruction was mercilessly carried out: as Sherman grimly remarked, "War is hell!" The Richmond government was now so alarmed that Johnston was called back to active service. He succeeded in collecting 20,000 or 30,000 men, a small enough force to resist the 90,000 advancing Federals.

On the 19th of March Sherman's columns, on a wide front, were marching towards Goldsboro, N. C., when Slocum on the left was unexpectedly attacked. Johnston had concentrated in force against this wing, hoping to overcome it before it could be supported. At first Slocum was pretty severely handled, but Howard soon came up, and Sherman ordered a general movement in the direction of Bentonville. Johnston could not risk an engagement against his opponent's main force, and, as he had so often done before, disengaged himself cleverly and retreated. This was the last serious fighting in which Sherman participated. On the 23d of March he reached Goldsboro, over four hundred miles from Savannah and only one hundred and fifty from Petersburg, where Grant was just preparing for the final move.

On the 10th of April the army was once more on the

march, but on the following day received the glorious news that on the 9th Lee had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. On the 13th, the day on which Lincoln was assassinated, Johnston sent in a flag and offered to follow the example of his commander-in-chief. A conference was quickly held, and at this the Confederate commander extracted from his over-generous opponent terms covering not only the surrender of his army but the political status of the Southern States. The convention was very properly disavowed by the authorities at Washington, much to Sherman's mortification, and it was not till two weeks later that he finally concluded an arrangement for the surrender of Johnston's army on the same terms as those accorded to Lee's at Appomattox.

After the war Sherman was placed in command of the Division of the Mississippi. In 1866 he was promoted lieutenant-general, and on Grant's election to the Presidency he became commander-in-chief. In 1874 he retired at his own request, and seventeen years later, on the 14th of January, 1891, he died in the city of New York. He was an excellent soldier and citizen, stanch to his friends and country; his triumphs are worthily commemorated by St. Gaudens' splendid equestrian statue erected in New York.

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

THE Sheridans were a couple of Irish emigrants who, reaching this country in 1830, settled in Albany, N. Y., where their son Philip was born in the following year. Soon afterwards they moved farther west to the State of Ohio, where the little town of Somerset, Perry County, saw the boy develop into a young man. His chances of education were of the slenderest, until at the age of seventeen he had the good fortune to secure a nomination to West Point. He worked hard, but had so much leeway to make up that when he graduated in 1853 he was no higher placed than thirty-fifth in a class of fifty-two.

During the eight years of army life that followed his graduation Sheridan got no opportunity for distinction and made no mark. Yet his experience in those years was of the most valuable character. He was first appointed to the infantry; then went to California and served with the dragoons on Indian service. He was reliable and resourceful, and so was generally selected for independent commands. He learned, on a small scale, a hundred mysteries of the soldier's art: transport and provisioning, outmanœuvring Indians, caring for horses, keeping soldiers in good trim, winning their confidence. These things, the secret of which Phil Sheridan mastered in his scouting expeditions, he applied on a broader scale when he held large commands in later years, and that is the reason why the troops he led were always in a state of high efficiency and why they followed their general with blind devotion.

P. H. Sheridan

When the war broke out all regular-army officers were immediately on promotion; Sheridan was appointed a captain in the Thirteenth Infantry, the phantom organization of which Sherman had just been made colonel; neither of them remained long enough with it to see the regiment assume consistency. Sherman went to Washington to command a brigade at Bull Run; Sheridan was ordered to report to Halleck at St. Louis for staff duty. In Halleck's office his qualities proved so valuable that during the early months of the war it appeared probable that he might never become a field-officer. His capacity for detail, his energy, his unfearing sense of duty, were exactly fitted to solve the numerous questions of administration and transport that constantly arose, and to check the beating tide of corruption that was always surging about army contracts. Sheridan was a conspicuous success in his new field, but he chafed constantly at being out of the fighting, and finally succeeded in getting sent to the front when Halleck proceeded up the Tennessee to take command after Shiloh. Even then he seemed at first no better off than before, for Halleck set him to road-building and transport duties. At last, on the 27th of May, 1862, his opportunity came. The Second Michigan Cavalry had lost its colonel; the regiment was inefficient and under poor discipline. The governor of the State decided, therefore, to obtain, if possible, a regular-army officer to command it, and Sheridan was recommended. The selection proved fortunate for him and for his country.

As a cavalry officer Sheridan instantly made his mark. His men were soon more comfortable, more disciplined, more confident. They quickly discovered that their leader was as solicitous for their welfare as for their success. He never wasted labor or lives, but he also never hesitated to call for the greatest sacrifices when an adequate object was to be gained; this was the way to appeal to the citizen soldiers who had volunteered to fight for the maintenance of the

Union. Cavalry leaders were scarce, Sheridan's qualities conspicuous, and in a few weeks he was in command of a brigade of horse. At the head of this little body he won a considerable skirmish at Booneville on the 1st of July, which in its conduct was a model of what cavalry work should be. Other good services followed, and a few days later Rosecrans and all his brigadiers signed a joint appeal to headquarters declaring that Sheridan was worth his weight in gold and urging that he should receive the rank of brigadier-general. From that moment he was a marked man.

In the autumn of 1862 we find Sheridan at Louisville in command of a division in Buell's army. On the advance of that general against Bragg, who had boldly carried the Confederate arms nearly to the Ohio, Sheridan came in for some severe fighting. At Perryville, on the 8th of October, his division was skilfully handled; it prevented the Confederates from overwhelming McCook on the left, and at the close of the day advanced and drove the enemy out of Perryville. Bragg now retreated, Buell following him. On the 30th of October Rosecrans superseded Buell and, after several weeks of indecisive operations, the two armies came into contact once more at Murfreesboro, just south of Nashville. And here Sheridan played an even more conspicuous part than at Perryville.

Rosecrans and Bragg were evenly matched and both bent on the offensive. On the evening of the 30th of December the two armies were facing one another and each commander issued orders for the following day. Rosecrans had three corps: Crittenden on the left, Thomas in the centre, McCook on the right. He proposed taking the offensive and dealing a heavy flanking blow with his left, while his right contained the enemy. Unfortunately the general to whom the latter task was entrusted was a careless and overconfident officer, a good fighter but presumptuous and apt to overlook details. McCook was confident that he could hold

back the Confederates while Rosecrans won the battle on the centre and left, but he did not take all the precautions he should have. He placed his three divisions, under Generals Johnson, Davis, and Sheridan, in an ill-selected position, and made no effort to foresee or forestall any movement the enemy might attempt against him. But Sheridan was anxious. He was up all night, listening to sounds that told him the enemy was massing heavily in his front, warning his corps commander of approaching danger, seeing to the disposition of his troops. Before it was light Sheridan's men had had their breakfast, and when at dawn, before Rosecrans had begun to move, the Confederates marched in overwhelming numbers on McCook's position, Sheridan's division, and his only, was ready to repel the assault. From early morning till late at night that division fought, losing 40 per cent of its numbers, including all its brigade commanders, but maintaining its organization intact. On the right Johnson's and Davis' divisions were swept from the field, but Sheridan doggedly beat back attack after attack, and when compelled to fall back did so with such skill, with such a bold front, that he still held the enemy in check. If Rosecrans succeeded in reforming a line of battle to the rear with which he was eventually able to check Bragg's advance, it was entirely owing to the resolute fighting and splendid skill of Sheridan and his brave men. In the report on Murfreesboro made by the commanding general Sheridan received scant justice, for he was commended in the same terms as the most inefficient of his brother generals. Rosecrans was unduly comprehensive in his allotment of praise; but the army knew that Phil Sheridan had saved the day, and that was enough reward for such a gallant soldier.

After Murfreesboro the army under Rosecrans remained inactive until the end of June, 1863, when it was decided to initiate operations for driving Bragg out of Chattanooga. After several weeks of manœuvring Rosecrans cleverly

crossed the Tennessee and advanced from the west towards the line of rail running back from Chattanooga to Atlanta. On finding his flank turned Bragg abandoned the city and fell back in the direction of Dalton to avoid being cut off. He halted along the banks of the Chickamauga, was there reinforced by Longstreet's corps, and then struck a crushing blow at the Federal army.

Rosecrans, who had shown ability in his movement across the Tennessee, failed in his subsequent operations. His army became somewhat scattered and out of hand; his plans were nebulous. On the 19th of September Bragg attacked him vigorously at Chickamauga; and on the 20th the battle was renewed. Rosecrans' right and left wings were broken, and had not Thomas held firm with the centre a great disaster might have resulted. Sheridan's division was swept away in the decisive attack made by Longstreet's corps on the second day of the battle, but he so far succeeded in rallying his men that when the army retreated into Chattanooga it was Sheridan's division that formed the rear-guard.

After Chickamauga changes were made in the command of the Federal army. McCook, Sheridan's corps commander, was replaced by Gordon Granger, and Rosecrans was succeeded by Thomas. This was not in itself sufficient to save the Federal army now partly blockaded in Chattanooga by Bragg. Grant was summoned from Vicksburg to relieve Chattanooga, and immediately initiated the energetic operations that culminated in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

To disengage the army of Thomas that of Sherman and that of Hooker had been brought up. Each of these generals attacked one flank of the Confederate position, and on the afternoon of the 25th of November Thomas' divisions were sent to break through Bragg's now weakened centre. Sheridan, Wood, and Johnson were ordered to attack and carry the line of rifle-pits at the base of the precipitous Missionary

Ridge, and then to await further orders. The attack was gallantly and successfully delivered, but Wood and Sheridan, as well as their men, came at once to the conclusion that it was easier to attack the ridge itself than to remain in the rifle-pits exposed to the murderous fire of the Confederate artillery above them. Spontaneously the whole line continued its advance, and step by step threaded its way up the slope to the ridge. A short struggle ensued on top with the surprised Confederates and the day was won. Sheridan now showed a quality displayed by very few of the Federal commanders. Having won a victory he was anxious to push it home to the farthest point. His men, without delay, marched on in pursuit of the retreating enemy. They fought and marched through the evening, through the night, till the morning at 2 o'clock, when, under a bright moon, Sheridan paused only half a mile from Chickamauga Station. He had been constantly sending messages to headquarters asking for support, and had other troops followed his there can hardly be a doubt that the whole of Bragg's right wing, which passed through Chickamauga Station some hours later, would have been cut off. It was in this brilliant attack and dashing pursuit that he first displayed those remarkable offensive qualities that stamped all his operations in the campaigns of '64–'65.

Chattanooga was followed by a period of comparative rest for Sheridan's command. During the winter it went into quarters and the general was able to snatch a few weeks' furlough, which he spent at his home in Ohio, his first visit there since joining the army. Immediately after returning to his duties he was summoned by telegraph to report to Washington (March 23, 1864), and found that he was assigned to the command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac. He took charge a few days later at Brandy Station.

From the first, as might have been expected from an

officer coming straight from the command of an infantry division, Sheridan clearly showed his purpose of using the cavalry of Grant's army in mass and strictly as mounted infantry; and this, providing a sufficient number of horsemen were detached for scouting and orderly duties, was undoubtedly the best service such a body could render. It was not without some opposition that Sheridan so employed his corps, but it was not long before Grant recognized his great ability in handling this mass of horsemen and gave him a free hand.

The campaign began by Grant's marching his army through the Wilderness; Sheridan with two of his divisions was on the left flank, away from the fighting, observing the roads running towards Fredericksburg. On the 7th of May, when the army was directed to march on Spottsylvania, he was in the van and was engaged for some hours with Wade Hampton's and Lee's cavalry. On the following day Grant decided that he could not employ his mounted men to such good advantage about Spottsylvania as in sending them against Lee's lines of communication, and so Sheridan was despatched on the first of his great raids.

On the 9th of May Sheridan with 9000 horsemen and 40 guns moved around Lee's right flank and, riding diagonally, across the rear of his positions towards the southwest, reached Beaver Dam Creek station on the Virginia Central on the following day. There he destroyed the rails for ten miles and, turning southeast, made for Ashland on the Richmond and Fredericksburg road, where once more the rails were seriously damaged. On the 11th he headed south for Richmond, his real objective being Haxall's Landing, where he expected to get into touch with Butler's army and obtain supplies. At Yellow Tavern, nine miles north of Richmond, he found his advance barred by Stuart, who with three brigades of cavalry had been detached from Lee's army to head him off. Here a vigorous engagement took place,

resulting in the defeat of the Confederates and in the death of their commanding general. Sheridan pushed on closer to Richmond, passed the outer line of defences, and, on the 12th, made an attempt to force his way through the inner line near Fair Oaks. Failing in this he marched southeast for Haxall's Landing, which he reached on the 14th of May.

Three days were spent at Haxall's Landing, and on the 17th the cavalry corps started back. Its return journey was unmarked by any striking incident, and on the 25th it rejoined the army, then facing Lee's position on the North Anna. On the very next day Grant decided to slip away from the North Anna, marching towards his felt, so as to reach Hanover Court-house before Lee; Sheridan's corps was ordered to lead the army.

In the advance from the North Anna to Cold Harbor Sheridan constantly led the way, and came in for some pretty severe fighting. On the 28th of May there was a heavy engagement in the woods near Hawes's shop, and on the 30th near Cold Harbor. On the 31st the cavalry occupied Cold Harbor and, on Meade's urgent orders to hold it at all risks, succeeded in driving back several Confederate attacks until relieved by the advancing columns of Federal infantry.

After the unsuccessful attack on Lee at Cold Harbor on the 3d of June, Grant decided to operate against Petersburg, and, having no present use for a large force of cavalry, once more detached Sheridan. With two of his divisions he started on the 7th of June on his Trevylian raid, his objective being Charlottesville on the Orange and Alexandria Railway. The raid is not specially noteworthy, nor was it productive of any great results.

On the 1st of August Sheridan was relieved of his command of the cavalry corps to take up new and more important duties. Lee had brought Grant's operations virtually to a standstill before the fortifications of Richmond, but his situation there was highly precarious. The country to the

north had been overrun and ravaged by the Federals; Grant was threatening to work around Petersburg to the south, and Lee's sole line of supply was one running due west towards the valley of the Shenandoah. This region, bounding to the west the great theatre on which during four years the armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia had performed their evolutions, had played a conspicuous part. Both sides had in turn overrun it, and now that Lee was tightly held in Richmond it only remained to sweep the Shenandoah valley to close up every avenue of supply and of escape save only the line of rail running from Petersburg to Lynchburg. To accomplish this task Grant wanted the most efficient subordinate he could lay his hands on, and although there were other claims in the way, Grant overrode them and selected Sheridan for this new duty.

When Sheridan took up his new command the situation was as follows: In May and June General Hunter with a Federal army had penetrated the Shenandoah valley and reached Lynchburg. Lee, however, had felt able to detach Early's corps after Cold Harbor, and Early had driven Hunter out of the valley and across the mountains into western Virginia. He had then marched north, crossed the Potomac, and made an attack or demonstration against Washington. In the middle of July he recrossed the Potomac and fell back into the Shenandoah valley, only to move north once more, sending his cavalry raiding into Maryland two weeks later.

Sheridan had under his orders three infantry corps, those of Wright, Crook, and Emory, with Torbert's division of cavalry; he was to be strengthened by two more divisions of cavalry. On the 10th of August he began operations, marching on Winchester from the east. Early was outnumbered and, as he was expecting reinforcements, decided to fall back. He abandoned Winchester, but, fifteen miles south, halted in a very strong position at Fisher's Hill.

Sheridan advanced cautiously and, on being informed that heavy Confederate reinforcements under R. H. Anderson were at hand, in turn decided it would be more prudent to fall back. He retreated towards Harper's Ferry, his rear-guard getting into action with Early as it was withdrawing from Winchester on the 17th. For the next three weeks the armies manœuvred warily between Harper's Ferry and Winchester, at the end of which time Grant's continued pressure at Petersburg caused Lee to recall R. H. Anderson, leaving the advantage of numbers once more with Sheridan.

Early had grown overconfident. The caution which his opponent had so far shown had deluded him into a feeling of security. Instead of falling back, on Anderson's departure, south of Winchester to one of the many strong positions that bar the valley road, he preferred to remain in the more plentiful but more open country to the north of that town. This proved Sheridan's opportunity; and now that he felt able to strike at his opponent his caution and patience were exchanged for rapidity and daring.

On the 19th of August Sheridan struck the Confederate army just north of Winchester. Early was partly surprised and largely outnumbered, but made a good struggle. Severe fighting lasted all day, the Federals gaining ground constantly. At evening Sheridan's cavalry had outflanked Early right and left, and in the partial rout that followed pursued his flying infantry till 10 o'clock at night. The victory was complete; it had cost Early 4000 casualties, more than a quarter of his total, and 5 guns.

Early's retreat continued through Strasburg, but just beyond was the very strong position of Fisher's Hill, and there he decided to rally his army and make another stand. But the Confederates had been badly shaken at Winchester, and Sheridan gave them no time to recover their morale. He succeeded in masking the movement of one of his divisions, and, late in the afternoon of the 22d, it suddenly

emerged on the left flank and rear of Early's position. The surprise was complete, an attack along the whole line quickly sent the Confederates flying and gave 16 pieces of artillery as a trophy to Sheridan.

After Fisher's Hill Early made no farther stand, but retreated rapidly to the lower end of the valley. Sheridan pursued vigorously as far as Harrisonburg. He had now twice defeated Early's army, and he occupied the greater part of the Shenandoah valley; it remained to carry out the chief military object that Grant had in view in sending him into that quarter: this was to render the valley useless as a source of subsistence for Lee's army. On the 6th of October Sheridan ordered his army to fall back by the way it had come, but as it marched back it stretched its columns across the valley from side to side and swept it clear of all its resources. Crops and cattle were seized or destroyed; barns and mills were burned; destruction was ruthlessly applied.

As Sheridan fell back, Early, once more reinforced by Lee and eager as ever for battle, followed. At Tom's Brook, south of Strasburg, the cavalry of the two armies engaged, success once more resting with the Federals. But the retirement continued until, on the 10th of October, the Federals were in the triangle formed by Strasburg, Winchester, and Front Royal. Early halted at Newmarket, twenty miles south, and awaited developments.

Although the Federal Government had now appointed a commander-in-chief, it could not altogether abstain from its old habit of interfering in the details of the campaigns of its generals. Just at this moment it was engaged in a conflict of opinion with Sheridan as to his ulterior operations, and as it was generally assumed that Early was in no position to take the offensive, it was decided that Sheridan had better proceed to Washington for a conference. He left his headquarters and started for the capital on the 15th.

Three days later Early decided to attack the Federals at

Cedar Creek near Strasburg. The ground gave the Confederates an excellent opportunity for getting their troops in position without being observed, nor had the Federal commanders taken sufficient precautions to prevent a surprise. In the early hours of the 19th of October the attack was delivered, so suddenly, so skilfully, that by sunrise the corps of Emory and Crook were streaming northwards in confusion, leaving many guns behind them in the hands of the enemy. Ricketts's corps, farther to the rear, stood firm, however, and by six o'clock the Confederate rush was stopped. Sheridan had reached Winchester the night before, and at half-past eight in the morning of the 19th received the news that a battle was in progress twelve miles to the south. He at once got into the saddle and rode to the front, turning back the fugitives from the rout of the early morning as he came up to them. When he reached the new Federal line there was a pause in the fighting, and preparations were being made to take the offensive and drive Early back. Sheridan at once took charge and, after repelling an attempt to turn one of his flanks, ordered a general advance at four o'clock in the afternoon. There was a stubborn resistance, but at last a weak point was found in Gordon's division, and presently the Confederates were in full retreat all along the line. Custer's cavalry charged brilliantly, the retreat turned to confusion, and, as night came on, the Confederates fled routed back over Cedar Creek. Early lost over 3000 men, all the artillery he had captured in the morning, and 24 of his own guns besides.*

This was virtually the end of the campaign of 1864 in the Shenandoah. Sheridan's brilliant successes received the approbation of the country. He was promoted to the rank of major-general in the regular army; he received the thanks

* A strictly historical account is often so unlike that of the contemporary journalist or poet that it appears necessary to explain that this is the incident that gave rise to the well-known poem of "Sheridan's Ride," by T. B. Read.

of Congress; the press acclaimed him, and deservedly, as a national hero. It was with a reputation second only to that of Grant and Sherman that he entered on his last campaign in the spring of 1865.

Richmond and Lee's soldiers had barely survived the winter. The shrinkage in the armies of the Confederacy had been enormous. Lee still had an army at Petersburg; Johnston had hardly more than an army corps to hold back Sherman; there were no troops left to fight for the desolate valley of the Shenandoah. Sheridan had a clear field before him and he moved early to take advantage of it. On the 27th of February, with 10,000 sabres behind him, he started up the valley. He occupied Staunton on the 1st of March, and on the following day Custer dispersed a small force that Early had collected at Waynesborough. The Federals crossed the Blue Ridge, occupied Charlottesville, and tore up the rail north and south. Sheridan's instructions were to occupy Lynchburg if possible; but he decided instead to rejoin Grant under Petersburg, which he did on the 19th of March, just in time to take part in the closing scenes of the great war.

On the 27th of March Sheridan was placed on the extreme left, south of Petersburg; his command was independent of Meade's Army of the Potomac, and was placed under the direct control of the commander-in-chief.

On the 29th of March Grant began his outflanking movement, circling southwest of Petersburg to get around Lee's right and rear. Sheridan was on the extreme left with a large discretion as to his eventual movements. Grant even foresaw eventualities that would make it advisable for Sheridan to break away towards the south and effect a junction with Sherman. On the 30th Sheridan was in touch with the enemy; on the 31st he occupied Dinwiddie Court-house, but was there furiously attacked by the Confederates. Warren's corps on his right gave him no support, and it was only

by the most resolute efforts that he succeeded in holding his position till night. On the following morning the Confederates retired in face of the greater numbers opposed to them, and Grant gave Sheridan discretionary powers to relieve Warren from his command if necessary. Both were good officers, but Warren was methodical, Sheridan impetuous, and the moment had come when impetuosity was essential to success. On the 1st of April fighting was renewed at Five Forks, and in its course Sheridan exercised the discretion Grant had given him removing Warren from command.

Beaten at Five Forks and along the lines in front of Peters burg on the following day, Lee commenced his retreat on the night of the 2d of April; he directed his army's march due west towards Burkesville Junction and Lynchburg. Grant followed in the morning, his army marching on a line south of and parallel with Lee's. Sheridan was in the van, and the question was, could he march fast enough to interpose between Lee and his line of retreat, and then hold him there long enough to enable the rest of the army to get up and deal the final stroke. The first race was for Burkesville Junction, forty-five miles from Petersburg, where Lee might have reached the rail leading southeast to Danville. Sheridan and his cavalry moved more swiftly than the Confederates. At four o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th he reached the Danville railroad just north of Burkesville, and at that moment Lee was not quite concentrated a few miles to the northeast at Amelia Court-house and Jetersville.

On the 5th Lee had to continue his march westwards; his only hope now was to reach Lynchburg, via Appomattox, before his pursuers. On the 6th Meade succeeded in striking Lee's rear, and brought him to partial action at Sailor's Creek. In this engagement the Confederates lost heavily, and that owing in great part to the action of Sheridan; Ewell's corps

and one-half of Anderson's were captured with many guns and supplies. It was plain now that the Confederacy was reaching its end. A few more efforts, a few more painful miles, and the final catastrophe must be reached. Without rest, with unquenched fire, Sheridan once more took up the pursuit. Circling to the south, his jaded troopers reached Appomattox Station on the evening of the 8th of April in front of Lee, between Lee and Lynchburg, his last possible refuge. It was now merely a question of whether Sheridan and the cavalry could hold on long enough for the Federal infantry to get up.

At the same moment as Sheridan was reaching Appomattox Station, Lee's advance had occupied Appomattox Courthouse, an hour's march to the northeast. At early dawn of the 9th of April the two armies were in contact, Lee anxious to brush aside the cavalry that blocked the road, Sheridan intent on holding him back long enough for Ord's corps, which had been marching all night, to reach him. Fitzhugh Lee and Gordon with 30 guns advanced on Sheridan. The Confederates, even in this last hopeless plight, had not forgotten how to fight. Slowly but surely Sheridan's troopers were forced back, but not rapidly enough to save Lee. At 9 o'clock Ord's columns reached the field. They were rapidly deployed, and when the Confederates found that they no longer had merely carbine fire in their front, their attack ceased. Lee was now convinced that there was no hope and that honor was satisfied. There was nothing left but to surrender his army and close the war.

The credit of Lee's capitulation at Appomattox is clearly due first and foremost to the Federal commander-in-chief, Ulysses Grant. But the chief subordinate factor was the employment of the cavalry in the form of a massed division of mounted infantry and its brilliant leading by Philip Sheridan. The march of his corps from Petersburg to Appomattox is a great military object-lesson, and in no war from that

day to this has there been seen so effective strategical and tactical employment of mounted men.

Sheridan was still young at the close of the war, and that, together with his great military abilities, designated him as the man to send to the Mexican frontier, where the Government anticipated the possibility of intervention against the Emperor Maximilian. Sheridan spent several years of unpleasant duty in the South during the period of reconstruction, but got into political difficulties and was removed to the West, where he saw a little active service once more against the Indians. In 1870 he obtained leave of absence to follow the Franco-Prussian war operations. He was with King William's staff at Gravelotte, Beaumont, Sedan, and Paris, and was favorably impressed by many of the good points of the German armies. But he came to the conclusion that they had no idea of the tactical employment of cavalry, and on that point Phil Sheridan knew what he was talking about and his opinion was undoubtedly correct.

On the 4th of March, 1869, the inauguration-day of President Grant, Sheridan was promoted lieutenant-general; in 1884, on Sherman's retirement, he succeeded to the post of commander-in-chief. Four years later, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, he died somewhat suddenly. In the same year Congress had passed a bill restoring in his favor the grade of general.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

George Brinton McClellan was born on the 3d of December, 1826, at Philadelphia. At the age of sixteen he entered West Point, in the same class with Stonewall Jackson, and distinguished himself as a student. He graduated at the head of his class in 1846, just in time to participate in the Mexican War. He served with Scott as an engineer officer, having as his two immediate superiors Beauregard and Robert Lee, and did much useful work that came under the notice of the commander-in-chief. For his services he received brevets of first lieutenant and captain. Soon after his return from the war McClellan was sent west, where he was employed mostly on topographical work, in which he showed skill, method, and zeal. He was later recalled to Washington, and so highly were his talents and his personality esteemed that when the Crimean War broke out he was selected as one of the officers sent to follow the operations of the Allies. In 1857, however, he resigned his commission to embark in railroad enterprises that his large technical knowledge and organizing powers made him specially fit to conduct. He became chief engineer and later vice-president of the Illinois Central; from that road he transferred his services to the Ohio and Mississippi, of which he was elected president. The outbreak of the war found him residing in Cincinnati.

Among McClellan's numerous friends and admirers was Governor Denison of Ohio, who offered him the command of a brigade of volunteers which that State had raised for the

Geo. B. McClellan

war. The appointment was a good one: McClellan's army career had been brilliant, and his civilian experience of large administrative work was a further recommendation. That experience was characteristic, as it turned out, of both his strong and weak points. General Scott warmly approved Governor Denison's choice, and shortly after, on the formation of the military department of the Ohio, comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. he caused McClellan to be placed in charge of it with the rank of major-general.

McClellan was busy organizing and drilling the new levies when instructions reached him from headquarters that plunged him into active operations. A line of rail, the Baltimore and Ohio, ran nearly due west from Washington to the Ohio River, forming a direct line of communications between the capital and the Middle States. Westwards the Ohio made a good frontier, but eastwards this line of rail was covered by no natural feature and was liable to be cut at any point by the Confederate forces assembling in Virginia. The Federal Government had already formed two armies to protect the Baltimore and Ohio, the first under McDowell in front of Washington, the second under Patterson at Harper's Ferry; it was now anxious to cover the remainder of this line, the part that ran through western Virginia. There was a further inducement to operate in this quarter, which was that the people of western Virginia had clearly shown unionist sentiments; a Federal advance would doubtless confirm and strengthen that feeling.

The troops marked out for conducting these operations were clearly those of the Department of the Ohio, and McClellan therefore received instructions to advance. On the 26th of May he ordered two small columns across the Ohio which occupied Grafton, an important junction; a few days later they cleverly dispersed a force of Virginia militia at Philippi. This first success so far encouraged

the inhabitants of western Virginia that a few days later they formed a State government, formally announced their secession from Virginia, and declared for the Union. Among the first acts of the new government was to raise troops, and thus McClellan found his command increased and his hold strengthened.

But the Confederate Government and its advisers were fully aware of the importance of breaking the line between Washington and the West; a force under General Wise was sent to the Kanawha valley, another under General Garnett to Beverly. Garnett immediately occupied two important passes at Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill; he proposed to hold these positions until he could be reinforced. McClellan with much superior forces promptly moved against him.

On the 11th of July McClellan, after some clever and rapid movements, turned Pegram's strong position at Rich Mountain threatening Garnett's line of retreat through Beverly. Pegram lost 6 guns, and after a vain attempt at escape, surrendered with over 500 men on the 13th. Garnett meanwhile had been attempting to get clear by a rapid retreat, but his rear-guard was overtaken at Carrick's Ford on the same day, and he there turned back and offered battle. A heavy skirmish followed in which Garnett was killed, and his command lost a gun and was routed. McClellan made one more effort to surround the Confederates, but had to be content with driving them from western Virginia. His energy had been great; his promptitude considerable; his numerical superiority overwhelming; his results satisfactory; and his rhetoric was now to crown the edifice by creating a legend. He recorded his campaign in the following concise and dramatic dispatch sent to headquarters from Huttonsville, Va., on the 14th of July:

"Garnett and forces routed; his baggage and one gun taken; his army demoralized; Garnett killed. We have annihilated the enemy in western Virginia and have lost

thirteen killed and not more than forty wounded. We have in all killed at least two hundred of the enemy, and their prisoners will amount to at least one thousand. Have taken seven guns in all. I still look for the capture of the remnant of Garnett's army by General Hill. The troops defeated are the crack regiments of eastern Virginia, aided by Georgians, Tennesseeans, and Carolinians. Our success is complete and secession is killed in this country." This dispatch had an instantaneous press success. McClellan was hailed as the "young Napoleon," the coming saviour of his country, and when, exactly one week later, McDowell was defeated at Bull Run, public opinion immediately pointed out McClellan as the man to redeem the failure. President Lincoln followed the lead, and on the 27th of July McClellan was placed in command of the troops assembled at Washington.

The problem confronting the young general was complex. He not only had to create from raw material an army large and efficient enough to beat down the resistance of the South, he not only had to organize a system of transportation for such an army, but he had to contend against the self-sufficient ignorance of his political superiors, and to support the application of press and caucus methods to the operations of war. McClellan was in many respects well fitted to solve this problem. His talent for organization was of the first order; he had a wide knowledge of military theory, and he knew not only how an army should be ordered but how to win his soldiers' affection. His qualifications went even farther, for his correspondence with General Scott during the campaign of western Virginia shows a certain mental suppleness that would not be at disadvantage when dealing with the authorities at the Federal capital. His letters to the commander-in-chief display an obvious anxiety to please by deference to the veteran's authority, to win his good opinion by references to the campaign of

Mexico. And alongside of this may be felt the note of ambition, of the young general anxious to increase his command and to strike telling blows, of the intellectual man trying to emphasize the value of his intelligence. "Assure the general," he writes, "that no prospect of a brilliant victory shall induce me to depart from my intention of gaining success by manœuvring rather than by fighting. I will not throw these raw men of mine into the teeth of artillery and intrenchments if it is possible to avoid it. Say to the general, too, that I am trying to follow a lesson long ago learned from him; i.e., not to move until I know that everything is ready, and then to move with the utmost rapidity and energy." Grant was to comment cruelly on these words three years later at Spottsylvania when he declared that he was in the field not to manœuvre but to fight.

On the 4th of August McClellan handed a memorandum to President Lincoln on the conduct of the war. The document is able and foresees many of the essential strategic factors of the great struggle,—the control of the Mississippi, the mastery of the sea, the attack of the seaboard, the taking in reverse of Richmond. Its first paragraph runs as follows:

"The object of the present war differs from those in which nations are usually engaged mainly in this, that the purpose of ordinary war is to conquer a peace and make a treaty on advantageous terms. In this contest it has become necessary to crush a population sufficiently numerous, intelligent, and warlike to constitute a nation. We have not only to defeat their armed and organized forces in the field but to display such an overwhelming strength as will convince all our antagonists, especially those of the governing, aristocratic class, of the utter impossibility of resistance. Our late reverses make this course imperative. Had we been successful in the recent battle [Manassas] it is possible that we might have been spared the labor and expenses of a

great effort." From these unexceptionable premises McClellan concluded that for field operations that should sweep Virginia and the Atlantic seaboard an army of 273,000 men was necessary. The figure was somewhat large and involved a transportation problem that might have consumed the whole faculties of the commander-in-chief; yet, making allowance for the fact that he probably asked for more than he expected to get, the memorandum as a whole shows a clear appreciation both of the nature of the military problem and of the means whereby it could best be solved. It was not in this respect that McClellan was deficient.

Before coming to the great military events that mark the next stage of McClellan's career there is one incident that must be briefly dealt with. No sooner had he reached Washington from western Virginia than Mr. Lincoln and his advisers took him into their counsels and immediately made him their adviser-in-chief. This was natural under the circumstances, but was nevertheless a mistake on both sides. The President ought to have consulted General Scott, commanding the army of the United States; McClellan ought not to have given advice to the government behind the back of his superior officer. The politicians who were directing the affairs of the nation may be excused for tampering with the mechanism of a delicately adjusted organization of the proper working of which they had no conception; but for McClellan there was no excuse. He knew what military discipline and duty were, and he had moreover, for weeks previously, been fervently protesting his admiration for the military genius of his chief. That admiration was not misplaced. Scott, even at 75 years of age, was a far better soldier than McClellan, and his was the only keen military judgment to be discerned on the Northern side during the early weeks of the war. He was old, incapable of getting into the saddle, and testy, but he was nevertheless a safe and expert adviser and the head

of the army. McClellan was neither the one nor the other, but, carried away by his sudden popularity, he at once revealed his weakness at the contact of political influence.

The capital was in a state of panic from the disastrous result of Bull Run. Journalists and politicians had seen the rout and thought everything lost. The Government shared the public sentiment, and McClellan, a man of nervous and impressionable temperament, succumbed to the atmosphere. He saw the President, he saw the Secretary of War, he saw everybody, and then wrote a letter to General Scott which, beneath a cool and official form, revealed bad judgment, panic, and disregard for Scott's official position. The old general flamed up at this open evidence of the fact that his subordinate was acting as the adviser of the Government. Perhaps Scott alone saw matters as clearly then as we can now. He realized that McDowell and his routed army had really done well and had come within an ace of success; he realized that Johnston's numbers were small and that there was not the remotest probability of his attempting to advance on Washington. On finding that his subordinate, after consulting with the Government, believed that the enemy had 100,000 men and was preparing to march on the capital, which was in danger of capture, he immediately wrote an angry letter to the Secretary of War tendering his resignation; in that letter he stated unequivocally that Washington was perfectly safe, and history emphatically indorses the veteran's judgment. President Lincoln attempted to smooth matters over, but Scott, seeing that the politicians were not likely to deal properly with military matters and feeling that he was really past work, persisted and retired. It must be added that although his letters reflected anger and heat, yet they contain not one statement of which the substance was unfounded, and he even acknowledged McClellan's real talents, stating that he "has, unquestionably, very high

qualifications for military command." Those qualifications were about to be severely tested.

McClellan had to pay a heavy price for the support of the politicians; it was the road to promotion, it was also the road to political interference. Those in whose hands the conduct of affairs had been placed were, some of them, men of high character and endowed with a keen perception of the aspirations of the community, but they had no knowledge of the art of war and of the lessons of history. They threw at the head of the commander of their choice ridiculous plans erected on a scaffolding of newspaper data and ignorant fears. McClellan was powerless in their hands. President Lincoln was, in constitutional theory, commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United States, and it was only after a long, bitter, and expensive apprenticeship that he learned that he was not competent to exercise any such function. It must be said in fairness to McClellan that rarely has a general been more deeply enmeshed in the toils of civilian incompetence and rarely has one met it with greater dexterity. But it may be surmised that when President Lincoln, on the 27th of January, 1862, in direct opposition to his military advisers, issued a preposterous order whereby all the armies of the Federal Government were to advance simultaneously on Washington's Birthday, had General Scott still been commander-in-chief he would instantly have resigned. General McClellan chose the other alternative, and dragged to the end of his career the political chains he had himself riveted.

General Joseph E. Johnston, in command of the Confederate army at Manassas, was so far from thinking of an attack on Washington that he considered his position too advanced to be held safely against such superior numbers as might be brought against him. In the early part of March, 1862, he withdrew his army to the line of the Rap-

pahannock and Rapidan. McClellan immediately moved forward, but was not able to get into contact with the enemy. This was partly owing to the impassable condition of the roads, partly owing to the fact that McClellan was just ready to open operations along a different line and had no wish to be drawn down to the Rappahannock.

To attack Richmond and the army defending it was largely a question of transportation, and the successful operations of the navy of the United States in the winter and spring of 1861–2 had greatly simplified this problem by securing control of the sea. McClellan could advance by land towards Richmond along the line Manassas—Fredericksburg—Hanover, which would extend his communications to a dangerous length; or he could take ship and, disembarking at a secure point such as Fortress Monroe, march thence on Richmond. Both plans were feasible; the first involved a greater problem of transportation, but kept Washington covered; the second promised quicker and more effective action. McClellan, who realized clearly the strategic value of the command of the sea, was for the second plan, and after a long wrangle with the Administration he was finally allowed to put it into effect.

During the second half of the month of March the bulk of McClellan's army was transferred by sea to the point of the narrow peninsula which, running northwest between the York and the James rivers, leads from Fortress Monroe to Richmond, 75 miles as the crow flies. His intention was to march on the Confederate capital as rapidly as possible before defensive works could be thrown up, trusting to his numbers to beat down any opposition that might be offered. McClellan's theory was not altogether sound. The strength of Richmond was equivalent to that of the Confederate army in the field, and McClellan's true objective was not so much Richmond as Johnston. Yet Johnston was bound to cover the capital, and the question might in one sense be narrowed

down to whether, from Fortress Monroe, McClellan could operate advantageously against Johnston.

The scheme on which McClellan had embarked implied a prompt and vigorous offensive, but his movements when he reached the Peninsula were marked by the most extreme caution, and the great battles that ensued were each and all fought on the defensive against an enemy greatly inferior in numbers. The essential truth of the matter lay in this, that McClellan, with military abilities that might have made him an ideal chief-of-staff, lacked the courage that stamps the great general. Like an engineer or railroad president, he wanted every detail accurately and completely worked out and all statistics verified. He would only try for a certainty, and could not perceive perhaps the most delicate point of the art of war, that in dealing with conditions that can never be entirely ascertained it is only the man who, with open eyes, will risk making mistakes that can compel success; McClellan hoped to remain faultless where Frederick, Napoleon, or Lee would have risked, and confessed, an error. At the same time he was not without excuse. His relations with the President and the Secretary of War were no longer so good as they had been. Lincoln had already detected McClellan's lack of determination, and had lost confidence; besides this, his nervous fears for the safety of Washington and his poor judgment of military matters remained unabated, so that whereas McClellan expected to move on Richmond from Fortress Monroe with little less than 150,000 men, he was gradually deprived of various corps and commands, his plans were disarranged, and he lost that sense of support which every Government ought to inspire in its generals.

Advancing up the Peninsula with about 80,000 men McClellan found General Magruder strongly posted behind a line of field-works stretching from the York to the James at Yorktown. The Confederate force was small, little more

than 10,000 men, yet it was so admirably posted that it brought McClellan to a halt. He implored the Government for reinforcements. "It seems clear," he wrote, "that I shall have the whole force of the enemy on my hands—probably not less than 100,000 men, and probably more." In reply Lincoln urged him on. "The country will not fail to note," he replied on the 9th of April, "that the present hesitation to move on an intrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated."

Magruder was quickly reinforced. Johnston transferred his army from the Rappahannock to Yorktown, and McClellan settled down to siege operations. A month was occupied in this way, and when finally the Federal siege-guns were in position and ready to open fire, Johnston abandoned his positions and fell back towards Richmond (May 3), fighting a vigorous rear-guard action at Williamsburg on the 5th to cover his retreat. McClellan followed cautiously, and on the 21st reached a point about ten miles east of Richmond, his left flank on the Chickahominy, his right on the Pamunkey, his base immediately in the rear of the troops, at the White House on the latter river. He now proposed, by extending towards his right, to effect a junction with McDowell, who was at the head of 40,000 men and 100 guns in central Virginia north of the Rappahannock. The two armies combined would defeat any force the Confederacy could put in the field and occupy Richmond.

Once more the Federal plans were dislocated by the timidity and interference of the Government. Just at the moment when McClellan was preparing the way for the combined movement against Richmond, Stonewall Jackson began the brilliant series of marches and battles generally known as his Shenandoah campaign. With only a handful of men he defeated superior forces in detail, and so alarmed the Federal authorities that McDowell was compelled to detach reinforcements to the Valley and eventually to give up all idea

of a movement towards Richmond. That capable but little appreciated general protested that the sure way to clear the Shenandoah valley and to protect Washington was to crush the Confederate army under the walls of Richmond, but all in vain, and so McClellan had once more to see his well-founded hopes and plans completely wrecked.

Between McClellan and Richmond lay the Chickahominy, a small stream, but difficult of access and with few fords. Expecting McDowell to join him towards his right flank, he felt bound to retain the Pamunkey as his base of supplies, and therefore to keep part of the army to the north of the Chickahominy to protect this line. Consequently, when on the 20th of May McClellan began to cross to the south side of the Chickahominy, he was putting himself into a false position, placing a difficult river between the two wings of his army in the immediate front of the enemy. Johnston, who had long and patiently waited for an opportunity, seized it now that it was presented. On the 30th of May he issued orders that were to concentrate virtually his whole army on two corps of McClellan's, those of Heintzelmann and Keyes; this wing of the Federals had reached a point about six miles east of Richmond to the south of the Chickahominy.

On the 31st of May the Confederates attacked, and had not Johnston's staff arrangements broken down and his various corps failed to combine their movements, there can be little doubt that the Federals would have been severely handled. As it was, Longstreet was slow and Huger failed to get into action, while Keyes and Heintzelmann offered stubborn resistance and could not be broken. The close of the day found the Confederates in possession of the field of battle, but the Federal line was intact one mile behind the morning's position, and McClellan was transferring Sumner's corps across the Chickahominy to reinforce his left wing.

On the 1st of June the battle was renewed, but with less vigor. Johnston had been struck down; his movement had been only partly successful; the Federals now outnumbered the Confederates. The fighting on the second day soon showed that McClellan's troops could not be driven farther, and the Confederates were withdrawn about noon. McClellan lost about 6000 of 50,000 engaged; Johnston 4500 out of 40,000.

Seven Pines was claimed as a victory by both sides; it may perhaps be most fairly described as a drawn battle, the balance of tactical advantage being on the Confederate side. Johnston's successor, Lee, who knew McClellan's character well from the time of the campaign of Mexico, realized that after Seven Pines he need not fear a determined offensive against Richmond. Although McClellan had about 100,000 men present, double Lee's numbers, the Confederate general boldly detached troops to reinforce Jackson in the Shenandoah, and coolly watched events develop until the moment should be ripe for repeating Johnston's stroke with even greater force. Meanwhile McClellan sent to Washington constant demands for reinforcements, constant reports that the army in his front was two, three, and even four times as large as it really was, and edged slowly towards Richmond by trenching and siege-works. In his approach to Richmond McClellan showed that he was essentially an engineer; he had witnessed the operations before Sebastopol; and his natural timidity sought intellectual comfort in solving the hard problems of war by intricate calculations of geometry and ballistics. It was his weakest point both in the theory and in the practice of the art of war that he dearly loved intrenchments; in one of his reports he even committed himself on paper to the following amazing statement: ". . . The history of every former war has conclusively shown the great advantages which are possessed by an army acting on the defensive and occupying strong

positions, defended by heavy earthworks." Napoleon thought the contrary, and declared emphatically that troops remaining behind fortified positions must in the long run always be beaten. Lee's practice conformed to the better opinion; he knew that in war the offensive is half the battle, and he now seized it with an energy that suddenly sent McClellan reeling back to his ships.

Johnston had shown military insight by making use of the fact that the Chickahominy divided McClellan's army to attack him in detail, but Lee showed military genius in that, repeating Johnston's offensive stroke, instead of attacking on the right bank, that is, on the Richmond side, he attacked on the left bank. McClellan was now so heavily intrenched and so judiciously posted on the right bank that an attack would certainly have failed; yet he was so cautious that he would probably not reply to an attack on the left bank by pushing straight on Richmond by the right; he was so dependent on his line of communication that a movement that threatened it would assuredly cause him to fall back. So Lee calculated, and his judgment proved correct.

Swiftly, secretly, suddenly, Stonewall Jackson stole away from the Shenandoah. The Confederate strength was rapidly massed on Richmond, and on the 26th of June Lee transferred the bulk of his forces to the left bank of the Chickahominy, striking McClellan's detached right at Mechanicsville. On the 27th Jackson's *foot-cavalry* reached the scene of the conflict, and at Gaines' Mill Fitz John Porter was overpowered and driven across to the south side of the Chickahominy with great loss. At no time during these two days did McClellan apparently think of making a counter-attack; he believed that Lee had three times his actual numbers, and from the first moment, before more than a quarter of his army had been engaged, he began to plan a retreat. In this congenial operation the Federal commander once more showed his remarkable grasp of the

theory of war. Lee doubtless expected that McClellan would now be compelled to force a passage back over the Chickahominy to recover his line of communications with his base on the Pamunkey, and the Confederate general was probably sanguine that, posted behind the Chickahominy, he could successfully beat back the attack of the whole Federal army. But McClellan cleverly replied to Lee's brilliant check. With his superior numbers and virtually intact army his best move would clearly have been to march on the feeble detachments left by Lee to protect Richmond; as it was, he decided on the second-best move. With clear perception of the possibilities of a sea-base, he had been for some days preparing to shift his depots by ship from the Pamunkey to the James. He now ordered the change made, and instead of attempting to force the passage of the Chickahominy, took up a line of retreat for the James River. His movements were skilfully planned and well executed.

Baffled for a moment, Lee was soon across the river in hot pursuit, and threw his army at his retreating opponent. On the 29th there was heavy fighting at Savage's Station and Frazier's Farm; on the 30th a severe action was fought at various points in the region of White Oak Swamp, and that night McClellan wrote to President Lincoln: "If none of us escape, we shall at least have done honor to the country. I shall do my best to save the army. Send more gunboats." On the 1st of July Lee discovered the whole Federal army strongly concentrated in an admirable position at Malvern Hill, overlooking the James River. A desperate but ill-concerted attack was delivered by the Confederates late in the afternoon, but was crushingly repulsed. That night McClellan continued his retreat a few miles farther to Harrison's Bar, and there, under cover of earthworks and with men-of-war protecting each flank, he was safe. His retreat had been disgraceful, but his conduct of it masterly.

If Lincoln and his advisers were not always faultless in

their management of the early stages of the war, yet there are occasional incidents in which their behavior calls for high praise and admiration. Among these none is more noteworthy than the manner in which they supported McClellan in his hour of defeat. There was no recrimination. His glowing eulogies of his troops and his rhetorical descriptions of battles he described as victories, his roseate promises of a speedy advance on Richmond, were officially indorsed and promulgated. On the surface McClellan retained the full confidence of the Administration, but in reality there was distrust, justified distrust.

McClellan's army remained at Harrison's Bar over a month. In August it was gradually transferred by ship back towards Washington. McClellan himself arrived in the Potomac just at the moment when Lee, following his success in the Peninsula, had driven Pope back from the Rappahannock and brought him to the verge of disaster at the second battle of Manassas on the 30th of August. Once more Washington was panic-stricken, and in the sudden emergency there seemed no other course open than to place the whole conduct of affairs in McClellan's hands.

With great skill and coolness McClellan drew the army together at Washington; with wonderful zeal and magnetic power he restored the morale of the troops; and in less than a week from Pope's defeat he had begun a new campaign. Lee had crossed the Potomac and must be checked; so the whole field army, between 80,000 and 90,000 men, was cautiously set in motion westwards towards the enemy. On the 13th McClellan reached Frederick, where an intercepted dispatch revealed the fact that Lee was only a few miles to the west and that he had divided his army, one-half under Jackson having been detached to capture Harper's Ferry. "I think Lee has made a gross mistake," McClellan wrote, "and that he will be severely punished for it."

Moving more rapidly than usual, yet not rapidly enough,

McClellan struck Lee's rear near South Mountain on the 14th, inflicting severe losses on the enemy. On the 15th he followed the retreating Confederates, but was too late to relieve Harper's Ferry, of which Jackson received the surrender that morning. On the 16th he discovered the enemy in position near Sharpsburg, where Lee was hastily concentrating his scattered divisions behind the Antietam. An immediate attack would have found little more than half the Confederate army in position, but McClellan delayed until he could get his corps posted to the greatest advantage and once more let opportunity slip through his fingers.

On the 17th of September, 1862, was fought the battle of the Antietam. McClellan attacked along the whole line and was repulsed at every point by an enemy hardly more than half his numbers. On the 18th Lee was still in position and McClellan assumed a defensive attitude; it was so strong that the Confederate general reluctantly gave up all idea of attack and in the night ordered a retreat across the Potomac. On the 19th McClellan pursued and claimed the Antietam as a victory. Strategically it was. Since June Lee had constantly maintained the offensive, had gained victory after victory; now he was compelled to retreat from a battle-field, to abandon his invasion of Maryland, and to return to the defence of the Rappahannock. McClellan might have accomplished more, but he had done much to wrest victory from such an opponent as Lee, and he should without question have been allowed to conduct the ensuing operations in his own way until one more trial had proved his value or his incompetence. This opportunity was not given him. Once more the press and the Administration were impatient, once more McClellan was cautious and slow, and when he finally followed Lee into Virginia it was too late to redeem himself. On the 7th of November, while manœuvring on the upper Rappahannock and in expectation of a battle, he was ordered to turn over the command of the Army

of the Potomac to General Burnside. He was destined to see no more military service.

Notwithstanding his failure as a general McClellan retained many friends and supporters. He was of a pleasing, magnetic disposition, and won the esteem and affection of all who served under him. Even officers of ability clung firmly to the belief that he was a great soldier, and Lee himself often expressed high opinions of his military attainments. He was in fact a brilliant man, but unfitted for the highest responsibility of a soldier by the lack of just one quality, the quality that is as necessary in the general as it is in the private—daring.

In 1864, shortly after Grant's appointment to be commander-in-chief, McClellan resigned his commission. In August of the same year he accepted the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in opposition to Lincoln, on a platform that declared the war a failure and compromise necessary. He was as unsuccessful against Lincoln as he had been against Lee. In 1877 he was elected governor of New Jersey, and died eight years later at Orange in the same State.

GEORGE GORDON MEADE

RICHARD, the father of George Gordon Meade, was a Philadelphia merchant, residing at Cadiz in Spain, where his son was born on the 31st of December, 1815. Soon after this event the family returned to America, and, in 1831, George obtained a cadetship at the Military Academy and entered West Point. His four years there were uneventful. His scholarship was moderate, his aptitude for military discipline far from marked. He succeeded in graduating, however, and, in July, 1835, was appointed second-lieutenant in the Third Artillery. But Meade had no real taste for a military life, or rather for what military life stood translated into terms of academy and garrison duties. His mind, though repelled by routine formulas, was keen to get into touch with realities, and no sooner did he obtain a three months' furlough on leaving the academy than he plunged into civilian activities, working with a railroad surveying party. After such a start it is not surprising to find that one year after receiving his commission Meade resigned it to enter civil life.

A natural taste for engineering, his West Point education, and a family connection got him work on the Alabama, Florida, and Georgia Railroad, then being constructed. Later came surveying work, some of it for the United States Government on the Texas border and at the mouth of the Mississippi. In 1842 he reentered the army as a topographical engineer in order to take charge of lighthouse construction in the Delaware district.

Geo. G. Meade

Three years later Meade saw military life once more. He was ordered to join Taylor's army in Texas, and served in the Mexican campaign, first with Taylor from Palo Alto to Monterey, and later with Scott at Vera Cruz. He appears to have accomplished the staff duties of an engineer officer to the satisfaction of his superiors, and at Monterey he earned mention for gallantry. After the capture of Vera Cruz he returned to Philadelphia to resume his former duties.

In the twelve years that elapsed between the Mexican and the Civil War, Meade was engaged mostly on one great work, the geodetic survey of the Great Lakes. But when, in the spring of 1861, the armed conflict between North and South broke out, he was called from his isolated pursuits to bear a conspicuous part before the world. Meade, through his wife, had influential political friends, and this, together with the dearth of trained officers and his own merit, led to his appointment to command a brigade in the corps known as the Pennsylvania Reserves; the other brigadiers were Ord and Reynolds, so that it will be no exaggeration to say that there was no better commanded division at the outbreak of the war.

The Pennsylvania Reserves were called up to Washington after Bull Run, became part of McClellan's army, and were first seriously engaged in that general's unsuccessful campaign of the Peninsula. On the 27th of June the Pennsylvania division was with Porter at Gaines' Mill and saw severe work. Meade's brigade was used as a support for the first line and went into action piecemeal. One of its regiments was captured whole by the enemy, another was routed and escaped across the Chickahominy, others were broken, reformed by Meade and brought back more than once; by the greatest efforts of the generals, Meade conspicuous among them, some sort of line was maintained until darkness gave Porter a chance of saving his army by

crossing the Chickahominy. Meade's brigade had lost about 1000 men and had learned a pretty severe lesson in the art of war. But worse was to follow.

After the defeat of Porter at Gaines' Mill, McClellan ordered a general retreat to the James River. This was a difficult move to accomplish with a long train over poor roads in a swampy and wooded country, and in the face of a victorious and active enemy. That McClellan succeeded in it was partly due to good fortune. For two or three days the operations on both sides were of a very blind character. Lee expected that McClellan would retreat to the York River, and lost time preparing to cut him off on the north bank of the Chickahominy; both the Northern and Southern corps commanders groped in the dark, uncertain as to the location and strength both of the enemy and of their own supports. Engagements occurred at several points, and on more than one occasion McClellan's line of retreat was seriously jeopardized. In one of these engagements Meade bore a conspicuous part.

On the afternoon of the 30th of June near Charles City Cross Roads the Pennsylvania Reserves became engaged with the whole of Longstreet's corps. A fierce conflict followed, gradually inclining in favor of the Confederates, but that so slowly that when night closed in the Federal division, though it had lost all its general officers and 1600 men, was still unbroken. Meade in holding his men to their task had exposed himself constantly and had been twice wounded. He was carried from the field before the close of the fighting.

Meade's wounds kept him from the army for about two months, and he rejoined his brigade only just in time to participate in Pope's ill-fated campaign of the Rappahannock. The division was now under Reynolds, with McDowell as corps commander. On the 27th of August Pope began the movement of retreat that culminated in the second

battle of Manassas three days later. Reynolds' division was on the left, and, on the 28th, received orders to march from near Gainesville towards Manassas Junction, where Pope expected to cut off Stonewall Jackson. But Jackson was in reality far from where Pope thought; he had circled around Pope's front and was now in position near Groveton, facing east. Meade, leading the march of Reynolds' division eastward from Gainesville, was suddenly fired on by two field-pieces from his left front. He deployed, and Reynolds, taking command, soon silenced the Confederate gunners, who retired northwards. Reynolds and McDowell both supposed this to be a detached party, and leaving Jackson undisturbed pressed on towards Manassas. Meade, however, concluded at once that the march to Manassas was, as in fact it proved, a mistake and that Jackson was to be looked for in the other direction.

On the following day, the 29th, Pope, having now discovered where Jackson was, made a strong effort to crush him before the Confederates could concentrate, but failed to dislodge him from his positions. On the 30th the fighting was resumed, but with Longstreet's corps in the battle and Lee on the field. Late in the afternoon a general advance of the whole Confederate line proved irresistible and nearly ended in complete disaster for Pope. During these two days it is well attested that Reynolds' division was one of the best handled in the army. It was swept away by Longstreet's advance on the 30th, but, reforming on the Henry Hill, successfully held that position from which the Confederate guns would have commanded the bridge over Bull Run by which Pope's army must effect its retreat.

After the Second Manassas Reynolds left the army to organize the defence of Pennsylvania, and Meade, as senior brigadier, succeeded to the command of the division. It was placed in Hooker's corps and with it took a prominent

part in the fighting at South Mountain on the 14th of September and at the Antietam on the 17th. In the former engagement it was steadily successful, in the latter it was thrown back with very heavy loss by Jackson's corps. Hooker was wounded before noon at the Antietam, and Meade, by right of seniority, took command of the corps. This he held until the return of Reynolds shortly after the battle.

After the Antietam came the two miserable experiments of Burnside and Hooker as commanders-in-chief. At Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, Meade's division was selected to deliver the main attack on the Confederate right. Burnside ordered that it should have supports; Franklin, in command of the left wing, passed the order on to Reynolds; Reynolds informed Meade that the other two divisions of the corps would support him to the right and left; but the essential support, that which should have been behind Meade, was left unattended to. The mistake, a common one in military history, led to a very gallant and partly successful attack being converted into a costly repulse. Of 4500 men Meade had present for duty on the morning of the battle, he could count only 1853 at night.

On the 23d of December, 1862, Meade was assigned to the command of the Fifth Corps, and it was as a corps commander that he fought his next battle, this time under the orders of Hooker, who had superseded Burnside. At Chancellorsville on the 2d and 3d of May, although his corps saw little of the fighting, Meade rose even higher than he stood before in the esteem of the army, and especially of his fellow corps-commanders. After Jackson had routed Howard's corps he not only showed prompt resource that helped stave off a worse disaster, but kept resolutely in favor of a strong offensive, the only safe policy. He and Reynolds proved the crutches on which Hooker, overborne by responsibility, had to lean, and after Chancellors-

ville these two generals were clearly pointed to as the corps commanders who might best be chosen to replace Hooker.

The change in command was not long deferred. Hooker would evidently not do, and was driven to send in his resignation. Reynolds, very properly, refused to accept the command unless he could be left free to direct his army untrammelled by Washington control, and Meade, as the fittest of the corps commanders, was assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac. This was on the night of the 27th to the 28th of June, 1863.

The military situation at this moment was highly critical. Lee had just crossed the Potomac and was vaguely known to be near the Pennsylvania border, but whether intending to strike north towards Philadelphia or east towards Baltimore and Washington was quite uncertain. Meade knew nothing of the position of the enemy and little of that of his own troops save that the army was following Lee's movement at a distance and that its corps were in the vicinity of Frederick. The order to assume command was far from gratifying at such a moment, and it was only because it was a positive order that, obedient to duty, he assumed the heavy burden.

Lee's great victories had firmly established the moral ascendency of the Army of Northern Virginia. Meade's numbers indicated a strong offensive and an attempt to cut Lee's line of communications, but the long-continued ill success of the North apparently justified a prudent course. He ordered his march northwards to interpose between Lee and Baltimore, and, if necessary, to meet him in battle. On the 30th of June the army, still somewhat dispersed, was nearing Gettysburg, and Meade, aware that Lee was probably bringing his scattered divisions together somewhere to the north and west of that town, decided to concentrate there himself; he would have acted

more prudently had he concentrated first and marched on Gettysburg afterwards.

As it was, the two armies came together at that point on the 1st of July. Reynolds, whom Meade had desired as commander-in-chief and whom he had placed in charge of the advance, engaged his own and Howard's corps beyond Gettysburg in the morning. For this there was no sufficient reason; only one corps, the Third, was within supporting distance, and the whole tenor of Meade's instructions should have prompted Reynolds to occupy the strong defensive position back of the town where the battle was actually fought on the two following days. Reynolds paid the penalty for his ill-considered advance; he was killed early in the fighting, and only the arrival of the Third Corps in the afternoon prevented a complete rout. This partial defeat had, however, a compensating advantage, for by it these three corps were driven back to a strong line of hills on which Meade was able to get the greater part of his army well disposed early the next day.

Meade's whole object now was to hold his position. He overestimated Lee's numbers. He knew that his own army was not equal to the enemy in morale, in mobility, and in fitness for action. He was certain Lee would attack, and he believed he could maintain his position. So he took up, not without considerable justification, a passive attitude, a thing generally condemned by military science.

It was not till late in the afternoon of the 2d that the Confederates attempted to improve their success of the previous evening. Then came a furious onslaught in which Longstreet for some moments threatened to pierce Meade's left and in which the Third Corps suffered very heavily and lost much ground. When night came Meade still held his main positions, but a great part of his army was badly shaken, his corps had got somewhat confused, and his losses had been great. Under these circumstances he

called his corps commanders in consultation; should the army remain where it was, they were asked, or should it fall back to a stronger position in the rear? The answer was practically unanimous for fighting it out, and as this had been Meade's own opinion before the council met, the action was renewed on the following day.

The 3d of July, the last day of Gettysburg, was marked by the memorable attack of Pickett's division on the Union centre. It had been prepared by the somewhat ineffective bombardment of that point by the massed artillery of Hill and Longstreet, 115 guns. Meade sent orders that the Federal batteries were to cease firing and reserve their ammunition, a very able tactical disposition of which the effect was to induce the Confederate gunners into the belief that they had silenced Meade's batteries. But when Pickett's division advanced up the slope of Cemetery Hill Meade's guns, well commanded by General Hunt, burst out again, and, at short range, against serried masses of infantry, did murderous execution. Pickett's repulse marked the final defeat of Lee's efforts.

On the 4th of July the two armies still held the lines on which they had fought so stubbornly for two days, but Lee had already made up his mind to retreat, and Meade felt assured that the Army of the Potomac had accomplished victory. That night Lee broke camp and moved south, never again seriously to threaten the North with invasion.

Gettysburg came as an immense relief to a very tense situation. Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Jersey, Washington, had been in a state of panic while Lee's army threatened them. After the Peninsula, the Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, the Southern general was viewed with terror, and even brave and capable men lost something of their resourcefulness in his presence. But Gettysburg had broken the spell. It was not a brilliant victory; it had left the defeated army still with superior if

diminished morale; it had been marked on Meade's part by little real generalship. Yet he had shown fair capacity, good sense, and true courage in a situation in which his predecessors in command would probably have faltered. He had deserved well of the country; Congress was not slow in offering him a vote of thanks, and he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army.

Lee had foreseen the possibility that his invasion of the North might result in a forced retreat, and had secured his passage of the Potomac. After Gettysburg he retreated to a strongly fortified position about Haggerstown, to which he was followed by Meade. But the works were too strong to be attacked, and Lee was able to get his army safely over into Virginia. It was at this moment, now that he had successfully carried the country through the crisis, that Meade, like his predecessors, began to suffer from the interference of Washington. The Austrian Aulic Council, a committee of experts, has inscribed its name in the pages of history as the traditional label for incompetent interference; but how infinitely more incompetent and interfering than the Aulic Council was the group of politicians that paralyzed the military action of the North during the first three years of the war! Even Meade, who from the beginning had tacitly accepted guidance from headquarters as a condition of his command, was driven to offer his resignation within a fortnight of his great victory. And after Lee's retreat into Virginia it is hardly too much to say that Meade had constantly to struggle against two enemies—his foes in the field, his friends at Washington.

Meade was across the Potomac nearly as soon as Lee, and he now assumed a more vigorous offensive. Pressing his march he made an attempt, while Lee was still in the valley of the Shenandoah, to get between him and Richmond. Only a partial engagement resulted, however, and Meade just failed to accomplish his object. Lee retreated to the Rapi-

dan, a line that he showed every intention of holding. On Meade's army being depleted to send troops to New York, where riots were taking place, the Southern government detached Longstreet from Lee to reinforce Bragg. Meade was just on the point of seizing the opportunity which this weakening of his opponent seemed to afford, when two of his corps were detached, also to be sent west. But whereas Longstreet was sent to Bragg just in time to enable that general to win his great victory at Chickamauga, the two corps detached from Meade were sent to Rosecrans after that battle was fought, and the only result was that Lee was given a chance of striking a blow at Meade.

Lee moved the instant he knew Meade's numbers had been reduced. On the 11th of October he succeeded in crossing the Rappahannock high up, and got well on Meade's flank, threatening his rear, before his intentions were guessed. Meade made up his mind to fall back as far as Bull Run before offering battle, so as to cover his communications with Washington, and a race between the two armies, following parallel lines, ensued. There were four days of forced marching, with many skirmishes, but Lee could not quite secure his object, his troops were for once outmarched, and with Meade strongly placed in the Centreville position behind Bull Run, Lee gave up and turned back to his old quarters.

The offensive now passed back to Meade. Lee, after tearing up railroads and doing similar damage, fell back behind the Rappahannock, and Meade prepared to outflank him in the direction of Fredericksburg, but was prevented from carrying out his intentions by orders from Washington. That he ought, in the interests of the army and of the country, to have resigned on this as on several previous occasions is clear, but his reading of duty was to accept political control of the operations of the army and to accomplish whatever was possible under that limitation. The Federal army was

therefore marched up to the Confederate positions under conditions that promptly convinced Meade that to press home an attack would be folly. There were several partial engagements and then the army was skilfully and rapidly withdrawn, the campaign of 1863 ending inconclusively. In his operations since Gettysburg, Meade, although he had won no positive success, showed steady improvement, handling his troops well, marching rapidly, and displaying initiative.

Before the campaign of 1864 opened Grant was made commander-in-chief. He was in character and education too unlike Meade to make friendship or sympathy between them possible. Yet it is infinitely to the credit of both men that, placed as they were, they should have co-operated so closely until the end of the war. Meade offered to resign his command of the Army of the Potomac. Grant not only refused this offer, but declared, as was indeed just, that no man could command it better than Meade. But in actual practice the command was transferred to Grant. He was with the army in all its movements from the Wilderness to Appomattox. He planned every advance and shouldered every responsibility. Meade became merely the medium through which the orders for the various corps were put into shape and through which a general supervision was maintained. The arrangement was clumsy and occasionally of great disadvantage; Meade concurred in it as a matter of duty, and Grant because he would not do an injustice to so good a soldier as Meade.

From the Wilderness to Appomattox Court-house the war records testify to the constant skill displayed by Meade in carrying out Grant's orders, to the constant suggestions he was able to throw out, and to the nearly as constant adoption of these suggestions by the commander-in-chief. There was much ill feeling in that army, much tension of nerves, and in particular a marked animosity between

Sheridan on the one hand and the generals of the Army of the Potomac on the other, but Grant and Meade in their relations with one another rose above such things.

During the last march, from Petersburg to Appomattox, Meade was suffering severely from the effect of the wound he had received three years before in the Peninsula. He could hardly endure the saddle and had to be conveyed in an ambulance. The close of the war found him like too many brave soldiers, crippled in health and with but few years of life left. He had, at Grant's recommendation, been promoted to the rank of major-general, and, after the disbandment of the Army of the Potomac, he was appointed to the military department of the Atlantic with headquarters at Philadelphia. He was for a time transferred to the South, taking charge of the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida while those States were in the throes of reconstruction. In this command he distinguished himself, as might have been expected, for prudence, integrity, and moderation. He returned to Philadelphia to his first command, and there died on the 6th of November, 1872. His memory is still cherished by that city, with which he was so long and so honorably connected. He is worthy of the distinction, for if he never accomplished that which would place him in the rank of our greatest soldiers, it may truly be said that his opportunities were few and that he was the best of the generals who commanded the Army of the Potomac.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

Robert Lee: what name in our history evokes a more instant throb of pained affection, of admiration tempered with pity, of regret, of love, of sorrow? Noble leader of a hopeless cause, he bled where others only plotted, he shed the lustre of his superb leadership and unwavering greatness over a movement that but for him might be associated with such things only as are sordid and treasonable. Long did he save the South from defeat, and for ever from reproach, for he stands out in bold relief as the unanswerable witness that in those terrible years his people were not so much wrongdoing as misguided. And the South is its own witness, for even in failure and adversity it set up its defeated general as its hero; a race that chooses such heroes has nothing to fear from the future.

Robert Edward Lee was born on the 19th of January, 1807, of an ancient family of Virginia. His earliest American progenitor was Richard, grandson of Sir Henry Lee who served Queen Elizabeth. Richard crossed the Atlantic in the year 1641, accompanying Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, in the capacity of secretary. He settled in the colony, and in due course his descendants multiplied. Early in the eighteenth century one of them, Thomas Lee, became governor, and built the family mansion named Stratford in the county of Westmoreland, the county of the Fairfaxes and Washingtons. Another descendant, Richard Henry, towards the end of that same century, presented a remarkable

R E Lee

resolution to the delegates of the several colonies then meeting in joint session; he moved, on the 10th of June, 1776, "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." His brother Henry took the same view of the existing political conditions, and proceeded to raise a body of cavalry with which he joined his neighbor George Washington. In the War of the Revolution he won the rank of colonel and, better still, the nickname of "Light-horse Harry." He outlived his general, and was called on to pronounce his funeral eulogy, in which he delivered himself of the memorable, true, but deplorably rhythmic sentiment, that George Washington was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." Light-horse Harry was father of the boy who was destined to be the most illustrious of the Lees.

From his earliest youth Robert Lee showed many of the traits that were to distinguish him through life. Brought up for some years as the only companion of his invalid mother, his sense of duty and of affection became very marked. His neatness, that was always so distinctive, was probably then developed; it never forsook him, and even at the distressing interview of Appomattox Courthouse where he surrendered the torn remnant of his gallant army, he appeared irreproachably attired in a new uniform. In another man this might have been thought the act of a coxcomb, in Lee it was merely that of a gentleman with a pronounced taste for being well and cleanly dressed. His sense of duty, of honorable conduct, took him through West Point without a single demerit; his sense of cleanliness made him avoid tobacco; stimulants he held in horror, and rarely touched even in his later years. His nature was affectionate and compelled a general response. A friend wrote of him: "Everybody and everything—his family, his friends, his horse, and his dog—loves Colonel Lee." His fondness for animals indeed was very

marked. He once wrote of a favorite charger, Grace Darling, that he had started on a "route I was induced to take for the better accommodation of my horse, as I wished to spare her as much annoyance and fatigue as possible, she already having undergone so much suffering in my service." His terrier Spec would not let him go anywhere unaccompanied, followed him to his office at Washington, and even became a regular church attendant.

In 1829 Lee graduated from West Point, second of his class, and was appointed to the Engineers. He was then as striking in person as in character. Tall, erect, and graceful, his well-poised head was largely developed, his strong nose, handsome eyes, well-cut mouth, and prominent chin were expressive of the utmost resolution. He might well have been chosen as the young Bayard of the army of the United States, a knight truly without fear and without reproach.

A young man of such handsome appearance, fine manners, ancient family, and wearing a uniform withal, was bound to make conquests. While yet at West Point he became engaged to a charming Virginian neighbor, Mary Custis, granddaughter of Martha Washington and her first husband, heiress of the great estate of Arlington. In 1831 the marriage took place; it resulted most happily, and Mrs. Lee bore her husband many children, of whom more than one was to prove himself worthy of an honorable place in history.

For the fifteen years that followed his marriage there is little that need be dwelt on in the life of Robert Lee. He was constantly employed on engineering work by the War Department, and that chiefly in the Mississippi valley. In 1838 he became captain. In 1846 war broke out with Mexico, and his opportunity had come.

Lee took part in the earlier operations of the war, on the Texas border, serving on the staff of General Wool, but had little chance of gaining distinction. In February, 1847, how-

ever, on the appointment of Winfield Scott to take command of an expedition against the city of Mexico, Lee was selected by that general for duty on his staff as engineer officer. From the beginning of the campaign his services proved of the utmost value. After Cerro Gordo, Scott wrote: "I am compelled to make special mention of Captain R. E. Lee, Engineer. This officer was again indefatigable during these operations in reconnaissances as daring as laborious, and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in planting batteries and in conducting columns to their stations under the heavy fire of the enemy."

Before the battle of Contreras Lee performed a very brilliant reconnaissance, showed great military judgment in making his knowledge available to Scott's brigadiers, and, by a tremendous physical effort, carried intelligence to the commanding general that insured proper dispositions being made for the battle. Scott's acknowledgment was handsome; he wrote: "Captain Lee, . . . having passed over the difficult ground by daylight, found it just possible to return to San Augustin in the dark—the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual, in my knowledge, pending the campaign."

At Chapultepec Lee was wounded and once more was prominently mentioned. His reward was as conspicuous as his service; he received three brevets for the campaign—major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel. His service on the staff had brought him into contact with all the general and with many of the younger officers of the army. They learned to respect him, he learned to judge them; that lesson was of the utmost value when, a few years later, Lee was in the field commanding some, opposing others. For in Scott's army that took Mexico, McClellan and Beauregard were lieutenants of engineers; Magruder and Stonewall Jackson served in the same battery; Grant, Joseph Johnston, Pickett, Twiggs, Shields, Wilcox, and many others served in the

infantry. What wonder is it, then, that some years later Lee over and over again judged a situation by the light of the men who were to deal with it, framed his own actions accordingly, and was justified by results?

Lee returned from the Mexican War with an army reputation so brilliant that he was soon selected for important duties. In 1852 he was appointed Superintendent at West Point. Three years later the Government decided to form the First and Second Cavalry regiments for service on the Western frontier, and the best available officers were picked to command them. Albert Sidney Johnston was made Colonel of the Second Cavalry with Lee as Lieutenant-Colonel, while Lee's life-long friend, Joseph Johnston, obtained corresponding rank in the First Cavalry. In its subordinate ranks the Second Cavalry was as distinguished as in its commanding officers, for among the captains and lieutenants were Hood, Fitzhugh Lee, Kirby Smith, Thomas, and others who were soon to earn a national reputation.

During 1855-56-57 Lee was engaged in the endless and monotonous round of scouting and skirmishing necessitated by the restless state of the Comanches along the Texas and New Mexico borders. In the latter year he succeeded Johnston as colonel of the regiment. Two years more of duty on the plains followed, and then came an incident that aroused the attention of the whole civilized world. In the summer of 1859 the colonel of the Second Cavalry was enjoying a short furlough at Arlington. One day he was unexpectedly summoned to Washington by the Secretary of War. A sudden emergency had arisen; General Scott was absent; Colonel Lee was the best man to deal with it. He was directed immediately to take four companies of marines to Harper's Ferry and there to arrest John Brown and a small band of Abolitionists who had seized the United States arsenal at that place.

In the capture of John Brown Lee merely fulfilled a plain

military duty. Judging from the few references to the matter that are to be found in his letters and papers, it appears that he viewed the whole business in a very detached sort of way, as a necessary, but in no way difficult or important, military duty; the full significance of the incident as a precursor of the Civil War seems to have escaped him—but probably he did not read the New York or Boston papers.

After the arrest of John Brown Lee returned for a short time to the Texan frontier, and it was then that he wrote a remarkable letter on the subject that had, since John Brown's raid, rapidly become uppermost in the minds of all Americans. "The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the acts of the North, as you say. I feel the aggression, and am willing to take every proper step for redress. It is the principle I contend for, not individual or private benefit. As an American citizen I take great pride in my country, her prosperity, and her institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It is intended for 'perpetual union,' so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution or the consent of all the people in convention assembled. . . . If the Union is dissolved and the Government disrupted I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and save in defence will draw my sword on none."

The question of slavery had with Lee, as with many at that time, become obscured behind that of State rights, but it is hardly necessary to say that as a slaveholder he was kind and humane. In a mild way he was prepared to defend the institution on biblical grounds, and for the reason that the negro needed control. At the same time, like a large number of Virginians, he was heartily in favor of some measure of gradual emancipation. He released many slaves of his own, and in 1862, in the full tide of the Civil War, we find him freeing slaves and providing them with money to cross the lines of the armies and proceed north.

Within a very few days of writing the letter just quoted Lee was summoned to Washington for staff duty. Winfield Scott, his old commander, was general-in-chief. Anxiety was already felt as to the movement in the Southern States, as to what would happen after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, as to the possibility of a civil war. Lee reported to Scott on the 1st of March; six weeks later occurred the bombardment of Fort Sumter; and on the 15th of April the President issued his call for 75,000 volunteers.

War was coming fast; the time had arrived for mustering armies and for finding men to command them. The two Johnstons and Lee were the three men most clearly designated by army opinion for high command. Scott indeed had declared that Lee had more military genius than any other officer in the army, and he made the greatest efforts to secure his services at this crisis. He was sounded on behalf of the President, and was virtually offered the command of the army that was about to be placed in the field. Lee, however, refused the offer. He was for his State above all things, and just as his father had helped the united colonies fling off the yoke of Great Britain, so was he prepared to help Virginia fling off the yoke of the other States should they attempt to coerce her. On the 18th of April he took the course that was followed by nearly every Southern officer

in the United States army, and resigned his commission rather than fight against his State. He did it after a long inward struggle, and in the letter explaining his step he wrote: "Save in defence of my native State I never desire again to draw my sword."

On the 17th of April, 1861, Virginia passed the ordinance of secession; a few days later she offered the command of her armies to Robert Lee. At a specially convened session of the legislature the State formally delivered its trust to its military commander. The President of the Assembly addressed Lee and adjured him in the following impressive terms: "Yesterday your mother, Virginia, placed her sword in your hands upon the implied condition—which we know you will keep to the letter and in the spirit—that you will draw it only in defence, and that you will fall with it in your hand rather than the object for which it was placed there shall fail." Lee replied in modest terms that he would fulfil his trust, and history has recorded that he did all that mortal man could to accomplish it.

During the early months of the war, until, in fact, Joseph Johnston was wounded at Seven Pines on the 31st of May, 1862, Lee's functions were for the most part those of a chief of staff or military secretary. Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President, was a West Point graduate and, moreover, a good judge of men; unlike Lincoln he made few mistakes in his early appointments, and from the first he chose Lee as his adviser in military matters. It was Lee who selected Bull Run, protecting Manassas Junction, as the first line of resistance should Virginia be invaded, and it was Lee who rapidly organized the troops with which that line might be held. Major Jackson, commandant of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, was ordered to Richmond with his cadets, who were at once turned into drillmasters for the volunteers and militia collecting at Camp Lee. Drilling, however, was only a small matter. Arms had to

be found, old flintlocks must be converted into percussion-guns. Country blacksmiths unable to forge cavalry sabres must be taught to hammer out rough lances. Uniforms must be provided, and ammunition. Artillery must be improvised; fortifications erected; generals appointed; plans made; applications attended to; staff, administration, commissariat, transportation organized.

Lee conducted the vast amount of business thrown on his shoulders with wonderful efficiency. Never flurried, neat, precise, and definite, he grappled with chaos successfully. His judgment of men and singleness of purpose selected the competent and rejected the incompetent however influential their support. He sent on to Beauregard at Manassas and to Joseph Johnston in the Shenandoah valley the troops with which they won the first great battle of the war.

Lee's work at Richmond was interrupted at the end of three months. Virginia was being attacked from the north at three points, and although Johnston and Beauregard defeated McDowell at Manassas on the 21st of July, it became necessary a few days later to send a capable officer to western Virginia, where the Federals were meeting with considerable success. It was just at the same moment that the Federal Government called from western Virginia to Washington the young general who had been conducting the campaign there, George McClellan.

For several weeks Lee struggled to get the Confederate forces of western Virginia into action; his manœuvres finally drove his opponent, Rosecrans, into a retrograde movement. But there was no serious fighting, no conspicuous success, indeed some measure of failure on the part of subordinates, and Southern opinion, as represented by the press, became hostile to Lee. It was with diminished prestige that he left western Virginia at the close of the year to take up another command, that of the Southeast, including the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

In his new department Lee remained several weeks engaged in arduous but inconspicuous labors. The Federal forces controlling the sea threatened the coast at many points, and it was necessary to plan defences, to construct them, and to man them. These problems and Lee's solutions might prove useful matter for study to specialists in the military art; for the general reader they present no salient features.

Early in March, 1862, Jefferson Davis recalled General Lee to Richmond to act as his adviser, and on the 13th of that month he was "charged with the conduct of military operations in the armies of the Confederacy." This was undoubtedly a wise choice on the part of the President of the Southern Confederacy, but it was partly dictated by the fact that he had never liked and never worked harmoniously with the general commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, Joseph Johnston. The appointment of Lee virtually placed him over Johnston; but the relations of the two generals, largely owing to Lee's confidence in his old friend, and to his tact, remained what they had been.

Johnston had withdrawn from Manassas, where he was threatened by superior Federal forces. For eight months past McClellan had been organizing a formidable army with which the war was to be brought to an end by the capture of Richmond. The problem therefore arose: How was Richmond to be approached? McClellan's solution of the question was as follows:

The main Federal army was to be transported by ship to Fortress Monroe. This fortified base, less than 100 miles southeast of Richmond, lay at the extremity of the peninsula inclosed between the James and York rivers; McClellan relied on his control of the sea to facilitate his progress up the Peninsula. A second army under the orders of McDowell was to co-operate with the first by advancing through Manassas and Fredericksburg to the Pamunkey

River, thence stretching out southeast to effect a junction with McClellan. A third army was detached to the Shenandoah valley, whence it might, as occasion offered, co-operate with McDowell. Each one of these armies was larger than the force opposed to it by the Confederates.

Lee took charge of Richmond just as McClellan was embarking his army for the Peninsula and just as Johnston was falling back from Manassas to positions nearer the Confederate capital. During the months of April and May, from his office at Richmond, he supported Johnston and the army in the field with all his might, but he clearly showed a somewhat more subtle appreciation of the strategic necessities of the situation than his colleague. Johnston urged constantly both on Lee and on the President that every available man should be concentrated for a decisive stroke at the main Federal army. That was sound strategy and, in a broad sense, had Lee's support. But there are cases in which an outlying detachment is best not drawn in, as for instance when it is neutralizing a large force of the enemy which might otherwise be more effectively employed. Such was the case with several bodies that Johnston wished called up to reinforce him, and notably with Stonewall Jackson's command in the Shenandoah valley. That brilliant officer was given the fullest scope by Lee, who recognized his genius, and who realized to the full what a disconcerting influence on the plans of McClellan was being exercised by the handful of swiftly marching soldiers in the valley of the Shenandoah. Jackson, with Lee's concurrence and support, was able to divert McDowell with his 50,000 men from the Pamunkey towards the Shenandoah, and even at one moment to frighten the Washington administration into notifying McClellan that the Federal capital was in danger and that his army of 125,000 men might be called back from the Peninsula for its defence.

McClellan had slowly and methodically crept up from

Fortress Monroe towards Richmond. At first he kept extending towards his right or towards the Pamunkey, in which direction he hoped to effect a junction with McDowell. When, however, that general was ordered by the Government to discontinue his advance for fear of Stonewall Jackson, McClellan then gradually shifted his weight towards his left, that is towards the James River. In the course of this operation he had to get his army across the Chickahominy, and Johnston, who had long and patiently waited for an opportunity, struck when the Federal army was divided in two by that stream. The indecisive battle of Seven Pines resulted on the 31st of May, and Johnston, late in the afternoon, was severely wounded. On the following day President Davis appointed Lee to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The problem confronting the new general was the same as that which had faced his predecessor; he attempted its solution on similar lines. McClellan was still astride the Chickahominy, his left and centre on the southern bank threatening Richmond, his right on the northern bank protecting the line of communications back to Fortress Monroe and ready to stretch a helping hand to any force coming from the direction of Fredericksburg. Johnston had struck at the wing on the south side of the Chickahominy, that which more directly threatened Richmond; Lee decided to strike at that to the north of the river, for behind it lay the vital point of the Federal army, its line of communications; that line once threatened, McClellan would surely retreat. While the Federal commander with over 100,000 men was concentrating his anxieties on the avoidance of defeat and the securing of reinforcements, Lee with less than 70,000, not counting Jackson, was turning his attention solely to the crippling or destroying of his adversary. Lee realized, as every great captain has, that a lack of resolution is more fatal than a lack of numbers,

and that the art of the soldier does not so much consist in mustering large armies on paper as in making the best use of every available man at that point where the greatest result may be obtained. It is curious to note how largely the literature of the Civil War produced by gallant and honorable soldiers who took part in it consists of explanations of defeats that would never, according to the writers, have occurred had the defeated general only employed certain troops that were left idle. Military history shows conclusively that it is only the great captain who succeeds in getting his force into action as a whole and in the most effective way; it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the profoundest secret of grand tactics lies in just that one thing.

In the Shenandoah Jackson was striking right and left, yet ready at a moment's notice to move swiftly on Richmond. Lee, with beautifully timed patience, gave his subordinate full opportunity for doing all that was possible in that region, and keenly watched McClellan the while. Farther to paralyze the movements of the two Federal armies on the Rappahannock and Shenandoah, Lee ordered heavy reinforcements to be sent to Jackson under General Whiting on the 10th of June. Those reinforcements were marched far enough to produce the desired effect, but before they reached the valley of the Shenandoah Jackson turned them back. The time was ripe for dealing with McClellan; the concentration had been ordered; Jackson was expected to reach the banks of the Chickahominy on the 24th of June.

Lee's campaign of the Peninsula, if not faultless, contains some brilliant episodes; first of these was Stuart's raid. On the 11th of June Lee gave orders to the commander of his cavalry to penetrate to the rear of the Federal army, doing as much damage as possible to the lines of communication, and especially obtaining information as to the position of the various corps. In additions to these objects the

Confederate general had another which does not appear on the face of his instructions to Stuart; this was to alarm McClellan and to prevent his making any offensive movement precisely at the moment when the Confederate army was weakened by the march of Whiting's division to join Jackson. Stuart fulfilled his mission admirably; his raid carried him entirely around McClellan's lines; it angered and demoralized in various degrees the general, the army, the Government, and the press of the North; it resulted in some damage and brought in much useful information.

On the 24th Lee issued his orders for the decisive movement. He had about 65,000 men facing McClellan's left and centre south of the Chickahominy. To the north of the river was Porter with 25,000 men covering the Federal line of communications; Jackson was on the march with 18,000 men and was expected to establish contact with Lee's extreme left, on the 25th. The movements ordered were to send nearly 40,000 men over the Chickahominy early on the 26th to co-operate with Jackson; Magruder with less than 30,000 was to be left in position in front of Richmond to contain McClellan, while the rest of the army aimed a crushing blow at Porter. This movement has been criticised for exposing Richmond to McClellan, as it undoubtedly did. Had that general sacrificed Porter and moved resolutely forward, the Confederate capital could undoubtedly have been captured before nightfall on the 27th. But success in war always involves the calculation of chances, and Lee grounded his plan firmly on an intimate knowledge of his opponent's character. "No one but McClellan could have hesitated to attack," Johnston had written some weeks earlier, and Lee knew McClellan as well as Johnston did. He also knew that in strategy the personal factor is decisive, that the move which against Napoleon or Frederick might be fatal, against McClellan, or Burnside, or Pope, or Halleck would spell victory. The rules of war are not

as the laws of the Medes and Persians, for they vary with circumstances and with the personalities to whom they are applied, a fundamental fact frequently ignored by the apologists of mediocre generals.

On the 26th of June the Confederate generals carried out only a part of the contemplated operations. Jackson's troops, weary from their long march, failed to reach their station; the crossing of the Chickahominy proved a somewhat more arduous operation than had been anticipated; the staff service fell far short of perfection, and the commander-in-chief was not able to keep in touch with the advancing columns. There was partial failure on Jackson's part too. The country in which he was now operating was unknown to him, roads were few and bad, communication difficult, obstacles numerous. He barely succeeded in getting into action on the 26th, and the Confederate operations for that day were of little or no effect.

It was not till past noon of the 27th that the Confederates reached the front of Porter's main position. McClellan might have sent large reinforcements to his subordinate, or might have marched on Richmond, but Jackson's sudden arrival and Lee's bold offensive had apparently hypnotized him; he believed that he was outnumbered two to one, and he turned all his great abilities to a consideration of how he might secure the retreat of his unbeaten army from his inferior opponents. Porter, left to his own resources, fought a skilful and determined defensive action, but could not withstand the impetuosity and the numbers of the Confederate infantry. Only nightfall saved the Federals from being driven into the Chickahominy, and under cover of darkness the remnants of Porter's corps crossed the river.

Here may be placed an incident trifling enough in itself, yet intensely characteristic of the war and especially of the Confederate commander-in-chief. Robert Lee and his wife had a large family, including three sons. Of these

three the two elder, Custis Lee and W. H. F. Lee, were of an age to take part in the war from its beginning, and did so. The youngest, Robert, was a youth at college, and at first continued his studies. But he could not long be kept from the field, nor would his father intervene to save even one son from the danger of serving the common cause. So Robert, young and inexperienced, went to the war, and as his father did not believe in placing inexperienced persons in positions of responsibility, he entered the army as a private in the artillery. His battery was with Jackson in the Shenandoah and followed him to the Peninsula. The day after the battle of Gaines' Mill, as young Robert Lee relates in his memoirs, "was the first I met my father after I had joined General Jackson. The tremendous work Stonewall's men had performed, including the rapid march from the valley of Virginia, the short rations, the bad water, and the great heat, had begun to tell upon us, and I was pretty well worn out. On this particular morning my battery had not moved from its bivouac-ground of the previous night, but was parked in an open field all ready, waiting orders. Most of the men were lying down, many sleeping, myself among the latter number. To get some shade and to be out of the way, I had crawled under a caisson, and was busy making up many lost hours of rest. Suddenly I was rudely awakened by a comrade, prodding me with a sponge-staff as I had failed to be aroused by his call, and was told to get up and come out, that some one wished to see me. Half awake I staggered out, and found myself face to face with General Lee and his staff. Their fresh uniforms, bright equipments, and well-groomed horses contrasted so forcibly with the war-worn appearance of our command that I was completely dazed. It took me a moment or two to realize what it all meant, but when I saw my father's loving eyes and smile it became clear to me that he had ridden by to see if I was safe and to ask how I

was getting along. I remember well how curiously those with him gazed at me, and I am sure that it must have struck them as very odd that such a dirty, ragged, unkempt youth could have been the son of this grand-looking victorious commander."

Early on the 28th long columns of dust arising to the south revealed to Lee the fact that McClellan had decided to fall back with his whole army; partial success was already achieved. With the enemy intimidated and retreating the military problem was simplified. There was no longer danger to be feared for Richmond; the problem now was simply how to cause most damage to the enemy's retreating columns.

Lee was now astride McClellan's line of communications and prepared to dispute the passage of the Chickahominy should his opponent attempt to force his way over. But McClellan cleverly shifted his base by sending his ships around from the York to the James River. On the 29th Lee had to give up hope of the Federals attacking him on the Chickahominy, and he issued orders for a general pursuit in the direction of the James River. A series of engagements quickly resulted. In the afternoon of the 29th Magruder fought the rear-guard of the enemy at Savage Station. On the 30th Jackson long tried, but in vain, to force a passage at the narrow defile leading through White Oak Swamp. Huger, Holmes, Hill, and Longstreet attacked farther to the right, where the retreating army defended itself for some hours successfully while its convoy was hurried on. This was the battle of Frazier's Farm, a victory for Lee in that the Federals retreated at nightfall. Had Jackson succeeded that same day in forcing the passage of White Oak Swamp, McClellan's army would unquestionably have been placed in the utmost danger. On the 1st of July McClellan drew up his whole force in an admirable defensive position on Malvern Hill, commanding the James

River. Here he had decided to make a stand that should cover his last movement back to his transports.

Jackson and Lee, riding in advance of the troops, reached the front of the Federal position about noon, and, notwithstanding its strength, the Confederate general decided to attack. Was this decision right? The Federal position was strong, so strong that even Jackson advised against a frontal movement. The whole of the enemy's army was in position supported by formidable batteries of artillery, while the Confederates could not count on Longstreet and Hill, who were some way to the rear. These considerations might well have dissuaded the most capable and courageous of generals, and if Lee decided to face the issue it was because other and even more important considerations weighed with him. His enemy, although defeated and discouraged, was still more numerous and had greater resources to draw from; should the moral superiority Lee had established be relaxed for one instant it was still possible that the Federal army would recover its equilibrium and surge back towards Richmond. Even if the attack failed, the mere fact that it was attempted would tend to keep McClellan in his present mind, and success, however remote, was splendidly worth trying for. Delay, even for a few hours, would give McClellan time to regain composure, time to intrench himself, time to get his transports to the James River, time to urge McDowell to strike at unprotected Richmond. Lee realized to the utmost the decisive influence of lost minutes and of lost opportunities, and so he decided to take the risk and attack. The attack took place; the Confederates were easily repulsed, yet Lee's decision was unquestionably that of a great general.

The unsuccessful attack on Malvern Hill took place late in the afternoon of the 1st of July; it was badly concerted, and resulted in heavy loss; but the Federal commander felt no inclination to take advantage of his success. In the

night McClellan retired to Harrison's Landing, where, what with intrenchments and gunboats, he had skilfully improvised a secure base. This was the last move of the campaign. In the course of the seven days' fighting the Confederate army had lost over 20,000 men, about one quarter of its numbers, in killed, wounded, and missing, McClellan, fighting on the defensive, had lost 6000 killed and wounded, 10,000 prisoners, and 52 guns.

The brilliant campaign that had driven McClellan from before Richmond stamped the soldier who had conducted it as the necessary leader of the South. From this moment, through victory and through defeat, the South was constant to Lee. The natural distinction and elevation that marked him out in every assemblage are qualities that do not necessarily connote practical success; but when success goes with them, then the man in whom that rare blend is found may safely be trusted as a leader. Instinctively the South turned to Robert Lee; it had found the man with whom victory was possible and with whom defeat could never spell dishonor or demerit.

While Lee pressed McClellan down the Peninsula to the James River, he was still watching closely the little cloud on the northern horizon of war whence McDowell might at any moment discharge his bolt at Richmond. If McDowell could have had his way, he would have acted precisely as Lee feared, but the strategists of Washington controlled his operations, and on the failure of the campaign vented their ill humor on the general whose plans they had overruled. President Lincoln, who was not given to practising his wise theory of never swapping horses while crossing a stream, superseded McDowell and appointed General Pope to the command of the army in central Virginia on the 26th of June, the day before the battle of Gaines' Mill.

Pope was a man of much courage and some capacity, who, pitted against mediocre generals, might have met with

considerable success. He proposed at all events to march against the enemy and fight, not alarmed at any possible disproportion of numbers, and very firmly resolved to concede not one jot of moral superiority. Pope and McClellan rolled into one had the makings of a good general.

Pope soon became active. He issued a bombastic proclamation to his troops in which he said: "I have come to you from the west, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies, from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and beat him when found, whose policy has been attack and not defence . . ." He tried hard, very hard, to make these words good, and might have succeeded but for the extraordinary strategy of Lee that led to his complete bewilderment and eventual defeat.

On the 14th of July Pope ordered a forward movement towards Gordonsville. The possession of this point by the Federals would have cut off the Shenandoah valley from Richmond. Lee replied instantly by detaching Jackson's corps to hold back Pope. In the course of the next three weeks, as McClellan gradually appeared more and more certain to remove his whole army back from the James to the Potomac, more Confederate divisions were shifted towards the Rappahannock. "I want Pope to be suppressed," Lee wrote to Jackson on the 27th of July; but it was not until the whole army was assembled and Lee himself in the field that this wish could be fulfilled. On the 9th of August Jackson struck the corps of Banks a heavy blow at Cedar Run, and behind him Lee concentrated his troops for the decisive move. From the first he appears to have contemplated a flanking movement, for, on the 14th of August, he was already feeling his way to throwing Stuart around Pope's left and threatening his communications with Fredericksburg and Manassas.

But Pope was wary. He felt that the forces opposite him were swelling; he knew that before long heavy reinforce-

ments would reach him from the Potomac, and so, prudently, he fell back to a strong line covered by the Rappahannock. Lee followed him, constantly feeling for an opportunity to turn one of his flanks.

It was at this moment, while the Federal and Confederate armies faced one another along the Rappahannock, that was initiated perhaps the most brilliant strategic move of the war, the great flank march known as Jackson's raid. The question must therefore be discussed, however briefly, to whom should the credit of the successful strategy of the Confederates be ascribed—to Lee or to Jackson?

The answer must of necessity be a somewhat complex one, for it involves the whole question of the relations of the two greatest generals of the South. Few things were more remarkable about Lee than the intuition with which he judged men, and the tact and self-effacement with which he handled them. In Jackson he felt from the first moment that he had a subordinate who was a master of the art of war. He treated him accordingly with a quick sympathy and response that won the full esteem and obedience of Jackson, and that made of the two men little more than two parts of the same machine. Whereas Lee generally placed his headquarters near those of Longstreet, whom he knew to be skilled and impetuous in action, but headstrong in counsel and slow on the march, he always gave Jackson the widest discretion, knowing that he would leave undone no fraction of the possible. With Longstreet he could accomplish certain things; with Hood, with Beauregard, with Jackson, others; and he acted accordingly, proving thereby once more how in war the fixed rules of the theorist become fluid in the hands of the practitioner. Between Lee and Jackson there was a natural concordance of ideas, and it was rarely, as at Malvern Hill and the Antietam, that they were not in perfect agreement. March-

ing against Pope on the Rappahannock, they both felt to the utmost the necessity of striking, and of striking promptly; they both knew that the most effective way to strike was to aim at Pope's line of communications, and that this involved a flanking movement. From the first Lee was feeling for an opportunity to carry out some such movement, and Jackson with the left wing was shifted higher and higher up the river to find an unguarded spot at which a passage might be effected. But up till the evening of the 24th of August the natural difficulties of the Rappahannock and the careful defensive of Pope had made all attempts futile.

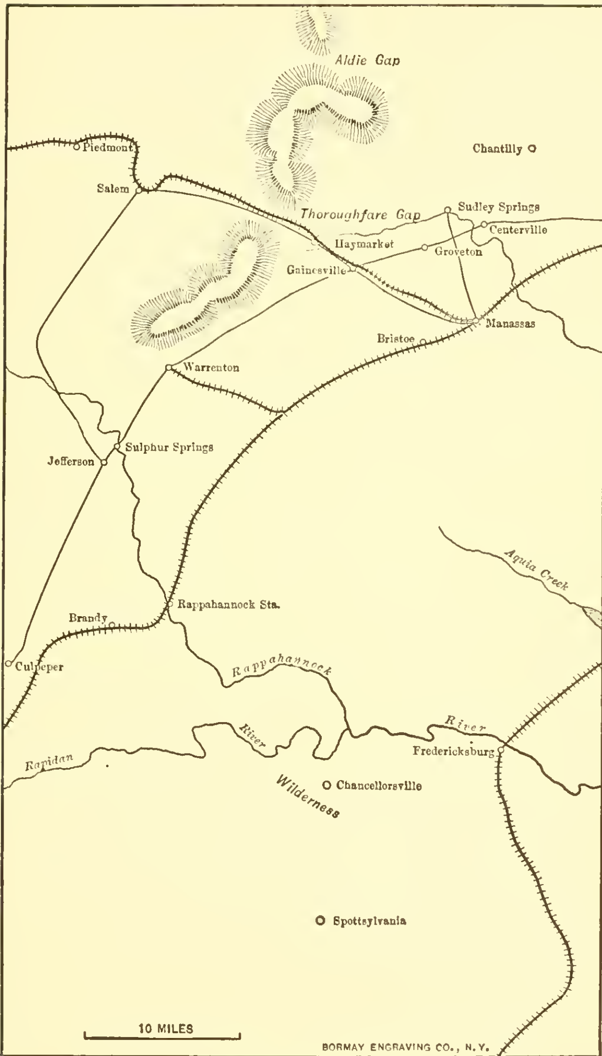
That night Lee rode over from his headquarters to consult with the general commanding his left wing. He was determined to carry his offensive movement out, and had already taken the preliminary step that nearly always preceded his decisive operations. Stuart had just raided Pope's lines and, by good fortune, had even captured many of that commander's papers. From these Lee had become aware that McClellan's troops were rapidly being sent to reinforce Pope. It was with this knowledge that he rode to consult Jackson. Neither general has left any account of what took place at their interview, but an eye-witness, Dr. McGuire, has placed it on record that he saw Jackson talking earnestly and indicating movements while the commander-in-chief listened gravely. If this slender testimony may be trusted, and it appears not improbable, it was Jackson who proposed the wide turning movement that was eventually carried out, while Lee merely assented to his subordinate's proposal. Yet it must be said that Lee was striving to outflank Pope, that he assumed the responsibility of the movement suggested by his subordinate, that he decided its feasibility and judged the capacity of the agent to whom he intrusted it. To Lee and to Jackson both the credit of the achievement belongs in the highest measure:

to Lee as commander-in-chief, to Jackson as his commanding officer's right hand.

An account of Jackson's raid belongs more properly to that general's biography than to that of Lee; here the chief concern will be to follow the movements of that part of the army that remained under the immediate command of the general-in-chief. Early in the morning of the 25th of August Jackson started on a wide flanking march that was intended to circle around Pope's right by Thoroughfare Gap and thence to strike at his communications and depots at Manassas. Lee had two courses open: one to remain in position in front of Pope, awaiting developments; the other to hold Pope long enough to enable Jackson to reach his rear, and then to take up the same line of march as his lieutenant. The latter course was adopted.

On the 25th of August Jackson started northwards, while Lee remained in Pope's front, cannonading vigorously. On the 26th Jackson struck eastwards, marched across Pope's lines of communication, and at midnight reached Manassas. On the 27th of August Jackson remained stationary at Manassas, drawing in that direction Pope's columns now retiring from the Rappahannock. That night he slipped away, and by noon of the 28th, circling to the north and west, was strongly placed on Bull Run, near the road that runs from Thoroughfare Gap through Gainesville to Centreville. Along that road Lee was marching with the remainder of the Confederate army.

Lee had been in constant receipt of news from Jackson, and appears to have kept in relatively close touch with the complicated conditions arising from that general's remarkable movements. During the 25th he remained in position opposite Pope along the Rappahannock, but on the following morning started the army on the route which Jackson had previously taken. On the 26th, 27th, and 28th the long column marched, meeting with some resistance at Thorough-



JACKSON'S RAID

fare Gap, and getting just clear of that obstacle on the evening of that day. On the 29th the march was continued on Gainesville, which Pope had neglected to hold, just as he had failed to hold Thoroughfare Gap. Near Gainesville Stuart's cavalry was met, and the column was hurried towards Groveton, where Jackson's guns could now be plainly heard. That general had been heavily engaged in the afternoon of the 28th, and now Pope was concentrating his whole force to overwhelm him. Lee had arrived in the very nick of time.

The Confederate army was at this time divided into two commands or corps, and the larger half was under the orders of Longstreet. This general, although he handled his troops with great tactical skill and courage, was usually slow in elaborating his dispositions for battle. Lee was anxious, as his troops formed up in the woods on Jackson's right, that an attack should be made on Pope's left at the earliest possible moment. He reconnoitred the enemy from an eminence, and, fearing that the furious assaults against Jackson's line would overwhelm him, three times ordered Longstreet to advance, but all in vain. While the Confederate left bore the brunt of the day, the right failed to get into effective action.

On the 30th the battle was renewed; Pope, as on the day before, turning all his efforts to overwhelming Jackson. Gallantly the left wing, strengthened by a number of fresh batteries, maintained its ground; closely did Lee from the centre watch the battle, holding back Longstreet behind the screening woods, waiting for the moment when Jackson's need should compel movement, or when his successful resistance should have worn the enemy down and made him powerless to resist the long-deferred onset of the right. A little after four o'clock the divisions of Porter's corps, the last fresh troops of Pope's army, were hurled back after a desperate attempt to drive Jackson from his position, and

then at last Lee gave the order for the whole army to advance.

Longstreet had already put his infantry in motion; Jackson's exhausted battalions took up the movement, nerved to one more effort by the sudden promise of long-deferred victory. The whole Confederate army, on a front of four miles, moved irresistibly to the attack. On swept the gray lines, loudly shouting amidst the rattling musketry and the bursting shells, loudly shouting as hill after hill was won. Pope was beaten, but his soldiers saved him from total rout. Stubborn in defeat, brave in disaster as their opponents were in victory, battalions, brigades, batteries struggled together, held on where they could, and at six o'clock succeeded in making good the last stand that saved the Henry hill, the last position from which a retreat across Bull Run could be covered.

Lee's victory was complete. In the operations against Pope his army had inflicted great losses on a superior enemy. 13,500 Federals had been killed and wounded, 7,000 taken prisoners; 20,000 rifles and 30 guns had been captured. Last, but not least, a pitched battle had been won that stamped the victorious general as a strategist of the first order; for the most eminent professional authority on the Civil War has declared: "In the rapidity with which the opportunity was seized, in the combination of the three arms, and in the vigor of the blow, Manassas is in no way inferior to Austerlitz or Salamanca." *

It might have been expected that immediately after his victory at the Second Manassas Lee would press on against Pope's defeated army and against Washington. But the fortifications of Washington, manned by Pope's and McClellan's combined armies, would have been far too strong for Lee to carry, and for this reason it appeared as though his

* Henderson, Stonewall Jackson, II, 232.

last chance lay in threatening to invade the North and manœuvring for another opportunity to defeat the Federal commanders in the field. There lay, in fact, the radical weakness of the South, that her resources were not sufficient to destroy the North, and that her victories were never decisive, never more than a putting off of the inevitable hour of defeat. Lee felt this. At all times through the war his operations were based on the fundamental idea that the great object was to repel invasion and gain time. It was with this in mind that after the Second Manassas he turned aside from Washington, crossed the Potomac to the west of the capital, and invaded Maryland. This invasion was intended to divert the enemy's attention from Richmond; it was intended to alarm him for the safety of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia; it was intended to raise recruits among the numerous Marylanders who were Southern sympathizers; but as a military step it was a half-measure that could lead to no decisive results.

Lee must have seen this as clearly as we who live forty years later; and is not this the explanation of the following letter which he wrote to Jefferson Davis on the 8th of September from Frederick in Maryland?—

"Mr. President: The present position of affairs, in my opinion, places it in the power of the Government of the Confederate States to propose with propriety to that of the United States the recognition of our independence. For more than a year both sections of the country have been devastated by hostilities which have brought sorrow and suffering upon thousands of homes, without advancing the objects which our enemies proposed to themselves in beginning the contest. Such a proposition, coming from us at this time, could in no way be regarded as suing for peace; but, being made when it is in our power to inflict injury upon our adversary, would show conclusively to the world that our sole object is the establishment of our independence and the attainment of an honest peace. The rejection of this offer would prove

to the country that the responsibility of the continuance of the war does not rest on us, but that the party in power in the United States elect to prosecute it for purposes of their own. The proposal of peace would enable the people of the United States to determine at their coming elections whether they support those who favor a prolongation of the war, or those who wish to bring it to a termination which can but be productive of good to both parties without affecting the honor of either. Your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee." *

It was peace that Lee prayed for through victory; it was the hope of compromise, of successful defence, that inspired his strategy; but the opponents who met him in the field, especially the last and most powerful of all, based their calculations on a more potent principle, the most decisive in war, that of the destruction of the enemy.

The Confederate army at Frederick had two objects of special interest to observe. Fifty miles to the east was Washington, where the bulk of the Federal armies was assembled. Twenty miles to the west was Harper's Ferry, at which point were 14,000 Federals and large depots. Even with his inferior numbers and insufficiently equipped troops, Lee might have turned on McClellan; perhaps Jackson, who always pushed military principles to their ultimate consequences, would have done so; as it was, Harper's Ferry was made the first objective of the Confederate army; its capture meant a considerable loss for the enemy and the opening of a much-needed line of supplies.

Lee, playing on his knowledge and experience of McClellan, decided that that general would probably advance cautiously; he therefore took the risk of dividing his army. Jackson was ordered to recross the Potomac and capture Harper's Ferry, while the main body should remain on the Maryland side observing McClellan and falling back west-

* War Records, Ser. I, XXV, II, 600.

wards towards Sharpsburg and Hagerstown behind the Catoctin and South Mountain ranges.

Jackson conducted the enterprise intrusted to him with his usual skill and success, but during his absence Lee's army was put to very serious danger and suffered some damage; with a bolder opponent even worse might have befallen.

Pope's failure had led to his removal, and McClellan was now once more in command. About 150,000 men had been collected in the Federal capital as a result of the withdrawal from the Peninsula and of Pope's disaster; from these troops two armies were constituted, one for the defence of Washington, the other for field operations; the latter amounted to about 85,000 men.

Slowly McClellan moved towards his formidable opponent. At Frederick, on the 9th, Lee had issued the order dividing his army for the blow against Harper's Ferry; that day McClellan lay about 25 miles to the east. On the 13th he had crept on as far as Frederick, and there, by a piece of good fortune, a copy of Lee's order of the 9th fell into his hands. It is idle to speculate what Lee or Jackson would have done on this revelation of the enemy's weakness; it will suffice to say that it stimulated McClellan into comparative activity. He pressed on after Lee's retiring columns with unwonted speed, and on the 14th with three of his corps he caught up with and attacked D. H. Hill in the neighborhood of South Mountain. A fierce fight raged until late at night, and Hill, although reinforced by Longstreet, was outflanked and defeated; he retreated in the course of the night.

Lee was now anxious about the situation of his army. Fortunately Jackson obtained the surrender of Harper's Ferry on the morning of the 15th, fortunately McClellan relapsed into caution and did not follow up his success. From Harper's Ferry Jackson's troops were hastened

towards Sharpsburg, and behind the Antietam, a stream that flows close to that town, Lee determined to concentrate and await McClellan's attack. He was bound to fight, for to have retreated without a battle would have been to throw away all the results won at the Second Manassas, to confess inability to maintain the offensive.

On the 17th of September, 1862, was fought the battle of the Antietam or Sharpsburg. Lee, with a force which in his official report he states to have been less than 40,000 men, resisted every effort of McClellan to dislodge him from the strong positions he had selected. And although the Federal commander reported that he had 87,000 men present, although his artillery was superior and more numerous, yet it was only the skilful tactical disposition he made of his troops that saved him from a counter-attack. Lee urged Stuart, urged Jackson, urged the officers of his staff, not only on the day of the battle but on that following, to find some point on McClellan's right at which he could launch a decisive stroke, and it was only on the unanimous verdict of his subordinates that he reluctantly consented to accept an inconclusive result. But in one matter he overrode the opinion of all. On the night of the battle even Stonewall Jackson counselled retreat, in view of the terrible losses and material weakness of the army. Regiments numbered less than 20 men, brigades less than 200; ammunition was short; the enemy was numerous; the Potomac flowed between the army and safety. Lee's courage and strategic insight rose to considerations higher than these. He resolved to maintain his positions on the following day.*

During the whole of the 18th of September the two armies remained face to face along the banks of the Antietam, the Confederates firmly awaiting an attack that the Federals

* This remarkable decision suggests a comparison with that of Napoleon not to evacuate the island of Lobau after Aspern and Essling.

did not venture to deliver; Lee's courage remained higher than McClellan's. But that night the Confederate general acknowledged the inevitable. He had done all that was humanly possible, and now, swiftly and skilfully, he ordered his retreat. The army that had during the past eight weeks toiled and accomplished so much withdrew from its first invasion of Northern soil for a few days of well-earned repose.

In the high tide of his successful operations against Pope Lee had never been carried away into unjustified confidence. Even at that moment his balanced judgment was calmly weighing the future, and he constantly urged on President Davis the necessity of fortifying the capital. Behind the glamor of victory lurked the fact that the Confederate army was engaged in operations that were, after all, essentially defensive; all it had accomplished, however brilliant appearances might be, was merely to relieve the pressure on Richmond for a brief moment. This view of the military situation was quicky justified by events.

After recruiting his army in the valley of the Shenandoah Lee fell back to Fredericksburg, covering the line of the Rappahannock and Rapidan. The Federals followed slowly, first under McClellan, and later, after his removal from command, under Burnside. Lee's position at Fredericksburg was strong for defence but weak for attack. He occupied a line of hills parallel to the river and one or two miles south. The town lay in front of him, but close to the river, and could not be held on that account. For the northern bank was bordered by high ground where batteries could be placed completely commanding the southern bank and the town. These circumstances made it probable that in the event of any force attacking the Confederate position being repulsed it could be withdrawn in safety under cover of artillery fire. For this reason some of the Confederate generals, notably Jackson, were of opinion that it would

be wiser to fall back as far as the North Anna, where more favorable ground for attack could be found. Lee, however, decided otherwise, chiefly for reasons affecting his commissariat department.

Burnside was unquestionably the weakest general that Lee ever had to face, and the battle of Fredericksburg proved the least costly of Lee's victories. Burnside realized the value of the bluffs on the north side of the Rappahannock; he lined them with heavy batteries, and judged that with this protection he could cross and recross the river in safety. But he did not realize what the war had already so completely demonstrated, that to dislodge Lee's infantry by a frontal attack, however large the attacking force, was a well-nigh hopeless proposition. Although his numbers gave him all the scope necessary for attempting a turning movement, he marched his brave army straight up to the Confederate position and paid the inevitable penalty.

On the 11th of December Burnside began crossing the Rappahannock; on the 13th he attacked. The details of the battle of Fredericksburg present few salient features. The Federal soldiers did their duty and marched up to the intrenched positions they were ordered to capture. The Confederates at nearly every point held their own with ease, mowing down their opponents in great numbers. By half-past three in the afternoon the whole Northern line on a front of nearly two miles had been so severely handled that about one-half of the army was in a state of demoralized confusion. The Confederates were unshaken, comparatively fresh, eager to advance. How was it that Lee, the general who at the Second Manassas had so long waited for and had so decisively judged the precise moment for launching his counterstroke,—how was it that Lee now remained fast in his positions, leaving his practically beaten opponent to reform and refresh his troops? The historian who is not an apologist must reply plainly: because he committed an error

of judgment. There were, it is true, reasons that made a counterstroke difficult, perhaps impracticable: the Confederate dispositions had been made solely with a view to defence; the batteries on the north bank of the Rappahannock would have covered the retreating Federals. Yet the attempt would clearly have been made had Lee accurately gauged the extent of the disorder into which the enemy had been thrown after being flung back from Longstreet's front. He gave the Federals too much credit, and supposed that with their great army they would come to the attack once more; this is shown by the following extract from a letter which he wrote to his wife after the battle: "I believe they [the army] share with me my disappointment that the enemy did not renew the combat on the 13th. I was holding back all day and husbanding our strength and ammunition for the great struggle for which I thought I was preparing. Had I divined that was to have been his only effort, he would have had more of it."

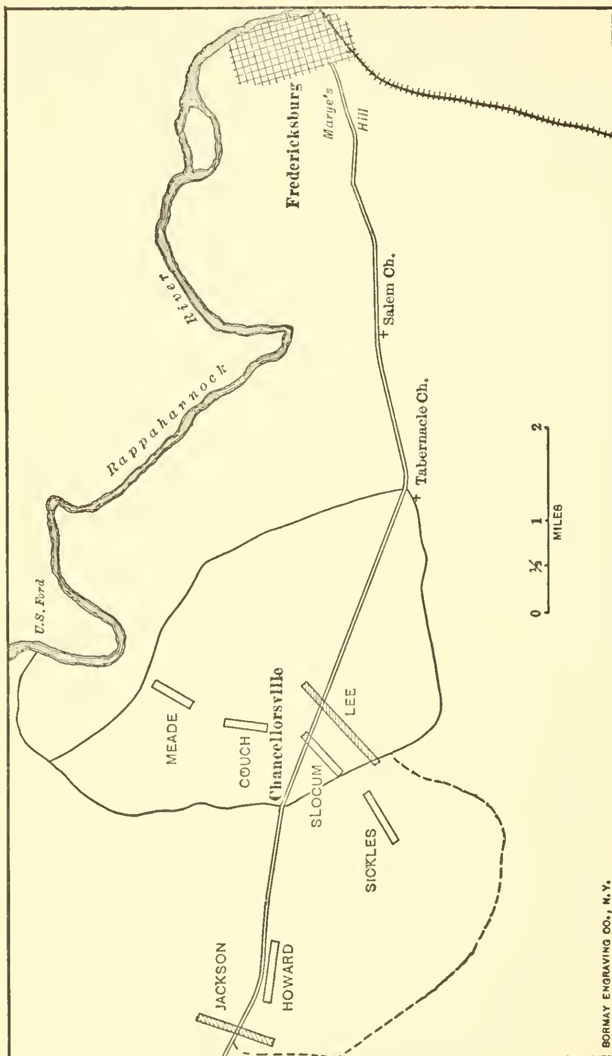
Fredericksburg was an empty victory. The heavy losses of the North were rapidly made good. The unsuccessful Burnside was replaced by the untried and over-confident Hooker; and the two armies continued to face one another along the banks of the Rappahannock. Many weeks of inaction went by, weeks of struggle against bad weather, mud, and snow, weeks of anxious organizing, recruiting, and commissariat work. Letters written by Lee during this interval to his daughter Agnes give us a glimpse of the headquarters at Fredericksburg and also of the heart of the Confederate commander:

"My precious little Agnes, I have not heard of you for a long time. I wish you were with me, for, always solitary, I am sometimes weary and long for the reunion of my family once again. . . . I have only seen the ladies of this vicinity when flying from the enemy, and it caused me acute grief to witness their exposure and suffering. . . . The

only place I am to be found in is camp, and I am so cross now that I am not worth seeing anywhere. Here you will have to take me with the three stools—the snow, the rain, and the mud. . . . General Hooker is obliged to do something. I do not know what it will be. He is playing the Chinese game, trying what frightening will do. He runs out his guns, starts his troops up and down the river, and creates an excitement generally. Our men look on in wonder, give a cheer, and all again subsides *in statu quo ante bellum*. . . . But here come in all their wet the adjutant-general with the papers. I must stop and go to work. See how kind God is: we have plenty to do in good weather and bad. . . ."

So matters went on until the weather became spring-like, and Hooker began evolving a solution of the difficult problem he had inherited from Burnside. His alarums and excursions and moving of guns beyond the river finally resolved themselves into a great flank movement designed to throw some 60,000 men over 10 miles west of Fredericksburg and beyond the extreme left of the Confederates. The other half of the army, of about equal numbers, was to march on Lee's position behind Fredericksburg; the two wings were to press the Confederates as opportunity offered with a view to effecting a junction ultimately. As each of Hooker's wings was approximately equal to the whole of Lee's army, it was to be presumed that at one point or another they would meet with slight resistance and so draw together until the enemy was finally crushed between them. This was much better strategy than Brunside's; but in the carrying out it was found that Hooker's courage in practice was not equal to his skill in theory.

By midday of the 30th of April Lee had information showing that the Federal army was divided into two bodies. Not less than three corps were nearing Chancellorsville, 10 miles to his left; while on his right some 30,000 or 40,000 men



CHANCELLORSVILLE

were across the river in Jackson's front, threatening attack. Lee was now in one of those positions a correct description of which depends on the talent of the general who occupies it: if he is resolute and acts on the offensive he holds interior lines and has victory within call; if he is prudent and deliberate he is surrounded and threatened by disaster. Lee promptly seized the opportunity that gave him interior lines. He decided instantly to concentrate on one of the Federal wings while they were still widely separated. With Jackson he reconnoitred the force which Hooker had sent over near Fredericksburg under Sedgwick, and came to the conclusion that there was little hope of a decisive result at this point in view of the Federal batteries on the northern bank. Orders were therefore issued for moving every available man against Hooker in the direction of Chancellorsville. Early with 10,000 men was left to hold the Fredericksburg positions as long as possible.

By daylight on the 1st of May Lee had placed 45,000 men and 100 guns in battle array, barring the road between Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg in a well-chosen position near the Zoar Church. For several hours the roads and the forest that stretched westwards for many miles were anxiously scrutinized for signs of Hooker's advance. In vain; for the Federal commander, who had up till that moment conducted his operations with the requisite courage and energy, had that morning been seized with misgivings. He felt not quite sure as to what Lee might be doing, and at the precise moment when a vigorous offensive was absolutely essential to the success of his plan he hesitated.

At the crisis which made Hooker falter, Lee acted. The Federal wings must be kept apart; Early must be left isolated for as short a time as possible; so if Hooker would not come forward to the attack, the Confederates must seek him out in his positions. By 11 o'clock the whole army had plunged into the Wilderness and was marching on Chancellorsville;

McLaws and Anderson were on the right, Jackson on the left. Progress was slow. The roads were few, the woods dense, and Hooker's outposts were soon encountered. There was some skirmishing, yet the Confederates were able to make steady progress. At last, about 5 o'clock, the situation suddenly cleared; Chancellorsville was just in front, with the Federal army strongly intrenched about it.

The Confederate columns came to a halt and deployed through the woods. The generals reconnoitred, but none could find any seemingly weak point in Hooker's well-chosen position. There was evidently nothing to be done so late in the afternoon in such tangled country, and Lee contented himself with discovering as far as possible what the enemy's position was. He ascertained that Hooker's left was strongly posted, covering the fords of the Rappahannock, that his centre consisted of a large force with many guns along the Chancellorsville ridge, and that his right stretched out southwards into the forest. Lee was bound to dislodge Hooker or abandon the line of the Rappahannock, and when he met Jackson, about sundown, he was firmly resolved to attack, though not yet certain as to the point to select.

That night Lee and Jackson consulted long and anxiously, and it was not till late that they came to any conclusion. But as reports kept coming in it gradually grew clear that Hooker's right might possibly be attacked, that it rested neither on any strong position nor on any covering force in the rear. Finally it was decided that Jackson's corps should be thrown wide to the left and, after marching around Hooker's unprotected flank, should advance on Chancellorsville from the rear of the Federal position, while Lee attacked in front.

Jackson's great march on the 2d of May is narrated elsewhere. Lee, while his trusted lieutenant was swiftly circling about the enemy's flank, remained in Hooker's

front with the divisions of McLaws and Anderson, a bare 10,000 men. His appearance was serene and calm as usual, but his feelings must have been of the most intense anxiety. His little army, one-half that of the enemy, was now divided into three widely separated fractions, each one of which might easily be overwhelmed. And if disaster should come, what judgment would posterity pass on the general responsible for such folly—on the general who had neglected principles of the art of war worn threadbare by civilians and schoolboys—on the general who had risked the success of the Southern cause on such a desperate move? So Lee possibly thought as the morning hours wore on, slowly passing by in desultory skirmishing. But at any moment Hooker might realize that the cannonading and movements of troops in his front were merely a blind; Jackson might lose his way, might be too late, might be discovered; news might come the very next minute that Sedgwick had driven Early's scanty battalions from their lines and was marching on the Confederate rear. Only the most icy judgment and the most lofty courage could contemplate such a situation without a tremor and, with a clear conscience, cast the dice of war against Fate. That judgment, as it proved, weighed Hooker, and Sedgwick, and Jackson, with perfect exactness; and fortune was not unkind.

Slowly the hours passed, and at last, at six o'clock, Jackson's guns were heard booming towards the west. The time had come to act. McLaws' and Anderson's divisions were now sent forward in earnest towards Chancellorsville and towards the left. In the closing hours of light Jackson's impetuosity nearly pierced the Federal centre, but at nightfall, when the rapid gain of a few more hundred yards would have completed Hooker's overthrow, Lee's most trusted lieutenant was shot down.

During the night of the 2d to the 3d of May Lee spent

some anxious hours. Fighting continued during the darkness and orders had to be sent for the next day. Stuart was ordered to take command of Jackson's corps, to resume the attack in the morning, and to bear towards his right. Lee on his side made corresponding dispositions. When dawn came Stuart led his troops brilliantly, captured the positions in his front and got into touch with Anderson, whose left was thrown out to effect the desired junction. Then followed a combined advance of the whole Confederate line, like that which had marked the Second Manassas, and the Federals fell back at every point towards the Rappahannock, where Hooker had thrown up heavy intrenchments to cover the passage of the river.

It was barely noon, and Lee had no intention of resting on his laurels. Orders were sent out to reform the troops, now somewhat confused, preparatory to an attack on Hooker's new position. Just at this moment, however, a dispatch reached the commander-in-chief containing important information. Sedgwick had at last taken the offensive, and, a few hours before, had driven Early from his positions at Fredericksburg.

The arrival of this information at precisely that moment throws too valuable a light on the strategy of the campaign to be passed over without comment. Lee had the resolution, courage, and judgment never to waste time, in which respect he closely resembled Napoleon. Time was the essential card in the great game of strategy played by the opposing generals. If Lee had not attacked with the earliest dawn on the 3d, if at any time he had wasted a single hour, Sedgwick's move would have held him back, and Hooker might have been saved from defeat. If Hooker on his side had pressed forward both his wings resolutely from the beginning, the Confederate army would have been caught in a circle of bayonets from which it would have found some difficulty in escaping. As it was, Sedgwick's

advance, though tardy, immediately relieved the pressure on Hooker. Confident that the army he had just driven from Chancellorsville was reduced to impotence, Lee at once sent heavy reinforcements to Early, while the remainder of the troops were given a short period of repose observing Hooker's position.

The operations that followed were dominated by the fact that at Chancellorsville Lee had won an undeniable victory. There was no spirit left in the Federal army, no confidence in its leaders. In the afternoon of the 3d of May Sedgwick was brought to a standstill. On the 4th Lee concentrated against that general and drove him over the Rappahannock with heavy losses, Hooker remaining inactive. On the 5th, having now cleared his right, he turned back once more towards Chancellorsville and prepared to throw his whole army at Hooker in his intrenchments. That day, however, the floodgates of heaven opened and the country was deluged; the troops marched with alacrity, but with great difficulty. Hooker, for once, seized the opportunity and did the right thing with promptness: that night he decamped, and on the 6th of May was safely back on the northern bank of the Rappahannock.

Chancellorsville proved to be the last of Lee's great victories, and like most of them it was won against great odds. The brilliant result of the Confederate operations was chiefly due to the ability of the general-in-chief, who employed, at their highest tension, the military means at his disposal. Among those means were two entitled to chief distinction: the superb dash of the Confederate infantry, and Stonewall Jackson. It was part of Lee's genius that with Jackson he risked moves that with another lieutenant would have been madness; and with the splendid infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia he stormed positions that with other troops he would have respected. And yet in all Lee's achievements there was something

lacking. Chancellorsville was a great victory, but it accomplished nothing. There was no pursuit, no rout of the defeated army, no gain of important positions.

Lee's conduct after Chancellorsville again demonstrated the inherent emptiness of his victory. For the moment Richmond was safe from attack, yet Hooker's army on the farther bank of the Rappahannock was so large and so well posted that Lee could not venture to molest it. In theory he should have done so; in practice he resolved on a half-measure which was, very possibly, all he was justified in attempting. He decided once more, just as he had after the Second Manassas, to invade Maryland, partly to alarm the North, partly to relieve the Shenandoah valley, partly to open up new sources of supply, partly in hopes that as the armies manœuvred some opening would present itself for dealing an effective blow. And in addition to these military reasons was another, a political one, ever present with him though rarely expressed, and then generally only in his private correspondence: the hope that sooner or later the Confederacy would be recognised by France and Great Britain, the hope that peace might come. Lee was struggling not to crush his enemy, a task which, unlike Jackson, he never appears to have thought possible, but only to gain time.

And so once more the Confederate army turned north, and about the middle of the month of June, after some elaborate but unsuccessful manœuvring designed to delude Hooker into a false move, crossed the Potomac. A few days later the Confederates were over the Pennsylvania border, directing their movements towards the Susquehanna in the direction of Harrisburg.

While on the march, on the 28th of June, information reached Lee that the Federal army, to the command of which General Meade had just been appointed, was unexpectedly and dangerously near, in the direction of Frederick.

Orders were at once sent out to concentrate the widely scattered Confederate columns on Gettysburg. It was towards the same point that Meade was directing his own columns, and on the 1st of July the two armies got into contact, a few miles north and west of the town.

Gettysburg, 70 miles north of Washington, marks an important intersection of roads. Southeast, 50 miles, lies Baltimore; northeast is York; north, Harrisburg; west, Chambersburg; south, Frederick. With the two armies face to face in its immediate vicinity, to occupy the town became for each an object of vital importance. Meade was first in possession, but his advance, under Reynolds, was met by the approaching Confederates, who eventually, after heavy fighting, drove Reynolds in disorder beyond Gettysburg, on the evening of the 1st of July. The Federals fell back to a line of hills to the south and east of the town, where Meade's whole army was eventually drawn up for battle.

Lee was not particularly anxious for a general engagement, and the battle which he fought at Gettysburg on the 2d and 3d of July was the result of circumstances, not of foresight. The two armies happened to be face to face; the point at which they were was of strategic importance; neither could give way. Lee, who had ridden up in time to see the defeat of Reynolds' two corps, had the bulk of his army within six or seven miles of Gettysburg that evening, and judging, as was in fact the case, that Meade was probably not as strongly concentrated, he issued orders for a combined movement forward on the following morning. Ewell's corps was on the left, A. P. Hill's in the centre, Longstreet's on the right,—totalling about 70,000 men. It was essential to Lee's scheme that the attack should be made promptly, and it was arranged that Longstreet should move first against the Federal left.

On the morning of the 2d of July Lee was early in the

saddle, riding to various points to consult with his corps commanders, or reconnoitring the enemy. All along the Confederate line the signal for attack was eagerly expected, but from the left, where Longstreet's guns should have opened, there came no sound. Lee impatiently watched the Federal positions, observing signs that told his practised eye that every hour was adding strength to Meade's army. Opportunity was gradually fading, and all because of Longstreet's usual deliberation, rendered even more deliberate on this occasion because a plan of attack that he had proposed had been rejected by the commander-in-chief. It was not till four in the afternoon that the Confederate right was at last ready, and the hour had long since passed when an effective blow could have been struck, for Meade now had the greater part of his troops on the ground. Longstreet, an officer of undeniable ability and a splendid fighter, was lacking in his sense of the value of time, and also in that of subordination; with Jackson as a commander-in-chief he would undoubtedly have been relieved of his command and court-martialled for his conduct at Gettysburg. At four in the afternoon Longstreet at last got into action, and delivered a furious attack on the Federal left; Hill and Ewell supported him by strong demonstrations. For three hours or more the conflict raged, and as a result the Federal line was driven from several outlying positions back on to Cemetery Ridge; that position, however, though more than once threatened with capture, remained in Meade's possession.

On the night of the 2d of July Meade, after long and anxious consultation with his corps commanders, decided to remain on Cemetery Ridge and await further attack. Lee was fairly satisfied with the first day's result, his soldiers were confident, and he decided to carry out his original plan.

The battle of the 3d of July began on the Confederate

left. Ewell the day before had got a foothold on Culp's Hill, and Meade decided to drive him off. The Federals came persistently to the attack and eventually succeeded in forcing Ewell back to his original position. But the decisive fighting took place on the right. There Lee massed a great battery of 115 guns opposite a point on Cemetery Ridge that he had selected as the key to the Federal position. For over an hour the guns roared; the Federal batteries, 1400 yards away, replied, at first vigorously, then more slowly, at last dying away. The moment had come. Longstreet ordered forward Pickett's division, supported on its left by Heth, on its right by Wilcox. Fifteen thousand infantry, in splendid alignment, moved past the guns and over the crest, swept down into the little plain that lay between the two armies, and then faced the ascent. For a few moments there had been a lull in the firing, as though both armies were watching spellbound the most impressive military spectacle that the Civil War was to afford; but as soon as the advancing gray lines had reached the range of musketry and canister a deafening roar burst out once more. Once more the Federal batteries dealt out destruction, for they had not been put out of action by the Confederate grand battery, but had only gradually ceased fire; these clever artillery tactics had lured Pickett to destruction. The fire was too terrible to be withstood. Needless to tell how bravely Pickett's men struggled against it; in the end they were forced back defeated, leaving nearly one-half their numbers on the ground, and with their failure there was no more hope for Lee. As it was, he had during three days, with 70,000 men, attacked an army of 90,000 and more than once been not far from victory.

Pickett's charge marked the end of the battle of Gettysburg. Each army had lost nearly 20,000 men, and neither commander would venture on further fighting. During the

4th of July Federals and Confederates remained face to face, but Lee had already decided on retreat and his baggage-train had started on the march for the Potomac. On the 5th the army followed, and after some anxiety crossed safely back into Virginia a few days later.*

For the second time Lee had been compelled to acknowledge defeat on the enemy's soil, and, as after the Antietam, he fell back to the line of the Rappahannock. Meade cautiously followed, and during the next few months the two armies manœuvred against each other indecisively between Fredericksburg and Manassas. Some of Lee's movements at this time were brilliant demonstrations of his genius for strategy, but, as nothing came of them, it will be best here to dwell on another aspect of the Confederate general that came into strong prominence in the autumn of 1863 and in the winter that followed. On the 8th of August he wrote to President Davis, offering his resignation of the command of the Army of Northern Virginia. The reason was in part that he had been suffering from various ailments, notably rheumatism, but chiefly that in the extreme modesty of his nature he thought the South could produce better men than himself. He wrote: "A younger and abler man than myself can readily be obtained, . . . one that can accomplish more than I can perform and all that I have wished." In Lee's noble

* A much-debated point in connection with the Gettysburg campaign is as to the action of Stuart. It is clear, first, that if Stuart marched with the cavalry to the rear of Meade's army it was at Lee's own suggestion and not contrary to his orders as is generally stated (War Records, Ser. I, XXVII, III, 915 and 923). Secondly, although the absence of the cavalry was severely felt, it does not appear probable that its presence would either have changed the circumstances of Meade's march to Gettysburg or improved the opportunity that presented itself to Lee on the 1st of July and in the first few hours of the 2d. On the whole, Stuart's march was probably an error of judgment on the part of Lee, yet to say that it was the cause of his defeat at Gettysburg appears unwarranted.

nature modesty was allied in unusual manner with the highest gifts of a soldier,—and a modesty so great that it took on at times an aspect of religious humility more befitting an ascetic than a general. Behind the playful banter with which he rallied his friends, behind the flame of decisive energy that carried through his great strategic movements, his heart was bleeding for the suffering soldiers whose starvation pittance he shared, his mind was full of humble resignation to the decrees of a divine Providence whose aid he constantly invoked. If during the winter of 1863–64 this aspect of Lee stood out in stronger relief than ever before, was it not essentially because, by an unrealized process, his understanding had become impressed with a foreboding of the necessary end to the heart-rending conflict? In victory and in defeat alike, the mighty, relentless antagonist from the North still stood sword in hand, menacing the heart of the Confederacy; and how much longer could the half-naked, half-starved, half-shod ranks of his shrinking army maintain their superb defence? The gracious smile, the cheery word, the gallant bearing, the noble courage, all were maintained in the face of his soldiers and of the world; but as the year 1864 opened, as the heavy Federal battalions began to move in their cantonments, Robert Lee was not in spirit exactly the Robert Lee of the Peninsula and of the Second Manassas. Then all things seemed possible to the brilliant commander of the Confederate armies, while now there was about him some new factor faintly suggestive, perhaps, of the martyr carrying his cross.

In March, 1864, President Lincoln made his last change in the command of the Army of the Potomac; nominally General Meade was retained, but at the same time General Grant was appointed commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States, and decided to supervise in person the operations in Virginia. Early in May he opened the cam-

paign with an effective force of about 140,000 men; Lee awaited his approach with something over 60,000, all that the Confederate Government by the most desperate efforts could succeed in placing in the field.

Even with such great odds against him Lee was not yet prepared to abandon as hopeless that wise military maxim which declares that the only sound defensive is the offensive. He allowed Grant to turn his right flank and cross the Rapidan near Chancellorsville unopposed. But when the Federal army had got well into the great forest district of the Wilderness it was struck in the flank by the whole of the Confederate forces. Then followed the battle of the Wilderness (May 5, 6, 7), a horrible butchery in the tangled depths of the forest and brushwood, in which the superior local knowledge of the Confederates compensated for the superior numbers of their opponents. For three days this hidden slaughter continued, at the end of which time the two armies were at a standstill, each side covered by nearly impregnable intrenchments. In so far as Lee's had been an offensive movement it had failed, yet Grant had been unable to force him back.

The Federal commander, seeing that no result could be got in the Wilderness, decided to break away and to resume what had been originally intended as a turning movement. His line ran roughly north and south; Lee was parallel and to the west; Richmond lay southeast, towards his left flank. He therefore ordered the army to abandon its positions and to march by its left towards Spottsylvania Court-house.

Lee guessed or learned of Grant's determined move with surprising rapidity; he met it brilliantly. Stuart's cavalry was sent forward to delay the Federal advance, while the rest of the Confederate army was started on a forced march that carried it to Spottsylvania just in time to forestall the enemy. Lee was now no longer on Grant's flank, but

directly in his path, so the latter settled down with his usual resolution to clear away the obstacle.

The fighting at Spottsylvania bore the same general character as that at the Wilderness, but lasted longer, from the 8th to the 18th of May. Each army intrenched as it gained or lost ground, and in the densely wooded country decisive positions were few and well covered. Finally, after great sacrifice of life, Grant had to admit failure, and, as after the Wilderness, was compelled to attempt by marching what he could not gain by a pitched battle. In the two weeks' fighting 70,000 men had been killed and wounded, and although the proportion of these losses had been more than 3 to 1 against the Federals, yet a constant stream of reinforcements kept their ranks full while Lee's were dwindling rapidly. His losses could not be repaired, and not least was that among his generals, for Longstreet had been dangerously wounded at the Wilderness, and Stuart had been killed at Yellow Tavern.

On the 20th of May Grant abandoned his positions in front of Spottsylvania and marched towards Lee's right flank and rear at Bowling Green; this move was met by a prompt retirement of the Confederates to the line of the North Anna, and there once more the two armies were brought face to face. But on this occasion the position taken up by Lee was of such obvious tactical strength that Grant, chastened by the two terrible ordeals his army had already passed through, made no real attempt at forcing it. He manœuvred instead, and having an alternative line of supply open by the York River, moved to his left towards Hanover. The Confederate army kept pace and withdrew, this time to the immediate vicinity of Richmond. Lee's choice of positions on the North Anna has been lauded as one of his greatest achievements. It certainly was, though its full significance has hardly been brought out. This position faced roughly east, and was not directly

across but to the west of the turnpike that runs nearly due south from Bowling Green across the North Anna to Hanover Court-house and thence to Richmond. In other words, Lee had not directly barred the road to Richmond to his adversary, and his position was not only a strong one for defence, the reason for which it has always been praised, but strong for offence; and beyond question Lee intended to attack Grant if that commander should attempt to stretch his left across the North Anna towards Hanover Court-house, thus offering his flank. All Lee's career as a general, every consideration of strategy, makes it clear that it was an offensive rather than a defensive position he had assumed. And that something of the sort was in his mind is corroborated by the fact that when lying in bed sick and disabled he was heard to exclaim: "We must strike them! We must never let them pass us again! We must strike them!" His sickness, the discouragement of his army, the loss of Stuart, the skill and rapidity of Grant's withdrawal, may have been the reasons that prevented the intended attack.

At last both armies reached the Chickahominy, almost within sight of Richmond, and here once more Grant attempted to break down the desperate resistance of his opponent. At Cold Harbor, on the ground where two years before Lee had first led the Army of Northern Virginia to battle, a new conflict was waged, and once more the Federals were unable to claim a victory. On the 3d of June Grant sent his army at the Confederate positions, and was driven off with tremendous loss; and yet with Lee victory now no longer spelled success. Two years before McClellan had been triumphantly driven to the sea; but Grant, even when beaten, could with the utmost difficulty be held at bay; when he failed at one point he kept courage, collected reinforcements and tried again at another. It was the pitiless falling of the drop of water on the stone, and

the Confederate cause already showed clear marks of wearing. Three failures had brought Grant to the walls of Richmond with undiminished numbers and increased confidence; three successes had reduced Lee's ranks by a third, had plucked from his army that sting of attack which had been its greatest virtue, and, most important of all, had reduced it from an army in the field to the garrison of a fortress. Cold Harbor was a success for Lee, but it was the repulse of an attack on the fortifications of Richmond and it was not followed by any offensive movement.

His failure at Cold Harbor and an inspection of the ground led Grant to the correct conclusion that the key of Richmond was Petersburg. This was a small town rather more than twenty miles south of the capital, situated on the Appomattox River and at a point where nearly every line of communication with the Southern States converged. Having decided on transferring operations from the north to the southeast of Richmond, Grant crossed the Chickahominy on the 13th of June. On that same day Lee detached Early and sent him to the Shenandoah, thence to invade Maryland and threaten Washington; he hoped that the Federal Government might once again, as in Stonewall Jackson's time, become alarmed for its safety and of its own accord relieve the tightening pressure on Richmond.

The operations generally known as the siege of Petersburg began in the month of June, 1864, and closed on the 2d of April, 1865. The general aspect of these operations recalls what had taken place at the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, and at Cold Harbor. Grant first tried direct attack; that failing, he worked around his opponent's right flank. The history of the defence of Petersburg is relieved by a few conspicuous incidents that vary the monotony of an account of the constant construction of new earthworks

and of the unremitting vigilance of the general who defended them. On the 30th of July Grant made a formidable but fruitless attempt to penetrate the defence by blowing a great hole in the Confederate fortifications; this was the so-called Crater. The failure cost Grant 4000 men, half of them prisoners. Through August, September, and October Grant kept extending his left, but notwithstanding some heavy attacks Lee's right kept pace with him and intrenched itself securely. Then came a lull in the fighting through the midwinter months until February, when Grant made another unsuccessful attempt to outflank Lee at Hatcher's Run.

The defence of Richmond, and therefore of Petersburg, was an operation that Lee had never approved; it was not sound from a military point of view. Like Napoleon after Arcis-sur-Aube he believed that the correct line of retreat was ex-centric, away from the capital, and that an army in the field should never be turned into a garrison. Even at the North Anna he still hoped that his army would not be called on to shut itself up in Richmond, and his position there gave him a clear line of communications to Gordonsville and the Shenandoah. But President Davis had insisted that the defence of Richmond was an absolute political necessity, and Lee had submitted. He recognised that war is after all only a factor of politics, and that although political considerations may often run counter to military ones, yet it is for the general to make the best of what must always be a necessary limitation. From the beginning he had pointed out that Grant must eventually be successful because of his numerical superiority. One man behind intrenchments might be sufficient to beat back two assailants, but when the enemy could compel the gradual extension of the intrenchments over a line many miles in length a point must sooner or later be reached when he could either force a weak spot or work around the open

end. That point was reached just as the spring of 1865 opened.

On the 29th of March Grant renewed his efforts to turn Lee's extreme right. Two of his corps with Sheridan's cavalry were met by Pickett between Five Forks and Dinwiddie Court-house on the 31st, and although Lee reinforced Pickett with every man he could spare, yet on the following day the Federals won a complete victory, capturing many prisoners. On the 2d of April Grant followed up his blow by another that pierced a weak point of Lee's line midway between Five Forks and Petersburg.

In this hour of defeat, of defeat which no general could have averted, Lee retained all his greatness of character. His calmness, his courtesy, his fortitude never faltered. As he rode off the field he said to one of his staff: "It has happened as I told them at Richmond it would happen. The line has been stretched until it has broken." He spared no time for recrimination, but settled down at once to do the possible. The Confederate Government was immediately warned that Richmond must be evacuated that night; the army was ordered to break up from its positions and to retire in the direction of Lynchburg.

The history of Lee's retreat is soon told. The fighting that had marked the fall of Petersburg had largely reduced his ranks, and he moved out with little over 30,000 men. Three or four times that number of better equipped, better fed, and victorious troops followed him in close pursuit. Grant pressed on with the utmost vigor; partial engagements were fought; the Confederate numbers dwindled. At last on the 9th of April at Appomattox Court-house, 100 miles west of Richmond, virtually surrounded and with no supplies within reach, Lee gave up a struggle that was absolutely hopeless; he had with him less than 8000 infantry and 2000 cavalry, the glorious remnant of that superb army that compelled the admiration even of its

opponents.* The pathos of its surrender inspired Swinton, the historian of the Army of the Potomac, to eloquence when he wrote: "Who that once looked on it can ever forget it?—that array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets—that body of incomparable infantry, the Army of Northern Virginia, which, for four years, carried the revolt on its bayonets, opposing a constant front to the mighty concentration of power brought against it; which, receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like, and which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation."

At McLean's house, at Appomattox Court-house, Lee and Grant met to arrange the terms of capitulation. There were no surrounding circumstances to lend dramatic interest to the scene: just a plain room and two men, one in gray, the other in blue. The business they had to transact was quickly adjusted, for Grant, who realized that this was the end, treated his defeated opponent with perfect consideration and was prepared to accept the parole of officers and men.

One last scene Lee endured. He rode along the lines of his army for a parting farewell, and was received with such demonstrations of love, admiration, veneration, as have rarely, if ever, been awarded to their leader by surrendered troops. On the following day he mounted his horse and with a small group of followers started by road for Richmond. The hideous nightmare of war was over; he was once more a citizen of the United States, for it might not untruthfully be said that the Confederacy died when Robert Lee returned his sword to the scabbard.

Nothing became Lee better than the spirit in which he accepted the result of the war. "The questions which for

* Paroles were issued to 28,000 men, but these included the numerous prisoners taken in the fighting immediately preceding the surrender, and many stragglers who came in during the same day.

years were in dispute between the State and General Government," he wrote, "and which unhappily were not settled by the dictates of reason, but referred to the decision of war, having been decided against us, it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result, and of candor to acknowledge the fact." Nothing could be more honest, nothing more truly public-spirited. During all the troubles that marked the period of reconstruction Lee firmly maintained an attitude of dignified reticence. Every libellous attack, every aspersion on his character, and there were many, was allowed to pass unheeded. He felt that the South must bear her woes in silence, leaving Time to heal her wounds and to record the verdict: it was the attitude of a lofty mind conscious of duty performed to the limit of its powers.

Lee's first thought after the close of the war was to devote himself to farming, but the South would not allow her great leader to retire into private life. Four months after Appomattox he was offered the presidency of Washington College, now known as Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia. He accepted, and in that quiet country town spent the last five years of his life, rendering faithful service to the administration of the college, and beloved by the whole community.

The years of rest that Lee had so well earned were destined to be few. He had suffered severely during the last two years of the war from rheumatism in the region of the heart. The severe strain he had passed through had made him prematurely old, and in 1868 it became plain that his strength was fatally undermined. For two years more he gradually failed. On the 28th of September, 1870, after a day spent in the discharge of administrative duties, he returned home for the evening meal. He stood at the head of the table to ask a blessing according to his custom, but remained speechless, and slowly sank into his chair. He was tenderly moved to his bed and there, surrounded by the anxious love of the

whole South, he lingered until the 12th of October. In his last minutes he was dimly visited by the mighty shades of his faithful comrades, for the last words he murmured were: "Tell Hill he must come up." Thus died this great soldier and great man, one of the greatest produced by his race, an honor to Virginia, an honor to the United States, of which he was born and of which he died a citizen, and an honor to the Anglo-Saxon people.

T. J. Jackson

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON

STONEWALL JACKSON has a prototype; that prototype is Cromwell. Each was superb in daring, swift in execution, decisive in crisis, fearful of one thing only—the wrath of God. And many have gone so far in their admiration of the great Confederate general as to declare that, had he lived, he would have saved the cause of Secession. If that be so, we may the less regret his early death,—death that came before his genius had reached its limits, death that sought him out at the head of his troops and in the hour of victory.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born on the 21st of January, 1824, at Clarksburg in the western part of Virginia. His father was a country lawyer, one of a line of settlers who had taken their full share in clearing, improving, and populating the country beyond the Blue Ridge.

Young Jackson had lost both parents by the time he was seven, and for the next ten years he developed slowly and uneventfully, helped by his relatives and by his own excellent qualities. Not that any one at that time suspected the brilliancy and greatness of the conscientious, tenacious, blue-eyed boy, the inconspicuous son of lawyer Jackson of Clarksburg. Yet from the first he showed that keen sense for seizing and for improving opportunity that was one of his marked traits as a soldier. In 1842, by exercising this faculty, he succeeded in securing an appointment to West Point;—a little less energy, a little less pertinacity than he displayed, and the chance of his life would have been lost, while

America might never have heard the name of one of the most remarkable of her sons.

On his arrival at the Military Academy Jackson was little more than a backwoodsman, and had a desperate struggle to reach the necessary standards; on his graduation, four years later, he stood seventeenth in a class of seventy. This was in 1846, an extremely propitious time for a young soldier anxious to win promotion, for the war with Mexico had just begun, Zachary Taylor had crossed the frontier, and American prowess had been vindicated at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca. The young officer, like most of his classmates, was promptly sent to the front; he was appointed to the 1st Artillery, then at Point Isabel at the mouth of the Rio Grande.

A lieutenant of artillery cannot, in the nature of things, exercise much influence on the conduct of a campaign, and therefore in narrating Jackson's first feats of arms it will be better to dwell on those personal incidents that reveal character than to attempt to mark his necessarily insignificant place in the whole scheme of operations.

After a period of inaction at Point Isabel, during which routine duties and eager hopes of active service divided the attention of the young lieutenant, the 1st Artillery was ordered to join General Winfield Scott's expedition to Vera Cruz. That city, feebly defended by the Mexican troops, was quickly forced to surrender by the artillery fire brought to bear against it (March 29, 1847). This was mainly the work of the 1st Artillery, and Jackson in this first active duty made his mark; his services were recognized by promotion to the rank of first lieutenant.

Immediately after the battle of Cerro Gordo (April 18) came another opportunity which Jackson did not let slip. Captain Magruder of the 1st Artillery had taken a battery of light field-pieces from the Mexicans; the army was deficient in this class of guns, and it was decided to use the

captured material. Magruder was given the command of the new battery, but there was some difficulty in finding subordinates to serve with him, for he was far from popular. Jackson, however, saw only two things: that Magruder was a capable and dashing officer, and that the battery was certain to be invaluable to the army and constantly employed; he volunteered, and in doing so judged correctly, for he had little trouble with Magruder and, as he expected, got into the thick of all the fighting.

At Churubusco and Molino del Rey Magruder's battery played a conspicuous part, but it was at the final battle of the war, Chapultepec (September 13), that it earned greatest distinction. With three guns Jackson was ordered to support the advance of the 14th Infantry. The Mexicans, from fortified positions, poured down a terrific fire. In his attempt to get within effective range Jackson lost nearly every horse of his section; many of his men were killed and wounded, the others began to fall back; General Worth sent orders to withdraw the guns. But Jackson hung on. With a few determined men he succeeded in pushing one of his pieces over a ditch and into position. The ditch was full of dead and dying, but beyond stood Jackson and one sergeant, all that were now left, loading, ramming, firing, in the face of both armies. A few minutes later Magruder galloped up, got another gun into position. Officers worked with desperation; men answered nobly; supports were hurried forward. It was, in this part of the field, the crisis of the day; had the gunners flinched, a retirement must have followed. But Jackson never flinched, nor did his comrades that day. They kept down the Mexican fire; presently the infantry swept forward once more, just as Pillow, to the right, forced his way into the city, and the day was won.

Jackson's conduct had been too conspicuous to pass unnoticed. His name was mentioned in dispatches, and

Winfield Scott singled out his bravery for special notice, a remarkable compliment to a junior officer of that army, for the United States never sent into the field a more brilliant, capable, and valorous assemblage of young soldiers than those who followed Scott from Vera Cruz to Mexico. Substantial reward accompanied compliment, and shortly after the close of the war, less than two years after leaving West Point, Jackson was brevetted major. It was a wonderful start for a military career.

It was fated, however, that the next thirteen years of Jackson's life should be marked by no further achievement. He might have spent the whole of this period in the dull routine of garrison duties had it not been for an offer made to him early in the year 1851. This was that he should go to the Virginia Military Institute as professor of artillery tactics and of natural philosophy. Jackson accepted, resigned his commission, and soon settled down to his new duties in the little town of Lexington. This change from the army to civilian life enabled him to take a wife; he married first, in 1854, a daughter of Dr. Junkin, president of Washington College, and, after her death, Miss Morrison, daughter of a North Carolina minister. This second marriage took place in 1857.

As a professor Jackson was not exactly at his best; a strain more intense than that of the classroom was necessary to fire his genius. In his ten years at the Military Institute he acquired the respect but not the admiration of his students; he improved their discipline and standard of conduct, but failed to arouse in them a thirst for mathematics; he acquired the reputation of a martinet, of a man with few friends, self-centred, cold, methodical, and exacting. That reputation he deserved to some extent, but there were other factors of the man, hidden to his Lexington neighbors yet plain enough to a later generation. His strict disciplinarianism was an expression of a rigid

and almost fatalistic sense of duty; his aloofness was the indication of a mind not only superior to those about him but alien to all compromises. He was as unsparing to himself as he was to others, and his sense of duty was happily mixed with a true and serene piety and charity that led him to much unostentatious benevolence. He taught his slaves and cared for them with the utmost kindness; he served assiduously in Sunday-school; and in the immediate circle of his home was loved and obeyed with unquestioning confidence.

There was another aspect of his life at Lexington. Although Jackson is so interesting as a man, yet in him we find every intellectual and moral process consciously subordinated to the narrow path he had chosen through life. He could not for one moment divest himself of the character of the soldier, and for that reason remains unlike all other great American leaders, unlike Washington, and Grant, and Scott, and Lee. Jackson was always, and narrowly, a soldier, and it was as a soldier that he resigned his commission for a professorship, so as to get better opportunities for extending his knowledge of the theory of his profession. There is surely nothing more extraordinary in military history than to see this young man, at a period when no rational being would have dreamed that the American army could possibly be employed on anything more complicated than an Indian war for generations to come, deliberately settling down to the task of fitting himself for high command. Not only did he study the scientific side of war and the books in which the campaigns of its great masters are recorded, but he viewed his own physical self as a factor to be developed, and carried the process to the extent of never reading by artificial light, for fear of reducing to some extent his power of sight. Bonaparte at a somewhat similar period of his life cut the barrack-yard and studied politics and history. Jackson's intensified self-culture was relentlessly carried on for ten years in the

secrecy of his study and of his heart, and when he was thirty-seven, in the prime of his manhood and strength, it suddenly put forth its fruit.

In the year 1861 the Civil War broke out. On Friday the 12th of April of that year, the military forces of the State of South Carolina attacked Fort Sumter, held by a detachment of United States troops.

Virginia had not yet seceded, but there could be no doubt as to which side she would take. Sumter fell on the following day, Saturday the 13th. On Sunday the governor of Virginia telegraphed to Lexington ordering Major Jackson to Richmond with all the cadets under his command, and on the same day Abraham Lincoln drafted a proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers to restore order in the seceded States. The war had begun.

The various incidents of the early days, the mistakes, the intrigues, the passions of persons and parties, belong more to general history than to biography, yet the attitude towards this great phase of our national existence of one who was to play so conspicuous a part in it must be for a moment touched on. Jackson's outlook on political events was fatalistic. His military education taught him not to meddle in civil affairs. His religious convictions inspired him to pray for peace. He suggested to the minister of his own church a meeting at which prayers for peace should be offered. He sincerely hoped war might not come; but if it did come, surely he would smite the enemy with all that force and earnestness with which God had endowed him. As to the merits of the cause itself, that was a matter that he did not apparently debate very far. Like other Virginians, the loyalty of Jackson was first and foremost for his State, and he never appears to have doubted for a moment where his duty lay in this respect. Regarding slavery his opinions were narrow, but his conduct humane. He thought the Bible a sure rock

on which to base the fortunes of cotton-owners, but in his dealings with his own slaves he showed all the qualities of a benevolent and upright man.

And so at home Jackson read his Bible and prayed with earnest and steadfast faith for the maintenance of the Union, while at the Academy he urged unceasingly the preparation of the lads placed under his care for the day when Virginia should call on them to perform the duty of soldiers. Although until then Jackson had been too remote, too self-centred, to have won the affection of the cadets, now that a great crisis had come, his example, his high seriousness, made a deep impression on those youthful minds, burned in on their imaginations the simple and lofty ideal that is the soldier's —a disregard for all considerations not included in the word duty, and a concentrated determination to carry that out at all hours of the night and day and at all costs. "Duty is ours," he would often say, "consequences are God's."

The need for military leadership was so great, and Jackson's qualities were so well known among army men, that he was at once given an important command. After a few days at Richmond he was sent to Harper's Ferry to take charge of the Virginia levies being assembled there. Towards the end of May, when General Joseph E. Johnston assumed command, these troops, the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33d Virginia, became the 1st brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah. Early in July Jackson and his brigade got their first taste of fighting, skirmishing between Harper's Ferry and Winchester with the advance of a Federal army under the orders of General Patterson. Already Jackson had made an impression both on his men and on his superiors, and on the 3d of July, at Johnston's recommendation, he was appointed brigadier-general in the Confederate service. The choice, like many of those made by Jefferson

Davis and the Southern cabinet, was a good one, as was very promptly demonstrated.

The military situation in July, 1861, was as follows: The North, with a larger population and the clear task of taking the initiative, was clamoring for an advance of the hastily raised troops, whose three months' term of service would soon expire. Three Federal armies were operating on the borders of Virginia, on a base of rather more than 200 miles running east and west along the line of the Potomac River and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Washington and the Ohio River, just south of Wheeling. The most westerly and smallest of these three armies, under General McClellan, had met with considerable success in western Virginia and might, if so directed, turn east and invade the valley of the Shenandoah. In the last-named region was the second Federal army, 15,000 men under Patterson, midway between Harper's Ferry and Winchester, facing Johnston, who was about one-third less in numbers. The third army, of 37,000 men, was at Washington under McDowell, facing some 23,000 which Beauregard had under his orders at Manassas Junction, 35 miles south, on the road to Richmond. The much smaller armies of the South were of necessity tied to a defensive rôle; those of the North were irresistibly driven forward by newspaper opinion to an offensive movement they were not yet fit to undertake. It was decided that McDowell should attack Beauregard while Patterson held Johnston in check, and on the 16th of July he began his advance.

There appeared to be only one plan whereby the Southern leaders could throw back the approaching invasion; this was by rapidly transferring the Army of the Shenandoah to the help of Beauregard at the moment he was attacked. Johnston had shown a bold front and, largely by Jackson's clever handling of the 1st brigade, had reduced Patterson

to a state of indecision. At one o'clock on the morning of the 18th of July he received orders from Richmond to march for Manassas, seventy miles away. Arrangements were quickly made to screen the retreat from Patterson, and in a few hours the Confederates were marching to join their comrades on the banks of Bull Run.

It was on this march that the 1st brigade got its foretaste of that pedestrian education that was to earn for it the nickname of Jackson's foot-cavalry. It was first on the march and first to arrive. At four o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th Jackson reached Manassas; his brigade was rapidly followed by those of Bee and Bartow.

On Sunday the 21st of July was fought the first battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, a battle won for the Confederates largely by the prowess of Jackson. McDowell had slowly advanced south; he had reconnoitred Beauregard's positions on Bull Run and found them too strong for a frontal attack; he had therefore decided on a wide flanking movement around the Confederate left towards the Manassas Gap Railroad, where he might hope to intercept Johnston's expected advance. The movement was sound, and had there been a little more cohesion in the Federal army, had not the major part of Johnston's forces already joined those of Beauregard, McDowell would probably have been successful.

For a while all went well with the movements of the Northerners. Soon after sunrise five brigades of Federals had been placed well on the left flank of their opponents; at nine o'clock they were discovered advancing parallel to and towards the Warrenton turnpike.

There appeared to be no possible means of facing this powerful and unlooked-for attack, yet the Confederate officers nearest the scene did what they could. Evans, Bee, Bartow, and Imboden, not waiting for orders from Johnston, who was far away, threw their feeble commands

into action with desperate resolve to hold back the Federal advance; but all in vain. For two hours or more McDowell pressed steadily on, driving his enemy before him. At noon the broken fragments of the Confederates were streaming back across the Warrenton turnpike, under the fire of McDowell's well-served batteries of regular artillery. The Henry hill lay in front of them, and there the fortune of the day was to be decided.

Jackson, disregarding his first orders, had marched on the sound of the guns, and had just aligned his brigade, 3000 strong, on the Henry hill, as the fugitives reached it. An incident occurred at this moment that can best be told in another's words:

"At this moment appeared General Bee, approaching at full gallop, and he and Jackson met face to face. The latter was cool and composed; Bee, covered with dust and sweat, his sword in his hand and his horse foaming. 'General,' he said, 'they are beating us back!' 'Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet.' The thin lips closed like a vice, and the First Brigade, pressing up the slope, formed into line on the eastern edge of the Henry hill.

"Jackson's determined bearing inspired Bee with renewed confidence. He turned bridle and galloped back to the ravine, where his officers were attempting to reform their broken companies. Riding into the midst of the throng, he pointed with his sword to the Virginia regiments, deployed in well-ordered array on the heights above. 'Look!' he shouted, 'there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!' The men took up the cry; and the happy augury of the expression, applied at a time when defeat seemed imminent and hearts were failing, was remembered when the danger had passed away." *

Jackson covered his left with Stuart's cavalry; Johnston and Beauregard soon arrived and reformed the broken troops

* Henderson, Stonewall Jackson, I, 177.

to the right; every available man was hurried to the new line improvised to bar McDowell's further progress. The crisis of the battle had arrived and Jackson displayed in it that same instinct for dogged hanging on that he had shown when he and his sergeant had kept their last gun thundering at the gates of Chapultepec. Slowly and coolly he kept walking his horse along the front of his regiments, occasionally calling out: "Steady, men! Steady! All's well!" And when the Federal batteries and lines flowed up on to the Henry hill and the space between the combatants filled with shot, shell, and smoke, he was constantly on the firing line, animating and directing the fight. The Federals, though poorly led by unpractised field officers, attacked again and again with great courage and in superior numbers, so that it appeared that the pressure must eventually burst the Confederate centre. "General," said an officer, riding hastily towards Jackson, "the day is going against us." "If you think so, sir," was the quiet reply, "you had better not say anything about it."

Until three o'clock the Federals steadily gained; but McDowell had no reserves left and his troops were exhausted. Jackson had watched the battle with intent judgment. For three hours he had maintained his position. He now thought that the Federals were gaining so much on all sides that were he to continue in his position he would soon be outflanked, perhaps driven in. His judgment, his intuition of things military, told him that the enemy, though still gaining ground, were at their last effort, and promptly he decided to assume the offensive. Sherman's troops were allowed to advance to within 50 yards, a murderous volley was poured in, and the whole line of the Virginians then dashed forward with fixed bayonets, uttering loud yells: "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

That charge decided the field of Bull Run. The Federal troops had already accomplished a heavy day's work for an army of raw militia. Regiments broke up before Jackson's

advancing bayonets; the hollow at the foot of the Henry hill was soon full of disbanded troops; defeat turned to rout.

There was no pursuit, for the same lack of organization that retarded the movements of McDowell led Johnston and Beauregard to think that the offensive was beyond their power. But Jackson chafed at the inaction of his superiors, and declared that with 10,000 men he would undertake to occupy Washington in twenty-four hours; and it is barely possible that with such a commander as Jackson the thing might have been done.

But one word more on the battle of Bull Run, to show the spirit in which Jackson looked on victory. Writing to his wife he declared his thankfulness for "a great victory for which all the glory is due to God alone. . . . Whilst credit is due to other parts of our gallant army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack. This is for your information only—say nothing about it. Let others speak praise, not myself." Others did speak praise, both subordinates and superiors, and on the 22d of October the Confederate Government made substantial and prompt acknowledgment by appointing General Jackson to what was virtually an independent command, that of the valley of the Shenandoah.

The Shenandoah was of vital importance to the Southern cause, for from the passes of the Blue Ridge, which divides it from the low country of eastern Virginia, the communications of the Army of Northern Virginia and of Richmond itself could be threatened. Its possession by the enemy would have been fatal, yet so small were the resources of President Davis that he could spare only a handful of men to defend it,—but that handful included Stonewall Jackson. If war were merely a matter of numbers, the historian might well resign his functions to the statistician, but its fascination as a study largely turns on its intellectual element, on its so frequent demonstration that one man may be

worth a thousand, on the play of those primitive qualities of humanity that appear, to the historian at all events, essential to the survival of organized societies. Among those qualities none is more common than brute courage, none is more rare than the combination of moral courage, craft, and pure intelligence known as strategy. Courage may be overborne by numbers, and as numbers failed him it was strategy that Jackson brought to the defence of the valley of the Shenandoah. Heretofore he had won the reputation of a resolute fighter, he was now to achieve that of a brilliant general.

From November, 1861, to February, 1862, only desultory operations took place, but towards the end of the latter month Banks with an army of nearly 40,000 men crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and moved towards Winchester. Jackson with 4600 men, all told, promptly advanced to give battle. His study of military history and his own intuition made him understand to the full one of the most essential maxims of the art of war, that the only way to defend successfully is to strike hard at your opponent; the man who awaits attack behind intrenchments must sooner or later be beaten.

During the three months that followed Jackson and his troops carried out a brilliant series of marches and sudden strokes that can only be summarized here. On the 23d of March he fought the battle of Kernstown, in which he was beaten by Shields. In the course of the next 38 days he marched 400 miles, fought three battles and many skirmishes against superior numbers and with unbroken success; he put out of action 3500 Federals and took as many prisoners with 9 guns. The moral and strategic results were even greater. The blow he struck at Kernstown, even though unsuccessful, so staggered his opponents that a large corps was diverted from the Federal army operating in eastern Virginia back to the Valley. His

victories demoralized the generals opposed to him, Banks, Frémont, Shields, Milroy. His offensive vigor even alarmed the Washington Government for its own safety. All this had been effected not by numbers, but by the brain and courage of one man, of one great soldier.

Through all his movements in the Valley Jackson had kept an eye on the more important theatre of war to the east. McClellan with a great army had landed at Fortress Monroe about the beginning of April and was making steady progress towards Richmond from the southeast. Johnston, the Confederate commander-in-chief, was greatly outnumbered and a crisis was fast approaching.

On the 6th of June Jackson wrote to Johnston from Port Republic: "Should my command be required at Richmond I can be at Mechanic's Run depot, on the Central Railroad, the second day's march." When this was written Johnston was no longer in command, having been severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines. His successor, Robert Lee, however, adopted the same plan of a swift concentration against McClellan. With a secrecy and celerity that completely deceived the Federal generals in his front, and even his own soldiers and officers, Jackson drew his command away from the Shenandoah as though by enchantment, on the 17th of June. On the 26th, when Washington still believed Jackson in the Valley, came word from McClellan that the Army of the Shenandoah was driving in his pickets on the northern bank of the Chickahominy. On the 27th Lee fought the battle of Gaines' Mill, that saved Richmond and was the prelude of McClellan's overthrow in the Peninsula. It was at this moment that Lee and Jackson first became associated and began that great series of victories that during the next twelve months made the issue of the war tremble in the balance.

By a vigorous offensive in which Lee used Jackson as his right hand, McClellan was driven from position to position

down the Peninsula. He was defeated at Gaines' Mill on the 27th of June, at Allen's Farm on the 29th, at White Oak Swamp on the 30th. On the 1st of July the Federals successfully defended Malvern Hill, which enabled them to reach safely a strong base on the James River. Thence after a month of inaction the army was taken on board ship and moved back to the Potomac.

During the period that preceded Lee's brilliant attack on McClellan the Federal Government had been attempting to form a considerable supporting army on the Rappahannock. That army had been constantly alarmed and more than once depleted by Jackson's bold movements in the valley of the Shenandoah. Now, however, when McClellan was already past help, a force of 50,000 men was ready to press on through central Virginia under the command of General Pope. He issued on the 14th of July a proclamation destined to become famous, in which he promised his troops a rapid advance and their first view of the backs of their foes. A considerable movement in the direction of Gordonsville followed, which Jackson was sent to check, and the Confederate leaders now began to think less of McClellan and to concentrate their attention on this new foe. If McClellan's army were given time to embark and reform on the Potomac, Pope might be heavily reinforced; if, on the other hand, Lee moved immediately he might hope to crush Pope before McClellan's army could join him.

On the 9th of August the first engagement of the new campaign was fought at Cedar Creek, Jackson, with superior forces, defeating Banks' corps. On the 13th Longstreet was started for the Rapidan, and Lee prepared to follow as soon as McClellan should embark.

Pope, an active officer who generally knew something of his opponents' movements, suspecting that the whole Confederate army was on the march against him, abandoned the

Rapidan and fell back behind the Rappahannock. This river gave him a very strong line of defence and, although outnumbered, he had good hopes of holding it until reinforcements could reach him. From the Rappahannock his line of communication with his base was twofold: first, the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, running northeast from Beverly Ford through Manassas Junction to Alexandria, a distance of 50 miles; secondly, parallel and to the north a turnpike running from Sulphur Springs through Warrenton, Gainesville, Centreville, and Fairfax Court-house to Alexandria.

From the 20th to the 22d Lee cast about for a likely point at which to force a passage over the Rappahannock, Jackson finally working a small force across on Pope's extreme right at Sulphur Springs. But that night there came a flood; the river rose; the detachment on the further bank was endangered, and Jackson decided to withdraw it.

On the 23d and 24th the Rappahannock was so full that the armies were separated, but there was cannonading and manœuvring, Pope prolonging his right as far as Waterloo, and the Confederates on the western bank also working higher up. The delay was in favor of the Federals, for the first reinforcements from McClellan's army marching from Aquia Creek were reaching Pope at this moment.

On the 24th of August Lee and Jackson had a long and anxious conference, and came to a momentous decision. The slightest delay in striking Pope, who had already become their superior in numbers, meant the passing of the present opportunity. In another week probably 150,000 Federals would be massed on the Rappahannock, and Richmond would once more be in deadly peril. Under these circumstances an extreme resolve was come to. The army was to be divided in two, and one-half of it was to march with Jackson by a wide détour around Pope's right and towards Manassas. Military history may be searched in vain for a

flanking movement to equal this in daring, and none but a great soldier could hope to execute it successfully.

Jackson's raid, as it is sometimes called, began in the early hours of the 25th of August. Three divisions of Confederates, Ewell, A. P. Hill, and Taliaferro, in all about 20,000 men, started from the neighborhood of Jefferson, in light marching order and with three days' rations. It soon became apparent that the direction was north or northwest, and as the columns marched away the sound of Pope's and Longstreet's guns along the Rappahannock to the southeast became gradually fainter and fainter. Through the whole day they toiled on and on, ever towards the north. At midnight the whole of the troops had reached Salem on the Manassas Gap Railroad, 26 miles north of their starting-point and about the same distance due west of Manassas Junction.

The Confederate soldiers had a saying that Jackson always started at dawn except when he started the night before. On this occasion the stars were still shining brightly when the weary soldiers were called on for a second effort. In the early hours of the 26th of August the column filed through Thoroughfare Gap, heading not north but east now, and soon the ranks were eagerly discussing the move they now began to understand, for it was plain that Jackson was striking at Pope's line of communications. Through all that day they tramped relentlessly on. At noon they passed through Gainesville, 13 miles back of Warrenton, where Pope still held his headquarters unsuspicious of danger; at sunset they were at Bristowe Station; at midnight Stuart and Trimble just reached Manassas Junction.

The next day was one of comparative inaction and in some ways of recreation for Jackson's army. Pope had been completely surprised. He had, indeed, carefully guarded his right flank in the direction of Sulphur Springs and Waterloo, but although he was informed, early on the 25th, that Jack-

son had marched north, yet a movement such as that which had just been successfully executed had never entered into his calculations. On the afternoon of the 26th, however, as Jackson and Stuart began cutting through the Federal rear, reports reached both Warrenton and Washington that showed trouble was brewing. In the afternoon of the 26th considerable detachments were marched toward Manassas and Gainesville, and in the morning of the 27th, when the gravity of the situation became clearer, Pope abandoned his positions on the Rappahannock and began a general movement to the rear. Thus the Confederates' first object was gained; but there still remained two difficult results to obtain: first, to extricate Jackson's corps from its perilous position; secondly, to deal Pope a decisive blow. It was to accomplish them that Jackson remained during the whole of the 27th of August inactive at Manassas; an essential step in his plan was to draw Pope to that point.

Meanwhile at the junction the Confederate soldiers were reaping their reward. Many millions' worth of stores had been accumulated at this point for the supply of the Federal armies, and before setting the torch to them the Southerners had their fill of many unwonted delicacies and reclothed and reshod themselves. At night the work of destruction began, and a monster blaze punctuated by the boom of exploding magazines told the retreating Federals that Stonewall Jackson was at work in their rear.

During all that day Jackson had been content to drive back one or two small detachments sent against him, and to remain at Manassas. But now that he felt confident that all Pope's columns must be marching on the junction, now that night would screen his movements, he slipped away into the darkness, marching north. In the early morning of the 28th Jackson's troops were in the vicinity of Bull Run and Centreville, and thence, while Pope advanced from west to east on Manassas, Jackson, only a few miles to his north, filed away along the line of Bull Run from

east to west. By midday he was between Sudley Springs and Groveton, at rest and in a strong position facing towards Manassas. Behind him he had a clear line of retreat towards Aldie Gap, and on his right he hoped before long to get news of Lee from Thoroughfare Gap. Pope's army was now entirely in his front, except McDowell's corps that was still passing through Gainesville, two miles on Jackson's right. Behind McDowell it was probable that Lee was advancing, and if so, Jackson was exactly in position to establish a continuous line of battle with his commander-in-chief.

All that day Pope moved not only in the wrong direction, but with the utmost slowness. He entirely failed to locate Jackson's corps, and had it not been for that commander's own initiative, his whereabouts might have remained unknown until his junction with Lee had been effected. But late in the day, while Jackson still lay in his masked position north of Groveton, a Federal division of 10,000 men, General King's, was discovered marching from Gainesville to Centreville by the road passing along the front of the Confederate line. There was now no danger to be feared from the rear, little from the right, and Stuart had just sent in word that Longstreet was skirmishing with the Federal rear-guard between Thoroughfare Gap and Gainesville; so Jackson decided to attack. For an hour and a half, until darkness set in, a fierce fight took place in which the Federals, though partly surprised and heavily outnumbered, bravely held their own. The direct result was unimportant, but the sound of Jackson's guns had cleared the situation: Pope's columns were at once started towards Groveton, and Lee and Longstreet knew where to reach their comrades.

On the morning of the 29th Jackson with 20,000 men and 40 guns firmly awaited the attack of the Federal army in an admirable defensive position. Stuart with the cavalry patrolled far to the southwest along the road between

Gainesville and Thoroughfare Gap; it was here that Lee must arrive and join his lieutenant, and success depended entirely on his movements. From eight to ten o'clock Sigel's and Reynolds' corps attacked the Confederate position. Their numbers were hardly equal to Jackson's; their leadership was not brilliant; their discomfiture was complete. At 10.30 Jackson received the welcome intelligence that Longstreet's advance-guard had just reached Gainesville,—Gainesville, the most important strategic point in the whole field of operations, foolishly abandoned the day before by Pope. Two hours' steady marching would bring his heads of column on the field.

In the meanwhile Pope resumed his attack, gradually getting more and more troops into action, unaware that Longstreet's corps was now deploying in the woods on Jackson's right. Lee was bending all his efforts to mask the movements of his right until he was ready to strike a crushing blow at his adversary.

Stubbornly Jackson clung to his position as the afternoon wore on amid furious charges and counter-charges. In front of A. P. Hill's brigades 4000 dead and wounded Federals lay stretched, but the Confederates had used nearly all their ammunition, nearly all their physical strength. All Jackson's reserves had been engaged, while fresh Federal troops could still be discerned advancing to renew the fight. At 4.30 Kearney's and Reno's divisions moved to the attack. The first Confederate line was at last swept away, but Early delivered a counterstroke, and in turn drove back the assailants. This proved the last effort of the day. Pope had lost nearly 8000 men in the attack of Jackson's position, and now accepted failure. Lee, who had succeeded in getting 25,000 men into line on Jackson's right, had not been seriously engaged.

On the following day, the 30th of August, the issue was settled. Lee at first decided to maintain the defensive. His

total was about 50,000 men, and two days' march in his rear were reinforcements on their way to join him, totalling about 20,000 more; he knew that his opponent was superior in numbers,—Pope actually mustered 65,000 men,—and that he could fight hard; he further feared that considerable reinforcements might have reached him. Pope, a born fighter, whose misfortune it was to have to contend against men of supreme military ability, was still confident of success and bent on attack. At noon, as yet unaware that Lee's whole army was in his front, he ordered his troops forward. A tremendous onslaught was made on Jackson's wing, Pope weakening his left to achieve his object. For four hours a desperate conflict, often hand to hand, was waged over the same ground as the day before and with the same result. By four o'clock every division of the Federals had been engaged, and just then, as Pope was fairly spent, long lines of advancing gray-clad skirmishers began to creep forward on his extreme left. Longstreet's long-held-back forces were coming into action; Lee had assumed the offensive. Steadily, but surely, Jackson on the left, Longstreet on the right, pushed back the disordered Federal divisions from wood to wood and from hill to hill. When night compelled an end, Pope had been driven off the field, and nothing but the splendid constancy of his infantry and artillery in defeat saved the Henry hill overlooking Bull Run, the last position that covered the passage of that river. Had Longstreet succeeded in reaching it the defeat might have become a disaster.

Lee did what was possible to improve his victory. On the following day Stuart and the cavalry pushed on towards Centreville, where Pope was discovered in position. Longstreet followed Stuart. Jackson was ordered north to the Little River turnpike to threaten Pope's right and line of communications. On the 1st of September he fought an inconclusive engagement at Chantilly with a fraction of Pope's

forces. But on the part of the Federals it was only a rear-guard action; their general had now lost courage; his army was dispirited and he had decided to retire to Washington so as to place the Potomac between him and his relentless enemy. Lee gave up hope of further pursuit: the campaign against Pope had come to an end.

Few more brilliant achievements than those of Jackson in this campaign are to be found in military history. His march of 56 miles in less than forty hours; his boldness; his constant alertness night and day, are as nothing compared to the intellectual power and judgment that never failed him. Every step he took was based on unflinching logic, and nothing is more amazing than the unerring certainty with which this great soldier's eye pierced the fog of war through which his opponents were hopelessly floundering. That march will always be studied by soldiers, and if it stamps with greatness the general in direct control, it equally stamps with greatness his commander-in-chief, who accepted the responsibility, who shouldered the burden, whose support and movements Jackson relied on, and whose final dispositions earned the crowning victory.*

With Pope defeated and behind the Potomac, the question arose, should Lee give up the offensive? If not, what should be his next move? The answer was quickly forthcoming. The very day after the fight at Chantilly, Lee ordered the army to turn north and cross the Potomac into Maryland. On the 6th Jackson, now in the rear,

* Ropes and Henderson are the two writers best qualified to express an opinion on Jackson's raid. Ropes was a civilian, Henderson a soldier; their views are opposite. Ropes, unquestionably the best American authority on the Civil War, criticises Jackson and minimizes his achievement, mainly on the ground that he acted against the rules of war; the Austrian generals made the same complaint of Bonaparte. Henderson's opinion has been followed here, except in one particular: the reason ascribed for Jackson's immobility at Manassas on the 27th of August.

reached the river; on the 7th he marched into Frederick.

The news of Lee's invasion created the utmost excitement in the North, and it was under this excitement that Whittier produced his famous poem "Barbara Frietchie," which, needless to say, is not to be considered as strictly historical.

From Frederick, on the 10th of September, Lee detached Jackson to attack Harper's Ferry, while the main part of the army moved slowly west towards South Mountain. Jackson seized the surrounding heights and attacked Harper's Ferry on the 15th of September; after an hour's firing the commanding officer, General White, surrendered with 12,500 men and 73 guns. Immediately after the surrender, and in pursuance of orders previously received, Jackson started to rejoin Lee beyond the Potomac in the neighborhood of Sharpsburg, and to accomplish this object kept his troops on the march during the night of the 15th to 16th. This forced march saved Lee from an overwhelming attack.

The Northern army was now once more under the orders of McClellan. His troops, though shaken by defeat, were far from disheartened. His numbers were formidable. Leaving 70,000 men under Banks to defend Washington, he had advanced cautiously towards Lee with 85,000. On the 14th three of his corps had come into contact with the Confederates near South Mountain, and after a fierce engagement that went against him Lee retired towards Sharpsburg. McClellan followed, and on the evening of the 15th a great part of his army had arrived on a line of hills running north and south along the Antietam. Beyond the river Lee was in position awaiting Jackson's advent from Harper's Ferry.

On the 16th the two armies faced one another. Lee, though heavily outnumbered, was determined not to give up

his hold on Maryland without a battle. In the evening the Federal centre under Hooker advanced, and there was some fighting of an inconclusive character. On the 17th the fighting developed into a general engagement. Jackson was on the left, the least secure part of Lee's well-chosen position. From five to nine o'clock in the morning he supported the attack of two of the Federal corps, losing some ground, but maintaining his line and his resistance. Hooker and Mansfield were the attacking generals. Hooker was wounded; he lost over 100 officers and 2400 killed and wounded; his corps was badly shattered. Mansfield was almost as severely treated. By 9 o'clock the Federal advance had been completely checked.

Elsewhere Lee held McClellan well in hand and he now felt able to detach 10,000 men from his right and centre to reinforce Jackson. But the latter was given no time for a counterstroke. Sumner's corps, 18,000 strong, was just coming into action in support of Hooker and Mansfield. Jackson watched the approaching lines with steady nerve. He only strengthened his weak battalions at a few points, holding back McLaws' and Anderson's fresh troops; he foresaw the opportunity that was coming. Sedgwick's division swept on towards the Confederate front, when suddenly McLaws appeared on his left, and instantly the Federals were hopelessly flanked and crumpled up. Palfrey, who was in the attack, says: "Nearly 2000 men were disabled in a moment." The counterstroke was pressed home; at every point the Federals receded, and long lines of gray-clad, yelling Confederates poured after them unchecked by the bursting shells hurled from McClellan's batteries. For a few minutes Jackson followed up the movement, in hopes that he had broken the enemy's right wing. The Federals, however, were not done with yet; they bravely rallied on a brigade of Franklin's corps that was most opportunely brought up; the fighting was

renewed; and by half-past ten the Confederates were once more in their first position.

After this the stress of battle bore more to the south. Desperate fighting along the centre and right of the Confederate position drove their line back, but at such fearful cost to the attacking troops that in the afternoon Lee was still hoping to attempt the offensive and to snatch victory from McClellan. Stuart was sent to feel McClellan's right for an opportunity to outflank him, and Jackson was to be ready to support him, but in vain. Night closed in, leaving the two armies still face to face; out of about 100,000 men actually engaged more than 20,000 had been killed and wounded. One of the Southern regiments, the 17th Virginia, over 1000 strong at the first battle of Manassas, fifteen months before, had but two officers and twelve men left in the ranks that night.

The next day found the two armies in line of battle, but exhausted. Lee, still anxious to strike the enemy, urged an attack on McClellan's right. Jackson and Stuart both reconnoitred; they both thought McClellan too strongly posted; they both reported the movement hopeless. When Jackson and Stuart agreed that it was unwise to attack, even Lee might well be daunted. Reluctantly he bowed to the inevitable, and at night, knowing that McClellan was being steadily reinforced, issued orders to withdraw across the Potomac.

From the terrible field of the Antietam Lee retired in good order into the valley of the Shenandoah. McClellan, content with having stemmed the tide of Confederate victories, made no immediate attempt to carry the war into Virginia, and the weary soldiers of the South were able to enjoy a few weeks of well-earned rest. Jackson had earned not only rest but reward, and the latter came promptly enough. The Confederate Government, on Lee's recommendation, promoted Jackson to the rank of lieutenant-general, and assigned

him to the command of the 2d army corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Towards the end of October McClellan at last got into motion and crossed the Potomac. On the 7th of November, however, he was superseded and replaced by Burnside, a general so consciously incapable of the large command thrust upon him that he actually warned the Washington government of his inability to exercise it. Various movements followed that left the two armies concentrated on opposite banks of the Rappahannock near Fredericksburg.

On the 11th of December Burnside took the offensive. Under cover of a battery of 150 guns placed along the high north bank of the Rappahannock he threw pontoon bridges over and moved his troops to the southern side. The little town of Fredericksburg lay along the water's edge and was not held by the Confederates. Lee's position ran along a line of hills about 1½ or 2 miles back from the river which Burnside's guns from the northern bank could not command effectively. Longstreet with the 1st corps was on the left, behind Fredericksburg; Jackson with the 2d corps on the right. It was not till late in the afternoon that the bridges were completed, and Burnside made no attempt to send the bulk of his troops over that day.

On the 12th the Federal commander resumed his languid movements, and placed four of his six corps on the southern bank; it was not till the morning of the 13th, however, that he attacked, not till Lee had had ample warning and ample time to complete his preparations for defence, and to call in all his outlying detachments.

Jackson with 30,000 men covered a front of about 1½ miles; opposed to him was Franklin with 55,000; but of those 55,000 only 4500, by the special injunction of the deluded Burnside, were sent forward to attack the position where Stonewall Jackson lay in wait for them. Meade advanced in parade order, while the 50,000 waited and

watched, and when he came within range of the wooded heights he was received with a storm of fire and found his advance suddenly checked. In a very short time his brigades were retiring towards the Rappahannock in complete disorder.

Two hours later Franklin renewed the attack, this time in full force; fierce fighting followed; eventually he was driven back. Longstreet on the left had been as successful as Jackson, and by 2 or 3 o'clock the Federal army was thoroughly beaten and demoralized. Lee did not realize the extent of Burnside's discomfiture; he was better placed for defence than for offence; at all events the Confederates, though little damaged and full of fight, were not led forward. That night Burnside decided that he would resume the attack on the next day; but the morning brought better counsel, and on the 15th the defeated army recrossed the Rappahannock.

At the battle of Fredericksburg the Federals fought with less than their usual spirit; they had been too conscious of the incompetence of their leader. For the private soldiers on both sides constituted an infallible court of appeal that judged generalship without mercy. Before that tribunal Burnside stood convicted just as Jackson stood exalted. The Northern soldiers a few days after the battle showed how far their good sense and generosity reached by a striking demonstration. Jackson was inspecting his line of outposts along the river; on the further bank were the Northern pickets; between the two lines there was a tacit truce and some interchange of chaff and military amenities. The commander of the 2d army corps, despite his severity, was the established favorite of the Southern army; wherever he appeared he was greeted with storms of cheers. This occasion proved no exception; loud hurrahs burst out along the riverside, and excited the curiosity of the Federals on the further bank. Presently they heard that Stonewall

Jackson was in front of them, and in a moment the Federal line reechoed the shouts of their enemies. It was a magnificent tribute to Jackson, just as it was a scathing criticism of Burnside and the Washington Government; and to us who come later may it not be read as a sign that the men who stood facing one another on the Rappahannock were after all brothers and could equally recognize that in Stonewall Jackson they were acclaiming a great representative of their race?

Burnside's failure was followed by another experiment in the command of the Federal army. He was relieved and replaced by Hooker—fighting Joe Hooker. Time, however, was required to restore the morale of the defeated army; the winter season made military operations difficult, and it was not till April that Hooker was ready to begin operations. On the 29th of that month the roar of artillery was heard once more along the Rappahannock, and Jackson hurried off to visit his outposts. In the course of the winter he had more than once declared that the spring campaign of 1863 must be an active one, and before many days had passed he more than redeemed his word.

Hooker had about 110,000 men at his command for field operations. He had been loud in his criticism of Burnside's frontal attack beyond Fredericksburg, and so was committed to some other method of driving Lee from the apparently impregnable position that stretched for 20 miles up and down stream. He decided to turn the Confederate left by fording and bridging the Rappahannock some distance above Fredericksburg. This in itself was not an irrational starting-point for a plan of operations, but the details of his scheme were not altogether happily conceived. Neglecting the important factors represented by the proved generalship of the Confederates, by the morale of their army, by the great offensive power they had so repeatedly displayed, and attaching himself instead to the bare statistical fact

that his army was exactly twice the size of that of his opponent, Hooker decided on a weak manœuvre. Few strategic conceptions are more attractive than those of which the climax is reached by effecting the junction of two armies on the field of battle. But such movements are hazardous, and they more generally end in failure than in such successes as those of the Allies at Leipzig, of Moltke at Sadowa, or of Lee at the Second Manassas and Chancellorsville. Hooker, perhaps influenced by the brilliant example of his opponents, decided to emulate them. He divided his army into two nearly equal halves. The left wing he placed under Sedgwick with orders to demonstrate below Fredericksburg and to hold the Confederates in play while he himself crossed higher up; so that when Lee, as he anticipated, retreated, Sedgwick would follow and join the rest of the army in a crushing attack. Had Hooker been Lee, and Sedgwick Jackson, the plan would doubtless have succeeded; as it was, it failed miserably.

By the evening of the 30th of April Lee knew that Hooker and Sedgwick were both across the Rappahannock; they were about 14 miles apart and the Confederate army lay between them. That night Hooker had marched south from the river as far as Chancellorsville, and had nearly 70,000 men within call; he was already well over Lee's left flank.

Lee met Hooker's move by facing the greater part of his army to the left to meet the threatened attack. Leaving 10,000 to 15,000 men in his fortified positions at Fredericksburg to contain Sedgwick, he aligned 45,000 men across Hooker's line of march in the early hours of the 1st of May; Jackson took command of the left wing. For some hours the army waited in position; but Hooker gave no sign; Lee could not delay, for fear Sedgwick would carry the Fredericksburg lines behind him; and so, at half-past ten, the Confederates marched forward towards Chancellorsville. The Federal skirmishers were soon encountered; soon the

dense woods echoed to the rattle of musketry; but no force large enough to stay the Confederate advance was met with, and the troops pushed steadily on. At 5 P.M., when Chancellorsville was nearly reached, Hooker's main force was met. Discovering that Lee was marching on him, his offensive vigor had lapsed and he had taken up a strong defensive position covered by a numerous artillery. He hoped that he might keep the enemy at bay until such time as Sedgwick could arrive on the field. Again Hooker's conception was not injudicious, but it lost sight of the fact that his initial plan necessitated a vigorous offensive resolutely maintained, and it made no allowance for the fact that two such men as Lee and Jackson were in front of him.

The Confederate generals reconnoitred long and anxiously as the sun sank in the west, but could find no point at which Hooker's line invited attack. On his side the Federal commander awaited the result of the orders he had sent to Sedgwick that morning. Those orders were that he was to attack strongly and follow Lee up, but it so happened that they were not delivered till nearly six, when it was too late, and so the day came to an inconclusive end with Sedgwick inactive.

The hours of the night were not wasted by the Confederates. Stuart scouting on the left sent in the news that Hooker's extreme right was in the air,—without flank protection. At 2.30 in the morning Jackson got information that a lumber road passed beyond and behind the Federal position; he also secured a guide who knew the road. An hour later, Lee, who had already made up his mind to attempt Hooker's left, was conferring with Jackson. They quickly agreed on a movement that was to repeat on a smaller scale the manœuvre that had brought Pope to disaster.

Once more, as before the Second Manassas, Jackson was separating his command from Lee's. At four o'clock on the morning of the 2d of May he plunged into the heart

of the forest, leaving Lee with a scanty force to hold his ground as best he might. If Hooker had realized the value of the initiative, or if he had plucked up courage enough to attack, it would have fared ill with Lee, who, during that whole day, faced him with only 10,000 bayonets. It was not till half-past five in the afternoon that Jackson was in position. Carefully screened by Fitzhugh Lee's horsemen he had marched 12 miles around Hooker's right and was now in line of battle with 25,000 men in the rear of Howard's corps and of the whole Federal army. No Federal general had an inkling of what had happened, or of what was about to happen, and Howard's troops had actually stacked arms so as to cook their dinners. Suddenly bugle-calls rang out, the rebel yell resounded through the forest, and lines of infantry came crashing through the undergrowth. There was no time to form a line; in an hour's time Howard's corps had been routed and driven in confusion from the ground.

Jackson kept pressing his men forward. Only half a mile more and Hooker's line of retreat would be reached; only 2 miles more and Jackson's right would join Lee's left; one final effort and Hooker's army, pierced through its centre, cut off from retreat, would be overwhelmed in disaster. It was not to be. The victorious troops were much confused from the rapidity with which they had driven Howard through the woods; the sun was fast sinking, and even Jackson could not hope to emulate the most terrible and the most God-favored of the generals of the people of Israel. He did only what plain duty and relentless resolve dictated. With a few staff officers he galloped to the front, beyond even his most advanced troops, and dashed through the woods in search of a spot whence he could view the Federal positions, whence he could send back orders for the crucial move, that should place the 2d corps on Hooker's line of retreat. The woods were dense and

already dark; Jackson searched in vain, then turned bridle and sought his own lines once more; it was now about half-past eight. The 18th North Carolina, the most-to-be-pitied regiment of the Confederate service, was in line awaiting orders to advance. Suddenly a knot of horsemen crashed out from the forest a few yards in front. Who could tell in the darkness that they were not enemies? Out blazed the long line of muskets, and truly were they aimed. Horses and men fell, and among them was Stonewall Jackson, the idol and hope of the army, shot down by his own soldiers in the very instant of victory. He had received three wounds, an artery was severed, and the left arm was crushed just below the shoulder.

Loving hands bore the wounded general from the field; surgeons attended him, amputated his left arm, dressed his other wounds; word was sent to Stuart to take command, to Lee that Jackson had been wounded. The commander-in-chief at once wrote back:

"GENERAL, I have just received your note informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead.

"I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy.

"Very respectfully, your obedient Servant,

"R. E. LEE."*

* Henderson dramatically places Lee's first knowledge of Jackson's wound at the close of the fighting on the afternoon of the 3d of May. Presumably he relies on Colonel Marshall's statement, which, however, was made some years after the event and obviously lacks precision. Long (Memoirs, 258) explicitly states that Lee received the news at midnight, which is far more probable, and in addition we have two letters from Lee to Stuart containing directions for the movement of the 2d corps dated respectively 3 A.M. and 3.30 A.M., May 3d. The inference from this is apparently conclusive. (War Records, Ser. I, Vol. XXV, Part II, 769.)

Lee had indeed lost his right hand. Although the victory of Chancellorsville was completed on the following day,—the troops of the 2d army corps fighting with irresistible fury to the shout of "Remember Jackson!"—it had been paid for at too high a price. For never afterwards could Lee venture one of those wide turning movements that his ablest lieutenant alone could bring to a successful issue.

The wounds from which Jackson suffered appeared to offer fair hope of his recovery. But, unfortunately, pneumonia set in. On the 7th of May his wife and child arrived at his bedside; he was then sinking. On Sunday, the 10th, in the morning, he was told that death was near. He whispered to Major Pendleton: "Who is preaching at headquarters to-day?" He was told that it was a Mr. Lacy, and that the whole army was praying for him. "Thank God," he murmured, "they are very kind to me." At the end his mind wandered; he exclaimed: "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front! Tell Major Hawks . . ." It was then half-past three, and at that hour, still facing the problems of battle, he passed away.

The victorious general is usually worshipped by his troops. There are exceptions, however. Grant was not beloved by his army, and Wellington was well-nigh detested by his. Jackson was perhaps even more severe than Wellington and yet his men adored him. After his death the brigade that had fought under him at the first Bull Run sent the following petition to the Secretary of War at Richmond, a petition that was immediately granted:

"That in accordance with General Jackson's wish, and the desire of this brigade to honor its first great commander, the Secretary of War be requested to order that it be known and designated as the "Stonewall brigade," and that, in thus formally adopting a title which is inseparably connected

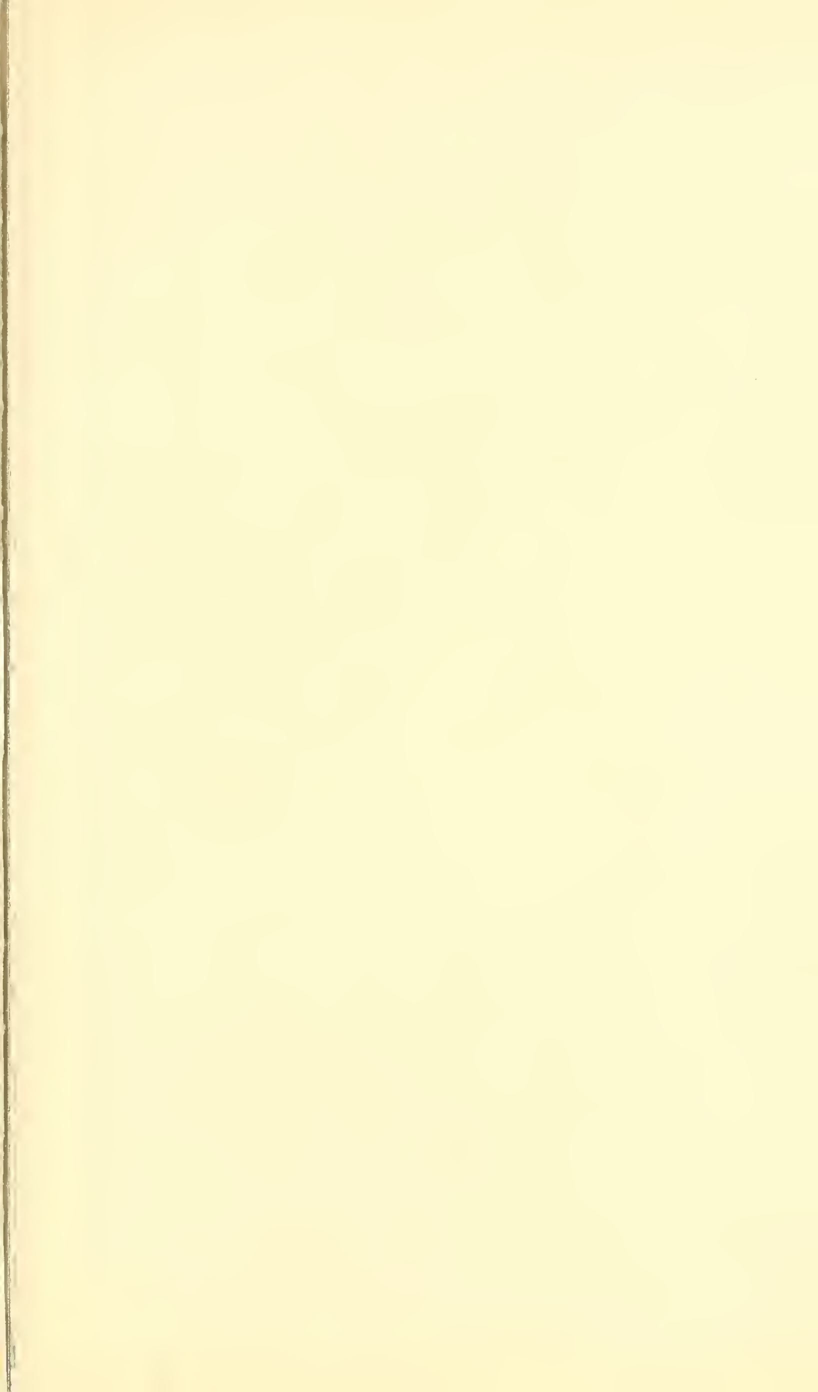
with his name and fame, we will strive to render ourselves more worthy of it by emulating his virtues, and, like him, devote all our energies to the great work before us of securing to our beloved country the blessings of peace and independence."

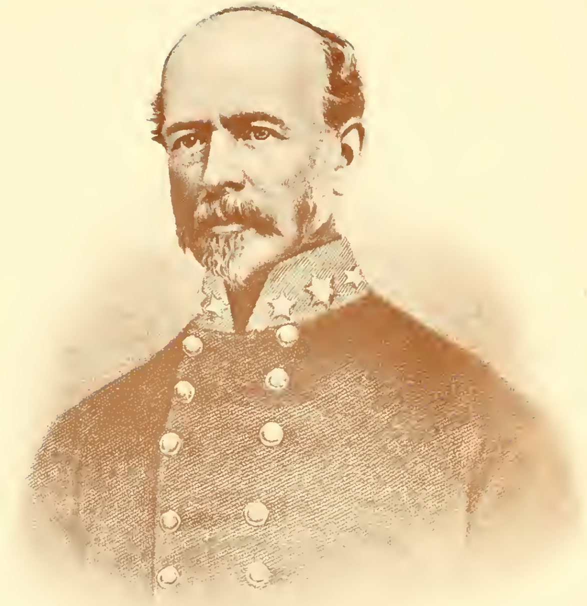
Another sure test of the affection of troops for their commander is the number of stories about him that cross the camp-fire at night. There were many told of Jackson, of which the following is very typical:

"Stonewall died and two angels came down from heaven for him. They went to his tent; he wasn't there. They went to the hospital; he wasn't there. They went to the outposts; he wasn't there. They went to the prayer meeting; he wasn't there. So they had to go back without him; but when they reported that he had disappeared they found that he had made a flank march and got to heaven before them."

The soldiers knew, indeed, the greatness of their leader. He had never failed. He had risen from one daring achievement to another. He had made the impossible appear probable. And many thought as did the minister at New Orleans whose words are reported by the Rev. Dr. Field in some such form as this: "O Lord, when in thine inscrutable decrees thou didst ordain that the cause of the Confederacy should fall, thou didst find it necessary to remove thy servant Stonewall Jackson."

This was the verdict of a partisan of the South; that of the historian is not widely removed from it. So long as the United States need, and value, military leaders, so long will Jackson be remembered as one of the most remarkable products of our race; his personal factor was so momentous that he must go down in history as the great interrogation-point of the Civil War.





J. E. Johnston

JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON

JOHNSTON, like Lee, belonged to a planter family of Virginia with aristocratic and military traditions. His father, Judge Peter Johnston, served as a lieutenant under Light-horse Harry, father of Robert E. Lee; and he himself was named Joseph Eggleston after a captain of the famous Legion of the War of Independence. He was born at Cherry Grove, in Prince Edward County, on the 3d of February, 1807.

Of his youth there is not much that requires telling. He early displayed his individuality and strength of character, and showed marked predilection for a military life. His father presented him with the sword he had used in Washington's army: would he have done so had he foreseen that his son would first wear it while commanding an army striving to disrupt the American Union?

In 1825 young Johnston entered West Point, in the same class with Robert Lee, who was in age only two weeks his senior. The two young Virginians struck up a close friendship at the Military Academy which they always held to steadfastly, and this friendship is in itself a remarkable testimonial to the character and ability of Johnston. He was hampered in his studies by a defect of sight that prevented his doing night work, but succeeded in graduating thirteenth of his class. He was especially distinguished in astronomy and French, and all through his life used that language extensively for reading military history. It was in

this way, like his two great fellow generals in the Confederate service, Lee and Jackson, that he fitted himself for the difficult task of commanding armies.

In 1836 he served on General Scott's staff in the operations against the Florida Indians, and showed conspicuous bravery and coolness, gaining the brevet rank of captain "for gallantry." He was also employed in various surveying expeditions, but it was not till the Mexican War broke out that he was afforded a real opportunity of showing his conspicuous abilities. The year before the war, in 1845, he married Miss Lydia McLane, daughter of the Hon. Louis McLane of Maryland.

Johnston went to Mexico with General Scott's army as a captain of engineers, but was soon selected by the commander-in-chief to act as lieutenant-colonel of a battalion of *voltigeurs*, or light infantry. He was twice severely wounded while on reconnaissance duty before Cerro Gordo, and won the brevet rank of major. The army progressed steadily towards the city of Mexico, and Johnston had sufficiently recovered from his wounds to join it in time to take part in the battles that decided the issue of the war. At Contreras he led his regiment to the assault and was one of the first to stand on the enemy's intrenchments. At Chapultepec the light infantry were first in the enemy's works and Johnston received three wounds, all, fortunately, slight. The commander-in-chief remarked on this: "Johnston is a great soldier, but he has an unfortunate knack of getting himself shot in nearly every engagement." This "unfortunate knack" was one he never got rid of. For "gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec" Johnston received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel.

After the war Johnston returned to surveying work until the year 1855, when, on the formation of the Second Cavalry under Colonel Sumner, he was appointed its lieutenant-colonel. For five years following he served on the plains

in arduous but obscure duties, until in 1860 he received a welcome promotion. General Jesup, quartermaster-general, died, and General Scott was asked to select his successor. He named four officers suited to the duties, Colonel C. F. Smith, the colonel and lieutenant-colonel of the First Cavalry, Albert Sidney Johnston and Robert E. Lee, and the lieutenant-colonel of the Second Cavalry, Joseph E. Johnston. Of these four the last named proved successful, and was thereby promoted to a post that made him virtually the second highest officer in the service and that carried with it the rank of general. The appointment was approved by army circles and by no one more warmly than by his old friend Lee.

Johnston was not to enjoy his new post at Washington for long. The year he was apppointed was that in which Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and the winter of 1860–61 was spent by the Southern leaders in preparing for secession. On the 19th of April, 1861, Johnston received the news that Virginia had gone out of the Union, and although, like the great majority of Southern officers, he had hoped that secession would not come, yet, faced by an inevitable alternative, he decided that his allegiance was to his State. He resigned his commission, proceeded to Richmond, and there was immediately appointed major-general of the State forces by Governor Letcher.

Two armies were quickly placed on the border to defend Virginia, one to the east fronting Washington, the other to the west at Harper's Ferry, where the Shenandoah runs into the Potomac. The first was placed under the orders of Beauregard, the second under those of Johnston. Unfortunately it so happened that Harper's Ferry was a position which might be viewed under two aspects, military and political. As a military position it was poor; it was situated in a hollow and was commanded by high hills on all sides; without an army large enough to hold the ex-

tended line of these hills defence was hopeless. But as a political position it was of the utmost value; the Confederacy was in daily expectation that Maryland would join the secession movement, and Harper's Ferry was the one point at which an effective cooperation between Virginia and Maryland might be arranged. So President Davis and his advisers urged Johnston to maintain himself in Harper's Ferry at all costs; but Johnston, on strictly military considerations, decided to abandon the place the instant the Federals should threaten him. And so it happened that from the first moment Davis and Johnston, between whom there had been some feeling of antagonism before the war, found themselves at cross-purposes. It must further be said that although the verdict of history is distinctly against Davis in this matter, yet Johnston was constitutionally unable to see any other point of view than his own, he was sharp and dictatorial in his official correspondence, and he occasionally discounted his great military talents by his inability to make minor concessions.

On the 10th of June General Patterson with a Federal army of about 10,000 men threatened the line of the Potomac, and Johnston immediately prepared to retreat on Winchester. During the next month the two armies manœuvred in close proximity of Winchester and Harper's Ferry, Johnston on two occasions offering battle on ground carefully chosen for defence. Patterson, a timid commander, notwithstanding a great superiority in numbers, would not venture to attack. These operations were marked by a remarkable combination of prudence and boldness on the part of Johnston; it was during their course that the conspicuous qualities of Stonewall Jackson attracted his attention, and it was on his recommendation that this brilliant soldier was appointed a brigadier-general early in July.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 18th of July Johnston received a telegram from headquarters at Richmond stating

that Beauregard was attacked and calling on him for assistance. A few hours later his army was on the march from the valley of the Shenandoah for Manassas Junction, Jackson's brigade in the van. The movement was skilfully masked from Patterson by the cavalry, it was carried out promptly and quickly, it was bold, and it proved decisive. The Confederates succeeded in massing their troops just in time to win the first battle of Manassas or Bull Run.

Johnston reached Manassas Junction about noon on the 20th, the bulk of his troops being still on their way. Although he ranked Beauregard, he left to that general a considerable discretion in the disposal of the troops, as he was unacquainted with the ground, which was wooded and difficult. McDowell with the Federal army was at Centreville. Johnston thought that before many hours Patterson would follow him from the Valley and march to effect a function with McDowell, and in view of this took the sound military decision of attacking before the enemy could be reinforced. With this object orders were sent out for an attack on the following morning by the roads leading north from the fords of Bull Run towards Centreville.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st of July Johnston, Beauregard, and the Confederate staff were awaiting the development of the expected attack in the direction of Centreville, when it became apparent that McDowell was operating far to the northwest of Centreville on the Confederate left. Soon a severe engagement was in progress in that part of the field, and all thought of an offensive movement was given up. There was nothing to do but to shift the troops as rapidly as possible to the threatened point and to establish there as good a line of battle as might be improvised. The splendid resistance of Jackson's brigade on the Henry House plateau made new dispositions possible. Beauregard took immediate command at the threatened point, while Johnston from the

Lewis House directed operations as a whole. The opportune arrival of Kirby Smith's brigade, the last to arrive of the Army of the Shenandoah, gave him the opportunity of organizing a flank attack on the Federal right, and Jackson at the same moment carrying his brigade forward and sweeping the Henry House hill clear, the Federals began to give way all along the line. The battle had been won more by the good qualities of the Confederate troops and of the brigade and regimental officers than by the commanding general. Yet to Johnston was due the credit of a quick appreciation of the strategic necessities of the case and of the bold and perfectly executed movement that had doubled the forces in McDowell's front and made victory possible. He received hardly his fair share of credit, and was in fact loudly blamed for not turning the Federal rout to more account by an active pursuit. It is indeed possible that he might have attempted a movement across the Potomac, but a great part of the army had been disorganized by the day's fighting and Johnston, like so many Virginians, was still possessed by the idea that his State's justification was that she was merely defending her soil. He had too recently held office in the capital to make a desperate effort for its capture. Besides this his army was deficient in ammunition, supplies, and transport, while the Federals were still in superior numbers, and Patterson's undefeated army was on the left. As it was, he fixed his headquarters at Centreville and pushed his outposts to within sight of the Capitol across the Potomac.

McDowell's defeat proved a blessing in disguise to the North; the need for a large and well-trained army was now understood, and during the autumn and winter McClellan set to work with great vigor, creating the instrument that was eventually to strike down the Confederacy. In the spring of 1862 he was prepared to operate with an army of over 100,000 men; Johnston was then still in the vicinity of

Manassas with less than 50,000. His position covered northern Virginia, but was far too advanced for prudence, and if he had held it for so many months it was only by virtue of the moral effect resulting from Bull Run. Johnston had long made up his mind that the proper position for his army was behind the Rappahannock, whence he could anticipate the Federals on any of the lines by which they might choose to approach Richmond, and as soon as the roads would permit, in the first week of March, the Confederate headquarters were shifted from Centreville back to Fredericksburg. This judicious movement, executed while it was yet time, foiled the plan drawn up by McClellan for an advance by way of Urbana and decided the transfer of his army to Fortress Monroe and the Peninsula.

The month that followed Johnston's movement to Fredericksburg witnessed the gradual assembling of the Federal army at Fortress Monroe. Johnston's plan was to concentrate all available forces in much the same way as at Bull Run for a decisive battle with McClellan's army as soon as it should advance; but until the right moment had come he proposed keeping the various Federal corps not in the Peninsula as fully employed as possible. One such corps was forming in his front under McDowell, and for that reason he delayed as long as possible transferring his own army to face McClellan southeast of Richmond. There were other Federal troops operating in the Shenandoah valley, and there Jackson was in command and likely to keep his opponents busy; his general instructions, however, insisted on the necessity of keeping a line of communications open and being ready at a moment's notice to march on Richmond.

On the 4th of April McClellan began his advance up the Peninsula. Johnston was immediately informed, and at once gave orders for moving his army to Richmond, leaving only a few detachments to cover the line of the Rappahannock.

He hurried in person to the threatened point, where a small force under Magruder faced the enemy, and after a careful reconnaissance came to conclusions that he presented before a council of war assembled by President Davis at Richmond. Secretary Randolph and Generals Lee, Longstreet, and G. W. Smith were the others present at this council. McClellan's army was at this moment kept back at the fortified positions of Yorktown held by Magruder's division. The Peninsula at that point was narrow and offered facilities for defence that had been turned to good account by the building of batteries and intrenchments. Johnston, however, had inspected the position and had decided that it was useless because of the superiority of the Federal artillery and because McClellan, controlling the water, could sooner or later land troops in the rear of the Yorktown lines and so turn them. He faced this difficulty boldly, urged the abandonment of Yorktown and a withdrawal towards Richmond; then when McClellan had been drawn far from his ships the Confederate army, reinforced by every corps that could be called up from north, west, or south, would fall on him and administer a crushing blow. The plan was courageous, was based on sound strategic principles, and was largely justified by subsequent events, but it was too bold to be approved by a council of war. Johnston was overruled and a middle course adopted.

The lines of Yorktown were held until the 3d of May, then Johnston, threatened by a bombardment to which he could have made no reply, evacuated in the night and retreated towards Richmond. On the 5th he fought a successful rear-guard action at Williamsburg to cover the movement of his train, and thence retired virtually unmolested to the immediate neighborhood of the capital, taking up a position between the Chickahominy and the James.

McClellan slowly followed, and on the 23d of May began pushing troops across to the south of the Chickahominy at

a point only 10 miles to the northeast of Richmond. It was a movement of this sort that Johnston had been patiently waiting for, and he now prepared to strike at the enemy. For some days past considerable reinforcements had been reaching him, although Jackson, who was keeping in play 60,000 Federals in northern Virginia, was advisedly left to continue his operations. On the 30th of May Johnston believed that McClellan had now got about a third of his army across the Chickahominy, and that night he issued orders for a combined attack on the following morning. He intended to throw his whole army on McClellan's isolated wing and to crush it.

On the 31st of May was fought the battle of Fair Oaks or Seven Pines, of which the results might have been very different had Johnston possessed in higher degree one of the numberless details of a sound military education, the art of writing orders. His strategy had been excellent, his leadership prudent or bold as necessity required, but when on the night of the 30th he wrote the orders for the movements of the troops on the following morning they were so lacking in clearness that they did not even indicate beyond question that a combined attack by the whole Confederate army was intended. Hours passed away on the morning of the 31st, some brigades in position and others not, and when Longstreet at last advanced in the afternoon the division that should have been on his right was not to be seen, while that on his left remained in position unaware of his movement. The staff arrangements, as so often during the Civil War, had completely broken down. Late in the afternoon, in confused fashion, the Confederates attacked Keyes', Heintzelmann's, and Sumner's corps, driving them some distance and capturing ten guns, five flags, and many prisoners. Johnston followed the fighting closely, and as a result was wounded in the shoulder by a musket-ball. He continued in the saddle, however, but was soon afterwards

struck again, this time in the breast by a fragment of an exploding shell. The wound was severe and he was at once removed from the field to Richmond, the command devolving on the senior divisional officer, General G. W. Smith. On the following day Lee was appointed to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Lee's appointment to succeed Johnston was a great satisfaction to Jefferson Davis. The President of the Confederacy had been quarrelling with Johnston from the moment that he had taken up the command at Harper's Ferry. Johnston had displayed sensitive punctiliousness and had adopted a severely professional attitude; Davis had shown inability to subordinate personal feelings to the interests of the Confederacy, he had frequently interfered in purely military affairs, he had constantly shown an overbearing temper better suited to a dictator than to an elected executive officer. The fact was that he disliked Johnston personally, and Johnston knew it and reciprocated the sentiment, with the result that the two men were never able to co-operate effectively.

In November Johnston had so far recovered from his latest wounds that he was able to take daily riding exercise, and he then reported himself fit for duty. Although both he and Lee thought it possible that he might return to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, there was ample justification in the events of the summer and autumn—the Seven Days' battle, the Second Manassas, Antietam—for maintaining Lee in the command. That was the decision of the Confederate Government, approved by public opinion, and Johnston was not sent back to his old command, but was utilized at the next most critical point,—the valley of the Mississippi.

This new charge extended over too wide an area to be dealt with by a general officer not exercising a complete discretion. The most Johnston felt he could do, in view of

the fact that the Government was frequently altering the disposition of troops in the west without referring to him, was to lend assistance and support to the two principal armies in his department, that of Bragg operating in front of Chattanooga, and that of Pemberton covering Vicksburg. Early in 1863 Bragg fought the indecisive battle of Murfreesboro; his ill success resulted in his corps commanders, who disliked and distrusted him, joining in a request for his removal and for the appointment of Johnston. But the latter, whoo was asked to proceed to Bragg's headquarters and report on the matter, could find no reason to doubt Bragg's capacity and supported him strongly.

In May, while with Bragg's army in Tennessee, Johnston received orders to proceed to Mississippi, where Grant was now operating with great vigor, threatening to surround Pemberton in Vicksburg. On the 30th of April the Federal commander had succeeded in placing his army on the eastern bank of the Mississippi below the city. On the evening of the 13th of May Johnston reached Jackson, forty miles east of Vicksburg; that very day Grant's left had cut the rail a few miles to the west. Johnston was just too late to communicate with Pemberton. He did what he could, however. At Jackson were two weak brigades, and with these there could be no question of holding the town. On the 14th, when Grant attacked it, Johnston withdrew towards the north, hoping that the repeated orders he had sent to Pemberton might lead to his escaping from Vicksburg and to a concentration of the Confederate armies at some point northeast of the fortress. But Pemberton hesitated, while Grant wasted not one precious minute and quickly won a decisive advantage, while Johnston's small force was reduced to the rôle of a spectator. Johnston himself was chafing with impatience at seeing Pemberton's army being gradually drawn into the net under his eyes, and although he was ill and hardly fit for active service he appears for a

moment to have meditated riding across the country with nothing more than an escort to join Pemberton so as to take command and extricate the army. As it was, Grant's resolute and skilful advance locked up both Vicksburg and Pemberton's army on the 19th of May.

There was now nothing to be done but to relieve Pemberton, and the problem resolved itself into accumulating at Jackson a force large enough to defeat Grant. This problem was not solved, partly owing to the promptitude with which the Federal Government reinforced the army before Vicksburg, partly owing to the lack of resources of the South, partly owing to the inability of General Johnston and President Davis to work harmoniously together. The correspondence that records the quarrel of the two men is unedifying reading, and although, on the whole, the verdict must be in favor of Johnston, one hardly knows whether to admire or to marvel at the fact that he did not throw up his commission.

Early in July Vicksburg fell and no more operations of importance took place in that part of the theatre of war. A few weeks later Grant defeated Bragg at Chattanooga, and as a result Jefferson Davis was compelled by the irresistible pressure of public opinion to place Johnston in direct command of the second army of the South.

During the winter months of 1863-64 Johnston worked hard to restore Bragg's shattered army. No Southern general, save Lee alone, was so completely trusted, so faithfully obeyed by officers and men, and when Sherman took the field in May he had to face a strong and confident enemy. Johnston's plan was of the simplest character. His opponent far outnumbered him, and all he could do was to delay Sherman's advance from Chattanooga to Atlanta by taking advantage of every position favorable to defence, watching the while for an opportunity to strike should his enemy's corps become scattered. He was determined to take no

risk unless a real chance for an effective blow was presented, and he relied on the vicissitudes of warfare and the gradually lengthening line of communications of the Federals to give him that opportunity sooner or later. He carried out his plan brilliantly; his retreat to Atlanta was masterly, and there is no foretelling how the campaign would have ended had not Jefferson Davis completed Sherman's work by relieving Johnston from his command just at the moment when he had at last found his long-deferred opportunity and was preparing to take the offensive.

The Southern army had passed the winter about Dalton, a position that was excellent if the offensive could be taken, but weak for defensive purposes. When Sherman, with superior numbers, took the initiative early in May Johnston at once began to fall back, delaying his opponent's advance for some days at Resaca. Abandoning Resaca with little loss he continued his retreat to Cassville, where he drew his army up prepared to give battle. He changed his mind, however, and crossed the Etowah River to the south of which were some strong positions. But Sherman on reaching the Etowah decided to leave the direct road leading through Marietta and to march by his right flank through Dallas, hoping to strike in between Marietta and the Chattahoochee River. Johnston was not to be outflanked, however, and promptly parried. He had resolutely refused to commit the false move constantly pressed on him from Richmond, that of detaching his cavalry to raid Sherman's line of communications. His cavalry was only just sufficient to perform necessary scouting duty in the front of the enemy, and Johnston was too sound a theorist ever to employ it for a less at the expense of a more important duty. His cavalry, well led by Wheeler, discovered Sherman's movement to the right, and the Confederate army was thrown across the Dallas road just in time to bar the Federal advance.

Then followed the battle of Dallas (May 25 to June 4), ten days of severe fighting among hills and woods, both armies covering themselves with intrenchments and extending in longer and longer lines from the west towards the east. At last Sherman's left was again astride the railroad, and the Confederate line was overlapped. Once more Johnston slipped away, and fell back to the last position he could hope to hold in front of Marietta, that of Kenesaw Mountain, and there he held out until the 2d of July. Here the operations were of the same character as at Dallas, but were marked by one general assault, Sherman, on the 27th of June, delivering a frontal attack on the Confederate positions at Kenesaw Mountain. It was the only time he ever attempted to defeat Johnston in that way, and it failed. He had been constantly foiled in his attempt at getting around Johnston's flank, and in seven weeks he had pushed back the enemy less than eighty miles, so he made the attempt to pierce his line; it failed, and Sherman had to fall back on outflanking manœuvres once more.

On the night of the 2d of July Johnston decided that he could no longer cover Marietta, and he issued orders for a withdrawal towards the Chattahoochee. He had already prepared extensive lines covering a point of passage over that stream. Sherman for a moment hoped that this retreat would give him the opportunity for a blow, but his wary antagonist had no weak joint in his armor and from behind his new intrenchments presented once more an unassailable front. The position taken up by the Confederate general was in some respects peculiar. Nine miles south of the Chattahoochee lay Atlanta; the river was broad and difficult to cross. The obvious mode of defence was to hold the Southern bank and to construct on the northern bank a *tête de pont* to cover the retreat of the army or to enable it to debouch on the enemy's side should opportunity occur. But Johnston did not construct a *tête de pont;*

he constructed instead a line of intrenchments 6 miles long on the northern bank, sufficient for drawing up his whole army. Perhaps he hoped that the threat of his presence on the northern bank would deter Sherman from presenting a flank in attempting to cross either above or below. The position was a curious one and gained several days for the Confederates, which was perhaps all Johnston hoped for.

On the 8th of July Schofield's corps effected the passage of the Chattahoochee to the east, and on the following night Johnston fell back to the line of fortifications covering the city of Atlanta. On the 16th Sherman began a combined movement against the city, swinging his left wing towards the east and south so as to cut, near Decatur, the Charleston railroad that forms the line of communications between Atlanta and Richmond. Johnston foresaw the movement; he realized its critical character; he perceived that to carry it out Sherman must extend his left wing so widely as to leave a gap open to attack. He had the strong lines of Atlanta to fall back on in case of defeat, and, with this safeguard against a serious reverse, he resolved to strike the Federal army before its movement could be completed. He had carefully studied the ground, he had made all his dispositions, he was intently watching Sherman's movements, when, on the evening of the 17th of July, a telegram arrived from Richmond relieving him from command. He had decided to attack on the following day, and, as it was, he did what he could to make his successor, Hood, understand his plan and dispositions.

It cannot be doubted that in relieving Johnston as he did President Davis committed a grossly unjust and a grossly ill-judged act. Johnston had the entire confidence of his army; he had maintained its morale after a retreat of 150 miles—a rare feat; he had left his opponents no trophies to mark their successes. The Confederate officers and men loudly, all but insubordinately, demonstrated their attach-

ment for their general on hearing of his removal from their midst, and the Federal commanders were equally unanimous in their sense of relief. One of them, Hooker, even went so far as to express the opinion that Johnston's retreat to Atlanta was the military masterpiece of the war. That is perhaps going too far, but it will certainly long be studied as a perfect model of a successful retreat.

Johnston could not long be spared. Under Hood the army that had so long resisted Sherman melted away. In September the Federal army took Atlanta, six weeks later it started on the march to the Sea. On the 15th of December Sherman reached Savannah, and a week later Johnston's army, now under Hood, was crushed by Thomas at Nashville. Richmond was starving; Lee's troops were rapidly dwindling; Sherman threatened to sweep up the Atlantic seaboard. In this desperate crisis the voice of the South called loudly for Johnston to be reinstated in command. Jefferson Davis realized that the appointment must be made, but had not the courage to make public acknowledgment of his mistakes. To spare himself a humiliating duty he arranged that Lee should become commander-in-chief with supreme direction of the war, and Lee immediately nominated Johnston to take command of such forces as could be gathered to face Sherman in the Carolinas.

In the last few weeks of the war Johnston maintained untarnished his reputation as a soldier. With few resources and hopelessly outnumbered, he never despaired and never failed to do his duty to the utmost. He concentrated every available soldier in Sherman's front; he inspired his officers and men with some of their old fighting spirit; he retreated warily when compelled to, watching keenly for one more chance of striking a blow at his opponent. One such opportunity presented itself, at Bentonville, N. C. (March 19–21), where he succeeded in concentrating his whole force against Sherman's left wing. The Confederates attacked with some-

thing of their old fire, but the days of victory had passed, and though Johnston gained some ground he was unable to win a complete success before Federal reinforcements reached the field. This was his last battle. On the 10th of April, near Raleigh, he received a telegram from Jefferson Davis stating that Lee had capitulated to Grant, and on the 12th he was summoned to a conference with the Confederate president at Greensboro. On the 13th Johnston took the lead in declaring that further resistance was hopeless and that to continue the war would be criminal; Davis and Benjamin trying to persuade the conference that there was still hope. Finally, with great reluctance, Davis empowered Johnston to treat with Sherman.

The negotiations entered into between the two generals resulted eventually in the surrender and disbandment of Johnston's army on the same terms as Lee's, and need no further description; but an incident that then occurred may be worth recalling. Right up to the bitter end, as we have seen, notwithstanding the injustice Davis had done him, Johnston had rigidly maintained his attitude of strict professional subordination to the civil power. But when, a day or two after the interview of Greensboro, he received a letter from the fugitive President calling for the immediate dispatch to him of some 40,000 silver dollars that were in the hands of a treasury agent with the army, Johnston revolted. His heart was full of compassion for his ragged, starved, brave soldiers, in a few hours to be turned loose on the world penniless and defeated. He sent a frigidly polite note to President Davis, but seized the money for the benefit of his men. And, to make the story complete, it is said that after the surrender had been accomplished a ragged private took his general aside, and knowing that he was now but a ruined and defeated comrade, tried to make him accept the one silver dollar he had just received, doubtless all he had in the world.

After the war Johnston's life was inconspicuous. He engaged in business, and was eventually sent to Congress by Virginia. Under Cleveland's administration he was appointed Commissioner of Railroads. In 1885 he was perhaps the most striking figure among the pallbearers of Grant, of Grant who twenty-two years before, at Vicksburg, had declared to Sherman that Johnston was the only general he feared on the Southern side. Six years later, in January, 1891, although very feeble at the time, he insisted on performing the same duty for his great opponent Sherman, and in the performance of that duty he contracted a chill that resulted fatally, on the 21st of March.

Johnston was an accomplished soldier. He lacked some of the subtlety of Lee, and some of that brilliantly offensive daring that makes Jackson so conspicuous, but he fairly deserves to take rank with them as one of the three great soldiers of the South in the terrible struggle that proved such a searching test of military competence.

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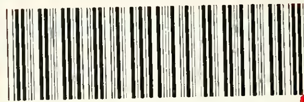
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